PRUDENCE.

(Continued.)

IX.

Fielding awoke the next morning with a defined consciousness that the day was to mean something for him. He had spent the evening previous in Guildford Street, and while Prudence was absent a few moments from the room, Mrs. Crane had discoursed brilliantly upon their social position. She had been writing a great many letters home. To her own family she had suggested the possibility of Prudence's "wearing a title."

"But I thought," said Fielding, in mild protest—"I thought you objected to the aristocracy."

Mrs. Crane was momentarily confused; but then such perplexities with her always wore the air of an effort to be strictly lenient in her judgment of her companion.

"Well," she said, slowly, "if Prudence marries here, I prefer it should be the best. I think Mr. Simmonson will speak very soon to her. In fact, Jonas, I don't mind telling you, as an old friend of the family, he has consulted me already."

Jonas had found no words to answer this, and just then Prudence returned, wearing, with an air of brilliant coquetry, a new gown, which she called upon Jonas to admire. She had had it made for the Grosvenor private view.

"Mr. Simmonson designed it," she explained, "or, I should say, he and Miss Armory between them."

Jonas felt a sudden thrill of disgust. It was to him as if they were dressing her up for an exhibition of her charms to the vulgar, gaping admiration of a crowd. But the gown, he admitted, was charming. It was a serge of a curious shade of red, warm in tone, and yet sombre; the sleeves were puffed, but altogether it had a touch of almost Puritanical simplicity about it. The rich curves of the girl's figure showed to perfection in it, and Jonas thought he had never seen her face lovelier than it looked above the lustrous red and the narrow frill of lace. With this gown was to be worn a bonnet with plumes, and short wide strings of satin the color of her gown. Prudence arranged herself gleefully, and was pleased by Jonas's approbation. When he was leaving, she followed him out into the hall, Mrs. Crane being absorbed by some important letters received by the last post.

"Dear Jonas," the girl said, looking up at him with one of her old sweet glances, "you seem troubled—what is it?"

"Not troubled, Prue," the young man answered, searching the depths of her eyes half sadly. "But I think I may have been foolish lately. Tell me, are you ready to have me come to you to-morrow evening and tell you all that I have to say?"

"Oh, Jonas!" she answered, eagerly, "do! I shall be so glad!" and she held her hand out for a gentle, affectionate good-by.

Prudence and Mrs. Crane were to go to the Grosvenor with Mrs. Boyce's party, and it was agreed between Miss Armory and Jonas that he should meet them at the gallery. Accordingly, about three o'clock, he started for Bond Street through the fog, thinking much more of the human than the pictured presences awaiting him. He was somewhat confused by the animation in the entrance to the Grosvenor. English "private views" were completely unfamiliar to him, and the presence of aristocracy, fashion, art, and science rather bewildered him. He was conscious, as he went toward the staircase, of Mrs. Poynsett's tired, friendly smile; of Hergliebe's dark head and broad shoulders; of the agreeable Lady Ericson, to whom Miss Armory had introduced him; and, indeed, of nearly all the faces he had known in London the past five weeks. Then he found himself following some ladies in curious garments up the staircases and into the group of rooms. There, for a moment, all seemed confusion. The walls were assuredly richly hung, but Fielding's eyes took in only a sense of many colors. The moving figures were as diverse and as peculiar as if half a dozen centuries had contributed to the fashions of one single hour, and Jonas stood still, in a side doorway, searching among the quaintly dressed women for the figures and faces that he knew.

It so chanced that at that moment Miss Armory had disengaged herself from her party, and was standing before one of Albert Moore's pictures. Fielding's eye caught sight of her figure speedily. She was curiously dressed, and the young man looked a moment at her gown of dull-colored velvet with trimmings of rich brown fur, the large bonnet of felt, in color like her gown, which framed her face luxuriantly, if possible adding a new softness to her calm, patrician beauty. For a moment Jonas enjoyed the impression of womanly elegance and grace which she conveyed, without feeling any impulse to move even in so attractive a direction, but before she had left the picture he was at her side. It was only when she turned her eyes toward him, and held out her hand, that some vague fluttering remembrance of the touch of her fingers yesterday crossed his mind; but he looked at her with kindly eagerness, trying to dissipate the idea quickly.

