THE MYSTERY OF MR. AND MRS. PEACOCKE.

Continued from 1st page.

"As for the paper," he said to himself, walking quicker as his mind turned to this side of the subject, "as for the paper itself, it is beneath my notice. What is it to me what such a publication, or even the readers of it, may think of me? As for damages, I would rather starve than coil my hands with their money. Though it should succeed in ruining me, I could not accept redress in that shape." And thus having thought the matter fully over, he returned home, still wrathful, but with mitigated wrath.

A Saturday was fixed on which he should again go up to London to see the lawyer. He was obliged now to be particular about his days, as, in the absence of Mr. Peacocke, the school required his time. Saturday was a half-holiday, and on that day he could be absent on condition of remitting the classical lessons in the morning. As he thought of it all he began to be almost tired of Mr. Peacocke. Nevertheless, on the Saturday morning, before he started, he called on Mrs. Peacocke, in company with his wife,—and treated her with all his usual cordial kindness. "Mrs. Wortle," he said, "is going up to town with me; but we shall be home to-night, and we will see you on Monday if not to-morrow."

Mrs. Wortle was going with him, not with the view of being present at his interview with the lawyer, which she knew would not be allowed, but on the pretext of shopping. Her real reason for making the request to be taken up to town was, that she might use the last moment possible in mitigating her husband's wrath against the Bishop.

"I have seen one of the proprietors and the editor," said the lawyer, "and they are quite willing to apologise. I really believe they are very sorry. The words had been allowed to pass without being weighed. Nothing beyond an innocent joke was intended."

"I dare say. It seems innocent enough to them. If you throw soot at a chimney sweeper the joke is innocent, but very offensive when it is thrown at you."

"They are quite aware that you have ground to complain. Of course you can go on if you like. The fact that they have offered to apologise will no doubt be a point in their favour. Nevertheless you would probably get a verdict."

"We could bring the Bishop into court?"

"I think so. You have got his letter speaking of the 'metropolitan press'?"

"Oh yes."

"It is for you to think, Dr. Wortle, whether there would not be a feeling against you among clergymen."

"Of course there will. Men in authority always have public sympathy with them in this country. No man more rejoices that it should be so than I do. But not the less is it necessary that now and again a man shall make a stand in his own defence. He should never have sent me that paper."

"Here," said the lawyer, "is the apology they propose to insert if you approve of it. They will also pay my bill,—which, however, will not, I am sorry to say, be very heavy." Then the lawyer handed to the Doctor a slip of paper on which the following words were written:—

"Our attention has been called to a notice which was made in our impression of the—ultimo on the conduct of a clergyman in the diocese of Broughton. A joke was perpetrated which, we are sorry to find, has given offence where certainly no offence was intended. We have since heard all the details of the case to which reference was made, and are able to say that the conduct of the clergyman in question has deserved neither censure nor ridicule. Actuated by the purest charity he has proved himself a sincere friend to persons in great trouble."

"They'll put in your name if you wish it," said the lawyer, "or alter it in any way you like, so that they be not made to eat too much dirt."

"I do not want them to alter it," said the Doctor, sitting thoughtfully. "Their eating dirt will do no good to me. They are nothing to me. It is the Bishop." Then, as though he were not thinking of what he did, he tore the paper and threw the fragments down on the floor. "They are nothing to me."

"You will not accept their apology?" said the lawyer.

"Oh yes;—or rather, it is unnecessary. You may tell them that I have changed my mind, and that I will ask for no apology. As far as the paper is concerned, it will be better to let the thing die a natural death. I should never have troubled myself about the newspaper if the Bishop had not sent it to me. Indeed I had seen it before the Bishop had sent it, and thought little or nothing of it. Animals will after their kind. The wasp stings and the polecat stinks, and the lion tears its prey asunder. Such a paper as that of course follows its own bent. One would have thought that a Bishop would have done the same."

"I may tell them that the action is withdrawn."

"Certainly; certainly. Tell them also that they will oblige me by putting in no apology. And as for your bill, I would prefer to pay it myself. I will exercise no anger against them. It is not they who in truth have injured me." As he returned home he was not altogther happy, feeling that the Bishop would escape him; but he made his wife happy by telling her the decision to which he had come.

