#### LOLA CRAWSHAY.

By A. W. Marchmont, B. A. Continued from 1st Page.

"What do you want with me?" she asked impatiently.
"I am troubling you, I see. I am sorry," he said, lifting his white, thin hands and shrugging his shoulders, while out of his blue eyes she caught a sharp, swift glance that almost startled her with its keenness and told her he was acting and wanted to read the effect upon her. She tried to look as stumid and impassive as possible. "I really don't care whether the vio-lin has 4 or 5 or 50 strings," she an-

swered as if crossly, but really inter-"That seems to me inconceivable, abstring"-he began to speak with rapid energy, as though the subject carried him away-"I could produce effects by him away—'I could produce effects by the side of which the mightiest effort of the grandest master would be but as the scraping of a learner. I could—but what am I doing? I am an enthusiast;

you are uninterested. I apologize. Pray Beryl bowed very slightly and looked wearied and impatient.
"I did not want to talk of my work or my project either," he said, resuming. "It is only incidental, though I am so full of it that, like a hen that would lay an egg, I must cackle of it. But, alas, right in the middle of a path stands a difficulty. I am rich in my art, wealthy in my love of my instrument, but poor in my pocket. To storm the world with a musical treatise for a weapon is impossible to the man without means. I am seeking the means.' "Yes. What is the cost of adding a fifth string to a fiddle?" asked Beryl stu-pidly. "I thought they were cheap." He glanced sharply at her to see if she were laughing at him, but the cold,

impassive, uninterested expression of her face reassured him. "It is not the cost of the string I am seeking," he said, "but the agents who will take from me the inspiration and help me to proclaim my idea to the

"I am afraid"— began Beryl, but he stopped her with a wave of the hand.

"You cannot help me, you would say, but you can, I think and I hope—not yourself, not yourself. Please listen. I have in many parts of the world pupils who have studied under me. It is them. Fam seeking, to gather them into a company, to touch them with the fire that burns in me and bind them into a band who shall proclaim everywhere what I wish. Among them I had once



an English young lady with soul, fire, enthusiasm, and it is her I am now seek-

have finished now. I have reason to know that the young lady had some as-sociations here and that at one time you ew her. She is Miss Orawshay—Miss

"This was what he wanted," thought
Beryl, with rapid intuition, "and he
has wandered through the mase of his
silly story to get at this."

Bhe did not even let her visitor see that she was surprised.
"I have a friend of that name," she There was no mistaking the gleam of quick, interested delight which passed over the foreigner's face at this, though

he hastened to hide it under the mask "That is good news for my violin!" "But it can't be the same," said Beryl, with her former air of stolid stu-

"She doesn't play the fiddle at "No, no; that is right. Her instru-

soul of the heaven made musician. She lives somewhere here?" he said, with a gesture of interrogation, in which hands and arms and shoulders and eyebrows "She is the wife of Sir Jaffray Wal-

cote and is now in America with her husband," answered Beryl in a com-monplace, level tone, without a trace of animation in her face. But she watched with astonishment the effect of the words.

The man started back in his chair, all the light air which he had assumed dying instantly away, while in place of the mask which he had been wearing astoniahment, disbelief, triumph and white rage played over his face and gleamed in the eyes which stared fixedly at her. For the instant the man's true character showed itself unmistakably to the calm eyes which looked at him from the expressionless, wearied, disinterested face.

The moment afterward he was again the actor, cursing himself for having lost his self control and speculating angrily whether this dull, stupid, conceited English girl had noticed anything. So quickly did his expression change that there seemed to be scarcely a pause before he answered, though in a voice

"I should think you may be right, and that this is not the same Miss Crawshay. It could not be, of course The enthusiast that I knew was living abroad with her father, not thinking of marrying one of your English noble-

"Then it must be the same." said Beryl in the same level tone in which she had struck her first blow. "Lady Walcote came from the continent only about two years ago.' But he was not to be caught off his

guard twice. "Well, if so I am more than for tunate. It is great news, grand news. If I can start my mission with the wife of a nobleman at the head of it in Eng-

land, my cause is already more than "Her husband is a great lover of music," said Beryl, and she saw that some change in the tone of her voice one of those keen glances of his right into her eyes. She parried it by assuming a look of lan-

guor. "Have you anything more to ask?" And she rose. Her visitor rose at the same time. "I thank you very much for the courtesy and kindness with which you have received me and for the time you

have given me." And he bowed with the exaggerated politeness which had irritated Beryk "Montreux, I think you said?" she asked as he reached the door and his hand was on the handle.

