MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 18, 1893.



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CHAPTER VII.

Between eight and nine o'clock that night the continental mail flying fast through the the continental mail flying fast through the dark between London and Dover carried Harry Wynne and his troubles with it. It was a wild night and there were but few pessengers, so that he had a compartment to himself. He stood upright in order that he might read by the light of the carriage lamp a document in which his sorrows were set forth with a dreadful legal precision. This document bore the initials of royalty, and called upon Harry Wynne to appear on that day week at the Marlborough Street Police Court to answer certain charges pre-Police Court to answer certain charges pre-ferred against him by one William Henry Alexander Butterfield. The charges included fraud, the obtaining of goods by false pretences, and illegal pawning. The reader felt hideously criminal, even in his own consciousness of innocent intent. The fact of criminality clung like tar. Nothing seemed capable of washing it away.

The passenger by the continental mail was not flying from the face of justice. He was in pursuit of Herbert Whale, whose idiotic or diabolic ounsel, whichever it might prove to be, had brought him to this pass. Mr. Herbert Whale, in leaving London at a critical moment, had taken the precaution not to leave his address where Harry seemed likely to and it. But a five-pound note had unlock-od the heart of the club porter, who had nurmured "Grand Hotel de l'Athense, Paris." The young man was resolute to have Whale back to London to confess the advice that he had given He would have him there, he declared to himself, if he haled him by the scruff of the neck on foot, and swam the Channel with him. He was as yet unconscious of the fact that the Rapide bore the fleeting Hump southward from Paris almost as fast as the mail train bore himself Paris-wards. That intelligence, however, reached him at what he

Supposed would be his journey's end. Whale had gone to Nice, and though his letters were to be addressed at the Poste Restante, Harry had but little doubt of finding him with ease. There were not more than half a dozen hotels in Nice to which he would be likely to go, and an hour's inquiry would exhaust the a. He passed a weary impatient day in Paris. The rain came down in one continuous deluge, and he sat mournfully alone amid a profusion of sporting papers, which he tried to read in vain. Night came at last and saw him started on his new journey. The skies shone blue in Nice, and the April air was soft and warm, but the change of climate had no solace for him. He took a carriage at the terminus, and sought his man wherever he could think of. He could find no news of him, and at last decided to run on to Monte Carlo. No gentleman of Mr. Whale's proclivities could rest so near the charms of roulette and trente et quarante without being at-tracted by them. The Salle des Jeux was the likeliest place for him, and thither Harry betook himself. He steered round every table, and satisfied himself that Whale was not there. He stalked up and down the atrium, sat drearily in the reading room, and for a while tried the concert hall, aud did his best to listen to the He stayed that night at the Hotel de Paris, and went back to Nice next morning to renew his search. He saw plenty of people whom he knew, but had no heart to make up to any of them. By and by, and the hunt had gone on now for two or three unsuccessful days, he began to have a grisly feeling that none of his acquaintances cared to notice him. Once or twice he wondered if a veil of invisibility had fallen round him. He bowed to Lady Dyaz and her daughters, and they went by him with a perfect unconsciousness, though he could almost have sworn that they had seen him, and he had danced with the eldest girl not seven weeks ago. This was not the . only sign he had. People whom he knew became suddenly engaged in the contem-plation of trivial objects when he came in sight, and others had a suspicious knack of going round corners, or of taking the other side of the street. There was at Monte Carlo a certain Lord Ballystead, one of our hereditary legislators, a born stableman, though he came of a excellent house, a disreputable, foul-mouthed young nobleman whom nobody trusted, and who had crowned a life of blackguard folly by marrying a ballet girl of unusually blemished antecedents. When it came to this gentleman's turn to show Harry Wynne his back, the young man's cup overflowed with a sudden and galling bitterness. He marched straight to his lordshlp and tapped him on the shoulder with his walking-cane. "Good day, Ballystead." His lordship's ill-bred scowl looked backwards. He stared blankly for five insolent seconds and turned away. Harry walked swiftly around him. "Come, Ballystead," he said, "one dare not know you at home, but one can speak. to you here. What's the meaning of this?" "I don't usually speak to people who've run away from charges of fraud," responded his lordship. The statement was garnished —cela va sans dire. Lord Ballystead walked away, with his stable swagger, and with his walking-stick cocked defiantly under his arm-pit. There are not many ways of responding to a speech of that sort; in fact it may be said that there are no more than two, but choice, though limited, is difficult. There is nothing for it but personal maltreatment or silence, and whilst rage and dignity strug-