"You are punctual," she said, smiling; and Fielding remarked that she looked brilliant, but with the unnatural brilliancy which sometimes succeeds long waking hours.

"I like to be punctual in all things," he said, answering her smile. "And yet, do you know, Miss Armory, I staid awake last night discovering that I have been a most lamentable dawdler."

Miss Armory continued to look pleasantly at him without speaking.

"Now, I suppose," Fielding said, "it won't do to chain you to a conversation. I must find Prudence, and then will you show me the pictures?"

He laughed, and Helena was struck with the almost boyish radiance of his face. He looked like a man who had been performing or contemplating some greatly benevolent action, and he had such a large cheerfulness about him that it seemed to the girl only to intensify the depression of her own mood.

"Prue is in there," she said, indicating the next room. "Do you see the little court about her, Mr. Fielding?—She is looking perfectly lovely. She is the *furor* of this most critical occasion."

Fielding's benevolent demeanor continued. "Ah," he said, "of course she is lovely; of course they would all see it. I feel much more generous lately. Perhaps I had better not interrupt her just now." The memory of last night's good-by was still in his mind, the feeling of Prue's little hand clung to his fingers, the light of her swift uplifted eyes seemed to be the radiance that fell everywhere about him.

"Suppose we talk a little first," he said, "if I may take up a quarter of an hour of your time."

Helena assented, and they wound along silently regarding the pictures.

Since yesterday it seemed to Helena that every purpose was changed. She had no longer that alert desire to make Fielding see things as she viewed them. During the long hours of the night she had grown conscious of many conflicting feelings, and while a sudden passionate distrust of herself, her judgments of life, her basis of philosophic thought, had tormented her, yet her duty toward Jonas Fielding was always luminously distinct. She had a fixed purpose in her mind, yet she found it difficult to put it into words.

I think all her life Helena will remember just that moment with the sharp distinctness our passionate, our weak, or our saddening memories have. There is a picture of Mr. Whistler's always connected with it. If she owned it, and saw it hourly on her wall, she could not more clearly know its misty, ineffable tenderness of gray and green and blue. She stood still with Jonas a moment apparently studying the picture intently, and then, with a great effort, she turned, and said, gravely,

"Do you remember my 'Wait'?"

He looked at her brightly. "Yes—yes, indeed."

"It is done with," she said, smiling faintly. "I have something special to say to you. Do not wait. I think you are a man to whom one can speak fearlessly. Well, then, Mr. Fielding, if you care for anything in life, stretch out your hand and try to take it at once to yourself."

The radiance of Fielding's face was undimmed but it grew thoughtful.

"I know what you mean," he said, in a low tone, "and I shall answer you fairly. I love Prudence, and she loves me; we both have known it for years; but long ago I promised Marlitt not to bind her to any engagement until she was twenty-one. The time had passed two months ago, and I came here, as you know, on my way to Nice. For a week or two the fitting moment did not come, and then I experienced the shock you know of finding her in such strange surroundings. So I said nothing. I was wrong, but— Yes, your 'Wait' did seem to me impressive, or perhaps it urged on my own thought, but it is all right now. My doubts are gone," he said, with the smile Helena had learned to watch for curving his lips.—"They are gone. To-morrow, or today, it shall be settled between us; but thank you, thank you—you have been *so good*."

Miss Armory was silent for a moment; then she said, in a low, tired voice, "Why did he ask you to wait?"

"Marlitt? Oh!" said Jonas, skimming the past, as it were, with the lightness of one who sees an old error of judgment vanishing. "He wished Prudence to be admired in a more general way, to see the world a little. My life is to be an active one in Boston, but a hard one in many ways. I am not rich, and my wife must share the simplicity as well as the purposes of my calling. Prudence, Marlitt said, ought to see the other side; and she *has* seen it," he said, joyously. Even Marlitt would be satisfied now; but Miss Armory it has been the one passion, the one thought, the one purpose of my life, apart from my actual duties. I did not know, I was not sure, at least until yesterday, how all ends had been tending toward this result. Life will begin now."

Helena was still motionless, with an effort to keep even the faintest shadow of her feeling from her eyes, which were resting softly on his strong, clear face.

