

You are Sally. There! It was out at last! At last the words he had been trying so hard and so long to speak were out, and Lucy felt as if a great burden had been lifted off his

Olive, however, did not seem quite to understand; she stood looking up at him, with | Hartog who saw them into their carriage, her wonderful gray eyes opened to their widest extent; her lips were slightly apart, as one who suspects a joke but does not yet see the point thereof.

har tog who saw them into their carriage, and stood with his hand upon the door thereof for yet five minutes, telling them about the regimental ball, which was fixed for the 5th of January, and to which they Lucy looked straight at her, too, his brows slightly drawn together, and a half defiant air about his whole attitude.

"You are she," he repeated, doggedly.
"I am she!" said Miss Weyland, with a delightful air of sauciness. "You really must forgive me, but I don't see it a bit. Where is the joke?"

Lucy groaned. "When I spoke of 'Sally' I meant you," he said, desperately. Olive shook her head.

"it's all very sentimental, of course," she said, sweetly, "but it won't do, Capt. Lucy —it won't, really; I've known you too long. I suppose you and the redoubtable Sally have quarreled again, and you are trying to make her jealous by pretending to flirt with me. But, all things considered, I think its

just a shade mean of you; we've always been such awful friends." "But I mean it all-every word of it," poor Lucy protested. "Oh, come now; that won't do," Olive declared, with a soft laugh. "Have you forgotten the times—positively out of count—when you have confided all your troubles

and wretchedness to me? If you have-I-"Olive, my darling, I was speaking of yourself always," he cried. "Heaven knows, I never gave any other woman a thought!" I wonder what any one of the Scarlet Lancers would have said to that? Olive, however, had never heard of Lucy's first love, so it did not matter. "Can't you, won't you, believe that I love you?" he went on. "Have you not one word of kindness

"Do you mean it?" she asked, in a voice which had suddenly grown sober. "Do you "Mean it? Of course I mean it. Why"smiling tenderly down upon her—"is it so difficult a thing to believe?"

"Very!" she answered, briefly; "very Still, Lucy was not alarmed. "But you will be kind to me, even if it is difficult to believe? You won't pwrove a

cwruel, hardhearted Sally, after all, will

"Olive, you are not going to wrefuse me?" he cried, in a very bitter tone. But Olive was silent, and would not look

"Oh, Olive, O'ive!" he cried, miserably.
"Is it all no use? is it all no good? Have you not one kind word for me? not one wray of hope to give me? Can you say nothing?"
"I am very sorry," she began, in a formal voice, and wishing wildly that she had never

come to this dance at all. Many and many a time she had thought, aye, and had said too, that she should like to see Capt. Lucy in a really dramatic or sentimental situation, just to make sure whether the w before the r was put on, or natural to him! It crossed her mind, as such trifles do cross one's mind at moments which are the most critical and important ones of a life's history, that now she had the gratification of her wish, and that he was indeed "born so." And then Lucy interrupted her,

bru quely enough. "You are vewry sorwry," he said, scornfully. "Your tone expwresses it, I assure you." Then all at once his voice changed. "Oh, Olive, Olive! must you say 'No?" Will some faint hope that some day you will love me a little. Why do you shake your head?

Is it so impossible a thing to ask? Indeed,

I am not a bad fellow on the whole. I know I'm not clever; in fact, I dare say the fellows are about right when they say I'm the biggest fool in the service. And I know I'm not wrich or much to look at, but still I should never go against you in anything, and I would love you devotedly to the last day of my life. Does all that go for

"Oh, yes, yes; of course it goes for a great deal," Olive answered, miserably—"for a great deal—a great deal, and yet I cannot He came and went upon all occasions, do what you ask. I can't help it—it's not paying as much attention to the mother as and drink whisky and water. fault, indeed; but I think if you had never misled me about that wretched Sally. perhaps it might have been different. Oh! why did you do it? Don't you know how impossible it would be to learn, even to begin, to care about a man whom you hear always raving about somebody else? And you did rave, Capt. Lucy; you know you did! How was I to know you were really raving about me, when you always so care-

fully pretended it was some one else?" "But if I tell you diffewrently now-" he began, with great eagerness, when Olive interrupted him as brusquely as he had in-terrupted her a few moments before. "Oh, yes, now," she said; "but what is the good of telling me now, when it's too

Lucy caught at her words. "Too late! Why too late? Do you mean that thewre is somebody else?" "I'm very sorry," Olive faltered.

