(Continued)

# PLUCK

By JOHN STRANG WINTER.

"Just is different; just the difference between a horrid bore and the most blessed piece o good fortune that ever befell me. But you won't care for me to stay in the service, will you? I am so tired of it! We will go abroad and see a little of other countries. You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"I did not like it when we were abroad before," she answered, blushing hotly as she remembered why she was so anxious to come home. "But it will be different now, you know," she added hastily, lest he should make a wild but accurate guess at the truth.

"Yes, of course; and we can soon come home again if you don't like it."

"I did rather like it at first, only I got so tired of everything foreign. I hated foreign ways; the horrid bare houses; the horrid oily, greasy cooking; the horrid jabber, jabber—aye, aye, aye—that went on all day long, and all night, too."

Hartog laughed aloud. "I'm glad you're such a thorough Englishwoman. I can't help wondering sometimes how it is Englishmen bring themselves to marry Frenchwomen."

"Or Englishwomen! Fancy marrying an outrageously broad-shouldered Frenchman, all pad and wadding; or a horrid Italian, all temper and melodrama; or—or *anything* not English!"

"You should have said anything not Hartog," he said, smiling.

Olive positively shuddered. As a friend she had liked him so much that in his society she was at times almost able to forget Harkness; as a lover he was insupportable, even to loathing.

"What changes there will be in the old regiment!" he went on, presently. When Bothles left it seemed to smash up everything. But you've heard all about him, of course. Then the colonel leaves at the end of the year—and a good thing, too, for those who are staying, for he's rather a duffer—and Harkness leaves almost directly. He, you know, is going to be married, too."

"Yes," she managed to say.

"I'm awfully glad about it, for Harkness is one of the best fellows out; do anything for any one, and always ready to help a lame dog over a stile. Besides, he has been in love with the girl forever; and she's so pretty! Really, Olive, after you, I think she's the prettiest woman I ever saw."

"And he has been in love with her forever!"

"Yes; ever since they were big boy and little girl together. Harkness was not well off then, and her people objected to him; not only objected, but forced the poor girl at seventeen into a marriage with a man she hated. Poor old Ashford, I quite thought he would have gone mad at the time, which was just when I entered the service. He and I were old friends—for our people were neighbors, and I was his fag at Eton—so I knew more than any one else about it. Well, about six months ago the husband died, and then, of course, he lost no time in making up to her; and, by Jove, she's prettier than ever, and looks lovely in her weeds. She's only about five-and-twenty now, and is as rich as Croesus."

"I hope they will be happy at last," Olive said, closing her eyes, lest the tears which filled them should fall and betray her.

How she did wish he would go away and let her have the rest of the day to herself, to think it all over—the mistake, the trap into which she had fallen, and what would be the consequences thereof. She felt just as a little bird must feel when the meshes of the fowler close over it, and there is no prospect of freedom, never forever, except the narrow liberty of a cage—a cage still, even though the wires might be well gilded. Oh, was there no escape? He was all very well to talk with a little, to dance with, even to flirt with, if the flirtation meant nothing but harmless fun; but to marry! Well, he might have been well enough to marry if she had not wanted to marry Harkness. Then she remembered that Harkness did not want to marry her, or any one else but the woman who had loved him as he had loved her, when they were boy and girl together. No, there was no escape! She must either marry Anthony Hartog or let the world know—her world, that is—that she had given her love where it was neither valued nor returned. Thinking of what that implied, Olive Weyland said within herself that she would *die* first.

It seemed to her the very longest day she had ever known. There was a great fuss when her father and mother came home, for Hartog asked Mr. Weyland for his consent there and then. And then there was a great deal of kissing and joking, such as made Olive's very soul sick. There was an extra merry dinner, to which Hartog stayed without ceremony; and then a long evening, pretty much spent alone with her—lover; for Mr. Weyland went off to sleep in a chair beside the hall fire, and his wife sat near, at a large round table of black Bombay wood, writing to tell her sister the last news about Olive; and Olive and Hartog, after strolling in and out, looking at The Graphic and The Punch upon the larger table by the door, settled down at last on the sofa in the cosy little morning room, an arrangement which, though the door was wide open, and Mrs. Weyland could speak to them from where she sat, made them in reality alone.