"You must make things clear, *perfectly* clear," she said earnestly. "Do not leave any part of your bond now indefinite. Is there anything I can do or say—I mean to give you the opportunity for your talk alone with Prudence? Come to Cornwall Gardens, if you like, to-morrow at eleven—she will be there. Let me do that for you."

Jonas hesitated a moment, and then the remembrance of Mrs. Crane's ambitious murmurs last night crossed his mind, and he realized that she might be an obstacle to free speech with Prudence.

"Oh, thank you," he said, with a happy light in his eyes. "We know—Prue and I—just the one word needed between us to give me the right to call her my own. Then I will go to you to-morrow, Miss Armory."

"It will be all right," she answered, with a sweet grave smile. Fielding looked at her, conscious of the influence of her womanly sympathy, and moved to make any demand upon it which his impulse suggested. "I hope you know" he said, earnestly, "that if it were for her good, I would resign all thought of of her, but I cannot believe that. I have cherished her since she could walk, or think or feel. She learned to read sitting on my knee, with her head against my shoulder. She brought me every grief and every joy. Oh," he said, radiantly, "it could not be."

Helena listened with every token of interest possible in silence. Neither spoke for an instant, and then she said, gently, "Oh I wish you godspeed: she is yours by right."

They turned to look at the pictures, and Helena felt surprised at her own listlessness in leading him into the region of the "æsthetes." Singularly enough, all such interest, where he was concerned had vanished. She moved about picking out peculiarities and points to admire or contemplate; but it was with an evident effort. She was eagerly sought for by so many people that Fielding good-humoredly withdrew while she was talking to young Grierson, and making his way into the next room, he looked about for Prudence.

As Helena had said, the girl had her little court, and she was unquestionably a source of interest and comment to every one in the room. People passed and repassed, looking at the girl's wondrous beauty, half shaded by the bonnet Fielding had seen last night, and he was sufficiently exultant not to notice the expression of complete self-satisfaction which had crept of late into her face. In fact, this period, emphasized by such novel occasions, was one of intense enjoyment to little Prue. She had known for years that she was the prettiest girl in Ponkamak, but the homage paid her there had a dull flavor which made it uninteresting; moreover it was different from that rendered in London in that it was accompanied by nothing splendid. If she were the prettiest girl in Ponkamak, it was in sober-colored, ugly parlors, among simply dressed women, who loaned each other paper patterns, and thought a black silk good enough for any occasion; but here, on such a day as this, for instance, to be admired in such a magnificent company was enough to stir any girl's pulses—and Prudence was not proof against such homage. She sat on one of the benches with her little court, in which Mr. Simmonson was the favored courtier, feeling a rush of happy color to her cheeks, which made her almost hope she should never see Ponkamak any more. She had no adaptability; she had little or no power of even imitating what she saw, and certainly no perceptions delicate enough to appreciate the *raison d'etre* even of a social form or feeling which was entirely new; but the novelty of her present position amused and interested her, and, in proportion to her lack of perception as to cause and effect, she accepted everything offered as triumphantly personal. She was glad that Jonas Fielding should see how polite people were to her, and as he approached, the sweetness of her eyes gave him a welcome.

Mr. Simmonson, who was in close attendance, looked around at Fielding with a careless greeting.

"Well Jonas—Mr. Fielding," said Prudence, with a little eager, fluttering manner that it was difficult to define as either animation or nervous enjoyment—"well, Mr. Fielding, what do you think of these pictures? This is *Art*.

Prudence pronounced the word with a rapid, veiled glance at Mr. Simmonson. That young man evidently had no idea of contributing any but the complementary faculty within him to Prudence. Mediocre as his genius might be, he rendered it the tribute of silence before such minds as this young girl's.

"Why," said Jonas, smiling, "I've only looked about a very little, but Miss Armory has been trying to lead me upward."

"Miss Armory knows what she is talking about," said Mr. Simmonson; "she has genuine feeling, and she is so clever."

"Oh, isn't she?" said Prudence; "and she says such funny things. I asked her once how I ought to talk to an artist, and she gave me one of her funny little looks, and said, 'Have you any definite opinion about Prussian blue, and—and—'" Prudence hesitated with her bewitching air.

"Asphaltum?" suggested Simmonson.

