POOR COPY



# A Cardinal Sin.

[*Continued.*]

CHAPTER IV.

FELLOW LODGERS.

Gray Street is not a fashionable street of London. Even the house-agent who has an eligible house, in that particular part, to let, does not venture to call it more than a "genteel" street. It is one of those many streets, so much alike, within a short distance of Regent Canal. The houses in it are respectable two-story buildings with three steps up to the front door, and a small railed area, which prevents passers-by from absolutely peeping into the ground floor window. If you knock at the front door of a house in Gray Street the chances are that, before answering your summons, a servant reconnoitres you from the depths of the area to ascertain whether your station in life calls upon her to open the door to you, or if your errand can be performed in the open air. In fact, seven out of every ten houses in Gray Street are lodging-houses, and, as the neighborhood is very accessible, and not unpleasant, much frequented by young gentlemen—bachelors generally—whose vocations call them to banks, merchants' offices, and other mills, where they are commencing the grind of life.

The universal plan adopted by the Gray Street and other similar houses is this: The front ground-floor room is furnished sombrely with mahogany and hair—old and substantial. This room, which is called a dining-room, opens by folding doors into a bedroom at the back. The first floor is exactly the same in size, shape, and accommodation. The front room of this is called the drawing-room, and is usually furnished with bright-green, red, or blue-covered chairs and couches, with a cheerful carpet and curtains to match. Upstairs are other bedrooms, which are occupied by the landlady and her family—the landlady being always a widow—and, it may be, by one or two lodgers who share the some sitting-room.

Had the drawing-room of No. 72 been left to its own devices, it would have been no better than its neighbors. For all these drawing-rooms are alike. The furniture may be red, green, or other prismatic colors, but the effect is the same. The only difference there can be is whether you find the furniture in the lasty bloom of its youth or in the sadder hue of old age.

But in No. 72 someone with an idea of better thing had covered the gaudy chairs with an inoffensive cretonne—had banished the vicious cut and colored glass lustres and cheap china vases in favor of a few unpretending but harmless knickknacks; and as you entered the room you could not help noticing that a large portion of it was occupied by a grand piano. If curiosity at seeing such an instrument there led you to open it, the name of one of the best makers in the world would stare you in the face.

This morning there is but one occupant of the room—a girl of about nineteen. She is seated at the piano, and trying the accompaniment of a most difficult song—now and again singing a few notes; but both singing and playing listlessly, as though her thoughts were elsewhere. Presently her hands fell on her lap, and she sat doing nothing. A knock came at the door. 'Come in,' said the girl, rising from the music-stool.

Now we can see her. She is tall, and it needs no second glance to learn that she is beautiful. Her features are straight and regular; her eyes dark, and the eyebrows over are exquisite. Her thick, soft, brown hair grows low upon a forehead broad enough to show she is no fool. Her complexion is pale, but perfectly consistent with health—it is only some powerful emotion which changes the color of her cheek. Her head is well and proudly set on a fair white neck, the outline of which sweeps away to a pair of shapely shoulders and a magnificent chest. With such a splendid frame, tiny hands and feet would be deformities; but no fault can be found with the shape of her hands and feet. A queenly girl, stately and beautiful.

It was the servant of the house who knocked. Guiltily conscious of an unsavory apron and dirty hands, her head only obeyed the girl's command to enter.

'Please, miss,' she said, 'Mr. Manders' compliments, miss, and would you like to see him before he goes out?'

'Yes; ask him to come up.' And the tall girl walked over to the fire, and leaning one rounded arm on the mantel-piece, awaited her visitor.

She was clothed in some soft, dark stuff, closely fitting, and showing her splendid figure to great advantage. Who can wonder that, on his entering, the visitor's eyes as they fell upon her showed unmistakable signs of admiration?

He was a tall young man, handsome enough—handsome mind; not good-looking, which is another thing. He was well, even carefully dressed; but, from certain minor things, a practised eye would have seen he was not quite the gentleman he wished to represent himself to be. A rope is only as strong as its weakest part, and in the would-be gentleman's attire there is usually some frayed strand which makes those who know distrust the whole.

