HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

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When the ladies had withdrawn Mr. Butterfield seemed more cheerful than might have been expected of a tradesman who had just learned of so severe a loss. He despatched a note to Captain Heaton, informing him of the event of the afternoon, and concluding with the statement that in his opinion now was the time to put the screw on. Mr. Butterfield did a rather extensive and peculiar business. He had already twice disposed of the jewellery he had sold to Harry Wynne, and having in each case parted with it to a wealthy and inexperienced young gentleman, and in each case repurchased it from the Delilah to whom the wealthy and inexperienced young gentleman had presented it, he now felt himself on velvet. His terms for selling and his terms for buying were naturally very different, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that whatever came out of the latest transaction came as pure profit. The wealthy and inexperienced young gentlemen who had already owned the ornaments were, like their successor, proteges of the good Captain Heaton, whose introduction to expensive tradesmen was often at the service of the gilded youth, his friends.

Lady McCorquodale and Mrs. Brotherick drove straight to Eccleston Square, and were set down at the house of Lord Hounes. His lordship was at home and received her ladyship without a moment's delay. The horrible story was told, with interjectory denunciations and uplifting of the hands. Surely such a prodigal orphan had never hitherto been heard of in the history of the world. The trio of indignation rose sour and shrill, and the three vied with each other in condemnation of the young man's heartlessness; his infidelity, his fidelity, and all he had done and would not do. When they had done with him the common carrion crow of scandal might have declined to pick at his disfigured carcase. There is nobody who can malign a youthful wrongdoer like the elders of his own blood.

His lordship, who was not an active man as a rule, was for prompt and vigorous action. The confidential old family butler was sent for and despatched to Mr. Fergusson's office in the city in Lady McCorquodale's own carriage, with instructions to return immediately with Mr. Wynne. Pending the young man's arrival they slew his thrice-slain character again and again, and by the time he came they were in such a state of solemn, wrathful awe at his wickedness as they could find no words for. Lord Hounes, as representing most nearly the family sublime head, took the peccant youth in hand. He stood upon the heart hrug, with one hand beneath his coat-tails and the other thrust into his waistcoat, in that attitude of natural dignity he had been wont to assume before his constituents, and in the House. The ladies, in their out-of-door attire, sat at either side of him.

"Young man," said Lord Hounes, "we have sent for you in order to give you an immediate opportunity of explaining a transaction which bears upon its face indisputable evidences of the blackest turpitude."

"In that case," the criminal returned, "it may be hardly worth explaining. Your lordship was good enough not to know me when last we met. I thought it possible that you might have wished to make an apology."

At this daring speech, which indicated a wickedness beyond his years, Mrs. Brotherick shuddered violently, and became rigid. Her ladyship flounced in her chair, and gave vent to an inarticulate note of contempt and anger. Lord Hounes withdrew the hand which had rested on his waistcoat, and magnificently waved the accused to silence.

"Your insolence," he said, "can serve no object. It is useless to say that it may exacerbate the wound you have already inflicted upon the family feeling and the family character and the family pride, a feeling, a character, and a pride, sir, which are not accustomed to be dragged through the humiliating dust of base intrigue, or——"

Harry relieved him from a dilemma, for his lordship positively saw no fitting close to his period.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Will you be so good as to tell me what I have done? I may be better able to accept your denunciations afterwards."

The young man was sore against his titled relative, and thought he had a right to be. Lord Hounes had publicly insulted him, without a cause that he himself could trace, and the boy had no more idea of the meaning of his lordship's oratorical greeting than the man in the moon might have had.

