The Diamond Coterie.

(Continued from 1st page.)

"It's the only way," she muttered between shut teeth, "the only possible way." And then she unlocked the dressing case, took out her jewels once more, handling them with greatest care. She spread them out before her, and resting her elbows on the dressing table, and her chin in the palm of one slender hand, gazed and thought with darkening brow and compressed lips; and with now and then a shudder, and a startled glance behind and about her.

"It's the only way," she repeated. "They have left me but one weapon, and it's for my life;" and the lips set themselves in hard lines, and the dark eyes looked steely and resolute. What wild purpose was taking shape in the tortured brain of Sybil Burrill? planted there by the impulsive revelation of Constance Wardour.

While the lurid light yet shone from her eyes, there came a tap upon the door, and then Mrs. Lamotte's voice called:—

"Sybil, are you there?"

"Yes, mamma."

Sybil gathered up the jewels once more, hastily and putting them under lock and key, admitted her mother. Mrs. Lamotte was never a demonstrative parent. She glanced anxiously at her daughter, and the look upon the pale face did not escape her eye; but she made no comment, only saying:—

"I heard Constance drive away, and thought I should find you alone. Do you feel equal to a drive, Sybil?"

Sybil hesitated, and then answered: "I think so mamma, if you wish to go out."

"I have some shopping to do, and—it's best for us to go out a little. Don't you think so?"

"It's best that we keep up appearances, certainly mamma; for what else do we exist? Shall we take the honorable Mr. Burrill?"

Mrs. Lamotte shrugged her shoulders. "By no means," she replied. "Mr. Burrill, if his feelings are too much hurt, shall drive with me to-morrow. It's an honor he has been thirsting for."

"He has indeed, mamma; the creature is insatiable."

Mrs. Lamotte arose with one of her cold smiles.

"For the present let us ignore him, Sybil," she said. "Make an elaborate driving toilet, we want the admiration of W—, not its pity." And having thus uttered one article of her creed, Mrs. Lamotte swept away to prepare for the ordeal, for such that drive would be to those two proud women.

No one could have guessed it, however, when an hour later, the elegant barouche, drawn by two superb grays, rolled through the streets of W—. Two richly dressed, handsome, high-bred, smiling women; that is what W— saw, and all it saw; and light-hearted poverty looked, and envied; little knowing the sorrow hidden underneath the silk and lace, and the misery that was masked in smiles.

Meantime, John Burrill, left to his own devices, found time drag heavily. Frank had abandoned him, as soon as it became known that Constance was gone; and had abandoned himself to a fit of rage, when he became aware that his black mare was also gone. Mr. Lamotte had driven to town with his own light buggy; Sybil was gone, Evan was gone; even his stately mother-in-law was beyond the reach of his obnoxious pleasantries.

He ordered up a bottle of wine, and drank it in the spirit of an ill used man. Always, in his perfectly sober moments, John Burrill felt oppressed with a sense of the difference existing between himself and the people among whom he had chosen to cast his lot.

Not that he recognized, or admitted, his inferiority; had he not demonstrated to the world, that he, John Burrill, sometime mill worker, and overseer, was a man of parts, a self-made man.

When he had quaffed a bottle of wine, he began to feel oppressed in a different way. He was overburdened with a sense of his own genius, and in a very amiable frame of mind, altogether. In this mood, he joined the family at dinner; after which meal, a few glasses of brandy added fire to the smouldering element within him, and straightway he, blazed forth: a gallant, a coxcomb. In this frame of mind, he always admired himself excessively, took stock of his burly legs and brawny shoulders, and smiled sentimentally before the mirror, at his reflected face.

There were people who called John Burrill a handsome man; and if one had a fancy for a round head, with depressions where bumps are desirable, and vice versa, and an animal sort of attractiveness of feature, consisting of a low, flat forehead, straight nose, large, full red lipped mouth, fair florid complexion set off by a pair of dark blue eyes, that were devoid of any kindly expression, and hair, full beard, and moustache, of a reddish brown hue, coarse in quality, but plentiful in quantity, and curling closely; then we will admit that John Burrill was handsome. Why not? We can see handsome bovines at any fat cattle show.

After this elation, came the fourth stage; a mixture of liquors as the evening advanced, and then John Burrill became jealous of his rights, careful of his dignity, crafty, quarrelsome, and difficult to manage. Next he became uproarious, then maudlin; then blind, beastly drunk, and utterly regardless where he laid him down, to finish the night, for his last stage usually dragged itself far into the small hours.