He entered the room with the air of an old friend, and brought with him an unmistakable smell of tobacco. Taking the girl's hand in his, he held it until she gently, but firmly, withdrew it.

'Any news?' he said.

'None,' she replied. 'No letter, and another day gone. Nearly three weeks since he left—and he promised to be back in two days at the outside. What shall I do?'

'Better wait and hope. He's all right. If any man knows how to take care of himself it's John Boucher.'

'But three weeks—to leave me alone without a word! He must be dead.'

'Not a bit of it!' said Manders, with a clumsy sort of levity. 'Perhaps he wanted a bit of a change. Maybe he's run over to the States again.'

The girl glanced at him scornfully. 'You, who have known him all your lifetime, to suppose that!' She turned away as she spoke and looked at the fire.

'Something must be done,' she said, presently; 'I must advertise or go to the police. How can I continue in this anxiety? How can I go on living here alone, without a friend except you?'

'I should wait another week or so,' he said, more gravely. 'You see, Frances, your father may have his own reasons for staying away; I shouldn't advertise or set the police on his track.'

Perhaps Mr. Manders was not adverse to acting as sole protector to this beautiful girl.

She said no more, but with bent brows gazed down into the fire. Her companion walked across to the piano, and struck a few chords with a firm, powerful touch. Then he opened his chest, and notes of 'Sound an alarm" rang through the little room.

Both Frances Boucher and George Manders had that gift—that gift which may fall on rich or poor, gentle or simple—music. For the muse, in bestowing her favors, heeds not the condition of men. They both had voices, and music was the chief bond between them. Both were ambitious of gaining both fortune and fame as public singers; indeed, it was for this that George Manders had accompanied John Boucher and his daughter from America, and, as the girl said, having known them all his life, had taken up his abode on the ground floor of the house at which they lodged.

As he sang she listened apparently with great interest; then a sad look crossed her face. The singer threw the last notes on the air, then looked up at her inquiringly.

'Oh, George!' she said, in answer to his look, and speaking more kindly than she had yet spoken, 'don't be angry with me, but there is something wanting—something that must be there to make a great artist.'

Angry or not, he closed the piano with a bang, then rose and came to her.

'The old fault, I suppose—feeling, expression, soul as you call it, wanting?'

Her silence assented. He drew nearer, and his eyes looked very bright.

'Frances, you know what would change everything for me—what would make a singer of me. Give me your love. Think again—Give me what I ask.'

He needed no answer in words. The face he looked at so ardently told him his appeal was hopeless. There was no tremor in her voice as she said, 'I cannot; why pain me and yourself by asking what is impossible!'

He said no more, but turned away with a black, vicious look on his handsome face. His hand was on the door when it opened, and the servant announced 'The music-master.' She meant no rudeness, but Herr Kaulitz was a name she could never pronounce to her satisfaction.

Herr Kaulitz, a thorough Teuton, with long, light hair, and the inevitable spectacles, entered. Manders gave him a half nod and a scowl, and left the room.

'Goot morning, mine dear Miss Bouzher,' said the master, 'what have been you to the young man doing? Her face locked—ach, it looked like tunder.'

Miss Boucher greeted him, but did not answer his inquiry. 'He thinks he shall zing, that young man; but he never shall zing. Ah, yes, you vill say he has voice. What is voice? Bah, nothing! But you, you vill zing. You shall the vorld zom day by storm take. Now to work.'

He seated himself at the piano, and for the next half hour the girl's magnificent soprano voice filled the room; till the next door lodger—a refined young man at a bank, who was at home with a bad cold—glued his ear against the wall, and longed more and more to become acquainted with his gifted neighbor. Yes, Frances Boucher could sing.

But George Manders never would have made a singer. Besides the utter absence of expression in his style, Frances was sorry to have to think that even his voice was deteriorating since he had been in England. His mode of life may have had something to do with it; for a man who would rank as a great singer must live soberly and discreetly as a saint or an anchorite.

