The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a ... on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the ... it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th P...

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 23. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 4, 1897. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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The MIRAMICHI ADVANCE being the large circulation circulated principally in the Counties of East Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure, and Gaspe, Quebec is a communication engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

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Notice is hereby given that a bill will be introduced at the next session of the Legislature to confirm 44 & 45 Victoria Chap. 62, intituled "An act to consolidate and amend the several acts relating to the South West Boom Company" and all acts and parts thereto, in form for the further term of twenty years after the expiration of the said act.

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CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY
AUTUMN 1896.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, SEPT. 7, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Between Fredericton Chatham and Loggieville.

FOR CHATHAM (read down) MIXED	EXPRESS		FOR FREDERICTON (read up) EXPRESS	MIXED
6 50 a m lv	2 50 p m	..Fredericton...	12 15 ar.	4 00 p m
7 00	2 53	....Gibson....	12 12	3 57
7 20	3 00	..Marysville....	12 05	3 40
8 50	4 07	..Cross Creek...	10 47	1 50
10 15	5 05	..Boiestown...	9 35	12 30
11 15 ar	6 50 ar	....Doaktown....	8 50	11 15
11 20 lv	6 05 lv			11 10
12 35 p m	7 10	..Blackville....	7 40	9 40
1 30 ar	8 03			8 20
2 00 lv	8 07	..Chatham Jct.	6 45	8 05
	8 20	.....Nelson ...		7 40
2 40	8 40	....Chatham Jct.	6 12	7 20
3 00 ar	8 55	..Loggieville Lv	6 00 am	7 00 a m

Connecting with I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED.
lv Chatham,	9.30 p.m.	1.15 p. m.
Nelson	9 50 "	1.35 "
ar. Chatham Junc.	10.10 "	1.55 "
Lv. " "	10.35 "	2.45 "
Newcastle	10 55 "	3.05 "
Ar. Chatham.	11.15 "	3.25 "

GOING SOUTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
Lv. Chatham,	3.20 a. m.	10.00 a. m.
Nelson	3 40 "	10 20 "
Ar. Chatham Junction,	4 05 "	10 40 "
Lv. " "	4 25 "	11 15 "
Nelson	4.45 "	11 35 "
Ar Chatham	5 05 "	11.55 p. m.

FOR BLACKVILLE

lv 8.00 a.m.	Blackville	ar	5 00 p m
ar 8 50 "	Indiantown	lv	4.15 "

FOR INDIANTOWN BRANCH.

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations: Derby, Siding Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Redland, Carroll's, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manner's Siding, Penniac.

Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains on Sunday morning stops but not Monday mornings.

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C. P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the C. P. RAILWAY for St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

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NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations, which reads as follows:—

"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 16 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited."

and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced

ALBERT T DUNN,
Surveyor General

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DOCTOR JACK.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

Author of "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Baron Sam," "Miss Pauline of New York," "Miss Caprice," Etc.

Standing near her, with his hands resting on the back of a chair, he looks straight into her colouring face, where the blushes creep under the satin-like, olive-complexion, as though he would read her secret there. She gives a short little laugh—it is certainly a strange thing for a young woman of the highest circle of Madrid to seek a private audience with a gentleman at such an hour, but there must be some strong reason for her action.

"Senor Jack, you think me unmaidenly for coming to you here—now. I confess it is a strange thing to do, but I have a powerful reason. Your life is in danger."

She says this in a thrilling tone, just as if she expects Jack to start back in amazement; but he does nothing of the sort. This is an old story to him now—even when he heard it first from Larry he had shown little signs of wonder, and hence is not apt to go into a state of agitation at this late hour.

"Indeed!" is all he says, and so quietly that she bites her lips in chagrin.

"You do not believe it?" she cries.

"Pardon me, but I know it to be a fact."

"Ah! who has told you?" quickly.

"I have a faculty for finding out these things, senorita. I know that I am a marked man by the Carlists, simply because I happened to be a friend of the Duke de Arroyo, who has turned out to be a royal spy."

Jack says all this without excitement—she looks upon him in wonder.

"You know that your life has been forfeited—that you may be among the missing at any day, and yet you do not feel afraid?"

"Senorita, you have seen me master that crazy black toro in the ring."

"Ah! it was a superb sight, but I trembled for you, Senor Jack, and regretted my rash action in goading you on."

"Why should you?"

She does not answer in words, but the tell-tale colour flies into her she is an admirable actress, the finest Jack has ever seen off the stage.

Meeks. If Mercedes is playing a part

"You must leave Spain, Senor Jack."

"I intend to," he replies.

"Immediately. A few hours may be fatal to you. Even now the word has gone out that means your death"—her manner has become excited, the great black eyes glow with volcanic fire, and fascinate Jack, who realizes now what a great possibility for good or evil lies in his wonderful girl.