"That was it," cried Prudence, gayly. "I knew it had something to do with the pavements at home. Well, she said, if I couldn't make up my mind about that, I must try and understand yellow ochre, and that was all I could get out of her. She would only laugh and tease me when I told her I really meant it.."

"But surely," said Fielding, when they had all done laughing, "Mr. Simmonson must have enlightened you. Come I really expect an opinion of some sort from you now."

"But Miss Marlitt objects to first principles," said Simmonson, lazily, and evidently wishing art could be left out of the question. "She won't admit anything but a literary quality in a picture."

"I like a nice little story in a picture," said Prue, gayly. "I have been telling Mr. Simmonson if all this is *real* art, then I'll never buy anything but a chromo. I like a picture one can make up a long story about."

Simmonson, who looked ineffably dreamy and willowy leaned against the velvet bench, was conscious of a very matter-of fact, reasonable moment.

"And therefore," he said, "you give the painter, as a workman, credit for nothing at all. Any penny-a-liner might do his work for him; his art means nothing."

Prudence started.

"What do you mean?" she said, audaciously; and then, glancing in the direction of Simmonson's waving fingers, she added, "oh, *don't*—please don't show me those horrid things over there. Those pictures all look so hungry. I wish so I could give all the poor people, Mr. Burne, Jones and, those gentlemen paint a good dinner. They want beef tea....Now Mr. Simmonson says that is the highest expression of art."

Prudence's cheerful little appeals to Jonas struck Simmonson as the most amusing sort of self-defence; the three young people were so utterly asunder in thought and feeling at the moment that it was impossible to harmonize a single pulsation by the aid of art. Dimly Jonas realized this, because the man's nature was deep enough, his intellect sufficiently piercing, to know that there existed widely untravelled spaces beyond his vision. In some fashion he realized that this question of art-meanings was not his to decide. He would not pretend to say how a painter should put on his strokes—how a painter should illustrate his theme. All that he felt sacred to the man's own genius. As for Simmonson he was indifferent, only wishing Prudence would allow him to conduct her about the room,, and talk to him in amusing generalities. But to Prudence the moment was one in which she felt called upon to be critical, and underlying her air of perplexity was a flavor of sarcasm which it amused her to see Simmonson utterly overlooked. She poised her pretty head, looked at this and that, and laughed a great deal at nearly everything.

"I can't make out what Mr. Simmonson means," she said, finally. "He talks of the pictorial and the literary quality in a picture—Which was I, Mr. Simmonson, when you painted me, please?" And the girl darted a charming but very flippant look at the artist.

"You were everything," Simmonson said. "Too much for me to paint. Now come over to see those Dutch pictures. Don't refuse opportunities of enlightenment that may never come again."

Prudence eagerly complied, and Jonas, after observing how many people showered attentions upon her, determined to leave her to undisturbed enjoyment of what he was pleased to call "the hilarity of the occasion." He said a few words of good-by, and then tried to find Miss Armory; but that young lady was in an animated group, and Jonas decided to go home, and write a few lines to Prudence which should explain the motive of his visit to Cornwall Gardens the next day. On the way out he lingered over some pictures in the last room, and there he was suddenly conscious of Miss Armory approaching from the right hand with a searching air.

"Oh, you are here!" she said, quickly. "Do you know I wanted so much to say a little word to you."

Jonas looked pleased.

"I want you to promise," she said, rushing into the subject, "that you will give me an hour of your time—some day before you leave London."

"An hour?" said Jonas, with alacrity; "a whole day, a week—any time."

She looked at him critically. The joy in his heart still found a reflection in his quiet eyes.

"Well, only don't forget," she said, "which means, don't be selfishly exclusive."

Jonas might have been more flattered by all this if something very impersonal, almost chilling, had not shown itself in the young lady's manner. While she talked she seemed to regard him, he told himself, simply as an abstract means to some end, and he was sure that Miss Armory's interests were as often purely philosophical or intellectual as personal.

To be Continued.

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of 8 years' standing, having tried almost every known remedy, "besides two Buffalo Physicians," without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly."