His manner of life was very far from that We need not follow him when, in a whirlwind of passion, he left Miss Boucher's room, or ask how he spent the day and night. At any rate, it was half-past seven in the morning when he opened the door of No. 72 and re-entered.

He may have been drinking during his absence, but he was sober enough by this time, although a general look of dissipation prevaded him. The servant of the house was, no doubt, up and about; but she had not yet visited the hall or collected the morning's letters which were lying in the little wire cage fixed to the door. Manders took them out, found one for himself, also a bulky packet for John Boucher. This, not knowing exactly why, he carried into his own room with him, and laying it on his bedroom mantelpiece, threw himself into bed and slept for some hours.

He was young, with a good constiution; so he awoke not much the worse for the night's dissipation, and even ate a good breakfast, He intended afterward to see Frances and give her the letter addressed to her absent father; but his curiosity was aroused by the size and the heaviness of the packet, which he examined and found bore the Newham postmark.

'Wonder what the deuce has become of Boucher?' he said. Then he thought of Frances, and her determined rejection of his handsome self; and he ground his teeth. Then he looked at the packet again, and grew more and more curious.

'I had better open it,' he said, 'it may be business—I am sure Boucher wou'd wish me to do so in his absence.'

So he opened it—but probably not feeling quite justified in so doing, opened it by running a lead pencil under the gummed flap. By a little delicate manipulation he succeeded in detaching it without breakage, so that if necessary, it might be sealed up again.

There was another envelope inside, and having once begun he had no hesitation in attacking this by the same successful means. There he was awarded by the sight of the pocketbook before described.

He rang the bell, had the breakfast things cleared away, then. he sat down to investigate. The book was full of papers, which he pulled out one by one, the first being the note from Farmer Davis. This puzzled him greatly. How could John Boucher or James Boucher's pocketbook have been found at a place called Redton—a place he had never heard of? Then he unfolded other papers, and began to puzzle out what they meant.

A half sheet of foolscap, headed 'Extract from Will of Robert Bourchier,' dated 1807. 'Mem. It is under this will we claim.' Then followed the words of the testator as to the disposition of Redhills, which I have before quoted. Next a copy of the will of James Bourchier, of Newham, which, in a few lines, left all his property, including the estate of Redhills, of which he was the rightful owner, to his son, John Bourchier, commonly called Boucher. Then a number of narrow strips of paper, certificates—of the marriage of James Bourchier and Mary Williams in 1831; of the birth of John Bourchier in 1833; of the marriage of John Bourchier and Frances Vincent 1854; of the birth of a Digby Bourchier in 1855; of the birth of a Frances Bourchier in 1856; and of the death of the above-named Digby, infant son of John Bourchier and Frances, his wife in 1856. The last four were of a different kind to the others, being certificates issued by the Bureau of Vital Statistics, New York. There was yet one more certificate—*that of the marriage of Digby Bourchier and Jane Dyer in* 1808. Well might John Boucher, as, with these papers in his possession, he entered the railway carriage that fatal night, have told Mr. Philip Tremaine Bourchier that the matter was too simple to need a lawyer's advice upon.

For, in spite of some eccentricities, law and common sense are synonymous terms. Unless he was a fool, no one with those papers before him could have failed to understand their meaning—and George Manders was a long way from being a fool. But had his intelligence been too dense to comprehend the purport of the papers, the last one he drew out would have made it clear. This was a letter, dated August, in the present year, and signed James Bourchier.

'MY DEAR SON,

'I am writing this on what I fear is my death-bed. Joy, they say, kills as well as grief. You will guess what I mean—what I have found at last. I am too weak to tell you in what miraculous way my steps were turned in the right direction. I can only say that when you turn and find me dead my banker here will deliver to you a sealed packet, which now contains everything—the last paper I have placed there being the marriage certificate of my father and mother.—Come home at once. I am the undoubted owner of the estate. Oh, that your baby boy had lived! But you are young, my boy, and can marry again.'

