

Legal Notices. EQUITY SALE.

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY. Between George Burdell, Plaintiff, and...

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fenimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State.

Northumberland Municipal Council.

It was subsequently ordered, on motion of Coun. Flanagan that \$12 paid to Mr. J. Ferguson for distributing collector's bills be charged against the commission of Mr. Currie, which would make the balance \$7 cents in favor of the Sec'y-Treasurer.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has for sale and to let about 1000 ft. of land, which he offers at low rates.

DR. JAMES' NERVE BEANS.

NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that relieve the most distressing cases of neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, and all other forms of nerve pain.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION.

OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED. Louisiana State Lottery Company.

NOTICE OF SALE.

By John A. Ferguson of the Parish of Iberville, in the County of Iberville, Sheriff, and all other officers of said Parish.

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Also, all that certain other lot or parcel of land in the Parish of Iberville, adjacent to and bounded by the Parish of Iberville, and lying between the Parish of Iberville and the Parish of Iberville.

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OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED. Louisiana State Lottery Company.

TO ALL YOU LADIES.

now in need of warm WINTER BOOTS, and I beg to say I'VE GOT 'EM good and cheap.

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J. NICOL.

Grand Monthly Drawing. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000. 100,000 numbers in the wheel.

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SANTA CLAUS OVERCOATS! HOLIDAY SUITS! BUSINESS SUITS! AND GENTS GARMENTS OF ALL KINDS TO SPECIAL PRICES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

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NEW YEAR 1892. HOLIDAY GOODS. Reduced Prices. B. R. BOUTHILLIER, MERCHANT TAILOR.

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MUSICAL!

Mr. S. W. Farnham will reside in Chatham during the present winter to teach music. Terms moderate. He is not desiring private lessons in voice.

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Basal Balm.

Basal Balm. Cures Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs.

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A Cardinal Sin.

CHAPTER XXIII. JUST IN TIME.

One by one the long hours went by in that tempestuous prison where Manders held Frances his prisoner. Still the jailer and the... CHAPTER XXIII. JUST IN TIME. One by one the long hours went by in that tempestuous prison where Manders held Frances his prisoner. Still the jailer and the... CHAPTER XXIII. JUST IN TIME. One by one the long hours went by in that tempestuous prison where Manders held Frances his prisoner. Still the jailer and the...

And hunger—merciless hunger was beginning to make its presence and power apparent. It was now thirty hours since he had eaten anything—since anything save that water had passed his lips. Yes, in very short time she must give in, less even now than she had done twice in the last two hours she thought her senses were going—indeed, she was not sure but for a few moments she had absolutely left her. She had, she believed, lost consciousness and awoke with a start, and feeling unable to realize where she was and what had occurred. It was only the eyes of the man opposite which had brought her back to herself. Now a sort of hysterical, light-headed feeling was creeping over her; she struggled against it, but it came again and again. Strange to say, Allan, Josephine, Mrs. Melville, everyone seemed to be answering to her name as she asked herself if they had any real existence, if they were not phantoms of her imagination! The only thing that seemed real to her—the fixed purpose in her brain—was that she must get out of the night. What kept her from doing so? The man opposite, who wanted her to promise something. She had forgotten what it was. She would ask him again presently. Oh, yes; she would, she would, she would. He would let her go then, and she should be in time. The truth was, her brain was getting disordered.

Now, strange to say, considering he had means of amusement at his command, Manders, although his mental state was all right, was suffering almost as much physically as his companion. Frances' action, which had deprived him of any stimulus, was answerable for this. Brandy had become an absolute necessity to him, and he had now been hours and hours without it. He was in a state that loathed the very sight of food. The watching and absence of sleep had done much for his undermined constitution. He began to feel almost certain that, in spite of the advantages enjoyed, his prisoner would outstay him. His talk about the impossibility of her being traced to his house was to a great extent bragado. Even if Allan were fool enough to follow the false scent, others might look in the right direction. He had not counted on this determined resistance. A few hours was the outside he had thought possible. He reckoned greatly upon her fear of compromising herself by spending a night away from home. She had spent that night away, and as far as he could see, was resolved to spend another if necessary, and her powers of endurance would permit why, another night, or two, or three, it would make him helpless. He was growing as weak as a cat. It was his old mistake—once more he had been too clever.

