The Diamond Coterie.

(Continued from 1st page.)

"You'll turn me out, will you? You say won't to me; you are forgetting my training, Mrs. Nance; I'll teach you that John Burrill's yer master yet; go for the boy."

But the woman did not stir.

"You won't eh!" clutching her fiercely, and shaking her violently, "now will you?"

"No, you brute."

"Then, take that, and that, and that!"

A rain of swift blows; a shriek ringing out on the stillness of the night; then a swift step, the door dashed in, and John Burrill is measuring his length upon the bare floor.

The woman reels, as the clutch of the miscreant loosens from her arm, but recovers herself and turns a bruised face toward the timely intruder. It is Clifford Heath.

"Are you badly hurt?" he asks, anxiously.

She lifts a hand to her poor bruised face, and aching head, and then sinking into a chair says, wearily:—

"It's nothing—for me. Look out, sir!"

This last was an exclamation of warning. John Burrill had staggered to his feet, and was aiming an unsteady blow at the averted head of Doctor Heath.

The latter turned swiftly, comprehending the situation at a glance, and once more felled the brute to the floor.

By this time others had appeared upon the scene—neighbors, roused by the cry of the woman.

Doctor Heath bent again to examine her face. He had scarcely observed the features of the man he had just knocked down; and he now asked:—

"Is—this man your husband, madam?"

The woman reddened under her bruises.

"He was my husband," she said, bitterly. "He is—John Burrill."

Clifford Heath started back, thinking, first of all, of Sybil, and realizing that there must be no scandal, that could be avoided, for her sake. He had never seen Burrill, save at a distance, but had heard, as had every one in W—, of his divorced wife.

Turning to one of the neighbors, he said: "I was passing on my way home from Mrs. Brown's, when I heard this alarm. I think, good people, that we had better let this fellow go away quietly, and attend to this woman. Her face will be badly swollen by and by." Then he turned once more toward Burrill.

Once more the miscreant was struggling to his feet, and at a command from Doctor Heath, he hastened his efforts. Hitherto, he had had only a vision of a pair of flashing dark eyes, and an arm that shot out swiftly, and straight home.

Now, however, as he gained an erect posture, and turned a threatening look upon his assailant, the onlookers, who all knew him, and all hated and feared him, saw a sudden and surprising transformation. The red all died out of his face, the eyes seemed starting from their sockets, the lower jaw dropped abjectly and suddenly, and, with a yell of terror, John Burrill lowered his head and dashed from the house, as if pursued by a legion of spectres.

CHAPTER XIX.

The sudden and surprising exit of Burrill caused, for a moment, a stay of proceedings, and left the group, so rapidly gathered in Nance Burrill's kitchen, standing en tableaux, for a full minute.

Dr. Heath was the first to recover from his surprise, and as he took in the absurdity of the scene, he uttered a low laugh, and turned once more toward the woman, Nance, who seemed to have lost herself in a prolonged stare.

"Your persecutor does not like my looks, apparently," he said, at the same time taking from his pocket a small medicine case. "Or was it some of these good friends that put him to flight?" And he glanced at the group gathered near the door.

A woman with a child in her arms, and her husband with two more in charge, at her heels; a family group to the rescue; two or three old women, of course; and a man with a slouching gait, a shock of unruly red hair, and a face very much freckled across the cheek bones, and very red about the nose; the eyes, too, had an uncanny squint, as if nature had given up her task too soon and left him to survey the world through the narrow slits. This man had always an air of being profoundly interested in the smallest affairs of life, perhaps because the slits through which he gazed magnified the objects gazed upon, and he peered about him now with profoundest solicitude. This was Watt Brooks, a mechanic, and hanger-on about the mills, where he did an occasional bit of odd work, and employed the balance of his time in gossiping among the women, or lounging at the drinking saloons, talking a great deal about the wrongs of the working classes, and winning to himself some friends from a certain turbulent class who listened admiringly to his loud communistic oratory.