There was a postscript in very feeble writing:—

'In case of accidents—they were married February 15, 1808, at W——Church, Cornwall.'

The young man read the letter over and over again. He put the papers in chronological order, and, as far as was possible, made himself master of the situation. It was evident that John Boucher was entitled to some property, but whether much or little he had nothing to show him. It was strange that Boucher had never mentioned the matter to him; but, as we know Boucher never believed in the claim. He sympathized with his father's desire to prove his legitimacy, but could not look with the same eyes of faith. Does Frances know? was Manders' next thought. If so, she had been as silent as her father on the subject. Then, where was Boucher! The idea crossed his mind that his absence might in some way be connected with this claim. Could he have met with foul play? If dead, whatever he was entitled to must pass to his daughter?—and as George Manders thought of the beautiful face, so cold and calm to him, he cursed his inability to win her love—for, bad as the man was, he admired her and after his own fashion loved her.

It was a long time before he could make up his mind how to act. At last he took a sheet of paper, jotted down names and dates then replaced the pocket-book in its covers, and resealing it, locked it away. He rang the bell.

'Ask Miss Boucher if she would like to see me,' he said to the servant.

'Law, sir, miss went out an hour ago—didn't you hear her?' No, he had been too much immersed to hear anything.

'Can you get me a time-table?' he asked the servant, who did his bidding with alacrity: for he was a handsome young man, and not 'stand-offish' with female servants.

'I am going out of town to-night; I may not be back for a few days. If Miss Boucher has not returned, I will leave a note for her.

He caught the three o'clock express to the west. Blacktown was his destination—the postmark on the inner envelope guided him. When Frances returned she found his note. In it he told her he was called away for two or three days; regretted being compelled to leave her when she was so anxious as to her father's fate, and finished by begging her, in a few passionate but not badly-chosen words, to reconsider the answer she had given him yesterday. Had he seen with what little emotion she read his appeal George Manders would have given up all hope. She was sorry for him, but knew his character and its weakness so well that love between the two was an impossibility.

Manders s'ept at Blacktown that night. He readily ascertained where Redton was, and the next morning found him waiting, as John Boucher had waited, at Sleeford Junction.

The same porter was on duty, replying in the stereotyped way to querulous passengers, when Manders, who thought he might now commence closer and less general inquiries, accosted him.

'Where's Redhills about here?' he asked.

The man started as if shot.

'I say,' he answered, with solemnity, 'don't you come asking me those fatal questions; I won't answer 'em.'

'What the —— do you mean?' siad Manders, whose vocabulary was American and forcible.

'I mean a chap came and asked me just that question three weeks ago, and he's dead and buried now.'

It was now Manders' turn to start. Who was the man who might have been asking the way to Redhills three weeks ago?

'What kind of chap,' he asked.

The porter removed his cap and rubbed up his hair.

'That's what floors me,' he said. 'I should have said a hearty, open sort of a chap. But it seems he wasn't. He sat here, just on this truck like, he laughed and talked to me and cut off a piece of baccy and gave me. Here's the very piece,' continued the porter, producing the relic with an air of pride.

Manders took it in his hand. It was the sort which he knew John Boucher always smoked.

'Go on,' he cried, with impatience.

'Seems he weren't such a nice sort after all. Mr. Bourchier, M. P., he gave him a lift from Brackley to Redton—then this chap tried to rob and murder Mr. Bourchier, M. P., so he whips out his pistol and shoots him through the heart—shoots him dead.'

Manders could scarcely control his agitation. 'Shot who dead—Mr. Bourchier?' he asked.

'No, Mr. Bourchier shot that poor chap who sat on this truck, dead.' Manders' hands were trembling—all sorts of strange thoughts were surging through his brain. 'Who was he?' he gasped, in so altered a voice that the porter stared at him.

'Not a soul knows—there were nothing to tell who he were. Not a scrap. There's been an inquest, and there's been the assizes—they're just over. Mr. Bourchier, M. P., he were tried for manslaughter and acquitted honorable.'

