A DETECTIVE VICAR. By MISS M, E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER V.

DELAY THIS MARRIAGE.

Mr. Leworthy went back to Kibble & Unipleby's and asked if Mr. Umpleby was on the premises. No, Mr. Umpleby had leftshalf an hour ago, to return to the bosom of his family in Tolkington Park.

Happily for the eager vicar, Tolkington Park was an adjoining suburb, where those well-to-do citizens of Grandchester who did not like the labor of daily railroad journeys.

He sat down directly the detective had be wel-to-do citizens of Grandchester who did now like the labor of daily railroad journeys contented themselves with a semi-urban retirement in villas of their own planting, overlooking the towniest and most formal of public parks. It had long been a grief to the female Umplebys that, where other merchants' families of wealth and standing had gothic manslons or Italian palaces set in richly wooded landscapes, "emote from the smoke of the city, they had only the stereotyped surroundings of a thickly-populated suburb, and were in nowise better off than their next-door neighbors.

A cab with a horse of his own choosing drove Mr. Leworthy to the utmost limit of Tolkington Park in less than half an hour. He found the Umpleby manslon, which was called Mount Lebanon, although the ground on which it stood was as fat as a pancake, and there was not a cedar within a mile. It was a substantial, square house, with bay windows, a broad flight of steps, grandiose iron railings, painted dark blue and surmounted with gilded pineapples, and an all-pervading glare of plate glass windows.

The hall was tessellated; thedrawing room was brilliant in color, and painfully new. Here Mr. Leworthy sat waiting for the master of the house, while a young lady in an adjacent chamber fevored him with a sofegrio exercisa, which strained to the uttermost a down directly the detective had those Grandchester magnates who had been bidden to the wedding.

"Let these letters be delivered by hand before eight 'clock to-morrow morning," the tester to the wedding.

"Let these letters be delivered by hand before eight 'clock to-morrow morning," the tester to respect able man-of-all-work, who had been yawning dismally in a pantry at the back of the hall; "and let that letter to tester to he delivered by hand before eight 'clock to the respectable man-of-all-work, who had been said to the respectable man-of-all-work, who had been said to the respectable man-of-all-work, who had been said to the respectable man-of-a

most a somewhat acrid voice.

"I wonder whether that is the bride singing" specula; ed the vicar, "and I wonder if
she is very much attached to my gentleman!
Rather hard lines for her if she is fond of

"Happy to have the honor of making your acquaintance, vicar," he said. "I have long known you by repute."
"Every one in Grandchester does that," answere! Leworthy, pleasantly. "I have been too often in hot water not to be pretty well known."

"Impossible to please everybody," murmured Mr. Umpleby.

"Frecisely, and the man who tries it ends
by pleasing no one. I have taken my own
course, and though I've made a good many
enemies, thank God I've made twice as many
friends. Now, Mr. Umpleby, I must ask
you to receive me with all good nature, and
to believe that I mean well by you and
yours, although I have come on a most unpleasant business."

The merchant looked unassy. Another The merchant looked uneasy. Another

The merchant looked unsay, Another great firm gone wrong, perhape; a question of a big bad debt.

"Is it a business matter?" he faltered.

"No, it is a family matter."

"Oh!" he said, with an air of relief, as if

"You are going to marry your daughter to-morrow?" said the vicar.
"I am,"
"To your clerk, Mr. Foy?"
"Yes, sir. It is not the first time that a merchant's daughter has married her father's clerk, I believe, though it is out of the common course of things."

"I am here to beg you to postpone the

marriaga."
"On what grounds?"
"Before I tell you that, you must give me your promise to communicate nothing I tell you to Mr. Foy." Mr. Umpleby hesitated.
"Mind, it is vital to you, as a father, to know what I have to tell."

know what I have to tell."

Mr. Umpleby gave the required promise. The vicar told his story, beginning with the scene at the railway station, ending with the story he had heard at Parminter.

"Were you aware that Foy had a sister?"

"I never heard him speak of one."

"Curious that, in your future son-in-law."

Mr. Umpleby sat and stared into space like a man bewildered. He wiped his large, hald forehead with the biggest and most expensive thing in bandannas.

panit toreneat with the big gest and most expensive thing in bandannas.