"Lady McCorquodale," said his lordship, suppressing himself by an heroic effort, "has just returned here from the shop of Mr. Butterfield, a jeweller, in Conduit Street." The criminal turned a little white at this, and winced. He had thought it punishment enough for his past recklessness that he should have to pay something like a thousand pounds for a year or two's interest on three hundred, and he had not counted on the humiliation of discovery. It was bad enough to know that he had been a fool, and that he had so heavily crippled his own resources. "She has learned there," pursued his lordship, "that you are infamously in debt there, and that the objects you purchased there could have but one destination. You pretend, sir, to aspire to the hand of an innocent and charming young lady; you persist with a degrading selfishness in standing in that young lady's way to wealth and an honourable position; you profess yourself to be animated by a lofty and Quixotic attachment, and in the same hour with all this you pursue an intrigue with some vile and abominable woman whom you hide from the eyes of your family and of the world."

"That is absolutely untrue, sir," Harry answered.

"Untrue!" thundered his lordship. "Lady McCorquodale and Mrs. Brotherick have with their own eyes beheld the evidence of your infamy."

The young man's blood boiled, but he restrained himself, and indeed the thought that they were stabbing at him through Inthia so sickened him a moment later that he had need rather to spur than to control himself. For a mere instant the thought assailed him that the construction Lord Hounes put upon his purpose was manufactured for the family uses, but he himself was too natively just-minded to hold that suspicion long. He had to admit that the charge looked probable.

"May I ask your lordship," he said, "to employ a little moderation? Will you do me the bare justice to tell me of what you accuse me?"

"Do me the favor then," returned his lordship, "to respond categorically to my enquiries. Are you, or are you not, indebted to Mr. Butterfield?"

"I am indebted," Harry answered, "to Mr. Butterfield in the sum of two thousand three hundred pounds. I have a constant assurance that he will willingly wait two years for the money, and in that time I expect to be able to pay him."

"Indeed!" rejoined his lordship, with a sneer, which set Harry's blood racing and boiling again. "And now you will tell me with what other object than to pander to your own vices you made that extravagant purchase! For whom did you buy those jewels?"

"I bought them for myself," he answered desperately.

His lordship and Lady McCorquodale broke into a scornful laugh at this.

"You expect us to believe that?" her ladyship asked.

"I expect to be believed in whatever I may say. I have a right to expect to be believed."

"To whom did you give those jewels?" her ladyship asked. She was disposed to be directer in her inquiries than her brother.

"You may as well tell us the creature's name at once, and put an end to this disgraceful scene."

"This," said the boy desperately, "is a private matter of my own. I have given no man the right to hold such language as Lord Hounes has used to me. If it concerns you to know that I bought the jewels I have owned the fact already. When I fail honourably to pay for them I will submit to anything you may choose to say to me."

This was all very well in its way, and he was conscious of enough right on his side to allow him to be angry and disdainful at the charges brought against him, but the thought of Inthia came again. They would tell her this wicked story, and would do their best to make her believe it. That cooled his courage, and he went on in another tune.

"My dear Lady McCorquodale, I give you my word of honor, my most solemn and unreserved assurance, that your suspicions concerning this affair are utterly unfounded."

"And you bought the jewels:" said her ladyship.

"I bought the jewels."

"To whom did you present them?"

"I presented them to nobody."

"Then you have them now?"

"No. They are no longer in my hands."

"Where are they?"

"That, with all due regard to your ladyship, I must decline to say."

His lordship's mind was suddenly enlightened, and if he had seen fit he could at that moment have hit the nail on the head at the first blow. But he was a bit of a diplomatist in his way, and preferred to nurse his conclusion as a secret. He remembered Harry's visit, and his urgent request for a loan. The stones had been made away with, and the young man would not confess it. But since Providence had put in the family hands such an excellent means of separating him from Inthia as the surface story of the purchase afforded, he felt that it would be actually sinful not to use it.

"Very well," her ladyship responded, rising and drawing her furs about her. "You understand, Mr. Wynne, that Inthia is my ward. I shall permit you to hold no further intercourse with her, and I desire that in future you will not address me or claim acquaintanceship in any way."

"Be good enough," interjected his lordship, "to consider our knowledge of each other at an end. If you have any hope that your family will assist you in this shameful matter I take upon myself to say that to whatever extremities you may be pushed, that hope is, and will remain, illusory."

