CHAPTER XVI.

Whilst Mr. Vergueil sat like patience in an armchair in his own apartment listening with a somewhat tigerish vigilance to the movements of his neighbor, Harry Wynne was busy with his own reflections.

"So it seems," his thoughts ran, "that poor Morton was a swindler. I thought that hair-dying game of his was a mere bit of foppery, and now I suppose it was part of a disguise. No wonder I couldn't find Kekewich in Cheshire, or that the Morton family in those parts had left no trace behind them. I didn't even steal a real name from him. He was a kindly hearted sweep. He was very gentle with that braised leg of mi[illegible]

"I [illegible] Mr. Hump[illegible] this time. It's [illegible] of it, [illegible] undrel [illegible] osing [illegible] ared [illegible] dge- [illegible] d it [illegible] dreds [illegible] that [illegible] from [illegible] weet-heart, [illegible] proverb [illegible] Was I an esp[illegible] nborn, or are [illegible] young fellows about town in the same [illegible] of mess this minute? I haven't the p[illegible] of your acquaintance as yet, Gilead, [illegible] walk into your parlor, since I [illegible] your friends there, and we will all [illegible] lves together."

He was filled with a right [illegible] the prospect of detecting and d[illegible] the villains who had ruined him. [illegible] f in Inthia's fidelity to his me[illegible] his wrath against them all the[illegible] hey had robbed him of her all th[illegible] and they had robbed her of him. [illegible] it of no coxcombry that he knew th[illegible] loved him. She had had one of the [illegible] en in England at her feet for years. He was still there, and was evidently ready to stay there all his lifetime. Only a profound attachment to the memory of her boyish sweetheart could have kept the girl from accepting so brilliant an offer from so excellent a man as Humphrey Frost. Harry felt warm and friendly to his rival, as an honest lover may when he knows that the rival's presence brings no danger.

"I will keep my alias," he said to himself, as he walked with a resolute footstep up and down the room, hurried into physical motion by the tumult of his mind. "I will keep my alias until I have unmasked these scoundrels, but not an hour beyond. It is more than my right to proclaim myself, it is a duty. I must repay the old man the money he spent to clear me. I must tell Inthia who I am, and ask her if she can take her lover back again. I have been a fool too often to dare to brag of wisdom now, but God knows I have tried hard to atone to my own heart, and I know humbly that I am a better man than I was when I went away."

His mind ran in these grooves for hours. At one minute he melted at the thought of Inthia, and at the next he felt a solemn exultation over the rascals who had broken him.

No man lives at high pressure for ever, and even a lover, and the hero of a real tragedy, will find moments of rest and quiet. Harry ordered luncheon in his own room, and attacked it with something like his desert appetite, in spite of the exercises of love and war upon which he was engaged. Then in due time he dressed with an unusual, scrupulous care, and betook himself to the fancy fair at the Albert Hall, drawn thither by the advertised fact that Inthia had partial charge of one of the stalls. He could see her and be near her, could speak to her and hear her voice, and his pulses sang with a tender triumph at the thought of her truth, her goodness and her beauty. He was not quit of the shame of his old errors and follies, nor, to do him justice, was he the man to ask to be quit of it until he had paid his penalties in full, and had made confession and restitution. He would owe a lifelong devotion even then. But there was yet a delight in standing behind the veil of his alias, and in watching as it were unseen the workings of that generous, unforgetting heart. How many women were there in the world, he asked himself, who could have kept faith unimpaired through such dark days as he had left her to? His heart knelt before her in pure worship, as if she were a saint enshrined.

The great commonplaces have their way in spite of all heroisms and passions. The crowd at the Albert Hall was as flippant, as uninteresting, and as banale as a crowd usually is to a stranger in its midst. He was there with his emotions, and the fashionable mob was inappropiate. He was recognised, followed about, pointed at. He was the target for hundreds of pairs of delicately held tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, and of scores upon scores of single eye glasses. People pressed upon him with that impertinent and intolerable scrutiny which is only seen in well dressed assemblies. By and by other celebrities turned up, and to his huge contentment drew the attention of the crowd away. He was free to seek and to find Inthia's stall, and there, standing in front of it, he found his old acquaintance and long-standing rival Humphrey Frost, who had already bought so much that he was ashamed to buy more. The stall was half denuded by his purchases, and Lady McCorquodale was in majestic high spirits with the magnificence of her receipts.

