PLUCK BY JOHN STRANG WINTER.

CHAPTER VIL OLIVE'S VALENTINE O't expec ation fails, and most oft there Where most it promises; and oft it hits Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.—All's Well that Ends Well

Ah Love! Perjured, faise, treacherous Love! Enemy Of all that mankind may not rue! Most untrue To him who keeps most faith with thee. Woe is me!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

—The Spanish Student. The month of January passed over, but Olive Weyland's bliss did not lessen, and

The falcon has the eyes of the dove,

Ah Love!

nothing happened to make the true state of Harkness' feelings clear to her.

During the first week in February, however, he went up to town on a two days' leave—a fact which Olive learned while at a large reception near Gaystown, to which she had gone solely because she expected that he would be there.

Lucy was in the room when she and her mother entered, as also was D'Albiac. Now, D'Albiac, although a very great admirer of Miss Weyland, was not a man of brilliant conversational powers, and, as a general ru e, when holding intercourse with a lady, was, if not very liberally helped out, apt to stick fast. On that occasion he managed to get possession of a seat next to her; but Olive was not inclined to talk. Consequently, Mr. D'Albiac very soon relapsed into silence; and O.ive, while apparently attend-ing very closely to the music which was going on at that moment, was trying hard to hear a conversation which went on in whispers, or at least in an undertone, just behind her.

heard Lucy say. "Yes; but to be married." That was the voice of the colonel's wife. "I haven't heard anything about his being

marwried," said Lucy.
"No? Oh, but you have been away ten days, have you not? I assure you it is quite true; the colonel told me this morning. It was this way: when my husband heard he was going to leave, he told him he supposed he meant to settle down, and so on. Capt. Harkness went very red, and said he should announce it formally as soon as the day was

"Never heard a bwreath of it before," Harkness going to be marwried! Positively thewre won't be a single bachelor left in the wregiment before long. Why, at the wrate we are going on, I shall have the whole mess to myself long before Mignon grows up into a marwriageable young lady. But wreally—er—I can hardly cwredit the news

that Harkness is going to be marwried."

Olive accepted the news as absolutely true at once. He was going to be married! She sat just where the blow had fallen upon her, although the people moved to and fro and changed places on all sides of her. Men of all ages, professions and appearance came and spoke to her; but Olive, with the faithful D'Albiac still by her side, stayed just where she was until her mother rose to take

She heard the music, listened to a variety of more or less valueless remarks, and gave answer to them. She assured D'Albiac she -"Going to be married." What four terrible words they were!

They formed themselves into a sort of singsong chant, and regularly beat themselves into her brain—"Going to be married—going

My pen will hardly describe the bitter night which Olive passed. Oh, the sad tears the pretty white throat, which was one of which fell upon her pillow for the end of all her greatest attractions, was a row of fine her hopes—the pain of wounded pride, for the horrible realization of the truth that she sapphire initial. had been slighted, passed over for another.

"If only," she cried, passionately, to herself in the midst of her tears, "if only she followed by half a dozen officers, who en-

course; she knew him too well ever to hope that. She knew that although it was almost impossible to offend him, yet that, once

If she had but known it, three lines on a sheet of note paper would have brought him snow wreath before the heat of an August | thumping legacy. sun; and as for offended dignity-why, what was all the dignity in the world, whether it happened to be offended or not, in comparison with the treasure of Olive's promise? But Olive knew nothing of this; and so the wretched night passed over in de-

ing nothing.
The day, which broke cold and gray upon a chilly world, was the 13th of February. After some two hours' fitful, broken and uneasy slumber Olive opened her eyes, and, as might be expected, with a racking head-

Her first thought was to tell her maid

that she would remain in bed; but second thoughts said: "No; get up." After her cup of tea she decided to go for a ride, just as a means of getting away by herself, and also to do away with the ill effects of a bad night. For she was dethe fact that she either had a headache or had passed a bad night, lest any one—she did not define in her own mind who the "any

did not define in her own mind who the "any one" might be—should put two and two together, and connect her indisposition with Capt. Harkness' marriage.

Thereupon, immediately after breakfast, she left Copplethwaite on a tall, gray horse, and took the road to Gaystown. After going a mile or so, she met Hartog and Lucy out for their morning ride together. Of course Hartog pulled up his horse, and equally, of course, Lucy could not do otherwise; though, if he had been alone, he would simply have saluted and passed on. As it simply have saluted and passed on. As it was, they turned back with her, and the three rode slowly toward the town, Olive in

She did not, however, go more than a mile farther. It was not very pleasant, for Hartog talked a great deal, and Lucy very little; so presently Olive drew rein, and said she

had come far enough.