After this there was nothing left but to go, with whatever dignity was possible, and the Pariah, thus solemnly ejected from the family circle, went away without a word.

CHAPTER VI.

Four or five hours had gone by before he could properly be said to think of anything. He walked unconsciously straight back to his chambers, and sat there in his gloves and hat, sternly surveying a wild whirl of inconsequent and incongruous fancies. He was like one dazed by a heavy blow on the head, too stunned to feel his own pain. It occurred to him often to think that he took things very easily, and once he said, with Hamlet, that he was pigeon-livered, and lacked gall to make oppression bitter. He could not even find energy to be angry at the epithets Lord Hounes had hurled upon him, nor even — stranger still — to care greatly about Inthia's wounded heart when she should hear the calumny. Bit by bit the pain sharpened, the stunned feeling cleared away, and his mind got to work again. He began to think it inevitable that on the evidence against him Inthia must believe him guilty. He told himself that nothing in the world should persuade him that she was unfaithful to him in a thought, and out of his own loyalty he brewed a cordial, warm and spiced enough to cheer his failing heart a little. Its effect was transitory; the evidence against him was too strong. What could she do but believe that which everybody about her believed? He was forbidden her presence, and he knew how, with the exception of Inthia, everybody hailed his seeming downfall. They would press Humphrey Frost and his millions upon her now, and perhaps, in the sore desperation of her heart, she might accept him. He prowled up and down his room like a beast in pain. It is hard to be young and alive from head to heel, and to be thus fettered by the impossibilities, to stand behind invisible bars beyond which there is no passage, and to see the soul's desire borne, passionately weeping, away. His own impotence writhed in him, like a twisted arrow in a wound. He was helpless, helpless, helpless! He could do nothing.

Yes. One thing at least he could do. He could write to Inthia and tell her the whole truth from first to last. It was humiliating, but by contrast with the lie the truth looked heavenly bright. He had been to blame, foolishly, wickedly to blame, but he was no inmate of the sty where Lady McCorquodale's fancy saw him, the vile place Inthia was to be told of as his natural habitat. True to her! How could he be otherwise than true to her?—all purity, truth and goodness as she was. Could he leave the innocent tenderness of her eyes and the sweet welcome of her hands? That was a physical repulsion, a nauseating sickness, in his fancy. He was faithful to her to the core; so faithful that fidelity was not a virtue to him. Inthia meant the sex, and outside and beyond her there was no woman in the world to him.

It was only when he began to look for writing materials that he became aware of the fact that he still wore his hat and gloves. He gave a little mirthless chuckle at the discovery, and removed them. Then he sat down, and began to write. He filled sheet after sheet with wild protestations of truth and love, and when he had finished the letter, behold it meant nothing to his mind. All the blood and passion, all the heat and fervor, seemed to have stopped short at his finger-tips. Not a tone of the wild kaleidoscopic splendors of his heart had touched the paper. It stared, blank, cold, and meaningless. He tore it across and across and threw it into the fire-grate, and began anew, with the same chilling result. He did not know how the night went by, but the noise of the fretful wind and the plash of the mournful rain outside were part of him. Many and many a time afterwards the noises of the stormy night brought back that time so vividly that his heart ached at them with the memory of its own old pain.

At length, when he seemed to have cast all the scorise out of his heart and brain, his thoughts ran clear. He wrote a letter, brief and lucid, in which he told, as well and clearly as another knowing all the circumstances could have told it for him, the story of his entanglement. He did not spare his own foolishness, but he closed with a humble hope that it was over, and that his lesson would last him for his lifetime.

He looked up, and lo! the day had dawned outside already. He drew up one of the blinds, and looked out upon the street. A solitary policeman paced, gleaming there in his oilskin cape, and a fog rolled about the roofs of the houses and obscured the chimney-pots opposite. The desolate silence weighed like lead, but he had gone through too much already to have any great keenness of feeling left. He threw himself upon the sofa, and in a while fell stupidly asleep.