"Then you'wre engaged?" he asked. "No, not engaged." "Oh, I quite understand," he said, coldly. "Let me take you back to Mrs. Weyland. I

have kept you here an-aw-unconscionable Before Olive could reply, the door was flung open and Hartog came in, his head

well up, and with a certain swaggering ges-ture of his arm, as well known as himself to his brother officers. "Oh, you are here, Miss Weyland? I think this is our dance," he said, pleasantly, and not looking at all as if he saw that Lucy's face was the picture of disgust and anger, as was Olive's that of a bject wretched-

Olive took the offered arm eagerly, and

turned away with an imploring look at Lucy, who was staring stonily out of the

"Been proposing and got a let-down," Hartog said to himself. "Poor old chap: I juite thought, between Naomi and Mignon, se was above proof. Poor old chap!" But he was far too wise-though in maters which had not to do with the fair sex he was not remarkable for wisdom-to let Miss Weyland see for a moment that he even suspected the storm through which she had just passed. It was wonderful how he contrived to charm the girl, and to creep into her good graces during that one afternoon; his manner was so pleasant and easy, yet without a trace of spooniness about him. And in the frame of mind in which she was after the shock of discovering the true state of Lucy's feelings, such a manner was the one best calculated to soothe her and make her feel at peace and ease with herself. She could not have borne a more familiar tone; and, indeed, I think if Capt. Harkness himself had happened to be in Gaystown bar-racks that afternoon, and had made an offer of his hand and heart to Olive, she would have turned from him in disgust. She had had more of love making than she cared for; and it was because he was so entirely friendly, and nothing else, that Hartog contrived to charm her so wisely. Such a protection, too, he seemed to her that Olive altogether forgot that he was a young and handsome man; and when, after a long chat to Mrs. Weyland, that lady very graciously invited

him to go over to Coppleth waite, she sup-

"Yes-do," which had the effect of making

e invitation by a smile and a

his manner continued to be friendly, even to

As for Lucy, he never addressed Olive once again during the rest of the afternoon, or seemed to have any idea that she was in the room. A dance for which she was engaged to him began, and she had the pleasure of seeing him sail off with a tall damsel, in an apricot colored gown, without so much as a glance in her direction. Hartog, who had not troubled himself to

find any other partner than her, and happened at that moment to be leaning against the wall watching her, said to himself that he had no idea that old Lucy could have proved such a sulky brute, without the grace to take a denial gracefully; and he knew by Olive's face that they had been engaged for this dance. Well guessing as he did at what had passed between them, he could not, of course, leave her neglected under the humiliating slight which Lucy put upon her in behaving thus, so he pushed his way across the room to her. "Are you engaged for this dance, Miss

Weyland?" he asked. "I will dance it with you, if you wish," answered Olive, evading a more direct

"As I guessed; engaged to Lucy," thought Hartog; "and Lucy dancing with that scraggy Miss Morton. Ah!" After that, Olive gave herself up recklessly to flirtation. She danced, she laughed,

she sat out and ate ices-all with Hartogand finally when they went away, it was would receive a formal invitation in the course of a day or two.

"A charming man!" said Mrs. Weyland, as they drove out of the square and turned in the direction of Barnsbury. "Yes," said Olive absently.