Brooks had not been long in W—, but he had made rapid headway among that class who, having little or nothing to love or to fear, are not slow to relieve the monotony of very bare existence by appropriating to themselves the friendship of every hail fellow whom chance throws in their way.

Accordingly Brooks had become a sort of oracle among the dwellers in "Mill avenue," as the street was facetiously called, and he was ready for any dish of gossip, not infrequently making himself conspicuous as a teller of news; he was faithful in gathering up and retailing small items among such ladies of the "avenue" as, being exempted from mill work because of family cares, had time and inclination, and this latter was seldom lacking, to chatter with him about the latest mishap, or the one that was bound to occur soon.

Prominent among the gossips of Mill avenue was that much abused matron Mrs. John Burrill number one, and she had not been slow to discover the advantages of possessing such an acquaintance as Mr. Brooks; accordingly they gravitated toward each other by mutual attraction, and it was quite a common thing for Brooks to drop in and pass an evening hour in the society of Mrs. Burrill, sometimes even taking a cup of tea at the table of the lone woman on a Sunday afternoon.

As Doctor Heath laid his case upon the small pine table, and prepared to deal out a soothing lotion for the bruised Mrs. Burrill, Brooks advanced courageously, supported on either hand by an anxious old lady, and the chorus commenced.

"It warn't us as scared him out, sir," said Brooks, positively. "He's seen all of us, first and last. Maybe as he's had cause for remembering you sir!" and Brooks peered anxiously at the doctor, as if hoping for a prompt confirmation of this shrewd guess.

"Sure, an' it was a guilty conscience, if ever I seen one, as made the brute beast run like that, from the sight of the doctor," chimed in first old lady, who quarreled with her "old man" on principle, and seldom came out second best. "Faith, an' the murtherin' wretch has half killed ye, Burrill, dear."

"I was that scart with the screamin'," said the mother of three, "that I nearly let the baby fall a-runnin' here."

And then they all gathered around Mrs. Burrill, and talked vigorously, and all together, while Brooks, hovering near the doctor, pursued his investigation.

"A bad lot, that Burrill, sir. I've seen him, frequent; and so he's had occasion to know you, sir!"

"No, my good fellow; I never had the honor of meeting Mr. John Burrill before," replied Doctor Heath, smiling at the man's pertinacity.

"Now, I want to know," exclaimed Brooks, in accents of real distress, "then what could have set him off like that?"

"I suppose we were getting too many for him," replied the doctor, easily.

"Not a bit of it sir. Burrill ain't no coward, especially when he's in liquor; and he and me's on good enough terms, too; though, of course," said Brooks, recollecting himself, and glancing anxiously at the reclining figure of the injured one, "of course, I would never stand by and see a lady struck down, sir."

"Manifestly not," replied the doctor, dirly. "Then, as he would not fear you, and could not fear me, he must have been in the first stages of 'snake seeing.'"

"It's my opinion, he took you for somebody else, as he has reasons to be afraid of," said one of the women, with an emphatic nod.

But here the voice of the heroine of the occasion rose high above the rest.

"John Burrill wasn't so drunk as to run away from a man he never saw, or to see nothin' at her, she said. Recently, a sudden look on his face, a blinded look, I was, and he's afraid of you, Doctor Heath. I don't know why. There's some secrets in John Burrill's life that I don't know, and there's more that I wish I didn't know; but here, or somewhere else, he has known you, sir. Perhaps only by sight; but he's afraid of you, that's certain."

There was no reply from Doctor Heath; he was busy over his medicine case. He prepared a lotion, to be applied to the bruises, and a sedative, to be applied to the nerves of the patient, who was beginning to recover herself in a measure, and launched out into a torrent of invective against the author of her trouble; after which she rushed into a wild recital of her wrongs, beginning at the time when she left a good place in England, to follow the fortunes of John Burrill, and running with glib tongue over the entire gamut of her trials since. And all of this, although it was far from new to the dwellers of Mill Avenue, was listened to, by them, with absorbed interest, and the proper accompaniment of ejaculations at the proper places. During this discourse, to which Brooks listened with evidences of liveliest interest, Doctor Heath remained seemingly inattentive, waiting for a lull in the storm; when it came at last, he ascertained as briefly as possible, who among the women would remain, and pass the night with Mrs. Burrill; gave her direction, as to the use she was to make of the medicines he had prepared, and buttoned his coat about him, preparatory to departure.

