A DETECTIVE VICAR.

By MISS M. F. BRADDON.

CHAPTER III.

STAGE THE FIRST. While George Caulfield was talking to his mother the vicar of Freshmead was plodding up and down the streets of Grandchester, eager, hopeful, determined to unravel the Who was she? What was she? Had she reason? Who was the gainer by her death, and in what way?

Mr. Leworthy started at an advantage. Everybody in Grandchester knew him, and he knew everybody. The police were ready every feature, corresponded with that to confide in him freely. The local magis- description. That he seemed perfectly trates would be glad to help him. But on happy and at ease did not surprise Mr. Leth s occasion he was inclined to rely on his own wits. The police were at work for Mr. Brockbank's client. If they succeeded, well and go d. But the vicar was not going to work with them.

His first visit was to the office of a daily paper, where he handed in the following advertisement: "Missing, since November 30, a young lady; when last seen she wore a Rob Roy tartan shawl, a brown straw hat there, I shall esteem it a favor. I won't and blue gauze veil. Any one affording keep you half an hour, and you'll be doing information will be handsomely rewarded me an inestimable service." on applying to E. L., care of Mr. Brockbank, so icitor, Deansgate."

This advertisement Mr. Leworthy took to the three local dailies. His next visit was to Mrs. Elsden, of

Briargate. "A man would hardly make use of another man's card unless he had some business or social relations with that other man," reflected the vicar, as he tramped along, sturdy in bearing, determined in step. "A man does not pick up a visiting card in the

He found Mr. Elsden elderly and plethoric, a man who rarely got through a business letter without stopping in the middle to mop his highly polished cranium with a crimson silk handkerchief. This gentleman was amiable, but not brilliant. He had read the report of yesterday's inquest, and was therefore posted in the facts; but he had no ideas to offer.

"How did that young man get hold of your card?" asked the vicar. "He must have picked it up in some illegitimate way, unless he is among the number of your personal acquaintance.

Mr. Elsden gave a supercilious laugh. "I hope my friendships do not lie among secret murderers," he said.

"Of course, we all hope that, naturally, but one can never tell. My friend describes this young man as of gentlemanly appearance and good manners. Good-looking, too, quite an interesting countenance-pale, with dark eyes, silky brown mustache-what is generally called a poetic style of face." The Granchester merchant seemed to retire within himself, and to be absorbed in

profound thought. Presently he gave a sigh, and began to mop his polished brow and the barren arch above it, whereon no hair had grown for the last decade. "I don't want to mix myself up in this business," he said at last. "It is sure to entail trouble."

"As a Christian, as an honest man, you are bound not to withhold any information that can tend to exculpate the innocent," urged the vicar, with some warmth. "But how do I know that I can give any such information?" demanded Mr. Elsden, testily. "If I give utterance to my ideas I may be only putting you on a false scent." "Better hazard that than withhold any-

"I know absolutely nothing. But your de cription might apply to a young man called Foy, who was in my employment three years ago." "What character did he bear when you

"Excelle it. He left me of his own accord, in order to improve his position. He was a talented young man-firstrate accountant, good linguist-and I had no situation to give him worthy of his talents. He left me to go to Kibble & Umpleby's, packers, in Deansgate, as corresponding clerk. I was only able to give him seventy-five pounds a year. He was to have two hundred at Kibble's. They do a great deal of business with Spanish America and the French colonies, and they wanted a clerk who could write and they wanted a clerk who could write good French and Spanish." "I se. Do you suppose that he is still at

Kibble & Umpleby's?"

"I have not heard the contrary."

"Was this Mr. Foy a native of Grandchester? Had he family or friends here?" "No; he was quite alone. I believe he was of French extraction. He used to boast that he was descended from some famous family called De Foix." "I should be very grateful to you if you could give me any further information

about this young man." "What kind of information? My acquaintance with him never extended beyond my office. I know that he was clever. He was regular in his business habits, and I had every reason to suppose he was well behaved. He brought me a letter of recommendation from a firm at Lyons with which I do business. I engaged him on the strength of that letter."

