The Diamond Coterie.

(Continued from 1st page.)

"What letter, Frank?"

"You know," his eyes scanning her face hungrily. "Her letter. The one I brought you two days ago. What was it?"

She drew away her hand.

"It was a note of farewell, Frank. Nothing more."

"Then she told you?" he gasped—caught his lips between his teeth, and waited for her to finish the sentence.

"She told me nothing, Frank. Oh, I wish she had."

He sprang up, overturning his chair in his hasty excitement.

"Nothing!" he cried, "she told you nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing. The letter was an enigma. How strangely you act, Frank. I can't understand you."

Slowly the life color returned to his cheeks and lips, as he answered, or stammered:—

"Pardon me, Constance. I thought—I feared—I hoped there might be some explanation. I thought she must have given you some reason for so horrible a step. Are you sure there is no hint, no clue to help us?"

"Frank, listen: Sybil's note explained nothing.

It only implored me not to think harshly of her, when I should know what she had done, and bade me farewell. I could not comprehend its meaning until the news reached me that she had fled."

"And you can not guess why she did this thing?"

"No."

He turned away, putting his hand up before his face, and uttering a groan. Then he moved toward one of the French windows, pushed it open, and leaned out.

"I feel as if I were going mad," he muttered. "Constance, pardon me; I must have the air. I must be alone to think, and to face this—this disgrace that has come upon us."

And he stepped through the open window, and reeled rather than walked down the steps, and out among the trees.

Constance watched him until the shrubbery hid him from view, and then, with a quick, nervous glance about the room, and out at the windows, she went to the door which shut our tramp detective from view, but not from hearing.

"Come out," she whispered, hurriedly. "Now is your time to escape."

He came out, shaking himself like a water dog.

"Uh!" he exclaimed. "I have been in one position too long."

"I am sorry," began Constance.

"Not for me," he interrupted. "Like mots listeners, I heard what I did not bargain for; but—I have not heard too much. Miss Wardour, don't reproach yourself, or Fate; that little extra hearing was a god-send. And now, let me out, quickly, before some one else claims your time."

She looked cautiously out into the hall then closed the door again.

"I wish I could know your opinion regarding this business—all of it" she said, wistfully. "I begin to feel helpless, like a rudderless mariner."

"It's a hard knot," he said, going toward the door; "a very hard knot. But we will untie it, Miss Wardour, and then you will understand all these things. Now tell me, where is your detective going next?"

"I do not know."

"You must find out," imperatively.

"I think I can."

"And come to me in the garden."

"Very well," looking out once more. "Your way is clear, sir; go straight to the kitchen entrance."

He passed out, and went his way, swiftly, quietly, and unobserved; and Constance returned to Mr. Belknap, and the completion of her jewel list.

"The combat deepens," mused the tramp detective, as he paced slowly down the garden walk. "The plot thickens. I come for a catfish—I may catch a whale. Oh, what a knot; what a beautiful, delightful, horribly hard knot; and how my fingers itch to begin at it. But soft—easy; there is more to be tied in. Let us pay out the rope, and wait."

CHAPTER X.

Miss Wardour and the private detective had just completed their work of transferring to paper a minute description of the Wardour diamonds, when the door opened quietly, and Francis Lamotte, pale, heavy-eyed, but quite composed, appeared before them.

"Have you finished your work?" he asked wearily. "If so, may I intrude?"

"Come, by all means," replied Constance, gently. "Your are not intruding, Frank."

"Thank you." He came forward, and sank listlessly into a chair. "Constance, who brought you this news about—Sybil?"

Constance glanced toward the detective, and Francis, interpreting the look, hastened to say:—

"It is known to Mr. Belknap, I presume—this shameful business. There is no use of secrecy, where all the world is already agape. My sister, you tell me, has eloped with a low brute. I am numbed with the horror of it. But I must hear it all; every word, every particular. Who brought you the news, Constance?"

"Doctor Heath," replied the girl, icily.

"Ah!"

The interjection came through shut teeth, and just for a moment the dark shadow flitted across his features; then he said, with quiet composure:—

"Heath? ah, yes; and he gave you all the particulars—all that he had gathered?"