"This is a most frightful suspicion," he
said; "a young woman poisoned, for you
seem to think this young woman was poisoned. It is an awful position. Every arrangement has been made for the wedding, rangement has been made for the weating, as you may suppose—guests invited—some of the best people in Grandchester. My wife and daughter have the highest opinion of young Foy. I may say they are infatuated about him. His conduct in business has been irreproachable. There must be

rangement has been made for the wedding as you may suppose—guisted invided—some "Alones" "No; "With friends of mine," "Alones" "No; "With friends of mine," "Remains of

the lady seemed in a kind of faint or stupor, and the gentleman had to carry her in his arms.
Once furnished with a clew professional Once furnished with a clew professional intelligence was quite equal to taking it up.

"This woman at Parminter neuts be taken to Milldale to identify the body," said the chief official in the detective line, "and we must watch this fellow Foy, so that he may not give us the slip."

"He is to be married to his employer's daughter to-morrow morning," said the vicar. "To leave Grandchester before to-morrow would be tantamount to a confession of his guilt. It would be throwing up the cards altogether."

"The symptoms you describe sound like arsenical poisoning," said the officer; and then he and his colleague whispered together for a minute or so.

"I don't think there's anything more I can do to-night," said the vicar.

"No, sir. You may leave everything in our hands,"

against his intended son-in-law, he could not disbelieve the legal proof of the marriage before the registrar; and convicted of hav-ing concealed a prior marriage, Mr. Foy's character appeared in a new and doubtful

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proof, and if occasionally dressed with this dressing will last more than twice as long as otherwise.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

the brave-hearted old lady sitting opposite her son knitting a couvre-pied of soft Shet-land wool, and pretending to be as comfor-able and as much at her ease as if she were

able and as much at her ease as it she were in her pretty drawing room at South Ken-sington. Not by so much as a quiver of her lip would she allow herself to betray her anxiety. Her heart was as heavy as lead, yet she contrived to smile, and kept up a cheerful flow of small talk about the past

and future-church affairs, the schools, the

"God bless you, my dear boy! You will not have long to stay in this wretched hole.

The man who brought that poor creature to the station is arrested; he came here by the train I traveled in. He is now in this jail.

There will be a post mortem to-day, the in-quest will be reopened on Monday instead of on Wednesday next, and the evidence then

produced will prove his guilt and your

ples mailed-Stamps taken.

It is the very life of leather. It can e applied at any time. No trouble— shoe can be polished immediately

light,
"I'll put off the wedding," cried Umpleby,
"I'll put off the wedding," cried Umpleby, who had spent the evening marching about his house and garden in a state of suppressed agitation. "I won't have my daughter mar-ried to a liar and a trickster. There must be something wrong—no smoke without

fire."
He sat down directly the detective had left him and wrote with his own hand to those Grandchester magnates who had been

hysterics, fainting fits, recrimination, in which he, the husband and father, would get the worst of it.

Mrs. Umpleby's lavender moire-antique, her brand-new Honiton shawl, were lying in state upon the sofa. Would any woman forgive a husband for upsetting the festival at which those splendors were to be worn? There had been fus enough about the gown, about the breakfast, about every one of the wedding arrangements, and now, lo and behold, the fuss had been all for nothing!

"I never liked him," mused Mr. Umpleby. "I never liked him," mused Mr. Umpleby. "It was the women who talked me over. To begin with, the man's half a foreigner, and I want no parlez-vous in my family."

His letter to Foy had been of the briefest. "Look round the first thing to-morrow morning; I want to talk to you."

The father was up betimes, too agitated to eat his breakfast. He carried his cup of tea to the study at the back of the dining room, and paced that snug apartment, waiting for Mr. Foy. Up stairs there was wild excitement among the feminine part of the household, rushings and hurryings from room to room—spectral figures in long, white raiment and flowing hair, crimping, platting, hooking and eyeing. Here on the ground floor there was an awful quietude. Presently Gaston Foy came in. He, who was usually so pale, had this morning a hectic spot on each cheek. He, too, shared in the general excitement. Looking at him closely Mr. Umpleby saw that his lips were dry and white.

"Nothing wrong with Bella, I hope?" he asked nervously.

Bella was the bride.

"Nothing wrong with Bella, I hope?" he asked nervously.

Bella was the bride.