"I see; then he was a stranger in Grandchester? Something you can tell me, however-the house in which he lodged while he was in your employment. You must have known his address then.' "Certainly," replied Mr. Eldsden; and then he put his lips to an ivory mouth-piece, and murmured some order down a gutta

Five minutes afterward a clerk appeared with a slip of paper, which he laid before

"That is the address, sir."
Mr. Elsden handed the paper to the vicar. nearly two years—an indication of steady habits, I think."

eyed, pale-faced young man who gave your card to my friend; and whether I find him in Mr. Foy's shoes or in anybody else's, I'll make it rather hot for him." And with this unchristian speech the vicar took leave of Mr. Elsden

> CHAPTER IV. THE MYSTERY OF ROSE COTTAGE.

Mr. Leworthy's next call was at Kibble & Umpleby's. Here he acted with greater subtlety. He asked to see the head clerk. and informed that gentleman that he had been recommended to apply there for a small service which he had been unable to get done anywhere else. He wanted a letter written to a correspondent at Cadiz, and he had not found anybody in Grandchester who knew enough Spanish to write such a letter for him. He had particular reasons for not writing in French or English, as his communication was of a strictly private character, and the gentleman to whom he had occasion to write understood no lan-

guage but his own.
"I am to'd you have a clerk who is a firstrate Spanish scholar," Mr. Leworthy said. in conclusion.

"Quite true, sir. Our foreign clerk, Mr. Foy, knows Spanish as well as he knows French, and can write you as good a letter in Italian or Portuguese as in either. It's rather lucky you looked in this morning, though. To-morrow would have been too

"Why? Is he leaving you?" The clerk grinned. "Only for a fortnight's holiday-rather an

important event in his life. He's going to he married to-morrow morning-to the daughter of our junior partner, the youngest Miss Ump eby. "Oh, he is going to be married to-morrow

morning! I congratulate him-and the young lady. Has it been a long engage-

"A year and a half. The old gentleman was very much against it at the firstthought his daugh er might have looked higher—as of course she might, though she's one of a large family. But the firm had been pleased with the young man, and the young man had got a footing in the firm's houses, which is more than the common ruck of us do-unless it's a bit of a kick-up at Christmas time, in a condescending way, which we may appreciate or may not, according to the bent of our minds. But this young Foy is musical, and he's half a foreigner, and those two things have stood him in good stead with the firm's families; and the upshot of it all is that he is going to be married to the youngest Miss Umpleby the

day after to-morrow." "Could I see him for a few minutes. I sha'n't detain him long." "Certainly, sir; I'm sure he'll be happy to oblige you," said the clerk, who knew all about the vicar of Freshmead, one of the most popular men within twenty miles of

The clerk went to fetch Mr. Foy, and returned presently with that accomplished young man. The vicar was a student of eharacter. He had not spent all his days amid the green pastures of Freshmead. "Well, sir, I can't say azackly. It was a "No, sir, I am only thorough." Seven years of his life had been devoted to sort of wasting sickness like. She couldn't

preaching and teaching, and doing all manner of good works, in one of the vilest and most populous districts of East London. He had had plenty to do with scoundrelism in his time; he knew a scoundrel when he saw one, and his first glance at Gaston Foy convinced him that this young favorite of fortune was as dark a villain as ever wore a

Yes, despite his polished manners, his gentle and insinuating smile, and the oily blandness of his legato tones, the vicar made tangled skein of the nameless woman's fate. up his mind that this was the villain he wanted. This was the man who had actually been murdered, and, if so, for what | brought his dying victim to the railway station and transferred the burden of his crime to a stranger.

George Caulfield had minutely described the man's appearance, and this man, in worthy. To a creature of this kind dissimulation was second nature. The vicar stated his business, and sat down

at the clerk's desk to write a rough draft of the letter to be translated, but after writing a sentence he stopped abruptly. "It's a business that requires some thought," he said. "If you'll look in at my hotel this evening, and let me dictate the letter quietly

Mr. Foy looked at him rather suspiciously. "My time is not my own just now," he said. "If you'll send me your letter l'il put it into Spanish for you, but I have no time

to call at your hotel." This was said with a decided tone that settled the question. "I see," thought the vicar. "He is not the man to walk into any little trap I may set for him."

