

ONE NIGHT'S HISTORY.

BY DORA HASTINGS.

It was a very old love-story, indeed. One hardly expects a love-story to last through five years of silence and separation.

This is the way of it: I was visiting my friend Nannie Reynolds, when I, Valerie Westlake, was a school-girl of seventeen, tall, gauché, silent and shy, with a plain and unbecoming wardrobe, and no style to speak of, yet Nannie's brother Jack fell in love with me.

Well, it only lasted, the engagement, that is, for a very few months. We were entirely too poor to think of marrying, and so it ended by my sending back two bundles of letters, and referring to "the friends" in the future.

That was five years ago. I am Nannie's guest once more, Nannie Bernard now, and at present I am engaged in the pleasing task of arraying myself in "gloss of satin and shimmer of pearls" for the Kimball's ball.

As this moment, though I have not yet seen him, Jack Reynolds is in the house. He came just after dinner, and he is going to the Kimball's with us to-night.

"I wonder, oh, I wonder!" say I to myself as I regard the reflection in my mirror, "what will be thought of me?"

"I am changed—yes, but I fancy most people would think it a change for the better." An awkward little school-girl in those days, now—thanks to Uncle Middleton's money—I am a well-dressed, possibly good-looking, and self-possessed woman.

As I step back, and crane my neck over my shoulder to observe the set of my pale green train, that glimmers, Udine-like, for a yard or more behind me, Nannie comes in.

"How lovely you look, Val!" she says, with hearty admiration. "I think there is a surprise in store for Jack."

"He knows I am here," say I with well-simulated indifference.

"No, I haven't told him, Valerie," with a sudden gleam of mischief in her dark eyes. "If you don't read that young man a lesson you don't deserve to be called a woman."

"The play isn't worth the candle," I remark, with a laugh. "Aren't some of those flowers for me? I want some white roses."

"I bought them for that purpose," said she, helping to fasten them in my hair, and making up the great flower-garland that fashion insists upon planting on one's left shoulder.

"I'm ready now, I think. Let us go down."

The two gentlemen look up, hearing the soft rustle of silk trains as we enter; and I see Jack turn towards his sister in evident expectation of the introduction which does not follow.

For a moment I pause in half-malicious enjoyment of his embarrassment, then I smile as I offer my hand.

"It is really 'out of sight,' out of mind," Mr. Reynolds exclaims, "when you come in."

"Then a sudden flash of recognition comes to him. 'Pardon me,' he says, your voice at least is unchanged. There was no room for improvement left in that."

The compliment is delicately veiled, and is acceptable, of course. He places his wrap upon my shoulders, possesses himself of a loose white rose bud from my flower-garland as he does so, and we follow Nannie and her liege-lord down to the carriage.

"You'll never see me again," he says to myself in rapid succession, and he still avoids me, I cannot help a realization of the preacher's meaning when he insists that "all is vanity."

Just after supper little Clarence Minor decoys me out into the conservatory and blunders through a proposal. Heaven knows what he was thinking me for, unless it is that my yearly income comes five figures to count it.

With that uncomplimentary feeling in my heart, I dismiss him with very little ceremony, and am sitting a rather limp and dejected figure for all my finery, under a big cedar-tree that is the pride of Mrs. Kimball's heart.

"Valerie!" says a voice behind me, "isn't it my turn now?"

"For what? I ask, making no welcoming movement.

"But he seats himself beside me without waiting for any invitation.

I feel foolish, and devote myself to smoothing out the wrinkles in the glove that lies in my lap.

"Well, for a waltz, perhaps." Answering my question, "Five years ago you didn't waltz."

"My card," displaying it, "was open to you as to others, at the beginning of the evening. It is full now, you see."

"But you might throw one of those other fellows over, and sit out the dance with me here."

The cool impudence of this enrages me, and I rise to take a dignified exit, and of course I drop my glove.

He picks it up, but does not restore it. I laugh a gay little laugh that somehow has an unpleasant ring to it, as I quote half under my breath.

"And the first time I will send a white rosebud to a person, and the second time a glove."

"And the third," he takes up the quotation promptly, "I may unbind from my pride to whisper pardon, if he comes to claim my love."

I stare in some astonishment.