for which the reason cannot at all be held responsible. Mr. Whale was on the floor, He went straight back to his bedroom, and there began to pack with some dexter-ity and rapidity. He took a last look round to see that nothing had been for-gotten, locked his great travelling chest and there was a curious touch of wonder in Harry's mind as to how he came there. Mr. Whale looked astonished, but could have explained the circumstance if he had and sauntered down stairs into the smokbeen so disposed. His assailant towered ing-room. Two gentlemen sat there over a over him, with all the warmth the blow syphon-bottle and a carafon of cognac. They were chatting animatedly, and in their talk employed indifferently French had let loose flaming in his veins and sparkling in his eyes. "Get up!" he said, grasping his walkingand Italian.

were so windy disarranged that he was a spectacle for derision. He hid himself in his hotel bedroom, and sat there wrathful-ly brooding. He could see now what an older and more experienced man could have told him from the start—he had been base-ly victimized. He set down Hump and Mr. Butterfield as accomplices, and could only wonder how so excellent a heart as Captain Heaton could find it in his fature to associate with them. The two villains had plotted together to get two thousand a mistake as to his resources. He felt ruined, disgraced and desperate. His as-sault on Mr. Whale had done no more than waken appetite, and he so tingled with more reasonable moments he understood li-himself, and was thankful that his enemy

waken appetite, and he so tingled with wrath as he thought of him that in his more reasonable moments he understood himself, and was thankful that his enemy "Idon't remember, dear," the bride an swered with a downcast face. "No!" cried the husband with astonish changed his torn attire. When he had ment. "That's strange. Poor Dick went Rockland, N. Y. changed his torn attire. When he had once more made himself respectable to look at he went down stairs and sat in the hotel reading-room, painfully conscious of any chance look that touched him, and sensitively sore to every little attrition with the world. He took up an English newspaper, and read absently the news from the East. That obstinate Eastern Question which never er gets solved, had been in full cry in all the European journals for months. Now the Bear was going to find a solution for
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changed his torn attire. When he had had been in full cry in all the Bear was going to find a solution for

tor? I tell you to go to Butterneld and buy things and pawn 'em afterwards? Why you're mad?"
"You mean to say that you deny it?"
"You mean to say," Humph responded, swaggering at him, "that it's a blooming lie."
In cases of this kind there are apt to be in cases of the muscle in the case of the case of the muscle in the case of the case o supplied with it, put a question or two in supplied with it, put a question or two in the same easy aristocratic accents, was answered and strolled away. He saw his luggage safely stowed and took his place in the carriage he had selected. The whistle sounded and the train started. In a little while it rumbled past the Seven Towers, and then he breathed freely. (To be Continued.)

Chapped Hands and Lips,

"General News and Lips, and Italian. "Vergueil is here," said one. "He is to lie staying at Misseri's. I spoke to him an hour ago. Of course he told me nothing, uraged away by as many stalwart hands as could lay hold of him at once, and ignominiously ejected. He went stam-mering fiercely in French, of which language he was by no means mas-ter, and interjecting for the punished rascal's behoof a savage threat or two in his native tongue. He was lithe and muscular, and unwilling to go, and as a result of all this when he found time to think about it he felt half dislocated from head to foot, and he discovered moreover that his clothes were so wildly disarranged that he was a spectacle for derision. He hid himself in his hotel bedroom, and sat there wrathful-he his hotel bedroom, and sat there wrathful-

who escaped from Sing Sing the other day, has been found in the Hudson river, near

GENERAL BUSINESS.

