A DETECTIVE VICAR.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON. The young 'a ly's eyes were altogether hidden by the shadow of her hat, but Mr. Caulfi ld felt sure that she was asleep. She was breathing so quietly that he could scarcely see any indication of the faint breath that must be stirring her breast in gentle undulations. Sometimes he fancied he saw the folds of the Rob Roy shawl rise and fall in

moved by the flickering of the wind-blown He had been told not to speak to her, but the inclination to disobev that injunction was every instant intensifying. Yet, if she were sleeping as placidly as she seemed to sleep, it would be cruel to disturb her; and he was a man overflowing with the milk of

r gular pulsations. Sometimes it seemed to

buman kindness. He took out his Tennyson and cut the leaves, puzziing out a few lines here and there by the uncertain lamplight. This helped him to while away a quarter of an Lour. He looked at his watch. God be praise!! fifteen minutes more and the train was due at Milldale. What bliss to deliver that poor creature into the keeping of her ir:end -to have done with that muffled

figure and that unseen face forever! The train was fast approaching the Junction; seven minutes more alone remained of the hour, and this night mail was famed for it- pune uality.

Just at the last that feeling of morbid curiosity which had been tormenting the curate for the greater part of the journey Lecame an irresistible impulse. He changed his seat to that directly opposite his silent com; anion. Here he could see the form of the delicate fea ures under the blue veil! How cruelly illness had sharpened that out-line. The girl's ungloved hand hung listlessly over the morocco-covered arm which d.villed her seat from the next. Such a palled hand, so nerveless in its attitude! Something, he knew not what, prompted Mr. Caulfield to touch those pale fingers. He bent over and laid his hand lightly upon

Great God, what an icy hand! He had felt the touch of death on many a sad occasion in the path of duty, but this was colder than death itself. A cry of horror turst from his lips. He snatched aside the gauze veil, and saw a face purpled by the auful shadow of death. "Milliale Junction! Change here for

Broughborough, Mudford, Middlebridge, Sloughcombe-" and a string of names that dwindled into silence far away along the platform. George Caulfield sprung out of the railway carriage like a man distraught. He

seized upon the nearest guard. "For God's sake, tell me what to do!" he cried. "There is a lady in that carriage dead or dying. Indeed, I fear she is actually dead. She was placed in my charge by a stranger at Grandchester. She is to be met by friends here. It will be an awful shock for them-near relatives, perhaps. How am I to find them? How am I to break the sad news to them?"

He was pale to the lips, cold drops of sweat were on his brow. All the pent-up excitement of the last hour burst from him now with uncontrollable force. The guard was as calm as a man of iron.

"Feich the station master here, will you?" he said to a passing porter. "Sad thing, sir." he said to the curate; "but you'd better keep yourself quiet. Such misfortunes will happen. We'll get a medical man here presently. I dare say there's one in the train. Perhaps the lady has only fainted. Haan't you better step inside and sit with

They were standing at the door of the carriage. George Caulfield glanced with a shudder at that muffled figure in the farthest

"No," he answered, profoundly agitated, "I could do no good. I fear there is no hope. "No relation of yours, sir, the lady?" asked the guard, scrutinizing the curate rather curiously.

"i never saw her till to-night;" and then, in flurried accents, Mr. Caulfield related the circumstances of his departure from Grand-

"H re comes the station master," said the guard, without vouchsafing any comment on the curate's story. The station master was a business-like

man of commanding presence, and Mr. Caulfield turned to him as if for protection. "What am I to do?" he asked, when the guard had briefly stated the case.

"Nothing, I should think," answered the station master, shortly; "but you'd better stay to see the upshot of the business. Where are the lady's friends, I wonder? They ought to have turned up by this time.

Johnson, just you go along the platform to inquire for anybody waiting to meet a lady from Grandchester, and send some one else along the line to inquire for a doctor."

The guard departed on his errand; the station master stayed. In three minutes a porter came, followed by an elderly man, bearded and spectacled. "Medical gentleman, sir," said the porter. The doctor got into the carriage and

looked at the lady. "Bring me a better light," he asked, and a lamp was brought.

elers who scented some excitement, and thought they could not make a better use of their remaining five minutes than in finding out all about it. "You'd better send for the police," ex- less.

claimed the doctor, reappearing at the door of the carriage. "This is a bad case." "How do you mean?" inquired the station "I mean that this poor creature has died

from the effects of a narcotic poison."
"Great heaven!" cried the curate; "I had a presentiment there was something wrong." The doctor and a porter lifted the muffled figure out of the carriage and conveyed it to the nearest waiting room. Three minutes more and the train would be moving. A police constable appeared as if by magic, and planted himself at the curate's side.

