A DETECTIVE VICAR.

By MISS M, E. BRADDON. CHAPTER V.

"DELAY THIS MARRIAGE." Mr. Leworthy went back to Kibble & Umpleby's and asked if Mr. Umpleby was on the premises. No, Mr. Umpleby had left half an hour ago, to return to the bosom of his family in Tolkington Park.

Happily for the eager vicar, Tolkington Park was an adjoining suburb, where those we 1-to-do citizens of Grandchester who did not like the labor of daily railroad journeys contented themselves with a semi-urban retirement in villas of their own building, amidst shrubberies of their own planting, overlooking the towniest and most formal of public parks. It had long been a grief to the female Umplebys that, where other merchants' families of wealth and standing had gothic mansions or Italian palaces set in richly wooded landscapes, remote from the smoke of the city, they had only the stereotyped surroundings of a thickly-populated suburb, and were in nowise better off

than their next-door neighbors. A cab with a horse of his own choosing drove Mr. Leworthy to the utmost limit of Tolkington Park in less than half an hour. He found the Umpleby mansion, which was called Mount Lebanon, although the ground on which it stood was as flat as a pancake, and there was not a cedar within a mile. It was a substantial, square house, with bay windows, a broad flight of steps, grandiose iron railings, painted dark blue and surmounted with gilded pineapples, and an all-pervading glare of plate glass windows. The hall was tessellated; the drawing room

was brilliant in color, and painfully new. Here Mr. Leworthy sat waiting for the master of the house, while a young lady in an adjacent chamber favored him with a solfeggio exercisa, which strained to the uttermost a somewhat acrid voice.

"I wonder whether that is the bride singing?" speculated the vicar, "and I wonder if she is very much attached to my gentleman? Rather hard lines for her if she is fond of him, poor child!"

At last Mr. Umpleby appeared, plethoric, rubicund, pompous. "Happy to have the honor of making your acquaintance, vicar," he said. "I have long known you by repute.' "Every one in Grandchester does that," an-

too often in hot water not to be pretty well "Impossible to please everybody," murmured Mr. Umpleby. "Precisely, and the man who tries it by pleasing no one. I have taken my own course, and though I've made a good many

enemies, thank God I've made twice as many friends. Now, Mr. Umpleby, I must ask you to receive me with all good nature, and to believe that I mean well by you and yours, although I have come on a most unpleasant business." The merchant looked uneasy. Another

great firm gone wrong, perhaps; a question of a big bad debt. "Is it a business matter?" he faltered. "No. it is a family matter."

"Oh!" he said, with an air of relief, as this were of minor importance. "You are going to marry your daughter to-morrow?" said the vicar. "I am." "To your clerk, Mr. Foy?"

"Yes, sir. It is not the first time that a merchant's daughter has married her father's clerk, I believe, though it is out of the common course of things. "I am here to beg you to postpone the

marriage." "On what grounds?" "Before I tell you that, you must give me your promise to communicate nothing I tell you to Mr. Foy."

Mr. Umpleby hesitated.
"Mind, it is vital to you, as a father, to know what I have to tell."

Mr. Umpleby gave the required promise.

The vicar told his story, beginning with the scene at the railway station, ending with the story he had heard at Parminter. "Were you aware that Foy had a sister?"

"I never heard him speak of one." "Curious that, in your future son-in-law." Mr. Umpleby sat and stared into space like a man bewildered. He wiped his large, bald forehead with the biggest and most expensive thing in bandannas.

"This is a most frightful suspicion," he said; "a young woman poisoned, for you seem to think this young woman was poisoned. It is an awful position. Every arrangement has been made for the wedding, as you may suppose—guests invited—some of the best people in Grandchester. My wife and daughter have the highest opinion of young Foy. I may say they are infatuated about him. His conduct in business has been irreproachable. There must be some mistake-some ridiculous misunderstanding."

"I got Foy's address at your own office, and at that address I heard of a sister, of whose existence you are absolutely unaware. Do you think that speaks well for your intended son-in-law?"

"He may have had some powerful reason for concealing her existence. She may be weak in her intellect. She may have gone wrong. As for your idea of slow poisoning.