"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE

At the World's Fair.

Chase & Sanborn have been awarded the mammoth contract for supplying all the Coffee served inside the World's Fair Grounds, against the competition of the largest importing houses in the country.

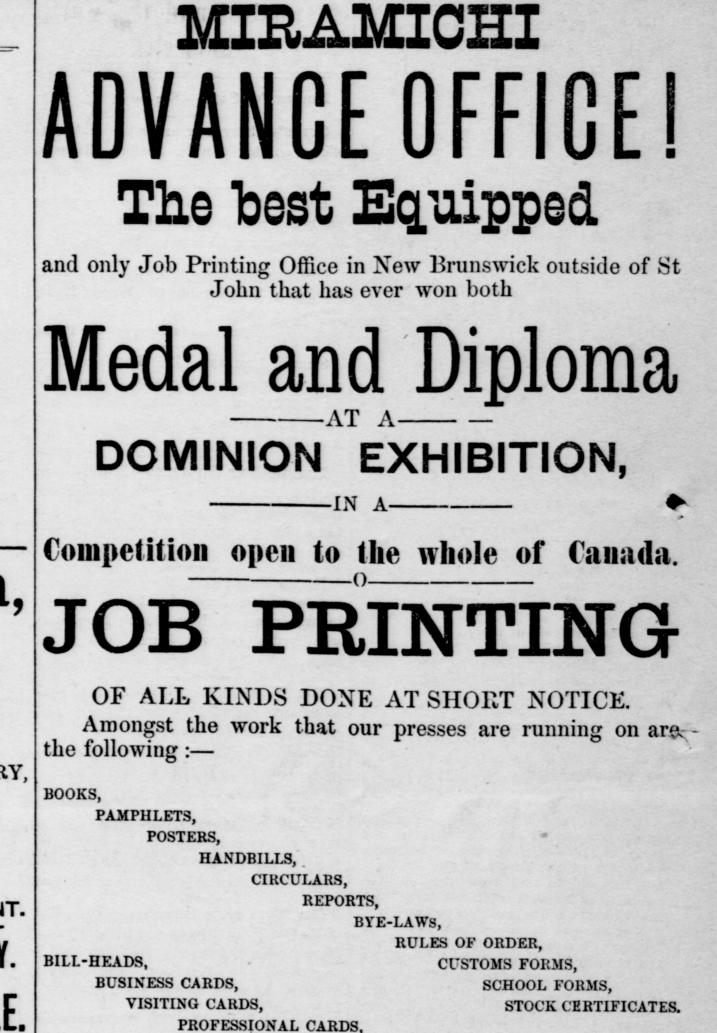
This tribute to the Excellence of the "Seal Brand" proves that it is the best Coffee Grown.



Now in Stock a full line of SHELF HARDWARE, CUTLERY,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PITCH, TAR, ROSIN, CORD-AGE, ETC. Landing to-day 10 tons Dry and TARRED SHEATHING PAPER.

BOTTOM PRICES. PROMPT SHIPMENT. WHERE SMILING SPRING ITS EARLIEST VISITS PAY. J. D. CREACHAN, CHATHAM & NEWCASTLE.



the Bear was going to find a solution for the Turkey's difficulties by eating him, which, all things considered, seemed to be about the readiest, if not the only way. He spoke tenderly and persuasively. The little bride put her arms about him. "No, no, darling. You must go." "I knew you would say so, dear. I have packed already." The Russian artillery forces were languidly hammering at the Turkish forts on the other side of the Danube. The war had "May I see the telegram?" asked the bride. opened spiritlessly, but everybody knew that it would wake up in a while. The "Certainly, my darling," responded the husband with alacrity, and instantly began a bright, confident search in his news Harry Wynne read made the waking seem imminent. The Russian forces were pockets. Then the brisk movements slowed down, and his face took an air of perplexity. pouring southward, and the Turkish streaming northward to meet them. Sulieman Pasha was definitely appointed Command-er-in-Chief to the army in Roumania. Bul-

