## PLUCK

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER,

'The fact is," said Lucy, in his most confidential tones to a group of his brother officers wno were gathered round the open window of the anteroom in Idleminster barracks; "the fact is, I nev-ah was in love with but one lady in all my life, and she But here he was interrupted by the laughter of several, and the vigorous remon-strance of one of his hearers; that one was

"Now, look here. Lucy; it won't do. Why can't you let the Roverend Solomon rest in

his grave?" "Vrest in his gwrave!" repeated Lucy, with a wise air of surprise. "Why, I didn't -er-know anything had happened to his

wievere.ce." Another burst of laughter followed this simple remark; whether at its very simpicity, or whether at the disgusted look on Miles' face, would be hard to say; perhaps partly from both causes.

"Oh!" Lucy went blandly on, seeing that the R verend Solomon, who had succeeded him in the affections of Naomi, was evidently still in the flesh, "you are speaking figuratively, eh? Ah! bad thing to do, that I nev-ah do it. As I said, she jilt-ed me. Ah! she was wreally the only lady I ev-ah wished to marwry. I nev-ah altogether got

"I'm afraid you never will, Lucy," put in Harkness, dryly. "Pewrhaps not," with a resigned air.
"Still, thewre's no saying. Time heals all wounds, they say; and by the time Mignon is old enough to marwry me—"

"On! then you're going to marry Mignon?"

laughed Hartog. "If she will have me," returned Capt. Lucy, with the utmost gravity. "Pewrhaps she won't; things of the gender feminine are so given to change of mind. Naomi, my first love, changed hers. Mignon says now that she will nev-ah marwry anybody but her devoted Lal; but when Mignon grows up, and she sees that her Lal is getting middle-aged, stout — although that is a calamity which, let us hope, will not fall upon me—bald—an affliction which, let us pwray, the decwrees of Pwrovidence may long forefend—deaf—a state of things fwrom which heaven long pwrotect me (deaf people are such a bore)—why, then Mignon may forget — or, worse still, wrepent — the wresolves and pwromises of her childhood, and go for some fellow who at this moment is flouwrishing about the world in an Eton jacket and a turn down collar. It is the way of the world, and so the world wruns

away."
"Well, you know, Lucy," put in Hartog,
"you would make rather an old sort of husband for Miss Migne."
"I should be all the better able to take

care of her," returned Lucy, promptly. "Not that I expect her to have me for a moment. I know my sister used to swear, when she was young, that she would nev-ah marwry anybody but a clergyman." "And she did not?" asked Preston.

"No." And Lucy looked wiser than ever. "My wrespected bwrother-in-law, Jim Arkwright, digs coals and makes cottons and calicoes; a good fellow he is, too. I was at Harwrow with him."

"Oh, a manufacturer?" some one asked. "Yes; has coal pits and cotton mills and such like," returned Lucy placidly. "Seems to pay, too. Anyway, his house is one of the pleasantest I know. I wish I was going on thirty days' leave instead of ten." "Oh, you're going to stay with your sis-

"Yes; and Harkness goes with me," Lucy

I may as well tell you here that Cecil Lucy, of the Scarlet Lancers, had but one near relative in the world—that was his sister. Mrs. Arkwright. The name of Arkwright, connected with that of Weyland—Weyland & Arkwright—was one of the best known in and round about the district of which Barnsbury was the center. Well it might be known, for it was to be seen everywhere for miles and miles around-on carts and trolleys and railway wagons alike; on thousands and thousands of bales of cotton and calico; on houses and mills; I might al-

and calico; on houses and mills; I might almost say, on men and women.

Of the two senior partners of the firm,
Murray Weyland was a man under 50 years
old, and James—or, as he was invariably
called, Jim—Arkwright was quite fifteen

It cannot be said that either of them was book type. Murray Weyland had been educated at Eton; Arkwright at Harrow. They hunted, and shot, and fished; had grouse moors in Scotland; and most summers one or other of them went off to Norway for salmon fishing; each had a lovely place in the neighborhood of Barnsbury and com-bined the life of a country gentleman with that of a man of business.