"I'll send the letter to your private adiress this evening," he said. "You had better send it here. I live a ittle way out of Grandchester." The vicar assented, wished Mr. Foy "Good norning," and went away. Ten minutes ifterward he went back to Kibble & Umpleby's, saw the clerk he had seen first, and

"I may as well have Mr. Foy's address, in sase I shouldn't be able to get my letter written before he leaves business." "Certainly, sir. Mr. Foy lives at Parminter—Rose Cottage, Lawson lane." "Thanks. I may not want to send to him there, but it's as well to be on the safe side. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir," said the clerk, aloud. "Fidgety old gentleman," he ejaculated, in-

Parminter was a rustic village seven miles from Grandchester. It did not lie in the direction affected by Grandchester merchants or Grandchester tradespeople. Here were no Gothic mansions, no fair Italian villas, springing like mushrooms from the soil—one year a confusion of lime and mortar tubs, stacked flooring boards and rough-hewn stone, and the next all smiling among geranium beds and ribbon bordering, velvet lawns and newly-planted shrubberies. None of the commercial wealth of Grandchester had found its way to Parminter. The village was still a village-a mere cluster of laborers' cottage, two or three old homesteads, and half a dozen small dwellings of a shabby genteel type.

Among these last was Rose Cottage, a small, square house, with plaster walls. bright with greenery and scarlet berries, even in this wintry season. A bow window below, rustic lattices above. Just such a house as a man with considerable taste and an ir considerable income would choose for hin se f. The small garden in front of the bow window was in admirable order, yet the place had a deserted look somehow, Mr. Leworthy thought, as he rang the bell. He rang once, twice, three times, with no more effect than if Rose Cottage had been a had been very pretty, there's no denying toy house inhabited by Dutch dolls. This | that, but her nervous, worriting ways had was aggravating. There was a meadow on one side of the cottage, where half a dozen sheep were browsing contentedly. The vicar climbed the hurdle which divided this pasture from Lawson lane and went round to the back of the cottage. Here there was a small garden, neatly and tastefully laid out,

but there was no more appearance of human life at the back of the house than in the "I suppose my gentleman comes home at night and lets himself in with a latch key," the vicar said to himself, much provoked at having traveled seven miles without result. He was climbing the hurdle on his return to the lane when a small girl in a very short skirt—a girl of timil aspect, carrying a beer jug-dropped him a courtesy and said:

"Please, sir, was it you a-ringing of that bell just now!" "Was it me?" ejaculated the vicar, impatiently. "Yes, it were." And then, smiling on the small girl, for he had a heart large enough for ever so many

parishes of children, he said: "I am not vexed with you, my dear; I am "There it is, sir. You see there is only one angry with fate. Tell me all you know address, and the young man was with me about that cottage and I'll give you half a crown."

The girl gasped. She had never possessed by helf-crowns, and there were not many in | if he were wanted, Mrs. Moff protested. a wee i's wage. "Please, sir, Mr. Foy lived there with his sister, but they've left."

"Oh, they've left, have they? When did "Last Monday, sir, and the lady she was very ill, sir, and he took her away in a

"And Mr. Foy has not been back since?" "No, sir. He left for good, and he gave the key of the cottage to my mother, and the agent is to put up a board next week, and the house is to be let. It was took furnished, and it is to be let furnished again." "Did they live quite alone? Had they no

"No, sir, never no reg'lar servant. Mother used to do the cleaning twice a week. Mother's very sorry they be gone. They was good to mother. "How long had they lived there?"

"Nigh upon a year. "And the lady was Mr. Foy's sister?"

"And now take me to your mother." The girl looked wistfully at the jug. "If you please, I was to fetch father's beer.

"I see. And if you don't father will be "Yes, sir." "Then you shall go; but first tell me where your mother lives. The child pointed down Lawson lane.