"Shall you be at home this afternoon?"
Hartog asked. "If so, I will ride over, if I

"Yes, do I believe several people are coming in for tea," Olive answered; then looked deprecatingly at Lucy and said: "Won't you come, too? You have not been

For a moment it seemed as if every drop of blood in poor Lucy's body had flown to his face; the next instant it was as white as

"I'm awfully sorwry," he stammered; "but I've got to go and look at a horse with the colonel. I—I—don't think I can get off it."

"Never mind; come another day," said Olive, holding out her hand to him.

"Ye got to go and look at a horse with the all. Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Stamer!" as a lady on his left addressed him. "How do you do? Full room this evening, is there not?"

"I will," he answered. But he did not; no, not for many a day

Olive felt braver and better as she rode Olive felt braver and better as she rode back to Copplethwaite alone; she was on the high road to making friends again with Capt. Lucy, who would never, never, she knew, taunt her with what she was so desperately anxious to hide from Capt. Harkness in particular, and from the world in general—that she had allowed her fancy to be taken by a man who had passed her over for another. Even to herself she was careful to say her "fancy." even to herself she what here ful to say her "fancy;" even to herself she would not admit that her heart had been touched at all.

It was marvelous how much better she rest; her headache had altogether lest her—
in reality, from the effect of the excitement
—and by the time she reached home she began to think that, after all, she did not care
very much about it.

As she had said to Hartog, some people

were coming for tea; and a very fair number did come—there must have been twenty. Hartog arrived in good time and stayed to the last, though he had not much opportunity of saying anything of a private nature "Imper to Olive; he did, however, have a chance of sharply. asking her if she were going to hear Trebelli and Edward Lloyd, in the Gaystown town hall, the following evening.

ours," he said, with a laugh.
"I am afraid you won't be able to do that, say?"

for we took the only three left on that row,"
Olive informed him. "What a nuisance! Then I shall sit and bloom upon her cheeks, replied that he only of queer people." look murderously at the wretched occupant asked her how she liked the concert. all the evening. I hope you will wear an extra pretty dress, just to give me a chance

of looking pleasant part of the time."
"I will," answered Olive, with quite her old air of gayety.

Now, when the morning dawned it was the feast of St. Valentine, and when the post bag reached Copplethwaite there were a dozen or so of letters addressed to Miss Weyland. There was a grand white satin Weyland. There was a grand white satin affair from Tom Hotham, the richest coal owner in Lancashire, who would long ago gladly have taken Olive away from Copplethwaite, to spend the proceeds of his black diamond mines as she thought most fit. There were other offerings of the same

kind, and there was one in the shape of a packet—a small, square packet, done up in thick white paper, and containing a little case such as jewelers use. When Olive opened this she found that it held a gold locket, bearing on one side the letter O in sapphires; on the other was cut into the gold a monogram of two letters, and the

For a moment or two the girl's heart seemed to stand still as if it never would go on any more forever. Then, as she began to think more coherently, she began to breathe more freely, and her heart to beat again

with something like regularity.

After all, she had been a stupid, foolish girl, and had borne a very agony of pain without the least cause for having any pain whatever. Of course it was true that he was going to be married, it was true that he would announce the name as soon as everything was formally settled; but she would be the bride, and it would be her name that by and by he would disclose to the officers

of his regiment and to society at large. What a little fool she had ever been to doubt him, she said, savagely, to herself; to doubt the tenderness, the gentle, kind, protecting air of ownership, all because he had not told his intentions to the world! How could he plead guilty to an engagement be-fore he had even asked her? How intolerably stupid she had been! She ought to have which her.

"Oh, but Harkness is going to leave," she known what he meant by leaving the army, the gallant profession which he loved—simply because it would be impossible to remain in the same regiment with Capt. Lucy, who had not only been in love with her for years, but who had been Ashford Harkness'

> But there was a letter just within the lid of the case—a letter in the big, careless handwriting which made her heart throt just to look at it; and the letter said this: "I venture to send you an offering for St. Valentine, with the hope that in accepting it you will take me also. I shall look for you at the concert to-morrow evening; and if you wear it I shall be the happiest man upon earth. Ever yours, him to write—short, brief, soldierly and to the point! No idle protestations, no needless compliments, but straight to the point, as he would send his sword to his enemy's

Would she wear it? Ay, that she would, not only at that evening's concert, but always; for was not this his first gift? Yes, she would wear it—as she would wear his brave and stalwart image in her heart-for-

She showed the locket to her mother, not the letter at first, though afterward she changed her mind and did. She answered with a blush and a smile, "Yes," when Mrs. Weyland asked if she meant to wear it.