The entrance of the house porter with broom and dustpan failed to awake him, but on the man's return with breakfast and letters he made a judicious clatter, and Harry came out of his dreams. He looked at the letters wearily as they lay upon the table, and turned them over with negligent fingers, until he caught sight of Inthia's writing. A great shock went through him, and he knew that he held the news of his fate in his own hands. He tore the envelope open, and the first line he read assured him, and shot warm conviction of safety through him from head to heel.

"My Dearest Harry,—I do not believe a word of the wicked and shameful story that Lady McCorquodale has told me. She says that we are not to meet again, but that will make no difference to me, and I am sure that it will make no difference in you. You must be brave, dear, and hope and have patience. I dare not wait to write more.—Yours ALWAYS,

"INTHIA."

He kissed that brave message a hundred times, and hugged it, and kissed it again. Oh! the honest, loyal heart; the peerless creature! In spite of fog, rain, smoke, and wind, the wide world beamed with sunshine. He dashed rejoicingly into his bedroom, tore off his raiment with rollicking scraps of song plunged into his tub, and emerged from it like a radiant young giant. He dressed, and sat down to breakfast in an exquisite complacency. His inner man reminded him now that he had forgotten to dine the day before. He rang for more eggs, and a further supply of devilled kidney, and made an exuberant meal. What did he care about Lord Hounes and Lady McCorquodale and Mrs. Brotherick now? Their suspicions had no longer power to vex him. He sang that the whole family syndicate might go to Hong Kong, might go to Hong Kong, might go to Hong Kong for him. You would have been hard put to it to find a happier young man in London.

In this joyful mood he was preparing for his daily journey to the city, when the house porter brought him a letter addressed in a hand unknown to him. The messenger who had brought it was instructed to wait for a response. Harry glanced first at the signature, and found that the missive came from Captain Heaton.

"My dear boy," it ran, "for Heaven's sake come round to me at once. Do not lose a moment. It is a matter of the most urgent consequence to yourself."

Wondering what this might mean, Harry marched off in front of the messenger, and in three minutes from his receipt of the letter found himself in Captain Heaton's presence. The morning plumage of the worthy captain was gay and brilliant. He was in a gorgeously flowered and embroidered dressing-gown, and wore Turkish slippers and a scarlet fez. He had begun his day's work early, and was already engaged over a brandy and soda and a cigar. In the evening, all things considered, Captain Heaton was a youngish-looking man for his years, but in the morning the raffish traits peeped out in the bulbous underlid of his eyes, creased into thick folds, and in the strongly accentuated crows' feet. He offered his visitor a similar refreshment to that of which he was himself partaking, and his offer being declined, he sat in apparently uneasy silence for a moment, tugging at his moustache. To his visitor's mind he bore the air of a man who has an unpleasant communication to make, and is unwilling to make it.

"Do you know, my dear boy," said Heaton, suddenly, as if he had made up his mind to have the unpleasant business over, "do you know, my dear boy, that you've got yourself into a devil of a mess?"

"Upon my word, I don't," returned Harry. "Do you?"

"I shall be deuced glad if I don't," said the captain. "You don't mean to tell me that you don't know what you've done?"

"Now," said young Wynne, lifting his eyes and looking squarely at the captain's face, "to tell you the truth, Heaton, I had enough of that sort of thing yesterday to satisfy me for the rest of my life. If I have done anything, be good enough to tell me at once what it is. If it concerns you in any way I will give you whatever explanation you may have a right to."

"If he has done anything!" repeated the captain, as if appealing to some invisible third person who knew all about it and was bound to share his own friendly sorrow.

Harry kept a resolute good temper.

"I have done many things in my life," he said. "All sorts of things—good, bad, and indifferent. What is the one thing you want to speak about?"

"Well, upon my word," said Heaton, "you take it coolly."

"I try to," the young man answered.

Captain Heaton threw the theme clean away with both hands, and looked mournfully resigned.

"You—you don't know? You—you don't know?" he said, a moment later, knitting his eyebrows in inquiring wonderment, and leaning across the table towards his companion.

