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 Silver Plate & Fancy Goods  
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**REMOVAL.**  
 The subscriber is now comfortably located in the Hutchinson building, further down Queen Street, to which he has removed from the old Desbrisay Store.  
 He begs to return thanks for the fair share of trade given him whilst at the latter stand, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.  
 In addition to his usual supply of Flour, Meal, Provisions, &c., he keeps constantly on hand which he can afford to sell as cheaply as any one a pretty full line of Groceries, such as Teas, Sugars, Molasses, Kerosene, etc. Also, Sole Leather, and a very nice assortment of Chinaware, Crockery and Earthenware.  
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 Birds and Animals mounted in the best style of the art. Moose and Caribou Heads mounted in the best style. Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale. Skins tanned and made into mats. Rare birds bought and fair prices paid. Arctic Owls particularly required.  
 I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

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 Eight Cases and Five Boxes,  
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 Lime Juice in bottles and bulk, Eno's Fruit Salts, Sarsaparilla, Quinine Wine, Nestle's Food, Cream Tartar, Tooth Powder, Florida Water, Carter's Pills, Insect Powder, Sponges, Baking Soda, Tooth Brushes, Old Brown Windsor Soap, Enema Syringes, Castoria, Extract Malt, Root Beer, also,  
 Chloride of Lime, Carbolic Acid and Ammonia for disinfecting.  
 A fresh supply of Confectionery on hand, and Ice-cold Soda Water.

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**500 GIRLS.**  
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**Sheriff's Sale.**  
 To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, on Saturday, the 3rd day of October next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of that day.  
 All the right, title, and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Richibucto, in the County of Kent. Bounded on the east by Queen Street, on the north by the McDermott property, on the west by land decided to Robert Richardson, on the south by the Carey property, being the lot of land occupied by Thomas G. Richardson, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent at the suit of Dosithe Richard against the said Caleb Richardson.  
 Wm. Wheten, Sheriff.  
 Sheriff's office, Richibucto.  
 June 30th, 1891.

**Entire Horse**  
**MERIDIAN.**  
 Registered in 5th Volume Wallace's American Trotting Register.  
 This celebrated trotting stallion (weight 1180; color, brown) was foaled in 1882. Sire Satellite, by Robert Bonner, by Hambletonian, Abdallah, by Mambrino, son of Imported Messenger. Meridian's dam, Belle Bashaw, by Long Island Bashaw, by Hawk Eye, by Long Island Black Hawk, by Andrew Jackson, by Young Bashaw, by imported Grand Bashaw. Will travel through the counties of Kent and Northumberland during the season of 1891. Terms for season, \$10.  
 Wm. T. Stewart, Owner.  
 Campbellton, N. B., May 2, 1891.

at her baby; an unmarried one reaches for her jewel box. Now, it was clear to me that our lady of to-day had nothing in the house more precious to her than what we are in quest of. She would rush to secure it. The alarm of fire was admirably done. The smoke and shouting were enough to shake nerves of steel. She responded beautifully. The photograph is in a sliding panel just above the right bell pull. She was there in an instant, and I caught a glimpse of it as she half drew it out. When I cried out that it was a false alarm she replaced it, glanced at the rocket, rushed from the room and I have not seen her since. I rose, and, making my excuses, escaped from the house. I hesitated whether to attempt to secure the photograph at once, but the coachman came in, and, as he was watching me narrowly, it seemed safer to wait. A little over precipitance may ruin all.

"And now?" I asked.  
 "Our quest is practically finished. I shall call with the King to-morrow, and with you, if you care to come with us. We will be shown into the sitting room to wait for the lady, but it is probable that when she comes she will find neither us nor the photograph. It might be a satisfaction to His Majesty to regain it with his own hands."  
 "And when will you call?"  
 "At eight in the morning. She will not be up, so that we will have a clear field. Besides, we must be prompt, for this marriage may mean a complete change in her life and habits. I must wire to the King without delay."  
 We had reached Baker street, and had stopped at the door. He was searching his pockets for the key, when some one passing said—  
 "Good-night, Mister Sherlock Holmes."  
 There were several people on the pavement at the time, but the greeting appeared to come from a slim youth in an ulster who had hurried by.  
 "I've heard that voice before," said Holmes, staring down the dimly lit street.  
 "Now, I wonder who the deuce that could have been."