"Ah!" said he, laughing in turn. "It is not more surprising for me to have learned to quote Mrs. Browning than for you to have learned to waltz and flirt."

"I don't flirt," I retort, resenting the imputation, as much as I enjoy the reality. "May I trouble you to let me pass?" he is standing in the doorway.

"Certainly, Miss Westlake. And just then my partner comes to seek me, and I have the sorry satisfaction of leaving him to his own devices.

Soon after that, I see Jack go up and speak to his sister, and presently I see that he has left the room.

"Jack has gone home," Nannie tells me when next we meet. "He says he is tired after his journey, so he leaves us to Tom's tender mercies." She looks at me a little curiously as she says

this, wondering probably how I will regard such off-hand treatment.

"It is a long wait for anyone who is tired," I remark carelessly.

"He went with Mr. Minor, in his dog cart."

Whereat I say, "Oh!" unmeaningly, and long before they have finished the next figure the pleasures of the evening have become apples of Sodom to my palate.

"Are you tired?" asks Nannie. And when I murmur "Yes," she takes pity upon me and orders the carriage at once. That shelter reached, I take refuge in silence, nor does the burden of conversation fall heavily upon Nannie and her husband.

"What did I possess me to act so!" I ask the question of my own heart miserably enough; knowing, as I have known through all these five long years, that I love him as I never can love any other man.

"It is all this horrid money!" I think. "If it were not for that he would never have had the chance to say I flirted."

Now I suppose he believes that I have forgotten all the old times—or, worse than that, and my cheeks burn hotly at the mere thought, "he may think I have grown purse-proud."

There is a commotion in front of the house as we drive up. The door stands wide open, and a brilliant stream of light comes through.

"Is he dead?" we hear a woman ask.

"Tom springs from the carriage waiting to hear more, and Nannie follows him, with one single cry, 'It is Jack!'

For my part, I sit still, stunned and helpless, watching with fascinated eyes the long, dark burden that they are slowly bearing up the steps.

"Sure his own sweat-shirt wouldn't know him now." The words reach me through the open door of the carriage.

"It was the other carriage that ran into them, you see," some man was explaining to the crowd.

The driver was drunk, and he didn't know where he was going, and this man tried to hold his horse in, but the brute reared and kicked. That upset the dog-cart, and he fell, somehow—under the horse's hoofs. I helped to pick him up—"

The voice broke, strong man though it was. "If they don't take the law on that driver—"

"But I can stand no more. I must get into the house, though it seems a more terrible undertaking to me than the crossing of the Red Sea."

The crowd gives way silently, as I pass through their midst. They had not known there was anyone else in the carriage.

"He is dying, or dead, perhaps," I say to myself with a dull wonder that I, knowing it, can still be alive, "and they have carried him up-stairs, but I have no right to be there—he didn't know that I loved him!" And then I suppose a merciful unconsciousness comes over me, from which I am only aroused by a voice that seems like a voice from heaven calling "Valerie!"

"Yes," I answer stupidly, but seem to have no power to rise up from the floor where I have fallen.

"Valerie!" he calls again, "feeling his way uncertainly in the dark, 'where are you?' And in another moment he is lifted in two strong arms, and descending above me, the face that I love best in the world—and wonder of wonders, without a scar or a blemish!

"I thought you were dead," I cry, passionately, and then he understands. "You loved me then, he whispered, sofly, and I am too foolishly, heart-breakingly happy to do other than sob out all my love, and all the misery of the evening; while his two arms are around me, and my head rests upon the heart that I now know beats for me, and for me alone.

"But they said you were dead," I came back to the dominant thought persistently, "and the blood—"

"It was Minor, poor fellow!" he says, gravely, "but he is neither dead nor dying." In fact, the doctor thinks his injuries not very serious. We thought it was much worse when we picked him up—the horse kicked him in the face—that made it look like a much more terrible thing than it really is."

I am silent with a pity I hardly dare express, remembering the scene in the conservatory that night. It all seems so dreadful, and yet there is only one thing I can distinctly realize, and that is, the Jack has brought my old happiness back to me.

"Look up, Val," he says now, "tomorrow you may be a 'ministering angel' to poor Minor, but just now I want you to tell me again that you love me."

"What can I do but obey? And so the tragedy of this one night's history ends in comedy at last."

