THE MYSTERY OF Mr. And Mrs. Peacocke.

Continued from 1st page.

"My dear Peacocke,—Could you not come over and see me in my study this evening for half an hour? I have a question or two which I wish to ask you. Any hour you may name will suit me after eight.—Yours most sincerely,

"Jeffrey Wortle."

In answer to this there came a note to say that at half-past eight Mr. Peacocke would be with the Doctor.

At half-past eight Mr. Peacocke came. He had fancied, on reading the Doctor's note, that some further question would be asked of him touching the school. He had decided that he could no longer accept gratuitous clerical service in the parish and had said that he must look out for some one else if Mr. Peacocke could not oblige him by allowing his name to be referred in the usual way to the Bishop. He had not determined to say, in answer to this, that the school gave him enough to do, and that he would much prefer to give up the church, although he would always be willing to take pupils occasionally if he should be wanted. The Doctor had been sitting alone for the last quarter of an hour when his assistant entered the room, and had spent the time in endeavoring to arrange the conversation that should follow. He had come at last to a conclusion. He would let Mr. Peacocke know exactly what had passed between himself and the Bishop, and would then leave it to his understanding to tell his own story as to his motives or to refrain from telling it. He had promised to ask the question, and he would ask it; but he would let the man judge for himself whether any answer ought to be given.

"The Bishop has been bothering me about you, Peacocke," he said, standing up with his back to the fireplace, as soon as the other man had shut the door behind him. The Doctor's face was always expressive of his inward feelings, and at this moment showed very plainly that his sympathies were not with the Bishop.

"I'm sorry that his lordship should have troubled himself," said the other, "as I certainly do not intend to take any part in his diocese."

"We'll talk that for the present," said the Doctor. "I won't let that be mixed up with what I have got to say just now. You have taken a certain part in the diocese already, very much to my satisfaction; I hope it may be continued; but I won't bother about that now. As far as I can see, you are just the man that would suit me as a colleague in the parish." Mr. Peacocke bowed, but remained silent. "The fact is," continued the Doctor, "that certain old women have got hold of the Bishop, and made him feel that he ought to answer their objections. That Mrs. Stantiloup has a tongue as loud as the town-crier's bell."

"But what has Mrs. Stantiloup to say about me?"

"Nothing except in so far as she can hit me through you."

"And what does the Bishop say."

"He thinks that I ought to know something of your life during those five years you were in America."

"I think so also," said Mr. Peacocke.

"I don't want to know anything for myself. As far as I am concerned, I am quite satisfied. I know where you were educated, how you were ordained, and I am just sure, from your present efficiency, that you cannot have wasted your time. If you tell me that you do not wish to say a word, I shall be contented, and I shall tell the Bishop that, as far as I am concerned, there must be an end of it."

"And what will he do?" asked Mr. Peacocke.

"Well, as far as the curacy is concerned, of course he can refuse his licence."

"I have not the slightest intention of applying to his lordship for a licence."

"This the rector said with a tone of self-assertion which greated a little on the Doctor's ear, in spite of his good-humor towards the speaker.

"I don't want to go into that," he said. "A man never can say what his intentions may be six months hence."

"But if I were to refuse to speak of my life in America," said Mr. Peacocke, "and thus to decline to comply with what I must confess would be no more than a rational requirement on your part, how then would it be with myself and my wife in regard to the school?"

"It would make no difference whatever," said the Doctor.

"There is a story to tell," said Mr. Peacocke, very slowly.

"I am sure that it cannot be to your disadvantage."

"I do not say that it is,—nor do I say that it is not. There may be circumstances in which a man may hardly know whether he has done right or wrong. But this I do know,—that, had I done otherwise, I should have despised myself. I could not have done otherwise and have lived."

"There is no man in the world," said the Doctor, earnestly, "less anxious to pry into the secrets of others than I am. I take things as I find them. If the cook sends me up a good dish, I don't care to know how she made it. If I read a good book, I am not the less gratified because there may have been something amiss with the author."

"You would doubt his teaching," said Mr. Peacocke, "who had gone astray himself."

"Then I must doubt all human teaching, for all men have gone astray. You had better hold your tongue about the past, and let me tell those who ask unnecessary questions to mind their own business."

"It is very odd, Doctor," said Mr. Peacocke, "that all this should have come from you just now."

"Why odd just now?"