I can hardly tell how wildly Olive longed for the time of Hartog's departure, to be released from the strain which she had endured since his arrival. But Hartog never stirred until a prodigious yawn from Mr. Weyland warned him how time was flying; and then Olive was free to go to her room, and, if she liked, to cry her very eyes out. But, as a matter of course, she did not shed a single tear.

## CHAPTER IX.

"PLUCK!

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil

Land me, she says, where love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand,
A shape like that my dean,
Lies where no man will stean,
My Maiden land.

—Love at Sea.

It was a rather remarkable thing that Olive had been so thoroughly deceived by the handwriting of the note which she had received with the locket of the sapphire initial. But, as a matter of fact, it was well known in the regiment that Harkness and Hartog wrote very much alike, as is not unusual among men of the same class who have been educated at the same schools.

Nobody at Copplethwaite was really familiar with the calligraphy of either, only short notes, in answer to invitations, having come under the notice of any of the members of that household. Those which had come from Harkness, Olive had been careful to read; but when her mother remarked, "Mr. Hartog accepts for the 6th, Olive," or "My dear, Mr. Hartog, has an engagement for Tuesday," she had been content to accept the fact, without satisfying herself by the seeing of the eye that it really was so.

It seemed an incredible circumstance that she could impart, and her mother receive, news of such importance without the mention of a name, and that she should be speaking of one man and her mother of another, and the difference remain uncorrected; yet it was, and now, be she consequence what they would, she would abide by her mistake.

Hartog discovered nothing.

Some lovers are abject, willing to be trodden under the feet of their fair mistresses; but Hartog was not of that order. Quite the contrary, indeed; for he was imperious to a degree, continually bidding Olive, "Come here," or "Do that," or "Don't go there," and adding on a "darling," or "please me," at the end, like a spoonful of jam after a powder, and always having his own way, because Olive was too sick at heart to offer any opposition.

But he discovered nothing; and, in truth, he was too fully occupied in making fierce, passionate love to her, to see that she merely submitted to and never reciprocated his affection in any way.

Other folk saw clearly enough that something was grievously wrong—that Olive each day looked more spiritless and ill. He noticed, of course, that she was not looking well; but he put it down to her illness of the autumn and the severity of the winter, and never suspected for a moment that her altered appearance was due to mind instead of body.

He announced his engagement immediately to his brother officers, causing thereby no particular surprise, except to Lucy, who had not expected such news, but who, nevertheless, pulled himself together, like the brave and gallant gentleman he was, and wished his comrade joy. But oh, when at length he saw her—when he saw the poor pale face from which the delicate peach-bloom tints of old had all vanished; when he saw the downward droop of the once arch and smiling mouth; the mournful look in the black-fringed gray eyes—oh, when he saw all this, what a fierce hatred for Hartog leaped up in his heart, and made him feel for a moment like a murderer!

Her own people were not alarmed. Olive, they said, had never been really herself since that dreadful illness in Scotland; and, as every one knows, marrying and giving in marriage is an anxious business. After it was all over—comfortably over, was the expression Mrs. Weyland used in speaking of the matter to Mrs. Arkwright, little dreaming what a mockery such a word was in connection with such a marriage—Mr. Hartog meant to take her abroad, and a long tour in Italy and Switzerland would make her quite herself again.

But Edith Arkwright saw more clearly between the lines than either Murray Weyland or his wife. She *knew*—by that strange instinct which sometimes makes men and women dive straight to the very heart of a mystery—that it was neither illness nor the fuss of the approaching wedding which had blanched Olive's cheeks of their lovely color, brought that pained look into her eyes, or that pitious curve to her lips.

