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Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

W. C. ENSLOW

Vol. XXII.—No. 33.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, May 29, 1889.

WHOLE No. 1125.

BOYS' SUITS.

Largest, Cheapest and Best Assortment in the County, at
B. FAIREY'S.
Boy's Shirts, Collars, Ties, Hats and Caps, at
B. FAIREY'S.
Special Sales of Prints and Gingham. Extra value at very low prices, at
B. FAIREY'S.
Newcastle.

LACE CURTAINS.

Rare Bargains in these goods, White or Cream from 85 cts. per pair, at
B. FAIREY'S.
Newcastle.

Newcastle, May 25, 1889.

Law and Collection Office
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M. ADAMS,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.
Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.
CLAIMS collected in all parts of Dominion.
Office:—NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Chatham, N. B.
OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
RICHMOND, N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 4, 1889.

O. J. MacGULLY, M.A., M.D.
Hon. Sec. GEN. SERG., LONDON,
SPECIAL ST.
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,
Off. c. Cor. Westmorland and Main Streets,
Moncton, Nov. 12, 88.

Charles J. Thomson,
Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York. THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY in the World.
Barrister, Procurator for Estates,
Notary Public, &c.
Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches conducted with accuracy and dispatch.
OFFICE.
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. Desmond
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence UNION HOTEL, Newcastle, N. B.
Newcastle, June 4th, 1888.

Dr. R. Nicholson,
Office and Residence,
McDUFFIAN ST., NEWCASTLE
Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.
OFFICE up stairs in SUTHERLAND & CROGHAN'S building. Residence Waverley Hotel.
Newcastle, March 12, 1889.

Dr. H. A. Fish,
Newcastle, N. B.
Jan. 25, 1889.

KEARY HOUSE
(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)
BATHURST, N. B.
THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re-urnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel. Fishing Facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent all water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for men.
TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

CURE FOR THE LAME
By DR. SWIFT, the well known bone surgeon, physician and osteopath. He has cured many cases of Lame, Stiff, and Painful Joints, and all kinds of Rheumatism, Gout, and Gravel. He also cures all kinds of Skin Diseases, and all kinds of Nervous Disorders. He has cured many cases of Paralysis, and all kinds of Debility. He has cured many cases of Consumption, and all kinds of Lung Disease. He has cured many cases of Asthma, and all kinds of Breathing Difficulty. He has cured many cases of Headache, and all kinds of Nervous Pain. He has cured many cases of Stomach Disorder, and all kinds of Digestive Trouble. He has cured many cases of Liver Disorder, and all kinds of Biliary Trouble. He has cured many cases of Kidney Disorder, and all kinds of Urinary Trouble. He has cured many cases of Bladder Disorder, and all kinds of Genital Trouble. He has cured many cases of Prostate Disorder, and all kinds of Sexual Trouble. He has cured many cases of Testis Disorder, and all kinds of Reproductive Trouble. He has cured many cases of Vagina Disorder, and all kinds of Female Trouble. He has cured many cases of Uterus Disorder, and all kinds of Menstrual Trouble. He has cured many cases of Ovary Disorder, and all kinds of Endocrine Trouble. He has cured many cases of Pituitary Disorder, and all kinds of Hormonal Trouble. He has cured many cases of Thyroid Disorder, and all kinds of Metabolic Trouble. He has cured many cases of Adrenal Disorder, and all kinds of Stress Trouble. He has cured many cases of Pancreas Disorder, and all kinds of Digestive Trouble. He has cured many cases of Spleen Disorder, and all kinds of Blood Trouble. He has cured many cases of Liver Disorder, and all kinds of Biliary Trouble. He has cured many cases of Kidney Disorder, and all kinds of Urinary Trouble. He has cured many cases of Bladder Disorder, and all kinds of Genital Trouble. He has cured many cases of Prostate Disorder, and all kinds of Sexual Trouble. He has cured many cases of Testis Disorder, and all kinds of Reproductive Trouble. He has cured many cases of Vagina Disorder, and all kinds of Female Trouble. He has cured many cases of Uterus Disorder, and all kinds of Menstrual Trouble. He has cured many cases of Ovary Disorder, and all kinds of Endocrine Trouble. He has cured many cases of Pituitary Disorder, and all kinds of Hormonal Trouble. He has cured many cases of Thyroid Disorder, and all kinds of Metabolic Trouble. He has cured many cases of Adrenal Disorder, and all kinds of Stress Trouble. He has cured many cases of Pancreas Disorder, and all kinds of Digestive Trouble. He has cured many cases of Spleen Disorder, and all kinds of Blood Trouble.

