PRUDENCE.

(Continued.)

VII.

Mrs. Crane wore her most absorbed air. She was looking at the large mass of color representing that most pathetic, marvellous moment in the life of Christ, Prudence was also studying the picture, but with the air of one ready to dimple into smiles at anything more interesting and attractively personal.

"Oh, Jonas," said Mrs. Crane, brightly, as she extended a cordial hand.—Prudence looked delighted, and made room for Jonas at her side.

"Now," said Mrs. Crane, "this is just what a clergyman ought to like, and *isn't* it wonderful? Just look at those Jewish women, and those children!—That dear little thing there! *Isn't* it perfect?"

Jonas looked. "There is a great deal of color, he said, critically.

"Oh, but you know," said Mrs. Crane, "that's what they *like* so over here now. Don't you remark it?—They make color a perfect—a perfect idol."

Jonas, whose eyes had unconsciously been filled with the tender harmonies in Cornwall Gardens, answered nothing for a moment. Then he said, studying the picture,

"Well, it isn't my idea of the scene." And he turned to Miss Marlitt.—"Prue looks very tired," he said, smiling.

"Oh, no wonder," said Mrs. Crane. "She's going to be such a belle! She's bewildered with invitations and attentions, and now Lady Frances Holbrook wants us to go to her manor-house in the country. Really I had *no* idea, until I came over, the English were *so* cordial."

"They're perfectly lovely," said Prudence. "Don't you want to come and have some lunch with us! If I look tired, so do you. Come, Aunt Rebecca, do remember all there is to be done before this evening."

Mrs. Crane stood up with a pleased sort of importance. "Yes," she said, looking at Jonas for approbation, "Prudence is regularly in society."

Prue laughed. It was her old gay laugh, yet her eyes sought those of Jonas with a furtive air.

"Aren't you proud of me, Jonas?" she said, coaxingly.

"Of course," he answered, gravely; "but I wish you looked less tired."

He stood up and followed the ladies down stairs, where they took a cab, and Jonas, sitting opposite to Mrs. Crane, listened to her discourse upon London society, now and then glancing at Prue's fair face to read in it some expression of sympathy with his distrust. But there was none. The girl was supremely contented, supremely happy. She ate her luncheon, and talked about the afternoon, freely imparting her plans to Jonas, displaying a little note-book full of engagements, and wondering whether she should enjoy the theatre. Mrs. Crane touched Jonas's arm with a significant smile.

"Of course she will," she said, radiantly. "*We* know who'll be there.—That young Mr. Simmonson. Did you know, Jonas, his uncle is a real lord over here, and one day he is to have the title."

"I know," said Jonas.

"*Well*," said Mrs. Crane, drawing a long breath, "I think if *some* people in Ponkamak would hear of our doings, they *would* be surprised."

"I am writing home to-night," said Jonas, a little grimly. "What shall I say?"

"Oh, what you like. Tell them about Prudence's success here."

It was the second time he had heard the word applied to the girl whom he fain would shelter from the world with his very life, but coming from Mrs. Crane it had a bolder significance.

"How am I to say that, Prue?" he said, smiling across the table upon Prue's contented young face.

"Oh," said the girl gayly, "call it fun—that's what it is. Tell them I'm having a perfectly elegant time."

"I am writing to George Mayberry," said Jonas, "and I won't forget your message."

In spite of their many obligations, the ladies declared after luncheon they had an hour or two on their hands, and would like Jonas to take them to see something. He was eger enough for their service, and standing in Regent Street, hurriedly enumerated such places as he considered likely to interest them. Westminster occurred to them all as peculiarly congenial. The Abbey was one of the spots which Jonas had frequently discussed with Prudence in a remote way, aided by stereoscopic views and a magazine article or two they read together during the winter evenings. It hurt him a little to see that the calm radiance of her face remained unchanged while he made his suggestion, and when they were in a cab whirling toward the Abbey she said, with her lovely smile, "Westminster, isn't it?" And almost before Jonas answered "Yes," she had turned to ask some trivial question of her aunt.