As his hand was upon the latch, the voice of his patient arrested him.

"Doctor," she said, earnestly. "It wouldn't be gratitude in me to let you go away without a word of warning. I don't want to pry into your affairs, but let me tell you this: You are not done with John Burrill; you took him by surprise to-night; but I'll wager he is over his scare by now, and he is plotting how he can get another sight at you, unbeknown to yourself; and, if he has reason to be afraid of you, then look out for him; you have reasons for being afraid too."

Doctor Heath hesitated a moment, and a shade of annoyance crossed his face, then he said in his usual careless tone:—

"Give yourself no uneasiness about this matter, madam; I never saw the scoundrel before, and he was simply afraid of my list. However, if he ever should cross my path, be assured I shall know how to dispose of him;" and Clifford Heath bowed and went out into the night, little reckoning that he had left his life in the hands of five old women.

In a short time, Brooks arose and shuffled out, and then the tongues were once more loosened; the husband attendant had been ordered home with his two charges, and the chief subject of their converse was Doctor Heath, and the strange influence he had exerted upon John Burrill; and a fruitful theme they found it.

Meantime, John Burrill, who had fled straight on down the gloomy length of Mill avenue, found himself, and his senses, together, close under the shadow of one of the huge factories, and at the river's very edge.

Here, breathless and bespattered, he sat down upon a flat stone to recover himself, and review the situation.

"Curse the man," he muttered. "I would not have made such a fool of myself for a gold mine; but I couldn't have helped it for two," he added, after a moment's reflection. "If it's the man I supposed it to be! But it can't be! It is not."

He was by this time comparatively sober, and he arose to his feet, finally, feeling his courage returning, but still deep in thought.

"Hang the luck," he muttered, kicking viciously at a loose stone. "If that's the man I fear, then Jasper Lamotte would be glad to know him. Why!" starting suddenly erect, "I can find out, and I will. I must, for my own safety," and John Burrill faced about and retraced his steps.

Cautiously this time, he went over the ground, heeding where he set his foot, lest some misstep should betray his presence in Mill avenue still; more and more cautiously as he neared the house from which he had so lately fled.

Closer and closer he crept, until at last he was under the window the kitchen, and here he crouched, listening. He heard the mingled confusion of voices, then the firm tones of Clifford Heath, clear above the rest. Hearing this, he moved quickly away, for he was in instant danger of detection, should the door open suddenly, as it might at any moment.

He crossed the street and standing under the shadow of a small tenement, waited.

It was not long before the door opened, and the light from within showed him the tall form of Clifford Heath, clearly outlined against the darkness.

Out strode Heath, walking so rapidly, that the not yet quite sober John Burrill found himself compelled to exercise care, and expend some breath, in keeping him within sight.

On and on, went the pursued and the pursuer, and presently, out of the darkness, came a third form, gliding shadow-like; as if every step of the way were too familiar to render caution necessary; this third form drew nearer and nearer to Burrill, who, all unconscious of its proximity, labored on after Doctor Heath.

Straight to his own cottage went the doubly shadowed young physician; he opened the door with a latch key, and the followers lost him in the darkness of the unlighted vestibule. Presently, however, a light was seen to glimmer through the partially closed blinds, and then John Burrill crept cautiously nearer, and feeling his way carefully, lest some obstacle at his feet should cause him to stumble, he gained the window, pressed his face close to the shutters and peered through.

Clifford Heath was pacing up and down his cosy sitting room, seemingly lost in perplexed thought, and, as again and again his face was turned to the light, the watcher studied it closely; finally he seemed satisfied with his scrutiny, for he turned away and groped back to the street once more.