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Property Sales, etc.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction on THURSDAY, the 31st day of August, 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 Robert Russell, in and to all that Piece, Parcel or Lot of Land, situate, lying and being on the North side of the River Miramichi, in the Parish of Newcastle, and County of Northumberland, being the 20 Rods of Lot Number Fifty-One, (No. 51) bequeathed to the said Robert Russell by his late father, James Russell, deceased, and bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly, by the 20 Rods of the same Lot No. 51, at present occupied by John Sullivan; Westerly, by 22 Rods, more or less, of the same Lot No. 51, occupied by Agnes Russell; Southerly, or in front, by the said River Miramichi, and Northerly by the rear boundary line of said Lot No. 51, and being all that part of the said Lot No. 51 lately occupied by the said Robert Russell, containing 65 acres, more or less.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court, by John Brown, against the said Robert Russell.

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Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
16th May, A. D., 1882.

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 29th, the Steamers of this line will leave St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY Morning, at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston. Returning, will leave Boston same days. Commencing July 1st, more frequent trips will be made, of which due notice will be given.

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SPIRITS AND RYE WHISKEY.—Arrived from Toronto: 15 barrels Goderham Worts' Pure Spirits, 65 per cent. o. p.; 35 barrels Goderham & Worts' finest Rye Whiskey.

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PARTIES whose accounts are overdue are notified that unless paid by the

First of August,

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General Business.

TIME TABLES

Steamers Andover & New Era,

1882 1882

Stmr. "Andover,"

Captain, Wm. Beattie, Purser, Jas. A. Rundle.

WILL on and after THURSDAY, the 8th inst., and during the continuance of the lumber blockade on the South West River, run as follows:—

MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, FRIDAYS and SATURDAYS.

Leave Newcastle for Chatham	9.00 a. m.
" Chatham for Derby	10.30 "
" Derby for Newcastle	1.30 p. m.
" Newcastle for Derby	4.00 "
" Derby for Newcastle	6.00 "

THURSDAYS.

Leave Newcastle for Redbank	6.00 a. m.
" Redbank for Chatham	8.00 "
" Chatham for Redbank	1.30 p. m.
" Redbank for Newcastle	5.00 "

The "Andover" will connect at Newcastle with the "New Era" for Chatham last trip daily from Derby and Redbank.

Excursion Trips will be made during the months of July and August to Bay du Vin and Burnt Church, of which due notice will be given.

R. R. CALL.

Stmr. "New Era."

Captain Charles Call.

UNTIL further notice the above steamer will run daily, Sundays excepted, as follows.—

Leave Newcastle for Chatham,	Leave Chatham for Newcastle.
8.00 a. m.	9.00 a. m.
10.30 "	12.00 noon
2.00 p. m.	3.00 p. m.
5.30 "	6.30 "

Calling at Douglastown every trip, at Kerr's Mill and the Wilkinson Wharf when necessary, and go to Nelson the 9 a. m., 12 noon and 3 p. m. trips, except on Saturdays, when she will leave Newcastle at 6.30 and Chatham at 8.

R. CALL.

Newcastle, June 7, 1882.

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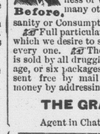

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,

OFFICE—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store; Entrance Side Door.

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

R. B. ADAMS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Office up stairs, Noonan's Building,

Water Street, Chatham.

WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq

CASTLE STREET

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

ALEX. ROBINSON - - CARRIAGE MAKER.

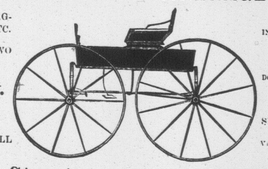
PIANO BOX WAGGONS, SULKIES, ETC.

SINGLE AND TWO SEATED OPEN DO.

EXPRESS WAGGONS,

SLOVENS, CARTS.

SLEIGHS OF ALL KINDS.



CARRIAGE PAINTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

REPAIRING and BLACKSMITH WORK DONE ON THE PREMISES

—AT—

SHORTEST NOTICE.

VEHICLES of all KINDS FOR SALE.

St. John Street, - - - Chatham, N. B.

UNRIVALLED!

SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN,

NEWCASTLE.

OUR Stock of Spring and Summer DRY GOODS is now complete, we have THOUSANDS OF ARTICLES in HABERDASHERY, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, SMALLWARES, etc., on which

SHOPKEEPERS AND TRADERS CAN MAKE MONEY.