But in the Abbey Prudence's fluttering thoughts concentrated; solmnified by the silent, hidden presences to which Jonas conducted her, reverently wishing he could lift his face up to the very vault of Heaven with bared head as he stood among them. Prue looked, asked questions, and listened to Jonas with respectful attention; but what would he not have given for an hour of the old sweet companionship, in which the girl gave freely all that she had to give, while he unlocked the store-house of his mind or lavished on her the homage of his deep, whole-souled nature? That there had been no promise for the future exchanged between them had only seemed to strengthen his devotion and her trustful dependence. She knew—she must have known—he was only waiting to speak until she was older, in obedience to a promise made her dead brother. Six months ago he and Prudence would have stood in this grand old monastery with but one feeling, and now the girl was listening and looking because she knew it was a part of her education, and it would be silly to forget the names and the tombs, and Jonas's descriptions were more interesting than the guide-book, or even a verger. As for Jonas, he steeled himself bravely to the subtle change in their relationship, and went on, elaborating if possible more than he would have done had his heart beat less sadly. Mrs. Crane was brilliant, alert, and smilingly sarcastic in her remarks. She meant to write home very well and solemnly on the subject, but the Abbey like all else that was English, afforded her a certain amount of amusement. Of late she was rarely in a mood to be impressed, and she moved about among the monuments seeking some object for her brilliant sarcasm. That tomb holding the mortal remains of the man who moved nations to tears or laughter held her quiet, and subdued her most eager remarks; but she said in a moment that he had belonged to all the world, and moved away with a look on her face in which there was, no thought of self. They had wandered about the cloisters, looked at the close in the pale foggy light, and examined with some interest the low doorways leading to the various clerical residences of the Abbey. The afternoon service began, and as the organ pealed forth, the American party decided to take their places among the worshippers interested to observe the entrance of the choristers, and listen to the sweet passionless music of the cathedral choir.

Jonas was glad of the quiet. He sat in one of the old stalls, looking now and then at Prudence's beautiful face shining beneath the broad-brimmed felt hat. The girl's rich tints filled him with a sort of peace; he hardly knew what to call it—what name to give the love and longing that sometimes crept into his very soul. Was it, he wondered, because she was so unutterably lovely? He looked intently at the soft cheek, the lashes which curled upon it, half shading the dark sweetness of her eyes; at the waves of warmly colored hair that showed beneath her hat; at the delicately moulded chin, the childlike bloom of the lips—he looked at her, I say, feasting his eyes, his very soul upon her beauty. Yet he was almost unaware that he was counting up her charms, that he was rejoicing in her exceeding loveliness; something higher, stronger, sweeter, was in the conscious part of his mind—the dream that had filled him since boyhood, the hope that had made of toil a pleasure. He leaned his face down upon his hand, and passionately conjured up the vision that had been the day-dream of all those working, toiling years. It was Prudence, always Prudence, the girl sheltered in his keeping, the wife waiting for his coming, the mother caring for his children, the woman who was to be the inspiration, the guardian, the friend of all his life! And had this been reality, or only the fantastic folly of a man who passionately idealizes not only his chances of life, but the object of his concentrated desires? Jonas, unnerved, unstrung, by all the mental conflicts of the past few days, refused to answer to himself these unrestful questions. He tried to reduce thought to mere numbness, if it would not flow into another channel, and Prudence, glancing shyly toward him, was struck with the repressed intensity of the man's face and look. To her vision, Jonas, dear old Jonas, sat there a tall strong figure, with the same plain, earnest face she always remembered, and had never criticised. She never questioned whence came the light that filled his eyes when he was preaching, or perhaps when he was walking up and down the old-fashioned parlor in Ponkamak, talking to her or reading aloud. Those hidden chambers of the mind, those untrodden, mysterious places, which were Self in the man, she had never considered. Their outcome she felt without analyzing the source, or questioning whether there might not be a tremulous fascination in response to the movements of his inner being. She looked up at him now, realizing the lines of fatigue about the honest eyes and strong mouth, seeing with swift regret that he was pale and tired; but no depths were stirred, no longing to know the meaning of the change in his familiar face. She would have slipped one of her little hands tenderly toward him had she dared; she would have gladly ministered to his physical needs; indeed, she began to wonder whether she had been right in urging Jonas to stay in London when he had found them on his way to Nice; but her introspection went no further than this vague doubt of her own infallibility, and compassion for the weariness expressed in Jonas's face.

"It is over," he said, in a moment, while Prudence was thinking what she ought to do.

Prudence started, and demurely walked after her aunt and Jonas down the aisle, a little flattered by the glances of admiration freely lavished upon her as she went. She forgot to say anything to Jonas about his health as he put her with Mrs. Crane into a cab, but then, as she remembered later, she should see him the next day. When they had driven off, the young man started for another solitary walk. Where his steps took him that afternoon Jonas Fielding never knew. He walked on and on, piercing the fog, through which street venders with their flaring lamps were to be seen, before he found himself at his hotel, and after so much incoherent reflection it was somewhat of a relief to find some home letters, and also a little note from Miss Armory. The latter was quickly read, but Jonas held it a long time in his hands. It bore the air of Belgravia in its faint scent, pretty monogram, and unobtrusive crest.