You drag my poor suffering sister into this day's business? I have told you the truth wrong. As for your idea of slow poisoning, that is too absurd."

"And you mean this young man to marry your daughter to-morrow morning?" "What am I to do? I never cared about the match. I have been persuaded into giving my consent. My girl had a right to look higher. But to stop the marriage now would

"Simply prudent. Investigate the case as I have put it before you. If I am deceived -if Foy is not the man who took that dying girl to the railway station-if Foy's sister, assed as his sister, is not lying dead at Milldale, I will make the humblest apology to you and Mr. Foy for my baseless suspicions. You must take your own course. I want to save your daughter from sorrow and disgrace. Remember you have been warned. If Foy is the man I take him to be, the police will be dogging his heels to-morrow morning when he goes into the church to marry your daughter. Good-afternoon. I have given you plain facts, and I have no time to spare for discussion." Mr. Umpleby would fain have detained him, but the vicar was in a hurry. He drove back to Grandchester and to the headquarters of the police, to whom he re-peated his story. They had been at work all day, and had done very little. They had discovered a porter at the station who remembered the arrival of a gentleman and a sick lady in a plaid shawl. They had seen the woman who took charge of the ladies' waiting room, second class—always more crowded than the first class—and from her

account of the personal appearance of either.

The lady's face was hidden by a veil, and there had been so many people rushing in and out just at the last that there had been no time for her to observe these two, who came in late. This much she knew, that the lady seemed in a kind of faint or stupor, and the gentleman had to carry her in his Once furnished with a clew professional

they had heard again of a sick lady in a

plaid shawl, accompanied by a very attentive gentleman, but she could give no

intelligence was quite equal to taking it up.

"This woman at Parminter must be taken
to Milldale to identify the body," said the
chief official in the detective line, "and we must watch this fellow Foy, so that he may not give us the slip." "He is to be married to his employer's

daughter to-morrow morning," said the vicar. "To leave Grandchester before tomorrow would be tantamount to a confession of his guilt. It would be throwing up the cards altogether."

"The symptoms you describe sound like arsenical poisoning," said the officer; and then he and his colleague whispered together for a minute or so. "I don't think there's anything more I can do to-night," said the vicar.

"No, sir. You may leave everything in our hands." "Precisely. But remember, if you don't want this young scoundrel to be married to

a respectable young woman at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning you'll have to look sharp." The vicar went back to the bosom of his

family at Freshmead, thinking that he had done a pretty good day's work. Before ten o'clock that night two facts had been discovered in the biography of Mr. Foy-First, that exactly three years before he had been married at a registrar's office to Jane Dawson, spinster, daughter of John Dawson, master mariner; and secondly, that he, or a man exactly answering to his description, had bought small quantities of tartar emetic and small portions of laudanum at divers times within the last two months, and at several chemists' shops in the obscurer streets of the great, busy town. These two discoveries the police commu-

his daughter's wedding.

nicated to Mr. Umpleby late on the vigil of

against his intended son-in-law, he could not disbelieve the legal proof of the marriage before the registrar; and convicted of having concealed a prior marriage, Mr. Foy's character appeared in a new and doubtful

"I'll put off the wedding," cried Umpleby, who had spent the evening marching about his house and garden in a state of suppressed agitation. "I won't have my daughter married to a liar and a trickster. There must be something wrong-no smoke without

He sat down directly the detective had left him and wrote with his own hand to those Grandchester magnates who had been bidden to the wedding. "Let these letters be delivered by hand before eight o'clock to-morrow morning," he said to the respectable man-of-all-work,

who had been yawning dismally in a pantry at the back of the hall; "and let that letter be taken to Mr. Foy at the Crown hotel." Foy was to stop at a hotel in Grandch ester on the eve of his wedding, in order to be on the ground early.

Mr. Umpleby felt a happier man after he had done this deed. He went up to bed more at ease with himself. But he did not awaken his slumbering wife to tell her the unpleasant news. There would be a scene in the morning, of course, with all these women -hysterics, fainting fits, recrimination, in which he, the husband and father, would get Mrs. Umpleby's lavender moire-antique,

her brand-new Honiton shawl, were lying in state upon the sofa. Would any woman forgive a husband for upsetting the festival at which those splendors were to be worn? There had been fuss enough about the gown, about the breakfast, about every one of the wedding arrangements, and now, lo and be-hold, the fuss had been all for nothing!