"It's the last cottage, sir." "All right." Just where the lane straggled off into plowed fields and open country there was a row of laborers' cottages, and in the last of these Mr. Leworthy found a plaintive woman with a child in her arms, who owned to being the mother of the small girl with the jug. The vicar wasted no time in preliminaries. He seated himself on an almost bottomless

chair, and, with his stout umbrella planted between his knees, interrogated the matron "You used to work for Mr. Foy and his What do you know about them?" "Only that they paid me honorable for what I did, sir. I'm bound to up and say that, whoever asks me."

"Good. Did they live happily together as -brother and sister?" "Here the matron began to hesitate. She shifted her baby from one arm to another. She gave a deprecating cough.

"I see-they quarreled sometimes." "I never seen 'em, sir, for I scarce ever see Mr. Foy. He was off to Grandchester before I went of a morning, and he didn't come back till after I left. I used to go for the half day, you see, sir—not the whole day. But I don't think the young lady was quite happy in her mind. I've seen her fretting; and people will talk, you see, sirneighbors next door to Rose Cottage have heard them at high words, in summer time, when the winders was all open, or when

they was in the garden." "I see. Had the sister been long ill?" "No, sir; not above a month." "What was the matter with her?"

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> If not don't fail to do so at once. 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.

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keep nothing on her stomach of lace, poor dear; and she had pains that racked her, and used to complain of a burning feel in her throat; out of sorts altogether, as you may say. I believe it all came from fret-

"Why did she fret so much? Was her brother very unkind to her?" "No, sir. I don't think it was his unkindness that worried her. But he used to keep very late hours-hardly ever coming home till the last train-and that worried her. Not that he was ever the worse for drink. He was the soberest young man as ever was; but she was of a jealous disposition, and the thought that he was out enjoying himself with other people used to prey on her mind." "That was hardly fair, if he treated her kindly when he was at home. A sister has no right to be jealous of a brother."



"I see-they quarreled sometimes," ret she did. 'I've nobody but him in the world, Mrs. Moff,' she said-my name being Moff-'and I can't bear him to be always his evenings at home.' And then the tears would roll down her poor holler cheeks, and it went to my 'eart to see her so miserable. I had a feller-feeling, you see, sir, for I know now it worrits me when my master stops late at the 'Coach and Horses' on a Saturday

"Ah, but it's different with a husband. A wife has a right to be exacting-not a sister. Now, tell me how they left the place, and all about it. I'm interested in this poor girl, and perhaps I may be able to befriend her. Where did they go?"

"He was going to take her to some place near the sea, on the other side of Grandchester, and a good way off. The name has gone clean out of my head. He was very kind to her from the time she fell ill. She told me so with her own lips. 'Gaston was never so kind to me in his life,' she says. He fancied it was the air here that didn't agree with her, she told me, and it is rather a relaxin' air, sir. I feel it so sometimes myself, and if it wasn't for my drop of beer I should go off in a dead faint." "What kind of a young woman was Miss

Foy? Was she like her brother?" "No, sir, she were not. I never laid eyes on a brother and sister more unsimilar. She that worn and preyed upon her that she was old and 'aggard before her time. She had light brown hair, and a fair skin and blue eyes and I dessay she had been a pretty figure before she wasted away like, but her 'ealth were never good from the time I knew her." "Did you see her the day she went away?"

asked the vicar. night by the last train to Grandchester. She was to sleep in Grandchester and go on to the seaside next morning; and I do say that it wasn't the right thing for a young person in her state of 'ealth to travel late on a winter's night. But there, poor young feller, it wasn't his fault, for he had to be at the office all day."