"What was the matter with Capt. Lucy?" Mrs. Weyland went on. "He never came to say good-by to us, though I'm sure he saw

"Oh, he was in a bad temper," answered Olive, with rather a forced laugh. "In a bad temper!" her mother echoed, drawing the fur rug a little closer. "Dear me! I did not know he was even possessed of such a thing. And why was he in a bad

"Oh, I had the ill-fortune to offend him," answered Olive, with studied carelessness. "Really, I was very sorry; but I dare say he will get over it after a while." "Oh, yes; he will get over it," said Mrs.

Wevland confidently. Olive, knowing perfectly well what she meant, could not help turning a little red: for she knew that Capt. Lucy would probably never get over it in the way her mother's tone implied. However, she maintained a discreet silence, because she did not just then feel like going into the whys and wherefores of her reason for re-

CHAPTER VL NOT EXACTLY A-QUARREL! To be a make-peace shall become my age.

—Richard II.

Love, that hath us in the net! Can he pass and we forget? Many suns arise and set, Many a chance the years beget; Love the gift is love the debt;

Love is hurt with jar and fret, Love is made a vague regret; Eyes with idle tears are wet; Idle habit links us vet. What is love? for we forget: Ah! no! no! -The Miller's Daughter.

The short winter days passed quickly over as days do about Christmas time; but Lucy He tried to take her hand, but Olive held it back; then, indeed, an awful thought not seem at all near to being made up.

True one even in the first seem at all near to being made up. never made his appearance at Copple-True, one evening they met him at din-ner at Barnardwistle, when Mrs. Arkwright, all unknowing of the state of affairs -"the split," as Olive once or twice elegantly put it to her father in the privacy of absolute confidence-sent them in to dinner

together, through the long courses of which Lucy talked to her precisely as he might have talked to a duchess with whom he was not very well acquainted. It cannot be said that Olive exactly enjoyed that evening; she felt so like—and, if the truth be told, looked so like—a culprit. I almost think if Lucy had thrown his anger to the winds, and had pleaded his cause once more, she in her turn would have cast aside likes and better likes, and would have taken him. But, unfortunately, Lucy was, as he had been ever since the afternoon

dance, in a towering rage—such rages as exceedingly amiable and imperturbable people do indulge in when they are fairly roused out of their habitual serenity. So, though he, out of common politeness, paid all due attention to his sister's guest in his sister's house, he never so much as once condescended to look at her, and so lost a golden opportunity of making up everything, and winning what his heart was so sore at losing. you never be able to say anything else? I Alas! alas! opportunities which have once will wait—years, if only you will hold out been ours, but which we have put aside or missed, seldom, if ever, come again, but are gone forever. A poet has put it, as poets

This year knows nothing of last year. It is so true, so very true; it is so easy, so

usual, to say, "There's another day to-morrow." Ay; but "to-morrow has no more to And Tony Hartog went and went at Copplethwaite very frequently; indeed, he quite seemed to have taken Lucy's place as friend

to the daughter; and even from Murray Weyland himself very soon won the character of a right good fellow, without any humbug about him.

I must admit that Olive flirted with him disgracefully, though she never forgot Harkness for a moment; nor, however much or many the amusements she went in for, was the hold he had taken upon her heart weakened or loosened for a single moment. It was wonderful how cleverly she could contrive to lead a conversation round to the regiment and then to Capt. Harkness, and there keep it. She heard from Hartog that he was coming back in time for the ball on

the fifth, and therefore to the fifth day of the new year did she look forward, much as do the eyes of a Mohammedan pilgrim to Mecca, the holy city; for he was coming back, and then-and then she would be in

Now, it happened that Harkness returned to Gaystown on the morning of the 5th, and after lunch strolled into Lucy's quarters. "Well, old chap, how are you?" he demanded, pushing an easy chair a little

"Oh, pretty fit, thanks," answered Lucy, with a shade more drawl than usual. "And how has the world used you

"Oh, much as usual"—smoking very hard, and looking fixedly at nothing. "Ah!" murmured Harkness. For full ten minutes neither of them said one word; then Harkness' voice sounded

through the fog of tobacco smoke which filled the little room. "How's Miss Weyland?" he asked abruptly. "I believe she's all right," answered Lucy,

in a formal tone. "You believe!" repeated Harkness, in as-"What! are you not going there now?"