"All this I already know, senorita, but nevertheless I thank you just the same. I cannot understand your motive in taking this risk to warn me, who can only be considered a friend at the most." Jack would be moved to more warmth in his speech could he get rid of the notion that the girl is acting a part—believing this, he does not care to be demonstrative.

Her quick woman's intuition guesses the truth instantly—she sees he distrusts her, and a resolve flashes into her mind. He must know all—the fearful risks she has taken to warn him, and, yes, even the reason why this has been done, unmaidenly as it may be for a woman to disclose the secrets of her inner heart to the man she loves—these impulsive Spanish women are not so coy and backward as their American cousins—the tropical clime engenders more fire in the blood, and their passions, if less enduring on the whole, are like the hot blast of the sirocco while they last.

"Senor Jack, you understand, that I have not come here at the order of any league—this time my actions are controlled by Mercedes Gonzales alone. I assume a grave risk in seeking to warn you."

"And again I thank you, senorita. The risk is lessened by the fact that many senoras are upon the streets even now, enjoying the carnival. I am glad of that, and trust no one among your friends will ever hear that you came to warn your American acquaintance at such an hour. It does your woman's heart credit, senorita. May you find such a friend in time of need."

Does he speak in sarcasm? Mercedes fails to read his face, but she hastens to say:—

"You do not understand me, Senor Jack. When I speak of assuming a risk I do not mean that to which you refer. That is nothing to me. But if the league to which I belong—those who are devoted to the cause of Don Carlos as our future sovereign—should know that I came here to warn you, my life would pay the penalty."

She shudders while she speaks, and all at once the truth dawns upon stupid Jack. He knows all.

This is not the superb acting of a woman who plots, but the plain confession of a woman who loves. He does not know what to do—was never caught in such a position before in all his life, and hesitates.

A minute of silence ensues. She hangs her head in maidenly shame, yet does not retreat a step in the course she has marked out. He observes her thoughtfully, even in perplexity.

Perhaps at another time he might have entered into the game with ardor, for that lovely face is enough to stir the heart of even a stern anchorite, but now things have changed—he has met Avis Morton, and the memory of her seems to hover over him like a good angel.

It would be playing with fire to deceive this girl into the belief that he cared for her, and he makes up his mind not to do it, even though much might be gained from such a move.

"Senorita, believe me, you have the gratitude of my heart for this action. I understand it all."

"All?" she gasps, trembling like a frightened bird.

"Yes. Your gentle nature could not bear the thought of such a needless sacrifice—in your heart you realized that it was absurd to believe me capable of being concerned in these Spanish intrigues. You would even break your own oath to the Carlist league in order to warn me. It was noble of you. While I live you shall have my most sincere gratitude."

At the word, with all it implies in English, she starts into life and being; her face assumes a determined look, and from those superb eyes shafts of softness strike Doctor Jack.

"Gratitude!" how she tears the word to pieces in the bitter way she pronounces it. "Ah, Senor Jack, that is what the dog feels toward the hand that tosses him a bone. It may do for your cold English or American ways. Here in Spain we know not such a phrase. With us it is either love or hate."

She pauses again to observe his telltale face, on which a flush has mounted, for Jack is dused uneasy—it is the first time in his life he has ever been made love to, and, considering the extraordinary beauty of the woman, and his determination not to encourage her, his situation is a peculiar one.

He wonders how Mercedes will take it, for as yet he has not been able to decide what her true nature is. In his experience he has generally found that a beautiful face and a warm, womanly heart, seldom travel hand in hand—usually beauties are cold, exacting, imperious, and selfish.

"I do not know what you may think of me, Doctor Jack, for telling you this, but I can in no other way assure you of the truth of my warning. You believe I am here in the interest of the league—that through some deceit I desire to accomplish your ruin. By the Virgin, I swear to you it is love that brings me here to save you from an awful fate."

She goes on hurriedly without looking up at him, and it is well she does not, for Jack's face expresses both surprise and displeasure:—

"When I met you as the flower girl I was acting the part given me by the league—I hoped in making your acquaintance to learn the truth, whether you were one of our enemies or the man you claimed to be. From the first day I saw you I seemed to feel that you held my fate—I could not help it. Then came the accident in the street—those were not bandits you fought, but Carlists—your guide, Francisco Marti, is a leader in our class, and it was he brought about the melee, hoping to have you killed. Your bravery, senor, saved your life. The hand of fate directed that you should fall in the doorway of a house that belonged to a Carlist. I was sent in the guise of a nun to listen to any ravings you might utter, in order to learn the truth.

"They would have been glad had I allowed you to die, but this I would not do, and when I looked upon you lying there, lifeless at it seemed, I understood my heart—senor, pardon me, but I loved—I believed you belonged to me.