"The poor child is breaking her heart!" she cried, indignantly, to her brother. "And seriously, Cecil—although I don't want to say anything disagreeable to you—I never saw a sign of anything wrong with her before you and she had that disagreement, about Christmas."

"I tell you she wrefused me point blank," returned Lucy, who seldom kept a secret from his sister.

"Oh, nonsense! Why should she refuse you?"

"But she did, point blank; thewre was no mistake about it."

"You should have asked her again."

"So I should have done if thewre had been the vewry smallest chance of her saying yes. I tell you, Edith, she not only wrefused be, but she wregularly wrounded on me for not having asked her before—to use her own expwression—it was too late!"

"I tell you, Cecil, she is breaking her heart. If they go on with it, and marry her to Hartog, she will die, and die soon!"

"Hartog won't give her up."

"Wretch!" cried Mrs. Arkwright, as reasonably as is the manner of women.

"As a matter of fact, he is nothing of the sort," Lucy objected. "Hartog is one of the best fellows out. I wonder she is not madly in love with him. I think you are making a gwreat mistake, and that she is only worwried by all the prewparations. It is to be a vewry grand wedding, is it not?"

Mrs. Arkwright tingled all over with rage; she would have liked Lucy to show a little more distress—which was not his "form" at all—but she never even guessed at the depth of agony which he hid with every drawling word.

"Oh, very grand!" she said, tartly. "I suppose you mean to go. Hartog told me this morning that Mignon Gilchwrist—Furwver's little girl, you know—is coming to be one of the bwridesmaids."

"How does Olive know her?"

"She does not; it is Hartog's wish. She is to stay with Mrs. Gwray."

Shortly after this he went back to Gaystown, leaving Mrs. Arkwright almost beside herself with anger.

"I don't believe he cares—I don't believe he is capable of caring!" she cried to big Tom Arkwright.

"Then why worry yourself about it?" he asked. "A very good thing if he doesn't, considering that Olive is to become Mrs. Hartog on Thursday."

"And breaking her heart for Cecil!" Mrs. Arkwright burst out.

"Oh, nonsense! She had the chance of him, if she had wanted him."

At which Mrs. Arkwright went out of the room in a storm of rage, feeling it was as useless to try to get sense out of Tom as it was to get sense into Cecil.

It was then Monday. On Tuesday Lucy called at Copplethwaite, but was told that the ladies had gone to Gaystown early in the day, and might not be back till late in the evening.

He knew what that meant—dressmakers. No use to seek about Gaystown after them. So he left his wedding gift. And O, dear heaven! what a mockery it was for him to give a wedding gift to Olive Weyland, who in a few hours would be Olive Hartog, and who was breaking her heart, he knew not why! And then he went back to his quarters alone, going presently to mess with a smile on his handsome face, and the latest joke about Mignon on his smooth, drawling tongue.

"'Mignon,' I said, as soon as I could get my bwreath, after as lively a specimen of the—er—gar-wrote as you could wreasonably expect wrom a delicate little amatu-ah like her, 'how—er—much have you—er—gwrown?' and she said, 'Oh, dear Lal,' said Mignon, 'not quite an inch—not wearly enough to be marwried!'"

Was it any wonder that neither Hartog nor any one else made even the wildest guess at the world of anguish this man was suffering? No; no more than any one guessed that Olive, could she have had her way, would have had a bridegroom who would be neither Hartog nor Lucy, but one Ashford Harkness, who so short a time ago announced his engagement to the beautiful widow who had loved him, as he had loved her, when they were boy and girl together.

Two more days passed by, and, on the day previous to that of the wedding, Lucy took a sudden resolve to go over to Copplethwaite and put the question which Edith Arkwright had raised in his mind straight and fair to Olive.

"Yes, Miss Weyland is at home," the servant informed him; and then he was shown into the pretty morning room, where Olive was sitting alone.

She rose rather confusedly and came to meet him.