Well, to go back a little, Murray Wey-land, before he was thirty years old, had married the daughter of an Irish gentleman with just about as much pedigree as the Weylands had money, and about a tenth of as much money as the Weylands had pedigree; a handsome and vivacious woman, with regular features, and that blue-black hair, just the shade of a raven's wing, which often goes with those gray eyes which look like black ones, because Dame Nature has put them in with a dirty finger. The result of this marriage was unbroken

happiness and one child, a daughter, who was called Olive. And Olive Weyland was not only the richest girl about Barnsbury but the most popular and by far the

Nor was hers common, every day beauty; for she was a girl with an air as distinguished as one might reasonably expect | went on placidly: "In time for your party, on a fair day's march. It had been said of her that the traditional spoon with which she had been born had been, not of silver, but of jewels and gold; certainly she had been lucky in that she had inherited the best points of both father's and mother's persons. Mrs. Weyland was a small, straight-featured, sparkling brunette, full of fire and fun and vivacity. Weyland, on the contrary, was big and fair and slow, with what had been a brilliantly fair complexion, though now it was reddened and tanned by much exposure to sun and wind and all sorts of four weather; and, as large, weyland had a firm, true, steady, tender heart, which had never done a wrong to any man or woman since the day it first began to beat.

Olive had got the father's true, steadfast

nature, combined with occasional flashes of the mother's wit; she had got the father's large stature, the mother's grace, the father's yellow hair and fairness of skin, with the mother's regular features and gray Irish eyes. She had also got the ben-efit of the dirty finger, and the effect of the whole was to give to the world just as lovely a young woman as either author or reader could wish for the heroine of a story or to be the darling of any man's heart. No other child than Olive had come to make music in the pretty old house where the Weylands lived; yet, though there was no boy Weyland to take his place in the firm, Murray Weyland did not make a trouble of the fact. There were enough of the young Arkwrights over at Barnardwistle to carry on half a dozen firms, he was in the habit of saying; and it was true. Jim Arkwright nau married when very young, and the old place where his father and his grandfather had lived before him resounded with the noise of six little pairs of feet. Six healthy, happy voices shouted "Dad, dad, dad!" when he returned from his office, or, in a well-be-spattered pink coat, from his Elysian fields of delight—that is, from hunting; and these fix were all boys, and two of them had had

the audacity to come as a pair. And as there were enough of the young Arkwrights and to spare, Murray Weyland was well content with his girl. Sometimes he declared in jest he had gone in for quality rather than for quantity, and there were many who agreed with him; among them notably was Edith Arkwright's brother, Cecil Lucy, of the Scarlet Lancers, who-in spite of his affectation and his drawl, his air of wise imbecility, and his threadbare story about his first love, who was called Naomi, and had jilted him, and his oft-repeated deelaration that he meant to marry Bootles' little daughter, Miss Mignon-possessed one spot in his heart which was much more soft and tender than any of the fellows in the regiment, or, for the matter of that, Edith Arkwright herself, gave him credit for—a spot of which Olive Weyland was queen. It was no new thing. Any time during the last five years Lucy had known perfectly well that she was the one woman whom the world held for him. Any time during the last five years—that is, from the day of her sixteenth birthday-he would have taken the plunge and asked her to marry him, had he had the faintest hops that she would accept him.

But hope is what he had not had. He knew only too well that Olive Weyland did not care for him in the way he wished. His

occasions-was, "Hurry no man's cattle."

most others. So long as Olive showed no signs of caring for any one else, he was content to bide his time, to live his soldier's life. to go on his placid, good-natured way, and tell his story of how he nev-ah wanted to marry but one lady in all his life, and how she had thrown him over for an e'ephantine parson, whose name was-er-Fligg-the Wreverend Solomon Fligg; how he had met her since as the blooming mother of eleven little Fliggs, all copies in miniature of their estimable papa. He was content to live and act and speak so as to throw dust in the eyes of nearly all who knew him; and, as perhaps he neither expected nor meant, the most effectually blinded of all was Olive

CHAPTER II. It was Olive Weyland's twenty-first birthday-her coming of age. It had been the invariable custom of her parents to give a summer dance upon that