"Doctor Heath told me all that he had learned," she replied, still coldly.

Frank Lamotte arose slowly, wearily.

"I must see Heath," he said, taking up his hat. "It is small wonder that you speak so frostily to the brother of a girl who has disgraced herself, Constance. However, I realize my fall; henceforth, I know my place."

The detective arose and moved uneasily to the window.

"I am sorry to hear this absurdity, Frank," said Constance, with some severity. "You know my position always in these matters; only yourself can injure yourself in my eyes; and I am sorry to hear you speak thus of Sybil. I have yet to be convinced that in some manner, she is not more a victim than disloyal. I have not condemned her; why should you, her brother?"

A hot flush came over the young man's face, and his eyes glowed with a strange light. He shifted his position uneasily; then, abruptly, he turned to the detective.

"If under the circumstances, and having seen my mood, you care to accept my hospitality, it is still extended, sir," he said, somewhat awkwardly; "will you accompany me to town, and afterwards lunch with me?"

"I will accompany you to the town," replied the detective, coming back from the window; "but I fear I must decline your hospitality for to-day; another time, perhaps."

Francis bowed stiffly, then turned to Constance.

"Constance, good bye," he said, mournfully, and holding out his hand. "I will not displease you again I will keep at a safe distance."

"You will displease me by doing that," she replied, kindly, at the same time extending her hand. "I mean by staying away; I want you to come often, and to bring me any news that may come from Sybil. Remember I intend to be her champion, and you must be mine."

"Then I may come as a bringer of news?" he asked.

"You may come as usual," she retorted, a trifle sharply, "and come especially when there is news."

"Thank you;" he bowed over her hand, then turned to the private detective.

"Good morning, Miss Wardour," said that individual, coming forward; "it is probable that I shall not see you again, as I will leave for the city this evening, but you will hear from me as the case progresses, or it is possible that I may find it expedient to pay this place another visit."

"In which case, you will of course present yourself," smiled Constance. "May I ask where you intend to pass your time until you leave for the city, sir?"

"I can hardly say; about the town, as it may happen."

"Ah! Pardon the question; I was thinking of the business in hand; you can hardly hope to find anything new in the village."

"One can never tell, Miss Wardour. If I do learn anything new, you shall hear from me. Present my adieus to Mrs. Alston, and once more good day."

Constance watched the two as they walked away, together, the handsome lithe form of the younger man in such marked contrast with the shambling gait of the detective. Only for a moment, however, then she went swiftly through the halls, out at a rear entrance, and down the path toward the rear gardens.

Here she found the tramp detective busy, or pretending to busy himself with a small pruning knife.

"If you want to follow him, you must make haste," she said, breathlessly; "he is walking townward with Mr. Lamotte; intends to loiter about the town and take some evening train."

"Pray don't appear so much excited," said the tramp detective, dropping his pruning knife, and picking it up again with great deliberation. "There is a man coming up from the river, he must be getting pretty near us. No, don't look now."

"Dear me!" began Constance.

"Listen," he went on, without regarding her ejaculation. "I am going to leave here in two minutes you can say that you have discharged me. I may not see you again for months. I may return at any time. I may as well warn you here, not to confide anything to Mr. Belknap at another time you will learn why. Another thing, it is just possible that you may need my services at some future time. I was about to give you an address that will reach me at any time, but we may be observed by that fellow who is coming. I will send you by mail a card containing the address. Pray call upon me if you need my aid. I hope Belknap will find your robbers, but you were wise not to tell him that you had saved your diamonds. Keep your counsel on that subject always, Miss Wardour, it will save you trouble. And now you had better move on. I intend to follow and overtake your two departing guests."

He turned carelessly away as he spoke, and Constance, after a pretense of examining the shrubbery, faced about and walked a few paces down the path, then lifting her eyes carelessly, they fell upon the intruder. Uttering a low ejaculation of surprise, she hastened toward him.

"Evan! why Evan!" she cried, anxiously. "You look ghostly, and you must be in trouble."

