HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

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CHAPTER IX.

Harry Wynne had come to Constantinople in the first, or glowing, stage of the war fever. The boat which carried him touched at Naples, and had there taken up two or three English officers who were going out in expectation of being attached to that brilliant gendarmerie which was already constructed on paper and never got constructed in fact. The diplomatic and administrative officers of the Sublime Porte would seem to be filled by poets who construct constantly the most charming and delightful schemes, and pigeon hole them well nell for the bewilderment or guidance of some far Utopia. The British officers had tried to chill the war fever in the young man's mind, but had in no wise succeeded. The subordinate officials who were concerned in the formation of that lamentable Polish Legion took the task in hand and quieted his pulses a little. He was full of enthusiasm about the Turk, and it was reserved for the Turk himself to damp him. The first word of the oriental tongue the young man learned was Yavosh, which being freely interpreted signifies, "Take it easy," or "Go slow." You learn that significant expletive in your first five minutes of Turkish experience, and are never allowed to forget it.

A young man whose heart is wrung with unmerited shame, and whose soul is on fire to do great deeds for the rehabilitation of his character, finds the gospel of go slow and take it easy hard to bear. Harry tasted the heart sickness of hope deferred, and tasted it all the more bitterly because the beginning had such splendid promise in it. He had not been two days in Constantinople before somebody took him to a ramshackle old house in a back street in Pera, and somebody else swore him in as an officer in the Polish Legion. That hopeful body was so carefully constructed that when its directing spirits learned that the applicant was wholly ignorant of the art of war, and had never even been a volunteer, they declined to give him higher commission than that of a lieutenant. They sent him to a tailor who knew the uniform, and in two or three days—at his own charges—he was attired in it. He walked about in military glory for half an hour, and at the end of that time, discovering himself to be an object of contumely, he took off his plumage and resumed his civilian fashion. He bought a horse and a saddle, a sabre, and a revolver, and waited for his marching orders.

The denizens of hotels in Constantinople about this time began to know the meaning of war prices. There was daily news from the front of a more and more stirring kind, and the natural longing to be in the midst of action was made none the less keen by the contemplation of a purse which shrank rapidly towards the actual diminishing point.

Master Harry had known duns in his school and college days, but they had known him, and had at least been respectful. He had never seen before him until now the prospect of wanting a dinner, but now that came closer and closer, and at last he saw it face to face. He sold his watch and his ring, and moved into cheaper lodgings. He had brought but one small portmanteau with him, and his linen began to grow dingy. He noticed with a touch of almost abject terror that his boots were wearing down at the heel. His horse had to go, and his saddle. He sold the sabre and the revolver a bargain. He came down to his last cigarette and his last coin.

In those same cheap lodgings to which he had betaken himself, which were not far from the lower end of the Shooting Star, there was living a Circassian officer, by name Ahmed Hamil, a jovial black-avised gentleman who had had two or three years' training in Woolwich dockyard, as likely a place in which to finish a cavalry officer's education as even Turkish ingenuity could find. He spoke capital English, was a royal fellow, and as poor as himself. They became great friends, and told each other all their hopes and despondencies.

"I am here," Hamil Bey would say, for he was never tired of expounding this one particular grievance, "to attempt to recover a fraction of two years' pay. I shall never get it, for not to pay is a Turkish art, my friend. I wish that you and I could acquire it. If we could we might dine."

Harry produced his last medjidieh and looked at it.

"That would pay for a dinner."

"My young friend," returned Hamil Bey, "you had best keep that for bread. One does not dine on bread, but one can live on it. I," said the brave gentleman, "have an invitation to dinner to-night, and I wish I could take you with me. I could not—it would be an unpardonable impertinence."

The good Hamil was going to dine with Duke Humphrey, but he was willing to spare his companion's wretched resources, and not to let him know it.

"What's going to come of it all?" the lad asked.

The Circassian shrugged his shoulders as if to say he declined to give the problem house-room. They rolled their last little scrap of tobacco and smoked it lingeringly, making the most of it. Then Hamil Bey went out to walk the streets hungry, under pretence of keeping his dinner engagement.

Harry lingered in the shabby bedroom until the darkness began to fall, and the howling dogs gathered into packs to course about the streets and make life hideous. He was physically a little sick with hunger, and his heart was like a leaden coffin for dead hopes. He seemed to care wonderfully little, he thought, and indeed no man knows the real bitterness of such times as those till afterwards. Memory brings back their hideous nightmare, and the sufferer learns what he suffered.