And then Mrs. Weyland kissed her fondly, not without a sigh for Lucy and his final

All that blessed livelong day did Olive tread, as it were, upon air. A dozen times was not in the least degree faint. She bade adieu to the lady of the house, and went into the dining room for a cup of coffee before they left—all to the echo of four words tread, as it were, upon air. A dozen times she took her precious locket off its chain, that she might see it better, kissed it as tenderly as if it had been a living thing, then softly rubbed its brilliant surface with the bit of filmy embroidered cambric which did duty as a handkerchief; for kissing is not a process calculated to improve the luster

either of gold or gems.
She took infinite pains with her toilet that evening, and the result was perfection. Her gown was of dark blue velvet; and round

had not said nay to Cecil Lucy—if only she had not rejected the honest love which he had offered her!"

followed by half a dozen officers, who entered in single file, and went to their seats with that air of excessive modesty never assumed commendations. sumed so successfully by any class of men He would never ask her again now, of as by soldiers. First came D'Albiac, most possessed of

them all, with a smile and a bow for Olive, impossible to offend him, yet that, once really angered, it was almost as impossible Harkness, struggling with an overcoat, a to put things right with him. If she had but known it, three lines on a sheet of note paper would have brought him to her side, if not with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, certainly as fast as the four good legs of his best horse could carry him. Pride, anger, offended dignity—pooh! He had no pride where she was concerned; anger would have melted at her smile, like a snow wreath before the heat of an August The glorious Trebelli was in her best form

that night, and sang a pretty, fanciful ballad, with a French refrain: Mon amant, m'aime un peu, beaucoup, Passionnement...pas de tout!"

Olive could not help sending a swift, happy glance across the room at a face on the raised side seats as the rich, deep tones flooded the great hall. She met the full gaze of Harkness' eyes, deep, tender, full of love; then she could not help seeing the misery in Lucy's blue eyes, though they were fixed upon the singer, and his air was one of listless indifference; and then she encountered the passions to admiration in Hartog's bluer ones—admiration so marked that a hot flush overspread her cheeks as she turned her

the side seats until the interval of ten m utes between the two parts of the concert. Then, indeed, there was a rush of half a dozen men for the chair which Mr. Weyland had temporarily vacated—a rush of Hark-ness, Lucy (I place him second, though in truth he was the last of all, and could scarcely be said to rush, that not being his form exactly), Hartog, D'Albiac and two men belonging to the neighborhood.

Harkness won, and dropped down by Olive's side with an air of profound relief.

"How do you do, Miss Weyland? I haven't seen you for ages!" he remarked, coolly, regardless of the fact that Hartog was bending down to speak to her, and looking as black as a thundercloud the while.

"Quite well, thanks. No; I have not seen you for some time, have I?" looking at him with proud and happy eyes. "Did you get many valentines?" he asked, "A few; and this," touching the locket at

"Oh, that's very pretty. Would you be-lieve it, Miss Weyland, Lucy had seven-

"Really! And you?" "Only one, and the customary one from Miss Mignon," he added. "She always sent me one-Lucy and Hartog, and, in fact, nearly all of us. Of course we all send her

several. Not one of us would miss Mignon's days for anything!" "And which are her days?" "All the festivals-Christmas, New Year.

"Very. And how are you, Capt. Harkness? I hear I am to congratulate you."
"Er—thanks, very much," in a tone as if he did not want to hear any more of the

"I hope you will be very happy," the lady continued, blandly.
"Er—thanks, very many," returned Hark-

Now this, Harkness thought, was going just a shade too far in the gratification of what he considered to be mere idle curiosity. "Well, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Stamer," he said, politely, "that is a question I have not yet asked myself."

"Oh, really! returned Mrs. Stamer, feeling very much as she might have done had she unexpectedly ran her head against a stone It was just as well for her comfort that

some one addressed her at that moment Harkness, with a look of annoyance, turned "There's nothing so annoying as inquisitiveness," he murmured. "Impertinence I call it," said Olive

lous voice; then gave a start. "I-I-beg your pardon, Mr. Hartog; what did you | ually moving about. Besides, what is all Hartog, who saw the quivering of her lips other thing when one's got a wife to take

"Oh, immensely! And Trebelli is more

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enchanting than ever!" she replied, with an enthusiasm such as one might expect from a young lady whose soul was in Elys-

"Yes; I think so, too. That Marguerite song is charming, and just the thing for St. Valentine. By the by, did you get many