"It's the other one," he muttered, drawing a long breath of relief. "I might have known it from the first; so he is the young doctor they tell of! Well, it's a rum game that brings him here, and it's certain he don't want to be known. He can't know me, and—Jove, I'd like to pay him for the hits he gave me," and he fell to pondering as he turned his steps, not the way he had come, nor yet toward Mapleton, but in the direction of "Old Forty Rods." But long before he reached his destination, the creeping, stealthy shadow, had ceased to follow, and had vanished down a side street.

A few lights were glimmering, here and there, as he turned down the not very elegant street on which was located the haven of "Forty Rods," and when he was within a block of the place, a man, coming suddenly around the corner, ran square against him.

Burrill uttered an oath, as he with difficulty regained his balance, but the new-comer called out in a voice, a little unsteady from some cause:—

"Helloa! B—Burrill, that yer, ole feller? Didn't mean ter knock against yer, give-ye my word I didn't. Give us a fiss, ole man, an' come-long to Forty's!"

"Brooks," said Burrill, taking him socially by the arm, and facing toward the saloon in question. "Brooks, you're drunk; you're beastly drunk; drunk as a sailor by all that's sober." And together they entered "Old Forty Rods."

CHAPTER XX.

"It is impossible, sir! utterly impossible! and, pardon me for saying it, most absurd! This matter has been dragged on too long already. And on such evidence I utterly refuse to follow up the case. You have done well, undoubtedly, but it was only at the urgent request of Mr. Lamotte that I have allowed it to continue, and now I wash my hands of the whole affair."

It is Constance Wardour who speaks, standing very straight and with head very firmly poised, and wearing upon her face what Mrs. Allston would have called her "obstinate look." Her words were addressed to a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking personage, who is neither young nor yet middle-aged, and who might pass for a solicitor with a good run of clients, or a bank cashier out on special business. He is looking somewhat disconcerted just now, but recovers his composure almost as she ceases speaking.

"But, madam," he expostulates mildly, "this is unheard of, really. You employ me upon a case which, just now has reached a crisis, and when success seems almost certain you tell me to drop the case. I never like to drag forward my own personality, Miss Wardour, but really this is a blow aimed directly at my professional honor."

There is an ominous flash in the eye of the heiress, but her voice is smooth and tranquil, as she replies:—

"I am sorry if this should injure you, Mr. Belknap, but, pardon me, I scarcely see how it can; you, as I understand, are a 'private detective,' answerable to no one save yourself and the one employing you. I, as that one, pronounce myself as satisfied to drop the case. I decline to use the circumstantial evidence you have brought against a man who is above suspicion, in my mind, at least. Let the Wardour diamonds rest in oblivion. Mr. Belknap, I am ready to honor your draft for any sum that you may deem sufficient to compensate you for the trouble you have taken, as well as for the hurt done your professional pride."

Private Detective Belknap stood for a moment, pondering, then he lifted his head and said, with an air of injured virtue beautiful to contemplate:—

"Miss Wardour, of course there is no appeal from your decision. In my profession it often happens that we are compelled to unmask fraud and deceit in high places, and to wound the feelings of some we profoundly respect. While in your employ, I was bound to work for your interest; I owed a duty to you. Being dismissed from your service, I owe a duty still to society. As an officer of the law, it becomes my duty, being no longer under your commands, to make known to the proper authorities the facts in my possession. I do not know this Doctor Heath, consequently can have no object in hunting him down; but, believing him guilty, and holding the proof that I do, I must make known the truth, otherwise I should be compromising myself, and compounding a felony." Here Mr. Belknap took up his hat. "I will send in my statement of expenses, etc., to-morrow, Miss Wardour. This withdrawal of the case has been so sudden, so unexpected, that I am not prepared for a settlement of accounts." And Mr. Belknap turned slowly toward the door.

But the heiress stopped him by a gesture.