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Asthma; soothes irritation of the Larynx and Fauces; strengthens the Vocal Organs; allays soreness of the Throat; prevents Consumption, and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs so compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pain in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this medicine to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman Headlight, Morrilton, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me. Mrs. E. Coburn, 10 Second St., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throats, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Anna Lovjoy, 1227 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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Selected Literature.

MISS GARDINER.

BY JAMES C. FURDY.

Miss Gardiner, while looking through the advertisement columns of her favorite newspaper, the *Morning Mirror*, found the following lines, which she eagerly scanned:

"WANTED.—A young woman of refinement (employed during the day), who can sing well and play the piano, can have free of charge, during the summer, a pleasant home in the country. Private family (mother and daughter). Best of references required. A personal interview by appointment through correspondence. Address J. B. Meteor office."

It pleased Miss Gardiner to become an inmate of this pleasant country home; and she accomplished her purpose, with results delightful to all parties concerned. Mrs. Malcolm, the advertiser, and her daughter Jessie, were very pleasant, lovable, loving women, with plenty of servants and plenty of room. The advertisement had been a kindly device of Mrs. Malcolm's, to relieve the loneliness of her handsome country home, and at the same time afford a happy opportunity to some poor girl of refinement.

When the device brought them Grace Gardiner, they gained the companionship of a young, unusually handsome girl, with keen intelligence, a cultivated manner, and a positive genius for music. Her principal reference was Mr. Fletcher, the lawyer having charge of Mrs. Malcolm's business affairs; and that gentleman was enthusiastic in his praise of her. For the rest, she was stenographic and typewriter in the highly respectable firm of Endorby & Sons. So, for the rest of the summer, Mrs. Malcolm's carriage brought Grace Gardiner from the railroad station every afternoon, and took her to the train every morning.

But after a time a cloud of trouble misty upon the summer sky of Scotland Lodge. One afternoon the carriage returned from the station without Miss Gardiner. She had sent a note, saying that she was detained over night, but would be home as usual next day. It was a lonely evening without her; and she was greatly missed at the breakfast-table the next morning. But in a short time her absence was almost forgotten in the presence of a great excitement which engulfed the entire household.

While the ladies were still at breakfast, the servants brought them breaking news. One of the rich houses in the neighborhood had been entered by burglars during the night. The inmates of the house, it was supposed, had been stupefied with chloroform; for they had known nothing of the invasion until morning. Every nook and recess of the house had been ransacked and rifled. Everything of value, even to wearing apparel, had been seized upon; and a wagon-load of booty had been secured.

This was very interesting, but the conclusion of the story was strangely perplexing. All the stolen property had been compactly bestowed in bags and bundles, ready for removal, and then the burglars had gone away without the bags and bundles. Not the smallest article had been taken out of the house. Everything was found in the morning on the floor of the hall, close to the front door, which was standing partly open. The thieves had evidently been frightened away at the last moment; but in that retired neighborhood, what frightened them away? Here was a fine field for speculation.

When Miss Gardiner came home in the afternoon she talked vivaciously about the burglary, and on one or two obscure points made singularly apt and lucid suggestions. But she soon left the subject, and during the evening she sang as she never sung for them before. It was noticed, however, that she was pale, and looked weary from overwork. As they were separating for the night, she said to Mrs. Malcolm, with some apparent embarrassment:

"You ought to know, Mrs. Malcolm, I have left my place, and am unsettled now; although I still have to be in the city during the day."

"Oh, you poor child!" Mrs. Malcolm exclaimed, kissing her. "Of course I ought to know it, so that Mr. Fletcher and I can get you another situation at once."

