The Diamond Coterie.

(Continued from 1st page.)

"Well, I wish I could feel as sanguine, that's all."

At this moment there came the sound of wheels on the gravel outside, and glancing toward the window, Frank sprang up exclaiming:—

"There's Belknap, and not a minute to lose. I'll go meet him," and he hurried out, wearing a look of relief, mingled with expectancy.

In a moment he returned, closely followed by the smiling detective.

"Quick, Belknap," said Frank, closing the door, carefully, "give us the important points. The carriage will be here in a short time, to take the old man to town, and he must be on time, for trains won't wait."

"True," said Mr. Belknap, seating himself near the table. "I should have reported to you last evening, but thought it best to remain about town, and let myself be seen by the hotel loungers; people in a place like this, are curious about a man who keeps too much to himself, and one must always conciliate suspicion."

"True," from Mr. Lamotte.

"I saw Miss Wardour yesterday, gentlemen; she entirely withdraws the case."

"What! entirely?" asked Frank.

"Entirely; she asked for my account, paid it, and dismissed me, saying, that she should not resume the search, but should double the reward."

"Double the reward!" repeated Frank.

"Yes, provided both the diamonds and the thieves were found."

A moment's silence and then the elder Lamotte emptied his glass and set it down, saying as he did so:—

"Well, but the point is not yet reached. Did you explain the necessity you were under if the case left your hands?"

"I did. She was suprised, of course, and incredulous, but she made no remarks,and seemed not at all discomposed at the danger menacing Doctor Heath. After we had settled our business, she asked me if I should now drop the case and let the authorities work it out, or if I would continue to work independent of her."

"And you said what?" asked Frank.

"I said that circumstances must decide that."

"And she was not disturbed about Heath?"

"Evidently not; she was as cool as myself."

Frank drew a long breath of relief.

"And now, Mr. Lamotte," said the private detective, "what is the next move?"

"Perfect quiet for the next two or three days; like Miss Wardour, we will take time to consider. I am going to the big city to-day, Mr. Belknap, if you need any funds before I return, call on Frank. I shall be back in two days, and then we will decide upon our next move. Is that the carriage, Frank?"

It was the carriage, and almost before Mr. Belknap could realize it or gather together his scattered forces, Mr. Lamotte had shaken hands with him, nodded to Frank, donned his hat, gathered up his traveling coat, cane, and gloves, and was on his way to the carriage, followed by a servant, who carried his traveling bag.

As may be seen, Mr. Belknap had made his "reports" according to his own lights, as for instance, giving his first interview with Constance in brief, on the same day it took place, merely stating that Miss Wardour requested time to consider; and reserving all that portion concerning Doctor Heath, until to-day, when he gave that too, in brief, and with many "mental reservations."

Mr. Belknap was a little bit nonplussed at this sudden journey of Jasper Lamotte's; he did not like to be so widely separated from his patron, even for a few days, and especially now; but it was too late to make an amendment to this state of affairs, so he contented himself with a cigar and Frank's society. Not finding the latter of the best, and being able to enjoy the former anywhere, he soon took his leave, and drove back to his hotel, the best in W—, where he went straight to his room, ordered up a hot brandy, complained of a slight indisposition, and spent the remainder of the day and the entire evening in and about the hotel, lounging, smoking, reading, chatting and always visible.

Meantime, Mr. Lamotte, arriving ten minutes early at the W— depot, sauntered out among the people swarming about, and waiting the arrival of the fast express.

There was always a bustle about the W— depot at this hour of the day, and Mr. Lamotte nodded graciously here and there, and stopped to extend a patronizing hand to a chosen and honored few. Presently he came face to face with a man who, with hands in his pockets, was watching the unloading of a belated dray.

"How do you do, Brooks," said he, glancing at the hands and face that were a little cleaner than usual, and at the pretence of a toilet that made the awkwardness of the fellow unusually apparent. "You seem taking a holiday. Are you bound to leave us?"