"DEAR MR. FIELDING" (it ran),—"I really feel that we have made a good beginning to-day, but came to no ending. You must come up soon again, and may be sure of finding me at home between eleven and one o'clock any morning. The chief object of this note, however, is to ask you to try and look in at the Lyceum this evening, where you will find us in box No.—. Don't think I am going to be too persistent in my efforts to control destiny. I only want you to see that I am not the ruling power you seemed to imagine. Do you know, I felt after you went away as though I would give a great deal—for—well, even the cobble-stones on Broadway.

"Sincerely yours,

"HELENA LISLE ARMORY."

Jonas re-read the letter once or twice before he replaced it in its envelope. He smiled to himself with the air of a man who wishes he could alter a decided opinion. Then, after one or two turns about his room, he sat down and penned the following reply:

"MY DEAR MISS ARMORY,—I am very much obliged to you for your kindness in writing me that note, and I am glad that anything I have said made you feel as if you would like to see your native land soon again. We shall have many more talks if you are always as kind as you were to-day. I feel very much unhinged lately, but I don't know as anything in particular has happened to unhinge me, only I suppose we must have periods of peculiar mental and moral shock once in so often. I would rather have had just this one in America, I think. I am not in the humor for the theatre to-night, or I should certainly go, but I hope your party will enjoy it very much. Very truly yours,

JONAS P. FIELDING."

When he had written this note the the young man held it a long time purposelessly in his hands. Then he went down stairs, and with a sedate politeness asked to have it posted at once.

VIII.

There is an old house not far from the Strand in which Mr. Barley Simmonson has his studio. How that popular young man had come to set up his artistic gods in such a sombre neighborhood was a question of wonder until his friends learned to know the house; then surprise merged into something like envy, for nowhere in London could there have been more beautiful rooms. A great many people know the old house now. It is in a quiet street full of sanctuaries, and there is a vague charm, half of antiquity, half of splendid solemnity, about the vistas on every side. The house once belonged to a famous duke, whose coat of arms is still above the mantels, and in faded colors painted on the wall. Few outward changes have been made since the pompous day of his Grace—the old knocker, the link-boys' extinguishers, the heavy door, the porter's niche, remain in solemn preservation, and the dusky hallway and staircases are ponderous with suggestions of the past.

Mr. Simmonson had two brilliant rooms upstairs, in which royalty had danced many a gay measure a hundred years ago. The lower windows look out upon an old bit of London, and catch the rushing of the river, with its suggestions of many a century's ebb and flow; at the side the windows front a peaceful old-fashioned garden, such as one sees in the very heart of London, fragrant and green even in winter-time. Within, everything that a really good instinct for color and arrangement could do he had done for the room. I cannot hope to describe the means employed for this wonderful harmonious end. Miss Armory used to say that if at times she forgot that she was in a real workshop, she always remembered that she was among the most beautiful fabrics, the most artistic furnishings, softened, harmonized, by the divinest tints time can devise or money buy. Simmonson's piano stood in a darkly polished space near the embrasure of those windows looking out upon the river, and the window-seats covered in faded red velvet had panes of stained glass here and there, so that his listeners sitting there looked often like saints in a shrine, aureole-crowned, vibrating with some mysterious light—at least Helena thought of this on the days when Prudence visited the studio, and the girl sat for her picture in a desultory sort of fashion, interrupted by the fitfulness of the painter's mood, or Prudence's declaration that she was tired.

It was a fascinating sort of occupation I think, for all the party; a few weeks which drifted into their lives unexpectedly, but, bringing a charm which no one thought of analyzing any more than they wondered who had first owned the faded mediæval splendors of Barley Simmonson's room. Mrs. Boyce used to bring her work, but Helena never made even a feint of occupying her fingers. She moved about the room from time to time, playing bits of music, exchanged sentiments and feelings with Barley Simmonson, and freely vented her admiration of little Prudence, who sat in a shining space, wearing her satin gown, and holding some fading yellow roses in her hands.

These were whole hours of life, Miss Armory sometimes said, yet she believed in them as contributions to the warmer needs of nature and feeling. She would not have sacrificed her share in them for any consideration, and her mind was only disturbed when she thought of Jonas Fielding, and forced herself to believe that Barley Simmonson intended to let himself fall in love.