We hold everything to be found in any first-class City Warehouse.

PURCHASED FOR PROMPT CASH!!

We are showing HUNDREDS of patterns in Prints, Dresses, Oatmeal Cloths and other rich fabrics for Summer wear, beautiful, soft and brilliant, in every shade colour and tint. HIGH QUALITY AND LOW PRICES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN.

MAY 17th, 1882.

NEW GOODS!!

—AT—

J. B. SNOWBALL'S.

Just received per late Steamers from the Manufacturers.

New Ulster Cloths,

For Gents Ladies and Children:

Boys' Woollen Knickerbocker Hose,

Very Heavy.

A very large stock of

German and Canadian Cloud and Promenade Scarfs.

Ladies' Berlin Wool Shawls,
Ladies Berlin Wool Jackets,
Ladies' and Children's Wool Scarfs.

Irish Frieze,

For Heavy Overcoats.

Irish and Scotch Tweeds,

Newest Styles.

Moscow Homespun, Costume Cloths,
Wool Serges, French Cashmeres, French Merinoes,
Black Sicicillians, Black Grecian Cords,
Colored Cloth Debeges,

100 pairs Best White

ENGLISH BLANKETS,

50 pairs Best Twilled

Canadian White Blankets

A few pairs of Super Extra BATH BLANKETS, at reduced price

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!

Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

HARDWARE. HARDWARE.

$15,000.

GOING WEST.

I AM now selling the largest, best assorted and most complete stock of HARDWARE ever imported to the North Shore, at a shade on the cost to clear out stock—I have gone all through my stock and carefully marked every article down to bottom prices—all parties giving me a call will find my prices what I have represented them to be, no second price now—strictly for cash—(reliable persons may get credit for a short time, but will be charged former prices.)

Iron, all sizes.
Cast and Blister Steel.
Tyre and Shoe Steel.
Spring Steel.
Chain, 3-16 to ⅞. Chain Traces.
Horse Shoes.
" Nails, best finished 13½c.
Wrought and Cut Spikes.
Wrought and Cut Nails.
Finish Nails and Brads.
Clout Nails.
Tacks, all kinds, Copper Zinc, &c.
Bake, Sauce and Fry Pans, Pots.
Brandrams and other best London Lead.
White Lead, $1 75 per keg.
Paint, all colors, Dry and in Oil.
Graining Colours and Stains.
Paint Brushes in great variety.
All kinds Brushes.
Best English Boiled and Raw Oil.
Turpentine, Varnishes all kinds.
Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead and Shot.
Guns, Revolvers in great variety $1.50.
Cartridges, Powder and Caps.
1000 lbs. Sheet Zinc.
Paris and London Whiting, very low in quantities of 50 to 100 lbs
Hames and Traces very low.
Whips in great variety.
Machine Bolts.
Carriage Bolts, Nuts and Washers.
Mortise and Rim Door Locks 23c each.
Locks every description
Knobs " "
Glass and Putty.
Hinges, all kinds.
Door Rollers and Hangers.
Wove Wire.
Window Cornice, very choice.
Cornice Rings and Pins.
Hat and Coat Hooks, Brass and Iron.
Board Rules.
Rules, all kinds.
The largest, cheapest and best assortment Table Knives and Forks yet offered at 80c. doz. and upwards.
Pocket Knives in great variety.
Codfish Splitting Knives.
Counter Scales and Weights.
Weight Beams and Steelyards.
My stock of Joiners' Tools is very large and of the very best quality, well worthy of inspection.
Spring Balances.
Copper and Iron Rivets, all kinds.
Lanterns, 50c.
Saws, all kinds, very low.
Sofa Springs, 35c. doz.
Spirit Levels $1.00 upwards.
Axes, Hatchets, all kinds.
Augers and Auger Bits, all kinds.
Machine Oil.
Carriage Mats 50c.
Weavers' Reeds.
Cotton and Wool Cards.
Door, Hand and Dinner Bells.
Bird Cages.
Butcher Knives, Oyster Knives.
Wade and Butcher's celebrated Razors.
Choice lot plated Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.
Carpenters' Clamps, Masons' Trowels.
Steam Packing.
Machinist's Hammers in great variety.
Hand Hammers and Sledges.
Adze, Ship Carpenter's and Joiner's &c.
Calking Irons.
Files, all kinds.
Clothes Wringers.
Trays and Waiters.
Violins and Bows.
Wrenches, Shipscrapers and Picks.
Pincers, Nippers and Plyers
Tinman's Snips.
Ratchet Drill Braces.
Ratchet Braces.
Ivesces' Expansive Bits.
Molasses and Oil Gates.
Brass Taps.
Stocks and Dies.
Grindstone Fixtures.