"Or I would not be here," said Evan Lamotte, bitterly. "Evan, the ne'er-do-well, does not seek his friends when the sun shines. Eh, Conny? Don't go in," laying one hand upon her arm, as she was about to turn toward the house, "I—I came to talk with you."

"But you will come in, Evan?"

"No, I should fall out with your old cat—I beg pardon, Con., I mean your old aunt, directly."

"Aunt Honor shut herself in her own room an hour ago, child; she has been worn out witn too much excitement. We have had a detective here all the morning, not to mention Frank, who has made a wonderful discovery."

"I dare say," muttered the young fellow, dryly, "Frank will make another wonderful discovery soon. Conny," clutching at her arm again, "have you heard?"

"Have I heard what, Evan?"

"About Sybil—my sister," his voice broke, ending in a sob.

"Yes, Evan," she replied, very gently. "I have heard."

It was noticeable, the difference between her treatment of this younger brother of Sybil Lamotte and the one who had just gone.

With Francis she had preserved, even while her heart was full of sympathy and pity for his trouble, a certain dignity even in her kindness, an arm's length repellant statliness, that galled and tormented the ardent, impulsive, and too eager young man. With Evan she was all pity, all sympathy, full of familiar sisterly kindness and patience.

Women are strange creatures; we may be as handsome as the Apollo; and they will steel their hearts against us. If we would have the confidence, the caresses, the tenderest love of a pitying woman, we must be mentally, or morally, or physically maimed, or halt, or blind.

Evan Lamotte was one of the world's unfortunates, and the pitying heart of the fair heiress had no scorn for such as he. A black sheep, so they called Evan Lamotte, not yet of age, with a slender physique, a pale, handsome face, handsome in spite of his dissipations. He seemed possessed of an evil spirit, that cried incessantly, "drink, drink, drink." Every means had been tried to win him from his dissipation; tears, entreaties, threats, bribes, were alike unavailing. In spite of himself, against himself, Evan Lamotte seemed driven downward by a relentless, unseen enemy.

"Reckless, worthless, hopeless." These were the adjectives commonly coupled with his name, and yet his sister had deemed him worth her loving; his mother had deemed him worth her tears, and Constance Wardour had deemed him worth her pitying kindness.

"Constance," he choked back the sobs that arose in his throat; "don't think that I have been drinking; when a fellow like me is grieved almost to madness, you call him maudlin, but I never cry in my cups, Con. And I have been perfectly sober since Saturdday night, or if you like, yesterday morning. I drank hard all that day after they told me, Con., but not one drop since; not one. Con., tell me what have you heard?"

"About all that is known, I think, Evan. Oh! Evan, do you know, can you guess why she has done this—this terrible thing? Come down this walk, Evan; let us sit under that tree, on that bench."

She moved toward the spot indicated, he following mechanically, and seating himself beside her, in obedience to her gesture.

"Do I know the reason?" he repeated. "Do I guess it? Oh, if I could guess it; it has haunted me every moment; that strong desire to know what drove my sister to this fate! It is the question I came here to ask. Con., help me to think; she must have said something; must have given you some hint."

"Alas. But she never did."

"And you can not guess; you have no clue to help us unravel this mystery?"

Constance shook her head.

"Con., oh. Con., you don't think—you can't think that she loved that—that beast?"

"No, Evan, I can't think that."

"Then," excitedly; "you must think as I do; that there is a mystery; that there has been foul play. Con., I don't care for anything on earth, except Sybil. I must knew what has driven her to this; I must help her; I can help her; I can take her from that brute."

His face was livid, and his eyes glowed with the fierce light that we have seen in the eyes of his elder brother. Constance saw the growing excitement, and sought to soothe it.

"Evan, let us not anticipate," she said, gently. "All that we can do for Sybil shall be done, but it must be with her consent. When does your father come?"

"I don't know," sullenly "I telegraphed him Saturday; he will come today, no doubt. But he will come too late."

"Alas, yes; I regret so much that it was for my sake he was absent from home at such a time, and Frank, too."

"Frank? bah! What could he do? What could any one do?"

She turned, and scanned his face keenly.

"Evan, you suspect, or you know something."

"I have a thought," he replied. "I hardly dare call it a suspicion. If I could know it to be the truth," he hissed, between set, white teeth, "I should know what to do, then."