had been taken from his hands. He smooth-

ed his ruffled feathers as best he could, and

"What on earth can have become of it? he asked. Then with a quick smile, "Oh I know. I shoved it into my cash-box with garian peasant proprietors, for the offence of owning property desirable in the eyes of the rulers of their various Pashaliks, were being freely beheaded. Disinterested patriots of all nations were away to Constan-tinople to join the Polish Legion. The lad's young blood was fired already, Mr. Ronald Morton began to make imme-

and the war news, and that mention of the diate preparatiens for the departure by the and the war news, and that mention of the Polish Legion came like fuel to flame. His earliest baby remembrances were of Uncle Percy and his talk of the Redan and the Malakoff, of Inkerman and Balaclava. He had taken in a patriotic hatred of the Rus-sian almost with his mother's milk. His first remembrance of his mother was as she wore her widow's weeds, and his father had died glorionsly on the Heights of Alma. Patriotism, filial revenge, despair, and the hope of glory filled him all at once. He would leave this vile charge and his accusers diate preparatiens for the departure by the boat that evening. He was quite a model husband, and had the most contriving ways. He assisted his wife and her maid in pack-ing, and overcame many small difficulties for her, and he was so tenderly regretful at their enforced parting, and so full of pity and anxiety for poor Dick Rae, that the little woman-became haunted by her own conception of the drawn, dying, waiting face, and was as enger to have her husband gone as he himself was to go. When all the preparations were completed would leave this vile charge and his accusers When all the preparations were completed

behind him. He would go out eastward and strike a blow for feeble right, and make a name or die for it. He wrote a wild letter to Inthia, ute or two.

telling her something of his pur-pose. He shed hot tears upon the "Vergueil!" he said to himself. "He had a sight of me at the Cafe des Varietes. paper, but all the pains he suffered served only to harden his resolve. He took the next train for Marseilles, and happening by beard makes a difference." He rose and hazard to catch a steamer of the Messageries scrutinized himself closely in the glass. Maritimes at the moment of his arrival, was away on the Mediterranean blue at the hour world. Let me see, I was German then. when he should have presented himself at the court in London, leaving a blasted char-acter behind him. William, you're almost as smart as Ver-

CHAPTER VIII.

At the Byzance Hotel in Constantinople there was residing at about this time an English gentleman who was entered on the books of the house as Mr. Ronald Morton, of Kekewich, Cheshire, England. Mr. quarter of an hour before the time for start. Ronald Morton was a young gentleman of five or six and twenty. He had a tall and graceful figure, a little young and slim for his years, and he presented to the observer one phenomenon which never failed to ating, and the thoughtful husband was there to see that she had the most comfortable berth that could be secured for her, and to nis years, and ne phenomenon which never failed to at-tract a momentary attention. He had eyes of a clear blue-gray, and a fair com-plexion, whilst his hair, eyebrows, beard and moustache were black and jetty as the moven's wing. If so young a man could impress upon the stewardess, by the aid of have been suspected of so consummate a dandyism—the thing is rather a refuge for foolish age than a trick of golden youth— the gloss of his curly hair and crisp little beard would have been suspicious. Mr. Ronald Morton, seen at his somewhat