"Stay a moment, sir," she said, and the ominous gleam was intensified into a look of absolute hatred, for an instant. "I hope I do not quite understand your meaning. Did you intend to tell me that if I dismiss you from my service, you will still continue the search for my diamonds?"

"No, madam; I will simply place the facts I have gathered before the town authorities, and leave them to use the knowledge as they see fit. I then withdraw from the field, unless called upon as a witness, when, of course, I must do my duty."

Miss Wardour stood for some moments in silent thought, one foot tapping nervously the while, a sure sign of irritation with her. At last she said, slowly, and with an undertone of sarcasm, that she made a futile effort to conceal:—

"I think I comprehend you Mr. Belknap, and I withdraw my dismissal. You are still retained on the Wardour robbery case; I suppose, therefore, you are subject to my orders."

Mr. Belknap laid down his hat, and returned to his former position. Without a trace of triumph or satisfaction in his face or manner, he said:—

"I am subject to your commands, certainly, Miss Wardour; but I beg that you will not misapprehend me."

"Be easy on that point," interrupted Miss Wardour, somewhat impatiently. "Now then, Mr. Belknap, I want a little time to consider this matter, and to consult with my aunt; also to see Mr. Lamotte. During this time I desire you to remain passive, to make no move in the matter; above all to mention your suspicions to no one. You can, of course, keep as close watch as you may please over Doctor Heath, but it must be done quietly, do you comprehend? You are to say nothing of this matter not even to Mr. Lamotte."

Once more the detective took up his hat.

"I comprehend," he said, gravely; "you shall be obeyed to the letter, Miss Wardour; for three days, then, my task will be an easy one. On Friday morning I will call on you again."

"That is what I wish," she said; "I will have further instructions for you then."

With the bow of a courtier, the private detective withdrew from her presence, and for a moment the heiress stood as he had left her, gazing at the door through which he had disappeared, as if she were seeking to transfix an enemy with the angry fire of her eyes. Then she struck her hands together fiercely, and began a rapid march to and fro across the room.

"Ah!" she ejaculated; "the sleek, smooth, oily-tongued wretch! To dare to come here and make terms with me; to fairly compel me to keep him in my service! and to bring such a charge against him. If he had an enemy, I should call it a wretched plot. But I'll not be outwitted by you, Mr. Belknap; I have three day's grace."

She continued to pace the room with much energy for a few moments, and then seating herself at a writing table, rapidly wrote as follows:—

"Neil Bathurst, Esq.,
"No. — B— street,
"N. Y.

"Dear Sir—If in your power, be in W— in two days, without fail. Danger menaces you friend, Dr. H—, and I only hold detective B— in my service to bridle his tongue. I fear a plot, and can only stay proceedings against the innocent by proclaiming the truth concerning my diamonds; acting under your advice, I will withhold my statement until you arrive.

"Hastily, etc.,
"CONSTANCE WARDOUR."

(To be continued.)

Notice to Revisors.

Revisors of votes will be supplied with revision forms on application to the subscriber.

SAM. THOMSON, Sec. Trnas.,
Co. of Northld

Dated 12th July, 1897.

WANTED, Good active agents in unrepresented districts to sell on commission the leading Farm Machinery, Buggies, Carts, Harness, Sleighs, Robes, etc., etc.
Reply stating full particulars to
P. S. MACNUTT & CO.
St. John N. B.

SPONGES
An Immense Vareity Just Received.
—ALSO—
A Very Fine Assortment of
HAIR BRUSHES,
—AT—
HICKEY'S
DRUG STORE.

Lime For Sale
Apply to
THE MARITIME SULPHITE FIBRE CO. LTD.

Fred Hambletonian

I have purchased the Stallion Fred Hambletonian which I purpose to travel the coming season, 1897, throughout the principal parts of
Northumberland County.
Fred is a Dappled Grey, stands 16 hands high and weighing 1220 lbs. and can strike a 2 30. Parties wishing to breed had better see this full horse before breeding elsewhere. Terms made known by the owner.

