

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

"Good night!" said Mrs. Carson. She pried herself on her politeness. She would not for worlds have omitted saying farewell for the briefest period, though just now her tone of icy displeasure was decidedly more chilling than would have been the most stony silence.

There, there, another time! Be a good child—don't bother! murmured kindly enough meek, nervous, apologetic Mr. Carson, tugging desperately at his eery kid gloves and prancing aside to avoid stepping on his wife's voluminous satin train as that lady swept majestically by him and out into the hall.

Miss Eustacia Carson paused for a last deliberate look into the pier glass. She was small, but Nature had atoned for her meagerness in regard to height by generous if unsightly breadth. She had a pretty featured languishing, insipid face like the vision of a faded wax doll.

This evening she had dressed with conscientious regard as to effect. And effect enough, there certainly was; but as Miss Carson's taste was not the most artistic in the world it was rather startling than admirable. She wore an elaborate dress of heliotrope satin brocaded in crimson velvet flowers, and opera cloak of bright blue surah and swansdown, and pink kid gloves very long and very wrinkled.

It is curious the things which satisfy some people. That glance in the mirror absolutely thrilled her with intense satisfaction. Deigning neither nod nor look to the dark clad young figure standing on the hearth rug, she swished around her train, swooped to catch it, and sailed out of the room, leaving behind her an almost oppressive suggestion of Lubin.

Mr. Carson, still engaged in a valiant struggle with his gloves, glanced furtively after the resplendent retreating forms of his wife and daughter, then sidled across the carpet in a manner positively stealthy to where his niece still stood.

Ruby! in quite a pensive whisper, and laying one hand—sure as to the half-gloved fingers, the rest being as red as a boiled lobster—gently enough on the girl's dusky head, "I wish I could tell you in my place—Lord, I do! Plays, theatres, and such like don't suit me, nor me them. But for a young creature like you it's natural, oh, it's natural! Tell me what I'll do, Ruby. I'll get you matinee tickets on the sly and you can go after all, unbeknown to 'em. Yes, Adelia, yes, my dear; I'm a comical! And in response to Mrs. Carson's shrill summons he hustled off.

Ruby laughed half sadly to herself. On the sly! In a state of what subjection the poor little man was, to be sure! He could not do her the slightest kindness except in fear and trembling.

She was his dead sister's only child, and he was very fond of her, would have been very good to her had he sufficient moral courage to assert himself and his rights occasionally. As it was, he was a mere figure-head in his own household—a very humble-visaged, low-voiced, nervous little figure headed at that.

And Ruby—well, she was only a child, after all, just past sixteen. For her the tinsel and glitter of the foot-lights had not yet lost their charm. She was young enough still to feel a quicker heart throb at the first bars of the orchestra resounded, young enough to like to watch the gay crowds surging down the aisles, young enough when the curtain rolled upward at last to lose herself in the music like before her, forgetful of all her small daily griefs. Mrs. Carson's icy politeness, and Eustacia's ungainly disdain, while as poor Charles Lamb puts it, with Rosalind in Arden, or Viola at the Court of Illyria.

And so to-night it was no wonder that the pretty miniature face grew so doleful as the minutes ticked on. It was so still in the great gorgeous house, two—gorgeous, though every shining gilt frame and bright plush portiere and cabinet of bi-colour-brac, chosen with execrable taste, spoke parvenu as plainly as tongue could utter.

And they had a box, the little brown-clad lady rocking vigorously in a low chair before the open grate, told herself gloomily. One more might just as well have gone as not, and she did so admire Mojeska.

How far had the play proceeded now? Was Rosalind saying to Orlando in the sweet foreign voice of the Polish actress, Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown more than your enemies. Or had it progressed farther? Was Jacques asking, Of what stature is your love? and Orlando answering gallantly, Just as high as my heart.

Good heavens! Miss Ruby sprang bewildered to her feet. Why doesn't he pull the house down!

And indeed the resonant peal which startled her was something terrific, long, loud, bristling. She heard the door opened, shut, a brief colloquy, then the portiers draping the parterre entrance were thrust aside and a gentleman walked into the room bringing with him a whirl of the frosty outer world. A young gentleman—a very handsome young gentleman, overcoated up to the chin, with a pair of dark blue eyes gleaming from under the shadow of his Russian cap, which latter he removed with alacrity as he perceived the other occupant of the apartment.