Mr. Humphrey Frost was introduced to the distinguished traveller, and shook hands with him without a suspicion of his indentity.

"Mr. Morton," said Lady McCorquodale, "was with our poor dear Harry at his death. The poor boy was shot down at his side, and Mr. Morton himself was dangerously wounded at the same moment."

At this Frost began to question warmly, and whilst the conversation was still going on a smooth gentleman of foreign exterior, with a scarcely perceptible foreign accent, approached the pair and drew the millionaire away.

"You will understand, Mr. Morton," said her stately ladyship, "how very natural it is that your return to England should bring poor Harry to our minds again. He was always our favorite, and we can never forget him, but there is a freshness about his memory now." The old lady's dark eyes were suspiciously brilliant, but she continued with her usual dignity. "He did not know what he was running away from. It is quite possible that if he had lived he would have been the head of the family. My father is ninety-nine years of age, Mr. Morton, and in the course of nature he cannot last much longer, but in constitution he is scarcely older than Lord Hounes. Charles Seaforth, Lord Hounes's son, is a confirmed valetudinarian. He has been married thirteen years, and has no family. Colonel Seaforth, poor Harry's uncle, who was next in the line, is dead, though his life seemed to be worth the other three put together. And so you see if the poor foolish boy had lived he would have been very near to the earldom of Bridgebourne now. You must forgive me for speaking of these things to you, but Harry was a comrade of yours, and I can see that you cared for him. You will not be impatient at the recital of an old woman's trouble."

How little, he thought, he had known that they all cared for him. Half the past was obliterated in his mind. He forgot and was willing to forget the angry opposition which her ladyship had offered to him. That at least was buried with the past.

That sunburned and massive exterior the traveller had brought back with him showed nothing of the tender riot in his heart. He and Inthia had saluted each other to all appearance after the most casual and commonplace fashion. But he could not for his soul keep out of his eyes for the one brief second during which they rested on hers, a hint of the worship which filled his mind. She had grown to be a finished woman of the world, and was not to be scared out of her self-possession by an ardent glance. Her looks were all the cooler for it, but the glance fluttered her strangely. She wondered a little that she was not angered by it, it seemed so full of a meaning which no stranger had a right to express to her. She was not in the least angry, except with herself because she could command no anger. On the contrary she felt an almost overpowering curiosity about the man, and must needs look at him again. That instinct of the eye, the working of which everybody has experienced, warned Harry of her gaze. Their eyes met point blank, and flashed an untranslatable message from each to each. She felt a vivid blush dye her very throat and forehead, and turned hastily away. He, knowing that his glance had freightened her, abused himself savagely, and tried to pin himself down to the vivacious chatter of Lady Mabel, who was pressing a small pocket portfolio upon him.

"It is quite a gem in its way," said her ladyship, musingly. "There is nothing here, Mr. Morton, which purchasers dare criticise, unless, indeed, they are armed with feminine terrors. All these objects of beauty are the work of our own hands. This portefeuille is mine." She made a pretty pretence of surprise on opening it. "No. I must not steal a sister artist's credit. This is Miss Grey's embroidery. I recognize it by its neatness. My own style has more bravura in it. It is only five pounds. Surely you need no persuasion."

He needed none, indeed. At that moment he would have given all he owned for the possession of any trifle which had actually felt the touch of Inthia's fingers. He paid the five pounds, and the elegant trifle was his own. He put his hand to his breast pocket, and drew out the little leather wallet which held Inthia's last letter. His heart so overflowed over the old souvenir and the new that his fingers and his bearded lips both trembled. That wonderful instinct of the eye struck him again, and he looked up through a thin, swift flash of tears. Once more he met Inthia's glance, and again she blushed beneath it, and turned away in a new wonder and confusion. How dared the man to look at her, and why did she not resent it? Why did she even feel a pleasure in it? A raw country girl would have known better how to preserve her dignity.

Lady Mabel was holding up the note in a half-coquettish, secret triumph to Lady McCorquodale, so that she and the old lady saw nothing of this rapid byplay. Inthia was quite unnerved, and fell with shaking fingers to arranging some trifles about the stall.

At this point Humphrey Frost came providentially back again, and renewed the broken talk. Harry could speak with him, at least, without betraying the emotions which filled him. By and by Lady Mabel broke in upon them.