CHATPER XVI. "IT IS IMPOSSIBLE."

The absence of Dr. and Mrs. Wortle was peculiarly unfortunate on that afternoon, as a visitor rode over from a distance to make a call,—a visitor whom they both would have been very glad to welcome, but of whose coming Mrs. Wortle was not so delighted to hear when she was told by Mary that he had spent two or three hours at the rectory. Mrs. Wortle began to think whether the visitor could have known of her intended absence and the Doctor's. That Mary had not known that the visitor was coming she was quite certain. Indeed, she did not really suspect the visitor, who was one too ingenuous in his nature to pre-conceive so subtle and so wicked a scheme. The visitor, of course, had been Lord Carstairs.

"Was he here long?" asked Mrs. Wortle, anxiously.

"Two or three hours, mamma. He rode over from Buttercup, where he is staying for a cricket match, and of course I got him some lunch."

"I should hope so," said the Doctor. "But I didn't think that Carstairs was so fond of the Monsoon lot as all that."

Mrs. Wortle at once doubted the declared purpose of this visit to Buttercup. Buttercup was more than half-way between Carstairs and Bowick.

"And then we had a game of lawn-tennis. Talbot and Monk came through to make sides." So much Mary told at once, but she did not tell more till she was alone with her mother.

Young Carstairs had certainly not come over on the sly, as we may call it, but nevertheless there had been a project in his mind, and fortune had favored him. He was now about nineteen, and had been treated for the last twelve months almost as though he had been a man. It had seemed to him that there was no possible reason why he should not fall in love as well as another. Nothing more sweet, nothing more lovely, nothing more loyable than Mary Wortle had he ever seen. He had almost made up his mind to speak on two or three occasions before he left Bowick; but either his courage or the occasion had failed him. Once, as he was walking home with her from church, he had said one word;—but it had amounted to nothing. She had escaped from him before she was bound to understand what he meant. He did not for a moment suppose that she had understood anything. He was only too much afraid that she regarded him as a mere boy. But when he had been away from Bowick two months he resolved that he would not be regarded as a mere boy any longer. Therefore he took an opportunity of going to Buttercup, which he certainly would not have done for the sake of the Monsons or for the sake of the cricket.

He ate his lunch before he said a word, and then, with but poor grace, submitted to the lawn-tennis with Talbot and Monk. Even to his youthful mind it seemed that Talbot and Monk were brought in on purpose. They were both of them boys he had liked, but he hated them now. However, he played his game, and when that was over, managed to get rid of them, sending them back through the gate to the school-ground.

"I think I must say good-by now," said Mary, "because there are so many things in the house which I have got to do."

"I am going almost immediately," said the young lord.

"Papa will be so sorry not to have seen you."

This had been said once or twice before.

"I came over," he said, "on purpose to see you."

They were now standing on the middle of the lawn, and Mary had assumed a look which intended to signify that she expected him to go. He knew the place well enough to get his own horse, or to order the groom to get it for him. But instead of that, he stood his ground, and now declared his purpose.

"To see me, Lord Carstairs!"

"Yes, Miss Wortle. And if the Doctor had been here, or your mother, I should have told them."

"Have told them what?" she asked.

She knew; she felt sure that she knew; and yet she could not refrain from the question.

"I have come here to ask if you can love me."

It was a most decided way of declaring his purpose, and one which made Mary feel that a great difficulty was at once thrown upon her. She really did not know whether she could love him or not. Why shouldn't she have been able to love him? Was it not natural enough that she should be able? But she knew that she ought not to love him whether able or not. There were various reasons which were apparent enough to her though it might be very difficult to make him see them. He was little more than a boy, and had not yet finished his education. His father and mother would not expect him to fall in love, at any rate till he had taken his degree. And they certainly would not expect him to fall in love with the daughter of his tutor. She had an idea that circumstanced as she was, she was bound by loyalty both to her own father and to the lad's father not to be able to love him. She thought that she would find it easy enough to say that she did not love him; but that was not the question. As for being able to love him,—she could not answer that at all.