"Don't look like that, Evan; you look wicked."

"I feel wicked," he cried, fiercely. "You can never guess how wicked. When I think of that brute, that beast, that viper; of the power he must hold over her, I am mad, crazed. But he will come back, and then—then I will murder him and set her free."

With his gleaming eyes, his clenched hands, his white, uplifted face, he looked like a beautiful evil demon. Constance shuddered as she gazed, and then her hand closed firmly upon his arm, as she said:—

"Evan, listen: Do you think it would lighten Sybil's burden to hear you rave thus? Do you want to make her lot still harder to bear? Sybil loves you. Would it make her heart lighter to have you embroil yourself for her sake? You know your faults. If you let this hideous idea take place in your mind now, it will break out some day when the demon possesses you. If Sybil Lamotte returns, and hears you utter such threats, she will have an added torture to bear; she will have two curses instead of one. You can not help Sybil by committing an act that would cut you off from her forever. You have caused her heart-aches enough already. See, now, if you can not lighten her burden in some different, better way. But all this is superfluous, perhaps. I wonder if Sybil will come back, at all?"

Lower and lower sank his head, as he listened, and when something that she had said seemed to chain and hold his thoughts.

Slowly the evil light faded from his eyes, and into his face crept a strange, fixed look. Forgetful of time, or of his companion's presence, his thoughts followed this new course, his hands clenching and unclenching themselves, his teeth burying themselves from time to time in his thin under lip. So long he sat thus, that Constance herself, from watching and wondering at his strange mood, wandered off into a sad reverie, the subject of which she could hardly have told it was such a vague mixture of Sybil's sorrows and her own unrest.

After a time he stirred as if arousing himself with difficulty from a nightmare; and Constance, recalled to herself, in turn looked up to encounter his gaze, and to be astonished at the new, purposeful self-restraint upon his face, and the inscrutable intentness of his eye.

"Con.," he said slowly, even his voice seeming to have gained a new strange undertone, "Con., you are an angel. You have set me on my feet."

"On your feet, Evan?"

"Yes, on my feet, mentally at least. I don't suppose any one could set me permanently on my physical, corporeal pins. Beg pardon for the slang, Conny, I don't forget how you and Sybil used to lecture me for that, and my other vices. Poor sis, she had given up the drink talks latterly, given me over as hopeless, and so I am. Con., I have made a new resolve."

Constance smiled faintly.

"Oh, you smile. You think I am going to swear off again. No, Con., that's of no use,. I should know myself for a liar all the time. I shall never quit liquor; I can't and I tell you," he whispered this fiercely, "they know that I can't, and they know why I can't. Oh! you need not recoil; we are not the first family that has inherited a taint; and I am the one unfortunate in whom that taint has broken forth. Let me tell you a secret; since my first potation, my mother has never once remonstrated with me; never once upbraided; my proud, high tempered mother. She knows the folly of trying to reclaim the irreclaimable. But," lowering his voice, sadly, "my mother never loved me."

She shuddered at the tone, knowing that this last statement, at least, was all too true, and, to direct his thoughts from so painful and delicate a subject, said:—

"And your resolve then, Evan?"

"My resolve," his mouth settling into hard lines once more. "Oh, that! well, it is a resolve you put into my head, Con. although I'll swear the thought was never in your mind. I have resolved to act upon your advice; to curb my heathenish temper, and to help Sybil, when the right time comes, in the right way."

She looked at him fixedly.

"Evan, are you sure this last state of mind is not worse than the first?"

He laughed, ironically.

"How hard it is to make you believe that any good exists in me."

"Oh, not that, Evan, but you look so strange; not so wild as before, but—"

"Just as wicked."

"Well, yes;"

"Well, Con., you can't expect a fellow to feel pious all in an instant; mine is a pious resolve, and the proper feeling must follow. Isn't that about how they preach it?"

"That's about how they preach it, sir. Now listen, I don't intend to stir one step, or allow you to stir, until you have explained some of your dark sayings; you are going to tell me what this new resolve is."