C. WARMUNDE
IS OFFERING
SPECIAL BARGAINS
—IN—
WTCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLRY,
Silverware & Novelties,
during the Holidays. All new goods. Give him a call
We are glad to welcome visitors, pleased to show our goods and ready to make close prices to all.
WARMUNDE. EXPERIENCED WATCHMAKER
Fallen Corner, Chatham, N. B.

THE LONDON GUARNTEE AND ACCIDENT CO.
The only British Co. in Canada issuing
Guarantee Bonds and Accident Policies.
Accident Insurance at lowest rates. Protect your life and your time by taking a policy in THE LONDON.
JAS. G. MILLER, AGENT.

BUSINESS CHANGE.
The Business heretofore carried on under the name of John McDonald, will hereafter be conducted under the name, and style of
John McDonald & Co.
NOTICE.
All parties indebted to John McDonald are requested to call and arrange the amounts of their indebtedness within 60 days from date, not later than 14th August. All accounts not settled on or before that date will be placed in other hands for Collection.
Chatham, June 17th, 1897.
While thanking the public generally for their liberal patronage bestowed on me in the past, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same for
JOHN McDONALD & CO.
JOHN McDONALD

MARK YOU!
We have the best Studio, BEST operator, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to PLEASE every time.
IF YOU WANT PICTURE FRAMES,
PHOTOGRAPHS
—OR—
TINTYPES
COME AND SEE US AT
Mersereau's Photo Rooms.
Water St., Chatham.

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. KEITH'S Barber shop Telephone No. 6.

House to Let.
The dwelling house in Chatham, formerly occupied by the late Hon. William Muirhead, suitable for a hotel, boarding house or private dwelling. Good stables and yard room; also two large warehouses situated near the Muirhead wharf, so-called. Possession given immediately.
Apply to
A. & R. LOGGIE.
Loggieville, June 4, 1897.

CARD.
R. A. LAWLOR,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public Etc
CHATHAM, N. B.

NOVA SCOTIA PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.
Entries for Live Stock, Poultry, Dogs, Dairy Produce, Ladies' Work, Fine Arts and all classes of Manufacture close on or before Saturday, September 11th.
Grain, Field Roots, Fruits and Horticultural products on or before Tuesday, September 21st.
The Speed Competitions close Saturday, September 11th.
These dates for closing entries will be strictly enforced and intending Exhibitors should govern themselves accordingly.