"I've not—er—been vewry lately."
"Quarreled?" asked Harkness. "No-not exactly quarweled," returned Lucy, awkwardly. "Oh, a misunderstanding? Oh, take my advice, old man; get it made up at once.

Is she thinking about that little flirtation of yours in the summer?" "I don't think so." "Well, as I told you afterwards, I think you behaved rather shabbily over that."
"It was not about that," said Lucy, dog-

gedly. "Look here, Harkness, it's just this, she don't cawre a little hang for me and that's the whole secwret. She as good as told me so and I haven't got over it. I suppose I shall some day, but"—shaking his head dolefully—"I don't feel like it just

"I shouldn't mind laying a hundred that she's desperately in love with you," Harkness declared.

Lucy shook his head again. He knew better than that. "Oh no, Harkness; you'wre mistakenquite mistaken, as you will see to-night.
At pwresent, Tony Hartog is first favowrite prison at Clichy, and had George Sand for a at Copplethwaite. The fellow positively proof reader.

And Harkness certainly did see that night | ception of the badger and the roe deer, and him determine, there and then, to go in and win at all or any costs, though for the occalooking lovely; that she was evidently did see that hight there is something sad in seeing the war of extermination begun against him as a fashionable fad. almost the victim of Tony Hartog's admira-

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tion: that she was quite as evidently in tensely relieved when the time came for her to dance with him. Not being a particularly conceited man he never suspected for a moment that he, of all men on the face of this wide earth, occupied the place which he had always believed to be filled by Lucy. "I do think you are treating her badly." he said, when they were smoking a pipe together after it was all over.

"Badly-I!" echoed Lucy, in astonishment "Well, perhaps not badly, but in a hard, inconsiderate kind of way-never going near her, or asking her to dance, or anything. All girls like a little attention at an affair like this."

"I did ask her," Lucy returned. "And she -well-not pwrecisely wrefused me, but she told me she had only one left—the last; and then, she added, she didn't think they would be staying so late. Of course I thanked her and came away." "And didn't take it?"

"Oh, no; what was the good? I-er-took the hint instead," with a miserable attempt at indifference. Harkness shook his head solemnly "Poor little soul! She might well look so bored as she did at times. You should have

asked her early in the evening, and not have left her alone till an ass like D'Albiac, or a bumptious idiot like Carnegie, had had a chance of boring her into giving them "If she had wanted to give me one, she would have kept some," Lucy persisted.
"I know she had one vacant at supper-

time—the fourteenth," Harkness asserted. "Oh, yes, I know; but I was engaged to Lady Mawry for that, and I couldn't possibly thwrow Lady Mawry over."
"Oh, well, if she kept one, you couldn't really, under the circumstances, expect more than that. How fearfully hot the ballroom was. Never danced in such a hot room in all my life. Positively, once or twice I thought my tunic must have choked me."

"Yes; it was vewry hot," Lucy agreed.
"What an ass D'Albiac is!" Harkness went on, cheerfully. "It always seems to me such a piece of presumption—not to say confounded impudence—for a fellow who dances what he calls 'deux-temps,' and looks like a sausage capering about by electricity, or a marionette, or something of that kind, to go taking up the waltzes of the best partners in the room. I asked Miss Weyland what she thought of him. She admitted that she did not consider him exactly a cheerful sort of fellow." "By the by, what did you talk about?

"'Oh, I said the room was full,' she an-"'And then? I asked. "'I said it was warm,' she told me.