The guard came back. "Nobody here to meet the lady," he said. "There must be a mistake somewhere." "What am I to do?" demanded George Caulfield, looking helplessly from the station master to the doctor.

"Keep yourself as quiet as you can, should say," answered the station master. "But, good heavens! I may be suspected of being concerned in this poor creature's death unless her friends appear to verify my statement. Ah, by the by, her brother gave me his card. I can tell you her name, at any rate."

He took the card from his breast pocket and handed it to the station master. "Mr. Elsden, Briargate," the man read

"Elsden," said the doctor. "I know an Elsden, of Briargate-a big man with large white whiskers?" he interrogated, turning to the curate.

"No, this was a young man; pale, dark, good-looking." "Ah, I don't know who he can be. There'll have to be an inquest to-morrow morning, and the best thing we can do is to telegraph to Elsden, of Briargate, directly the office is

open. Very strange that the lady's friends should not have appeared." "I shall lose my train," cried George Caulfield, seeing the last lingerers hurrying to their pleces "Here's my card, handing one to the doctor. "You can communicate to

me at that address. Any assistance that I

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the constable, laying an authoritative hand upon him. "I shall be obliged to detain you till this busi-



may be used against you later on." The curate looked at him in surprise. "Do you mean to say that I am your prisoner-that you want to lock me up?" see. Young lady poisoned - friends not stranger who had made such a shameful use forthcoming. No doubt you'll be able to ex- of his card. plain matters to-morrow; but for to-night vou must consider yourself in custody."

The constable had afterward gone to no less than four cab yards, where he had made

you must consider yourself in custody."

"Yes, of course, I shall be able to explain," said George Caulfield, calm and bold, now that he found himself face to face with actual peril, "but it is a most painful

position. I feel that a trap has been set

"You had better hold your tongue," said the doctor. So the London mail left without George Caulfield, who was conveyed in a cab to Milldale jail, where he was subjected to the ignominious process of having his pockets searched by a jailer. In one of them was found the little bottle given him by the genhim that nothing stirred save the shadows tleman at Grandchester, and this, together with a few other trifles, was handed over to the authorities for investigation.

> CHAPTER II. IN DURANCE VILE.

Instead of making any vain attempt at sleep, George Caulfield asked for pens, ink and paper, and a lamp that would last him for the best part of the night; and on these luxuries being conceded he sat down to write a long letter to his mother, relating all the circumstances of his miserable journey, and entreating her not to take alarm at his situation, whatever she might read about him in the newspapers. This letter, which would travel by the morning post, could be preceded by a telegram informing the old lady that her son was safe, and detained at Milldale on business. Some hours of anxiety the son could not spare that beloved mother; and it was more painful to him to think of her trouble, when five o'clock came and brought no returning traveler, than to con-

template his own position. "Dear old lady! I can fancy her and all her neat and careful arrangements for my comfort," mused Mr. Caulfield. "I know how distrustful she will be of the maids, and how she will insist upon getting up at four o'clock in order to see about my breakfast. And then when the time comes, and ne hansom drives up to the gate, what agonies she will suffer, for I have never accustomed her to disappointments. I have never broken my word to her in my life." The curate fretted and fumed at the thought of his mother's anxiety. He was an only and an adoring son—at thirty-two Freshmead was seven miles from Grandyears of age a confirmed bachelor, loving no

one on earth as well as he loved the widowed mother whose cherished companion he had been from childhood upward. Had she not removed her dearly loved goods and chattels to Eton, and lived in a small house in the High street all the time her boy was at school there? Had she not followed him to Cambridge as faithfully as a sutler follows a camp? And now she had one of the prettiest houses in South Kensington, and her son was first curate at the most intensely Gothic church in that locality. Caulfield's mother was the love of his life. He had been assisting at a choral festival at a small town near Grandchester, where an old college friend of his father's was vicar, and had been only three days away from the dainty little nest at South Kensington, where blue china plates had just broken out, like pimples, on the sage-green walls, and where the Queen Anne mania showed itself modestly in divers inexpensive details. "Poor mother!" sighed George; "a telegram can hardly reach her before nine

o'clock at the earliest." He read his Tennyson; he dozed a little; he got rid of the night somehow, and at seven o'clock he had written and dispatched