"I never liked him," mused Mr. Umpleby. "It was the women who talked me over. To begin with, the man's half a foreigner, and I want no parlez-vous in my family." His letter to Foy had been of the briefest. "Look round the first thing to-morrow

morning; I want to talk to you. The father was up betimes, too agitated to eat his breakfast. He carried his cup of tea to the study at the back of the dining room, and paced that snug apartment, waiting for Mr. Foy. Up stairs there was wild excitement among the feminine part of the household, rushings and hurryings from room to room—spectral figures in long, white raiment and flowing hair, crimping, swere i Leworthy, pleasantly. "I have been plaiting, hooking and eyeing. Here on the ground floor there was an awful quietude. Presently Gaston Foy came in. He, who was usually so pale, had this morning a in the general excitement. Looking at him closely Mr. Umpleby saw that his lips were

dry and white. "Nothing wrong with Bella, I hope?" he Bella was the bride.

"No, there is nothing the matter with Bella at present. It is about yourself I want to talk. I think-when we first knew you-you told me that you stood quite alone in the world-that you were an orphan-had fought your own way in life-had not a living soul belonging to you."

"All that is quite true," answered Gaston Foy, looking straight at the questioner, with a face that showed no trace of emotion or surprise. "Why discuss the matter this morning? It is not a cheerful subject."

"You have deceived me," said Mr. Umpleby. "I am told you have a sister."

This time the young man was palpably moved. Strong as he was in dissimulation, his self-control failed him. For the moment he stood staring blankly at his accuserwordless. Then he suddenly recovered himself, and looked at Mr. Umpleby pleadingly with a deprecating smile. "You have found out my secret." he said,

mournfully. "It is a sorrowful one. Yes, I have a sister; yes, I have kept her existence a secret from you and all I love in this house. Poor girl! her life has been-is-a burden to herself and others. An invalid, almost an imbecile, my afflicted sister shrank from the world as the world would have shrunk from her. Had you seen her you might have been prejudiced, you might have regarded her as an obstacle to my marriage."

"You ought to have told me the truth," answered Umpleby sternly. "I learn that a few days ago this girl was living with you at Parminter. You removed her from there in a weak state of health. Where is she

"At the seaside." "Where?" "At Howcomb." He named a place at least fifty miles from

"No; with friends of mine." Mr. Umpleby took a telegraph form one of the drawers in his desk and laid it on the blotting pad.

"Write a telegram to your Howcomb friends at my dictation, to inquire about your sister's present condition. A few words will do. Thus: 'I am anxious about my sister-please let me know how she is this morning. Answer paid.' The reply can come here. Why do you hesitate?" "Because your request implies suspicion. I shall send no such telegram. Why should

about her. I have told you why I have hitherto concealed her existence from you and yours. Can you not allow me to forget her, at least for to-day?" "No, Mr. Foy. I want to have positive proof that your account of this young woman is a true one. I want to know that to the landlady; and this portrait Mrs. Moff.

have settled that question I shall have to ask likeness of the so-called sister. This was The hectic spots had intensified on the quired the vicar, giving his young friend a young man's cheeks, leaving the rest of his ferocious dig in the ribs. face livid. He wiped his ashy lips with his "Decidedly." handkerchief.

"I shall have to ask you about your wife, and when and how you became a widower. What have you done with the young woman, Jane Dawson, whom you married three years ago at the registry office in St. Swithin street? Was she an imbecile, too? Were you compelled to conceal her existence?" "There is some mistake," said Foy, recover

ing his resolute tone, but not his natural color. "I was never married in my life. "I have been shown a copy of the registry of your marriage, or the marriage of a man calling himself Gaston Foy, clerk, of Grandchester. The name is not a common one. Come, Mr. Foy, we needn't prolong this argument. I never liked the notion of your marrying my daughter, though I submitted to it to please my womankind; but last night I made up my mind you should not marry her; and now, my young friend, there's the door. I wish you a very good