But to the good lady's surprise and indignation, Mr. Fletcher did not respond enthusiastically when she spoke to him about the matter the next day.

"We need hardly trouble ourselves," he said. "I think Miss Gardiner has plans of her own. It will be best to say nothing further to her on the subject."

A few mornings later, as Mrs. Malcolm was leaving her room, she encountered Miss Gardiner coming to her. The girl was pale, and evidently in pain.

"I would not trouble you if I could help it," she said; "but after you had all gone to bed last night, I had an accident. I caught my hand in some way, and it hurt me so that I jerked it loose, instead of freeing it gently, and so tore the skin."

She held out her hand as she spoke, and that shapely member was discolored with bruises, and badly swollen; while in one place the flesh was lacerated. The old lady cried out, with horror, and then

proceeded to bathe and bind up the wounded hand.

"Why," she said, "it looks almost as if it had been bitten. I don't see how you managed to hurt it so. Well, there's no going to the city for you to-day with that hand. That's decided!"

"Oh, I must go to-day—to-day of all days!" the girl cried, vehemently. And then, as if recollecting herself, she laughed pleasantly, and said: "There are two or three things I want to attend to in the city to-day, and, indeed, I am quite able to go."

"Miss Jessie was in the breakfast room before then, and seemed in a somewhat grim and unsatisfactory humor. The morning greetings had hardly been exchanged when the ladies were startled by news of another burglary. The house nearest their own had been entered, and evidently by the same parties who had committed the previous outrage. As before, the people had been chloroformed, the house had been thoroughly ransacked, and everything of value had been bundled up, ready for removal; and as before, the property had all been left in the hall, by the open front door. The thieves had been frightened away the second time.

This new affair caused genuine dismay in the Malcolm household, and Mrs. Malcolm spoke about getting special guards to stay in the house at night. Grace tried to reassure her.

"I really don't think we have much to fear," she said, "with so many strong men servants as are known to sleep on the premises. Burglars know what they are undertaking before they begin operations."

"I cannot imagine why they should push their operations by leaving all the stolen property in the hall, then," said Jessie shortly.

Grace laughed, and went her way. A little later, Mrs. Malcolm, sitting in her own room, was startled to see Jessie enter abruptly and lock the door. Having done this unusual thing, the daughter placed in the mother's hand a stained and crumpled paper.

"We may as well face it, mother dear," she said. "Read that."

Mrs. Malcolm smoothed out the paper and read:—"Ellwood will be at Montgomery's house at two o'clock Thursday morning."

"Why, my dear, what does this mean?" said Mrs. Malcolm. "It was Mr. Montgomery's house that was robbed last night. But who in the world is Ellwood?" And where did she get this paper?

"Ellwood is the robber I suppose," replied Jessie, so excited that she trembled.

"This is Thursday morning, you know. As to the paper—mother, I'd rather suffer anything than have it to tell you, but Grace Gardiner dropped that paper between here and Mr. Montgomery's after two o'clock this morning."

"Grace Gardiner! You're crazy, child!" "No mother, I am not; and I am as fond of Grace as you are. Between two and three o'clock this morning I heard a slight noise. I opened the door of my room—for I don't intend anybody shall chloroform me unless I know who it is—and I saw that there was a light in Grace Gardiner's room. I was about to go to her, thinking she was sick, when she came softly out into the hall. She was all dressed, and wore a water-proof cloak and thick veil. She hurried downstairs, and I heard her go out through the side door."

Then, from my window, I saw her run across the lawn in the direction of Mr. Montgomery's house. Of course there was no more sleep for me. I watched, and about an hour later she came in, as softly as she went out, and moving as if she were tired."

"My dear," said Mrs. Malcolm, with conviction, "you dreamed it all. You were nervous and upset on account of that first burglary, you know."