"I came," he began abruptly, moved almost beyond control of himself by the great change in her, "because Edith tells me she is sure you are not happy in your approaching marwriage."

Olive allowed her hands to lie passively in his, but she did not speak nor look at him.

"And Edith persists," he continued in very gentle tones, "that it is partly, or wrather altogether, my fault. Is that twrue, Olive, my dear?"

"It is too late now," she said mournfully—"it is too late for anything."

"But if you love me—" he cried eagerly, mistaking her meaning.

For a moment she was tempted, more sorely tempted than she had ever been in all her life, to hide the truth to the last; then pluck, true English pluck, won the day, and she spoke.

"Capt. Lucy," she said, "believe me when I tell you that I have never cared for you in that way. I—I—made a mistake—a great mistake, and I have sacrificed all my life to hide it from the world." And then briefly, yet sparing herself not at all, she told him the truth: "My people do not know, and he least of all. I meant," with a sad smile, "to hide it, even if it cost my life; but I have no right to ruin the rest of yours, by leaving you to believe as Edith does. It would be a sin little, if anything, short of murder."

Lucy stood silent, dumb with surprise; then all at once he realized what the telling of such a story must have cost her; he recognized the true, steadfast heart and the brave spirit which dwelt within her—a pluck greater far than his own.

"Your secwret shall be safe," he said, simply, "and I shall honor you to my life's end as the noblest woman who ever lived."

* * * * * *

"Oh, Lal!" cried Mignon, a few hours after the joy bells for Olive's wedding had ceased to ring. "Such a pity you didn't go; it was lovely!" heaving a sigh of supreme satisfaction as she gazed at the beautiful brooch of pearls and diamonds which had been the bridegroom's gift; at the beautiful bouquet of snowdrops given by the best man, and at the goodly box of bonbons and nougatines gathered off the breakfast table by the father of the bride for the little lady who had won all hearts at Copplethwaite, as she had won all hearts in the Scarlet Lancers six years before. "I did nothing all the way home but be sorry you had missed it."

"And you forgot poor Lal while you wewre thewre," said Lucy, reproachfully.

Mignon twined her arm tightly round his neck, and pressed her golden head against his cheek.

"No, Lal; I didn't indeed," she cried earnestly. "See"—diving eagerly into the pocket of her pretty bridesmaid's frock—"see, I brought you this!"

She thrust something wrapped in a white paper into his hand. Lucy opened it and found it was a piece of Olive Hartog's wedding cake.

THE END.

### Two Rooms at the White House.

The young wife's room is the scene of continued gayety during the hours when the president is attending to affairs of state. How different the apartment which adjoins it on the west! Visitors have often noticed that this room is never opened. The curtains are tightly drawn, and no one ever thinks of crossing its threshold. It was in this room that Garfield lived for months, tortured by Assassin Guiteau's bullet, while a nation hoped and prayed for the recovery that never came. The room is almost precisely as it was the day when Garfield was taken from it and carried to Elberon, where he breathed his last. President Arthur had a horror of the place. He gave orders that it should remain untouched as long as he was in the White House, and these orders were strictly obeyed. President Cleveland has said nothing upon the topic as yet, but it is understood that he, too, is loath to break the silence of that room.—Boston Traveler.

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### Transplanting Skin from a Frog.

Skin from the back of a frog has been used by Dr. O. Petersen for hastening the healing of wounds. Grafts of the size of the thumbnail were caused to adhere firmly in two days, and in two days more the pigmentation of the transplanted skin had almost disappeared. The resulting cicatrice is of great softness and elasticity. Some of the London hospitals are now beginning to employ frog's skins as grafts in place of other skin.—Boston Budget.

### King Ludwig's Favorite Beverage.

The late king of Bavaria's favorite beverage was a mixture of white wine and champagne, prepared in a bowl with a thick layer of fresh, strong-scented violets floating on the top. The violets gave a delicious perfumed flavor to the mixture, much to the king's taste, as Ludwig was so fond of scents that the air around him was generally redolent of perfume. This fancy cost him quite $10 daily.—Boston Transcript.