He arose at last, and wandered aimlessly into the street, toying with the coin as it lay lonely in his pocket. He passed a little French bakery where he had been wont to buy his daily loaf, and his foot lingered for a moment at the threshold. He went by somehow, not knowing why he resisted his own hunger, unless it were that the unbroken coin were a sort of symbol to him. His careless steps took him up the steep cobbled pavement of the hill of Galata, and led him to the Grande Rue. He shrank a little from the light of the shops and the eyes of the lounging crowd, but he hardened his heart and went on. He passed the hotel where he had spent his first few days of hopeful waiting, and pulled up short before the narrow entrance of the Concert Flamm.

The Concert Flamm was one of half-a-dozen cafes chantants which at this time decorated the Grande Rue de Pera. The main feature of all were identical. Each had a small band of Bohemian musicians, each had a fat and under-dressed lady who sang indelicate songs in French, and a meagre English young person who would not have been tolerated at a penny gaff in the East End of London, who interpreted the ditties of her native land. The nightly concert afforded the flimsiest possible shelter to the proceedings of a little gaming hell, where a polyglot crowd punted for silver pieces on a roulette table with twenty-four numbers and a double zero. A highly respectable fat Greek in a frock-coat and fez spun the wheel and raked in the money. Play ran pretty high sometimes when an adventurer with money in his pockets came that way, but even at its worst the fat Greek made a fat and prosperous thing of it.

Harry lingered at the door of the place for a minute or two. He had been there before, and knew its character. The amusement it offered had no great attraction for him as a rule, but anything looked better just then than strolling in the streets. He walked up the dirty uncarpeted stair, and stood for a moment at the doorway. The fat Frenchwoman, in a low-necked, short-sleeved dress, had long since been old enough to know better, but she screeched her salt indecencies with a faded relish, and writhed and leered and ogled a thousand times more persuasively than she fancied on the side of virtue. The young exile, faint and heartsick, cast his uninterested eyes about the room, and seeing nobody he knew there passed throughit and into the apartment where the fat Greek presided over his toy roulette and his two profitable zeros. There are not more than half-a-dozen players about the table, for the hour was early. Harry stood looking on for a while, caressing his solitary coin with his finger tips. His acquaintance with French literature was not large, but out of it there floated into his mind a phrase of Rousseau's. Balzac quotes it approvingly in the Peau de Chagrin, and it was there that he had found it. "I understand play," says Jean Jacques, "only when between a man and absolute ruin there stands his last crown."

"That's my case," thought Harry. He stood fingering his piece, wondering where he should place it. His eye lighted on zero, his hopes were there. He took the fancy as an inspiration, and threw down the coin. He had chosen the red zero, by hazard, because it happened to be nearer to him than the other. There was a faint tinge of hope in that; red is the color of hope. His heart began to beat wildly, and he had no courage to watch the revolving wheel. Turning his head away, and doing his best to look uninterested, he saw Hamil staring at him from a corner, looking pale and worn, and by no means like a man who had found an eleemosynary dinner. In the surprise of seeing him Harry forgot his stake and crossed over.

"I thought you were going out to dinner?" he said.

"I was, my son," the Circassian responded with a flickering smile; "but my man was out. I suppose he had forgotten me."

"Then," said Harry, "you haven't dined at all to-day?"

The Circassian shrugged his shoulders with a repetition of the flickering smile, but gave no verbal answer.

"I suppose I have thrown my last medjidieh away," said Harry. "I'll see what's become of it."

He crossed over to the table, and there on the red zero lay a small pile of gold and silver.

"Is that mine?" he asked swiftly. Nobody answered him. It was not the fat Greek's business to understand English at that moment. He began to stammer in French "Est-ce que ceci——"

"Rien ne va plus!" cried the croupier, and spun the fatal wheel, warning off Harry's hovering fingers with his rake.

"Oui, monsieur," said a fezzed bystander, "vous avez gagne, mais vous etes trop tard pour retirer la mise."