"This is strange treatment, Mr. Um-

"Not so strange as your own conduct." Gaston Foy took up his hat from the table and left the room without a word. He was meditating what he should do with himself in the next hour. He was speculating whether he should have one hour free in whether he should have one hour free in which to extricate himself from a desperate predicament-whether he was not so willful murder, found guilty, and hanged hemmed round and beset with danger as to make all movement on his part full of peril. He walked slowly out of the house, down the broad flight of steps, and just outside the iron gate of the garden a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"I arrest you on suspicion of murder," said a voice, and Gaston Foy knew that his office of cardinal at 18—only twelve months

CHAPTER VL BROUGHT TO A FOCUS clined to discredit the charge brought gloomy apartment. It was a sight to see zette.

READER Have you tried the Celebrated

*** SHOE DRESSING?** *

It is not a polish but a wonderful leather preservative it will make the finest or coarsest shoe as soft and pliable as kid and very easy to the foot. It will make them absolutely waterproof, and if occasionally dressed with this dressing will last more than twice as long as otherwise.

We Mean What We Say. It is the very life of leather. It can be applied at any time. No trouble-Shoe can be polished immediately afterwards. PRICE, - 10 & 15 Cents per Box. Sold by all first-class stores. Sam-

ples mailed-Stamps taken. OLIVER CABANA Jr., SOLE MANUFACTURER, BUFFALO, N. Y.

the brave-hearted old lady sitting opposite her son knitting a couvre-pied of soft Shetland wool, and pretending to be as comfortable and as much at her ease as if she were in her pretty drawing room at South Kensington. Not by so much as a quiver of her lip would she allow herself to betray her anxiety. Her heart was as heavy as lead, vet she contrived to smile, and kept up a cheerful flow of small talk about the past and future-church affairs, the schools, the

But even with this consoling company the dark winter day had seemed long to George Caulfield. He was feverishly expectant of news from Grandchester, and when none came he fancied that his friend, his lawyer, and the police had alike failed in their efforts to let in light upon the mystery of

that nameless girl's death. And if the day seemed long, what of the dreary winter night, when imagination, excited by strange circumstances and strange surroundings, conjured up the horrors of a criminal trial-the crowded court, every creature in it believing him, George Caulhectic spot on each cheek. He, too, shared field, the murderer of a helpless girl. He saw the chain of circumstantial evidence lengthening out link by link, and he could have no power to sunder those links. His lips would be sealed. And then involuntarily there broke from

his lips a cry of anguish: "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." He had spent a feverish night, given half to wakefulness, half to appalling dreams. He had risen and dressed himself as soon as it was light, and now he sat waiting wearily for

some sign from the outer world, some cheering message, some word of hope. It was only two days since the Vicar of Freshmead had left him, yet it seemed ages. Hark! was not that the cheery voice he knew so well, the full vibration of tones that came from powerful lungs, the clear utterance of a man accustomed to address multitudes? Yes, it was Leworthy's voice, as-

suredly, and that cheerful tone should belong to the bringer of good tidings. He sat with his hands clutching the edge of his pallet, profoundly agitated, while the grating key turned in the lock, and the heavy cell door moved slowly back. Then the vicar rushed into the cell and grasped his hands, and laid his hand upon his forehead in loving benediction.

"God bless you, my dear boy! You will not have long to stay in this wretched hole. The man who brought that poor creature to the station is arrested; he came here by the train I traveled in. He is now in this jail. There will be a post mortem to-day, the inquest will be reopened on Monday instead of on Wednesday next, and the evidence then produced will prove his guilt and your inno-

"Thank God!" ejaculated George Caulfield, and then he fell on his knees beside the prison bed and poured out the rapture of his soul in prayer and thanksgiving. When he had finished that voiceless prayer he sat down quietly beside his friend to hear how the vicar had done his work and how completely he had succeeded.