Manders scarcely heard him—the wildest thoughts, fancies, and embryo plans were darting about in his subtle brain.

'Why, where have you been?' continued the porter. 'Every paper full of it—in the London papers, too, they tell me. 'Attack on an M. P.' You must have seen it.'

'I never read the papers,' said Manders, shortly—then the up and down train came in, and, shortly afterward, he entered a carriage on the branch line—entered it like a man in a dream.

He got out at Brackley. By this time he was calm and collected—outwardly so, at least. He entered the Brackley Arms, and made himself very agreeable to the landlady and her daughter, who managed that excellent establishment. A few clever hints dropped gave a kind of reason for the advent of such a distinguished-looking stranger, and, as he smoked his cigar and sipped brandy-and water, he heard again all that the porter had told him, and with considerable additions. He learned the magnitude of the Redhills estate, and the important part its owner played in the county. He even learned about the three lawsuits brought about by James Boucher, of Newham, and matters grew very, very clear to Mr. Manders He agreed with the landlady that it was a kindly act of Mr. Bourchier to give instructions that the unidentified ruffian who had sought his life should be buried in a decent grave in Redton Churchyard, at his Mr. Bourchier's, expense.

'But you see, sir,' said the landlady, 'it must be an awful thing to have a fellow-creature's blood on one's hands—even if it were done in self-defence.

'It must indeed,' said Manders, gravely. 'What sort of a man is Mr. Bourchier?'

'A terrible stern man in some things, sir. People about here wonder at his being so kind as to have the poor man buried. 'Ta'nt like his way.'

Manders did not wonder so much. He had learned pretty well all he needed, so he ordered a horse and vehicle to convey him to Redton.

The driver was an intelligent lad, who could point out every object of interest on the road. He showed Manders where Williams the groom got out to walk up the short cut—he stopped at the very spot where the struggle took place; then, as they neared the village of Redton—he pointed out what a guide-book would call Redhill, the beautiful seat of Philip Tremaine Bourchier, M. P., and as Manders saw from the distance its size and importance, his heart throbbed within him. 'Self-defence,' he muttered; 'of course it was self-defence. If you may shoot a man for picking your pocket, why not when he means to rob you of a place like this?

You see George Manders' ideas of morality and the sanctity of human life were not of the highest class.

He asked the boy cautiously about Farmer Davis, to whom the sum of threepence was so clearly due, but after mature consideration decided not to call and discharge that liability. He had no wish to see more people than was necessary. It was this reason that made him change his mind as to stopping at Redton, and instruct the driver, if his horse could do it, to go straight on to Longmere. Driver, if not horse, was willing enough, and from Longmere Mr. Manders took the next train to Blacktown. There he dined, and after dinner paid a visit to a newspaper office, and with some trouble, managed to obtain the back numbers of the paper which contained a report of the attack on Mr. Bourchier, the inquest on his assailant, and of the county assizes where he had just been acquitted of manslaughter after a very brief, matter-of-form trial. He took the mail to town, and on the journey perused all these interesting accounts, and with the aid of all these documents lying in his desk at Gray Street saw things in a light very different from that of coroner, judge or jury.

Late as it was when he reached No. 72, he had no thought of resting himself. He brought out the pocket-book once more, spread the papers on the table before him, read and re-read, all the while talking to himself. Had you known Mr. Manders personally, you would understand the disturbed state of his mind when I tell you that in his excitement he forgot even tobacco and strong drink.

Strange to say, the certificate which interested him most was the American one which certified the birth of John Boucher's son Digby, the child whose early death was recorded by the following certificate. He kept on repeating to himself, 'Digby Bourchier, born 1855,' and he remembered well that it was a resemblance they fancied their infant son would have borne to him had he lived, that first made John Boucher and his wife take such a kindly interest in a boy of ten years old—a bright clever, musical boy named George Manders. So ever and again so to this one certificate—ever and again repeating, 'Digby Bourchier, born 1855.'