He turned quickly at the question, which he seemed in some way to resent.

"Montreux is my birthplace, Miss Leycester. I am Pierre Turrian of Montreux, the violin player. That is all of my connection with Montreux. My teaching has been elsewhere."

had Lady Walcote as a pupil there,'

"Oh, no, no, not at all: not there! It was in Paris, Queen Paris, that I had the pleasure. Oh, no, no! That would and sentiment, and she chose a husband be ridiculous. Paris is where I have made my fame, such fame as I possess, not Montreux. That is not of the world

He laughed as he said this with the He laughed as he said this with the air of one who would laugh out of existence the cobwebs of an absurdity, and the echo of his laugh had not died away when the door closed behind him.

Beryl went to another room, the window of which commanded a view of the drive, and, herself unseen, watched him the world pay so freely and where he persenally was not undesirable.

But she had made one miscalculation that plans drive, and, herself unseen, watched him as he walked away slowly like one in thought. Once or twice he turned stealthily and slyly to look back at the when he was a long way from the house she could see on his face the sharp, for-bidding, evil, menacing look which had nore than once distorted his handsome,

cruel features. Long after he had disappeared amid the small clump of fir trees which fringed both sides of the drive close to the turn of the lodge gates Beryl re-mained leaning against the window frame looking out, full of the forebod-ing which the man's visit had roused. Then, being a practical girl of meta-od, she went to her room and wrote out every word that she could remember of the interview and added her comments and the impressions which had been caused, and she locked the whole away

The points which stood out mos clearly in her mind were that the for-eigner, Pierre Turrian, had some very strong motive for finding Lola; that the tale he told about his musical mission was from start to finish a falsehood; that the fact of the marriage of Lola to Sir Jaffray had moved him beyond all power of self control; that in some way Montreux was mixed up in the matter whether Lola had ever mentioned the

name of Turrian to her. For some days the matter lay like a cloud upon her, and while she was on her visit to her friends she could not dispel it. One incident of that visits served indeed to keep the subject uppermost in her thoughts.

Among the guests was a Frenchman who was a noted amateur violinist, and Beryl, finding him one evening next to her at dinner, asked him whether he knew the name of Turrian as a vielin player.
"Turrian, Turrian?" he repeated,

'Where is he known?'' "I believe in Paris," answered Beryl. "Ma foi, there is no such player in Paris," was the decided reply. "I may say I know every player of any conse-quence in the whole of Paris, but there s none of that name, I am sure."

"Do you know Montreux?" she asked.
"You mean the little Swiss place. I have been there twice, I think, in my rambles. Do you know it—a curious, dull, pretty place—the sort of little south and west to east in an hour or two and carry away as a memory photo-

"You never heard the name Turrian there as that of a violin player?" ask-

laughed. "Not at all. Poor little Mon-treux has never distinguished itself yet in producing anything so important as a musician. Wait, wait. What am I saying?" And he laughed heartily. "I have forgotten the mad abbe. You knew Montreux? No? Then you will not know of the good Abbe d'Eventin?"
""" I have never heart of him." "No, I have never heard of him."

"May I tell you? The good priest had been no one knows what before he entered the holy church. But, whatever it was something be sure. Well, he had picked up a smattering of music, and he could play the tering of music, and he could play the born tenacity of his race he held the thought a shadow of reason. I violin, and he played it in such a way as to drive himself out of his wits. Then it was that he conceived a great inspira-tion—he was to revolutionise the world, And how do you think he was to do it? By adding a fifth string to the violin. Isn't that droll? A fifth string, my faith! Poor fellow!"