"Up to last night the evidence against my gentleman was only speculative," he said, when he had described all that had happened in Briargate and at Parminter; "but last night the police contrived to bring matters to a focus. Once having got a clew, they worked marvelously well. They got hold of half a dozen photographs of this Mr. Foy, who had been vain enough to get himself photographed, at different times, by all the leading photographers of Grandchester.
Provided with these, they went the round of the chemists' shops, and found where my gentleman had bought poison. They traced him from lodging to lodging, till they found him, two years ago, living in the outskirts of Grandchester with a weakly, nervous

wife, whose description corresponded exactly with that of the weakly, nervous sister at Parminter. They obtained a photograph of this young woman, which had been given by her as a parting souvenir she is-alive and in safe hands. When we the Parminter charwoman, identified as a bringing things to a focus, wasn't it?" in-"They were brought still closer this morn-

ing, thanks to my advertisement for a miss-

ing young woman in a Rob Roy shawl. This morning an elderly female appears at Messrs. Brockbank's, solicitors—your solicitors, you know—and tells them that she keeps a small public house in Water lane, a narrow street leading to the river, and within five hundred yards of the railway station, and to her house came a young man with an ailing young woman in a plaid shawl-Rob Roy pattern. They stayed there two days and two nights, and while they were there the young woman got worse, and was so ill that she had to be carried to the station when the young man, who owned to being her husband, took her away. He was taking her to the seaside, he told his landlady, the doctor having said the sea air would bring her round. The landlady's son, who was in the iron trade, helped to carry the poor young woman to the station. It was quite dark, and no one took much notice of them. This is why the police could get no information from cabmen or cab masters, you see. Now, this good woman, the landlady, has been brought to Milldale this morning. She will see the corpse and she will see Mr. Foy, and I hope she may be able to identify both. She has seen Foy's

photograph and recognized it already. So the long and short of it is, my dear fellow, that I think you're pretty comfortably out of this mess, and I hope you'll never do such a thing again." a thing again," The vicar affected facetiousness, perhaps to hide the depth of his feeling. He loved his friend almost as well as he loved his own sons, and that is much, for the man's heart

overflowed with love. The inquest was reopened on Monday, and the evidence against Gaston Foy was so complete in all its details that the jury had not a moment's hesitation in ordering the immediate release of George Caulfield, who left Milldale by an afternoon train, and officiated at an evening service at Philemon's that night. How happy he and his mother were as they sat side by side in the railway carriage on the journey back to London. "I think it will be a long time before I shall care to travel at night and alone," said the curate. "The memory of that awful hour between Grandchester and Milldale

would be too vivid." The complete history of Gaston Foy-how he married a poor girl of humble station, and grew tired of her soon after the birth of a child, whose death left the mother weakened in body and mind; how, when he found himself getting on in the world, received and made much of in the Umpleby housein the criminal records of Grandchester, in which city the young man was tried for within the prison walls a fortnight after-

The great Leo X was pope at 38; having finished his academic training, he took the younger than was Charles James Fox when

he entered parliament. William Pitt entered the university at 14, The day had seemed long to the prisoner and was chancellor of the exchequer at 22, The evidence of the marriage was indisputable. Much as Mr. Umpleby was inclined to discredit the charge brought

GENERAL BUSINESS.

for Infants and Children.

known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Without injurious medication.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that recommend it as superior to any prescription Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di-THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

RAILWAY.

Arrangement. On and AFTER MONDAY, MAY 20th, until further notice, trains will : CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON. FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM. EXPRESS, FREIGHT. EXPRESS. FREIGH. Chatham" Fredericton Junction Blackville 11 20 " 3 15 " Marysville Doaktown Cross Creek 1 50 " Boiestown 5 20 " 10 35 " Cross Creek Doaktown 11 35 " Marysville 5 00 " Blackville 5 15 " Chatham Junction Chatham

N. B. The above Express Trains will run daily Sundays excepted. The FREIGHT Trains from redericton to Chatham will run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and that from Chatham to Fredericton to Chatham will run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and that from Chatham to 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, Grey Rapids, 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.

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I, C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the N. B. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S, S. Co, for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

SUMMER 1889. O' 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 Accom'Dation 1.05 p.m. 1.35 " 2.50 " Arrive Chatham Junc., 10.55 Arrive Chatham, GOING SOUTH LOCAL TIME TABLE. No. 2 EXPRESS. No. 4 ACCOM'DATION RXPRESS ACCOM'DATION Leave, 4.15 a m 1.05 p m Leave Chatham, 1.35 " Arrive Moncton Chatham June n, Arrive, 4.40

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 Halifax Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

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. All freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage Custom House Entry or other charges.