"Because I had been turning it in my mind for the last fortnight whether I ought not to ask you as a favor to listen to the story of my life. That I must do so before I could formally accept the curacy I had determined. But this only brought me to the resolution of refusing the office. I think,—I think that, irrespective of the curacy, it ought to be told. But I have not quite made up my mind."

"Do not suppose that I am pressing you."

"Oh no; nor would your pressing me influence me. Much as I owe to your undeserved kindness and forbearance, I am bound to say that. Nothing can influence me in the least in such a manner but the wellbeing of my wife, and my own sense of duty. And it is a matter in which I can unfortunately take counsel from no one. She, and she alone, besides myself, knows the circumstances, and she is so forgetful of herself that I can hardly ask her for an opinion."

The Doctor by this time had no doubt become curious. There was a something mysterious with which he would like to become acquainted. He was by no means a philosopher, superior to the ordinary curiosity of mankind. But he was manly, and even at this moment remembered his former assurances. "Of course," said he, "I cannot in the least guess what all this is about. For myself I hate secrets. I haven't a secret in the world. I know nothing of myself which you mighn't know too for all that I cared. But this is my good fortune rather than my merit. It might well have been with me as it is with you; but, as a rule, I think that where there is a secret it had better be kept. No one, at any rate, should allow it to be wormed out of him by the impertinent assiduity of others. If there be anything affecting your wife which you do not wish all the world on this side of the water to know, do not tell it to any one on this side of the water."

"There is something affecting my wife that I do not wish all the world to know."

"Then tell it to no one," said Dr. Wortle, authoritatively.

"I will tell you what I will do," said Mr. Peacocke; "I will take a week to think of it, and then I will let you know whether I will tell it or whether I will not; and if I tell it, I will let you know also how far I shall expect you to keep my secret, and how far to reveal it. I think the Bishop will be entitled to know nothing about me unless I ask to be recognized as one of the clergy of his diocese."

"Certainly not; certainly not," said the Doctor. And then the interview was at an end.

Mr. Peacocke, when he went away from the rectory, did not at once return to his own house, but went off for a walk alone. It was now nearly midsummer, and there was broad daylight till ten o'clock. It was after nine when he left the Doctor's, but still there was time for a walk which he knew well through the fields, which would take him round by Bowick Wood, and home by a path across the squire's park and by the church. An hour would do it, and he wanted an hour to collect his thoughts before he should see his wife, and discuss with her, as he would be bound to do, all that had passed between him and the Doctor. He had said that he could not ask her advice. In this there was some much of the truth. But he knew also that he would do nothing as to which he had not received at any rate her assent. She, for his sake, would have annihilated herself, had that been possible. Again, and again, since that horrible apparition had showed itself in her room at St. Louis, she had begged that she might leave him,—not on her own behalf, not from any dread of the crime that she was committing, not from shame in regard to herself should her secret be found out, but because she felt herself to be an impediment to his career in the world. As to herself, she had no pricks of conscience. She had been true to the man,—brutal, abominable as he had been to her,—until she had in truth been made to believe that he was dead; and even when he had certainly been alive,—for she had seen him,—he had only again seen her, again to desert her. Duty to him she could owe never. There was no sting of conscience with her in that direction. But to the other man she owed, as she thought, everything that could be due from a woman to a man. He had come within her ken, and had loved her without speaking of his love. He had seen her condition, and had sympathised with her fully. He had gone out, with his life in his hand—he, a clergyman, a quiet man of letters—to ascertain whether she was free; and finding her, as he believed, to be free, he had returned to take her to his heart, and to give her all that happiness which other women enjoy, but which she had hitherto only seen from a distance. Then the blow had come. It was necessary, it was natural, that she should be ruined by such a blow. Circumstances had ruined her. That fate had betaken her which so often falls upon a woman who trusts herself and her life to a man. But why should he fail also with her fail? There was still a career before him. He might be useful; he might be successful; he might be admired. Everything might still be open to him,—except the love of another woman. As to that, she did not doubt his truth. Why should he be doomed to drag her with him as a log tied to his foot, seeing that a woman with a misfortune is condemned by the general voice of the world, whereas for a man to have stumbled is considered hardly more than a matter of course? She would consent to take from him the means of buying bread; but it would be better,—she had said,—that she should eat it on her side of the water, while he might earn it on the other.