The woman under arrest is the wife of a Boston policeman. The story of the would-be-crime, as it has leaked out, is this:—On October 9 a young woman called on the keeper of a notorious North End dive, and informed him that she wished to see him privately. The dive keeper asked the woman her mission. She whispered her story. She wanted a man who would be willing to play the part of a crook, and kill a certain woman, and she offered to pay well for the work.

A MURDER. She said a young Irish girl had entered the service of a wealthy Baltimore family several years before. The only son of the house, then a minor, fell in love with her and secretly married her. A child was born to them and the secret was revealed. The parents went nearly wild, but the young man avowed that his love for his young wife was so strong that he would not give her up. The parents offered every inducement to effect a separation, but without avail. The girl was being every day more and more devoted to the young man, and she refused to part with him on no condition save that the child be hallowed.

A COLD-BLOODED PROPOSITION. The woman said her mission to Boston was to see the woman with whom she was talking and to employ him to either secure this woman to herself or get some one to do it. The dive keeper, whose place had recently been raided by the police, at first thought that the girl was being led to a trap, but he reflected that his visitor that he knew a man who would be willing to commit the crime for the price named. The next day the woman again visited the man and told him the full story, and to commit murder. The one spoken of as a proper person to assist was present. She related the same story and made the same proposition to the latter.

When she had gone he told his friend that he was determined to find out about the case. After a further conference it was decided to make the case known as a cold-bloody proposition, and they went to the Police Inspector's office and saw Chief Hanson, who informed the Superintendent, the Commissioner and the District Attorney. They all advised the greatest secrecy. Several detectives were had between these men and the woman, at which several detectives were present, but unseen.

At one of the interviews the woman produced two letters from the father of the girl, and in the case, but before she showed them she took the precaution to cut off the signature in each. In one of these letters he said he would arrive in Boston the following morning. In the other he said he would arrive on a week ago last Thursday or Friday. He did not arrive until Saturday morning.

MEETING THE FATHER-IN-LAW. The woman then had an interview with the man who had consented to commit the crime. She gave him \$50 and told him to go to the Revue House and ask for a package. He was to report to her in his own name. In this package he was to send \$100—two one hundred dollar bills. He did so. This interview was overheard by two police inspectors and they followed the man to the Revue House, where he had the package. They saw the money and then they led it up again.

Last Monday night this man went to Baltimore and was accompanied by two police inspectors. He saw the man who had committed the crime and the woman who had desired to have her child murdered. He returned to Boston Friday morning and had an interview with the woman, and arranged to return to Baltimore last evening for the purpose of fulfilling his part of the contract. He had an interview with her Saturday afternoon and also Saturday evening.

IN THE TOILET. She went to a telegraph office to send a despatch to Baltimore. She wrote a despatch and handed it to the receiver. Chief Inspector Hanson stood beside her and wrote a despatch also, which he handed to the receiver. That gentleman pretended that he could not read a part of it and made a pretense of handing it back to him, but instead of doing handed him the woman's despatch. The result of this little scene was the immediate arrest of her husband and a ride to a back to the Police Headquarters, as described above.

BREAKING DOWN. When confronted with the detectives, the dive keeper and the woman's father, under whom he had recommended, she broke down, it is claimed, and confessed and said that she had twice personally attempted to poison the young wife and had very nearly succeeded in killing her both times.

Last night the man who had visited Baltimore, together with several police inspectors, left this city for that place and are now in consultation with officers in that city.

Law.

**Robert Murray**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
Notary Public, Insurance Agent,  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

**D. G. MACLAUCHLIN,**  
Barrister-at-Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.  
BATHURST, N. B.

DesBrisay & DesBrisay,  
BARRISTERS,  
Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c.

OFFICES:  
St. Patrick Street, - - - Bathurst, N. B.  
Theobalds DesBrisay, Q. C.  
W. J. BRYAN DESBRISAY

**Warren C. Winslow**  
BARRISTER  
AND  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE  
"MIRAMICHI" BLOCK, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.