Moving his eyes from the canvas to Prue's face above the creamy satin and careless lace, it was not possible that he should not be at least moved to sentiment; but Miss Armory had seen the man's intention that night at the Lyceum Theatre. It was not only that he had brought, as an offering to Prudence, a tall white lily, which the girl had some difficulty in holding or "bearing" throughout the play, but that since the talk of the morning Helena's instincts were all sharpened where Prudence was concerned. A flavor of Puritanism clung about Helena in the midst of her later surroundings. She could not shake off her keen sense of justice, and it now smote her conscience that she had not frankly warned Jonas of what she felt to be in the air. But of what nature was his and Prudence's relationship? Helena had gathered enough to know that the man loved Prudence passionately, and that he believed in her loyalty to him. No engagement existed between them founded on word; yet the very nature of a bond that has for its security what must remain unspoken appealed to Helena's best instincts. The fine appreciation of the girl covered with clear vision and unwavering opinion what might have been debatable ground in a mind like Prue's. Miss Armory told herself that she would have been faithful forever on such an understanding, and it would be double treason to desert a post to which your informulated sense of honor alone held you. In this fashion Miss Armory reasoned during the first fortnight of the sittings, seeing Jonas Fielding only twice in the interval, for he had unexpectedly gone out of town. That he looked to Miss Armory for some sympathy had been evident to her in the note he wrote in starting. "I am off," he said, "to preach for a friend at N——, and I regret not having seen you when I called yesterday, for I should like to have taken counsel with you as to how to address the middle classes who will hear me; not that I do not feel strongly with the 'multitude,' but that I am all at sea as to English instincts. I should not have demanded any theology of you, you may be sure, for I know your lack of even a religious impression. Perhaps while you were instructing me in the traditions of the people, I should have shown you the error of your way. At all events, I believe we should have done each other good. I shall be at Simmonson's next Thursday."

Miss Armory thought she had never received a note she liked so well, and in spite of her mental uneasiness, she waited with some impatience for Fielding's appearance on the Thursday. In the midst of a sword-thrust, even, we may care for the hand that holds the weapon, and to Miss Armory there was already a fascination in Jonas Fielding's disapproval.

"You are working very badly," she said to the painter about three o'clock that afternoon.

Simmonson threw down his brush, gazing sadly upon Prudence.

"Am I?" he said. "Yes, I suppose so." And then the heavy curtains were moved, and Jonas Fielding was announced. Helena gave a start. He shook hands with Mr. Simmonson, who seemed glad of an absolute excuse for idleness.

"It is getting too dark for work," he said, standing up; and Prudence moved with evident gratification at the change.

"Now, Miss Marlitt," said Simmonson, in a moment, "I will show you those costumes you wanted to see."

The two moved away, followed by Mrs. Boyce, and Helena found herself apart with Fielding.

"How did the sermon go?" she said, pleasantly.

"Well enough. I found out that the simplest way was to appeal to common human nature." His eyes wandered toward Prudence, who was sitting in the window with her lap full of color.

"And the sittings?" he said, with a smile.

"Very well. I wish you had been here. I think you would have enjoyed them."

"Which means I should have had my prejudices removed?"

"Oh no; I have been saving something special for that."

Helena's dark eyes flashed merrily.

"What?"—do let me work myself up to it properly."

"The private view at the Grosvenor—it will be to-morrow. I felt that to be my *piece de resistance*."

"Well," said Jonas, "I won't ask any questions. If you are kind enough to invite me, I shall go as ignorantly as any juryman could begin a case; but—will you accept my verdict?"

Helena's expression changed.

"Oh," said Jonas, laughing, "I don't mean as an influence upon your own thought—don't imagine I am quite so self-confident; but I mean will you believe in the sincerity of my own beliefs after this supreme test?"

Helena paused.

"Do you know anything of art?" she said, in a moment. They were sitting in one of the windows, Helena leaning back against the side, Jonas on a low chair near by. He swept the room slowly with his gaze, and then brought his eyes back to Miss Armory's charming figure.

"No," he said conclusively.

"Well," said the young lady, "what can I do to-morrow, then?—my object being to show you the real art in æstheticism, and that in it could be true feeling, real action.

"Even though you scorned it so forcibly to me the other day?"

"I scorned its exaggerations. I scorn them yet. Come Mr. Fielding, be fair, and wide-minded. Accept, with tolerance of others' needs, what you do not need yourself."