"No, there is nothing the matter with Bella at present. It is about yourself I want to talk. I think—when we first knew you—you told me that you stood quite alone in the world—that you were an orphan—had fought your own way in life—had not a living soul belonging to you."

"All that is quite true," answered Gastom Foy, looking straight at the questioner, with a face that showed no trace of emotion or surprise. "Why discuss the matter this morning? It is not a cheerful subject."

"You have deserved me," said Mr. Umpleby. "I am told you have a sister."

This time the young man was palpably moved. Strong as he was in dissimulation, his self-control failed him. For the moment he stood staring blankly at his accuser—wordless. Then he suddenly recovered himself, and looked at Mr. Umpleby pleadingly with a deprecating smile.

"You have found out my secret." he said. And then involuntarily there broke from his lips a cry of anguish:

"He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

He had spent a feverish night, given half to wakefulness, half to appalling dreams. He had risen and dressed himself as soon as it was light, and now he sat waiting wearily for some sign from the outer world, some cheering message, some word of hope. It was only two days since the Vicar of Freshmead had left him, yet it seemed ages.

Harki was not that the cheery voice he knew so well, the full vibration of tones that Hark! was not that the cheery voice he knew so well, the full vibration of tones that came from powerful lungs, the clear utterance of a man accustomed to address multitudes? Yes, it was Leworthy's voice, assuredly, and that cheerful tone should belong to the bringer of good tidings.

He sat with his hands clutching the edge of his pallet, profoundly agitated, while the grating key turned in the lock, and the heavy cell door moved slowly back. Then the vicar rushed into the cell and grasped his hands, and laid his hand upon his forehead in loving benediction.

self, and looked at Mr. Umpleby pleadingly with a deprecating smile.

"You have found out my secret." he said, mournfully. "It is a sorrowful one. Yes, I have a sister; yes, I have kept her existence a secret from you and all I love in this house. Poor girl! her life has been—is—a burden to herself and others. An invalid, almost an imbecile, my afflicted sister shrank from the world as the world would have shrunk from her. Had you seen her you might have ebeen prejudiced, you might have regarded her as an obstacle to my marriage."

"You ought to have told me the truth," answered Umpleby sternly. "I learn that a few days ago this girl was living with you at Parminter. You removed her from there in a weak state of health. Where is she now!"

"At the seaside,"
"Where?"

"At Howcomb." "No; with friends of mine,"



a thing again,"

within the prison walls a fortnight afte

"No, sir. You may leave everything in our hands."

"Precisely. But remember, if you don's want this young scoundrel to be married to a respectable young woman at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning you'll have to look sharp."

The vicar went back to the bosom of his family at Freshmead, thinking that he had done a nretry good day's work.

Before ten o'clock that night two facts had been discovered in the blography of Mr. Foy—First, that exactly three years before he had been married at a registrar's office to Jane Dawson, spinster, daughter of John Dawson, master mariner; and secondly, that he, or a man exactly snawering to his description, had bought small quantities of tartar emetic and small portions of laudanum at divers times within the last two months, and at several chemists' shops in the obscurer streets of the great, busy town.

These two discoveries the police communicated to Mr. Umpleby late on the vigil of his daylater's wedding.

The evidence of the marriage was indistricted the work of the prisoner in Milldale jail, although he was cheered by the society of his mother, who spent all the "And now, my friend, there's the door."

The great Leo X was pope at 38; having finished his academic training, he took the office of cardinal at 18—only twelve months younger than was Charles James Fox when he entered parliament. William Pitt entered the university at 1 These two discoveries the police communicated to Mr. Umpleby late on the vigil of his daughter's wedding.

The evidence of the marriage was indisputable. Much as Mr. Umpleby was inclined to discredit the charge brought and was chancellor of the exchequer at 2 prime minister at 23, and so continued for wenty years, and at 35 was the most poGENERAL BUSINESS.

CASTORIA *** SHOE DRESSING?*** If not don't fail to do so at once. It is not a polish but a wonderful leather preservative it will make the finest or coarsest shoe as soft and pliable as kid and very easy to the foot. It will make them absolutely water-

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CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON. EXPRESS. and ruture—current anarrs, the schools, the choir.