**E. P. Williston,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,  
Office—Over Mr. John Braddon's Store; Entrance  
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

**WM. A. PARK,**  
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.  
OFFICE—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, ESQ.  
CASTLE STREET  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

**CARRIAGES.**  
FIRST CLASS ASSORTMENT IN NEWEST DESIGNS.

DOUBLE AND SINGLE  
SIDE BAR PIANO BOXES,  
WHITECHapel SIDE BAR,  
SIDE-SPRING CONCORDS,  
DOUBLE AND SINGLE  
TRUCK-WAGGONS,  
CARTS,  
SLOVENS, &c.

on hand and made to order.  
ALEX. ROBINSON,  
St. John Street, CHATHAM, N. B.

**NEW GOODS**  
Thomas Flanagan  
Ready-made Clothing  
SOLD AT COST  
A Good Assortment  
OF ALL KINDS OF BOOTS,  
which have been bought at a low price, and will be sold accordingly low. Purchasers will do well by calling and seeing stock before purchasing elsewhere.

WELL KNOWN TO ALL.  
All kinds of goods of all kinds, such as Marcell, Collyer, Cotten, Stone Yelling Cashmeres and Prints, &c. &c. &c. will be sold at a low price. Dealers will do well to see our catalogues or write for particulars, describing in as near as possible what is wanted. We guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor us with their orders.

**WHOLESALE & RETAIL.**  
WATER STREET, CHATHAM, N. B.

**PARLOR SUITES,**  
Upholstered in the latest styles and in all the latest styles of Upholstery on hand and made to order in any style required.

**LOUNGES, BED LOUNGES,**  
Students' Easy Chairs and Mattresses, upholstered, in hair wool & excelsior.

**BEDROOM SUITES**  
All kinds from the cheapest to the most expensive. We are also prepared to do all kinds of UPHOLSTERY at very low figures.

**REPAIRING**  
Old Furniture re-upholstered and polished and made as good as new. We have for sale the best FURNITURE POLISH MADE. Particular description of any description will be sent on our catalogues or write for particulars. We guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor us with their orders.

**WHOLESALE & RETAIL.**  
CHATHAM, N. B.

**FRENCH CAMBRICS**  
PRINTED MUSLINS.  
Percales, New Prints, Piques, beautiful designs and perfectly fast colors.

**DRESS GOODS**  
In Nun's Veiling, Zeta Cord, Croise Cloth, Crepe, Eingle Grafton, Cloth, Solid Cloth, Foulie, reversible, Cashmeres, Merinos, etc., in new shades, Chestnut, Peacock, Cinnamon, Sapphire, Hunter's Green, Bronze, Myrtle, Iron Grey, Fawn, Hussard Blue, Tally Ho, etc.

**WINDOW CURTAINS AND HANGINGS.**  
Complete stock in every department. Wholesale and retail.  
SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN,  
Public Square, Newcastle.

**North Atlantic Steamship Company,**  
(LIMITED.)

MIRAMICHI, CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.  
The Pioneer Steamship of this line the  
"A. I. S. S. 'CLIFTON'"  
2965 tons, CAPTAIN WADE.

It is intended to make regular trips between Miramichi, Charlottetown and London of Liverpool and any other port in the United Kingdom and continent of Europe as may be found to suit the trade. This route offers special facilities for the shipment of:  
FISH, CATTLE and all other products from the North shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and also P. E. Island

Good accommodation for a limited number of passengers. For freight or passage, apply to  
R. A. & J. STEWART,  
CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI.

FENTON T. NWBBERRY,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.  
STEWART BROS.,  
3 FEN COURT, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E. C.

**WILLIAM RAE**  
has at his shop, UPPER WATER STREET, a large assortment of  
TABLETS, GRAVE-MARKS ETC  
Purchased at wholesale prices at \$1 per doz.  
Catalogue sent on application.  
CHATHAM, N. B., July 2, 1885

**FOR SALE**  
At the Chatham Carriage and Sleigh Works, a Lot of DOUBLE and SINGLE  
Truck Wagons.  
Also a few double and single second hand driving WAGONS.  
To be sold Cheap.  
A. ROBINSON.

**APRIZE.**  
For a very fine prize, a new fire proof safe, with a large interior and a heavy exterior, will be given to the person who will help us to make money right away that will be of service to the public. All of other sort, secured from the first lot. The grand prize, fortune, open before the work is completed. At once address: TRADE & CO. AGENTS, Miramichi.