"I wonder if ever we shall fall across each other again?" He thought wonderfully little of poor Dick Rae, considering how deep a hold upon his sympathies that dying sufferer had taken a few hours elaborate toilet of a morning, would have dissipated doubt. He carried amongst his belongings a bottle, a tiny brush, and a fine silver-gilt comb, and he always took care when he put these articles into requisi-took a bachelor freedom, ate an excellent tion to have an excellent light and a tridinner at the Cafe de St. Peterbourg, and fold mirror. It was a singular bit of dandwism for a young man, and it was all the adjoining on the west that now occupied by Mr. passed a quiet evening at the Greek open air theatre, a place little frequented by western visitors. He paid his bill over-night, and was ready to take the seven o'clock train northwards in the morning. He had naid his hill at the greek open is 15 rods wide and extends from the Miramichi River the full depth of the first tier of lots. About six acres are cleared and there is a good meado w It also has a good growth of firewood and spool wood on it. For particulars apply to more curious because he was so unaffected in his manners, so simple, cordial, and hopest in his looks. He had been staying at the Byzance for a week or two with his charming young He had paid his bill at the cashier's box in the vestibule of the hotel, and had just bride and her brother. There was a tone of romance about him to the other occupants pocketed his receipt when he heard his own name pronounced. of the hotel. He made no secret of his "Monsieur Morton." own concerns, and was, indeed, a little in-The voice spoke at the other end of the vestibule, and he turned to find that one of clined to be frankly familiar about them even on a short acquaintance. He was the last of an old English family, had more the hotel servants was addressing a gentle man who was a stranger to him. The man accosted turned, and the servant, with a money than he knew actually what to do with, owned land in two or three counties start of surprise, made his apologies. • "I beg your pardon, sir. An error." -not enough to boast of, but pretty little estates in their way, and had no creature in the world by whom he could be held re-sponsible. He had availed himse f of this The stranger was a young fellow eminent-ly English in aspect, and of the best Eng-lish type. Slender as yet, but giving prom-ise of a rare solidity, and facing the world with a handsome though boyish and un-bearded face, and a pair of eyes which ex-pressed a pleasing condor freedom in the choice of his wife, who was a pretty little Bulgarian girl, of no particular wealth or station, even amongst the Christian population of the Turkish domin-ions. The lady's father was a merchant,

healed up the frozen part. CHAS. LONGMUIR, Alameda, N. W. T.

Three Germans reached Winnipeg on 10th from New York, having walked the entire distance in 37 days. They were 56, 40, and 20 years old.

A Wer derful flesh Producer This is the title given to Scott's Emul sion 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 Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c and \$1.00

Three hundred employes of Clement's bicycle factory, in Paris. France, struck on 9th inst., because the firm discharged men who stole large quantities of materials from the works.

Perfect Satisfaction.

GENTLEMEN.-I have found B. B. B. an excellant remedy, both as a blood purifier and general family medicine. I was for a long time troubled with sick headache and heartburn, and tried a bottle, which gave me such perfect satisfaction that I have since then used it as our family medicine. E. BAILEY, North Bay, Ont.

The Thompson line steamship Huronia was beached a little below Cape Magdalen lighthouse in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on 10th, to save the ship from sinking.

It Has Been Proved.

It has been proved over and over again that Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia gueil. You might begin to dawn on him if you spent a day in his society, but you won't do that, William, will you?" constipation, biliousness, headache, scrofula, and all diseases of the stomach, liver and The boat for Athens started at four o'lock bowels. Try it. Every bottle is guaranteed that afternoon. The bride. her brother to benifit or cure when taken according to Ivan, and her maid were all on board a directions.

> Weakness, Debility, Paleness Anaemia, etc., are cured by

Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine NERVE | NERVE BEANS are a new dis covery 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 ex-cesses of youth. This Remedy ab-nost obstinate cases when all other BEANS

Rock Heads.

solutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. Sold by drug-gists 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-"She's a pretty little creature," he said to himself as he walked back towards Pera.

CHATHAM BY J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE

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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 hang ings, 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 Which we mail prepaid or deliver promptly on receipt of orders goods, woolens and general domestic staples, all personally selected for Amongst these are the following :-our trade and now offered at close cash prices.