But his conversation with himself was at times varied by other sentences. 'Does Frances know?' 'Will it all come to her?' 'Will she marry me?' These were the other phrases which broke the monotony of the repetition.

At last he rose, collected the papers, which, being now so precious, he placed under his pillow. 'I can decide nothing,' was his last remark to himself, as, wearied, he sunk into bed. 'Nothing until I see her to-morrow. Whether I live as an honest man or what people call a villian depends on the answer she gives me.'

A cynical, bad smile was playing on his lips, even as thoughts merged into dreams, and George Manders slept.

[*To be continued*]

## General News and Notes.

The Dominion Parliament's present session will probably continue until September.

No child will refuse to take McLean's Worm Syrup, pleasant and effectual.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* has thrown over Mr. Parnell.

### Huntsville Happenings.

"I HAVE used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild strawberry in my family and can recommend it for summer complaint, diarrhœa, etc."—Mrs. Geo. West, Huntsville, Ont.

Winnipeg Icelanders have formed a Liberal Association.

The closing of the lobster canning factories on the west coast of Newfoundland is said to have created a perfect panic among thousands of workmen.

### Can not Compete.

Miss Maud Grant, of Mountain, Ont., writes; "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints and diarrhœa. There is nothing to compete with it as it succeds even in the severest cases,"

Flammonia, the famous French astronomer, now in Algeria, has discovered a new comet.

Dr. Richard J. Macdonnell, professor of clinical medicine, at McGill College, Montreal, is dead, aged 33.

### Baby was Sick.

My baby was very sick with dirrhœa and after everything else had failed I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; the first dose gave relief, and a perfect cure soon resulted."—Mrs. John Clark, Bloomfield, Ont,


PIANOS.

The Subscriber having taken the Agency of the Emerson Piano, the best and cheapest in the States, and show Catalogue Prices and a sample instrument to any requiring one.

A. W. S. SMYTHE.

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Gibson, May 7th, 1891.

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful Particulars free.

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As I am clearing our the balance of my stock of Dry Goods and Fancy Articles, I will offer the same at prices away below cost.

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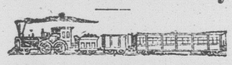

TENDERS for a Brick Passenger Station and Extension to Freight House at New Glasgow, N. S.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and marked on the Outside "Tender for Works at New Glasgow, N. S." will be received until SATURDAY, August 8th, 1891, for the construction of a brick Passenger Station and Extension to Freight House at New Glasgow, N. S.

Plans and Specifications may be seen at the Chief Engineer's office Moncton, N. B., and at the Station Master's office, New Glasgow, N. S. on and after the 29th inst., where forms of Tender may be obtained

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. July 25th, 1891. | D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.



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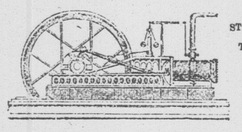

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# Miramichi Advance.

Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1890, when the ADVANCE entered upon its

## Seventeenth Year of Publication!

The publisher made an important change in the terms on which the paper is furnished to Subscribers. These include

1st. Strict adherence to the system of cash in advance for all subscriptions.

2nd. The reduction of the price of the paper to

## One Dollar a Year!

It is to be particularly understood that all outstanding subscription accounts due after November 6th, 1890, are to be settled on the old terms, viz., $2 per year, the advertised credit rate.

I have made special arrangements with the

WEEKLY TELEGRAPH OF ST JOHN

AND THE

FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR

of Montreal by which I will furnish either of those papers and the

"ADVANCE"

TOGETHER AT

One Dollar and Sixty Cents a Year!

I have made the foregoing changes in the business of the ADVANCE for two reasons.

The first is because many patrons who have been given credit, have abused the privilege to such an extent as to make the business of publishing the paper a non-paying one, and it is necessary, in my own interest and that of those who do pay, that I should no longer continue to furnish the ADVANCE to those non-paying subscribers.

The second reason is, that I wish to meet the competition of the city weeklies, which are made up from the type of the dailies and, therefore, cost little for production in comparison with a local paper like the ADVANCE, the type of which must be set up especially for it.