**WE ARE NOW SHOWING**  
STAPLE AND FANCY FOODS,  
and by strict attention to business, and a well-assorted stock, we hope to merit a share of public patronage.  
LOGGIE & CO.  
Now the stand, opposite the Railway Station, the store formerly occupied by Patterson, Logan & Co.

**CORN MEAL**  
LANDING.  
255 Bble New England A. No. 1  
115 " " " " " " " " " "  
40 " " " " " " " " " "  
DeForest, Harrison & Co.,  
7 and 8 John St.

**The "Imperial" Wringer,**  
AND  
Wash-tub Stand,  
Clothes Forks, etc.  
New device for convenience on Wash-day— labor saving and lightens the work. Ask to be done. H. F. MARQUET,  
255 and 260 Water Street,  
CHATHAM, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

**PHOTOGRAPH, AUTOGRAPH AND SCRAP ALBUMS** at prices to suit everybody.

Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Jewell Cases, Dressing Cases, Ladies Hand Satchels, Ladies' and Gents' Purse-and-Wallets, Vases, Toilet Sets, China Ornaments, Mirrors, Motto Cups and Saucers of all descriptions.

**A VERY FINE ASSORTMENT OF PLATED SILVER WARE ELEGANT DESIGNS** AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry of all descriptions. Gold and Silver Jewelry made to order. Monogram and Name Jewelry made to order. Gold and Silver Metals and Badges, Price Caps, &c., suitable for presentations made to Clubs, Merchants, and Officers of the Army and Navy. Also, a full line of Surgical Instruments.

Call and examine our stock. **I. HARRIS & SON. - - - WATER STREET.**

**Miramichi Foundry**  
AND  
**MACHINE WORKS,**  
CHATHAM, N. B.

General Iron and Brass Founders,  
Gang and Rotary Saw Mills and Steamers built or repaired.

**MANUFACTURERS OF STEAM BOILERS AND ENGINES, GANG EDGERS AND SHINGLE MACHINES. HEAVY AND LIGHT. PLAIN AND FANCY CASTINGS.**

Pond's Wisconsin Rotary Saw Carriage, a Specialty, Plans, Designs, Specifications and Estimates Furnished.

**WM. MURHEAD JR.** Proprietor. **GEO. DICK** Mechanical Sup.

**Purdy & Currie,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN  
FURNITURE. FURNITURE.

**WHOLESALE & RETAIL.**  
WATER STREET, CHATHAM, N. B.

**PARLOR SUITES,**  
Upholstered in the latest styles and in all the latest styles of Upholstery on hand and made to order in any style required.

**LOUNGES, BED LOUNGES,**  
Students' Easy Chairs and Mattresses, upholstered, in hair wool & excelsior.

**BEDROOM SUITES**  
All kinds from the cheapest to the most expensive. We are also prepared to do all kinds of UPHOLSTERY at very low figures.

**REPAIRING**  
Old Furniture re-upholstered and polished and made as good as new. We have for sale the best FURNITURE POLISH MADE. Particular description of any description will be sent on our catalogues or write for particulars. We guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor us with their orders.

**WHOLESALE & RETAIL.**  
CHATHAM, N. B.

**FRENCH CAMBRICS**  
PRINTED MUSLINS.  
Percales, New Prints, Piques, beautiful designs and perfectly fast colors.

**DRESS GOODS**  
In Nun's Veiling, Zeta Cord, Croise Cloth, Crepe, Eingle Grafton, Cloth, Solid Cloth, Foulie, reversible, Cashmeres, Merinos, etc., in new shades, Chestnut, Peacock, Cinnamon, Sapphire, Hunter's Green, Bronze, Myrtle, Iron Grey, Fawn, Hussard Blue, Tally Ho, etc.

**WINDOW CURTAINS AND HANGINGS.**  
Complete stock in every department. Wholesale and retail.  
SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN,  
Public Square, Newcastle.

**North Atlantic Steamship Company,**  
(LIMITED.)

MIRAMICHI, CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.  
The Pioneer Steamship of this line the  
"A. I. S. S. 'CLIFTON'"  
2965 tons, CAPTAIN WADE.