They had been using a light tone of banter, but now into the man's face came a look which startled Helena as she watched him, it brought out painfully the haggard lines about his mouth and eyes.

"I am trying to do that very thing," he said, quietly. "I am afraid I never thought of it until lately."

Mrs. Boyce interrupted them at this moment. She too had some questions to ask about the country sermon Meanwhile Barley Simmonson was heard idling at the piano.

"So you've been preaching to the people, Fielding, have you?" he said smiling, and lingering over a soft cadence.

"Who are the people?" asked Jonas, with his shrewd smile. "I've been trying to find out ever since I came here, for, from what I am told, it seems to me my lot in life, were I an Englishman, would be among them. You will be a lord, I suppose, one day, Mr. Simmonson, and if I were to be an Englishman, I should probably have to consort with your grocer, and you couldn't know me."

Simmonson looked deeply interested but he said nothing for a moment. He did not so much scorn his prospective rank as that he said its obligations hampered him. He sat silently a moment, his Greek head bent backward slightly, his eyes half closed.

"*Noblesse oblige*," he murmured with soft disdain. He was playing vagrant bars of Schubert. "When we can realize the poets meaning" (a sad arpeggio) "of a higher life; when existence grows fuller; when sensations deepen; when the soul grows conscious of the infinite, which pierces or vibrates through the finite; when song" (and here Barley's eyes grew illumined)—"when song is but the outcome of nature; when nature fuses itself with the illimitable; when Passion finds its final utterance, and our moments—our moments throb with the actual in what we call Emotion and Life" (Barley's finger touched one note over and over in the treble with a sad insistence)—"then even *rank* may have its measure of intensity; then we may say 'my lord,' meaning 'my gentle'" (Barley's smile was very sweet—he looked at every one); "then we may wear laurel in Westminster; then we may assemble as one palpitating, perfect Soul."

"Well," said Mrs. Boyce, leaning over one end of the grand piano, "that sounds very well, Mr. Simmonson. I hope we shall all live to see something of this Arcadia in the House of Lords."

Helena slowly turned her eyes upon the artist, who continued to strike desultory notes, and look with a cold sad smile upon the little company.

"I wonder how much of it you'll repeat heartily ten years hence?" Miss Armory said, and almost instantly colored, for she observed Jonas smiling approval, with a half-triumphant, half-mischievous "I told you so" in his expression. Therefore she felt it her duty to add, in a low tone, which he only heard: "I understand what you mean. I maintain that the false ground in æstheticism is only in the establishing a standard of *feeling*. Now I am sure I can explain myself better at the Grosvenor. You will come?"

"Of course," said Jonas. And while they briefly arranged for the hour and place, Mrs. Boyce carried Prudence into the inner room to make her driving toilet; and then Helena moved away, listlessly turning over some draperies, while Fielding sat regarding the artist with a gaze that became entirely compassionate. The room was very still, yet to Helena it seemed, a few minutes later, to vibrate with feeling that might have been sound; for Prudence returned, and one of those silent moments, full of action and significance, occurred. Simmonson sat leaning his arm on the music stand, his eyes seeking Miss Marlitt's; Fielding also regarded the girl critically, and under this double gaze an air of shyness or coquetry took possession of her.

She blushed faintly, and absorbed herself in buttoning a refactory glove. Fielding and Helena moved forward together to offer assistance, and Prue, with a little sigh, held out her slim wrist indifferently to either. It was a moment of confusion in Helena's mind. She never knew how in putting her own warm soft fingers down to the little wrist they touched those of Fielding, and by some awkward accident were a moment held in his. The unexpected contact startled him, but he looked swiftly at Prudence. Helena for the first time in her life felt the warm blood tingling in her fingers, and rushing as it were to her heart and cheeks. She kept her face passionately downbent during one of those vibrating eternal moments by which we are told mortals should count time. It seemed to Helena at last that she must move or speak; but Prudence, whose glove was now comfortably arranged, came to her relief with her clear little contented treble.

"Thank you, dear," she said, and prettily kissed Miss Armory's pink cheek.

The confusion was over. Helena felt that she could meet Fielding's eyes, and trust to the sound of her own voice, but the leaving was all confused in her memory. As they went down the dusky staircases she was faintly conscious that Mr. Simmonson was saying to Prudence, impressively:

"Then I may call to-morrow morning—you will be sure to see me?"