Gluttonous and meditative in the morning; beginning to swell with a growing sense of importance about midday; amorous, obstrusive, and consequential later; hilarious after dinner; quarrelsome before tea; and down in the ditch before dawn. This was Burrill's notion of enjoying life in leisurely, gentlemanly fashion. And this was his daily routine, with variations to suit the occasion.

But sober or drunk, morning, noon, or night, he never ceased to remind the Lamottes that he was one of them, their equal; never forgot his purpose, or allowed them to forget it, or him. He was their old man of the sea, their blight, their curse, and, they could never hope to shake him off.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sybil sat alone in her boudoir. It was yet early in the evening, but, feeling little inclined to remain in the society of her family, who assembled, with all due formality, in the drawing room on "at home" evenings, and most of their evenings were spent at home now, she had withdrawn, pleading fatigue after their drive.

The night outside was balmy enough, but Sybil had ordered a light fire in the grate, and she sat before it with all the rays from a fully illuminated chandelier falling directly over her.

She still wore the rich dress she had put on for her drive; and excitement, exercise, something, had lent an unusual glow to her cheeks, and caused her dusky eyes to shine clear and steady, almost too clear, too steadfast, was their gaze as it was fixed upon the glowing coals; she had not looked so thoughtful, so self-forgetful, yet self-absorbed, since she came to Mapleton, John Burrill's wife.

Sitting thus, she heard a shambling step in the hall, and the heavy voice of her husband, trolling out a snatch of song, caught up most likely in some barroom.

He was approaching her door, and quick as thought she sprang from her chair, and noiselessly examined the fastenings, to assure herself against him.

Then, while her hand still rested on the door, his hand struck a huge blow upon the outside, and he called out gruffly:—

"Sybil."

No answer; she dared not move, lest the rustle of her silks should betray her. "S-Sybil, I say, lemme in." Still no reply, and John Burrill shook the door violently, and ground out an oath.

Just then came the sound of another door further up the hall, her mother's door. It opened easily, and closed softly, and then quick, cat-like steps approached, and the voice of Jasper Lamotte, low and serene as usual, arrested the noise of the baffled applicant for admittance.

"Less noise, Burrill." Sybil had not heard her father address him in that tone of familiar command. "Sybil's not there."

"Jes zif I didn't know better."

"Nonsense, man; your wife is below with her mother at this moment. Now stop that fuss, and shake yourself out. I've some private words for your ear."

"Oh;" the man's voice dropped a tone lower; "quite a time since we've 'ad many private words. 'Bout Sybil?"

"No, sir." The tone was lower than before, and so stern that it caused the listener to start. "It's about your business and mine."

"Oh! maybe you want to settle up and discharge me. Maybe you don't need me any more."

"Curse you for a fool! You know your own value too well. Bully as you please, where the rest are concerned, but drop your airs with me. Settle with Sybil later, if you must; I want you now."

Could it be Jasper Lamotte that uttered these words; rather, hissed them? Sybil almost betrayed herself in her surprise; but the gasp that she could not quite stifle, was drowned by the voice of Burrill, saying:—

"All right. I'll settle with Sybil later."

And then she heard them enter her mother's room, and close the door softly.

For a full moment Sybil Burrill stood transfixed; then the silken folds that she had instinctively gathered about her at the first, slowly slipped from her hand; gradually the color that had fled from her cheeks came back, and burned brighter than before. She seemed to control herself by a strong effort, and stood thinking—thinking.

Only a few moments; then she lifted her head with a gesture of defiance. Swiftly and noiselessly she moved under the chandelier, drew it down, and extinguished every light. Then softly, cautiously, she opened her door and looked out, listened thus a moment, and then stepped boldly out, and, gliding to the head of the stairs, leaned down and listened.

From the drawing room there came to her ear the sound of the piano, lightly touched, and Frank's tenor humming over the bars of a Neapolitan boat song.

Then she understood her father's mistake. Some unwonted impulse had caused her mother to seat herself at the piano, and accompany Frank, who did not reckon piano playing among his accomplishments; and the thing was so unusual, that Sybil was not surprised at her parent's mistake.

Evan being absent, Jasper Lamotte naturally supposed that floor deserted, and therefore had not observed too much caution.