"After your presence at a fancy fair, Mr. Morton, your profession of recluse will not be allowed to serve you. A fancy fair, except for the stallkeepers, is the most frivolous of town amusements. A ball, by comparison, is quite a solemn function. I shall really expect to see you at Milne House on Friday. I have received a response to my invitation beginning, 'Mr. Ronald Morton regrets,' and bearing lithography upon its face. Now that shows that you are declining invitations wholesale, but really I expect you to reconsider your determination."

"You will be at Lady Mabel's ball, Miss Grey?" said Frost, leaning across the counter.

"We are dissipating terribly this week," Inthia answered, with an almost feverish brightness. "We have three days of the fancy fair, the garden party at Lambeth Palace on Thursday, and Lady Mabel's ball on Friday."

"Come, Mr. Morton," said Lady Mabel, "pray consent to bear the penalties of your position. If you are a shy lion I promise that you shall not be over-hunted."

"I shall be delighted," said Harry, "to accept your invitation."

Inthia experienced a new disturbance. She had actually indicated her intended whereabouts, and it looked to her as if she had offered an appointment. The man had certainly accepted it. And even yet she was not angry. Lady Mabel enjoyed quite a reputation as a lively and agreeable chatterbox, and once having found that the new lion, in spite of his scar and his other reminiscences of the desert, was clawless, she played about him with all the popgun artillery of her conversational charms. At something she said Frost broke into a decorous laugh, and Harry, whose spirits were at something like fever heat, took it up in less conventional fashion. He had always had a jolly and infectious laugh, and had not of late years been accustomed to confine it within drawing-room limits. It rang out over the hum of talk, and two or three score of people turned to look at him. Inthia found Lady McCorquodale regarding her almost with a look of terror, and at that became conscious of her own aspect. Both hands had gone to her heart, and she was standing with parted lips and frightened eyes.

The laugh was so like Harry's.

When she had first seen Mr. Ronald Morton he had brought Harry to her mind. The laugh brought him back again even more vividly. The look the stranger had bent upon her had been like Harry's. A mad, half-formed fancy made her limbs tremble. She knew how foolish and how wild it was, and put it from her mind, but she knew now the source of the interest the traveler excited in her. The tones of his voice had now and then a hint of Harry's in them. His eyes wore a look of Harry—a resemblance fugitive, but strong. She understood her own feeling, and in that knowledge became mistress of herself again.

CHAPTER XVII.

At about six o'clock that evening M. Vergueil, strolling leisurely into the vestibule of the hotel, saw there a man in a velvet skull-cap of dark blue seated in a little go-cart. He was in animated conversation with the hall porter, and the detective, turning his back upon him, studied the addresses of the telegrams exposed in a glass case upon the wall.

"Gilfoil," said the man in the go-cart, in strong American tone. "Gilead C. Gilfoil, to see Mr. Ronald Morton. That's my card, and it's got to go up stairs."

"Well, sir, I've told you already," the hall-keeper answered, "that Mr. Morton's orders are imperative. Your name, sir, is not on the list."

"I sha'n't leave till I've seen him," the man in the go-cart responded, "and if you won't take up my card, you'll have to take up a note. Get me an envelope."

The man obeyed, and whilst he was away M. Vergueil continued his study of the telegrams in the glass case. Mr. Gilfoil pencilled a line or two upon a leaf torn from his pocket-book, put his brief missive into the envelope handed to him by the hall porter, and was in the act of addressing it, when a young man of commonplace exterior came down the staircase, fluttering a sheet of paper in his hand."

"That's the amended list," he said, addressing the hall-porter. "There are two or three new names on it. You'll find the additions at the bottom."

With that and a nod the young man was gone. The hall-porter, casting his eye over the paper placed in his hand, turned again to the man in the go-cart.

"Mr. Gilfoil," he said, "your name is here. Mr. Morton's secretary has just put the list into my hands."

"That's all right," said Mr. Gilfoil. "You've got a lift, I reckon. Where is it?"

"This way, sir."

Mr. Gilfoil set his little wheeled chair in dexterous motion, and followed the man's footsteps. M. Vergueil ceased his interested study and walked quietly upstairs. He went so leisurely that the man in the go-cart had been admitted to Mr. Ronald Morton's rooms before the detective had entered the corridor.