The first was to his mother; the second was to the vicar, from whom he had parted at eleven o'clock the previous morning, and to whom he was inclined to look for succor, as one of the cleverest and most energetic men he knew. This latter message was brief: "From George Caulfield, Milldale jail, to Edward Leworthy, Freshmead vicarage: Come to me at once, for God's sake! I am in a great difficulty." Mr. Caulfield's janitor brought him a com-

fortable breakfast by and by, and was inclined to sympathize. He knew a gentleman when he saw one, he told the curate, though he had had to deal with a tough lot in this beastly hole. He had seen a good many murderers in his time, and the possibility of his prisoner's guilt made very little difference to his feelings. Guilty or not guilty, a man who was free-handed with half-crown pieces was entitled to respect. The difference between a half-crown and a florin was just the difference between your real gentleman and the spurious article. The actual amount was not much, but that odd sixpence marked the distinction. This functionary informed Mr. Caulfield that the inquest was to take place at four

o'clock that afternoon. "Which gives you time to communicate with your solicitor," he added, grandly. "But I haven't any solicitor," answered the prisoner. "I never have had any law business in my life."

"So much the better for you, sir," responded the jailer, sententiously; "but you must have a lawyer to watch this here case for you." "I'll wait till my friend the vicar of Freshmead comes, and take his advice about it," said George. "I know he'll come as soon as the rail can bring him."

His confidence was not ill-placed. Soon after noon Mr. Leworthy was ushered into his room. He was between fifty and sixtya man with a countenance full of vivid intelligence, bright brown eyes and gray hair, worn longer than the fashion. It was altogether a poetic head; but the man's temperament fitted him for action and effort as A crowd was collecting by this time, trav- thoroughly as his intellect gave him mastery in brain work.

Such a friend as this was verily a friend in need. The two men clasped hands, and for the first minute George Caulfield was speech-

"Tell meall about it, said the vicar, sitting down by his friend's side with as cheerful an air as if it were a common thing for him to find a friend in prison. George Caulfield related his dreadful ad-

venture of the previous night, the vicar lis-

tening intently, with knitted brows. "It looks like murder." he said at last. "The poor creature was carried to the station in a dying state, and that stertorous breathing you noticed when the train started was the last struggle. Don't be afraid, my dear boy; there is not the slightest reason for uneasiness. Our business is to find out all about this poor lady, and the man who placed her in the train. She must have been brought to the station in some kind of vehicle-cab, bath chair-something. The first thing to be done is to have inquiries made among the cabmen and cab proprietors. The police will do all that; but I shall have to watch your interests in the matter. You must have a clever lawyer, too, to watch the case. Brockbank, of Grandchester, will be the man-always about the criminal court there, up to every move. I'll

to be at four, you say. I must get it put off "How good you are!" exclaimed George, "and how clever!" "I am a man of the world, that's all. Some pious people think that a parson has no right to be a man of the world, forgetting who it was that told us to be wise as serpents.

telegraph to him instantly. The inquest is

I'm not the popular idea of a parson, you know, by any means; but I can serve a friend as well as your straight-laced specimen of the breed," He was a man of abounding cheerfulness and infinite capacity for work, as prone to her, and spoke as if nothing were more cerembellish his conversation with occasional

flowers of modern slang now as he had been forty years ago at Eton. He was just the man George Caulfield wanted in this crisis He telegraphed to the Grandchester attorney, and got the inquest postponed from four till five. He saw the medical man, he talked to the police. A police officer had started for Grandchester by an early train

to hunt up the owner of the card, and ob-

tain as much information as could be got in

a few hours. The inquest was held at the chief hotel in Milldale, in a large dining room, which was only used on civic and particular occasions. Here, under a blaze of gas, the curate of St. Philemon's, South Kensington, found himself, for the first time in his life, face to face with a British jury and a British coroner. Mr. Hargrave, M. R. C. S., general practitioner at Milldale, declared that the deceased, name unknown, had died from the effects of a large dose of laudanum. There ing to marry one of my clerks next week. Is had been no post mortem, and he saw no there anything else that I can do for you!necessity for one. The color of the face, New York Sun. the odor of the lips, the abnormal coldness of the corpse, were sufficient evidence as to the nature of the poison. The bottle found

in the prisoner's possession contained laud-Sensation! The railway guard and station master stated all they knew about the arrival of the deceased at Milldale Junction. Both described the prisoner as violently agitated.