NOTICE OF SALE.
To John Adams formerly of the Parish of Alnwick, in the County of Northumberland, New Brunswick, merchant, (but at present residing in the City of Quebec, in the province of Quebec;—Anthony Adams of the same place merchant, and Annie Adams his wife, of the Parish of Alnwick, in the said County of Northumberland, and to all others whom it may concern.
Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the thirtieth day of September A.D. 1889, made between the said John Adams, Anthony Adams and Annie Adams of the one part and Ernest Hutchison of Douglastown, in the said County of Northumberland miliman of the other part, and duly recorded the Thirtieth day of January A.D. 1890, in volume 67 of the Northumberland County Records on pages 266, 267, 268 and 269 and is numbered 199 in said volume, which said mortgage was on the twenty-fourth day of February A.D. 1897, duly assigned by the said Ernest Hutchison to me the undersigned Margaret Snowball, which assignment was registered on the twenty-fifth day of February A.D. 1897, in volume 72 of the Northumberland County Records, on pages 592 and 593, and is numbered 427 in said volume.
There will for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by and due on the said mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at public auction in front of the post office in the Town of Chatham, on Monday the fifteenth day of November next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises in the said mortgage described as follows:—
All and singular that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the parish of Alnwick, in the County of Northumberland and bounded as follows:—Commencing on the bank or shore of Negnac Bay at the southwesterly corner of the road leading from Lower Negnac to Stymiest's Mill Brook at the distance of forty-eight chains and fifty-seven links southerly from the Queens Highway; thence southerly along the westerly side of the said Road leading to Stymiest's Mill Brook at the distance of two hundred and sixty feet to a stake; thence westerly two hundred and thirty-one feet to the centre of the road leading from Alexander Martin's barn to the Bay shore; thence along the centre of the said road leading to Stymiest's Mill Brook two hundred and forty-seven feet to the Bay shore; thence easterly along the Bay shore to the place of beginning.
Also all that other piece or parcel of land commencing at a stake, at the Northerly side line of Alexander Martin's land touching on the said Stymiest road, thence running Northerly along the westerly side of said road two hundred and eight feet to a stake or the southerly side line of lands owned and occupied by Alexander Goodfellow, thence along the southerly side line of Alexander Goodfellow's land, westerly one hundred and forty-nine feet to a stake; thence southerly two hundred and thirty-four feet to the northerly side line of Alexander Martin's land; thence easterly along the northerly side line of said Alexander Martin's lands one hundred and forty-nine feet to a stake or place of beginning, on the westerly side of the said Stymiest road being part of the lands conveyed by Alexander Loggie and James Anderson to James O. Fish and the said Anthony Adams by indenture dated the second day of January A.D. 1880 and of which the said James O. Fish conveyed all his interest therein to the said John Adams by indenture dated February 9th A.D. 1882.
Together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.
Dated at Chatham, N. B., this tenth day of August, A.D. 1897.
[illegible] LAWLOR, Solicitor, MARGARET SNOWBALL, Assignee of Mortgagee.

THE MEDICAL HALL.
BATH GLOVES AND MITS.
SPONGES
a beautiful line of
TOILET SOAPS
from five cents to one dollar per cake
JUST ARRIVED
—AT—
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.
May 18, 1896.

MACKENZIE'S
QUININE WINE AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N B.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY
SUMMER 1897.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 21, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Between Fredericton Chatham and Loggieville.

FOR CHATHAM (read down) MIXED	EXPRESS		FOR FREDERICTON (read up) EXPRESS	MIXED
6 20 a m lv	2 50 p m	..Fredericton,...	12 15 ar.	3 30 p m
6 30	2 53	....Gibson,....	12 12	3 27
6 50	3 05	...Marysville,...	12 00	3 10
8 20	4 07	..Cross Creek,..	10 47	1 20
9 40	5 05	...Boiestown,...	9 35	11 45
10 40 ar	{5 50 ar	...Doaktown,...	8 50	{10 45
10 45 lv	{6 05 lv			{10 40
12 05 p m	7 10	...Blackville,...	7 40	9 10
1 00 ar	{8 03	..Chatham Jct..	6 45	{7 50
1 50 lv	{8 07			{ar 7 30
	8 20	..... Nelson ...		7 10
2 30	8 40	....Chatham....	6 12	6 50
2 50 ar	8 55	...Loggieville Lv	6 00 am	6 30 a m

FOR IND'TON	INDIANTOWN BRANCH.	FOR BLE'VILE
lv 8.00 a m	..... Blackville	ar 5 00 p m
ar 8 50 "	.....Indiantown.....	lv 4.15 "

Connecting with I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
lv. Chatham,	3.10 a.m.	1.05 p. m.
Nelson	3.30 "	1.25 "
Ar. Chatham Junc.,	3.50 "	1.45 "
Lv. " "	4.15 "	2.30 "
Nelson	4.35 "	2.50 "
Ar. Chatham,	4.55 "	3.10

GOING SOUTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
Lv. Chatham,	12.50 a. m.	10.10 a. m.
Nelson	1.10 "	10.30 "
Ar. Chatham Junction,	1.30 "	10.50 "
Lv. " "	1.50 "	11.25 "
Nelson	2.10 "	11.45 "
Ar. Chatham	2 30 "	11.05 p.m.

The above Table is made up on **Eastern standard time.**

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

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

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 Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and 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 Stanley.