"Is the tale well known at Mon-

treux?" asked Beryl after joining in her companion's expression of amuse-

have? Could it be otherwise? Every pr-chin in the gutter has the story off by "What a most interesting story!" said Beryl, who found much more in-

It emphasized two points in the tale which the man Turrian had told her.

It showed whence he had stolen the idea for his story about the fifth string, and it suggested that his connection with Montreux was at least as close as Beryl had at first concluded, But it did not help her to any solu-tion of the chief question as to what

was the reason why the man was seeking Lola. It proved that the reason was not what he had said, and that did not carry her far.
It had another effect. Her compan-

ion's word had started a thought which afterward developed considerably. As Montream, Beryl had been speaking of Montream, Beryl had been struck by the idea that in so small a place it must be exceedingly easy to find out anything about anybody, and from this it was an easy though gradual development that in such a place she herself could readily

make any necessary inquiries.

That idea did not come for some time, however, and in the meantime Beryl was treubled to know whether she ought to speak to Sir Jaffray's mother and tell her what had passed in the inter-view with Pierre Turrian,

There was also the further question as to Lola herself. Ought she to be told? This was a problem over which Beryl spent many hours of thought. If there was any evil in the matter, anything which threatened Lola, not for all the world would Beryl have the news of it come through her. It would look all too much like the result of me vindictive feeling on her part.

But, on the other hand, if Beryl said othing and it transpired afterward that the man had been to her, her silence would be open to misconception, She resolved in the end, therefore, to go to Walcote manor and in the course of conversation tell Lady Walcote, as it

were casually, of the man's visit, giv-ing his object as described by himself. On her return home she did this and suggested further that it might be well to write and tell Lola of the fact. She described the incident in a way which excited no feeling on Lady Walcote's part except laughter, and it was in this vein that the latter spoke of it in a postscript to a letter to Sir Jaffray. The letter was dispatched to await the

baronet and his wife at New York, as the time was drawing near for their return to England. was sent to Lola that her first husband was alive and had already hunted her

CHAPTER VII. HOW LOLA HEARD THE NEWS. The news that Pierre Turrian was alive did not reach Lola at New York, swing to a mischance. Sir Jaffray and she arrived there some days later than

they had planned and not until the evening of the day before that on which they were booked to sail. The letters were thus thrust away to be read on board the steamer, and in

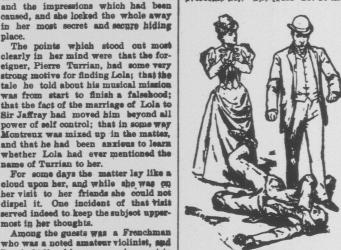
the confusion the postscript was over-Had she known the news Lola would

which were purely worldly and selfish. She had to make a position. She loved as a man might choose a profession, because it gave her all that she wanted with the least personal effort and diffi-

"We women sell ourselves, and she

She was a woman whose heart was not dead, as she believed, but rather had never been quickened into life. She had imagined that she could go through life as a sort of unemotional lay figure by the side of a husband whom she did not love, suffering his caresses and endearments, but not returning them or at most paying with simulated affection for the comforts with which he would surround her. But in her there were no neutral tinta.

She must love or hate. Sir Jaffray's nature fired her, and th more she endeavored to assure herself of her own coldness of heart the more was she moved by him. The very indifference which she affected helped to overcome her. She sould not be indif-



ferent, and she could not hate him, and

She had chosen, moreover, that cind of holiday which helped to make indifference impossible. She saw her husband at his best during the whele time, and there was no incident of their travel to distract her from him, nothing that caught and held her attention

man born to be leved by women.—streng to command where strength was need-ed, gentle as a child where gentleness served, as brave as a man can be and courseous to the point of long suffering. In all bedily exercises he was excep-tionally agile and enduring, and he possessed in a marked and extraordinary degree just those qualities which to Lela were the type and embodiment of

She was bound to yield in time to the forceful influence which he exercised, and the more she perceived this and struggled against it the more irresistible did she find it.