They were like words heard in a dream. All that seemed real to Helena was a sense of folly if not weak-mindedness; but a whole lifetime may depend upon five moments; and as they drove home, Miss Armory was conscious of having made a plunge into the future.

To be Continued.

Property Sales, etc.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction on THURSDAY, the 31st day of August, next, in front of the Post Office, in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock, p. m.:—

All the Right, Title, Interest and Share of Robert Russell, in and to all that Piece, Parcel or Lot of Land, situate, lying and being on the North side of the River Miramichi, in the Parish of Newcastle, and County of Northumberland, being the 20 Rods of Lot Number Fifty-One, (No. 51) bequeathed to the said Robert Russell by his late father, James Russell, deceased, and bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly, by the 20 Rods of the same Lot No. 51, t present occupied by John Sullivan; Westerly, by 22 Rods, more or less, of the same Lot No. 51, occupied by Agnes Russell; Southerly, or in front, by the said River Miramichi, and Northerly by the rear boundary line of said Lot No. 51, and being all that part of the said Lot No. 51 lately occupied by the said Robert Russell, containing 65 acres, more or less.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court, by John Brown, against the said Robert Russell.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumberland County.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
16th May, A. D., 1882.

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TERMS—For Mill one-fifth down and balance in equal annual payments extending over four years. For the logs payment after delivery next season as customary.

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General Business.

TIME TABLES

Steamers Andover & New Era,

1882 — 1882

Stmr. "Andover."

Captain, Wm. Beattie, Purser, Jas. A. Rundle.

WILL on and after THURSDAY, the 8th inst., and during the continuance of the lumber blockade on the South West River, run as follows:—

MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, FRIDAYS and SATURDAYS.

Leave Newcastle for Chatham	9.00 a. m.
" Chatham for Derby	10.30 "
" Derby for Newcastle	1.30 p. m.
" Newcastle for Derby	4.00 "
" Derby for Newcastle	6.00 "

THURSDAYS.

Leave Newcastle for Redbank	6.00 a. m.
" Redbank for Chatham	8.00 "
" Chatham for Redbank	1.30 p. m.
" Redbank for Newcastle	5.00 "

The 'Andover" will connect at Newcastle with the "New Era" for Chatham last trip daily from Derby and Redbank.

Excursion Trips will be made during the months of July and August to Bay du Vin and Burnt Church, of which due notice will be given.

R. R. CALL.

Stmr. "New Era."

Captain Charles Call.

UNTIL further notice the above steamer will run daily, Sundays excepted, as follows.—

Leave Newcastle for Chatham,	Leave Chatham for Newcastle.
8.00 a. m.	9.00 a. m.
10.30 "	12.00 noon
2.00 p. m.	3.00 p. m.
5.30 "	6.30 "
7.30 "	8.30 "

Calling at Douglastown every trip, at Keir's Mill and the Wilkinson Wharf when necessary, and go to Nelson the 9 a. m., 12 noon and 3 p. m. trips, except on Saturdays, when instead of going to Nelson the 3 o'clock trip. the steamer will remain at Newcastle until 5.45, then proceed to Nelson, leaving there at 6 p. m. for m, calling at Newcastle Douglastown, &c.

R. CALL.

Newcastle, June 7, 1882.

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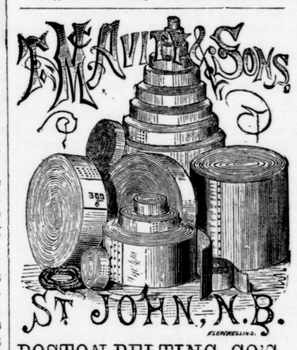

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D. S. HUTCHISON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.

—OFFICE—
OVER THE STORE OF JOSEPH HAYS, ESQ., NEWCASTLE, N. B.

ROBERT MURRAY,

Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, ETC.,

☞ OFFICE OVER MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE ☜

Water Street, - - Chatham, N. B.

WARREN C. WINSLOW,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE:—Pugsley's Building, Prince William St., *5t24 ST. JOHN,

DesBrisay & DesBrisay,

BARRISTERS,

Attorneys Notaries, Conveyancers, &c.

OFFICES:

St. Patrick Street, - - - Bathurst, N. B.

THEOPHILUS DESBRISAY, Q. C.
T. SWAYNE DESBRISAY

A. H. JOHNSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

SOLICITOR.

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC., ETC.

Chatham, N. B.

E. P. Williston,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,

OFFICE—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store; Entrance Side Door.

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

R. B. ADAMS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Office up stairs, Noonan's Building,

Water Street, Chatham.

WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq

CASTLE STREET

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

ALEX. ROBINSON - - CARRIAGE MAKER.

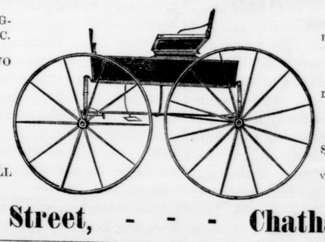
PIANO BOX WAGGONS, SULKIES, ETC.

SINGLE AND TWO SEATED OPEN DO.

EXPRESS WAGGONS.

SLOVENS, CARTS.

SLEIGHS OF ALL KINDS.



CARRIAGE PAINTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

REPAIRING and BLACKSMITH WORK DONE ON THE PREMISES

—AT—

SHORTEST NOTICE.

VEHICLES of all KINDS FOR SALE.

St. John Street, - - - Chatham, N. B.

UNRIVALLED!

SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN,

NEWCASTLE.

OUR Stock of Spring and Summer DRY GOODS is now complete, we have THOUSANDS OF ARTICLES in HABERDASHERY, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, SMALLWARES, etc., on which

SHOPKEEPERS AND TRADERS CAN MAKE MONEY.

We hold everything to be found in any first-class City Warehouse.

PURCHASED FOR PROMPT CASH!!

We are showing HUNDREDS of patterns in Prints, Dressess, Oatmeal Cloths and other rich fabrics for Summer wear, beautiful, soft and brilliant, in every shade colour and tint. HIGH QUALITY AND LOW PRICES.

☞ WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. ☜

SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN.

MAY 17th, 1882.

NEW GOODS!!

—AT—

J. B. SNOWBALL'S.

Just received per late Steamers from the Manufacturers.

New Ulster Cloths,

For Gents Ladies and Children:

Boys' Woollen Knickerbocker Hose,

Very Heavy.

A very large stock of

German and Canadian Cloud and Promenade Scarfs.

Ladies' Berlin Wool Shawls,
Ladies Berlin Wool Jackets,
Ladies' and Children's Wool Scarfs.

Irish Frieze,

For Heavy Overcoats.

Irish and Scotch Tweeds,

Newest Styles.

Moscow Homespun, Costume Cloths,
Wool Serges, French Cashmeres, French Merinoes,
Black Scicillians, Black Grecian Cords,
Colored Cloth Debeges,

100 pairs Best White

ENGLISH BLANKETS,

50 pairs Best Twilled

Canadian White Blankets

A few pairs of Super Extra BATH BLANKETS, at reduced price

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!

Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

HARDWARE. HARDWARE.

$15,000.

GOING WEST.

I AM now selling the largest, best assorted and most complete stock of HARDWARE ever imported to the North Shore, at a shade on the cost to clear out stock—I have gone all through my stock and carefully marked every article down to bottom prices—all parties giving me a call will find my prices what I have represented them to be, no second price now—strictly for cash—(reliable persons may get credit for a short time, but will be charged former prices.)

Iron, all sizes.
Cast and Blister Steel.
Tyre and Shoe Steel.
Spring Steel.
Chain, 3-16 to ⅞. Chain Traces.
Horse Shoes.
" Nails, best finished 13½c.
Wrought and Cut Spikes.
Wrought and Cut Nails.
Finish Nails and Brads.
Clout Nails.
Tacks, all kinds, Copper Zinc, &c.
Bake, Sauce and Fry Pans, Pots.
Brandrams and other best London Lead.
White Lead, $1 75 per keg.
Paint, all colors, Dry and in Oil.
Graining Colours and Stains.
Paint Brushes in great variety.
All kinds Brushes.
Best English Boiled and Raw Oil.
Turpentine, Varnishes all kinds.
Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead and Shot.
Guns, Revolvers in great variety $1.50.
Cartridges, Powder and Caps.
1000 lbs. Sheet Zinc.
Paris and London Whiting, very low in quantities of 50 to 100 lbs.
Hames and Traces very low.
Whips in great variety.
Machine Bolts.
Carriage Bolts, Nuts and Washers.
Mortise and Rim Door Locks 23c each.
Locks every description
Knobs " "
Glass and Putty.
Hinges, all kinds.
Door Rollers and Hangers.
Wove Wire.
Window Cornice, very choice.
Cornice Rings and Pins.
Hat and Coat Hooks, Brass and Iron.
Board Rules.
Rules, all kinds.
The largest, cheapest and best assorted Table Knives and Forks yet offered at 80c. doz. and upwards.
Pocket Knives in great variety.
Codfish Splitting Knives.
Counter Scales and Weights.
Weigh Beams and Steelyards.
My stock of Joiners' Tools is very large and of the very best quality, well worthy of inspection.
Spring Balances.
Copper and Iron Rivets, all kinds.
Lanterns, 50c.
Saws, all kinds, very low.
Sofa Springs, 35c. doz.
Spirit Levels $1.00 upwards.
Axes, Hatchets, all kinds.
Augers and Auger Bits, all kinds.
Machine Oil.
Carriage Mats 50c
Weavers' Reeds.
Cotton and Wool Cards.
Door, Hand and Dinner Bells.
Bird Cages.
Butcher Knives, Oyster Knives.
Wade and Butcher's celebrated Razors.
Choice lot plated Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.
Carpenters' Clamps, Masons' Trowels.
Steam Packing.
Machinist's Hammers in great variety.
Hand Hammers and Sledges.
Adze, Ship Carpenter's and Joiner's &c.
Calking Irons.
Files, all kinds.
Clothes Wringers.
Trays and Waiters.
Violins and Bows.
Wrenches, Shipscrapers and Picks.
Pincers, Nippers and Piyers
Tinman's Snips.
Ratchet Drill Braces.
Ratchet Braces.
Iveses' Expansive Bits.
Molasses and Oil Gates.
Brass Taps.
Stocks and Dies.
Grindstone Fixtures.