For Duty. J. D. CREACHAN, NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM Free Entr Free for I For Ware

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY



O Railway daily (Sundary, OCT. 17th, unt further notice, 'trains will rup on Locker's Delivering Order,

Accom'n. Accom'n. Leave Chatham, Arrive Chatham Junc., 9 45 9.30 p. m. 2 0 9 45 Chatham Jct	MIXED		
9 10 a. m. Chatham 5 20 Arrive Chatham Junc., 9.55 9.55 2.3 9 45 Chatham Jct			
1 20 Boiestown,	00 p. m. 30 " 40 " 05 "		
	IG SOUTH.		
BARABO, M	MIXED.		
4 15 Fredericton Ly 10 20 Arrive Chatham Junc n, 4.15 . 11.10	0 a. m 0 5 "		
The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop wnea signalled at the following Station-Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom. Chelmstord, Grey Bapils, Upper Blackville, Bliss McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing. Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross C 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 train free of charge.	sfield Creek,		

NOTES. FISH INVOICES. RAILWAY FORMS FISH RECEIPTS, LOG AND RAFT RECEIPTS. SCALERS' CARDS, MAGISTRATES BLANKS, SUNDAY SCHOOL CATALOGUES. SAW BLANKS, ETC., ETC., ETC. -000-WE KEEP IN STOCK A LARGE LINE OF

NOTE-HEADS,

LETTER-HEADS.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE,

ORDERS,

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60

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60 cts. per 100

60 cts per 100

\$1.00 per 100

5 and 10 cts each

15 cts. per book

15 cts. per dozen

15

10

10

READY-PRINTED BLANKS.

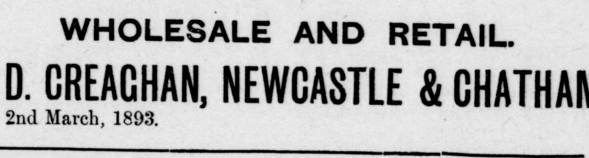
Locker's Receiving Order,

TICKETS.

CUSTOMS	BLANKS.		
	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 125
For Duty,	20 cts.	75 cts.	
Free Entry,	15	60	1 00
Free for Fisheries, (Nets, etc.,)	15	60	1 00
For Warehouse,	20	75	1 00
For Duty ex-Warehouse,	15	60	1 00
Free ex-Warehouse,	15	60	1 00
Report Outwards,	15	60	1 00
Report Inwards,	15	60	1 00
Entry Outwards	15	60	1 00
Warrant for Delivery,	. 10	35	- 60

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS.

5		Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 100
	Justice's Letter to Debtor	10 cts.	35 cts.	\$ 60
	Summons to Defendant,	10	.35	60
	Summons to Witness,	10	35	60
	Summons to Debtor,	10	35	60
	Warrant for Defendant,	10	35	60 •
	Warrant for Witness,	10 -	35	60
	Execution for Debt,	10	35	60
	Execution for Poor and Co. Rates,	10	35	60
-	Execution for Road Taxes,	10	35	60
	Execution for School Rates.	10	35	60
	Venire,	10	35	60
	Subrœna,	10	35	60
	Affidavit for Capais.	10	35	60
	Capais,	10	35	60
	Roturn (to Council) of Cum Convictions		=	sta stal



gled with each other in Harry's mind, his lorship solved the disagreeable problem for him by stepping into a public carriage close at hand and driving away. Here was the explanation of all averted

looks or cold unrecognising glances. Harry wandered in the warm spring sunshine about the beautiful gardens scarcely daring to look up lest he should encounter some new accusing pair of eyes. This fit soon passed, and he was marching about in a conscious defiance of the world. Nobody had the right to brand him as a defrauder. He walked back to the Casino, and en-

tered the playing room. It was early as yet, so far as the hour of the day went, but it was getting late in the season, and be-tween the two factors the tables were but thinly attended. Almost the first person who caught his eye was Hump, chastely attired in a chess-board tweed, languidly punting for louis at the trente et quarante. Harry moved quietly towards him and laid a hand upon his shoulder. Mr. Whale turned easily round, apprehending an ordinary acquaintance, and his nerves being somewhat eufeebled by the achievements of the previous night gave a slight start on recognizing his pursuer.

"Come outside a moment," said Harry, "I want to speak to you."

"Hold on a bit," returned the other; "I've got a run on the black, and I want to follow it.' Almost as he spoke the croupier called

"Rouge gagne. "There's your run on the black finished," said the young man soberly. "Come outside. I want to speak to you."