SILVERWARE!

Just Arrived and now open Cases direct from Manufacturers.

-CONSISTING OF-

Tea Sets, Sugars, Creams, Ice Water Pitchers, Fruit dishes. Cake-Baskets Cruets, Pickle Stands, Butter Coolers, Card Receivers, Napkin Rings, Berry Spoons, Carvers, Knives. Forks, Spoons

Quality Guaranteed Prices low. G. STOTHART.

Jure 12th 1889.

Leave,

New Goods!

Grand Display of New Goods at Albert Patterson's. "Crusader" and all other Leading Brands of Imported and Domestic Cigars.

The Finest assortment of Briar Pipes and Tobacconist's Fancy Goods ever shown in Chatham; Fancy Cups and Saucers, Epergnes, Vases, Dresden China Card Receivers, Hand-Satchels, Purses, Fancy Papetries, Albums, Mouthorgans, Violins, and all kinds of Violin Fixtures.

Jewelry, Silverware and Clocks, in all the Latest designs; Monogram Rings, Wedding Rings and all kinds of Jewelry made to order and I orfect Satisfaction Guaranteed. **EALBERT PATTERSON,** STONE BUILDING. -- - PALLENS CORNER

Foundry

TUGS, YACHI'S,

LAUNCHES

BARGES, Etc.

Built and Repared,

MACHINE WORKS

CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI N.B. STEAMSHLPS

steam and Water Pipe Tees, Elbows, Reducers. 0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0 Union and other Couplings, Globe and Check Valves,

Proprietor.

General Iron and Brass Founders, Mill and Steamboat Buiders Manufacturers of Steam Engines and Boiles, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Shingle and Lath Machines, and Well-Boring Machines for Horse and steam power.

Pond's Wisconsin Patent Rotary Saw Carriage a Specialty. ESTIMATES FURNISHED CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED GEO. DICK WM. MUIRHEAD,

CERTAIN REMEDY HARD & SOFT CORNS

Legal Notices.

NOTICE.

All unsettled accounts due the undersigned unless settled before the 1st October next, will be sued for without any further notice.

A. & J. ADAMS Neguac N. B., August 14th 1889.

Caution & Notice

responsible to me for his wages.

And I further give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by the said DULDEY P. WALLS Chatham July 23rd 1888

I hereby caution any and all persons against giving employment to my son, James Walls, a minor, without first making arrangements with me in reference thereto, as I shall hold them

CIRCULAR.

Dear Sir,-We beg to inform you that we have sold the stook and good will of the business of the late J. S. Maclean & Co; to Messrs, John W. Gorham and Sherburne Waddell. who intend carrying on the business at the old stand, "Jerusalem Warehouse," as successors to J. S. MACLEAN & Co. In making this transfer, we believe we are doing what was contemplated by Mr. MACLEAN before his decease. From the long experience of these gentlemen with MR. MACLEAN in his late business, we feel

We are, Dear Sir, Yours truly, GEO. CAMPBELL. Executors of J. C. MACKINTOSH E, P. T. GOLDSMITH

Co-Partnership Notice.

confident in recommending them to your patron-

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 Warehouse," under the name, style and firm of,

W. GORHAM & CO., Successors to J. S. MACLEAN & CO. JOHN W. GORHAM. SHERBURNE WADDELL

TINSHOP.

As I have now on hand a larger and better assortment of goods than ever before, comprising Japanned, Stamped

AND Tinware

would invite those about to purchase, to call and inspect before buying elsewhere, as I am no selling below former prices for cash. The Peerless Creamer,

ROCHESTER LAMP, The Success OIL STOVE

----Also a nice selection of-----Parlor and Cooking Stove with PATENT TELESCOPIC OVEN the lining of which can be taken out for cleaning thereby doing away with the removing of pipe or even as is the trouble with other stoves.

A. C. McLean.

GRIND STONES Scythe Stones.

Just received from the Stonehaven Quarries 252 GRIND STONES assorted sizes and of the best quality.