"That's what I am, sir," said the man, touching his hat. "Work's too scarce for me, sir, and bad company's too plenty. I've said I would go a dozen times, sir; and now I'm off."

"I am sorry we could not keep you on at the mills, Brooks; but—you know who was to blame."

"Oh it was me, sir; I don't deny that. It's hard for me to keep away from the liquor. But look here, Mr. Lamotte, sir: If you ever see me again, you'll see me sober."

Mr. Lamotte uttered a skeptical laugh and turned away. The train was there, and it bore cityward the gentlemanly Mr. Lamotte, and the half-inebriated loafer, Brooks.

CHAPTER XXIV.

All that day, or what remained of it after his father's departure, and the almost simultaneous withdrawal of the private detective, Frank Lamotte passed in an uneasy reverie. He had much at stake; and now that the crisis of his fortunes was so near at hand, he began to review his ground, and every word, look, and tone of Constance Wardour, as he recalled them, one by one, was to him a fresh puzzle.

Six months ago, Frank Lamotte would have scoffed at the suggestion of a refusal even from the proud Constance. Now, somehow, he had lost his self-confidence. Again and again he imagined the words that he would say, and the words he hoped, that she would answer. Then, as he forced himself to face the possibility of defeat, the veins upon his temples swelled out, his teeth clenched, and one of those "atttacks," to which he was subject, and against which Doctor Heath had warned him, seemed imminent. Again and again he gazed, with proud satisfaction, upon his reflected image, in the full length drawing-room mirror, and turned away, vowing himself a fitting mate for any woman. Again and again, when the image of his own physical perfections had ceased to dazzle his vision, his heart sank within him, and a dismal foreboding put his courage to flight.

"Confound it all," muttered he, as he wandered aimlessly from one deserted room to another: "the very house seems under a spell. Sybil, sitting like a recluse in her own rooms, growing pale, and wild-eyed, and spectre-like, every day. Evan, in his room, sick with drink, and verging on the D. T. Mother, gliding like a stately ghost from one to the other, or closeted in her own room; she has not been down stairs to-day. Burrill, the devil knows where he is, and what took him out so unusually early this morning. He's been cutting it worse than ever for the past week; the fellow, seemingly, can't find company low enough for him, in one stage of his drunkenness, nor high enough for him in another. It's fortunate for us that liquor has at last relaxed his vigilance; the old man has taken a leading trick by the means. Curse the brute! Why won't he die in a drunken frenzy, or from over-feeding, but he won't!" Thus soliloquizing, he lighted a cigar and went out into the grounds. "I'll try the effect of a little sunshine," he muttered; "for the house feels like a sarcophagus; one would think the family pride was about to receive its last blow, and the family doom about to fall."

So, restless and self-tormented, Frank Lamotte passed the long afternoon, in the double solitude of a man deserted, alike by his friends and his peace of mind.

"We make our own ghosts," said somebody once. Frank Lamotte's phantoms had begun to manifest themselves, having grown into things of strength, and become endowed with the power to torture; thanks to the atmosphere into which he had plunged himself and them.

Late in the afternoon, John Burrill came home, but Frank avoided him, not caring to answer any questions at that time.

Burrill seemed to care little for this, or anything; he was in a wonderfully jubilant mood. He rambled through the tenantless rooms, whistling shrilly, and with his hands in his pockets. He commanded the servants like a Baron of old. He drank wine in the library, and smoked a cigar in the drawing room, and when these pleasures palled upon him, he ascended the stairs, and went straight to the room occupied by Evan.

For some time past, Jasper Lamotte had made an effort to break the bond of good fellowship, that, much to the surprise of all the family, had sprung up sbetween the wild young fellow, and the coarser and equally or worse besotted elder one. How even reckless Evan Lamotte could find pleasure in such society, was a mystery to all who knew the two. But so it was, and Jasper Lamotte's interdict was not strong enough to sever the intimacy. John Burrill responded to his exhortations with a burst of defiance, or a volley of oaths; and, Evan received all comments upon his choice of a companion, with a sardonic smile, or a wild mocking laugh.