Mr. Whale, not willing to make too great a show of unwillingness, gathered his little golden handful together and slipped it into his pocket. He had gone cool and self-possessed again, and was quite insouciant to look at. They paused to-gether in the atrium, and Harry came to the point at once. "You have heard the news about me and

that affair of Butterfield's?"

"No," said Hump, feigning astonishment and ignorance clumsily. "I see you have," said the youngster,

laying an unconscious hand upon the lap-pel of his coat, and holding him more tightly than he knew. "You have got to come straight back with me to London."

"Not much I haven't," Hump responded, making an effort to disengage himself. He had already forgotten his initial profession of ignorance, and made no further pretence that way. The atrium itself was quite clear, but two or three stalwart Suisses loitered at the entrance beyond the glass doors.

"I have to appear at Marlborough-street on Tuesday." There's only just time to get there. You must come and acknowledge your part in the business. I got into this scrape by following your advice. An honest word from you is the only service I can expect from anybody.'

"Got into the scrape from following my advice," said Whale. "What advice?"

Harry's eyes began to gleam somewhat dangerously, and Hump, among whose per-

and approached the husband.

the sounding stones. At six o'clock Mr. Ronald Morton was

astir. He crossed the Golden Horn in a

trained at Owen's College, in Manchester Little Anna spoke the prettiest English, and dressing rigorously after the latest Paris fashions, would have passed anywhere as a countrywoman of her masonna s. On a certain fine morning Mr. Ronald Morton sat in his own room with a locked door between him and the outer world. His wife tapped at the barrier, and was answer-ed in that sort of voice which everybody recognizes as being accompanied by a smile. The smiling voice is recognizable by all ears, and by none more readily than by those of love. Mr. Morton was particularly engaged for the moment, but would join his bride in ten minutes. The happy little haps a man hasn't a very intimate acquaintlady prophesied her whereabouts and trip-

ped away. Her husband devoted himself At this the young stranger gave him the smile his jest and his own smiling face de-manded, and they fell quite naturally into talk together. They were both young men, to the consideration of a loose pile of business documents, which lay spread on the table before him. It looked as if he were even a wealthier man than he cared to pro-fess to be, for the loose little pile of busiand in the course of a quarter of an hour they found themselves exchanging a certain limited confidence with each other -Mr. ness documents related mainly to valuable deposited in banks of high continental standing, here, there, and everywhere. Harry Wynne supposing himself to be in converse with Mr. Ronald Morton, a gen-tleman whose landed estates lay at Keke-There were acknowledgments of sealed packets deposited for safe keeping with the wich, Cheshire, and Mr. Ronald Morton Credit Lyonnais both at Paris and Marseilknowing himself to be in conversation with les, with Messrs. Rothschild at Vienna. Mr. Harry Wynne, a young gentleman of patriotic impulses who had come out to offer his services to the Turk. Mr. Wynne Frankfort, and Naples, and with Messrs. Coutts at London. The owner of these agreeable documents was engaged in check had but a faint acquaintance with the county of Cheshire, and oddly enough had not heard of Kekewich, but as Mr. Morton ing them against an entry in a pocket-book he carried, and in ticking figures for a large amount against each various entry. He ad-ded together the amounts with a look of remarked, the place lay nine miles from any railway, and that explained it. They smoked a cigar in company before going to bed, and Mr. Wynne was sorry when he deep satisfaction, and coaxing the papers

into order, returned them to a cash-box which he locked and hid away in the re cesses of a great travelling trank. H locked that in turn, and then presented himself to his waiting bride. The little

English bred, and her brother had been

lady wanted money, and was away upon a shopping expedition. The fond young husband supplied her lavishly, gave her a parting kiss, saw her away from the steps of the hotel, and watched the neat figure as

WILLIAM FORREST. February 27th, 1893. BOUTHILLIER R. MERCHANT TAILOR, CHATHAM, Keeps' constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best pressed a pleasing candor. The hotel servant moved away from him British, and Canadian Makes,

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