Harry Wynne stood in the center of the room to receive his visitor, and when the waiter opened the door Mr. Gilfoil steered deftly into the apartment. The door closed behind him and the two were left alone. The paralytic sat in his chair with one blanched hand on either of the handles by which his mechanism was moved, cocking his porcelain blue eyes upwards at the other's face.

"You're backing down a little, are you, William?" he said in a tone of dry satiric triumph.

Harry returned no answer, but studied his man with a look of calm inquiry. The man studied him in answer, pressing upon him a daring and insolent gaze.

"You can stand where you are, William," he said, after staring at him for perhaps half a minute. "I'll take a tour of observation round you."

He set his wheeled chair in moti[on], threading noiselessly among chairs and tables, and keeping his eye fixed up[on] his supposed recalcitrant confederate. A mere flash of amusement lit Harry's eyes as the examiner passed behind him, but by the time Mr. Gilfoil came round to his starting place he had gone as impassive as before.

"You would appear to be interested in my personal appearance, Mr. Gilfoil," he said quietly.

"I am that," Mr. Gilfoil responded, and continued his scrutiny. "You've altered, William, and I ain't a bit surprised that you thought that you could bluff us. You might ha' done it too, I don't mind telling you, if you'd had the nous to take a new alias. You wouldn't let out much to Peter this morning, but it wasn't like you to leave them bonds about, was it, William?"

His wicked blue eye bored at the supposed William like a gimlet.

"You and your comrades, Mr. Gilfoil," Harry answered him, "seem to have a curious love of mystery. A Captain Heaton, who announced himself as your friend was here this morning, and offered me a great number of mysterious innuendoes. I besought him to speak plainly, but it was all of no avail. He persisted in all manner of vague evasions, and I want to tell you now, Mr. Gilfoil, that I am prepared to call a spade a spade, and that I expect you, in your dealings with me, to display a similar candor. What do you want from me?"

Mr. Gilfoil wheeled his chair a foot or two nearer, and motioned to a seat.

"Sit down there," he said, "I don't know what kind o' game you're playing, but you ain't going to give me away if I can help it. You ain't gone deaf, have you, William? You don't wont hailing through a speaking trumpet. Bend your head down."

Harry did as he was told. The little paralytic looked viperous enough to give him a touch of actual physical distaste for nearness, but he had not been accustomed to stick at trifles in that direction.

"There is nobody, so far as I know, to overhear us, but you may speak as quietly as you please. Only tell me in plain English what you want."

"D'ye see this?" whispered Gilfoil with a sudden and intensely savage gesture of his blanched hands, which seemed to take in himself from head to feet.

"I see," Harry responded.

"You see," returned Mr. Gilfoil, growing cold as suddenly as he had grown hot; "and bitter little you care when you do see. You ask me what I want, and I'm going to tell you. I want payment for seven years' solitary confinement at hard labor in this machine. I want to be paid for a paralysed spine and legs that ain't no use to me. You got off scot free, William, and I didn't. When we dropped off that there train together you fell soft and I fell hard, and now you're going to fall hard and I'm going to fall soft if I know how to. Now don't you make any mistake about that, William, because it's so."

"What will be will be, Mr. Gilfoil," said Harry. "We shall see."

"Now I won't take any Mr. Gilfoiling from you," the cripple answered with that tendency to fly irritably off at any tangent which sufferers of his kind so commonly display. "My name is Gilead, and I'll trouble you to call me by it."

"If you insist upon it, Gilead."

Mr. Gilfoil was far from being mollified by this concession, and fixed a venomous eye upon his companion, as if he would willingly have done him any cruel mischief, and was only held back from it by his own own impotence.

"You got off with the coin," he said, "and I got off with a paralysed spine and legs that ain't no use to me. I thought you meant to be square, and if you didn't, I'm blamed if I know now what made you pick me up and carry me three miles to that thundering cutter. If you meant to keep your claws on everything you'd have found it a safer game to leave me there. I should have split in that case to be sure, but they wouldn't have given you more than fourteen or fifteen years, and you'll be worse off than that, William, if you try to get around me now. My share's half. You can arrange afterwards with the Co. as you like. They're poor cattle, Hump and Peter and Butterfield are, and that's a fact. You've got the bonds in your hands. They were seen here this morning. We'll go over 'em now, if you please, and I'll take half of 'em."