"No, dear dad," she urged, "let us have

day, a dance following a garden party; but now that she had completed her twenty-first year, Mr. Weyland would fain have had an entertainment of a grander sort and of a more elaborate kind, but Olive would have

everything as usual. My birthday party has always been enjoyed by every one, so why make any change?"
Of course Olive had her way, and invitations were sent out for the usual thing—a garden party, followed by a marquee dance and a regular ball supper. And when the day came it rose bright and clear, as it be-

seemeth a fair August day to do. Olive awoke upon a world which seemed to have no drawbacks, no failures, no disappointments; it seemed to her like a bed of rose leaves, among which there were no crumpled In the breakfast room a table was await-

ing her piled up almost to overflowing with birthday offerings—gloves and bouquets, pearls and diamonds, gold and silver. I had almost said frankincense and myrrh; nor should I have been very far out of it, for there were perfumes in bottles and flacons of every color and size and form; and the appearance of the whole was more like an array of bridal gifts than of birthday pres-

"A glorious day, Olive," said Mr. Wey-land, when she laid her soft and blooming cheek for an instant against his, by way of morning greeting.

"Lovely, isn't it, dear dad? I really think
I am one of the luckiest girls in the world.

Mother, darling, that is from you," holding out a bangle set with rubies. "Nobody else knew I was wishing for such a one." "Is it exactly what you wanted?" her tempted to send for a few that you might choose it yourself, only it seemed more orthodox to let it come in the light of a

"Oh, much more; it is lovely!" Olive answered, as she clasped the beautiful ornament upon her arm. "What is that?-Edith Arkwright?" taking a letter from the pile beside her plate as she spoke. "Oh, that is nice! 'Cecil has come,'" she read aloud, "'bringing Capt. Harkness, of his regiment; so I shall bring them to you to-morrow after-noon.' That could not be better. Men always improve everything. And Mr. Lucy— I beg his pardon, Capt. Lucy—always makes things go off well; he's such fun." She was not able to linger very long over the breakfast table, or to examine the many offerings which the day had brought her. There were, she declared, a hundred and fifty things to do and to see after; so presently she went away, singing in a right ring-ing voice a verse of an old ballad which had

been haunting her persistently for weeks Of all the girls that are so mart, There's none like pretty Sally, She is the darling of my hear. And lives in our alley. There is no lady in the land That's half so sweet as Sally; She is the darling of my heart,

And lives in our alley. Right tenderly did the fresh young voice inger over the quaint Seventeenth-century words, and right bravely did she chant out that other verse, which tells to any sympathe ic ear such a whole, big, wide world of tenderness and love and patient endurance: My master and the neighbors all

was so droll, the way you sang, 'Oh, then I'll marry Sally!" Miss Weyland laughed likewise.

"Yes, of course it was; but I love that old ong, and it always makes me feel just as if , too, had a Sally." She looked past him, toward his companon, and held out her hand.

"How are you, Capt. Lucy? I'm so glad you have come to Mrs. Arkwright's in time for my birthday party. And this, of course, is Capt. Harkness?" holding her hand out "Yes." Then, as the hand was taken, he

Miss Weyland? Why, 1—er—came on purpose for it. A pwretty bother we had to get leave, too—hadn't we, Harkness?"
"Oh, an awful bother!" said Harkness, stroking his mustache, and looking very modestly at lovely O.ive.

"I-er-said my sister had got twins," Lucy continued. "So she has, you know; and I didn't think it necessary to say it was thwree years ago." "But if you are found out?" Olive cried,

"Oh, if I am found out?" shrugging his shoulders, as if that was a very remote contingency, about which he need not particularly trouble himself. "Well, you did get it, and that's the great

thing," said Olive, smiling. "So now come and see the marquee. I was on my way to see how the men are getting on with it. It is where we dance this evening," she added, by way of explanation to Harkness. Harkness made her a grave little bow, followed by a polite little speech expressive of joy at the good fortune he had to be one of those who were so lucky as to have the chance of dancing in the big marquee that

"But you are really to dance," she said; "you are not to get into a corner and look as if you were simply dying for a cigar."
"I never smoke cigars," he replied, gravely.
Lucy laughed out aloud. "I should think not; the very foulest bwriar-wood you ever saw in all your life," he informed Olive. "I assure you it sets evewry one in barwracks coughing as soon as ever he bwrings it out. Have you got it in your pocket, Harkness?"
"I don't take it to make calls upon ladies," Harkness answered. "Now, Lucy, on the contrary, Miss Weyland, is so devotedly attached to his clay that he goes so far as to

take it to church with him."