Besides, promise what she would, the evil was done—it was too late now—her escape. Allan would insist upon its being accounted for. It had been part of his plan to let it be inferred that she had gone away with him. He had no idea that Josephine knew anything about his establishment at B—. But had she been fully aware of its existence, he felt sure it would be the last place in which Allan would expect to find his wife. No, he felt sure that fool Allan would go blundering off to Nice.

Yet Frances might be traced. To-morrow, if he could last out until then, would be too late. Her lips must be sealed at once—this evening. In a fortnight, a week even, he could make his last venture a success. He would go straight to Cavensham Place, force those papers from Josephine, then down to Redhills, and make his final settlement with Mr. Boucher; then away to Spain, or any other country with which there is no extradition treaty.

The whole tenor of his thoughts now pointed to a black crime. Frances' silence must be secured. Her promise would be of little good to him, now that she must account for the time she had been away from home. He was thinking how he should force a while conceal the dark deed he was meditating. That sooner or later her fate would be known he did not doubt. He did not think a pistol-shot would be heard, and thought it would be easy to bestow his victim in some place, either under or above ground, where she might be undiscovered for many days. The more he thought of it the more certain it seemed to him that Frances must not leave that room alive. He looked for the missing brandy to nerve him to the deed he had resolved upon. It was nearly six o'clock. He

made up his mind that at six o'clock it should be all over. His fingers were stealing furtively toward the breast of his coat. He was wondering, with a horrible curiosity, whether one shot would suffice. Then he looked across at Frances and saw a change in her face.

Her eyes met his vacantly, but she shuddered a little. Then she pressed her hand to her head. "What did you ask me to promise?" she inquired. "I have forgotten."

"It's no good asking now," he replied, sulkily, "the time has passed for promises."

"Yes, but you told me I should go the moment I promised. I must get back to-night. Tell me what to say."

She spoke in a bewildered way, and Manders knew that to let her leave the house in such a state would be fatal to him. His hand crept to his breast-pocket.

"Dazed as she was," she saw the action; and caught the true meaning of the words. Quick to catch she sprang to her feet and rushed into the next room; it was but two steps there, and her movement was such an unexpected one that the villain, although he drew the pistol from his breast, had to time to aim. Besides, why should he run the risk of being detected? She was and power apparent. It was now thirty hours since he had eaten anything—since anything save that water had passed his lips. Yes, in very short time she must give in, less even now than she had done twice in the last two hours she thought her senses were going—indeed, she was not sure but for a few moments she had absolutely left her. She had, she believed, lost consciousness and awoke with a start, and feeling unable to realize where she was and what had occurred. It was only the eyes of the man opposite which had brought her back to herself. Now a sort of hysterical, light-headed feeling was creeping over her; she struggled against it, but it came again and again. Strange to say, Allan, Josephine, Mrs. Melville, everyone seemed to be answering to her name as she asked herself if they had any real existence, if they were not phantoms of her imagination! The only thing that seemed real to her—the fixed purpose in her brain—was that she must get out of the night. What kept her from doing so? The man opposite, who wanted her to promise something. She had forgotten what it was. She would ask him again presently. Oh, yes; she would, she would, she would. He would let her go then, and she should be in time. The truth was, her brain was getting disordered.

THE good deeds done by that unequalled family liniment, Hagar's Yellow Oil, during the thirty years it has been held in ever-increasing esteem by the public, would fill volumes. We cannot here enumerate all its good qualities, but that it can be relied on as a cure for croup, coughs, colds, sore throat and all pains, goes without saying.

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was very low, Frances could easily step out. He had no time to think what her last words meant, for Digby was in a sitting posture, and looking wildly around.

"Get up as soon as you can," said Allan, covering him with his own pistol. "Don't come a step toward me, or you're a dead man."

After a while the fellow struggled into a chair. He gave Allan a look full of hate, but, as he did so, he saw the determination on every feature of his face. Stunned as Manders felt, he knew his game was up; indeed, he believed Allan would shoot him.

He winced as he saw the muzzle of the pistol held upon his forehead. He saw the hammer was at full cock, and knowing his own weapon, was aware that in that condition—the trigger was a hair-trigger—that the slightest, perhaps unintentional, pressure of Allan's finger would send the bullet into his heart.

"Turn that pistol away," he said. "I don't want to move."