We know what had come of these arguments. He had hitherto never left her for a moment since that man had again appeared before their eyes. He had been strong in his resolution. If it were a crime, then he would be a criminal. If it were a falsehood, then would he be a liar. As to the sin, there had no doubt been some divergence of opinion between him and her. The teaching that he had undergone in his youth had been that with which we, here, are all more or less acquainted, and that had been strengthened in him by the fact of his having become a clergyman. She had felt herself more at liberty to proclaim to herself a gospel of her own for the guidance of her own soul. To herself she had never seemed to be vicious or impure; but she understood well that he was not equally free from the bonds which religion had imposed upon him. For his sake,—for his sake, it would be better that she should be away from him.

All this was known to him accurately, and all this had to be considered by him as he walked across the squire's park in the gloaming of the evening. No doubt,—he now said to himself,—the Doctor should have been acquainted with his condition before he or she had taken up their place at the school. Reticence under such circumstances had been a lie. Against his conscience there had been many pricks.

Living in his present condition he certainly should not have gone up into that pulpit to preach the Word of God. Though he had been silent, he had known that the evil and the deceit would work round upon him. But now what should he do? There was only one thing on which he was altogether decided;—nothing should separate them. As he had said so often before, he said again now,—"If there be sin, let it be sin." But this was clear to him,—were he to give Dr. Wortle a true history of what had happened to him in America, then must he certainly leave Bowick. And this was equally certain, that before telling his tale, he must make known his purpose to his wife.

But as he entered his own house he had determined that he would tell the Doctor everything.

CHAPTER V.—"THEN WE MUST GO!"

"I thought you were never going to have done with that old Jupiter," said Mrs. Peacocke, as she began at that late hour of the evening to make tea for herself and her husband.

"Why have you waited for me?"

"Because I like company. Did you ever know me to go to tea without you when there was a chance of your coming? What has Jupiter been talking about all this time?"

"Jupiter has not been talking all this time. Jupiter talked only for half an hour. Jupiter is a very good fellow."

"I always thought so. Otherwise I should never have consented to have been one of his satellites, or have been contented to see you doing chief moon. But you have been with him an hour and a half."

"Since I left him I have walked all round by Bowick Lodge. I had something to think of before I could talk to you—something to decide upon, indeed, before I could return to the house."

"What have you decided?" she asked. Her voice was altogether changed. Though she was seated in her chair and had hardly moved, her appearance and her carriage of herself were changed. She still held the cup in her hand which she had been about to fill, but her face was turned toward his, and her large brown speaking eyes were fixed upon him.

"Let me have my tea," he said, "and then I will tell you." While he drank his tea she remained quite quiet not touching her own, but waiting patiently until it would suit him to speak.

"Elia," he said, "I must tell it all to Dr. Wortle."

"Why, dearest?" As he did not answer at once, she went on with her question. "Why now more than before?"

"Nay it is not now more than before. As we have let the before go by, we can only do it now."

"But why at all dear? Has the argument, which was strong when we came, lost any of its force?"

"It should have had no force. We should not have taken the man's good things, and have subjected him to the injury which may come to him by our bad name."

"Have we not given him good things in return?"

"Not the good things which he had a right to expect,—not that respectability which is all the world to such an establishment as this."

"Let me go," she said, rising from her chair and almost shrieking.

"Nay, Elia, nay; if you and I cannot talk as though we were one flesh, almost with one soul between us, as though that which is done by one is done by both, whether for weal or woe,—if you and I cannot feel ourselves to be in a boat together either for swimming or sinking, then I think that no two persons on this earth ever can be bound together after that fashion. 'Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.'" Then she rose from her chair, and flinging herself on her knees at his feet, buried her face in his lap. "Elia," he said, "the only injury you can do me is to speak of loving me. And it is an injury which is surely unnecessary because you cannot carry it beyond words. Now, if you will sit up and listen to me, I will tell you what passed between me and the Doctor." Then she raised herself from the ground and took her seat at the tea-table, and listened patiently as he began his tale. "They have been talking about us here in the county."

"Who has found it necessary to talk about one so obscure as I?"

"What does it matter who they might be? The Doctor in his kindly wrath,—for he is very wroth,—mentions this name and the other. What does it matter? Obscurity itself becomes mystery, and mystery of course produces curiosity. It was bound to be so. It is not they who are in fault, but we. If you are different from others, of course you will be inquired into."