Evan glanced at her from under his long lashes, and seemed to hesitate. He knew that Constance, in what he had sometimes termed her "impensive mood," was a difficult element to contend with. But he was not quite prepared to divulge just the precise thoughts that were in his mind:

"Con.," he said, lowly, "do you think, if my sister came back very penitent, or very miserable, that my father would take her home?"

"I don't know, Evan."

"Well, that's another of the things that brought me to you. I was overwhelmed with misery, and my head was chaos. I was wilt to wreak vengeance upon that man, and filled with dread at the thought that Sybil might come back and meet with no welcome. I believe she will come. I know that man would not miss the triumph of bringing her back among us. Now, Con., my father thinks you infallible, and you can do anything with Frank. I want you to see them, and make them take Sybil home, when she comes. Yes, and John Burrill, too, if she will have him."

"Why, Evan!"

"Then, he went on, breathlessly, "the world must have a reason for this marriage; for, not the greatest fool in W—will believe that Sybil freely chose that villain. Do you pave the way for Sybil's return; I will find a reason for the marriage—a bone to throw to the dogs. For, I tell you, Con.,, the true reason will never be told."

Thinking of Sybil's letter, Constance could but agree with him in this; and that letter, too, had caused her to think that Sybil had expected, or hoped, or feared, a return to W—; which, she could only guess.

"You will furnish a reason, Evan? You are mystifying me."

"Never mind that. I, Evan Lamotte, worthless—black sheep—sot; I will find a reason, I tell you; one that will not be questioned, and that will spare Sybil."

"And what then?"

"Then, aided by you, Sybil can come back to us. Aided by my new strong resolve, I will receive that Burrill—it nearly chokes me to speak his name—just as Sybil shall dictate; and then, aided by the old man's money, we may be able to buy him off and get him out of the country."

"Why, Evan Lamotte," cried Constance, with a burst of hopefulness, "you have actually evolved a practical scheme. I begin to feel less hopeless."

"Oh, I have a brain or two left, when a firm hand like yours, shakes me up, sets me straight, and gets me in running order. Will you help, Con.?"

"Will I help! Sybil Lamotte, if she comes back, will be warmly welcomed by me, and by all W—, if I can bring it about."

He sprang to his feet and seized her hands. "Thank you, Conny," he cried; "my heart is lightened now; I can 'bide my time,' as the novels say. Only do your part, Con."

"Trust me for that. Now come to luncheon, Evan."

He dropped her hands, and turned away abruptly.

"I won't! I can't," he said, almost gruffly. "Go in, Con., and be prepared to welcome Sybil back; and I," he added, moving away, and turning a wicked look over his shoulder, "will be prepared to welcome Burrill; a low, ironical laugh followed these words, and Evan Lamotte leaped the low garden palings, and went back as he had come, by the river way.

"What can that strange boy mean," thought Constance, gazing after him; "he makes me nervous, and yet he was reasonable after his fashion. Poor Evan, he is indeed unfortunate; here he has been breaking his heart over Sybil, and before night he may be singing in some saloon, in a state of mad intoxication. Altogether, they are a very uncomfortable pair to entertain in one half day, Frank and Evan Lamotte."

(To be continued.)

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11.00 "	12.15 p.m.
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	Porto Rico Molasses,	.. ....	40c. per gal.
	Coffee, C. S,	....	39c. " ℔.
	" P. G.	....	30c. " ℔.
	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. ℔.
	"	....	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.
GIVE US A CALL.
J. B. SNOWBALL.

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

MURDOCH'S NEW CARPET
AND
HOUSE FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.
The Best in 5 frame Brussels Carpet at 85c to $1.75c
The finest Tapestry at 30c to 65c
The Heaviest Wools at 65c to 1,10c
The Best Made Unions at 30c to 75c
The newest in Dutch Carpet at 20c to 30c
" " " Hemp Carpet at 12c to 25c
Floor Oil Cloth in Handsome Patterns and 4-4 6-4 8-4 and 16-4 at 28c to 45c per sq. yd.
Lace Curtains at 25c to $5.00 per pair.
Fancy Fish Net Curtains (the latest) $1.75 to $10.00 per pair.
Fancy Muslin Curtains.
Curtain Lace, 15c per yd, and upwards. Paper Blinds, Curtain Poles, Counterpanes, Table Covers and a complete line of New House Furnishings,
PIERCE BLOCK, CHATHAM, N. B.