Having published the ADVANCE for sixteen years, and endeavored to make it a creditable representative of Miramichi and North Shore enterprise—a paper which may be taken into any household without fear that it has catered to sensationalism at the sacrifice of that cleanliness of matter, which is too often neglected by the press of the day—I have reason to hope the foregoing announcement will meet with general approval and be the means of largely increasing the circulation and influence of the paper.

D. G. SMITH, PUBLISHER.


Chatham Foundry

CHATHAM, - - - - N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

Iron and Brass Castings a specialty—for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc. Stoves, Iron Railings, Plough and general Agricultural Castings, Babbit Metal, etc. Machinery Made and Repaired with quick despatch.

☞ Orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices and fair Terms.

T. F. GILLESPIE, - - Proprietor.

GRAND DISPLAY

OF

SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS.

Sutherland & Creaghan, Chatham,

are now showing their immense new importation of all the leading novelties in

DRAPERY AND FANCY GOODS

for the coming season. Our low one price cash system for sound, reliable merchandize is a guarantee to purchasers. We mean business. Our direct buying from manufacturers enables us to offer goods at prices that cannot be touched elsewhere in town.

DRESS MATERIALS, CASHMERES, PRINTS, CORSETS, GINGHAMS, FLANNELETTS, LACE CURTAINS, ART MUSLINS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, LACES, HAMBURGS, SUNSHADES, UMBRELLAS, TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, TICKINGS, SHEETINGS, PILLOW COTTONS, GREY AND WHITE COTTONS.

Men's Clothing, Hats, Collers, Braces, Silk Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Rubber Coats, &c.

Sutherland & Creaghan,

DIRECT IMPORTERS.



General Business.

NOTICE.

The business carried on by Sweezie and Russell at Napan has been dissolved. Mr. Sweezey has assumed the entire control, under his own name. All parties having claims and all parties indebted will arange with him.

R. A. SWEEZEY, R. A. RUSSELL.

Napan, May 8, 1891.

Bank of Montreal.

Capital, - - $12,000,000

Rest, - - - $6,000,000

A Savings Department has been opened in connection with this Branch.

Interest allowed at current rates.

F. E. WINSLOW, Manager Chatham Branch

Z. TINGLEY,

HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,

HAS REMOVED

—HIS—

SHAVING PARLOR

Benson Building

Water Street, - Chatham.

He will also keep a first-class stock of

Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' Goods generally.

Wrought Iron Pipe

—AND—

FITTINGS.

GLOBE AND CHECK VALVES.

BABBIT METAL.

RUBBER PACKIN

Cotton Waste, Etc. Etc.

J. M. RUDDOCK,

Chatham, N. B.

Cooked Codfish.

Ask your grocer for

Cooked Shredded Codfish

and try it.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC AND CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

DON'T MISS IT.

A new and attractive publication containing many useful, interesting and instructive features has just been issued by T. Milburn & Co., of Toronto, under the title of the Burdock Blood Bitters Almanac for 1891. It is now in the hands of druggists and merchants for free distribution and we would advise our readers to secure a copy before the supply is exhausted.

'MIRFIELD DRAUGHTSMAN'

The thoroughbred shire stallion "Mirfield Draughtsman" will be at Renous River to-day (Wednesday) and at Blackville on Thursday, crossing over to the south side of the Southwest and down to Kirk's

On Friday he will go up Barnaby River on the south side, and down to Nelson on Saturday morning.

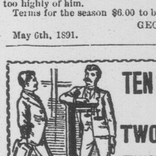
On Monday next, he will go to Napan and Blackbrook and up the front road to Chatham.

He will cross to the north side of the river, and arrangements will be made by the groom.

Mirfield cannot be beaten for a cross with our mares. He is perfectly built, a good walker, has good feet, and a good disposition. Mr. Lounsbury of Newcastle, had him for a season, and afterwards worked him till the fall. He says he cannot speak too highly of him.