### A PENNSYLVANIA PAGAN.

**He Lives in Reading and Has a Cellar Full of Idols.**

The only known maker and worshiper of idols in the United States lives at Reading, Pa. His name is William Christopher Clemmer and he is a bricklayer by trade. Ten years ago he became a contractor long enough to lose more than he possessed, and his reverses affected his mind. After a year or two he apparently recovered, but developed such strong heretical tendencies that he was dropped by the Catholic church. He is an object of curiosity and almost awe to many of his townspeople from the fact that he is known to have a cellar full of clay idols, which he made himself and which he devoutly worships.

A New York World reporter who gained access to this cellar says:

Months and months it must have taken to model and decorate the hundreds of fantastic images with which the cellar is filled. On the floor, on shelves, swinging from the joists and hanging to the walls are burnt clay objects of all sizes and shapes. From the ceiling swings a gigantic arm and hand, stained flesh color. Rude images of hands and feet are scattered all about, and what is most remarkable is that every rude human image, whether complete or representing detached members, bears the strongest likeness to the earliest specimens of Egyptian plaster art. Look at the large idol in the cut. Might he not have been taken out of the ruins of some ancient city of the Nile? And it is the same with the hands and feet.

W. C. CLEMMER.

Even the clay implements, natural size, hanging against the wall are a mixture of Egyptian, Aztec and Mound Builder. The only evidence the sanctuary affords that the idol maker is not wholly a pagan is the presence of a number of rosaries of different sized balls of clay and spools strung on a wire. Builders who have recently employed Clemmer say that he has to be closely watched at his work to prevent outer courses of red pressed brick being alternated with rows of tin cans, old shoes, bottles and the like.

The idol maker and worshiper was induced with some difficulty to make some explanation. He refused to admit that any of the deities had special attributes or that he prayed to them.

"But what are they for?"

"They are holy people."

"Who is this?"—apparently a squabby image of Queen Victoria.

"That is the Virgin Mary."

"And this?"

"My good friend, Joe Stickler."

"And this big one?"

"Oh, he is just a holy one."

The hands and feet, he explained, were those of his friends. The irregular objects were materializations of his wildest schemes for making money. One was something that would enable engineers to run their trains safely, and another, with a piece of Dutch china baked into one side of it, was used for telegraphing. Then the man drifted into a string of complaints that the railroad company and the county had not paid him for his discoveries. He must have money to build his temple on the mountain top. "A temple for these idols where people can go and worship them?" This question seemed to strike the keynote of the man's desires. His face lighted up with enthusiasm and he broke into a rhapsody over his coming temple on the mount.

ONE OF THE IDOLS.

"The mountain is hollow. These holy people will sit in the temple and say what is in the mountain—silver, gold, diamonds—and everybody be happy. Up by the Crystal cave I make my temple. But there is no money—no money."

Crystal cave is a cavern in the mountain a few miles distant, brilliant with calcareous incrustations. Near this the pagan would build his temple.

"How many images have you here?"

"More than six horses could haul in a wagon."

"How long did it take you to make them?"

"More than three years."

"Will you sell one of them?"

"No, no; not so much as even these." And he took two pieces of burnt clay from his inner vest pocket. They were colored blue, with one end of each dipped in red.

"What are they?"

The answer was in a half whisper:

"This the finger and this the toe of my friend."

It used to be said that the girls were afraid to meet Robert Grant, author of "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," because his stories showed such a painfully accurate knowledge of their sex.

Senhor Eca de Queiroz, Portuguese, is thought to be a really great novelist. His best work, "O Primo Basilio," has made considerable sensation in England under a translation entitled "Dragons' Teeth."

Tennyson has a horror of the biographer; he keeps no diary and has destroyed all his correspondence and all records of it. He recently said to a friend: "When I am dead I will take good care they shall not rip me up like a pig."