"Then came the scene in the Plaza del Toros, and when, for a smile from me you faced that terrible bull, I was thrilled with the hope that you perhaps returned my love. Senor, in your country it is unmaidenly for a girl to show her heart to the man she loves—she must suffer in silence the pangs of passion, and never learn her fate until he chooses to speak; but in Spain we are of a different mold, and at times a senorita may do the wooing without being unsexed. You think me bold—perhaps despise me, her voice breaks, and she goes into a fit of weeping.

It is a woman's last card—when all else fails to bring man's obdurate heart to terms she has resource to this, and many a victory, almost lost, has been won under the influence of an April shower.

Poor old Jack becomes dreadfully uneasy—he fears lest he is about to be taken by storm. A woman in tears always does touch him, and when the matter has been brought about because of his own hardened heart, it grows exceedingly dangerous.

H wishes the floor would open beneath and swallow him up, but unfortunately such an event is not likely to occur—it never does when most desired. Mercedes sobs bitterly, and Jack bites the ends of his moustach savagely. Good heavens! to think of this affection being wasted upon a fellow of his size, when there are dozens of amorous swains in Madrid sighing for one sweet glance from the eyes now brimming over with tears—it is a shame!

Something must be done, and that quickly. Jack strides over to the window—if he could only find a loophole of escape—but it is hopeless, and he must stay to face the music. She watches him from behind the lace cobweb with which she seems to mop up the scanty tears.

He turns again—approaches—the sobbing grows more intense—ah, he puts out his hand and lays it on her head—it is something of a paternal way, but thrills the Spanish beauty. Hitherto she has laughed at the mad pleadings of lovers—the truth has come to her with redoubled force, and now in her bitterness of spirit her scorned admirers are amply avenged.

Jack speaks—he tries to do so calmly, for he really and deeply regrets that this scene has occurred, and will never remember it with any feeling of pleasure.

"Your suffering pains me, senorita. I am unworthy of your regard—a mere wandering old stone, gathering no moss. Presently I shall vanish from your sight, and when you see me no more you will soon forget me."

He says this much in a quiet way, and means to add more, but just then something occurs such as he has never suspected—never dreamed of, and which brings his displeasure to a climax.

Mercedes suddenly springs erect, and clasps her arms around his neck madly—she forgets her maidenly modesty in the wild rush of love for this man who is to her a hero—a god.

Jack is indignant now—perhaps he is a trifle more emphatic than necessary when he unclasps her hands, for her face grows deadly pale—she feels that she has staked her all in the game, and lost.

"Senorita Mercedes, this gives me more pain than I can tell you. I am not a marrying man, but a wanderer, desirous only of seeing as much of the world as I may."

"Ah! Senor Jack, if you loved me I would be only too glad to go with you as your wife to the ends of the world."

"Say no more, I beg, senorita. My respect you shall ever have. I cannot forget that you cared for me. Some day, when the happy wife of a man who will be worthy of you, I may take your hand, and by your looks you will thank me for doing what now causes me pain. Let us be friends, Mercedes, the best of friends. I have no sister—why will you not be one to me?"

She tears her hands away from his grasp as if in a fury at his words.

"A sister, to give you counsel—to be loved one minute and forgotten the next. No, no; if you will not, cannot, give me love for love, then we must part forever."

Secretly Jack is delighted with the success he is meeting in this game. No one knows better than he how true, when applied to Spanish women, is the old saying that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and although determined to do his whole duty, he has fully expected to see Mercedes denounce him, and call down all manner of curses on his head—so he is pleased at the way she takes it.

If he can but lead her mind into another channel all may be well.

"You came to warn me, senorita, but I am all ready to go," pointing to the portmanteau strapped and locked near by.

"You mean to leave Madrid?" eagerly.

"In the morning. So, you see, I shall soon be beyond all danger of your league, and I trust you will not worry about me. We go to Paris."

Unlucky slip of the tongue—Jack could have bitten the member by way of penance.

"You do not go alone?" she cries, quickly.

"No—you see—there is a party—" he makes the matter worse with his hesitation.

"Yes, and that American girl—Avis Morton you called her—is one of them. Ah! Senor Jack, I read your secret—you love that cold girl!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Of what avail is it for Jack to vehemently deny the soft impeachment, when his face gives the lie to his words—the latter die away to a murmur on his lips, and he stands there, a convicted criminal.

As for the Spanish beauty who has condescended to beg for this man's love—emotions chase each other over her face, her heart seem to stand still at one moment and then beat like a trip hammer the next, while her small hands are clenched until the nails almost enter the palms.

It is the supreme moment of her life—from that pivotal point she must go either up or down as the inner spirit urges—some women, built upon a grand model, would be more gentle, more gracious after such a lesson, others would prove themselves fit devotees of Satan's wiles.