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

Notice to Revisors.
Revisors of votes will be supplied with revision forms on application to the undersigned.
SAM. THOMSON, Sec. Trnas., Co. of North'ld
Dated 12th July, 1897.

NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Carsquet Railway Company will be held at the office of the President in Bathurst County of Gloucester and Province of New Brunswick on
THURSDAY, TWENTY NINTH DAY OF JULY NEXT
at 11 o'clock a.m. for the purpose of electing Directors of the Company and transacting such other business as may be brought under the notice of the meeting by any of the shareholders of the said Company.
Dated at Bathurst, this 25th June A.D. 1897.
JOHN SIVEWRIGHT, Secretary. P. J. BURNS, President.
G. M. DUNCAN, M. D., WM. WALSH, JOS. POIRIER, JOHN SIVEWRIGHT, B. C. MULLINS, } Directors.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS
TO THE
CANADIAN NORTHWEST
VIA THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Second class return tickets on sale June 28, July 5 and July 19 only, good for return within 60 days at the following low rates, viz. To
Deloraine and return
Reston " "
Estevan " "
Binscarth " "
Moosomin " "
Dauphin " "
} $28.00 each.
Regina and return
Moosejaw " "
Yorkton " "
Prince Albert " "
} $30.00
Calgary " " } $35.00
Red Deer and Edmonton and return $40.00.
THE WINNIPEG EXHIBITION will be held from July 19 to 24 and should be a great attraction to agriculturalists.
Further particulars of your nearest Ticket Agent, of D. P. A., C. P. R. St. St. John, N. B.
D. McNICOLL, Passr. Traffic Manager, Montreal.
A. H. NOTMAN, Dist. Passr. Agent, St. John, N. B.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
All persons having claims against the Estate of John Hyland late of Chatham, N. B., deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to
P. H. C. BENSON, Administrator.
Chatham, N. B., May 11th, 1897.

MILLERS' FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS,
RITCHIE WHARF, CHATHAM. N. B.
Successors to Gillespie Foundry.
Established 1852.
Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing. Our Brass and Composition Castings are worthy a trial, being noted throughout the country.
All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere.
Mill Supplies, Fittings, Pipe, etc. in stock and to order.
JAS. G. MILLER.

Miramichi Advance,
CHATHAM. N. B.
THE LEADING NORTH SHORE NEWSPAPER. PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.
TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
D. G. SMITH. EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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ALWAYS ON HAND:—
RAILWAY BILLS, FISH INVOICES, MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, MORTGAGES & DEEDS, BILLS OF SALE, SCHOOL DISTRICT SECRETBRYS, TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS WITH TRUSTEES,—DISTRICT ASSESSMENT LISTS.
CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS, BILLS OF EXCHANGE, NOTES OF HAND, JOINT NOTES, DRAFTS, BILLS FOR RATEPAYERS,

THREE MACHINE PRESSES
and other requisite plant constantly running. Equipment equal to that of any Job-Printing office in the Province.
The only Job-Printing office outside of St. John that was awarded both
MEDAL AND DIPLOMA
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DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION
AT ST JOHN IN 1883
Orders by Mail promptly filled & Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.
1st—That from the peculiar construction of the glasses they ASSIST and PRESERVE the sight, rendering frequent changes uunecessary.
2nd—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of EASE and COMFORT not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.
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.
J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.
Chatham N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

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Steel Wire Nails,
THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.
Orders filled at Factory Price, and a Freight Allowance made on lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.
KERR & ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

Established 1866.
Dunlap Bros. & Co.,
AMHERST, N. S.
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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 he prices are right.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
All persons having claims against the estate of William Copping late of Chatham, deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to
MRS. WM. COPPING.
Chatham Sept. 1 1896.

FOR SALE.
Good Seed Potatoes
50 Barrels Goodridges Seed Potatoes from one of best Farmers in the place
apply at
W. S. LOGGIE Co, Ltd.