"Am I so different?"

"Yes;—different in not eating the Doctor's dinners when they are offered to you; different in not accepting Lady de Lawle's hospitality; different in contenting yourself simply with your duties and your husband. Of course we are different. How could we not be different? And as we are different, so of course there will be questions and wonderings, and that sifting and searching which always at last finds out the fact. The Bishop says that he knows nothing of my American life."

"Why should he want to know anything?"

"Because I have been preaching in one of his churches. It is natural;—natural that the mothers of the boys should want to know something. The Doctor says that he hates secrets. So do I."

"Oh, my dearest!"

"A secret is always accompanied by more or less of fear, and produces more or less of cowardice. But it can no more be avoided than a sore on the flesh or a broken bone. Who would not go about, with all his affairs exposed as the world might know, if it were possible? But there come gangrenes in the heart, or perhaps in the pocket. Wounds come, undeserved wounds as those did to you, my darling; but wounds which may not be laid bare to all eyes. Who has a secret because he chooses it?"

"But the Bishop?"

"Well,—yes, the Bishop. The Bishop has told the Doctor to examine me, and the Doctor has done it. I give him the credit of saying that the task has been most distasteful to him. I do him the justice of acknowledging that he has backed out of the work he had undertaken. He has asked the question, and has said in the same breath that I need not answer it unless I like."

"And you? You have not answered it yet?"

"No: I have answered nothing as yet. But I have, I think, made up my mind that the question must be answered."

"That everything should be told?"

"Everything,—to him. My idea is to tell everything to him, and to leave it to him to decide what should be done. Should he refuse to repeat the story any further, and then bind us go away from Bowick, I should think that his conduct had been altogether straightforward and not uncharitable."

"And you,—what would you do then?"

"I should go. What else?"

"But whither?"

"Ah! on that we must decide. He would be friendly with me. Though he might think it necessary that I should leave Bowick, he would not turn against me violently."

"He could do nothing."

"I think he would assist me rather. He would help me perhaps to find some place where I might still earn my bread by such skill as I possess;—where I could do so without dragging in aught of my domestic life as I have been forced to do here."

"I have been a curse to you," exclaimed the unhappy wife.

"My dearest blessing," he said, "that which you call a curse has come from circumstances which are common to both of us. There need be no more said about it. That man has been a source of trouble to us. The trouble must be discussed from time to time, but the necessity of enduring it may be taken for granted."

"I cannot be a philosopher such as you are," she said.

"There is no escape from it. The philosophy is forced upon us. When an evil thing is necessary there remains only the consideration how it may be best borne."

"You must tell him then?"

"I think so. I have a week to consider of it; but I think so. Though he is very kind at this moment in giving me the option and means what he says in declaring that I shall remain even though I tell him nothing, yet his mind would become uneasy, and he would gradually become discontented. Think how great is his stake in the school! How would he feel towards me were its success to be gradually diminished because he kept a master here of whom people believed some unknown evil?"

"There has been no sign of any such falling off?"

"There has been no time for it. It is only now that people are beginning to talk. Had nothing of the kind been said, had this Bishop asked no questions, had we been regarded as people simply obscure, to whom no mystery attached itself, the thing might have gone on; but as it is I am bound to tell him the truth."

"Then we must go?"

"Probably."

"At once?"

"When it has been so decided, the sooner the better. How could we endure it, remain when our going shall be desired?"

"Oh no!"

"We must flit, and again seek some other home. Though he should keep our secret,—and I believe he will if he be asked,—it will be known that there is a secret, and a secret of such a nature that its circumstances have driven us hence. If I could get literary work in London, perhaps we might live there."

"But how,—how would you see about it? The truth is, dearest, that for work such as yours you should either have no wife at all, or else a wife of whom you need not be ashamed to speak the whole truth before the world."

"What is the use of it?" he said, rising from his chair as in anger. "Why go back to all that which should be settled between us was fixed by fate? Each of us has given to the other all that each has to give, and the partnership is complete. As far as that is concerned, I at any rate am contented."

"Ah, my darling!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms round his neck.