"I thought that, too. But, after daylight, I went out, and there were her tracks in the dew, making a straight path across the lawn. I walked all about so as to hide the tracks, and then I found this paper where Grace had dropped it. I could make nothing of it then, of course; still I thought some other woman might have gone into Grace's room and out again, so I went there while you were doing up her hand, and in her closet I found her water-proof cloak and an old dress, all wet and dragged around the bottom, and a pair of her shoes soaked and muddy. Mother, that hand was hurt at Mr. Montgomery's house in the course of that robbery—I am perfectly sure of it."

At this moment a servant announced, through the closed door, that Mr. Fletcher was in the parlor to see the ladies. Mrs. Malcolm hastily dried her tears of nervous distress.

"Not a word to him of all this about Grace Gardiner," she said, as she hastened away to receive her guest. Jessie took some time to steady herself before she followed.

Mr. Fletcher explained that he had come out with just enough of a business errand to serve as an excuse. Really, he was off for a well earned holiday, and would stay all day if they coaxed him, and all night too, if there was a room at his disposal. He could not have done a kinder thing, after the recent disturbing events, and he knew it. Of course these

events were exhaustively discussed by all.

"It is very mysterious business altogether," said Mr. Fletcher. "Every night of late, there has been a burglary somewhere, and the same enterprising artist executes all the various jobs. The detectives are sure of that, because as you know, there are schools of burglary, as there are schools of painting, and these masterpieces all belong to the same school."

"Is this person of genius supposed to be a man or a woman?" asked Jessie, with extravagant carelessness.

"A man, undoubtedly," Mr. Fletcher replied, with a sharp look at his questioner. "And as gentlemanly and aristocratic a rascal as ever deserved hanging. Romantic, too. He was well-born and well-educated; married a charming woman; had a prosperous business and, kept his family in luxury. He became depraved somehow, and for years he led a double life, maintaining a high social position on the proceeds of his criminal enterprise. His wife died of a broken heart when the exposure came at last."

"How is all this known? And who is this charming rascal?" Jessie asked.

"He calls himself Ellwood. Ah, you know the name already from the papers I see. As to your other question, his history all came out at the time of his trial two years ago. He was arrested after a series of just such burglaries as these; was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a long imprisonment. I was prosecuting attorney at the time and much of the evidence was furnished by my son, who is my partner, you know. He is a very neat amateur detective, and I wish he would take as much interest in the matter now, but he don't. Well, about a week ago this gray-haired man of genius Ellwood, escaped from prison, and forty-eight hours later there was a magnificent burglary of his peculiar type. He has been at it ever since, and the police can't get near him."

Burglary is a fascinating topic of conversation, but after a time other subjects supplanted it, even in that interested group. Toward ten o'clock Mr. Fletcher remembered that he had writing to do, and must go at once to his room.

"I won't come down again," he said. "Miss Jessie will kindly bring—not send—some supper to me. And it will be as well not to mention to anybody that I am here for the night."

"The plot thickens," said Jessie, after he had gone. "Just think of it: so long as Ellwood was in prison Grace Gardiner worked quietly at honest employment; but no sooner does he escape than she gives up her education, and associates herself with him in the most mysterious fashion. It is terrible!"

"I'd cry myself," said Jessie, "but I have to save my eyes for night work. For I, for all the sleeping I do, shall be done in the day-time, until this house has been robbed, or Ellwood has been captured—with his accomplices."

Miss Jessie's vigil began that same night. She sat through the dark hours in her own room, wide awake and alert, and with a stout club at command. About two o'clock in the morning she heard a slight sound under her window. Somebody was apparently trying the side door. This door opened into a passage which connected with the main hall and stairway, and also by an inner door with the dining-room.

Jessie Malcolm hurried noiselessly to Mr. Fletcher's room and softly tapped on the door. There was instant response. The lawyer had been keeping vigil also, and stood before her, fully dressed and ready for prompt action.

"Ellwood is down-stairs," whispered Jessie.

"I thought he would come to-night, because he would suppose nobody expected him here after last night's performance," said Mr. Fletcher; and without further loss of time the two went cautiously down stairs to welcome the untimely guest. Jessie positively refusing to stay back.

The hall lamp had been left dimly burning, as usual, and by its light they could see that as yet there was nobody in the hall. Peering past the angle at the foot of the stairs, they