The constable who had been sent to Grandchester was next examined. He had found Mr. Elsden, of Briargate-a man of sixty, stout, gray, bald, in every attribute unlike the man described so graphically by Mr. Caulfield. Mr. Elsden had Well, yes, sir. Very suspicious case, you been able to offer no suggestion as to the

And the dog has a muzzle on too, Tis then we sigh to get out of town And down by the ocean blue.

them up.-The Epoch.

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NORTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

Arrangement.

On and AFTER MONDAY, MAY 20th, until further notice, trains will Railway as follows:— CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON. FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM. EXPRESS. FREIGH. FREIGHT. EXPRESS. 7 00 a m Chatham 3 05 " 3 15 " 4 20 " 9 40 " Gibson 7 10 " Blackville 6 20 Marysville Doaktown 9 20 " 12 45 pm. Cross Creek 5 20 " Boiestown 18 15 10 35 " Boiesto wn Doaktown 11 35 " Marysville Blackville 7 10 " 8 05 " 1 20 p m 3 05 " 5 15 " Chatham Junction Chatham morning at the Freshmead Road station.

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 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 B. RAILWAY for St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand B. Railway for St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand B. Railway for St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand B. Railway for St. John and all Cross Greek

Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co, for St. John, and at Cross Creek "No. He was going to look at the cathe-

"He was to dine somewhere, I suppose?"

He meant to dine at a restaurant. There are a good many dining places in Grand-SUMMER 1889.

> O'N and after MONDAY, JUNE, IOTH., Trains will run on this Railway in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sunday nights excepted) as follows -GOING NORTH. LOCAL TIME TABLE. THROUGH TIME TABLE? EXPRESS. ACCOM'DATION. No 1 EXPRESS. No.3 ACCOM'DATION

10.30 p. m, 1.05 p m 12.41 a. m. 4.55 " 2.40 " 7.40 " Leave Chatham, Arrive Bathurst Arrive Chatham Junc., 10.55 Campbellton. 250 ' Arrive Chatham, GOING SOUTH LOCAL TIME TABLE. THROUGH TIME TABLE. No. 2 EXPRESS. No.4 ACCOM'DATION EXPRESS ACCOM'DATION Leave Chatham, 4.10 a m 1.05 p m 7.00 a m 4.10 " Chatham June n, Arrive, 4.40 Arrive Moncton Arrive, 5.20

Trains leave Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South, which runs through 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 Haifax Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St. John, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and from Califax 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 freignt 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. Special attention given to Shipments of Fish

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Cases direct from Manufacturers, ---CONSISTING OF-

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. Jan 12/1 133)

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CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED ESTIMATES FURNISHED GEO. DICK WM, MUIRHEAD. Mechanical Sup Proprietor.

CERTAIN NIMEDY HARD & SOFT CORNS

All unsettled accounts due the undersigned,

Legal 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.

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. 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 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 oing 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,

GEO. CAMPBELL,
J. C. MACKINTOSH
E, P. T. GOLDSMITH

Executors of
John S. Maclean Co-Partnership Notice.

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 Wholesale Grocery and Commission Merchants, at the old stand, "Jerusalem Ware-house," under the name, style and firm of

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

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

Japanned, Stamped AND Plain Tinware

would invite those about to purchase, to call and inspect before buying elsewhere, as I am no s elling below former prices for cash.

The Peerless Creamer. ROCHESTER LAMP, The Success OIL STOVI

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

A. C. McLean.

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Scythe Stones. Just received from the Stonehaven Quarries

252 GRIND STONES assorted sizes and of the best quality. 17 Boxes Scythe stones, Mower Stones, Oil Stones and Axebitts,

which will be sold at lowest cash price. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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

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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:

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ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS,

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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

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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.

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all inquiries possible in a limited time. He had been unable to find any cabman who had driven an invalid lady to the station on the previous evening. He had next hunted out the only bath chair proprietor to be found in Grandchester, with the same result. Time had not allowed him to visit the numerous chemists' shops in that thriving city, and that remained to be done. There was no evidence on Mr. Caulfield's behalf, except the vicar of Freshmead's evidence as to his character and antecedents, and to the fact that he only parted with him at eleven o'clock on the previous

"What was Mr. Caulfield going to do when ne left you?" asked the coroner. "He was going to spend the day in Grandchester." "Has he friends or acquaintances in that

dral and law courts, and to spend an hour or two in the Oldbury library." "He was to dine somewhere, I suppose?" chester; he could take his choice among