They had not been much together for the past few days, owing to the indisposition which had kept Evan away from their favorite haunts, but had not kept him away from his favorite beverage.

As Burrill entered his room, Evan received him with a shout of welcome, and for more than an hour they were closeted there, some times conversing in low, guarded tones, and sometimes bursting into roars of laughter, that penetrated even through the shut doors of Sybil's rooms, causing her to start nervously, and shiver as with a chill.

A little before sunset the carriage from Wardour deposited Constance and Mrs. Aliston at the door of this home of little harmony, and even Constance noted the unusual stillness, and whispered to her aunt, as they waited in the drawing room the appearance of Mrs. Lamotte:—

"Bah! I sniff the ogre here, auntie. 'The trail of the serpent' is over the entire house."

"I sniff the dead odor of a vile cigar," retorted Mrs. Aliston. "As for the ogre —if he won't appear in person, I'll try and survive the rest."

"I am very glad you have come, Constance," said Mrs. Lamotte, entering at this moment. "We are so dull here, and Sybil has wished much to see you." And then she extended a courteous but more stately greeting to Mrs. Aliston.

"It grieves me to hear that Sybil is not so well, dear Mrs. Lamotte. Does she employ a physician?" asked Constance, presently.

"She will not have a physician called, much to my regret. The very suggestion make her wildly nervous."

"And—she keeps her room too much. I think Frank told me."

"Yes, recently. But, Constance, go up to her; Mrs. Aliston and I will entertain each other for awhile, and then we will join you. Sybil heard you announced, and will expect you."

Thus commanded, Constance lost no time in making her way, unattended, to Sybil's room.

In the upper hall she met Frank, who started, and flushed at sight of her, and then hurried forward, with extended hand.

"Constance," he exclaimed, eagerly, "how glad I am to see you.,"

"I'm such an uncommon sight!" she laughed, too much absorbed with thoughts of Sybil, to notice the extra warmth of his greeting, or a certain change of manner, that was a mingling of boldness, bashfulness, humility and coxcombery.

"How do you do, Frank?"

"Well in body, Constance—"

"Oh! then we can easily regulate your mind. I'm going to see Sybil, and I don't want your company; so adieu, Frank."

"One moment, please. I want to—I must see you, this evening. Shall you remain with us?"

"No. Aunt Honor is below; we go home, soon."

"Then—may I call, this evening, Constance?"

"What a question! as if you did not call whenever the spirit moved you so to do; come, if you like, child; I shall have no better company, I am afraid," and on she swept, and had vanished within his sister's room, before Frank could decide whether to be chagrined, or delighted, at so readily given, carelessly worded, a consent.

The start, the nervous tremor, the terrified ejaculations, with which Sybil greeted, even this expected and welcome guest, all told how some deadly foe was surely undermining her life and reason. And Constance noted, with a sinking heart, the dark circles around the eyes that were growing hollow, and heavy, and full of a strange, wild expectancy; the pale cheeks, thinner than ever, and the woful weariness of the entire face.

Greeting her tenderly, and making no comments on her changed appearance, Constance chatted for a time on indifferent subjects, and noted closely, as a loving friend will, the face and manner of her listener. Sybil sat like one in a trance, rather a nightmare, her eyes roving from her visitor's face to the door, and back again, and this constantly repeated; her whole attitude and manner, that of one listening, rather for some sound, or alarm, from afar, than to the words of the friend beside her.

At last, Constance finding commonplace about exhausted, said:—

"Congratulate me, child! I have thrown off a burden from my shoulders; I have brought my diamond investigations to a close."

"Ah! diamonds!" Sybil almost started from her chair, and the exclamation came sharply from lips white and trembling.