At the shock of this discovery Harry rose to his feet and took a step or two across the room.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gilfoil, reading these signs in his own way, "it was a greenhorn's trick to leave 'em open on the table. It wasn't a bit like you. Fetch 'em out, and let's have a look at 'em."

"Can't you give me a chance to be honest, Gilead?" said Harry. With this complete revelation of the people implicated his last shred of unwillingness to play the part of William Reid vanished. He accepted the position frankly, and set quick wits to work to choose the most natural standpoint. "What do you think I went away for seven years for, Gilead?"

"Well if you ask me," said Gilead, "I should say it was because you hadn't got the pluck to come home again. There were a heap of kind enquiries after you."

"Suppose I had had about enough of it, Gilead? Suppose I'd made up my mind that the game wasn't worth the candle. Suppose I said to myself 'I'll start fresh, make an honest name, and cut the old gang altogether.' Suppose——"

"You're doing a pile o' supposing," interjected Gilead. "Suppose I suppose a little. S'pose you stop all this tommy rot and hand all them bonds out."

"Suppose I don't?" answered Harry. "Suppose I hand them to the rightful owners?"

"I'm the rightful owner of one half of 'em," Gilfoil answered, "and I'm going to have what belongs to me. As to your turning honest, William, I shall believe that when I see the Tower o' London floating in mid-Atlantic. Honest! Why you're enough to turn the stomach of a hog. Takes up with honesty, and wants to cheat his old pal. A fine old honest seven years you've been having, I'll bet. You couldn't bring the blooming desert with you, could you, William? but I guessed you cleaned it out. The next white man that goes there won't find many pickings left. I wouldn't bear a family resemblance to you and travel in them parts, not much I wouldn't. Honest! Here, you've got a drink of something on the premises? Let me get the taste of that out of my mouth."

He wheeled his chair to a sideboard, and helped himself from a decanter and a syphon which stood there, and having drunk with an air of indignant disgust, returned.

"Look here," he began again, "when I want that kind of stuff thrown at me I'll take up a location or a piece of waste land, and stick up a sign-board telling the folks that rubbish can be shot there. Fetch them bonds out."

"Of what use will they be to you, Gilead?" Harry asked, beginning to find a certain grim humor in the situation, and rather to his own surprise enjoying it.

"That's my business," Gilead responded. "We ain't so all-fired clever as you are, but we have managed to do a bit of business in your absence, William. We're doing a bit now, and if you didn't want to play these mule games we could make it worth your while to be in it, big bug as you've grown."

Harry drew his chair a little closer, and suppressing a fleeting desire to take Mr. Gilfoil by the throat and shake the life out of him, spoke with a semblance of awakened interest.

"Could you really, Gilead?"

"Yes, sirre, I could," Gilead answered. "The first thing you've got to do is to plank out them bonds."

"Come now, Gilead," said Harry, "what's the new game?"

"We'll wind up the old one first," said the tenacious Gilead. "Fork out them bonds."

"I don't think I shall do that yet, Gilead," Harry answered; "but if you have anything big enough to tempt me——"

"We'll talk about that afterwards," Mr. Gilfoil interposed, with his wicked white face close to his companion's.

"Very well," said Harry, rising anew. "As you please. You have forgotten one thing. It would not suit my present game, Gilead, to have these bonds put upon the market."

"That," said Gilead emphatically, "is the first piece of straight talk you've done. If you'd seen fit to meet me in that sperrit all along we might ha' saved both time and temper. What will suit your present game?"

"The old plan won't suit my game Gilead. The new one might. Let's know all about it."

"Let's make a bargain," said Gilead. "If the bonds ain't to go onto the market we can take care of 'em just as well as you can, and we're game to do it. You can hand the whole lot of 'em over into our safe keeping, and then we'll talk to you. I'm not going to say a word about that sort of business here. You['ll] come to my shanty. I'll have the other boys meet you. You can hand the things over formal, and everybody will know who's got 'em. It will be all square and above board, and then, if there's any further business to be done, we'll talk it over. I've never so much as hinted, William, that we sha'n't be glad to have you back again. We can make it worth your while this time, if we couldn't before, and I've always given you full credit for your abilities. You come to me to-morrow, twelve o'clock at noon, 112 Fitzroy Street. G. C. G. over the top bell."

"Good!" said Harry, "I'll be there."

"You'll bring the bonds along with you?" asked Gilead. "Now mind, this is the last time of asking. If you're going to be dodgy with us we shall make you real sick, William. I shall conduct that party personally, you can take my word for it."