But even with this consoling company the dark winter day had seemed long to George Caulfield. He was feverishly expectant of news from Grandchester, and when none came he fancied that his friend, his lawyer, and the police had alike failed in their efforts to let in light upon the mystery of that nameless girl's death.

And if the day seemed long, what of the dreary winter night, when imagination, excited by strange circumstances and strange N. B. The above Express Trains will run daily Sundays excepted. The Firstour Trains from Fredericton to Chatham will run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and that from Chatham to Fredericton on Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays.

The above trains will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations:—Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmstord, Grev Rapiris, Upper Blackville, Blissfield, McNamee's, Lutlow, Asile Crossing, Olearwater, Fortage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Cross Creek, Covered Sridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

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Are made at Chatham Junction with the I, C. RAILWAY for St. John and all points West, and at Stephenic with the N. B. RAILWAY for St. John and all points West, and at Stephenic woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Freeque Isle, and with the Union S, S, Co, for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

dreary winter night, when imagination, excited by strange circumstances and strange surroundings, conjured up the horrors of a criminal trial—the crowded court, every creature in it believing him, George Caulfield, the murderer of a helpless girl. He saw the chain of circumstantial evidence lengthening out link by link, and he could have no power to sunder those links. His lips would be sealed.

And then involuntarily there broke from his lips a cry of anguish:

ON and after MONDAY; JUNE, IOTH., Trains will run on this Railway in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sunday nights excepted) las follows: GOING NORTH.
THROUGH TIME TABLE
EXPRESS. 1.05 p.m.
1.35 4
2.50 4
3.20 4

Leave Chatham,
Arrive Bathurs,
Campbellton, Leave Chatham, 10.30 p. m. 1.05 p. m.
Arrive Chatham, 10.50 ** 1.35 **
11.10 ** 250 **
Arrive Chatham, 11.35 **
11.35 **
3.20 **

GOING SOUTE.
THROUGH TIME TABLE.
THROUGH TIME LOCAL TIME TABLE.
No. 2 EXPRESS. No. 4 Accombation Trains leave Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South, which runs throug to St. John, and Malifax and with the Express going North which lies over at Campbellton.

Close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Interval

colonial.

EF Pullman Sleeping Cars run through to St. John on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Halifar Tuesdays, Thursdays and Stiturdays, and from St. John, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and from alifar Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

The above Table is made up on I. C. Reallway standard time, which is 75th meridian time. All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, it signaled.

All freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of the Union Whart, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage Custom House Entry or other charges, pecial, attention given to Shipments of Fish

SILVERWARE!

"Thank God!" ejaculated George Caulfield, and then he fell on his knees beside the prison bed and poured out the rapture of his soul in prayer and thanksgiving.

When he had finished that voiceless prayer he sat down quietly beside his friend to hear how the vicar had done his work and how completely he had succeeded.

"Up to last night the evidence against my gentleman was only speculative," he said, when he had described all that had happened in Brigargate and at Payminter. "Put lest in Brigargate and at Payminter." The lest quality. Water Pitchers, Fruit dishes, Cake-Baskets Cruets, Pickle Stands, Butter Coolers, Card Receivers, Napkin Rings, Berry Spoons, Carvers, Knives, Forks, Spoons &c.

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Silverware and Clecks, in all the Latest des gra; Monogram Rings, Wedding Rings and all kinds of Jewelry made to order and 1 exfect Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ALBERT PATTERSON,

taking, her to the seaside, he told his landlady, the doctor having said the sea air
would bring her round. The landlady's son,
who was in the iron trade, helped to carry
the poor young woman to the station. It
was quite dark, and no one took much
notice of them. This is why the police could
get no information from cabmen or cab
masters, you see. Now, this good woman,
the landlady, has been brought to Milldale
this morning. She will see the corpse and
she will see Mr. Foy, and I hope she may be
able to identify both. She has seen Foy's
photograph and recognized it already. So
the long and short of it is, my dear fellow,
that I think you're pretty comfortably out
of this mess, and I hope you'll never do such
a thing again." Miramichi

Foundry

TUGS, YACHI'S,

CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N.B. STEAMSHLPS team and Water Pipe

ot this mess, and I nope you in never do such a thing again."

The vicar affected facetionsness, perhaps to hide the depth of his feeling. He loved his friend almost as well as he loved his own sons, and that is much, for the man's heart overflowed with love.