His wondering look showed that he had only half understood, and the bystander repeated his phrase slowly with explanatory gesture. The fatal wheel slowed down. Harry's eyes counted the money hungrily. There were six golden lire lying there—almost six pounds in English money. If he had not crossed over to Hamil it would all have been his, and the pair of them could have lived upon it for weeks. He had been but a second too late, and he watched this flying gift of chance despairingly. The wheel stopped, and the marble made its last click. A tremendous blow between the shoulders drove him forward, half across the table, and Hamil's voice roared "Bravo! Chokularishah Padishah!"

At this patriotic sentiment the little crowd laughed, but the fat croupier's face went green.

"Zero rouge," he said, as if the words were plucked out of him, and began with Jewish fingers to count out the money for payment. Hamil made a royal row with the croupier for having compelled the player to leave more than the maximum sum allowed by the rules of the bank, but Harry, cramming the coins into his pocket, dragged the Tchirasse away. They ran down the stairs with flushed cheeks and kindling eyes, and raced up the narrow street until they came to the Concordia. They entered boisterously and demanded dinner, spread the glittering haul upon the table and counted it with eager hands and eyes. They had a hundred and six pounds Turkish, a full half of it in those noble five lire pieces which shine with so glorious a contrast amidst the ordinary metallique currency of the most bankrupt nation in the world. They laughed and sparkled at each other, calling for wine and chaffing the waiter who took their orders. They pledged each other with clinking glasses, and for one superb five minutes they were gay.

Then they dined. Ye gods! how they dined! The red mullet, the quail, the tomato farci, the mutton cutlets—in the spring of the year the traveller finds nothing but these dishes in the capital of the European orient. In the days of their prosperity they had grown weary of their eternal repetition, and would have exchanged them gladly, as the poet puts it, for "one rump steak, one pint of ale." But now they were pure ambrosia. When the dinner was over they had half a mind to begin it again, but the counsels of prudence prevailed.

They sat over cigarettes and coffee, and Harry, seeing himself free of the waiter's eyes, began again to count over his gains. This time he divided them into two equal sums, and pushing one pile towards his companion, raked up and pocketed the other.

"What is this, my boy?" asked the Circassian.

"That's your share," Harry answered.

"No, no," said the other, pushing it back again, "I will borrow a piece or two if you will let me, but I cannot take it all."

"Chums' luck," said Harry. "If I had lost you would have gone without your dinner. We counted this afternoon that the last piece belonged to both of us."

"Aha!" cried Hamil, "but that was another matter."

"I should not have won it it had not been for you. I should have been content with the six, and should have taken it. Come, it's a free gift of fortune. Take your share and be thankful."

Hamil drew the pile together, and leaned an arm on each side of it.

"You want to see service?" he said. "You want to see the world? You want your chance? If you will let me pay you in the meantime by giving you what you want in that way I will take this as a loan."

"It belongs to you," Harry returned, but Hamil clung to his point and won it.

CHAPTER X.

There was a horse for sale in a Turkish village on the green bank of the Maritza, and Harry Wynne was the intending purchaser. The news that a bargain was being negotiated in the street ran like fire from house to house. Venerable greybeards flamed at the tidings; toddling infancy came gamesomely out to witness the transaction; cripples on crutches dragged themselves painfully toward the scene; a wild, surging mob gathered about the purchaser, the salesman, and the horse, and everybody harangued everybody else in an indistinguishable hubbub. There were seconds of silence in the din, and these were utilized by the respective bargainers. The salesman, blessed by the Prophet—he had had led a holy and self-denying life and called his neighbors to witness the fact—had caught a horse which had run riderless from a troop of the accursed Muscov cavalry. He was a gem, a pearl, a miracle, a wonder among horses. Never since the days of Mohammed's milk-white steed had such an animal blessed the sight of man. As an upshot of all this, he wanted a hundred pounds for him. The young Englishman's interpreter having anathematized him as an extortioner, a Jew, and the son of a Jew, gravely offered twopence, whereupon the intending vendor spat, and gave him over to Tophet and the fire and darkness of the unbeliever. This done, the salesman professed his poverty, but for which nothing should have induced him to treat a moment longer with a wretch so ignominious and contemptible. He would take fifty pounds Turkish for the steed, though he vowed before heaven that it was a robbery of the orphan. The interpreter eyed the beast, and described him in terms of such scathing contumely, that the crowd yelled in mingled delight and opprobrium. Then he offered fourpence. The contending parties separated, spitting backward on the ground towards each other, and objurgating fiercely. Then the crowd entered into active participation of the affair, and every man, woman, and child in it went stark, staring, raving mad. Vendor and purchaser were dragged together, and accost each other with the bitterest upbraidings. The salesman would take twenty—not a piastre less, upon his soul! The purchaser would waste a single pound upon the brute. Beyond that the compulsion neither of fire nor sword should carry him. The interest of the crowd became, if possible, more intense. The first ornamental sparring flourishes were over, and the combatants were coming to close quarters. The vendor fell to fifteen, the interpreter rose to two. Then the vendor fell to fourteen, and the buyer rose to three. Then came offers of twelve and four, and there the purchaser stood like a rock. At every novel offer the contending parties severed and shook the dust off their feet against each other, but the crowd dragged them back again and insisted on the conclusion of the bargain. It was struck at last at seven, amidst a whirl of confusion which Bedlam broken loose could scarcely equal. Vendor and interpreter alike were filled with a sacred joy. The owner of the quadruped had fixed his mind on six, and the deputy buyer would have risen to eight. Each felt that he had outreached the other, and was happy.