"Yes, my lost diamonds, you know; I have dismissed Mr. Belknap."

"Belknap!" an unmistakable look of horror crossed her face. "Dismissed him; oh, I wish I could!"

Sorely at a loss, yet thinking it best not to seem surprised at what she believed to be the efforts of a wandering mind to grasp and master the subject under discussion, Constance talked on, answering questions and making observations, without allowing Sybil to see the surprise and sorrow that filled her heart; and, not until many days later did she recall her friend's wild words, to see how much of method there might be in this seeming madness.

"Mr. Belknap was conducting the search for the diamonds, you know, Sybil?"

Sybil seemed making an effort to collect her scattered senses.

"Yes, yes, Conny, go on," she whispered.

"I have paid him off and am done with him; that's about all, dear."

"Conny," in a half whisper, "is he gone?"

"I don't know about that; he said something about remaining here for a time."

"Oh!" ejaculated Sybil, and then, under her breath, "My God!"

Constance shuddered as she looked upon the shivering figure before her, the wavering eyes, the hands clenching and unclenching themselves; she found conversation difficult, and began to wonder how she could avoid subjects that brought painful thoughts or suggestions. But suddenly a change came over Sybil; sitting erect, she looked fixedly at her friend, and asked:—

"Conny, has he tormented you of late?"

"He! Sybil; you mean—"

"I mean my curse! has he dared to annoy you? He has sworn that he will be accepted and recognized as your friend."

Constance laughed a short, sarcastic laugh.

"Be at rest, Sybil; he never will."

"No;" with a strange dropping of her voice. "He never will!"

Again she seemed struggling to recover herself, and to recall some thought; then she looked up and asked abruptly:—

"Conny, have you promised to marry my—Frank Lamotte?"

"No, Sybil."

"Then—promise, promise me, Constance, as if I were on my dying bed, that you never will."

"Why, Sybil, dear?"

"Don't ask for reasons, don't; promise, promise, promise!"

She was growing excited, and Constance hastened to say:—

"You are laboring under some delusion, dear child; Frank has not offered himself to me."

"But he will! he will! and I tell you, Constance, it would be giving yourself to a fate like mine, and worse. The Lamottes have not done with disgrace yet, and it shall not fall on you; promise me, Con."

"I promise, Sybil."

"You promise;" she arose from her chair and came close to Constance; "you promise," she said, slowly, "never, never to marry Francis Lamotte?"

"I swear it."

A coarse laugh, a smothered oath; they both turn swiftly, and there, in the doorway, smelling of tobacco and brandy, and shaking with coarse laughter, is John Burrill, and beside him, with clenched hands, swollen temples, drawn, white lips, stands Francis Lamotte. Stands! No. He reels, he clings to the door-frame for support; his enemy is upon him.

Sybil draws herself erect; the red blood flames to her face; the fire darts from her eyes; she lifts one slender arm and points at the reeling figure; then there rings out a burst of mad, mocking laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha! Frank Lamotte, I have settled my account with you."

Then turning swiftly upon Burrill, and with even fiercer fury she shrieks:—

"Out, out, out of my sight! I am almost done with you, too. Go back to your wine and your wallowing in the gutter; your days are numbered."

The awful look upon her face, the defiant hatred in her voice, the sudden strength and firmness of her whole bearing, Constance shuddered at and never forgot, Frank Lamotte, making a monstrous effort for self-control, gasped, let go his hold on the door frame, lifted his hand to his temples, and came a few steps into the room. Outside, on the stairway, was the rustle of woman's garments, the light fall of swift feet. In other moment Mrs. Lamotte, followed by Mrs. Aliston, enters the room, pushing past the gaping and astonished Burrill with scant ceremony. Then, Sybil's strength deserts her as John Burrill, recalled to a sense of his own importance, advances, and seems about to address her. She utters a cry of abhorrence and terror, and, throwing out her hands to ward off his approach, reels, falls, and is caught in the supportiung arms of Constance and Mrs. Lamotte.