Terms for the season $8.00 to be paid to GEORGE RUSSELL, in charge.

May 6th, 1891.



TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda

is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *AS PALATABLE AS MILK.*

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

MEDICAL HALL.

The following have just been received direct from the manufacturers and are FRESH:—

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS,
SHILO'S CONSUMPTION CURE,
NASAL BALM,
WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS (FOR PALE PEOPLE)
HANSON'S CORN SALVE,
MOTHER GREEN'S TANSEY PILLS,
WILD CHERRY COUGH SYRUP, (WHICH IS GUARANTEED, OR NO PAY)
PLESANT WORM SYRUP,
SULLIVAN'S OINTMENT, (FOR SCRATCHES)
ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM
TONGALINE,

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

Chatham, N. B April 1st, 1891.



General Business.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Having completed our arrangements we are now prepared to make

BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS

in any size from 8x10 to 24x30 inches, and finish them in Ink, Oil, Crayon or Water Colors.

We cordially invite the public to call and see samples of above work.

We are now making Cabinet Photographs at $3 and $5 per Dozen.

No more cheap tintypes, after Saturday, June 13th.

Pictures framed as usual.

J. Y. MERSEREAU,

Stothart Building, Water St.

Chatham, June 10, 1891.

Manchester House,

SPRING - - 1891.

Now in Stock Gents', Hard and Soft Hats in Fur and Felt, in all

THE LATEST STYLES.

12 Dozen ornamental Spring Roller Blind, Elegant designs, ready mounted from 80 c. up, also Separate Spring Rollers, for sale.

W. S. Loggie.

NOTICE.

Queen Insurance Company

CAPITAL $10,000,000.

Mr. Warren C. Winslow, Barrister, has been appointed agent at Chatham, N. B., for the above named Company and as such, is now authorized to accept premiums and

BIND FIRE RISKS for said Company.

C. E. L. JARVIS, General Agent St. John, N. B

For Sale.

The large and valuable property in Chatham known as

The Canada House Corner.

150 feet on St. John street and 60 feet front on Water and Duke streets. The most convenient and best-situated business centre in the town. Will be sold at a bargain. Possession given immediately

Wm. Johnson.

Chatham, N.B., April 10, 1891.

BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

CURES

DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE. SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH. DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES

BITTERS

Closing Out Sale!

—AT THE—

GOGGIN BUILDING.

Now is the time to get

HARDWARE CHEAP.

As all the Stock must be disposed of at once Purchasers may look for bargains in

Joiners' Tools,

—AND ALL KINDS OF—

BUILDERS' MATERIALS,

together with all kinds of goods usually kept in

HARDWARE STORES,

which are too numerous to mention.

CALL EARLY.

TERMS CASH.

This Sale is positive and must be made to settle up business affairs.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL,

SURGEON DENTISTS.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.

Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber & Celluloid Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.

Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.

Office in Chatham, BENSON BLOCK. Telephone No. 53.

In Newcastle, opposite Square, over J. G. KERR'S Barber shop. Telephone No. 6

H. MARQUIS,

TINSMITH

Galvanized and Sheet Iron Worker.

—DEALER IN—

Kitchen Utensils and Furnishings.

New work and repairing of all kinds in the tinware line done with neatness and despatch.

Shop next door to Canada House, Water Street, Chatham, N. B.

"THE FACTORY"

JOHN McDONALD,

(Successor to George Cassady)

Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings AND— Builders' furnishings generally.

umber planed and matched to order.

BAND AND SCROLL - SAWING.

Stock of DIMENSION and other Lumber, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N B.

BUTTER & CHEESE

IN STORE AND BOUGHT

1000 Tubs Butter.

1200 Boxes Cheese.

—FOR SALE LOW BY—

C. M. BOSTWICK & CO.

ST. JOHN

ENTIRE HORSE

BLACK CLYDE

Will travel the coming season. Terms and stopping places made known by the groom

ALEX. M. N. DICK

Napan, April 30th 1891. 5-28


Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.