For a bare moment they regarded each other in silence, Miss Ruby's brilliant glance measuring the stranger from head to foot.

Well, I declare!

That was all she said. The way she said it would have disconcerted any ordinary man. But Paul Durand was not an ordinary man, or so his friends asserted.

I beg your pardon in most profound contrition. I was not aware the room was occupied.

A few weeks passed. One day a council of war was held in the Carson mansion, the outcome of which was, Ruby must go to school. She was young enough to need it, Miss Carson declared, and Miss Eustacia avowed that she was growing so ridiculously fast. Neither observed what Miss Eustacia's visitors so evidently did that the child was becoming rarely charming.

Before she went, however, she had a private chat with her uncle, the result of which was that Mr. Simon Carson, to

whose office came the mail, bought her periodically a letter, an interesting, respectful, friendly letter, written in a great, slap-dash hand.

One year, two, and Miss Hallam came home.

Eustacia narrowed her eyes into a level green line as she regarded her. How tall, and rounded, and graceful had the once awkward little figure grown! And how bewitching the face with its rich bloom, and dainty curves, and bright brown eyes, all crowned with braided, blue-black hair. That evening Mrs. and Mr. Carson had a private conference.

He is to arrive Thursday by the Servia, announced the latter. We used to know his family well; we can renew the acquaintance. He has amassed a fortune by the lucky land speculation over there. The papers are full of it. He is coming to New York to settle down. Now you see it is absolutely necessary that Ruby should go out of town for a few weeks so as to leave—yes, it is a vulgar term—the coast clear. Take her down to your aunt's, in Massachusetts. She can come back to Eustacia's wedding.

Yes, Adelia murmured Mr. Carson, meekly, and went straightway in search of Ruby to slip a thick, forcible postmarked envelope into her eager hand.

It was the first night of the opera season. The theatre was packed from door to ceiling. The overture was over, and the curtain rung up. Fans fluttered, soft lips smiled, bright eyes flashed.

In their private box the Carsons were assembled, per, mere, fille, he redder, more nervous, more distressingly fidgety than ever. Mrs. Carson, large and pompous in stiff vermilion satin de Lyon; Eustacia alert and smiling in a dress dyed description, all blue and pink toned down with a great deal of gold.

Patti was in good voice and singing divinely. But she did not hear a note. At the opera—night. Was not that what he said, mamma?

The servant said the family was from home, and I entered to await Mr. Carson's return.

Oh! said Ruby. I delayed calling on him till the last moment—I have been so rushed with business affairs since my arrival in New York week ago.

From England? Ruby resumed her low chair as she asked the question.

From England. He started at her.

Why—how—I beg your pardon! Oh, just because they have only knockers over there haven't they? I thought you could not be accustomed to bells.

By Jove! And then, in a sudden recollection, I'm afraid that was a furious summons. But to apologize I must explain that I am absent minded, and that I sometimes continue doing one thing while thinking of another totally different.

Ruby laughed out at the lame apology.

The stranger, all the time regarding her keenly, came over to the mantel and stood leaning against it.

To-night, for instance, he said slowly, I was tugging impudently at your door, I was wondering how a wee witch whom I used to know was; wondering if she had grown up into a haughty young lady; wondering if she had ever so faint a remembrance of Paul Durand.

What? Ruby leaped to her feet—brown cheeks flushing and black eyes sparkling.

Paul Durand! Such a favorite when a lad of her mother's! She had known him when she was quite a little child. But it was six years since she seen him—and Paul Durand!

Is it you—honestly you? her slim hand in his close clasp. Of course, I know now—how stupid of me! It is the monstrosity that alters you. I'm so glad to see you. I was just as cross and lonesome as I could be. Sit right down and let me look at you—oh Paul, I am so glad.

Thank you, he laughed, flinging himself into a chair opposite, such a welcome was worth coming home for. And now about yourself. Why are you not out with the others to-night, Ruby?

It was a delicate question could he but have known. The sweet child face, before him grew almost tragic. I—I wasn't asked! In quite an anguish of recollection.