"Let there be an end to distinctions and differences, which, between you and me, can have no effect but to increase our troubles. You are a woman, and I am a man; and therefore, no doubt, your name, when brought in question, is more subject to remark than mine,—as is my name, being that of a clergyman, more subject to remark than that of one not belonging to a sacred profession. But not on that account do I wish to unfrock myself; nor certainly on that account do I wish to be deprived of my wife. For good or bad, it has to be endured together; and expressions of regret as to that which is unavoidable only aggravate our trouble." After that, he seated himself, and took up a book as though he were able at once to carry off his mind to other matters. She probably knew that he could not do so, but she sat silent by him for awhile, till he bade her take herself to bed, promising that he would follow without delay.

For three days nothing further was said between them on the subject, nor was any allusion made to it between the Doctor and his assistant. The school went on the same as ever, and the intercourse between the two men was unaltered as to its general mutual courtesy. But there did undoubtedly grow in the Doctor's mind a certain feverish feeling of insecurity. At any rate, he knew this, that there was a mystery, that there was something about the Peacockes—something referring especially to Mrs. Peacocke,—which, if generally known, would be held to be deleterious to their character. So much he could not help deducing from what the man had already told him. No doubt he had undertaken, in his generosity, that although the man should decline so to tell his secret, no alteration shoud be made as to the school arrangements; but he became conscious that in so promising he had in some degree jeopardized the wellbeing of the school. He began to whisper to himself that persons in such a position as that filled by this Mr. Peacocke and his wife should not be subject to peculiar remarks from ill-natured tongues. A weapon was afforded by such a mystery to the Stantiloups of the world, which the Stantiloups would be sure to use with all their virulence. To such an establishment as his school, respectability was everything. Credit, he said to himself, is a matter so subtle in its essence, that, as it may be obtained almost without reason, so, without reason, may it be made to melt away. Much as he liked Mr. Peacocke, much as he approved of him, much as there was in the man of manliness and worth which was absolutely dear to him,—still he was not willing to put the character of his school in peril for the sake of Mr. Peacocke. Were he to do so, he would be neglecting a duty much more sacred than any he could owe to Mr. Peacocke. It was thus that, during three days, he conversed with himself on the subject, although he was able to maintain outwardly the same manner and the same countenance as though all things were going well between them. When they parted after the interview in the study, the Doctor, no doubt, had so expressed himself as rather to dissuade his usher from telling his secret than to encourage him to do so. He had been free in declaring that the telling of the secret should make no difference in his assistant's position at Bowick. But in all that, he had acted from his habitual impulse. He had since told himself that the mystery ought to be disclosed. It was not right that his boys should be left to the charge of one who, however competent, dared not speak of his own antecedents. It was thus he thought of the matter, after consideration. He must wait, of course, till the week should be over before he made up his mind to anything further.

"So Peacocke isn't going to take the curacy?"

This was said to the Doctor by Mr. Pearson, the squire, in the course of those two or three days of which we are speaking. Mr. Pearson was an old gentleman, who did not live often at Bowick, being compelled, as he always said, by his health, to spend the winter and spring of every year in Italy, and the summer months by his family in London. In truth he did not much care for Bowick, but had always been on good terms with the Doctor, and had never opposed the school. Mr. Pearson had been good also as to Church matters,—as far as goodness can be shown by generosity,—and had interested himself about the curates. So it had come to pass that the Doctor did not wish to snub his neighbor when the question was asked. "I rather think not," said the Doctor. "I fear I shall have to look out for someone else." He did not prolong the conversation; for, though he wished to be civil he did not wish to be communicative. Mr. Pearson had shown his parochial solicitude, and did not trouble himself with further questions.

"So Mr. Peacocke isn't going to take the curacy?" This, the very same question in the very same words, was put to the Doctor on the next morning by the vicar of the next parish. The Rev. Mr. Puddicombe, a clergyman without a flaw, who did his duty excellently in every station of life, was one who would preach a sermon, or take a whole service for a brother parson in distress, and never think of reckoning up that return sermons or return services were due to him—one who gave dinners, too, and had pretty daughters;—but still our Doctor did not quite like him. He was a little too pious, and perhaps given to ask questions. "So Mr. Peacocke isn't going to take the curacy?"

There was a certain animation about the asking of this question by Mr. Puddicombe very different from Mr. Pearson's listless manner. It was clear to the Doctor that Mr. Puddicombe wanted to know. It seemed to the Doctor that something of condemnation was implied in the tone of the question, not only against Mr Peacocke, but against himself also, for having employed Mr. Peacocke. "Upon my word I can't tell you," he said, rather crossly.