The inquest was reopened on Monday, and the evidence against Gaston Foy was so complete in all its details that the jury had not a moment's hesitation in ordering the immediate release of George Caulfield, who left Milldale by an afternoon train, and officiated at an evening service at Philemon's that night. How happy he and his mother were as they sat side by side in the railway carriage on the journey back to London. LAUNCHES ees, Elbows, Reducers, BARGES, Etc. nion and other Couplings. General Iron and Brass Founders, Mill and Steamboat Buiders

carriage on the journey back to London.

"I think it will be a long time before I shall care to travel at night and alone," said the curate. "The memory of that awful hour between Grandchester and Milldale would be too vivid."

The complete bistory of Gaster Ferman Manufacturers of Steam Engines and Boiles, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Shingle and Lath Machines, and Well-Boring Machines for Horse and steam power. would be too vivid."

The complete history of Gaston Foy—how he married a poor girl of humble station, and grew tired of her soon after the birth of a child, whose death left the mother weakened in body and mind; how, when he found himself certifien out in the world greaters. Pond's Wisconsin Patent Rotary Saw Carriage a Specialty ESTIMATES FURNISHED CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED GEO. DICK himself getting on in the world, received and made much of in the Umpleby house-WM MUIRHEAD, Mechanical Sup Proprietor. hold, he determined to get rid of his wife and marry Miss Umpleby—is all to be read in the criminal records of Grandchester, in which city the young man was tried for willful murder, found guilty, and hanged within the price malls of the price will be a price and the price and the

ful uncrowned head in Europe.—Boston Gazette.

CERTAIN REMEDY HARD \$50FT CORNS

Legal Aotices.

NOTICE.

A. & J. ADAMS.

Caution & Notice I hereby caution any and all persons against giving employment to my son, James Walls, a minor, vithout first making arrangements with me in reference thereto, as I shall hold them responsible to me for his wages.

And I further give notice that I will not be responsible for any dobts contracted by the said James Walls.

DULDEY P. WALLS DULDEY P. WALL

CIRCULAR.

hatham July 23rd 1888

Halifax, May 20th 1880.

Dear Sir,—We beg to inform you that we have sold the stook and good will of the business of the late J. S. MACLEAN & CO. to Mesars, JOHN W. GORHAM and SHERBURNE WADDELL. "who intend carrying on the business at the 'old stand, "JERUSALD-M WARKHOUSE," as successors to J. S. MACLEAN & CO.

In making this transfer, we believe we are cling what was contemplated by Mr. MACLEAN efove his decease.

From the long experience of these gentlemen. From the long experience of these gentlemer ith Mr. Machan in his late business, we fee We are, Dear Sir, Yours truly,

Co-Partnership Notice.

we generally unawe maye purchased from the executors the stock and good will of the business of the late J. S. Machan & Co., and will continue as Wholesale Grocery and Commission Warehouse," under the name, style and firm of a continue the name of the continue that the continue tha J. W. GORHAM & CO.,

Successors to J. S. MACLEAN & CO.

TINSHOP

Japanned, Stamped AND Plain Tinware

The Peerless Creamer ROCHESTER LAMP, The Success OIL STOVE

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17°Boxes Scythe stones, Mow er_Stones, Oil Stones and Axebitts.

which, willsbeffsold at lowest cash price. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. GILLESPIE & SADLER.

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ONE CAR OF FLOUR. atmeal, Cornmeal, Beans, Peas Barley and Rice always in stock.

Also a full line of Plain and Fancy Bisciuts, Canned Goods in variety, Teas a speciality from 20c upwards, Glass aud Earthenware, Table Cutlery, Paints and Oils.

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Brick delivered f. o. b. cars or at wharf, to can
be got at the stores of Mr. W. S. Loggie, Chatham
and Mr. Wm. Masson, Newcastle. G. A. & H. S. FLETT Nelson Miramichi, N. B 1888 GENERAL BUSINESS.

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-MEDAL AND DIPLOMAfor "Book and Job Printing' and "Letter-Press Printing." This good evidence of the fine character of its work.

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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 werehouse in St John or Montreal. Don't send away for goods. Our merchandise is As Good and Prices Lower, You's erry truly,

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