In this wise our young adventurer was mounted. It was his first experience of a Turkish bargain, and for a while he was happier in the thought that the bargain had not led to bloodshed than in the business result of it, though an hour's trial made that seem eminently satisfactory. There was such a change in the lad already that his late companions of the Five-Year-Old would hardly have recognized him. The fierce sun and free air had tanned his face and hands to a deep brown. The Circassian cap of astrakhan hid his fair curls, and he wore a close-fitting tunic of the native cloth—the brown, fibrous stuff they call shyak.

On the day after his purchase of the horse, the Circassian regiment to which by Hamil's influence he was attached as volunteer received its marching orders and started northward, its band raising inspiring music. They passed fair tracts of peaceful country where over broad flat pastures the cattle grazed, and the villagers drove their teams afield, and wide acres of maize, with its white hair waving in the summer wind, a sight of beauty. Then they came to the grass-grown desert between the Rhodopes and the Balkans, and so on to the stern fastnesses of the hills. Sometimes the whole body of men would dawdle listlessly along, and at others would go thundering along some rocky and precipitous pass at the wildest break-neck pace, as if the whole tribe had suddenly gone mad. When they got a chance to worry anything they took it, and bands of a dozen or so were continually prowling off to chase some domestic creature with hideous howls and whoopings and a storm of shots. They were provided with the Winchester repeating-rifle, and it was a never-ending joy to fire at anything. The small birds on the telegraph wires were a great attraction to them, and when the wires had been cut in a dozen places the officer in command entered his first protest by hanging a brace of his men, and so put a stop to the pet amusement of the rest.

To the mind of untravelled youth the life was glorious, but there were many hours when the past lay heavily on the adventurer's spirit. There was never a waking hour in which his mind was absent from Inthia. She was his star of hope, and burned always with a pure and steadfast lustre. He was going where deeds of heroism must needs be as plentiful as blackberries, and was resolute, with a boy's unthinking fearlessness, to do his share of them. He dreamed no end of dreams, and Inthia was the life and center of them all. He was going to win fame and pluck back honor at the sword's point, at the cannon's mouth, in whatsoever dreadful conflict his mind could picture. The savage band thundered along whooping and shrieking in mere exuberance of animal spirits, and he would ride in their midst with teeth hard set, and every nerve and muscle rigid, sweeping in fancy towards the enemy's batteries.

The regiment rode in any order which happened to please its individual members. There was a discipline of a sort, no doubt, but to the English eye it was invisible. Men wandered off from the track as they pleased, scoured the adjacent country, and caught up their fellows sometimes after an interval of three or four days. Scattered twos or threes would gallop on ahead, and secure a day's idle freedom before the main body caught them.