"I understand," said Harry quietly. "You shall have the bonds to-morrow."

Gilead took his leave, wheeled himself to the lift, was lowered to the ground floor, and was assisted to the pavement.

M. Vergueil, with a face of consummate innocence, had descended two minutes before him, and now stood contemplating the evening prospect in the street. Two men of decent and respectable aspect stood smoking and chatting on the opposite pavement. M. Vergueil laid a forefinger on his lower lip, and a few seconds later one of the men opposite did the same. The foreigner moved courteously or one side to allow Mr. Gilfoil's little carriage to be carried past him. He laid his finger on his underlip again. Mr. Gilfoil was lifted into a four-wheeler, and the go-cart being placed on the top of the vehicle, he was driven away. The two men on the opposite side of the way got into a hansom which crawled up with a casual air at that moment, and without giving instructions to the driver, set off leisurely in the same direction.

(*To be Continued.*)

No child is safe from worms unless Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is at hand. It is a complete remedy both to destroy and to remove worms of all kinds.

General News and Notes.

Lizzie Borden returned with her sister on Tuesday to their home in Fall River, Mass. It is reported the two girls broke down completely when they entered their old home. The people received them kindly.

Forewarned is Forearmed.

MANY of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc., come suddenly in the night and speedy and prompt means must be used against them. sidea of the hard-shell prescher, who wa Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. *It never fails* to cure or relieve.

Halifax, N. S., was founded 144 years ago on 21st, and the Haligonians indulged in a celebration.

A Complicated Case.

DEAR SIRS,—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night and was veay weak, but after using three ottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children. MRS. WALTER BURNS, Maitland, N. S.

A despatch from Madrid says that a revolutionary outbreak is reported to have taken place in Barcelona. Details are lacking.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

It is reported that Hon. J. S. Hall, Treasurer of Quebec Province, has succeeded in floating a $4,000,000 loan in London on most advantageous terms.

Stick to the Right.

Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry,—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

Seven persons were killed and 18 injured by an accident on the Coney Island road N. Y. The switchman declares that the switch was set correctly.

A Wonderful flesh Producer

This is the title given to *Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own utritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. *Use it and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

The Anglican synod of Huron has adopted, with slight amendment, the Winnipeg proposals of 1890 for consolidation of the church in Canada and Newfoundland.

Driver McFadden, of the Grand Trunk, gave Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, and party a fast ride from Windsor to London last Tuesday, doing the 110 miles in 122 minutes.

Headache and Constipation vanish when Burdock pills are used. They cure where others ail.

When we assert that
Dodd's Kidney Pills
Cure Backache, Dropsy, Lumbago, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism and all other forms of Kidney Troubles, we are backed by the testimony of all who have used them.
THEY CURE TO STAY CURED.
By all druggists or mail on receipt of price, 50 cents. Dr. L. A. Smith & Co., Toronto.

The percheron horse, Zephyr, will travel for the season 1893 through the county, under the auspices of Northumberland Agricultural Society. Terms same as last year. The horse will be at his local headquarters—the farm of Mr. Geo. P. Searle—every Saturday. Particulars as to route will be made known by the groom,

WILLIAM SEARLE.

FOR SALE.

A brown filly foaled 30th June, 1892. From the trotting stallion "Redemption" and the thoroughbred mare "Carrie C." by "Judge Curtis" Apply at the

ADVANCE OFFICE.

SEEDS! SEEDS!!

I HAVE NOW IN STOCK

White Russian & White Fye Wheat.

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEEDS.

and a large variety of Vegetable Seeds, also Peas Beans, Flower Seeds, &c. Also

FLOUR, OAT MEAL & FEED,

Hams, Beacon, Teas and a full line of

FINE GROCERIES &C.

All of which I will sell at LOWEST PRICES

Alex. McKinnon,

Water St., Chatham, May 9th, 1893.

5,000 HIDES!

Five Thousand Hides Wanted.

I will pay cash on delivery for all the hides I can procure; also, I will buy one thousand calf skins either for cash or for exchange.

Parties in any part of the County needing plastering hair can be supplied by sending in their orders to me.

5.15 WILLIAM TROY.

Chatham, May 15th, 1893.

TO LET.

The residence and premises on St. John Street (opposite the Pro-Cathedral) known as the Hon John M. Johnson property.