III.  
 I slept at Baker street that night, and we were engaged upon our toast and coffee in the morning when the King of Bohemia rushed into the room.  
 "You have really got it!" he cried, grasping Sherlock Holmes by either shoulder and looking eagerly into his face.  
 "Not yet."  
 "But you have hopes?"  
 "I have hopes."  
 "Then come. I am all impatience to be gone."  
 "We must have a cab."  
 "No, my brougham is waiting."  
 "Then that will simplify matters."  
 We descended, and started off once more for Briony Lodge.  
 "Irene Adler is married," remarked Holmes.  
 "Married? When?"  
 "Yesterday."  
 "But to whom?"  
 "To an English lawyer named Norton."  
 "But she could not love him?"  
 "I am in hopes that she does."  
 "And why in hopes?"  
 "Because it would spare your Majesty all fear of future annoyance. If the lady loves her husband, she does not love your Majesty. If she does not love your Majesty, there is no reason why she should interfere with your Majesty's plan."  
 "It is true. And yet—! Well! I wish she had been of my own station! What a queen she would have made!"  
 He relapsed into a moody silence which was not broken until we drew up in Serpentine avenue.  
 The door of Briony Lodge was open, and an elderly woman stood upon the steps. She watched us with a sardonic eye as we stepped from the brougham.  
 "Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I believe?" said she.  
 "I am Mr. Holmes," answered my companion, looking at her with a questioning and rather startled gaze.  
 "Indeed! My mistress told me that you were likely to call. She left this morning by the 5.15 train for Charing Cross for the Continent."  
 "What?" Sherlock Holmes staggered, brack, white with chagrin and surprise.  
 "Do you mean to say that she has left England?"  
 "Never to return."  
 "And the papers?" asked the King hoarsely. "All is lost."  
 "We shall see." He pushed past the servant and rushed into the drawing room, followed by the King and myself. The furniture was scattered about in every direction, with dismantled shelves and open drawers, as if the lady had hurriedly ransacked them before her flight. Holmes rushed at the bell pull, tore back a small sliding shutter, and, plunging in his hand, pulled out a photograph and a letter. The photograph was of Irene Adler herself in evening dress, the letter was superscribed to "Sherlock Holmes, Esq. To be left till called for." My friend tore it open, and we all three read it together. It was dated at midnight of the preceding night, and ran in this way:—