As her feelings softened so her fears waxed. She was afraid to grow to love as a religious creed and perhaps higher. Straight dealing was an instinct and deceit and treachery an abomination. She had seen 50 instances of this in the months of the honeymoon, and she was shrewd enough to understand that the deceit which she had practiced he would punish remorselessly and visit with implacable unforgiveness if he ever dis-

His faith once given was given abforever. She did not care while she knew that

the tie between them was on her side one of tangue and not of heart. She knew, of course, that in the future. whether Pierre reappeared or not, she would need a clear head and calm judgment to walk safely, but if she grew to love her husband she would be neither clear in head nor calm in judgment. So long as she could part from him, f all were discovered, without any loss except such as touched her social position and her money interests, she felt that she could go through all with the certainty of ultimate success.

But if she loved her husband there

were a thousand and one complication which might follow, each of which would be a source of undoing. It was no trouble to her to feign love, to school herself to seem happy in her husband's presence, to be bright and cheerful with him and to shower upon him a hundred attentions which seemed the spontaneous outcome of a desire to please, but were in reality the more hrewdly chosen because a clever cal-

culation prompted each and all. Gradually she was surprised at the case with which this acting was done and the pleasure which it seemed to give her in the doing, nor did she guess the real source of the pleasure until an incident which happened when they had been away some two or three months revealed the truth to her.

They had ridden into a far outlying town in one of the southern states, and Lola was standing in the street alone waiting for her husband, who had been detained at the place where they had stabled the horses. A couple of drunken rowdies passed, and, noticing her beauty, stopped and spoke to her. She took no notice except to glance at them with so much contempt in her expression that one of them lost his temper and, with a deep cath, tried to clutch her by the wrist, vowing he'd kiss her for her in-

He reckoned without her strength and pluck, however, and as he grasped at her she pushed him violently backward and struck him with the heavy end of her big riding whip in the face. He staggered back and measured his length on the readway, to the intense amusement of his companion, who

laughed and swore gleefully.
When he got up, the ruffian, red
with rage and swearing that he would
have revenge, approached Lola, who awaited his attack with unflinching courage, eying him steadily the whole time. Rendered cautious by his first defeat, he held off for a moment watching his opportunity, and then with a cunning feint he put her off her guard and rushed in, pinioned her arms and held

She struggled to free her hands, but the fellow's sinews were too much for her, and she was beginning to fear that he would overpower her when she heard him vent a hoarse, guttural, chok-ing seund and saw that Sir Jaffray had come up and caught him by the throat, half strangling him in his fierce temper. The next instant the man was on his back again in the roadway, flung there with great violence by her hus-

"Are you hurt, Lola?" he asked, with the pain of suspense in his eyes. "No, not in the least. Come away That brute's getting up again."

The fellow was on his feet again di-Had she known the news Lola would have turned back at any risk and have arranged to prolong an experience which had been the brightest of her life.

She had never dreamed that marriage with Sir Jaffray would bring the happiness to her which she had found in it.

That brute's getting up again.

The fellow was on his feet again directly, and both he and his opmpanion had drawn their revolvers.

"You don't shoot women in these parts, 2' you?" said Sir Jaffray sternly.

"Wait. "Ome, Lola."

He led her away to a house that was open at some little distance, and, putting her inside, told her to wait. "You mustn't go back, Jaffray," she said, a fear that she had never felt for herself awaking on account of him, and she clung to him to keep him by

and, putting her hand off his arm with a firm, gentle strength, he went out again. He walked straight up to the bully who had assaulted Lola, and, disregarding contemptuously the revolver which the man held threateningly, struck him with his clinched fist a fearful blow in the face, knocking him down with a thud which resounded all across the road. The man lay like a stunned ox. Then Sir Jaffray turned to the companion, but he, seeing what had happened, fired his revolver at random

and ran away, swearing.