Take care you leave it behind to-day," Olive said, with a laugh, to Lucy; "for I am going to wear a muslin frock, and if you happened to set that on fire out in the open I should not have the ghost of a chance." "I'll take care never to set your fwrock on fire," murmured Lucy, in a very low voice, so that his friend should not hear it;

then added, as Mr. Weyland ar proached them, "if it were your heart now, Miss Wey-"Ah! if it were my heart, Capt. Lucy,"

she answered, gayly.
"Yes, dear dad; we are going to see your beloved horses, certainly. As the three-Olive, her father, and Harkness-moved away in the direction of the stables, Lucy found himself singing unconsciously, as he followed them, in a very soft voice, a line or two of Olive's song:

But when my seven long years are out, Oh, then I'll marwry Sally; And, oh, how happily we'll live! But not in our alley.

Olive heard him and looked back. "You don't sing it with much expression," she said, turning to walk beside him. "I would sing it with expwression enough," he answered, "if I thought thewre was the vewry faintest chance of Sally's even-look-

"Poor thing!" remarked Olive, but without any pity in her tones; for she was accustomed to Lucy's extravagant love making, and never guessed at the depth of earna Sally, and its Sally is not kind to it? Poor | the delivery to the house of commons postfavorite adage—one which he made to fit all happy over it!"

Lucy looked straight in front of him, and

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said not a word for full three minutes. It fell rather hard upon him that she should be so ignorant of the truth: for during all these years, whenever he could scrape a few days' leave together, he had almost invariably spent it with Mrs. Arkwright, who was his only near relative. Her house naturally stood to him in the light of a home; and he hardly ever accepted any other invitations. except it was to Ferrers' court, where he al-

ways spent some portion of his long leave. Well, for full three minutes Lucy did not say one word; then he remarked, suddenly: "Oh! by the by, Miss Weyland, I ventured to bwing you a small birthday offering. I hope you will do me the honor of accepting

"To be sure," replied Olive, never noticing the silence and the sudden change to ice of his tone, chiefly because she was thinking what a fine fellow Lucy's friend was, and how well set upon his shoulders was his handsome head. "To be sure. It's very kind of you always to remember my birthday. I never make you any return for it: but this year I will send you a present, see

The iciness of Lucy's tone melted as he "I will keep it forev-ah!" he exclaimed. It was hard lines, but I must confess that

Olive Weyland went into an agonizing fit of laughter. If only she had known what the drawl covered! But she did not, therefore she answered with careless gayety and a world of laughter in her deep gray eyes:
"Then I shall certainly send it. There is such a solid satisfaction in sending a present to somebody who will keep it-forev-ah!" It was quite unconsciously that her gay voice took an inflection which was a very echo of his. "What shall it be? A birthday book?" "A birthday book," returned Lucy, with the ready acquiescence he would have given had she proposed to give him an elephant or

They had reached the stable yard by that ime, and just as Harkness and Mr. Wevland disappeared through the doorway of a loose box Olive made a fresh suggestion. "Or, suppose we say a nice little locket. that you can wear Sally's hair in and hang on to the end of your watch chain?" she laughed mischievously. "It might make Sally jealous; and there's nothing like jealousy, you know, for hastening on little affairs of that kind. You will be able to say in all honesty that a lady gave it to you—a young lady. Don't you think you had better say a locket?"

"If you will give me one. And-er-you wreally think"-looking down upon her without so much as the ghost of a smile on his face or the least little twinkle of amusement in his blue eyes, perhaps because he was so very much in earnest and not in the least amused-"and you wreally think thewre's nothing like jealousy for helping such matters on?"

about?" he asked. the proper way."

"I'll twry it," said Lucy, solemnly, and with emphasis; "I'll twry it, upon my word

"I would," said Olive, nodding her head and showing her pretty white teeth in a smile. "And pile it up as high as you like about the locket," she added. Yes, she did relapse into slang sometimes, I admit it.

"I'll give you a photograph, too, if you For a moment Lucy almost forgot his role; then his habitual serenity and his drawl came to his aid, and he recovered

"Will you indeed?" he said, with quiet ession. "Wreally, Miss Weyland, I'm awfully obliged to you." Olive began to sing teasingly: But when my seven long years are out,

Oh, then I'll marry Sally; And, oh, how happily we'll live; But not in our alley.