While they are applying restoratives, Frank sees the propriety of withdrawing from the scene, but no such motives of delicacy or decency ever find lodgment in the brain of John Burrill, and leering with tipsy gravity, he presses close to the bedside and poisons the air with his reeking breath. Constance flushes with anger, and glances at Mrs. Lamotte. That lady looks up uneasily, and seems to hesitate, and then Mrs. Aliston rises to the occasion, and covers herself with glory.

Looking blandly up into the man's face, she lays one fat, gloved hand upon his arm, and says, in a low, confidential tone:—

"Come this way one moment, sir, if you please," and she fairly leads the wondering and unsuspecting victim from the room. A second later he is standing in the passage, the chamber door is shut swiftly and locked securely. John Burrill has been led out like a lamb, and the fat and smiling strategist comes back to the bedside.

"I suppose he thought I would tell him a secret when I got him outside," she laughs, softly.

Whatever he thought he kept to himself. After uttering a few curses he went below, "returned to his pipe and his bowl," and waited the dinner hour.

"I shall send for Doctor Heath," said Mrs. Lamotte, as she bent above her daughter, who had slowly returned to consciousness, but lay passive, seeming not to see or know the friends who stood about her. "Sybil does not know us; I feel alarmed."

Mrs. Aliston nodded sagaciously. "He can not come too soon," she said; then to Constance, with a mingling of womanly tact and genuine kindliness, "my child, you had better drive home soon. If Mrs. Lamotte wishes, or will permit, I will stay to-night. It will be better, believe me, Mrs. Lamotte, than to share a watch with any servant; and I am a good nurse."

So it is arranged that she shall stay, and Constance proposes to return alone to Wardour.

As she goes down stairs to her carriage, from out the shadow of the drawing room comes Frank Lamotte, still very haggard, and trembling with excitement suppressed.

"Constance!" he whispers, hoarsely, "one moment, please."

She pauses before him, very pale and still.

"Constance," speaking with an effort, "I—went up there, hoping to keep Burrill from intruding; he was too quick for me, and—and I heard Sybil's last words—and yours."

No answer from the pale listener.

"My sister asked you to refuse me. Am I right?"

"You heard."

"And you promised?"

"I promised."

"Constance, Sybil is half mad. You surely were only humoring her whim in so replying."

"Sybil is half mad. I begin to think that you know why."

"We all know why. She has sacrificed herself for an ingrate; she has saddled us all with a monster, to save a brother who is not worth saving."

"Frank Lamotte, stop; I can not listen to this; for, let me tell you that I know this charge against Evan Lamotte to be false, and I know that you know it; and yet you have sanctioned the fraud. Who has blighted Sybil's life, you may know, but it is not Evan."

"Constance do you mean—"

"I mean all that I say. Let me pass, Frank."

(To be continued.)

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BUSINESS CHANGE.
The Business heretofore carried on under the name of John McDonald, will hereafter be conducted under the name, and style of
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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 s licit a continuance of the same for JOHN McDONALD & CO.
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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 millman 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 Neguac Bay at the southwesterly corner of the road leading from Lower Neguac 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 16th 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.

R. A. LAWLOR, Solicitor. MARGARET SNOWBALL, Assignee of Mortgagee.

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SUMMER 1897.

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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 / 10 45 lv	5 50 ar / 6 05 lv	...Doaktown,...	8 50	10 45 / 10 40
12 05 p m	7 10	...Blackville,...	7 40	9 10
1 00 ar / 1 50 lv	8 03 / 8 07	..Chatham Jct..	6 45	7 50 / ar7 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 BLK'VLE
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 Carrol'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.

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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.
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VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shelac, Driers.
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WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS $1.90, CLOTHES WRINGERS $2.50, DAISY CHURNS $3.75.
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(")	Bright Yellow "	....	32 " " "
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	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 "

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Chatham N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

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