"She was wrapped up warmly, I suppose?"
"Yes, she wore a thick Scotch plaid shawl that he bought her the winter before."

with some astonishment. "One would think you'd seen it, sir." "I told you I was interested in the young lady," answered the vicar vaguely.

woman with a crown piece, half of which he stipulated was to be given to the little girl when she came home from her errand. and then he walked briskly back to the station, which was a good half mile from Lawson lane. He was lucky enough to get a train in less than half an hour, and he was back in Grandchester at three o'clock in the

Mr. Brockbank's office, to whom he imparted

vicar!" cried the lawyer; "you ought to have been something better than a parson." thing that pays better. Now, look here. Brockbank, you must start off to Milldale by the first train, and get the coroner to order a post mortem. No post mortem necessary, for sooth, said that fool of a local surgeon, because the immediate cause of death was obviously laudanum. Why, it's clear to my mind, from what I've heard to-day, that this poor creature was slowly done to death by arsenic, and that the dose of laudanum was only given at the last to

ment, and looked at once to his railway time go go by that. And now what are you going

"I shall call on Mr. Umpleby and try and stop to-morrow's wedding.'

"What motive can this Foy have had for getting rid of his sister!" speculated the

young woman was something more difficult to dispose of than a sister? What if she was his wife? These two young people lived quite alone in a country lane. It was easy for them to live as man and wife, yet pass for brother and sister. The charwoman's account shows that the poor girl

overheard quarreling. Take my word for it, Brockbank, that unfortunate young woman was a wife-a wife of whom Mr. Foy grew mortally tired when he found that it was on the cards for him to marry Miss Umpleby, with a handsome dowry, and the prospect of rapid advancement in the house. Now I want you to set one of your clerks at work, without an hour's delay, to hunt up the evidence of such a marriage, either in church or at a registry office. "It shall be done," said Brockbank. "Any-

"Only this much: I have written an advertisement, which will appear to-morrow in three local dailies? He read the draft of his advertisement. next stage in that poor young woman's journey after she left Parminter," he said.

[To be Continued.]

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER M. D.

Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes diknown to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

RAILWAY.

Arrangement. On and AFTER MONDAY, MAY 20th, until further notice, trains will Railway as follows:— CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON. FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM. EXPRESS. FREIGHT EXPRESS. FREIGH Chatham 7 00 a m Fredericton 9-40 " 3 05 " 3 15 " Blackville 7 30 " Marysville Doaktown 9 20 " 12 45 pm. Cross Creek Boiestown 5 20 Boiesto wn Cross Creek 9 12 Doaktown 11 35 " Marysville 5 00 " Blackville Chatham Junction

N. B. The above Express Trains will run daily Sundays excepted. The Freight Trains from 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 Rapi'ls, 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.

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Il freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of

SILVERWARE!

Just Arrived and now open

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Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Shingle and Lath Machines, and Well-Boring Machines for Horse and steam power.

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11.35

INO. 2 EXPRESS. NO.4 ACCOM'DATION

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

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Leave, 4.15 a m

Special attention given to Shipments of Fish

June 12th 1889.

New Goods!

ALBERT

Steam and Water Pipe

Pond's Wisconsin Patent

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

Proprietor.

WM MUIRHEAD,

Leave,

Arrive,

Leave Chatham.

Leave Chatham.

Arrive Moncton

THROUGH TIME TABLE.

EXPRESS ACCOM'DATION



"Perhaps not, sir, but jealous she was, and away. There was a time when he spent all Chatham

"It wasn't a day, sir. She went late at

"Black and red?" asked the vicar."

"No doubt. I dare say Mr. Foy is a most estimable person. But I must find the dark
a half-crown, but she had an idea it meant abundance. Her father counted his wages station. The cabman could be forthcoming

"Upon my soul, you're a clever fellow, "You mean I ought to have been some-

accelerate the end." Mr. Brockbank saw the force of this argu-"There's a train at 4:30," he said; "I can

Tees, Elbows, Reducers, Union and other Couplings, Globe and Check Valves, General Iron and Brass Founders, Mill and Steamboat Buiders Manufacturers of Steam Engines and Boiles, Gang and Rotary

was jealous and unhappy. She fretted on account of Foy's late hours. They were

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Arrive Chatham, Chatham June n, Arrive, 4.40
"Leave, 4.50 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.