One day at blazing noon the regiment came up to an old Turk who sat alone on the hill-side overlooking Orkhanie. He gave them news. Gourko's Cossacks had passed by in flying bands, and the Bulgarian villagers had grown insolent at the sight of them. Two Circassians had been shot that morning at the entrance to a Caristian village near at hand. The commanding officer mounted the old man behind one of his troopers, and bade him act as guide. The whole body deviated from the main route, and made for the village where their comrades had been murdered. Harry strung himself together in expectation of a piece of swift and stern justice-work, but he was prepared for nothing so murderously swift and stern as he was doomed to see. The village lay in a little sheltered basin of the hills, and the word was given to surround it. That was all well and good, and it was proper that the criminals should be allowed no chance of escape. But when a signal-shot was fired, and the whole circle plunged narrowing towards its centre, with rifles pealing everywhere, making a ring of fire and death about the place, Harry's heart flushed with a passionate but impotent resentment against this barbarism of vengeance. Shrieking women bore their children hither and thither about the village street. As he rode, he saw one drop and lie still. He sighted Hamil at a little distance and put his horse at the best speed across the broken ground to intercept him, crying out that this was infamous, and a murder of the innocents. He crossed the line of his comrades at his own risk, and a ball sent his kalpack flying. He rode on bareheaded, not knowing how narrowly he had escaped. They were in the village, among the ricks, the little open threshing spaces and the tumble-down houses; rifles cracking and ringing, and sabres gleaming everywhere. The wretched villagers rushed hither and thither helplessly, and were shot or sabred as they ran. In the crowded melee a sudden face flashed on him, white with terror and despair. He knew it in half a heart-beat, and dashed between it and the Circassian trooper charging with uplifted sword. The horses met, and shocked and fell together. Somehow Harry was on his feet again, sabre in hand, standing before the man he recognized. He shouted "Inglese! Inglese!" It was the only word he knew that could be of any service. There were a dozen murderous faces round him, full of the lust of blood, when Hamil burst amongst them, calling out to his blackguards to withdraw. They were in no hurry to obey him, and it was not until he had struck amongst them with his riding-whip, rating them like a pack of hounds, that they dropped back.

"What brings you here?" he asked.

"I am an Englishman," Ronald Morton answered. "I am travelling for pleasure."

He looked so little like it that the Circassian laughed aloud. The man was struck through and through with abject terror, and shook so from head to foot that he could hardly speak. His face was of a gruesome gray, and when he had given his answer his lips went on without his will babbling inarticulate sounds.

"Go back into that hut," said Hamil, "I will give you a guard."

Morton obeyed as quickly as his shaking legs allowed, and Harry, in the effort to follow, felt his leg collapse beneath him, and rolled over. The tumult of slaughter was still going on, but Hamil dismounted, and caught him by the arm.

"You are hurt?" he said. "You are hit?"

"No," he answered, "my horse fell with me. My leg is numbed, that is all."

Hamil helped him into the hut, and set a brace of malcontent ruffians at the door. These gentry robbed of the pleasure of murder, sat growling, but did not dare to disobey.

Morton, finding himself in safety, began to gather courage, and at first vapoured tremendously about his own coolness under trying circumstances. By and by he grew collected enough to see that silence was his best stronghold, and so took refuge in it. When he had altogether recovered his wits he began to think of his preserver, whom he thanked fluently.

"Let us have a look at things," said Harry, "I'm afraid something's broken. Help me off with my boots."

Morton helped him, delicately and carefully, but the operation caused excruciating pain. So far as they could discover nothing was broken, but the limb was already puffed and swollen, and at the best that could be hoped for there was no movement possible for it for some weeks to come.

The infernal noise outside had died away, and except for an occasional word of command or a shout from one comrade to another, the clatter of hoofs and the jingling of bridle and arms, quiet was restored, when Hamil dismounted at the door of the hut, and entered. He knelt down and examined the injured limb with a skilful and practised touch.

"I am afraid you're on your back for a month, my young friend," he said when he had completed his examination. "You have a severe sprain, and I should say the coating of the muscle is broken."

He left the hut, and returned in a minute or two with a garment of white cotton, he tore it into strips soaked them in cold water, and bandaged the injured limb.

"We shall be at Orkhanie this afternoon," he said, "shall I send a litter for you?"

The patient groaned at the fancy.

"Leave me for a day or two," he said, "I shouldn't care about being moved just yet. I don't think I could stand it."

"If I leave you for a day or two," said Hamil, "I may leave you for good and all until the campaign is over. We are going northward."

Even this prospect did not persuade Harry to allow himself to be moved. After the scene of that morning in the midst of which he still lay, his desire for a career of glory in company with the Tchirkasse had undergone serious modification. He was as willing to fight as ever, but he had British notions of warfare, and that did not include the wholesale murder of women and children.