173 Boxes Scythe stones, Mcw er Stones, Oil Stones and Axebitts. which will be sold at lowest cash price.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. GILLESPIE & SADLER COFFINS & CASKETS

The Subscriber has on band at, his shop superior assortm of ROSEWOOD & WALNUT COFFINS,

COFFIN FINDINGS AND ROBES

which he will supply at reasonable rates. BADGES FOR PALL BEARERS also supplie WM. McLEAN. - Undertaker

New Goods! CEDAR SHINGLES. PINE CLAPBOARDS, HEM-LOCK BOARDS, Dimensions rine Lumber

> FOR SALE BY GEO. BURCHIL & SONS.

etc., etc.,

WOOD WANTED.

The Maritime Chemical Pulp Company, Limited, is prepared to contract for a supply of ROUND SPRUCE WOOD. in 4 feet lengths, delivered during the season. Apply at

PROVIIONS & GROCERIES. TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK

ONE CAR OF FLOUR.

Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Beans, Peas Barley and Rice always in stock. Also a full line of

Plain and Fancy Bisciuts. Canned Goods in variety, Teas a speciality from 20c upwards, Glass aud Earthenware, Table Cutlery, Paints and Oils.

Alex. McKinnon. Chatham, 13th August, 1889.

Mechanical Sup MIRAMICHI

All sold at lowest cash prices.

BRICK WORKS. STEAM BRICK MANUFACTURED and perfect in shape and hardness

All orders attended to promptly. Brick delivered f. o. b. cars or at wharf, to can be got at the stores of Mr. W. S. Loggie, Chatham and Mr. Wm. Masson, Newcastle. G. A. & H. S. FLETT Nelson Miramichi, N. B 1888

GENERAL BUSINESS.

NOW ARRIVING

SUMMER IMPORTATIONS.

--- FULL LINES OF

SUMMER DRY GOODS, Hosiery.

Haberdashery, etc.

Carpets, Cutlery,

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS,

Latest Styles.

J. B. Snowball.

JOB-PRINTING

Chatham, May 1st, 1889.

to the old Methodist Church building, corner Duke and Cunard Streets, we are now prepared to execute all kinds or BOOK AND JOB-PRINTING

Havingcompleted the removal of the ADVANCE establishment

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-

for "Book and Job Printing' and "Letter-Press Printing." This is good evidence of the fine character of its work. We have also, constantly on sale a large line of blank-forms,

RAILWAY SHIPPING RECEIPTS. FISH INVOICES, (newest form.) MAGISTRATES' BLANKS. DEEDS AND MORTGAGES. SUPREME AND COUNTY COURT BLANKS. SHERIFFS' BLANKS.

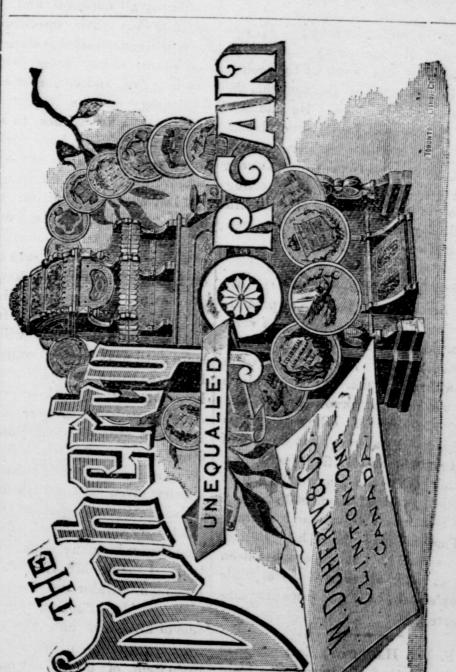
TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS.

Етс.; Етс., Етс.

SCHOOL ASSESSMENT FORMS,

Send along your orders. D. G. SMITH.

Chatham N B.



JUST ARRIVED.

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

DRESS GOODS.

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. The shopping public are respectfully invited to examine this enormous stock and compare prices. Wekeep everything to be found in any first class werehouse in St John or Montreal. Don't send away for goods. Our merchandise is As Good and PRICES LOWER. Yours <ery truly,

SUTHERLAND & CREACHAN