"A few"-the bright smiles beaming out again instantly; "and very nice ones. Oh, they are beginning again! What a bore! Never mind, we shall see you afterwards." Olive was supremely happy that night as she recalled the soft and gentle look in his eyes, the tender tones of his voice, the smile upon his lips, as he asked her, "Will you not wish me joy also?" She felt that life was good, most good. Oh, how far, far away seemed the miseries of doubt and uncertainty through which she had but just passed! How good a thing it was to love and be

"He will come to-morrow," was her last consc ous thought that night. "He will come to-day," her first waking one of the morrow She had luncheon by herself, for her parents had gone to lunch at a house some miles away. Not that she minded in the least. She made a very decent meal off fricasseed chicken and jelly, and then went upstairs to change her pretty gown for a prettier one, in anticipation of his coming. Just as she clasped her broad gold collar, from which the sapphire locket hung by a large book, she heard the sound of horses' hoofs upon the drive below. She did not wait an instant, but, snatching up her hand-kerchief, ran down into the hall, where she came face to face with-Mr. Hartog.

CHAPTER VIII. ATCHAFALAYA!

For a moment the disappointment was almost too great for her to speak; then she re-covered herself, and held out her hand to

"I am all alone," she said, with a great assumption of cheery friendliness. "My peo-ple have gone out to lunch. Come into the morning room."

The morning room was the favorite sitting room at Copplethwaite, and where the ladies of the house almost always sat. Hartog fol-lowed her there, and closed the door behind them—followed her to the hearth, and there startled her by taking both her hands in his. "Oh, my darling, my darling!" he cried, passionately. "How shall I thank you—how shall I ever thank you?"

"Thank me?" Olive stammered.

"Do you know," he went on, "that last night I did not dare to look at you for an

hour or more, for fear you should have rejected my valentine and me alike; and then, when I saw this"—touching the locket—"my heart began to beat so fast, I thought I should have died of suffocation!" Now, as every one knows, thoughts fly much faster than words; and while he was speaking Olive had time to think a good deal-to realize that the initials A. H. stood for Anthony Hartog, not for Ashford Hark-ness; to realize that Harkness had been speaking of some one else when he answered Mrs. Stamer's question, to the effect that he had not asked the lady to name the wedding day; to realize that Harkness was engaged to some one else; to remember that she had shown the locket and the letter to her mother, and had said, with all signs of joy, that she should wear it that evening, to remember that she had worn it, and that, in

mistaking the giver of it, she had made a mistake she would never retrieve to her She remembered, now, that in showing the letter and locket neither she nor her mother had mentioned a name, both using she drew back now, her mother would know n a moment that she had been mistaken; and not even her mother must ever know it! Then, if she drew back now, Hartog would know it, too, who might even be stung by the knowledge into telling Harkness himself, the last in the world who must ever know it. No-like one flash of lightning did these thoughts all rush through her brain-

Nor did she once again even glance toward frightened Hartog almost out of his seven enses by bursting into violent weeping "My darling, my darling!" he cried, soothingly. "Pray don't cry so; don't, darling. I know all this has upset you—no wonder, but you make me feel such a brute—you do, Eventually, Olive drew herself away, and

began to dry her eyes, saying, meekly, that she was very sorry; she hadn't meant to be stupid; but—but—she couldn't help it; this last with a wretched little sob, to end the

At this Hartog took another tack. "You couldn't help it!" he cried. "Why. you shall cry all day long, if you like!" at which Olive burst out laughing as unex-rectedly and as suddenly as, two minutes before, she had burst out crying. "There, that's better!" he exclaimed, admiringly. "I thought it was something

rather new to see you like this. You are upset by all this, darling—no wonder. I was nearly out of my mind with suspense all yesterday. Oh, if you only knew the utter relief it was to see my locket resting on your pretty white neck!"

"I thought you said just now that it nearly suffocated you," Olive objected. She had found her voice at last, and made an immense effort to appear natural and at ease. So Olive did-at least she submitted in a

passive, unresisting way to be kissed by him, and in his bliss Hartog never noticed "And you like your locket?" he asked, after

"Immensely!" answered she; which was true enough, poor little soul. "I have brought you a ring—not quite to match it, but still with sapphires," he went on. "You will let me put it on your finger,

"Oh, yes!" she said; but all at once she began to feel faint and sick. It was a lovely ring, as she admitted when she saw it—a large half-hoop of three diamonds and two sapphires; the diamonds very white and full of fire; the sapphires of the true "lucky" blue.

"It is a beautiful ring," she said, holding it between finger and thumb.
"Let me put it on." Then he took it from her and slipped it on the right finger. "I hope it fits well. I have heard it is unlucky to have them altered; and we must have no ill-luck, must we?"