My DEAR MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES.—You really did it very well. You took me in completely. Until after the alarm of fire I had not a suspicion. But when I found how I had betrayed myself I began to think. I had been warned against you months ago. I had been told that if the King employed an agent it would certainly be you. And your address had been given me. Yet with all this you made me reveal what you wanted to know. Even after I became suspicious I found it hard to think evil of such a dear kind old clergyman. But, you know, I have been trained as an actress myself. Male costume is nothing new to me. I often take advantage of the freedom which it gives. I sent John, the coachman, to watch you, ran up stairs, got into my walking clothes, as I call them, and came down just as you departed.  
 Well, I followed you to your door, and so made sure that I was really an object of interest to the celebrated Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Then I, rather imprudently, wished you goodnight and started for the Temple to see my husband.  
 We both thought the best resource was flight when pursued by so formidable an antagonist; so you will find the nest empty when you call to-morrow. As to the photograph, your client may rest in peace. I love and am loved by a better man than he. The King may do what he will without hindrance from one whom he has cruelly wronged. I keep it only to safeguard myself and preserve a weapon which will always secure me from any steps which he may take in the future. I leave a photograph, which he might care to possess, and I remain, dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes, very truly yours,  
 IRENE NORTON, nee ADLER.  
 "What a woman—oh, what a woman!" cried the King of Bohemia, when we all three read this epistle. "Did I not tell you how quick and resolute she was? Would she not have made an admirable queen? Is it not a pity she was not on my level?"  
 "From what I have seen of the lady she seems, indeed, on a very different level to Your Majesty," said Holmes, coldly.  
 "I am sorry that I have not been able to bring Your Majesty's business to a more successful conclusion."  
 "On the contrary, my dear sir," cried the King, "nothing could be more successful. I know that her word is inviolate. The photograph is as safe now as if it were in the fire."  
 "I am glad to hear Your Majesty say so."  
 "I am immensely indebted to you. Pray tell me in what way I can reward you. This ring—" He slipped an emerald snake ring from his finger and held it out upon the palm of his hand.  
 "Your Majesty has something which I should value even more highly," said Holmes.  
 "You have but to name it."  
 "This photograph!"  
 The King stared at him in amazement.  
 "Irene's photograph!" he cried. "Certainly, if you wish it."  
 "I thank Your Majesty. Then there is no more to be done in the matter. I have the honor to wish you a very good morning." He bowed, and, turning away without observing the hand which the King had stretched out to him, he set off in my company for his chambers.  
 And that was how a great scandal threatened to effect the kingdom of Bohemia, and how the best plans of Mr. Sherlock Holmes were beaten by a woman's cleverness of women, but I have not heard him do it of late. And when he speaks of Irene Adler, or when he refers to her photograph, it is always under the honorable title of the woman.

**READ THIS.**  
 The subscriber invites attention to his large and well-assorted stock of  
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 Consignments solicited of all kinds of Fish in their season. Smelts and Eels a specialty. Also Spruce Gum.

**The Victoria Floods.**  
 SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 7.—Advices by the steamer Alameda from Auckland, New Zealand show that a great flood which had the appearance of a tidal wave prevailed at Melbourne on July 13. The houses and factories along the Yarra Yarra river were submerged and many small vessels wrecked. In one suburb of Melbourne 2000 people were rendered homeless. Business was almost suspended in the city. The loss of life it is believed, did not exceed ten. The estimated total loss to property reach £500,000. At last advices the Murray was rising and floods in Alburg district were feared. Much sickness prevails in Melbourne attributable to exposure and to the deposits of slime left by the flood.

**Hanged an Innocent Man.**  
 BEATRICE, Neb., Aug. 7.—More than fifteen years ago Jack Marion and one Cameron set out together in a wagon on a trip, and were last seen at the Blue river, near here. A few days later the supposed body of Cameron was found in the Blue river, and when it was discovered that Marion had been seen with Cameron's team and goods in his possession he was suspected of murdering his companion. He was not apprehended until ten years afterward and was tried several times and finally executed in March, 1887. William Wymore, an uncle of Marion, has always believed the latter innocent, and has at length proved it by finding Cameron alive in LaCrosse, Kan. The latter had gone immediately to Mexico and thence to Alaska after leaving Marion on the banks of the Blue river, and had returned from Alaska only a year ago. Hearing of Marion's execution then for the first time and fearing himself amenable to the law he concealed his identity, but remorse caused him to reveal it. He is fully identified.  
 John Wanamaker carries life insurance amounting to \$1,000,000, which is distributed in twenty-nine different companies. The premiums on these policies amount to \$60,000 a year. The man who is able to pay \$60,000 a year as premium should not be anxious about the welfare of his family after he is gone.

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 On and after Monday, June 22nd, 1891, the trains will be run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:  
 WILL LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.  
 Express for Moncton and St. John, 13.15  
 Express for Campbellton, 13.15  
 WILL LEAVE WELDFORD.  
 Express for St. John and Halifax, (Monday excepted), 4.02  
 Express for Campbellton, 12.55  
 Express for Moncton and St. John, 13.30  
 Express for Quebec Montreal and Chicago, 20.58  
 All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.  
 D. POTTINGER,  
 Chief Superintendent.  
 Railway Offices,  
 Moncton, N. B., June 19th, 1891.