"Confound it all, man!" cried the badgered youth, "I have told you already that I don't know. Do you know? Upon my soul I think the whole world's going mad together."

"Oh!" said the captain, with an air of injured friendship, "if you take that tone, Wynne, it's no affair of mine."

"Whose affair is it?" Harry asked.

"Gad!" said Heaton, "I should say it's yours, if it's anybody's; but if you choose not to know anything about it, and to resent a friendly intervention, you may go to the deuce your own way, by Jove, and there's an end to it."

"Will you tell me" asked Harry, rising, "what it is you want to talk about?"

"Oh! well, if you insist on knowing nothing at all about it," returned the captain, "I'll try to refresh your memory. Did you ever meet one Batterfield, a jeweller, in Conduit Street?"

"Yes," said Harry. "What about him?"

"Did you buy over two thousand pounds worth of jewellery from him?"

"I did. And what of that?"

"Will you tell me what you did with the jewellery?"

There was a pause for a second or two, during which Harry regarded the captain with a glowing air of sardonic humor.

"I'm glad to see you turning evangelist," he said, rather grimly. "I suppose you know Miss Tearsheet's ways as well as anybody. You ought to be experimentally qualified to denounce them. I took a lecture from Lord Hounes and Lady McCorquodale on the subject yesterday; but I'll be hanged if I'll stand one from you."

It was the captain's turn to look bewildered.

"I don't a bit know what you are talking about," he said, "and unless you're an uncommonly good actor, I'm beginning to think you don't know either. Here's a plain question, and you can give it a plain answer if you like. Did you pawn those diamonds?"

"Of course I did. That's what I bought them for."

"Well, good Lord," said Heaton, staring at him, with a beautifully deceptive aspect of astonishment, "he confesses it! He talks about it as if it were the most ordinary transaction in life! Do you know what you've done?"

"I have told you what I have done,"

"No, you haven't, my boy," Heaton responded, in a tone of almost fatherly sadness, "but I'll tell you what you've done. You've committed a fraud in the eye of the law. You have laid yourself open to arrest and trial on a charge of fraud, and if the case is proved as you confess it you may get two years, with or without hard labor, according to the judge's fancy."

The speech was not a long one, but before it came to an end Harry had dropped back into his chair, staring at the captain with a face so horror-stricken that it cost even that practised gentleman a momentary twinge. Heaton poured out a glass of brandy and pushed it over to him.

"Drink that," he said, "and pull yourself together. My poor boy! why the dickens didn't you come to me? I'd have pawned my last shirt rather than see you in a mess like this. Why didn't you ask somebody? Any man of the world would have told you."

"I did it on Humphrey's advice," gasped Harry. "I did it to pay him."

"On Humphrey's advice!" shrieked Heaton. "Nonsense!"

"He was in an awful mess. He wanted the money. He had a bill of mine. You know all about that. He said it was a matter of public bankruptcy for both of us, and he sent me to Butterfield."

"The fool!" cried the captain, with every appearance of rage and amazement. "I wonder if that's why he cleared out last night? Butterfield's furious. I met a man who saw him yesterday after your aunt had left him and he was vowing vengeance. He swears that you gave him distinctly to understand that you wanted the jewels for a lady, and the first thing he'll do this morning will be to get out a summons. There's nothing for it, my dear boy, but to go to your friends, and rake the money together somehow."

"My friends," said the victim miserably, "I haven't any friends, except for my uncle Seaforth, and he's got next to nothing. I'd rather suffer anything than go to him."

"You've got one friend, my boy," said the captain sympathetically. "I'm in a deucedly tight corner myself. Half the club owe me money, and I can't stir it. Peter Heaton's everybody's mug. But I've got a loose three hundred. I think I can rake in another or even two. Call it five hundred. You can reckon on that, Wynne, if you can square Butterfield with it. I'm not the man to see a chum go underground if I can help it."

With that the benevolent captain rose, in so fine a flush of friendly enthusiasm that young Wynne grasped his hand with a hot moisture in his honest unsuspecting eyes. The captain wrung his hand hard.