"I think it is all right," she said, feeling very much as if a policeman had slipped a pair of bandcuffs over her wrists. "You are not well," he said, looking at her anxiously. "I hope you did not take cold when coming out of that hot room last "Oh, no; I am well. I ail nothing," care-

and Edward Lloyd, in the Gaystown town hall, the following evening.

"Oh, yes, of course we are," Olive answered. "Are not you going?"

"To be sure. I shall see you there, then?"

"Yes; we sit in the front row."

"I shall do my best to get a seat next you not gave a start. "I—I—beg.

"Well, one might almost say so; but I dare say she only meant to show a kindly interest."—his usual good humor coming back to him. "But are you not going to wish me joy also?"

Olive lifted her big eyes with a smile.

"Every joy!" she said, in a low and tremulous voice; then gave a start. "I—I—beg.

The say in the fraid you've taken cold. I hope not. And how does it fit? Oh, a little large. Well, that will leave room for your fingers to grow, eh? Do you know, darling, I can hardly believe my good luck yet. We won't stay in the regiment, eh? You don't care about it, do you? It's really very stupid, and you've taken cold. I hope not. And how does it fit? Oh, a little large. Well, that will leave room for your fingers to grow, eh? Do you know, darling, I can hardly believe my good luck yet. We won't stay in the regiment, eh? You don't care about it, do you? It's really very stupid, and the say she only meant to show a kindly interest."—his usual good humor coming back to him. "But are you not going to wish me joy also?"

Olive lifted her big eyes with a smile.

"Every joy!" she said, in a low and tremulation hardly believe my good luck yet. We won't stay in the regiment, eh? You don't care about it, do you? It's really very stupid, and the say she only meant to show a kindly interest.

"I shall see you there, then?" and you do get so sick and weary of contin very well for a bachelor becomes quite an-"You have got mixed up with me?"

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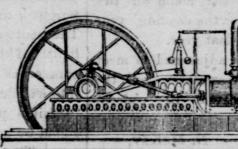
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she must abide by the consequences of her grievous mistake, be they what they might. It was at this point that she all at once

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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 Lini-Leming's Essence. all of the above received this week at

Tin Plates, Ingot Tin, &c. 79 Cases and Bales of New Spring Goods! PALLEN'S CORNER The Subscriber offers for sale at lowest current I. C. Coke Tin Plates,

Chatham, Sept. 27th '89.

Ingot Tin,

English Pig Lead, etc. Will buy Canned Lobsters Of good standard quality. JAMES FRASER.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

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

-ALSO-

GENERAL BUSINESS.

NOW ARRIVING

SUMMER IMPORTATIONS.

---FULLLINES OF-

SUMMER DRY COOBS, Hosiery.

Haberdashery, etc.

Carpets, Cutlery,

Latest Styles.

J. B. Snowball.

Chatham, May 1st, 1889.

JOB-PRINTING

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

Chatham,

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 offices at the

at St. John, where it received a

Dominion Centennial Exhibition

-MEDAL AND DIPLOMAfor "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,

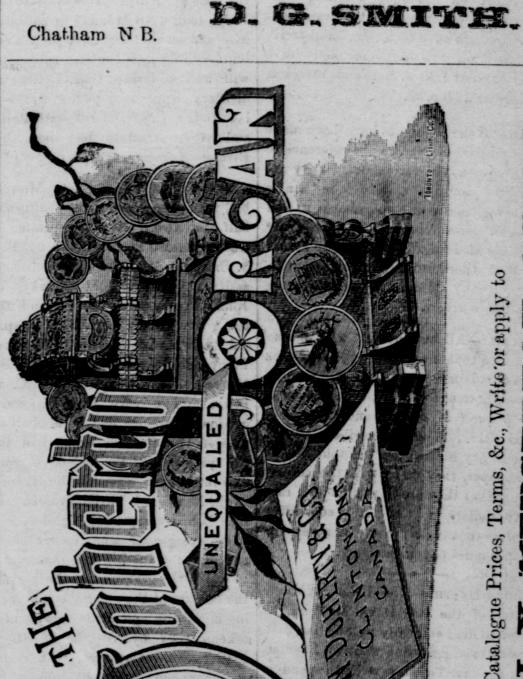
FISH INVOICES, (newest form.) MAGISTRATES' BLANKS. DEEDS AND MORTGAGES. SUPREME AND COUNTY COURT BLANKS. SHERIFFS' BLANKS.

RAILWAY SHIPPING RECEIPTS.

Етс.; Етс., Етс. Send along your orders,

SCHOOL ASSESSMENT FORMS

TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS.



ARRIVED

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

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 measure the width.

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. You's very truly

SUTHERLAND & CREACHAN