Thinking a man would be unable to speak collectedly in such a situation, Allan complied; and Manders breathed more freely in consequence.

"Now, then," he said, sulkily, "what are you going to do? Do you mean to kill me?"

"I think so," answered Allan, with a promptitude and grimness of manner which made his listener's flesh creep.

"Your only chance," he continued, "is to make a clean breast of it. Tell me why you induced my wife to come down here—why you have kept her here?"

Manders, although recovering from the effects of Allan's blow, was scarcely in a state to discourse connectedly.

"Let me think," he said, "for a few minutes. Keep that pistol away."

He leaned his head upon his hands, and waited until he felt able to decide what to do. He reviewed his half-hearted conduct. Why had he not formed his murderous resolution last night! He cursed Allan for having traced his wife.

He cursed everything and everybody. By the time he had worked his head he had made up his mind to be even with Allan at any rate. He was actually looking forward with pleasure to the effect of the communication he had to make.

Three hundred miles and sixteen hours were killed in a fire at Kansas City the other day.

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GENERAL BUSEINSS. SHERIFF'S SALE. To be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday, the 17th day of December, next, in front of the Court House, Chatham, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and 5 o'clock p. m. the right, title and interest of Henry A. Meirhaed, in and to the following lands and premises:

Miramichi Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS, CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B. Manufacturers of Steam Engines and Boilers, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Shingle and Lath Machines, and all kinds of Machinery for Horse and Steam Power.

Miramichi Advance. Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1890, when the ADVANCE entered upon its Seventeenth Year of Publication! The publisher made an important change in the terms on which the paper is furnished to subscribers. These include:

1st. Strict adherence to the system of cash in advance for all subscriptions. 2nd. The reduction of the price of the paper to One Dollar a Year! It is to be particularly understood that all outstanding subscription accounts due after November 6th, 1890, are to be settled on the old terms, viz., \$2 per year, the advertised rate.

WEEKLY TELEGRAPH OF ST. JOHN AND THE FAMILY HEARD AND WEEKLY STAR of Montreal by which I will furnish either of those papers and the "ADVANCE" TOGETHER AT One Dollar and Sixty Cents a Year! I have made the foregoing changes in the business of the ADVANCE for two reasons.

Chatham Foundry ESTABLISHED 1862. Iron and Brass Castings a specialty for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc. Stoves, Iron Railings, Plough and general Agricultural Castings, Rabbit Metal, etc. Machinery Made and Repaired with quick despatch.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY. WINTER 1891-1892. ON and Arrives THURSDAY, DEC. 17th, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Co. Accts. & Parish Returns. HAYWARD'S PEPPERMINT CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC. Children's Remedy. Pitcher's Castoria.

General Business. HOTELS. EARLE'S HOTEL. Cor. Canal & Centre Streets, NEAR BROADWAY, NEW YORK. The best Hotel in the lower part of the City for Tourists, Professional and Business Men, Commercial Travellers, Agents, Etc., Substantial in appointments, centrally located and most economical in prices.

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given, that application will be made by the applicants hereinafter named, to His Honor the Lieutenant Governor in Council, for a grant of Letters Patent under the provisions of the Patent Act and Act in amendment thereof, for the purpose of incorporating and constituting a company to be known as the 'New Brunswick Electric Light and Power Company.'

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given, that application will be made by the applicants hereinafter named, for the purpose of incorporating and constituting a company to be known as the 'New Brunswick Electric Light and Power Company.'

SHERIFF'S SALE. To be sold at Public Auction on Thursday the 28th day of March, next, in front of the Court House, Chatham, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and 5 o'clock p. m. the right, title and interest of Henry A. Meirhaed, in and to the following lands and premises:

Residence to Rent. The two-story dwelling and premises with barn situated on the lot in the Town of Chatham, as present occupied by F. R. Morrison, Esq., is for rent.

FOR SALE OR TO LET. The Dwelling House and premises situated on St. John Street, in the Town of Chatham, as present occupied by F. R. Morrison, Esq., is for sale or to let.

LONDON HOUSE. Wholesale and Retail. In store, the following reliable Brands of Flour—"Neve," "Daily Bread" and "Empress."

TIN SMITH. Galvanized and Sheet Iron Worker. The Peerless Creamer. ROCHESTER LAMP. The Success OF THE STOVE. A. C. McLean.