

# CLARKE, GENERAL HARDWARE

## KERR & THORNE

### 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 will keep 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., 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.

## JUST RECEIVED:

### Eight Cases and Five Boxes,

—CONTAINING—

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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No re-fitting—no re-basting. Lessons not limited. Full instructions given in fitting and basting. Address or call on M. MACDOUGALL, Weldon St., Moncton. General Agent for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Agents Wanted.

## 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 lb, color brown) was foaled in 1882. Sire Satellite, by Robert Bonner, by Hambletonian, Abdallah, by Manbrino, 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 Bash, by imported Grand Bashaw. Will travel through the counties of Kent and Nova Scotia during the season of 1891. Terms for season, \$10.

WM. T. STEWART, Owner.

Campbellton, N. B., May 2, 1891.

which he could not at once furnish information. In this case I found her biography sandwiched in between that of a Hebrew Rabbi and that of a staff commander who had written a monograph upon the deep sea fishes.

"Let me see?" said Holmes. "Hum! Born in New Jersey in the year 1858. Contralto—hum! La Scala—hum! Prima Donna Imperial Opera of Warsaw—yes! Retired from operatic stage—ha! Living in London—quite so! Your Majesty, as I understand, became entangled with this young person, wrote her some compromising letters, and is now desirous of getting these letters back."

"Precisely so. But how—"

"Was there a secret marriage?"

"None."

"No legal papers or certificates?"

"None."

"Then I fail to follow Your Majesty. If this young person should produce her letters for blackmailing or other purposes, how is she to prove their authenticity?"

"There is the writing."

"Pooh, pooh! Forgery."

"My private notepaper."

"Stolen."

"My own seal."

"Initiated."

"My photograph."

"Bought."

"We were both in the photograph."

"Oh, dear! That is very bad! Your Majesty has indeed committed an indiscretion."

"I was mad—insane."

"You have compromised yourself seriously."

"I was only Crown Prince then. I was young. I am but thirty now."

"It must be recovered."

"We have tried and failed."

"Your Majesty must pay. It must be bought."

"She will not sell."

"Stolen then?"

"Five attempts have been made. Twice burglars in my pay ransacked her house. Once we diverted her luggage when she travelled. Twice she has been waylaid. There has been no result."

"No sign of it?"

"Absolutely none."

Holmes laughed. "It is quite a pretty little problem," said he.

"But a serious one to me," returned the King, reproachfully.

"Very, indeed. But what does she propose to do with the photograph?"

"To ruin me."

"But how?"

"I am about to be married."

"So I have heard."

"To Clotilde Lothman von Saxe-Meiningen, second daughter of the King of Scandinavia. You may know the strict principles of her family. She herself is the very soul of delicacy. A shadow of a doubt as to my conduct would bring the matter to an end."

"And Irene Adler?"

"Threatens to send them the photograph. And she will do it. I know that she will do it. You do not know her, but she has a soul of steel. She has the face of the most beautiful of women, and the mind of the most resolute of men. Rather than I should marry another woman there are no lengths to which she would not go—none."

"You are sure she has not sent it yet?"

"I am sure."

"And why?"

"Because she has said that she would send it on the day when the betrothal was publicly announced. That will be next Monday."

"Oh, then, we have three days yet," said Holmes, with a yawn. "That is very fortunate, as I have one or two matters of importance to look into just at present. Your Majesty will, of course, remain in London for the present?"

"Certainly, you will find me at the Langham, under the name of Count Von Kramm."

"Then I shall drop you a line to let you know how we progress."

"Pray do so. I shall be all anxiety."

"Then, as to the money?"

"You have carte blanche."

"Absolutely."

"I tell you that I would give one of the provinces of my kingdom to have that photograph."

"And for present expenses?"

The King took a heavy, chamois leather bag from under his cloak and laid it on the table.

"There are £300 in gold and £700 in notes," he said.

Holmes scribbled a receipt on a sheet of his note book and handed it to him.

"And mademoiselle's address?" he asked.

"Is Briony Lodge, Serpentine Avenue, St. John's Wood."

Holmes made a note of it. "One other question," said he. "Was the photograph a cabinet?"

"It was."

"Then, good night, Your Majesty, and I trust that I will soon have some good news for you. And good night, Watson," he added, as the wheels of the royal brougham rolled down the street. "If you will be good enough to call to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock, I should like to chat this little matter over with you."