"I thought that it had been all settled. I heard that was decided."

"Then you have heard more than I have."

"It was the Bishop told me."

Now it was certainly the case that in that fatal conversation which had induced the Doctor to interrogate Mr. Peacocke about his past life, the Doctor himself had said that he intended to look out for another curate. He probably did not remember that at the moment. "I wish the Bishop would confine himself to asserting things that he knows," said the Doctor, angrily.

"I am sure the Bishop intends to do so," said Mr. Puddicombe very gravely. "But I apologize. I had not intended to touch a subject on which there may perhaps be some reserve. I was only going to tell you of an excellent young man of whom I have heard. But, good morning." Then Mr. Puddicombe withdrew.

[To be continued.]

Executors' Notice.

All persons having any just claims against the estate of Hon. Kenney F. Burns late of Bathurst in the County of Gloucester, merchant, deceased, are hereby requested and notified to file the same, duly attested, with the undersigned within one month from date.

P. J. BURNS
MARIA MCKENNA } Executor and Executrix

Bathurst, N. B. Feby, 20th 1896.
3-26

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"I was sick for three years," says James Simpson, of Newcomb Mills. "I tried various alleged patent cures and several boxes of a certain pill which has been greatly extolled to me. I got no relief. Then I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Since. I have been able to work every day and feel like a new man. Your pills alone cured me at a cost of 25c."

"I have been subject to severe colds every fall and spring," says Miss Hattie Delaney, of 174 Crawford street, Toronto. "I used many cough medicines, but none cured me until at a cost of 25 cents I tried Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine."

"My husband was troubled with the worst kind of piles," writes Mrs. Jane Potts, of Meyersburg. "He was often unable to work. Since using your Chase's Ointment he is completely cured. It is truly worth its weight in gold instead of the price you charge, only 60 cents."

"I bought a box of your Catarrh Cure for 25 cents at Mr. Boyle's drug store here," says Henry R. Nicholls of 176 Victory street, London, Ont. "I am thankful to say it cured me."

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Shanty, Camp and Boat Stove.

[From Miramichi Advance of Oct 11.]

Mr George Marquis of Chatham will be looked upon as a benefactor of smelt fishermen, sportsmen and others who may have the good fortune to procure stoves of the new pattern designed by him the first sample of which was put together at his well known shop at Chatham on Tuesday afternoon and shipped yesterday to Negnac It is to be used in a moose-shooter's camp at Tabusintac and for that purpose as well as for heating and cooking in smelt-fishermen's shanties it is just the thing It is about 30 inches long, 14 inches from front to back and the same from bottom to top. The bottom, top, door and dampers, etc are of cast iron and the sides and ends are composed of a sheet of 16 gauge steel sheet It will hold nearly twice as much wood as a star stove while owing to a new and peculiar form adopted in the bottom, it will burn either a small or large quantity of fuel, as may be desired. It may also be fitted to burn coal There is a draft for forcing the fire and a damper for lessening the heat at will The top has two pot-holes and these may, by the removal of the dividing centre-piece, which is of the usual form, be converted into an oblong hole for a big boiler or oblong pan Altogether, the new shanty-stove seems to meet a requirement that is more than local, and the cost, $5, places it within almost everbody's ability to buy Mr Marquis has just begun to fill orders, and it will be well for those who intend to fish smelts during the coming winter, as well as sportsmen and gunners who want to be comfortable and, at the same time, have a stove on which they can do quite a range of cooking to place their orders with him, as early as possible.

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NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 12 JULY, 1894.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations, which reads as follows;—

"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited?"

and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced

L J TWEEDIE,
Surveyor General

THE LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT CO.

The only British Co. in Canada issuing

Guarantee Bonds and Accident Policies.

Accident Insurance at lowest rates. Protect your life and your time by taking a policy in THE LONDON.

FRANCIS A. GILLISPIE.
AGENT

Dressmakers' Magic Scale.

Persons desirous of learning how to use the

"Dressmakers' Magic Scale"

may do so at the HOTEL DIEU CONVENT, where a class is being opened for that purpose.

By means of this clever invention any lady may cut any style of ladies' or children's garments without refitting.

Now is also the regular time for formation of classes in Phonography, Typewriting and Telegraphy, those intending to begin should not delay.