FANCY GOODS.

500 Gro. Wood Screws.
Wheel Heads.
Stair Rods and Eyes.
Piano Stool Screws.
Red and White Chalk.
Coffin Mountings less than cost.
Carriage Castings.
Oakum, Tar, Pitch, Rosin.
Alum, Saltpetre, Vitriol, Borax.
Dry and Tarred Paper.
Fire-proof Metalic Paint.
Sand Riddles.
Pumps, Plough Socks.
Cow Bells.

FARMING TOOLS.

Hay and Manure Forks and Rakes.
Scythes, American Clipper, Griffin and Canadian.
Scythe Snaths, Spades, Hoes, Shovels, &c., &c.

The above is only a portion of the goods I have on hand—they are too numerous to mention—I would call special attention to my stock of Joiners' Tools, and Builders materials—my stock will compare with any first class Hardware Store in the Dominion for variety and quality.

I will also sell my HOUSE—on reasonable terms—this is ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE RESIDENCES IN CHATHAM, situated on King Street, 124 feet front, by 135 to the rear—BARN 19x85, LAWN, GARDEN and SUMMER HOUSE, all in good repair—I will also LET on the first of May, 1883, my STORE for one or more years.

J. R. GOGGIN,

Hardware Merchant, - - - - - - Chatham, N. B.

LANCASHIRE

Insurance Co.

JOHN ELLIS, Esq., has accepted the Agency of the Lancashire Insurance Company for Chatham and Newcastle, N. B.

J. McGREGOR GRANT,
General Agent, Lancashire Insurance Co.,
St. John, N. B.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

An Agency of this Bank has been opened in the

Dundee Building Winnipeg,

EMIGRANTS to the North-West can obtain at any agency of this Bank DRAFTS upon WINNIPEG, EMERSON and BRANDON.

F. R. MORRISON.
AGENT.

Chatham, 1882. s. t 17.

CARDING.

THE Subscriber's Carding Mill at Derby is now in full operation and prepared to do carding with despatch.

Wool left at the mill; also with Duncan Davidson, Esq., in Chatham, at the store formerly occupied by A. D. Shirreff, Esq., Mrs. Stothart, near the ferry, Moorfield, or M. M. Sargent, Newcastle will be taken charge of, promptly forwarded to the mill and returned to the owner within one week.

RICHARD WILSON.

Sr2

ICE CREAM.

ICE CREAM made from a triple motion Beater, very excellent; also,

GOOD FRUIT CAKE,

plain ditto, TARTS, PIES and BREAD; also,

TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

T. H. FOUNTAIN.

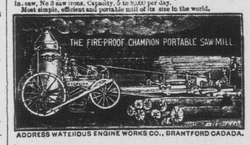
Next to Ullock' Stable.

Manuf's., Builders, etc.

CHAMPION PORTABLE SAW MILLS.

George Rock writes, St. Anns, Ontario, June 17 1879, regarding his 16 horse power Champion Portable: "Last week, on Monday morning three men of us commenced to rear up mill to move it. In three days more we had sawed 1,000 more than any other mill in the county could do in the same time. Not quite two days. In one week we moved and set it up and sawed, and sawed twenty thousand feet. I will write full particulars soon. We sawed six hundred feet in twenty-nine minutes—two men." 8 sizes built—12 H. P. taking 44 in. saw, Capacity 3 to 4,000 per day. 16 H. P. taking 60 in. saw, Capacity, 4 to 5,000 per day. 20 H. P. taking 56 in. saw, No 3 saw mills, Capacity, 5 to 8,000 per day.

Most simple, efficient and portable mill of its size in the world.


THE FIRE-PROOF CHAMPION PORTABLE SAW MILL