"Black and red," assented the woman

He took out his memorandum book, and wrote down the date and hour of the young woman's removal from Rose cottage. She had left in the one cab that plied between

Mr. Leworthy rewarded this worthy

Here he took a cab and drove straight to

"Very litte motive, I should imagine, for getting rid of a sister. But what if the

"This may bring us information as to the "Possibly. You really are a genius in the CERTAIN REMEDY HARD & SOFT CORNS

GENERAL BUSINESS.

Zegal Aotices.

NOTICE.

unless settled before the 1st October next, will be sued for without any further notice. A. & J. ADAMS Neguac N. B., August 14th 1889.

All unsettled accounts due the undersigned,

Caution & Notice

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 1 shall hold them responsible to me for his wages. And I further give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by the said James Walls. DULDEY P. WALLS Chatham July 23rd 1888

CIRCULAR.

Halifax, May 29th 1889. 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 Messis, 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 confident in recommending them to your patron-We are, Dear Sir, Yours truly,

Co-Partnership Notice.

John S. Maclean

GEO. CAMPBELL.

J. C. MACKINTOSH

E, P. T. GOLDSMITH

WE beg to notify customers and the public generally that we have purchased from the executors the stock and good will of the business of the late J. S. MACLEAN & Co., and will continue as Who esale Grocery and Commission Merchants, at the old stand, "Jerusalem Warehouse," uuder the name, style and firm of J. W. GORHAM & CO.,

Successors to J. S. MACLEAN & CO. JOHN W. GORHAM, SHERBURNE WADDELL June 1st, 1889

TINSHOP.

As I have now on hand a larger and better assortment of goods than ever before, comprising THROUGH TIME TABLE, EXPRESS. ACCOM'DATION. Japanned, Stamped 10.30 p. m, 1.05 p m 12.41 a.m. 4.55 " 2.40 " 7.40 " 8 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. 4.10 a m 1.05 p m 7.00 a m 4.10 "... 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. Tea Sets, Sugars, Creams, Ice Water Pitchers, Fruit dishes, 252 GRIND STONES

> 17'Boxes Scythe stones, Mow er Stones, Oil Stones and Axebitts, which will be sold at lowest cash price. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

assorted sizes and of the best quality.

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The Subscriber has on hand at, his sher 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 Pine Lumber

etc., etc.,

FOR SALE BY

GEO. BURCHIL & SONS. Jewelry, Silverware and Clocks, in all the Latest designs; Monogram Rings, Wedding Rings and all kinds of Jewelry made to order and Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed. WANTED. WOOD

> 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 Chatham, 12th July, '89

PROVITIONS & 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.

All sold at lowest cash prices. Alex McKinnon. Cha tham, 13th August, 1889.

MIRAMICHI BRICK MANUFACTURED

Brick delivered f. o. b. cars or at wharf, o can and Mr. Wm. Masson, Newcastle. G. A. & H. S. FLETT

Nelson Miramichi, N. B 1888

GENERAL BUSINESS.

ARRIVING

SUMMER IMPORTATIONS.

---FULLINES OF-

SUMMER DRY GOODS, Hosiery.

Haberdashery, etc.

Carpets. Cutlery,

Latest Styles.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS,

J. B. Snowball.

Chatham, May 1st, 1889. JOB-PRINTING

Building,

offices at the

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-

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.)

> DEEDS AND MORTGAGES. SUPREME AND COUNTY COURT BLANKS. SHERIFFS' BLANKS. TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS. SCHOOL ASSESSMENT FORMS. Етс.; Етс., Етс.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS.

Send along your orders.



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

79 Cases and Bales of New Spring Goods!

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,

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.

SUTHERLAND & CREACHAN

Ladies will find this a most desirable time to get seasonable goods direct from the WORLD'S EMPORIUM OF FASHION;

Prints, Piques, Muslins, Cambrics, Satin stripes and spots Washing Silks, Black Silks, Velvets, Plushes, New Dress

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. got at the stores of Mr. W. S. 1 oggie, Chatham Don't send away for goods. Our merchandise is As Good and Prices Lower. You's ery truly,