When Sir Jaffray went back to Lola, he found her more agitated than he had ever seen her, and she did not seem. herself again for many hours and in-deed for days afterward. He did not understand the cause of

In that instant the revelation had

come of the new feeling which was developing in her, and the knowledge, in view of all that it meant, had agitated her as much as any incident in all her turbulent life. In the days that followed, Sir Jaffray noticed for the first time in his wife at

waywardness and uncertainty of temper which were quite unusual, and they gurprised and rather grieved him. She was in reality fighting against her new But she fought in vain, and from that moment onward she felt herself-drawn closer and closer to him until she

eased at last to wage a useless fight. Her return to England was thus un-welcome. So leng as they were thou-sands of miles away from Europe she was safe against discovery, and could she have had her way she would have prolenged their journey indefinitely.

But Sir Jaffray was beginning to feel
a strong desire to be home. He loved
the place and longed to be there and to
see Lela installed as its beautiful mistress. He would have hurried home earlier had he followed his own inclina tions, but he could not interfere to stop the pleasure which she showed on every eccasion in all the incidents of their traveling. He was delighted, however, when at length he stood with Lola on the big Atlantic liner and watched the use at Sandy Hook growing dimmer and dimmer in the haze of distance and felt that they were homewar

He was surprised that Lola was silent and thoughtful. It was a new thing for her to feel

But now if what she had begun to to grapple with it. And it was part of the effect of her new love and the fears it bred that the danger which, when she did not dread its coming, had seemed remote and all but impossible now appeared almost certain and inevitable. She blamed herself for not having taken any of the thousand precautions at the time of Pierre's death which she new saw she ought to have taken, and her father's words recurred to her over and

and I can manage them, I think."
"Not much fear of that," replied her d. with a smile of admiration There are not many people you could not manage. We shall have to have a unction or two, and there'll be a bit of tuss when we get back, I expect. But we won't stay longer than you like at the manor. We'll get up to town. We "Yes, marriage isn't an excuse for refusing invitations, as it used to be in Galilee. It makes one look out for them

for them, I promise you. When once you're seen, they'll come fast enough."
"I suppose so, but I'd rather have eur time back there," with a movement of the head toward the west, "than a

"You'll grow out of that fast mough," he said. "But I'm glad you haven't been bored. After all, there's no place like the manor, to my mind. I'm awfully fond of the old place, and on my word I go back to it with greater gusto every time I've been away."
Then, after a long pause, he added, "I shall like it better than ever with you at its head, Lola, and I think you'll get to feel about it pretty much as I do.'' "I shall, if you make it a pleasant place to me," she answered, with a laughing look of affection. "If not, I

"I'll try not to make you do that. I shall be glad when we get there. We're due in tomorrow afternoon, and if all goes as it has hitherto we shall be well up to time. We shall be home before midnight, all being well. I'm afraid that our getting in at such a time will a bit upset any arrangements which the Walcote people may have made for a reception, but we must have 'em up next day and give 'em a lunch or a feed of some kind. Wonderful cure for disappointment is a good feed. Jove, I shall be glad to see the old place again!" That night, the last they were to spend on board, the baronet went up on

deck to smoke a cigar after supper, and Lola went with him. It was a clear, crisp, sharp air, and the moon and stars were shining brightly. She took his arm, and, pressing closely to him, walked up and down the deck. "Our last night at sea, Jaffray," she "And a lovely one, eh? "Have you enjoyed the time?"

"Never had a better in my life." he know marriage was half so good."
"Or you might have tried it before?"
And she laughed. "If I'd met you before," he replied "I'm glad I've given you one span of

happiness, Jaffray," she said, and the tone in which she spoke seemed rather good bit," he said. "You're not like the same girl in some ways." "Not with you?" She put the ques-tion in a tone that touched him at once.

"I'm the same with you. You forget that till you came into it mine was a aghting life."
"So that chap must have thought in Calladus." he said, laughing at the recollection of the way she had treate the man who had tried to insult her. you had to come to the reson hen. I wonder if you always would and will."
"We don't breed cowboys in old Eng-

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"Beginning to think what a serious matter marriage is?" he asked. "You'll have no end of fuss made of you in the county. Different from the wild west."

"I suppose one is quizzed a bit," said Lola. "But I know most of the people, and I can manage them, I think."

"Not much fear of the?"

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