"'Oh, then; oh, I fell back on the theatres, and asked him if he'd seen Mme. Tussaud's lately. "By Jove!" Harkness continued, with a laugh. "Mme. Tussaud's must have been quite a godsend. It's my opinion old D'Al-biac will be having a fit, or an attack of paralysis, before long. He's left too much to go his own way since Bootles left the regiment. Bootles used to act upon him like a mustard poultice on an inflammation-on the counter-irritant principle, you

know." "Yes," returned Lucy, absently. "Well, I'm going to turn in now. Good night, old fellow; or, rather, good morning, for it is only a quarter to six."
"Good night," said Lucy.

At that moment Olive Weyland was just getting into her pretty, white-curtained bed, so blissfully happy that sleep seemed miles away from her. She never tried even to close her eyes, but lay wide awake during the rest of the night, thinking over it all. How gentle and tender and considerate he had been! How big and brave and honest he was! Poor Olive! If she had only known the truth, that Harkness had but looked after her because Lucy was the friend of his heart, and he hoped one day to see her Lucy's wife.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE. Queen Victoria has been ordered by her physician to give up champagne and claret

Mrs. May Roberts, who died at the age of 90 the other day at Sharon, Pa., was never inside a postoffice and never rode on a rail-Mrs. John E. Gordon, of Cuming county,

Neb., has 10,000 cocoons ready for shipment as the result of her season's experiment in A German governess named Lina Dohle has just been condemned to eight months'

imprisonment for maltreating her charge, a little French boy of 4. Mrs. Eliza Kerwin, the wife of a West Newton, Ind., laborer, has fallen heir to an

estate in Ireland valued at \$92,000. It is said that she can neither read nor write. Mrs. George H. Corliss will erect a fine building for the Young Men's Christian association at Newburyport, Mass., as a memorial of her late husband, the famous engine

Mrs. Harriet De Bar, widow of an actor well known years ago, is now nearly 68 years old, but scarcely less sprightly than when she appeared in pantomime more than thirty-five years ago.

The empress of Austria has much improved in health, which is attributed to massage treatment. She is now able to go about and indulge in her favorite mountain climbing, although she is not yet able to ride.

The colored women of Little Rock, Ark., have just organized a washerwoman's association. The society has been legally incorporated, and its objects are to care for members in times of illness and to promote the general welfare of the laundry business. A West Seneca (N. Y.) woman has for the last few years supported herself from the earnings of a seventeen acre flower farm. Her income is at times as much as \$2,000 a year. She recommends floriculture as a good busi-

ness for women and the wild west as the best field to begin in. Miss Hinman and Miss Amos, two Illinois teachers, have gone to South Pasadena, Cal., and established a woman's fruit preserving union. They conduct the business themselves, and have been very successful, ship-ping their goods to New York, Chicago and

other large business centers. Queen Margherita of Italy has succeeded in re-establishing the manufacture of Burana lace, an industry that had died out. The queen found an old woman that knew the stitch, and had her teach it to a number of young women. The beneficent result is that Burana lace has again become a source of arge revenue to the people of Burana.

Mme. Buloz, whose death was recently announced, was the wife of the founder of The band in establishing The Revue, especially in the stormy days of 1838, when M. Buloz

lives thewre. I don't think, though, that she wreally cares about him," remembering land is year by year on the increase, and the that Olive had admitted that there was latest variation of the sport is otter hunting. somebody else the very day on which he had introduced Hartog to her. Never for equipment of short petticoats and thick boots. Assist us in making room. The prices are an inducement as well as one moment did he suspect that it might be The otter is almost the only existing species of the wild fauna of England, with the ex-

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WESTERN NORTHERN

Arrangement. On and AFTER MONDAY, MAY 20th, until Railway as follows:— FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON. FREIGH EXPRESS. EXPRESS. FREIGHT. 7 00 a m 7 10 " 7 30 " 9 20 " 10 35 " Chatham 3 05 3 15 Junction Blackville Marysville 12 45 pm. 1 50 " Doaktown Cross Creek 5 20 6 05 Boiesto wn 11 35 Doaktown Cross Creek 1 20 p m 3 05 " 3 30 " 7 10 Blackville Marysville

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 St. John and all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the N: R. RAILWAY for St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand 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.