After this witness had been examined the inquiry was adjourned for a week. At the close of the proceedings, Mr. Brockbank, the lawyer, asked if his client might be released on bail, the vicar of Freshmead being prepared to offer himself as security to any amount, but the coroner replied that the case was of too serious a nature to admit of bail. So Mr. Cau field went back to the stony

place whence he had come, where the utmost privilege that could be accorded him was the liberty to see his friends at stated hours, and to have his meals supplied from an adjacent hotel. His spirits would have assuredly gone down to the point of utter despondency on that gloomy winter evening, when the moldy fly that had conveyed him to the George

hotel carried him back to the jail, had he

not been supported and sustained by the in-

domitable cheerfulness of his friend the

"What do you think of the case now!" he asked. "Think!" cried Mr. Leworthy. "Why, that I shall have so much to do in Grandchester ferreting out this mystery of yours during the next six days that I don't know how the deuce my parish work is to get

"Won't you employ the police?"
"Of course I shall; but I shall employ my-

self, too. Don't you be down hearted,

George. I mean to see you safely through

this business, and I shall do it right away,

as they say on the other side of the Atlantic. George Caulfield's confidence in his father's old friend was unbounded. He had seen in the past how the vicar of Freshmead could conquer difficulties which the ruck of men would have found insurmountable. Mr. Leworthy dined with him as cheerfully as if they had been eating white bait at Greenwich or turtle in Aldersgate street under the most exhilarating circumstances; and stimulated by the force of example, George, who had scarcely broken his fast since he left Grandchester, found himself enjoying the tavern steak and the tavern claret. His friend left him soon after dinner to go back to Grandchester by the nine o'clock train, and then came a dreary interval until ten, when the prisoner lay down on his pa!let bed and slept soundly, exhausted by the bewildering emotions of the last twenty-four

turn to Milldale until the day fixed for the adjourned inquiry, by which time he hoped to have unearthed the man who had used Mr. Elsden's card. An agitating surprise awaited Mr. Caulfield next morning. While he was breakfasting dismally upon tea and dry toast, the guardian of his solitude came in to tell him

that a lady wished to see him.

hours. He was very downhearted, now that

he had before him the prospect of a week's

solitude in that miserable cell, for Mr. Le-

worthy had told him that he should not re-

be some mistake. I don't know a creature in the town. Pray don't let me be made a show of to gratify any one's morbid curi-"Lord love you, sir, as if we should do such a thing! It's all right; the lady's got an order. She's a relative, no doubt." The man withdrew into the stony passage outside; then came a rustling sound George Caulfield knew well-a sweeping, stately

step, and an elderly lady, gray and tall and

"A lady!" cried the curate. "There must

slim, came quickly in and threw her arms round his neck. "Mother," cried the curate, "how could you do such a thing?" "How could I do anything else?" said his mother, striving heroically to be cheerful. "Do you suppose I was going to stay in London after I received your letter. The postman brought the letter at seven, Sophia had my trunk packed by half-past, and Jane had a cab at the door-such good girls, and so anxious about you! I was at Euston by ten minutes past eight, and caught the train that leaves at a quarter past eight. I was at Milldale half an hour after midnight-too late to come here, of course, so I went to the

they were sending you your meals. I felt quite interested in them, and at home with She was a wonderful old lady, carried herself so bravely, spoke so brightly, looked at her son with eyes so full of confidence and hope. He would have been unworthy of such a mother had he not faced his position unfalteringly. They sat down side by side on the prison bench, and he told her all that had happened since he wrote his letter to

nearest hotel. The chambermaid told me

tain than his sneedy justification. [To be Continued.] Only a Question of Time. First St. Louis Man-Think I will run up to Chicago to-morrow and order me a new suit of clothes. Second St. Louis Man (sadly) - Why don't ou wait a little while longer, until St. Louis

gets to be a part of Chicago?-Clothier and

Phonetically Speaking. Far more than cunningness in speech It has a meaning grim To say that Satan gets a man Because of synonym. -Philadelphia Press.

Accommodating. Young Man (somewhat confused)-I-I want your daughter to marry, sir. Old Gentleman-All right, sir. She is go-

Suggestive Improvement.

"How do you like my suit?" said he.

Admitted that she thought 'twould be Improved by pressing. -Clothier and Furnisher. One on the Doctor. Doctor-I see you turn in your toes. It's a very injurious practice. You should place yourself under my treatment.

Merritt-If I did, I'm afraid I'd soon turn

That's the Time. When the maiden dons a muslin gown, -Boston Courier.