"We must do our best, my boy. Butterfield's very hard, but he's really been had so often that even if a decent fellow comes across him he gets taken for a sharp. Run over and see him at once. It would be horrible if a thing like this were made public."

"Heaton, old boy," said the unsuspicious greenhorn, flushing with gratitude, "I'll never forget this. You're a good fellow, Heaton. I—I'm—I'm enormously obliged to you."

With that he went away palpitating, in search of Mr. Butterfield. That gentleman had not yet arrived, but his customer waited for him, and in less than a quarter of an hour he came. He was mighty frosty and dignified, and in rubbing his hands no longer smoothed them with a soft, propitiatory motion beneath his chin, but wrung them heartily on a level with his watch chain.

"I desire to hold no intercourse with Mr. Wynne," said Butterfield, gazing askance from his visitor, with a solemn and reproving dignity. "The matter is in the hands of my solicitor. It will take its course—its proper and befitting course."

Poor Harry urged the captain's five hundred pounds, and the two hundred he had in hand, but Butterfield was obdurate, and as deaf to persuasion as an adder.

(To be Continued.)

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General News and Notes.

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Dated Chatham N. B. 26th March A. D. 1893.

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91 CASES AND BALES

EARLIEST SPRING IMPORTATIONS,

Containing:—Latest Spring Styles and Patterns, in Dress Goods, prints satins, silks, carpets, rugs, 1 to 4 yds. wide, floor oil cloth, window hangings, general household goods and spring novelties.

Every department is full with the latest products of the great centres of trade—London, Paris and New York—where cash cuts prices, styles are created and inventive conceit feels the fickle pulse of fashion.

Received from London, England, and New York, 569 doz. gents scarfs, ties, bows and four-in-hands.

Received direct from Paris and Grenoble, France, 734 doz. ladies and gents' Lisle thread, silk and Perrin's kid gloves every pair guaranteed.

Received from Boston, 37 cases men's and youths' fur, felt, hard and soft hats.

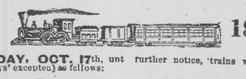
Received direct from Canadian Mills, 141 cases and bales cotton goods, woolens and general domestic staples, all personally selected for our trade and now offered at close cash prices.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. D. CREACHAN, NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM

2nd March, 1893.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY

WINTER  1892 & 93

ON and AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 17th, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Between Chatham and Fredericton.

For Fton. (read down) Accom'n.		For Chatham. (read up) Accom'n.
9 10 a. m.	.....Chatham.....	5 20
9 45	.....Chatham Jct.....	4 55
10 45	.....Blackville,.....	3 40
12 25 p. m.	.....Doaktown,.....	2 20
1 20	.....Boiestown,.....	1 30 p. m.
2 40	.....Cross Creek,.....	11 55
4 00	.....Marysville,.....	10 35
4 10	..... Gibson,.....	10 25
4 15	.....Fredericton,...Lv..	10 20 a. m.

Connecting with the I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.	Express.	Mixed
Leave Chatham,	9 30 p. m.	2 00 p.m.
Arrive Chatham Junc.,	9.55 "	2.30 "
Leave "	10.00 "	2.40 "
Arrive Chatham.	10.25	3.05 "

GOING SOUTH.	Express.	Mixed.
Leave Chatham,	3.50 a m	10.40 a. m
Arrive Chatham Junc n,	4.15 "	11.10
Leave " "	4.22 "	11.15 "
Arrive Chatham	4.47 "	11.45 "

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Station—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, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Banzer's Siding, Penniac.

Passengers with through tickets to points on the I. C. R. can go in to Chatham and return to meet next train free of charge.

Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings but not Monday mornings

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, if signaled.

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C. P. RAILWAY for St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Plaster Rock.

All freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage or other charge.

J. B. snowBALL, Manager

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1892---WINTER ARRANGEMENT---1893.