For Terms apply to

MOTHER SUPERIOR,
Hotel Dieu Couvent.
Chatham, N. B.

.30

IF YOU ARE HUNTING

for elegant novelties in jewelry and an all round display of watches, clocks, and silverware, you can find it in our stock. Here is a tantalising beautiful array of sparklers flashing rays, that when seen raise a desire to possess them. The trade clock indicates that the buyer's hour has come, and our store shows that buyers are not neglecting this timely hint. Come to us for a dazzling display, a golden shower of temptations including 15 year filled Waltham Watch for $15.00 etc You'll always be right on time with one of our 8 day clocks or 88 Waltham watches that are marvels of accurate timekeeping. We have a full line of the latest jewelry. Call and see for yourselves.

OUR WATCH-REPAIRING DPARTMENT

is first class in all respects. All

WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWLLRY,

repaired at short notice, and

Guaranteed to Give the best Satisfaction

W. R. GOULD

Chatham Oct., 3.

INSURANCE.

The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased is continued by the undersigned who represents the following Companies:—

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
ALBION,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON, & LANCASHIRE,
LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION
ALLIANCE,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON,
MANCHESTER.

FRANCES A. GILLESPIE

Chatham, 29th Nov. 1895.

J. F. BENSON,

TYPEWRITER, &C. &C.

—ALSO—

AGENT FOR "NEW YOST" TYPEWRITING COMPANY FOR NORTHERN COUNTIES

OFFICE:

BENSON BLOCK CHATHAM, N B

SMELT SHOOKS.

Smelt shooks on hand and for sale by

GEO BURCHILL & SONS

Nelson Dec. 22nd, 1894.

Lime For Sale

Apply to

THE MARITIME SULPHITE FIBRE CO. LTD.

FOR SALE.

One foot power scroll saw, with lathe and drill attached. All in perfect order, can be had for $17.00 For particulars apply to Box 123 Chatham.

Established 1866.

Dunlap Bros. & Co.,
AMHERST, N. S.

Dunlap, McKim & Downs,
WALLACE, N. S.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,
AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS
AMHERST.
N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince, you that he prices are right.

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERY COMPLETE.

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and Chickens.
Raisins, Currants, Candied Peels.
Essences, Spices, Apples, Grapes.
Figs, Nuts, Confectionery, Cigars Etc. Etc.
Best Family Flour, Meals, Hay, Oats, feed of all kinds.
Pork, Beef, Herring, Codfish, Molasses, Sugars. Oils, Tobacco, Etc Etc
CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN,

Don't forget the PIANO—each dollar purchase, one ticket.
Ready-Made Clothing, Dry Goods, Caps, Robes, Horse-Rugs.
Boots and Shoes, Overshoes, Rubbers, Moccasins, Etc, Etc.,
At the greatest bargains ever were known.
DONT FORGET the piano; each dollar's worth you buy you receive one ticket.

MERRY X'MAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

W T HARRIS.

THE BOUQUET.

Sweeping reductions in Millinery and Fancy Goods at the Bouquet.

Having to make room for midsummer and fall importations I have decided to dispose of the balance of my spring and summer stock at greatly reduced prices—in fact, wholesale prices thus giving my patrons the advantage of a cheap sale. The stock consists of the latest styles of Millinery, hats, flowers, feathers, ladies' wrappers, sunshades, gloves hosiery, underwear and fancy goods. Ladies' robes and headwear a specialty.

All the above are stylish and fashionable, being the latest importations from London, Paris and New York. Mail orders promptly and carefully attend to.

JOSIE NOONAN.

CHATHAM.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction on Friday, the 10th day of April next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock p. m.

All the right, title, interest and share of Charles A. McDougall in and to all the several lots or tracts of land situate lying and being on the easterly side of the south west branch of the Miramichi River, in the Parish of Blackville and County of Northumberland, and abutted and bounded as follows, viz: All that lot or tract of land situate, lying and being on the easterly side of said river bounded northerly by lands occupied by Alex McDonald, southerly by lands owned and occupied by Alex. Campbell, easterly by crown land and westerly or in front by the said branch of the Miramichi River, containing 400 acres more or less.

Also, all that other piece or lot or tract of land situate, lying and being on the easterly side of said branch of the Miramichi River, bounded northerly by crown land, easterly by crown land and southerly by land owned or occupied by James Campbell; and in front or westerly by the rear boundary line of lands owned by Alex. Campbell, containing 200 acres more or less.