William Hosea Ballou, the author of "A Ride on a Cyclone," the novel that has caused so much talk in and out of the newspapers, is just now in New York. He evidently holds with Henry Watterson that New York is the greatest summer resort in America. H. Clay Coultans, the artist who illustrated it so cleverly, is also in New York for the summer.

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| Blackville | .... | 9 50 " | Marysville | .... | 7 35 " |
| Doaktown arrive | .... | 11 15 " | Cross Creek | .... | 9 05 " |
| Doaktown depart | .... | 11 55 " | Bolestown | .... | 10 30 " |
| Nedestown | .... | 12 55 p m | Doaktown arrive | .... | 11 30 " |
| Cross Creek | .... | 2 00 " | Doaktown depart | .... | 11 55 " |
| Marysville | .... | 3 30 " | Blackville | .... | 1 20 p m |
| Gibson | .... | 3 40 " | Chatham Junction | .... | 3 05 " |
| Fredericton | .... | 3 45 " | Chatham | .... | 3 30 " |

The above trains will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations:—Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manner's Siding, Fanniac.

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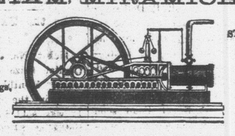

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CHATHAM, July 31st, 1889.

General Business.

CIRCULAR.
Halifax, May 29th 1889.
Dear Sir,—We beg to inform you that we have sold the stock and good will of the business of the late J. S. MACLEAN & Co., to Messrs. JOHN W. GORHAM and SHERBURNE WADDELL, who intend carrying on the business at the old stand, "JERUSALEM WAREHOUSE," as successors to J. S. MACLEAN & Co.
In making this transfer, we believe we are doing what was contemplated by Mr. MACLEAN before his decease.
From the long experience of these gentlemen with Mr. MACLEAN in his late business, we feel confident in recommending them to your patronage.
We are, Dear Sir, Yours truly,
GEO. CAMPBELL, J. C. MACKINTOSH, E. P. T. GOLDSMITH } Executors of John S. Maclean
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WE beg to notify customers and the public generally that we have purchased from the executors the stock and good will of the business of the late J. S. MACLEAN & Co., and will continue as Wholesale Grocery and Commission Merchants, at the old stand, "Jerusalem Warehouse," under the name, style and firm of
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JOHN W. GORHAM, SHERBURNE WADDELL
June 1st, 1889

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PROVISIONS & GROCERIES.
TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK
ONE CAR OF FLOUR.
Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Beans, Peas Barley and Rice always in stock.
Also a full line of
Plain and Fancy Biscuits, Canned Goods in variety, Teas a speciality from 20c upwards, Glass and Ironware, Table Cutlery, Paints and Oils.
All sold at lowest cash prices.
Alex. McKinnon.
Chatham, 13th August, 1889.

BRICKS!
MIRAMICHI
STEAM BRICK WORKS.
The Subscribers wish to call attention to the
BRICK MANUFACTURED
by them, which are of a large size, 18 to 1 cu soll foot, and perfect in shape and hardness
All orders attended to promptly.
Brick delivered f. o. b. cars or at wharf, or can be got at the stores of Mr. W. S. Loggie, Chatham and Mr. Wm. Mason, Newcastle.
G. A. & H. S. FLETT

HONEY.
New Honey, Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites,
Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil,
Beef Iron and Wine, Pleasant Worm Syrup, French Ointment, Eye Ointment,
White Rose Eye Water, English Veterinary Condition Powders, English Veterinary Liniment, Leming's Essence.
all of the above received this week at
The Medical Hall,
J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.
Chatham, Sept. 27th '89.

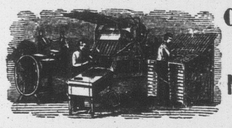
Tin Plates, Ingot Tin, &c.
The Subscriber offers for sale at lowest current prices:—
I. C. Coke Tin Plates,
Ingot Tin,
English Pig Lead, etc.
Will buy Canned Lobsters
Of good standard quality.
JAMES FRASER,
58 Bedford Row, Halifax, N. S.