"Lord Carstairs," she said, severely, "you ought not to have come here when papa and mamma are away."

"I didn't know they were away. I expected to find them here."

"But they ain't. And you ought to go away."

"Is that all you can say to me?"

"I think it is. You know you oughtn't to talk to me like this. Your own papa and mamma would be angry if they knew it."

"Why should they be angry? Do you think that I shall not tell them?"

"I am sure they would disapprove it altogether," said Mary. "In fact it is all nonsense, and you really must go away."

Then she made a decided attempt to enter the house by the drawing-room window, which opened out on a gravel terrace.

But he stopped her, standing boldly by the window.

"I think you ought to give me an answer, Mary," he said.

"I have; and I cannot say anything more. You must let me go in."

"If they say that it's all right at Carstairs, then will you love me?"

"They won't say that it's all right; and papa won't think that it's right. It's very wrong. You haven't been to Oxford yet, and you'll have to remain there for three years. I think it's very ill-natured of you to come and talk to me like this. Of course it means nothing. You are only a boy, but yet you ought to know better."

"It does mean something; it means a great deal. As for being a boy, I am older than you are, and have quite as much right to know my own mind."

Hereupon she took advantage of some little movement in his position, and, tripping by him hastily, made good her escape into the house. Young Carstairs, perceiving that his occasion for the present was over, went into the yard and got upon his horse. He was by no means contented with what he had done, but still he thought that he must have made her understand his purpose.

Mary, when she found herself safe within her own room, could not refrain from asking herself the question which her lover had asked her. "Could she love him?" She didn't see any reason why she couldn't love him. It would be very nice, she thought, to love him. He was sweet-tempered, handsome, bright and thoroughly good-humored; and then his position in the world was very high. Not for a moment did she tell herself that she would love him. She did not understand all the differences in the world's ranks quite as well as did her father, but still she felt that because of his rank,—because of his rank and his youth combined,—she ought not to allow herself to love him. There was no reason why the son of a peer should not marry the daughter of a clergyman. The peer and the clergyman might be equally gentlemen. But young Carstairs had been there in trust. Lord Bracy had sent him there to be taught Latin and Greek, and had a right to expect that he should not be encouraged to fall in love with his tutor's daughter. It was not that she did not think herself good enough to be loved by any young lord, but that she was too good to bring trouble on the people who had trusted her father. Her father would despise her were he to hear that she had encouraged the lad, or, as some might say, had entangled him. She did not know whether she should not have spoken to Lord Carstairs more decidedly. But she could, at any rate, comfort herself with the assurance that she had given him no encouragement. Of course, she must tell it all to her mother, but in doing so could declare positively that she had given the young man no encouragements.

"It was very unfortunate that Lord Carstairs should have come just when I was away," said Mrs. Wortle to her daughter as soon as they were alone together.

"Yes, mamma; it was."

"And so odd. I haven't been away from home any day all the summer before."

"He expected to find you."

"Of course he did. Had he anything particular to say?"

"Yes, mamma."

"He had? What was it, my dear?"

"I was very much surprised, mamma, but I couldn't help it. He asked me——"

"Asked you what, Mary?"

"Oh, mamma!" Here she knelt down and hid her face in her mother's lap.

"Oh, my dear, this is very bad;—very bad indeed."

"It needn't be bad for you, mamma; or for papa."

"Is it bad for you, my child?"

"No, mamma,—except of course that I am sorry that it should be so."

"What did you say to him?"

"Of course I told him that it was impossible. He is only a boy, and I told him so."

"You made him no promise."

"No, mamma; no! A promise! Oh dear no! Of course it is impossible. I knew that. I never dreamed of anything of the kind; but he said it all out there on the lawn."

"Had he come on purpose?"

"Yes;—so he said. I think he had. But he will go to Oxford, and will of course forget it."

"He is such a nice boy," said Mrs. Wortle, who, in all her anxiety, could not but like the lad the better for having fallen in love with her daughter.

"Yes, mamma; he is. I always liked him. But this is quite out of the question. What would his papa and mamma say?"