Jack fears the worst, but nothing he may do can help her choose—that must come from within, for "as the twig's inclined the tree is bent." He knows the storm—if storm it proves to be—cannot be averted by his means, and so he bows his head to meet it, as might the sturdy oak in the forest.

But the Spanish beauty does not burst out into a hot harangue as he has expected. She seems to possess some control over her feelings after all, and Jack finds himself unable to decide as to what course she means to adopt.

"You cannot deceive me, Doctor Jack—I know that girl is in your mind, your heart, and that Mercedes Gonzales can never hope to gain your love. It is very sudden—very cruel," she murmurs, passing one hand over her forehead in a dazed sort of way.

"I am sorry—" begins Jack, hardly knowing what to say, but she interrupts him with a proud gesture and a strained laugh.

"Make no apologies—I am something of a Mohammedan in my ways, and as Abdallah Pasha might say, 'Kismet—it is fate.' But what would you expect a Spanish woman to do who has been supplanted in the heart of the man she loves by another? What torture could be too great for that other frail being, to appease her outraged feelings?" she almost hisses.

"You will pervert the matter—I have only seen Miss Morton once or twice in my life—it is a business arrangement that takes us away in company." He has been alarmed at the idea of harm coming to Avis because of him, and would avert the storm, but she laughs again, and sneeringly says:—

"Have no fears—I am not that vindictive. Though you have scorned my love, I do not wish you ill. May you surmount the difficulties that surround you and be happy."

"What would you do?" he asks, as Mercedes rises proudly from her chair, deserted, stung with contending emotions, and yet a woman.

"The worst that I shall do is to leave you to your fate. Adios, Senor Jack."

He takes the hand, and somehow a great feeling of tenderness for this lovely woman almost overwhelms him—he knows what her southern nature dictates, for he has been the vendetta of Corsica carried out by frail women, so that he now beholds Mercedes as one who had gained a signal victory over the passions she intiertited.

"Forgive me the pain I cause you, senorita, and believe me, I am not worthy of your thoughts. I trust and believe the future has happiness in store for you, and that you will never repent such generous action, for I know and appreciate the national spirit of revenge which you have conquered. Heaven guard you, senorita."

He bends over the little hand and kisses it in a true cavalier style. Mercedes looks at him with her heart in her eyes, as though this little action has aroused a false hope in her breast; then, seeing no change in his face, the wistful look turns to one of keen disapointment, and tearing her hand from his clasp, she opens the door of the room, and is gone.

Continued on 4th page.

General News and Notes.

Gayety pleases more when we are assured that it does not cover carelessness. — Mme. de Stael.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY:—South American Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

An angry man is again angry with himself when he has returned to reason.—Publius Syrus.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

Keep you in the rear of your affection, out of the shot and danger of desire.—Shakespeare.

A Wonderful Flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scotts Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food *Use it and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—Lavater.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.—Lavater.

ITCH, on human or animals, cured in 3 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotions. Warranted J. Pallen & Son.

Truly there is nothing in the world so blessed or too sweet as the heritage of children.—Mrs. Oliphant.

There are some minds of which we can say, they make light; and for others only, they are warm.—Joubert.

Common sense is the average sensibility and intelligence of men undisturbed by individual peculiarities.—W. R. Alger.

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Corner Water & St. John Streets,
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LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention paid to
THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.
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Near Railway Station,
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formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan
Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with
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GOOD STABLING on the premises.
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THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES IS AT THE
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Mixtures, Liniments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES
PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices.
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
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This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests. Sample Rooms on the premises.
TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of all trains.
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Keeps constantly on hand full lines of [Cloths of the best]
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Accident Insurance at lowest rates. Protect your life and your time by taking a policy in THE LONDON.
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For Sale.
The Subscriber, being desirous of selling his Chatham Residence known as
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Will receive tenders from parties wishing to purchase.
The property is on the corner of Henderson and Howard Streets—one of the choice residential locations of Chatham—and the house is one of the most handsome and commodious in town.
There are ample OUT-BUILDINGS, INCLUDING STABLE AND COACH HOUSE—ALSO A GARDEN AND ORCHARD—the whole being an ideal residence for a gentleman's family.
D. T. JOHNSTON,
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12 Nov., 96. 12-3-96.

TINSMITH WORK.
The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the general public that he has reestablished himself in the business of a general
Tinsmith and Iron Worker
in the shop opposite the W. T. Harris store, Cunard Street, Chatham.
He makes a specialty of
RE-LINING STOVE-OVENS
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DOUBLE PLATE BOTTOM
at the same price as the usual single plate is put in for elsewhere.
General repairs, as well as new work promptly executed.
JOHN DUFF.

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a beautiful line of
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