You weren't sympathetically and with most intense interest. No! A mournful shake of the curly black head. That is a shame, by Jove!

Isn't it brightening up now that her sorrow seemed lighter by being shared. And yet I don't know, deliberate Mr. Durand.

If you had been asked you would have gone, and if you had gone what would have become of me?

That's so, said Ruby, reflectively. It was better as it happened, wasn't it? And now tell me what you have been doing all these years.

Ten—eleven—twelve! Twelve! Mr. Durand sprang up in amazement.

Won't you wait to see Uncle Simon! Bless me, no. We can exist without, I am not exactly yearning to see Mr. Carson. And now, Ruby, what a big girl you are getting to be anyhow. Good-night, and good-bye.

Good-bye, said Ruby, I'm glad I didn't go to see Mojeska.

His very words, my love. I am sure his attentions are very pronounced. Three times he has called this week. He said to see your father—a very transparent excuse smiling.

There he is, cried Eustacia, suddenly, an anatomical blanch tinging her faded cheek. There he is, and—

in an ecstatic pantomime for the benefit of those beyond.

I believe, said Mrs. Carson, in tones of disgusted, horrified, ponderous conviction, I believe it's our Ruby.

Oh, no, it isn't answered Simon promptly, setting up in this supreme moment many a long score—the dear old hypocrite! It's his Ruby, Lord love her! A pretty name, too, isn't it—Mrs. Paul Durand!

PROOF OF HIS SISTER. The Chicago Tribune relates the case of a young man who was regarded as a phenomenon, because he took his sister to all the best entertainments, and actually devoted himself to her during the lecture and opera season. Being praised for his unusual attention to his sister the young man promptly and proudly replied:

No there's nothing wonderful or extraordinary about it. She is the only woman I know in whom I have the most thorough confidence. She is all truth in me, always pleased and affectionate, and to tell you the candid truth I'm afraid she'll go and marry some of these imitation men around here and be unhappy all her life.

She has nobly come to look to, and I take care she does not have to look to anybody else. I suppose some day a genuine man will come along, if he's a genuine man, I won't object. Until he does come, she's good enough for me and if ever I find a good girl I'll marry her.

The example is most commendable. A young man would do well to seek his sister's society until he finds another lady as good as his sister.

For Sale and to Let

FOR SALE

THE HOUSE AND PREMISES in Chatham, N.B. formerly occupied by Mrs. J. J. LELAND. The property is very convenient for a gentleman's residence.

FOR SALE.

By private bargain the best property of the Suburban, if not disposed of before the end of the year may be offered at Auction with Stage and Wagon in front of a gentleman's residence.

FOR SALE.

The lot of land containing on Duke and Canal Streets, Chatham, and known as the

WESLEYAN CHURCH PROPERTY.

This lot has a frontage of 90 feet on Grand St. and 50 feet on Duke St. and will be sold at public auction on the 10th inst. This is one of the BEST BUSINESS STANDS IN TOWN.

FOR WAREHOUSE OR FACTORY.

Possession given at once. Price low and terms moderate.

J. B. SNOWBALL.

TO RENT

North half of DOUBLE HOUSE situated on King Street, (the other half is at present occupied by Mr. A. D. Smith).

ALSO—

Half of the two Double Houses situated on Church Street, adjoining half occupied by Mr. McEneaney and Mr. Harry Eddy. Apply to

J. B. SNOWBALL.

STORE TO LET.

THE single Store in the Subscriber's Building now to let. This is one of the best business stands in Chatham.

J. R. GOGGIN.

DWELLING HOUSE

For Sale or to Let.

The Subscriber offers for sale or to let the dwelling house, barn and premises on King St., Chatham, now occupied by Mr. ALEX. GANT. Well suited for a boarding house or private dwelling. To a reasonable price will be given.

David McIntosh.

TO SELL OR LEASE.

The Grindstone

QUARRY

on the South side of Northwest River Miramichi in the parish of South Fork, formerly operated on by

Mr. Joseph Goodfellow.

There is at the Quarry a large BUILDING erected during 1884 and 1885.

For particulars apply to Messrs. Davidson & Davidson, Newcastle, or to

R. HUTCHISON

Douglasdown, May 1st, 1886.

Marble Works!