"It would be very dreadful to have a quarrel, wouldn't it?—and just at present when there are so many things to trouble your papa." Though Mrs. Wortle was quite honest and true in the feeling she had expressed as to the young lord's visit, yet she was alive to the glory of having a young lord for her son-in-law.

"Of course it is out of the question, mamma. It has never occurred to me for a moment as otherwise. He has got to go to Oxford and take his degree before he thinks of such a thing. I shall be quite an old woman by that time, and he will have forgotten me. You may be sure, mamma, that whatever I did say to him was quite plain. I wish you could have been there and heard it all, and seen it all."

"My darling," said the mother, embracing her, "I could not believe you more thoroughly even though I saw it all, and heard it all."

That night Mrs Wortle felt herself constrained to tell the whole story to her husband. It was indeed impossible for her to keep any secret from her husband. When Mary, in her younger years, had torn her frock or cut her finger, that was always told to the Doctor. If a gardener was seen idling his time, or a housemaid flirting with the groom, that certainly would be told to the Doctor. What comfort does a woman get out of her husband unless she may be allowed to talk to him about every thing? When it had been first proposed that Lord Carstairs should come into the house as a private pupil, she had expressed her fear to the Doctor,—because of Mary. The Doctor had ridiculed her fears, and this had been the result. Of course she must tell the Doctor. "Oh dear," she said, "what do you think has happened while we were up in London?"

"Carstairs was here."

"Oh yes, he was here. He came on purpose to make a regular declaration of love to Mary."

"Nonsense."

"But he did, Jeffrey."

"How do you know he came on purpose?"

"He told her so."

"I did not think the boy had so much spirit in him," said the Doctor. "This was a way of looking at it which Mrs. Wortle had not expected. Her husband seemed rather to approve than otherwise of what had been done. At any rate, he had expressed none of that loud horror which she had expected. "Nevertheless," continued the Doctor, "he's a stupid fool for his pains."

"I don't know that he is a fool," said Mrs. Wortle.

"Yes, he is. He is not yet twenty, and he has all Oxford before him. How did Mary behave?"

"Like an angel," said Mary's mother.

"That's of course. You and I are bound to believe so. But what did she do, and what did she say?"

"She told him that it was simply impossible."

"So it is,—I'm afraid. She at any rate was bound to give him no encouragement."

"She gave him none. She feels quite strongly that it is altogether impossible. What would Lord Bracy say?"

"If Carstairs were but three or four years older," said the Doctor, proudly. "Lord Bracy would have much to be thankful for in the attachment on the part of his son, if it were met by a return of affection on the part of my daughter. What better could he want?"

"But he is only a boy," said Mrs. Wortle.

"No; that's where it is. And Mary was quite right to tell him that it is impossible. It is impossible. And I trust, for her sake, that his words have not touched her young heart."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Wortle.

"Had it been otherwise, how could we have been angry with the child?"

Now this did seem to the mother to be very much in contradiction to that which the Doctor had himself said when she had whispered to him that Lord Carstairs's coming might be dangerous. "I was afraid of it, as you know," said she.

"His character has altered during the last twelve months."

"I suppose when boys grow into men it is so with them."

"Not so quickly. A boy when he leaves Eton is not generally thinking of these things."

"A boy at Eton is not thrown into such society," said Mrs. Wortle "I suppose his being here and seeing Mary every day has done it."

"Poor Mary!"

"I don't think she is poor at all," said Mary's mother.

"I am afraid she must not dream of her young lover."

"Of course she will not dream of him. She has never entertained any idea of the kind. There never was a girl with less nonsense of that kind than Mary. When Lord Carstairs spoke to her to-day, I do not suppose she had thought about him more than any other boy that has been here."

"But she will think now."

"No;—not in the last. She knows it is impossible."

"Nevertheless she will think about it. And so will you."

"I!"

"Yes,—why not? Why should you be different from other mothers? Why should I not think about it as other father might do? It is impossible. I wish I were not. For Mary's sake, I wish he were three or four years older. But he is as he is, and we know that it is impossible. Nevertheless it is natural that she should think about him. I only hope that she will not think about him too much."