THE FURNITURE
EMPORIUM,
has been removed to the store lately occupied by J. J. Noonan, immediately opposite the late Golden Ball and adjoining the Canada House.
At the FURNITURE EMPORIUM will be found all kinds of Household Furniture, Bedding, etc., and not having time to solicit customers personally, the Public will remember that they can be served as well at the Emporium as at any Foreign Firm.
—ALSO—
Wholesale: Tea in Half chests, Apples, Hay, etc.
☞ Auction Sales every Saturday.
WM. WYSE,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
Chatham, Oct. 5 '89.

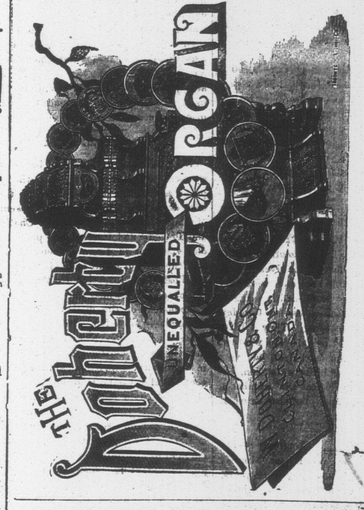
GENERAL BUSINESS.

NOW ARRIVING
SUMMER IMPORTATIONS.
—FULL LINES OF—
SUMMER DRY GOODS,
Hosiery.
Haberdashery, etc.
Carpets,
Cutlery,
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS,
Latest Styles.
J. B. Snowball.
Chatham, May 1st, 1889.

JOB-PRINTING
"ADVANCE" Building, Chatham, MIRAMICHI



Having completed the removal of the ADVANCE establishment to the old Methodist Church building, corner Duke and Cunard Streets, we are now prepared to execute all kinds of
BOOK AND JOB-PRINTING
in first class style. This establishment was the only one in the Province in a position to enter into competition with the city offices at the
Dominion Centennial Exhibition
at St. John, where it received a
—MEDAL AND DIPLOMA—
for "Book and Job Printing" and "Letter-Press Printing." This is good evidence of the fine character of its work.
We have also, constantly on sale a large line of blank-forms, such as:—
RAILWAY SHIPPING RECEIPTS.
FISH INVOICES, (newest form,)
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS.
DEEDS AND MORTGAGES.
SUPREME AND COUNTY COURT BLANKS.
SHERIFFS' BLANKS.
TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS.
SCHOOL ASSESSMENT FORMS.
ETC.; ETC., ETC.
Send along your orders.
D. G. SMITH.
Chatham N.B.




For Catalogue Prices, Terms, &c., Write or apply to
J. T. MORRISSEAU, AGENT,
CHATHAM, N. B.

JUST ARRIVED.
Per Steamships "Ulunda" & "Demara,"
(Direct from London, England,) and I. C. Railway.
79 Cases and Bales of New Spring Goods!
Ladies will find this a most desirable time to get seasonable goods direct from the
WORLD'S EMPORIUM OF FASHION;
for their Spring Sewing and Housefurnishing. We will show them on our counters extraordinary pretty goods. Immense volume and variety. Everything rich and stylish. Every department full up of the latest and best. We defy the keenest competition in Canada to produce such goods and at such low prices. Get samples, wash them, see how fast in color and measure the width.
DRESS GOODS,
Prints, Piques, Muslins, Cambrics, Satin stripes and spots, Washing Silks, Black Silks, Velvets, Plushes, New Dress Trimmings, Satins, Household Goods, Cottons, Flannels, Window Curtains, Laces, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear.
Men's Ready Made Clothing and Furnishings.
The shopping public are respectfully invited to examine this enormous stock and compare prices. We keep everything to be found in any first class warehouse in St John or Montreal. Don't send away for goods. Our merchandise is As Good and Prices Lower. You's very truly
SUTHERLAND & CREACHAN