Also; the house and premises known as the Letson homestead (suitable for two families) on the west side Cunard Street, (south of Church St. Immediate possession given. Apply to

MRS. ISABELLA LETSON, or L J TWEEDIE.

"THE FACTORY"

JOHN McDONALD,
(Successor to George Cassady)
Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' furnishings generally
Lumber planed and matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING
Stock of DIMENSION and other Lumber
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

PURE COFFEE.

THIS IS THE COFFEE THAT WON THE GREAT WORLD'S FAIR CONTRACT.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

CHASE & SANBORN,
BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

'WHERE SMILING SPRING ITS EARLIEST VISITS PAY.

J. D. CREAGHAN, CHATHAM & NEWCASTLE.

Just landed per Steamer Nestorian direct from Great Britain,

91 CASES AND BALES

EARLIEST SPRING IMPORTATIONS,

Containing:—Latest Spring Styles and Patterns, in Dress Goods, prints satins, silks, carpets, rugs, 1 to 4 yds. wide, floor oil cloth, window hangings, general household goods and spring novelties.

Every department is full with the latest products of the great centres of trade—London, Paris and New York—where cash cuts prices, styles are created and inventive conceit feels the fickle pulse of fashion.

Received from London, England, and New York, 569 doz. gents scarfs, ties, bows and four-in-hands.

Received direct from Paris and Grenoble, France, 734 doz. ladies' and gents' Lisle thread, silk and Perrin's kid gloves every pair guaranteed.

Received from Boston, 37 cases men's and youths' fur, felt, hard and soft hats.

Received direct from Canadian Mills, 141 cases and bales cotton goods, woolens and general domestic staples, all personally selected for our trade and now offered at close cash prices.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. D. CREAGHAN, NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM

2nd March, 1893.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

Summer 1893.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 26 until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays' excepted) as follows:

Between Chatham and Fredericton.

For F'ton. (read down) Accom'n.		For Chatham. (read up) Accom'n.
9 10 a. m.	Chatham	5 20
9 45	Chatham Jct	4 55
10 45	Blackville,	3 40
12 25 p. m.	Doaktown,	2 20
1 20	Boiestown,	1 30 p. m.
2 40	Cross Creek,	11 55
4 00	Marysville,	10 35
4 10	Gibson,	10 25
4 15	Fredericton, Lv.	10 20 a. m.

Connecting with the I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	Express.	Mixed
Leave Chatham,	9.35 p. m.	1 25 p.m.
Arrive Chatham Junc.,	10.00 "	1.55 "
Leave " "	10.12 "	2.05 "
Arrive Chatham,	10.37 "	2.35 "

GOING SOUTH.

	Express.	Mixed.
Leave Chatham,	2.30 a m	10.05 a. m
Arrive Chatham Junc n,	2.55 "	10.35
Leave " "	3.06 "	10.46 "
Arrive Chatham	3.31 "	11.16 "

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Station—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, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

Passengers with through tickets to points on the I. C. R. can go in to Chatham and return to meet next train free of charge.

Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings but not Monday mornings.

The above Table is made up on **Eastern standard time.**

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

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C.P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the C. P. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

Allfreight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage or other charge.

J. B. SNOWBALL, Manager

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1893---SUMMER ARRANGEMENT---1893.

On and after Monday, October 17, 1892, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION

Through Express for St. John, Halifax, Pictou, (Monday excepted)	3.06
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John,	10.45
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14.02
Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago,	22.12

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 26, 1893

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

GEO. W. CUTTER,

GENERAL INSURANCEAGENT FOR

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT COMPANIES

REPRESENTING:

Travelers' Life and Accident, of Hartford, Conn.
Norwich Union, of England.
Royal Canadian, of Montreal.
London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company, of London. England and Montreal, Que.
FFICE—CUNARD STREET OPPOSITE E. A. STRANG
CHATHAM, N. B

DERAVIN & CO

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

ST. KITTS, W. I.

Cable Address: Deravin.

LEON. DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

FOR SALE.

Horses, Harness, Waggons and cart for sale For terms etc., apply to

F. W. RUSSELL, Black Brook

SALT! SALT!

For Sale in Bags or bulk by

GEO BURCHILL & SONS, Nelson.