So saying he closed the conversation for that night.

Mary did not think very much about "it" in such a way as to create disappointment. She at once realized the impossibilities, so far as to perceive that the young lord was the top brick of the chimney as far as she was concerned. The top brick of the chimney may be very desirable, but one doesn't cry for it, because it is unattainable. Therefore Mary did not in truth think of loving her young lover. He had been to her a very nice boy; and so he was still. That;—that, and nothing more. Then had come this little episode in her life which seemed to lend it a gentle tinge of romance. But had she inquired of her bosom she would have declared that she had not been in love. With her mother there was perhaps something of regret. But it was exactly the regret which may be felt in reference to the top brick. It would have been so sweet had it been possible; but then it was so evidently impossible.

With the Doctor the feeling was somewhat different. It was not quite so manifest to him that this special brick was altogether unattainable, nor even that it was quite the top of the chimney. There was no reason why his daughter should not marry an earl's son and heir. No doubt she had had been confided to him in trust. No doubt it would have been his duty to have prevented anything of the kind, had anything of the kind seemed to him to be probable. Had there been any moment in which the duty had seemed to him to be a duty, he would have done it, even though it had been necessary to caution the Earl to take his son away from Bowick. But there had been nothing of the kind. He had acted in the simplicity of his heart, and this had been the result.

Of course it was impossible. He acknowledged it himself that it was so, because of the necessity of those Oxford studies and those long years which would be required for the taking of the degree. But to his thinking there was no other ground for saying that it was impossible. The thing must stand as it was. If this youth should show himself to be more constant than other youths,—which was not probable,—and if, at the end of three or four years, Mary should not have given her heart to any other lover,—which was also improbable,—why then, it might come to pass that he should some day find himself father-in-law to the future Earl Bracy. Though Mary did not think of it nor Mrs Wortle, he thought of it,—so as to give an additional interest to these disturbed days.

[To be continued.]

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Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
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MARIA MCKENNA } and Executrix

Bathurst, N. B. Feby, 20th 1896.
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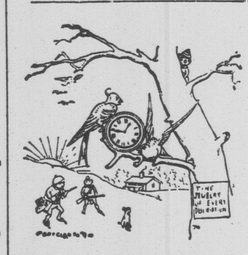

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Guaranteed to Give the best Satisfaction.

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. 1893.

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 RUSSELL & SONS

Nelson Dec, 23nd, 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.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

SCRAP WHEELS.

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Scrap Wheels," will be received until TUESDAY, THE 31ST MARCH, instant, from persons wishing to purchase the whole or any part of

One Thousand (1000) Tons of Old Cast Iron Car Wheels.

The wheels can be seen at Moncton, N. B., and they will be delivered free of freight charges at any station on the Intercolonial Railway, the tender to state the place and the time that delivery will be taken. Payment is to be made in cash on delivery. A deposit of five per cent. of the amount of tender will be required from each person whose tender is accepted. This deposit must consist of an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the Honourable Minister of Railways and Canals, and it will be forfeited if the contract is not carried out.

When the contract is completed the deposit will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the highest or any tender.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N., B. 16th March, 1896.

HOMAN & PUDDINGTON

SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Spruce Lumber, Laths and Anthracite Coal

129 BROAD STREET,

COR SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Correspondence and Consignments Solicited.

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 those 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, 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 river 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. Foster against Thomas H. Prescot 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. KUTHRO'S Barber shop, Telephone No 6.

WANTED—CANVASSERS. MALE AND FEMALE, in every township in Canada, to canvass for the greatest weekly newspaper 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 Water street, on the lower or easterly side by lands formerly owned and occupied by the late Moses M. Sargeant and by lands presently owned by Mrs. Mary Vondy Northerly or in rear by Mary Street, and on the upper or westerly side by the Masonic Hall property.

Also, all that other piece of land situate in the said Town of Newcastle and County of resaid, and bounded southerly or in front by Mitchel 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. Golightly, 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 1866.

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.

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 the 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.

CHATHAM

CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH WORKS

CARRIAGES, HARNESS AND FRM 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.

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