Also all other the lands, tenements, hereditaments and premises of the said Charles A. McDougall, whatsoever and wheresoever situate in the said County of Northumberland.

The same having been seized by me, under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the County Court of Saint John, by Austin T. Fraser against Thomas H. Prescott and the said Charles A. McDougall.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle, this
21st., day December, A. D. 1895.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL.

SURGEON DENTISTS.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use 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 KETHRO'S Barber shop, Telephone No 6.

WANTED—CANVASSERS—MALE AND FEMALE, in every township in Canada, to canvass for the greatest weekly newspaper in the world. *The Family Herald and Weekly Star* of Montreal. *The Family Herald and Weekly Star* has been enlarged to one hundred and twenty eight columns per week, equal to one hundred large volumes per annum. It is improved in every department so conspicuously as to be talked about all over the world. A splendid premium picture with the *Family Herald*. A good opportunity for canvassers to establish a yearly income. No experience needed. Only natural capacity for knowing a good thing at sight. Sample copies, etc., etc., free. Address immediately to secure position—*Family Herald* Publishing Co., Subscription Department, Montreal, Canada.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

To be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Registry Office, in Newcastle, on Friday the 6th day of March next between the hours of 12 noon and five o'clock p. m:

All the estate, share, right, title and interest of James O Fish of, in, to or out of all the following described pieces or parcels of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Newcastle in the County of Northumberland, and Province of New Brunswick viz:

All that piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Town of Newcastle in the said County of Northumberland, and bounded southerly or in front by Mitchell street, on the lower or easterly side by lands formerly owned and occupied by the late John Williamson northerly or in rear by land occupied by Mrs. O Slightly, and on the upper or westerly side by a lane, being the land and premises formerly occupied by John Waters.

Also—All that piece of land situate in the Parish of Newcastle, in the county aforesaid, bounded southerly or in front by the Great road, on the lower or easterly side by land formerly owned by the late John Atchison, on the upper or westerly side by lands owned and occupied by James Nevin, and extending northerly or in rear to the full extent of the original Grant,—being the land known and distinguished as "The Fish Farm" Which several pieces of land were conveyed to the said James O Fish by James Fish by deed dated the eleventh day of April A. D 1889.

Also, all other the lands tenements, hereditaments and premises of the said James O Fish, whatsoever and wheresoever situate in the said County of Northumberland.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit of William A. Hickson against the said James O. Fish,

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle this 26th day of November, A. D. 1895.

FURNACES FURNACES,
WOOD OR COAL,
WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT
REASONABLE PRICES.

STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES
AT LOW PRICES
PUMPS, PUMPS,
Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock which I will sell low for cash

A. C. McLean Chatham.

CHATHAM
CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH WOKS

CARRIAGES,
HARNESS AND
FARM IMPLEMENTS
OF ALL KINDS

I wish to make known to the public in general that I have on hand the best stock of carriages and farm implements ever offered for sale in this country. They consist of the following:

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES of different styles
PHEATONS
MIKADOS,
JUMP-SEAT WAGGONS, open and with tops,
CONCORD WAGGONS, (one and two seats,)
EXPRESS WAGGONS and a number of other styles too numerous to mention,
ALSO TRUCK WAGGONS, (one and two horse,)
I have both the IRON AND SKANE AXLE WAGGON,
I have a SPECIAL LINE OF HARNESS MADE TO ORDER,
I handle the world-famed MASSEY-HARRIS FARM IMPLEMENTS,
I have always an ENDLESS SUPPLY IN STOCK suitable for the different seasons of the year,
I also keep THE DAISY CHURN on hand
I have a few SECOND-HAND WAGGONS for sale.

I would ask intending purchasers and others to call and examine my stock, as

I Can Sell Cheaper

and on as good terms as any other person in the County.

I GUARANTEE ALL THE GOODS

I sell to be first class, All goods sold by me proving defective in stock or workmanship will be made good

FREE OF CHARGE AT MY FACTORY,

St John Street, Chatham, N. B.

Carriages made to order.
Repairing and Painting

executed in first class style and with despatch.
Correspondence solicited.

ALEX. ROBINSON.

Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM. N. B.

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D. G SMITH. EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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