"Poor Sally!" she cried; "she little thinks what a plot is being laid against her at this "That is vewry twrue," answered Lucy,

seriously; "but, as-er-all the world knows, 'all's fair in love and war.' Then, what about dances this evening? I hope you are going to be good to me." "Two waltzes," she answered; "that ought to be enough to make even the hardest of Sallys' hearts soften, if only yours could see

"I hope no Sally would-" he began; then broke off short, looked at her in his wise way a moment, twisted his mustache as if seeking for an idea, then said, quite quickly for him, "Two waltz's? A thousand thanks!"

[To be Continued.] LIGHT AND AIRY. English as She Is Wrote. The teacher a lesson he taught; The preacher a sermon he praught; The stealer, he stole; The heeler, he hole;

And the screecher, he awfully scraught. The long winded speaker, he spoke; The poor office seeker, he soke; The runner, he ran: The dunner, he dan; And the shricker, he horribly shroke.

The flyer, to Canada flew; The buyer, on credit he bew; The doer, he did; The suer, he sid; And the liar (a fisherman) lew. The writer, this nonsense he wrote;

The fighter (an editor) fote; The swimmer, he swam; The skimmer, he skam; And the biter was hungry, and bote.

> He Was Grateful. I cannot sing the old songs As once I used to do.

He. How I rejoice to hear those words! Now give us something new. -Harper's Bazar.

The ballon d'essai sent up in London lately in order to see how the wind was blowing before sending up the monster balloon of another international exhibition in London in 1891, has clearly shown that the current of public opinion is dead against any so problematical

The organ of the Vatican, the Osservatore Romano, says that if the pope should be forced to exile himself from Italy he would not ask a sovereignty from any power, but would merely request a temporary hospital-ity, as he would certainly return to Rome be-

The number of letters which are sent to reality which lay behind it. "So it has may be easily calculated from the fact that thing! And it looks so dejected and so un- office amounts to an average of between 7,000 and 10,000 daily.

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N. B. The above Express Trains will run daily Sundays excepted. The Frederict Trains from Fredericton to Chatham will run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and that from Chatham to Fredericton on Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays. Fredericton on Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays.

The above trains will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations:—Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grev Rapils, Upper Blackville, Blissfield, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

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# CHATHAM RAILWAY.

SUMMER 1889.

ON and after MONDAY; JUNE, IOTH., Trains will run on this Railway in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sunday nights excepted) as follows -LOCAL TIME TABLE.

No 1 Express. No.3 Accordation Leave Chatham, 10.30 p. m. 1.05 p m Leave Chatham, 1.05 p.m. 1.35 " Arrive Chatham Junc., 10.55 Leave " 11.10 Arrive Chatham, GOING SOUTH LOCAL TIME TABLE. No. 2 EXPRESS. No. 4 Accom'DATION Leave, 4 4.15 a m 4.10 a m 1.05 p m 7.00 a m 4.10 " Leave Chatham, Arrive Moncton " St John

Trains leave Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South, which runs through to St. John, and Halifax and with the Express going North which lies over at Campbellton.

Close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Inter-Pullman Sleeping Cars run through to St. John on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Halifax Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St. John, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and from The above Table is made up on I. C. Railway standard time, which is 75th meridian time.

All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, if signaled.

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Legal Notices.

NOTICE.

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And I further give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by the said James Walls. DULDEY P. WALLS

## CIRCULAR.

Chatham July 23rd 1888

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Executors of J. C. MACKINTOSH John S. Maclean E, P. T. GOLDSMITH Co-Partnership Notice.

WE beg to notify customers and the public generally that we have purchased from the executers the stock and good will of the business of the late J. S. MACLEAN & Co., and will continue as Wholesale Grocery and Commission Merchants, at the old stand, "Jerusalem Ware-house," under the name, style and firm of

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# NOW ARRIVING

SUMMER IMPORTATIONS.

---FULLINES OF-

# SUMMER DRY GOODS Hosiery.

Haberdashery, etc.

Carpets, Cutlery,

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS,

Latest Styles.