Chatham Junction

8 05

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

SUMMER 1889.

| LOCAL | TIME TABLE. | OING | | L TIME TABLE; |
|---|---|---|--|--|
| No 1 E Leave Chatham, Arrive Chatham Junc., Leave " Arrive Chatham, | XPRESS. No.3 Ac 10.30 p. m. 10.55 ' 11.10 '' 11.35 " | 1.05 p.m. 1.35 " 2 50 " 3.20 " | Leave Chatham, Arrive Bathurst, Campbellton, | EXPRESS. ACCOM'DATION. 10.30 p. m., 1.05 p m 12.41 a. m. 4.55 " 2.40 " 7.40 " |
| | | GOING | SOUTH | 1 11 11 11 11 |
| | ME TABLE. EXPRESS, NO.4 AC 4.15 a m 4.40 " 4.50 " 5.20 " | 1.05 p m 1.35 " 2.50 " 3.20 " | Leave Chatham, Arrive Moncton "St John "Halifax | TIME TABLE. REPRESS ACCOM'DATION 4.10 a m 1.05 p m 7.00 a m 4.10 " |

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-Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St. John on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Halifaa Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St. John, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and from Stifax Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

The above Table is made up on I. C. Railway standard time, which is 75th meridian time.

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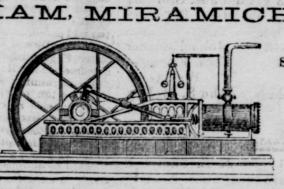
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TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK

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. Chatham, 13th August, 1889.

MIRAMICHI

BRICK MANUFACTURED All orders attended to promptly. Brick delivered f. o. b. cars or at wharf, o can

be got at the stores of Mr. W. S. Loggie, Chatham and Mr. Wm. Masson, Nawcastle. G. A. & H. S. FLET HONEY.

New Honey, Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Beef Iron and Wine,

Pleasant Worm Syrup, French Ointment. Eye Untment, White Rose Eye Water, English Veterniary Condition Powders, English Veterniary Liniment,

Leming's Essence.

The Medical Hall. J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE. Chatham, Sept. 27th '89.

all of the above received this week at

I. C. Coke Tin Plates. Ingot Tin. English Pig Lead, etc.

The Subscriber offers for sale at lowest current

Of good standard quality. JAMES FRASER. 58 Bedferd Row, Halifax, N. S.

THE FURNITURE

has been removed to the store lately occupied by J. J. Noonan, immediately opposite the Late Golden Ball and adjoining the Canada House. At the FURNITURE EMPORIUM will be found all kinds of Household Furniture, Bedding, etc., and not having time to solicit customers personally, the Public will remember that they can be served as well at the Emporium as at any

Wholesale: Tea in Half chests, Apples, Hay, Auction Sales every Saturday Auctioneer & Commission Merchant Chatham, Oct. 5, '89.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

ARRIVING

SUMMER IMPORTATIONS.

--- FULL LINES OF

SUMMER DRY GOODS,~ Hosiery.

Haberdashery, etc.

Carpets. Cutlery,

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS,

Latest Styles.

J. B. Snowball.

Chatham, May 1st, 1889.

JOB-PRINTING

"ADVANCE"

Building, MIRAMICHI

Chatham.

Streets, we are now prepared to execute all kinds or BOOK AND JOB-PRINTING

to the old Methodist Church building, corner Duke and Cunard

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. SCHOOL ASSESSMENT FORMS. Етс.; Етс., Етс.

Send along your orders.

D. G. SMITH.



JUST ARRIVED.

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

Tin Plates, Ingot Tin, &c. 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 Will buy Canned Lobsters them on our counters extraordinary pretty goods. Immense volume and variety. Everything rich and stylish. Every department full up of the latest and best. We defy the keenest competition in Canada to produce such goods and at such low

> measure the width. DRESS GOODS.

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

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

Men's Ready Made Clothing and Furnishings.

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