It is intended to make regular trips between Miramichi, Charlottetown and London of Liverpool and any other port in the United Kingdom and continent of Europe as may be found to suit the trade. This route offers special facilities for the shipment of:  
FISH, CATTLE and all other products from the North shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and also P. E. Island

Good accommodation for a limited number of passengers. For freight or passage, apply to  
R. A. & J. STEWART,  
CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI.

FENTON T. NWBBERRY,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.  
STEWART BROS.,  
3 FEN COURT, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E. C.

**WILLIAM RAE**  
has at his shop, UPPER WATER STREET, a large assortment of  
TABLETS, GRAVE-MARKS ETC  
Purchased at wholesale prices at \$1 per doz.  
Catalogue sent on application.  
CHATHAM, N. B., July 2, 1885

**FOR SALE**  
At the Chatham Carriage and Sleigh Works, a Lot of DOUBLE and SINGLE  
Truck Wagons.  
Also a few double and single second hand driving WAGONS.  
To be sold Cheap.  
A. ROBINSON.

**APRIZE.**  
For a very fine prize, a new fire proof safe, with a large interior and a heavy exterior, will be given to the person who will help us to make money right away that will be of service to the public. All of other sort, secured from the first lot. The grand prize, fortune, open before the work is completed. At once address: TRADE & CO. AGENTS, Miramichi.

**WE ARE NOW SHOWING**  
STAPLE AND FANCY FOODS,  
and by strict attention to business, and a well-assorted stock, we hope to merit a share of public patronage.  
LOGGIE & CO.  
Now the stand, opposite the Railway Station, the store formerly occupied by Patterson, Logan & Co.

**CORN MEAL**  
LANDING.  
255 Bble New England A. No. 1  
115 " " " " " " " " " "  
40 " " " " " " " " " "  
DeForest, Harrison & Co.,  
7 and 8 John St.

**The "Imperial" Wringer,**  
AND  
Wash-tub Stand,  
Clothes Forks, etc.  
New device for convenience on Wash-day— labor saving and lightens the work. Ask to be done. H. F. MARQUET,  
255 and 260 Water Street,  
CHATHAM, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

**VAUGHAN & BROS.,**  
—IRON MERCHANTS—  
SMYTHE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

IRON—Common, Refined, and Horse Shoe, STEEL—Tired Sleigh Shoe and Toe Calk. YELLOW METAL—Bolts and Sheathing

CHAINS—Rigging, Mill and Cable. Anchors, Oakum, Pitch, Tar, Spikes, Hemp and Masts, Cordage all of best quality and

AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES  
**NEW GOODS!**  
—LANDING TO-DAY—

30 Cases and Bales assorted DRY GOODS, 70 HALF CHESTS TEA, (best value yet.) 30 BBLs. SUGAR, 125 BBLs. FLOUR, 10 TONS PRESSED HAY. A lot of SEASONED PRIME LUMBER.

**WILLIAM MURRAY,**  
**Bon Jour BITTERS**

**THE STANDARD APPETISER,**  
AN ALL-YEAR-ROUND TONIC.

Approved by the Faculty of Medical Analysts, London.  
**It Is Said**  
AND IT IS TRUE

B. Fairey sells Dry Goods, &c., cheaper than any other House on the Miramichi,  
**AND THIS SEASON**

he will sell Dry Goods at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to every one. I have just received a portion of my new fall stock and solicit an inspection of the same.

**DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.**  
Fancy Dress Goods from 10c. per yd. Costume Cloths (all shades) 25c. to 25c. Fancy do do 25c. to 35c. Satin Marvelleux, " 4c. Black Cashmeres, 35c. to 85c. } Grand value. Colored do 35c. to 75c. Black Cashmere Coupe, 35c. to 50c. quite new and very pretty.

**VELVETEENS VELVETEENS!**  
Black Velveteens from 35c. to \$1.25 Black Brocaded Velveteens. Colored Velveteens, 65c. 7pc. and \$1.25 All Princess Louise make and for finish cannot be equalled.

**Blankets! Flannels! Blankets!**  
White Electorals, from 25c. to 50c. Scarlet Saxony, from 16c. to 30c. Navy blue and grey Flannels, very cheap. Grey Union Flannels, from 21c. Grey and white Shaker Flannels, 15c. White Blankets, at prices to suit every one. Grey do, very low. Comfortables, all prices.

**WINCIES, DRESS**