"You had better leave me here," he said, "I would rather not be moved."

"You will have a crowd of Bulgarian dogs here when we have gone away," said Hamil, "and it may go badly with you."

"I am friendly with the people," said Morton. "They know me. I speak their language. There will be no danger."

"You, sir," replied the Circassian, "appear to be courageous in danger's absence."

Morton accepted this sneer in silence. After what he had seen that morning a Circassian officer with his men behind him was the last man in the world on whom to retaliate for a mere insult.

The men were marshalling outside, and were getting ready to renew their march. Hamil went outside for a moment, and hastily returning with arms, and with the news that both Wynne's horse and Morton's were safely tethered at the door, shook hands, kissed his young friend on both cheeks, and went his way.

"If there should be a doctor at Orkhanie," he said, turning at the door, "I will send him to you. When you recover, follow us. I will leave word of our route at every halting place along the line. Good-bye, and God be with you."

All on a sudden there was a mighty clatter outside, and the regiment moved away. The two men listened in silence. The noise travelled further and further, growing fainter and more faint, until at last it died.

(To be Continued.)

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General News and Notes.

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MRS J. HACKETT, Linwood, Ont.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church of the United States met in Washington on 18th. One of the principal topics under discussion is the Briggs heresy case.

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A scheme is on foot to erect a splendid hospital, to cost $100,000, in the west end, Toronto.

Mgr. Gonnindard, archbishop of Rennes, dropped dead on the 17th inst in the court yard of the railway station at Rennes, France.

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EARLIEST SPRING IMPORTATIONS,

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. D. CREAGHAN, NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM

2nd March, 1893.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY

WINTER 1892 & 93.

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

Between Chatham and Fredericton.

For F'ton. (read down) Accom'n.		For Chatham. (read up) Accom'n.
9 10 a. m.	.....Chatham.....	5 20
9 45	.....Chatham Jct.....	4 55
10 45	.....Blackville,.....	3 40
12 25 p. m.	.....Doaktown,.....	2 20
1 20	..... Boiestown,.....	1 30 p. m.
2 40	..... Cross Creek,.....	11 55
4 00	..... Marysville,.....	10 35
4 10	..... Gibson,.....	10 25
4 15	.....Fredericton,....Lv.	10 29 a. m.

Connecting with the I. C. R.

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

GOING SOUTH.	Express.	Mixed.
Leave Chatham,	3.50 a m	10.40 a. m
Arrive Chatham Junc n,	4.15 "	11.10 "
Leave " "	4 22 "	11.15 "
Arrive Chatham	4.47 "	11.45 "

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

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

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

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

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

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY 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.

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

J. E. SNOWBALL, Manager

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1892---WINTER ARRANGEMENT---1893.

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

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION

Through Express for St. John, Halifax, Pictou, (Monday excepted)	4.21
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John,	11.15
Accommodation for Camp-bellton,	14.35
Through Express for Quebec, Montreal, Chicago,	22.00

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Oct 26, 1892.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Chatham Foundry,

CHATHAM - - - - N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

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

Orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices and fair Terms.

T. F. GILLESPIE, - - Proprietor.

HALIFAX

JAMES A. MORRISON,

COMMISSION AND GENERAL MERCHANT.

SPECIALTIES:

TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES.

AGENT FOR

DACOSTA & CO., BARBADOES, W. I., &C. &C.

Reference:—Thos. Fyshe, Esq., Manager Bank of Nova Scotia

Established 1866.

Dunlap Bros. & Co.,

AMHERST, N. S.

Dunlap, McKim & Dowes,

WALLACE, N. S.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,

AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO.

MERCHANT TAYLORS,

AND

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

AMHERST.

N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of clothing in the Dominion, 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. A full inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right.

MIRAMICHI

ADVANCE OFFICE!

The best Equipped

and only Job Printing Office in New Brunswick outside of St John that has ever won both

Medal and Diploma

AT A

DOMINION EXHIBITION,

IN A

Competition open to the whole of Canada.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

Amongst the work that our presses are running on are the following:—

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

WE KEEP IN STOCK A LARGE LINE OF

READY-PRINTED BLANKS,

Which we mail prepaid or deliver promptly on receipt of orders Amongst these are the following:—

CUSTOMS BLANKS.

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

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS.

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

LAW FORMS.

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

SCHOOL FORMS.

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