The subscriber has removed his WORKS from Chatham to the premises of Mr. ALEX. GANT, LEV. Headman (near the Ferry) where he is prepared to execute orders for

MONUMENTS HEADSTONES TABLES AND CEMETERY WORK GENERALLY.

Also: COUNTERS and TABLE TOPS and other Miscellaneous Marble and Fine Stone Work. A good stock of MARBLE constantly on hand.

ELWELL BARRY, Chatham.

LONDON HOUSE

In store, the following choice Brands of Flour—

Goldie's Sun.

Crown of G-11.

White Pigeon.

Also Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Pork, Lard, Tobacco and Sugar.

A good assortment of TEAS direct from the London Market from 20cts. to 40cts. per lb.

ON CONSIGNMENT.

20 Tubs Good Butter.

R. HOOKER.

TAILORING.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to tender his thanks to the public of Miramichi, who have so graciously patronized his business at his late stand at 101 to inform them that he has removed his business to Water Street, next door to the late residence of Mr. J. B. Snowball, where he will be glad to welcome all old customers and to make the acquaintance of new ones. He has on hand a most complete stock of

All Kinds of Cloths,

Suits or single Garments

of which selections may be made for

specimen of which is respectfully invited.

E. O. PETERSON.

SACKVILLE PRESSED HAY

300 Tons strictly good quality English Hay. For sale on Cars, sackville delivered on I. C. Ry. Northern Stations by

JOS. L. BLACK, Sackville.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE OF SALE

To the Heirs, Executors or Administrators of Benjamin Graham and to the Creditors of said Benjamin Graham, notice is hereby given that the estate of said Benjamin Graham, deceased, will be sold at public auction on the 10th day of January, 1887, at 11 o'clock a.m., at the County of Northumberland, in the Parish of Miramichi, at the Court House in Chatham, N.B., the following real estate, to-wit: A certain lot of land containing 100 acres, more or less, situate in the Parish of Miramichi, County of Northumberland, and bounded as follows: On the north by the Parish of Miramichi, on the east by the Parish of Miramichi, on the south by the Parish of Miramichi, and on the west by the Parish of Miramichi.

Take notice that by virtue of a Power of Sale conferred by the Mortgage of the 10th day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, made between Hannah E. Graham, wife of James Graham, and James Graham, Farmer, of Westford, in the County of Chatham, in the Parish of Miramichi, County of Northumberland, the said lot of land, containing 100 acres, more or less, situate in the Parish of Miramichi, County of Northumberland, and bounded as follows: On the north by the Parish of Miramichi, on the east by the Parish of Miramichi, on the south by the Parish of Miramichi, and on the west by the Parish of Miramichi.

DeForest, Harrison & Co., 40 North Water, Saint John, N.B.

LANDING

1 Car Granulated Sugar.
10 Tons Coffee.
40 Cases Sugar Corn.
20 Cases Green Peas.
100 Boxes Wax.
120 " Spice.
20 " New Cheese.

DeForest, Harrison & Co., 40 North Water, Saint John, N.B.

CEDAR SHINGLES, PINE CLAPBOARDS, HEMLOCK BOARDS.

Dimensions Fine Lumber etc., etc.

FOR SALE BY GEO. BURCHILL & SONS

G. A. BLAIR, has on hand, a superior assortment

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Men's, Youths' & Children's Suits, IN CLOTH, TWEED & VELVET

Which he is offering at special prices to suit the times.

SAMPLES DOMINION

Horse Liniment.

THE BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY before the public for Lameness, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, and all other ailments of the horse, is now on hand at the Dominion Sample Store, 101 Water Street, Saint John, N.B.

LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

THE PARISH LIBERAL ASSOCIATION of Meetings on the

FIRST FRIDAY IN EACH MONTH

IN THE

LIBERAL HALL, Miramichi, N.B.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an evening for the best selling game in the Dominion.

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General Business.

LION COFFEE.

40 Tons "Lion Brand" JAVA COFFEE ground and packed in 50 lb. bags. For sale wholesale. DeForest, Harrison & Co.

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1 Car Granulated Sugar.
10 Tons Coffee.
40 Cases Sugar Corn.
20 Cases Green Peas.
100 Boxes Wax.
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