II.

At three o'clock precisely I was at

Baker street, but Holmes had not yet returned. The landlady informed me that he had left the house shortly after eight o'clock in the morning. I sat down beside the fire, however, with the intention of awaiting him, however long he might be. I was already deeply interested in his enquiry, for, though it was surrounded by none of the grim and strange features which were associated with the two crimes which I have already recorded, still the nature of the case and the exalted station of his client gave it a character of its own. Indeed, apart from the nature of the investigation which my friend had on hand, there was something in his masterly grasp of a situation and his keen, incisive reasoning which made it a pleasure to me to study his system of work and to follow the quick subtle methods by which he disentangled the most inextricable mysteries. So accustomed was I to his invariable success that the very possibility of his failure ceased to enter my head.

It was close upon four before the door opened, and a drunken looking groom, ill kempt and side whiskered, with an inflamed face and disreputable clothes, walked into the room. Accustomed, as I was to my friend's amazing powers in the use of disguises I had to look three times before I was certain it was indeed he. With a nod he vanished into the bedroom, whence he emerged in five minutes tweed suited and respectable as of old. Putting his hands into his pockets he stretched out his legs in front of the fire and laughed heartily for some minutes.

"Well, really!" he cried, and then he choked, and laughed again until he was obliged to lie back limp and helpless in the chair.

"What is it?"

"It's quite too funny, I am sure you could never guess how I employed my morning or what I ended by doing."

"I can't imagine. I suppose that you have been watching the habits and perhaps the house of Miss Irene Adler."

"Quite so, but the sequel was rather unusual. I will tell you, however. I left the house a little after eight o'clock this morning in the character of a groom out of work. There is a wonderful sympathy and freemasonry among horse men."

Be one of them and you will know all there is to know. I soon found Briony Lodge. It is a bijou villa, with a garden at the back, but built out in front right up to the road, two stories. Chubb lock to the door. Large sitting room on the right side, well furnished, with long windows almost to the floor, and those preposterous English window fasteners which a child could open. Behind there was nothing remarkable, save that the passage window could be reached from the top of the coach house. I walked round and examined it closely from every point of view, but without noting anything else of interest.

"Then I lounged down the street and found, as I expected, that there was a mews in the lane which runs down by one wall of the garden. I lent the ostlers a hand in rubbing down their horses, and I received in exchange two pence, a glass of half-and-half, two fills of shag tobacco and as much information as I could desire about Miss Adler, to say nothing of half a dozen other people in the neighborhood in whom I was not in the least interested, but whose biographies I was compelled to listen to."

"And what of Irene Adler?" I asked.

"Oh, she has turned all the men's heads down in that part. She is the daintiest thing under a bonnet on this planet. So says the Serpentine Mews to a man. She lives quietly, sings at concerts, drives out at five every day, and returns at seven sharp for dinner. Seldom goes out at other times except when she sings. Has only one male visitor, but a good deal of him. He is dark, handsome and dashing; never calls less than once a day, and often twice. He is Mr. Godfrey Norton of the Inner Temple. See the advantage of a cabman for a confidential. They had driven him home a dozen times from Serpentine Mews and knew all about him. When I had listened to all they had to tell, I began to walk up and down near Briony Lodge once more, and to think over my plan of campaign."

"This Godfrey Norton was evidently an important factor in the matter. He was a lawyer. That sounded ominous. What was the relation between them, and what was the object of his repeated visits? Was she his client, his friend, or his mistress? If the former she had probably transferred the photograph to his keeping. If the latter, it was less likely. On the issue of this question depended whether I should continue my work at Briony Lodge or turn my attention to the gentleman's chambers in the Temple. It was a delicate point, and it widened the field of my inquiry. I fear that I bore you with these details, but I have to let you see my little difficulties if you are to understand the situation."

"I am following you closely," I answered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two rival department stores in Chicago had a war over bananas the other day. One store began by offering to sell a dozen bananas for a cent. The other offered three dozen for a cent, and the rivalry waxed hotter until for an hour nice bananas were sold at ten dozen for one cent. Many fruit vendors bought.

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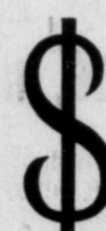
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