J. B. Snowball. Chatham, May 1st, 1889.

# JOB-PRINTING

Havingcompleted the removal of the ADVANCE establishment to the old Methodist Church building, corner Duke and Cunard Streets, we are now prepared to execute all kinds or

BOOK AND JOB-PRINTING in first class style. This establishment was the only one in the Province in a position to enter into competition with the city

Dominion Centennial Exhibition

at St. John, where it received a -MEDAL AND DIPLOMA-

STONES for "Book and Job Printing' and "Letter-Press Printing." This is good evidence of the fine character of its work.

> FISH INVOICES, (newest form.) MAGISTRATES' BLANKS. DEEDS AND MORTGAGES. SUPREME AND COUNTY COURT BLANKS. SHERIFFS' BLANKS. TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS. SCHOOL ASSESSMENT FORMS.

D. G. SMITH.



Per Steamships "Ulunda" & "Demara," (Direct from London, England,) and I. C. Railway.

79 Cases and Bales of New Spring Goods! Ladies will find this a most desirable time to get seasonable

goods direct from the WORLD'S EMPORIUM OF FASHION: for their Spring Sewing and Housefurnishing. We will show them on our counters extraordinary pretty goods. Immense volume and variety. Everything rich and stylish. Every department full up of the latest and best. We defy the keenest competition in Canada to produce such goods and at such low

### measure the width. DRESS GOODS.

prices. Get samples, wash them, see how fast in color and

Prints, Piques, Muslins, Cambrics, Satin stripes and spots Washing Silks, Black Silks, Velvets, Plushes, New Dress Trimmings, Satins, Household Goods, Cottons, Flannels, Window Curtains, Laces, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear.

Men's Ready Made Clothing and Furnishings. pping public are respectfully invited to examine this enormous stock and compar-Brick delivered f. o. b. cars or at wharf, o can prices. Wekeep everything to be found in any first class werehouse in St John or Montreal. be got at the stores of Mr. W. S. Loggie, Chatham Don't send away for goods. Our merchandise is As Good and Prices Lower, Yours ery truly,

SUTHERLAND & CREACHAN

Make game of me and Sally, And, but for her, I'd rather be A slave, and row a galley. "Oh, nothing!" she answered, promptly. 4 Cases direct from Manufacturers, "But how do you know?" he persisted.

"Oh," said she, wisely, "because every one says so—all the story books—every one," But when my seven long years are out Oh, then I'll marry Sally! We have also, constantly on sale a large line of blank-forms, And then how happily we'll live, But not in our alley. Scythe Stones. ---CONSISTING OFwith an expansive gesture of her arms, as if As she crossed the lawn, just below the RAILWAY SHIPPING RECEIPTS. to include the whole world. Just received from the Stonehaven Quarries terrace which ran in front of the drawing Tea Sets, Sugars, Creams, Ice Water Pitchers, Fruit dishes, assorted sizes and of the best quality. "But how is the jealousy to be bwrought room windows (seven of them), toward the large marquee in which they were to dance in the evening, and to which several work-"Oh, it's all quite easy, to judge by the story books. A little wholesome neglect—a men were busily engaged in putting the finishing touches, her voice rang out as triassorted sizes and of the best quality. little attention to somebody else, who is not Cake-Baskets Cruets, Pickle supposed to mind or be deceived for a mo-17 Boxes Scythe stones, Mcw er Stones, Oil Stones and umphantly as if she were indeed the beloved of the celebrated Sally, who lived up an alley, and kept her 'prentice-love as true to ment, but who sometimes dies of a broken Stands, Butter Coolers, heart-a few gifts of books and flowers to Axebitts. her as the needle to the pole; indeed, with the somebody else; after which the obdurate Card Receivers, Napkin Sally comes to her senses, or his, with most unladylike and unmaidenly rapidity; after which the whole affair is settled in five such nerve and dramatic intensity did she which will, be sold at lowest cash pres. Етс.; Етс., Етс. sing, that one of her hearers burst out laugh-WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Rings, Berry Spoons, ing, and made her start visibly. Send along your orders. minutes, and the two live happy and joy-"Please forgive me for laughing," this person exclaimed, in a tone of apology, which yet had a ring of amusement in it. "It really GILLESPIE & SADLER. Carvers, Knives, ously forever. I assure you that is quite Chatham N B.