FANCY GOODS.

500 Gro. Wood Screws.
Wheel Heads.
Stair Rods and Eyes.
Piano Stool Screws.
Red and White Chalk.
Coffin Mountings less than cost.
Carriage Castings.
Oakum, Tar, Pitch, Rosin.
Alum, Saltpetre, Vitriol, Borax.
Dry and Tarred Paper.
Fire-proof Metalic Paint.
Sand Riddles.
Pumps, Plough Socks.
Cow Bells.

FARMING TOOLS.

Hay and Manure Forks and Rakes.
Scythes, American Clipper, Griffin and Canadian.
Scythe Snaths, Spades, Hoes, Shovels, &c., &c.

The above is only a portion of the goods I have on hand—they are too numerous to mention—I would call special attention to my stock of Joiners' Tools, and Builders materials—my stock will compare with any first class Hardware Store in the Dominion for variety and quality.

I will also sell my HOUSE—on reasonable terms—this is ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE RESIDENCES IN CHATHAM, situated on King Street, 124 feet front, by 135 to the rear—BARN 19x58, LAWN, GARDEN and SUMMER HOUSE, all in good repair—I will also LET on the first of May, 1883, my STORE for one or more years.

J. R. GOGGIN,

Hardware Merchant, - - - - - - Chatham, N. B.

LANCASHIRE

Insurance Co.

JOHN ELLIS, Esq., has accepted the Agency of the Lancashire Insurance Company for Chatham and Newcastle, N. B.

J. McGREGOR GRANT,
General Agent, Lancashire Insurance Co.,
St. John, N. B.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

An Agency of this Bank has been opened in the

Dundee Building Winnipeg,

EMIGRANTS to the North-West can obtain at any agency of this Bank DRAFTS upon WINNIPEG, EMERSON and BRANDON.

F. R. MORRISON.
AGENT.

Chatham, 1882. s. t 17.

CARDING.

THE Subscriber's Carding Mill at Derby is now in full operation and prepared to do carding with despatch.

Wool left at the mill; also with Duncan Davidson, Esq., in Chatham, at the store formerly occupied by A. D. Shirreff, Esq., Mrs. Stothart, near the ferry, Moorfield, or M. M. Sargent, Newcastle will be taken charge of, promptly forwarded to the mill and returned to the owner within one week.

RICHARD WILSON.

8r2

ICE CREAM.

ICE CREAM made from a triple motion Beater, very excellent; also,

GOOD FRUIT CAKE,

plain ditto, TARTS, PIES and BREAD; also,

TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

T. H. FOUNTAIN.

Next to Ullock' Stable.

Manuf's., Builders, etc.

CHAMPION PORTABLE SAW MILLS.

George Book writes, St. Anns, Ontario, June 17 1879, regarding his 16-horse power Champion Sawmill: "*Last week, on Monday morning three men of us commenced to tear up mill to move it. We tore up, moved three miles, set it up and on Tuesday at three o'clock sawed a log with it. Not quite two days. In one week we moved and set it up as mentioned,