THOS. HOBEN, Supt. **ALEX. GIBSON, Gen'l Manager**

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND HARDWARE.
Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated
WEATHER AND WATERPROOF,
THE BEST EVER MADE.
School Blackboard Paint.
Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.
Graining Colors, all kinds.
Graining Combs, Dry Colors, all shades.
Gold Leaf, Gold Bronze, Gold Paint.
Stains, Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Rosewood, Floor Paints
Weather and Waterproof.
Kalsomine all shades.
7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
1 " Turpentine.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
Ready Mixed Metalic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron.
10 Kegs, 100 lbs. each Dry Metalic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron.
Paint and White Wash Brushes.
VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture
Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shelac, Driers.
Joiners' and Machinests' Tools, a speciality.
Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges etc.
Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps.
75 Rolls Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper.
75 Kegs Wire Nails, $2.45 per Keg.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
20 Kegs Horse Shoes, $3.90 per Keg, 15 Boxes Horse Nails $3.60 box.
10 Tons Refined Iron $2.50 per 100 lbs.
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones
Grindstone Fixtures.
WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS $1.90, CLOTHES WRINGERS $2.50, DAISY CHURNS $3.75.
Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire 14c. yd., Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breech Loading Guns.
Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordeons Violins, Bows and Fixings.
FARMING TOOLS. ALL KINDS.
Mower Sections, 70c. doz. Heads, 40c. each, Knife Heads, $3.00.
" " Guards, 35c. each, Rivets, Oilers.
My Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in my line will save money by calling, on me, as they will find my prices away down below the lowest; prove this by calling.
J. R. GOGGIN.

We Are
STILL IN IT!
The Grocery War is still going on, and we are in the front ranks, and prepared to defend ourselves against prices, no matter how low.

(Cane)	Granulated Sugar, ...	....	26 lbs. for $1.00.
(")	Bright Yellow "	....	32 " " "
	Tea, ...	....	13, 15, 18 and 25c. per lb.
	Choice Blend Tea, ...	....	28c. per lb.
	Oolong "	....	45c. "
	Porto Rico Molasses,..	....	40c. per gal.
	Coffee, C. S, ...	....	39c. " lb.
	" P. G.	....	30c. " lb.
	Canned Corn, ...	....	7c. or 4 for 25c.
	" Tomatoes, ...	....	7c. or 4 " 25c.
	Peaches and Pears, ...	....	20c. per can.
	Gallon Apples, ...	....	20c " (3 for 50c)
	American Oil	....	25c. per gallon.
	Lard, ...	....	9c. lb.
	"	....	3 lbs. tin for 25c.
	"		20 lb. pail $1.50
	Salt Pork and Beef, ...	....	8c per lb.
	Rolled Bacon, ...	....	8c "
	Beans, ...	....	10 lbs for 25c
	Barley, ...	....	10 "
	Peas, ...	....	10 "
	Rice, ...	....	7 "
	Pearl Tapioca, ...	....	4 "
	White and Blue Starch, ...	....	4 "
	Canned Mackerel, ...	....	10c can, 3 for 25c
	" Salmon, ...	....	15c " 2 "
	Surprise Soap, ...	....	5 for 25c
	Ex. P. Y. "	....	5 "
	Century "	....	5 "

McDonald's Tobaccos, Raisins, Currants, Biscuits, Spices, Baking Powders, and a full line of Groceries, also Flour, Corn-Meal, Oatmeal, Hay, Oats, Bran, Shorts, Codfish, Pork, Beef Etc., at prices to meet competition We are also selling off our Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing Gents' Furnishings Etc. at Cost to make room for our Spring Stock,
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Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing. Our Brass and Composition Castings are worthy a trial, being noted throughout the country.
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3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optic purposes, by DR. CHARLES BARDOU'S improved patent method, and is PURE, HARD AND BRILLIANT and not liable to become scratched.
4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.
The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glassi so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.
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Chatham N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

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Orders filled at Factory Price, and a Freight Allowance made on lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.
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