On and after Monday, October 17, 1892, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION

Through Express for St. John, Halifax, Pictou, (Monday excepted)	4.21
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John,	11.15
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14.35
Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago,	22.10

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Oct 20, 1892.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Chatham Foundry,
CHATHAM - - - - N. B.
ESTABLISHED 1852.

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

Orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices and fair Terms.

T. F. GILLESPIE, - - Proprietor.

HALIFAX
JAMES A. MORRISON,
COMMISSION AND GENERAL MERCHANT.
SPECIALTIES:
TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES.
AGENT FOR
DACOSTA & CO., BARBADOES, W. I., &C. &C.
Reference:—Thos. Fyshe, Esq., Manager Bank of Nova Scotia

Established 1866.

Dunlap Bros. & Co.,
AMHERST, N. S.
Dunlap, McKim & Downs,
WALLACE, N. S.
DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,
AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO.
MERCHANT TAYLORS,
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 the prices are right.

MIRAMICHI
ADVANCE OFFICE!
The best Equipped
and only Job Printing Office in New Brunswick outside of St John that has ever won both
Medal and Diploma
AT A
DOMINION EXHIBITION,
IN A
Competition open to the whole of Canada.
JOB PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.
Amongst the work that our presses are running on are the following:—

BOOKS,
PAMPHLETS,
POSTERS,
HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
REPORTS,
BYE-LAWS,
RULES OF ORDER,
BILL-HEADS, CUSTOMS FORMS,
BUSINESS CARDS, SCHOOL FORMS,
VISITING CARDS, STOCK CERTIFICATES.
PROFESSIONAL CARDS,
TICKETS.
NOTE-HEADS,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
ORDERS,
DRAFTS,
NOTES.
FISH INVOICES,
RAILWAY FORMS
FISH RECEIPTS,
LOG AND RAFT RECEIPTS,
SCALERS' CARDS,
MAGISTRATES BLANKS,
SUNDAY SCHOOL CATALOGUES,
SAW BLANKS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

WE KEEP IN STOCK A LARGE LINE OF
READY-PRINTED BLANKS,
Which we mail prepaid or deliver promptly on receipt of orders
Amongst these are the following:—

CUSTOMS BLANKS.

	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 125
For Duty,	20 cts.	75 cts.	$1 25
Free Entry,	15	60	1 00
Free for Fisheries, (Nets, etc.,)	15	60	1 00
For Warehouse,	20	75	1 00
For Duty ex-Warehouse,	15	60	1 00
Free ex-Warehouse,	15	60	1 00
Report Outwards,	15	60	1 00
Report Inwards,	15	60	1 00
Entry Outwards	15	60	1 00
Warrant for Delivery,	10	35	60
Locker's Receiving Order,	10	35	60
Locker's Delivering Order,	10	35	60

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS.

	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 100
Justice's Letter to Debtor	10 cts.	35 cts.	$ 60
Summons to Defendant,	10	35	60
Summons to Witness,	10	35	60
Summons to Debtor,	10	35	60
Warrant for Defendant,	10	35	60
Warrant for Witness,	10	35	60
Execution for Debt,	10	35	60
Execution for Poor and Co. Rates,	10	35	60
Execution for Road Taxes,	10	35	60
Execution for School Rates,	10	35	60
Venire,	10	35	60
Subpœna,	10	35	60
Affidavit for Capais.	10	35	60
Capais,	10	35	60
Return (to Council) of Sum. Convictions,			5 cts. each

LAW FORMS.

	Per Dozen.	Per 50.	Per 100
Supreme Court Bail Bond,	15 cts.	50 cts.	$1 00
" " Execution,	15	50	1 00
" " Writ,	15	50	1 00
" " Affidavit of Service,	15	50	1 00
County Court Bail Bond,	15	50	1 00
" " Execution,	15	50	1 00
" " Writ of Capais,	40	1 50	2 50
" " Writ of Summons,	40	1 50	2 50
" " Subpœna,	10	35	60
" " Appearance,	10	35	60
" " Notice of Trial,	10	35	60
" " Affidavit