SALESMAN Wanted—Salary and expenses paid. BROWNBROS. CO., Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

COFFINS & CASKETS

—IN—

Rosewood, Walnut, etc.,

Coffin findings and Robes supplied at the very lowest rates. Pall Bearers' outfit furnished.

James Hackett, Undertaker
CHATHAM, N. B.

VOICE PRODUCTION

—AND—

THE ART OF MUSIC

Mrs. Porteous (Scolarship Pupil of the late Madame Sainton Dolby, London, Eng.) will receive a limited number of pupils for instruction in the above. First term commences on 1st September 1892.

TERMS ON APPLICATION

A singing class will be formed the particulars of which will be duly advertised.

Chatham, N. B. August 18th, 1892.

FOR SALE

One three story dwelling house for sale on St. John Street opposite the Catholic church Chatham N B For particulars apply to

THOMAS FLANAGAN.

Hotels.

Canada House,

Corner Water and St. John Streets,

CHATHAM

LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.

Every attention paid to

THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.

Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.

WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor

REVERE HOUSE.

Near Railway Station, Campbellton, N. B.

formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan

Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with

Sample Rooms.

GOOD STABLING on the premises.

Daniel Desmond, Proprietor

ADAMS HOUSE

ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,

WELLINGTON ST, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.

This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished. throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises.

TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of al trains.

GOOD STABLING, &C.

THOMAS FLANAGAN, Proprie

NERVE BEANS

NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the errors or excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. Sold by druggists at $1 per package, or six for $5, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing THE JAMES MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. Write for pamphlet. Sold in—

CHATHAM BY J. D. B. F. MCKENZIE.

J. F. BENSON,

TYPEWRITER, &C. &C.

—ALSO—

AGENT FOR "NEW YOST" TYPEWRITING COMPANY FOR NORTHERN COUNTIES.

OFFICE:

BENSON BLOCK, CHATHAM, N B.

W. T. HARRIS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER,

CHATHAM, N. B.,

IS OFFERING AT LOWEST CASH PRICES:—

FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL,
BRAN, SHORTS, HEAVY FEED, OATS,
BARLEY, BEANS, SEEEDS, MOLASSES,
PORK, BEEF, HAMS, BACON,
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, LARD,
SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE, RAISINS,
CURRANTS, RICE, FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY,
SYRUPS, EXTRACTS, SPICES, VINEGARS,
PICKLES, CANNED GOODS, BISCUITS,
SOAPS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, MATCHES,
PARAFINE, PAINT, AND MACHINE OILS,
TURPENTINES, LINIMENTS, WASHBOARDS,
BROOMS, BRUSHES, ROPE, PIPES,
NAILS, FORKS, HOES, RAKES,
SCYTHES, SHOVELS, CROCKS, TEAPOTS,
MILK DISHES, LAMP CHIMNEYS &C. &C

DRY GOODS.

SEE OUR STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES.

LADIES' AND GENTS' TANNED SHOES, FINE OXFORD SHOES, SLIPPERS, RUBBERS, &C., SHOE FINDINGS

READY MADE CLOTHING.

"BEST -:- VALUES -:- IN -:- TOWN."

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

NERVINE TONIC

—AND—

Stomach AND Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar.
It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Nervousness,	Broken Constitution,
Nervous Prostration,	Debility of Old Age,
Nervous Headache,	Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
Sick Headache,	Heartburn and Sour Stomach,
Female Weakness,	Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,
Nervous Chills,	Loss of Appetite,
Paralysis,	Frightful Dreams,
Nervous Paroxysms and	Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears,
Nervous Choking,	Weakness of Extremities and
Hot Flashes,	Fainting,
Palpitation of the Heart,	Impure and Impoverished Blood,
Mental Despondency,	Boils and Carbuncles,
Sleeplessness,	Scrofula,
St. Vitus' Dance,	Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,
Nervousness of Females,	Consumption of the Lungs,
Nervousness of Old Age,	Catarrh of the Lungs,
Neuralgia,	Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,
Pains in the Heart,	Liver Complaint,
Pains in the Back,	Chronic Diarrhœa,
Failing Health,	Delicate and Scrofulous Children,

Summer Complaint of Infants.

All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous derangement.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86. *To the Great South American Medicine Co.:* DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand. J. A. HARDEE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly, with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy; a few bottles of it has cured me completely. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world."

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

JOHN T. MISH.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, } ss:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, $1.00.

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON,

CHATHAM, N. B.