Only a moment did Sybil listen, and then, gathering up the silken train, and crushing it into a soft mass under her hand, she crept noiselessly as a cat to the door of her mother's room, bent down her head and listened there.

Five minutes, ten, and still they talked, and still Sybil stood, moveless and intent. Then, drawing back suddenly, she ran hurriedly down the hall and had gained the foot of the stairs before the sound of the opening door admonished her that she had escaped none too soon.

In a moment she had entered the drawing room, and, with more of her olden gayety than they had seen in her manner for many long days, approached the loiterers at the piano.

"Mother! mother! your hand is out of time!" and, in a moment, she had drawn her astonished mother from the stool, and seated herself in the vacant place.

"Sing, Frank," she commanded, striking the keys with a crash that died away in discord. "We have been dull too long."

When Jasper Lamotte and his model son-in-law entered the drawing room, they found Frank singing, Sybil accompanying him with dexterous fingers, and Mrs. Lamotte half resting near them, with veiled eyes, and her serenest cast of countenance.

Casting one keen glance toward Burrill, which, being interpreted, meant, "I told you so, you fool," Mr. Lamotte seated himself beside his wife.

John Burrill, during his interview with his father-in-law, had become a shade more reasonable, and less inclined to think that, in order to vindicate his wounded sensibilities, he must "have it out with Sybil." But his face still wore a surly look, and Frank, who was not over delicate in such matters, looked askance at him, and then whispered to Sybil, under cover of a softly played interlude that he "scented battle afar off."

Sybil's only answer was a low, meaning laugh, and when she had finished his song, she played on and on and on. Sonata, bravura, fantasia, rondo; a crash and whirl—rapid, swift, sweet, brilliant, cold; no feeling, no pathos. A fanciful person might have traced something of exultation and defiance, in those dashing, rippling waves of music.

Presently she stopped and turned to Frank.

"What shall you do in the morning?" she asked, abruptly.

Frank ran his fingers through his hair, after a fashion he much affected, and replied, slowly:—

"Well, really! Nothing important. Going to ride to the office—meaning Heath's office, not the mills. Can I do any thing for you, sis?"

"I was thinking," began Sybil, as unconcernedly as if she did not know that she was about to astonish, more than she had already done, every one of her listeners, "that it would be a fine morning for a canter; that is, if to-morrow should be a counterpart of to-day, and I am hungry to be in the saddle."

Frank roused himself from his lazy position, and looked interested. He took a secret delight in annoying Burrill, when he could do it without too much openness or display malice prepense; and here was one of his opportunities.

"Well, Sybil, you shan't be hungering in vain," he replied, gallantly. "Name your hour, and your steed, and I will even sacrifice my last best morning nap, if need be."

Sybil laughed lightly.

"We will have a moderately seasonable breakfast, Frank, not to make your sacrifice too great; and I will ride Gretchen. Poor thing! she will have almost forgotten me now."

"Then that is settled," replied Frank, tranquilly, and glancing furtively toward Burrill, who was beginning to wriggle uneasily in his chair. "Do you want to go anywhere in particular, sis?"

"No, unless you leave me for a while at Wardour Place; I want to see some of Con.'s new dresses. You can ride into town and call for me later"

"Ah! very nice arrangement; then I can't call with you?"

"Decidedly not, sir. Who wants a man always about? They are conveniences, not blessings."

"Oh, well, I'm extinguished. I promise to vanish from your gaze as soon as you are within the gates of the Princess of Wardour, and now I think, after so much vocal effort, and so much self-humiliation, I will go and smoke. Adieu, sister mine; adieu mamma. Will you smoke, Burrill?"

"No, sir, thank you;" replied Burrill, with brief courtesy, and Frank, who knew beforehand what his answer would be, went toward his own room, smiling contentedly.

"I wonder what's up with Sybil?" he said to himself. "She has waked up decidedly; but she has let herself in for a rumpus with Burrill!"

When he had gone Sybil arose, and seating herself near her mother, said:—

"Mamma, you were saying something about going to the city yesterday; have you decided about it?"

Mrs. Lamotte who had had no thought of going to the city, and who was fully conscious that she had made no remarks on the subject, looked up without a ruffle upon her placid countenance and replied, like a wise and good mother.

"No, my child, I have not decided."

"Then, when you decide to go, inform me beforehand, mamma. I think I should like to accompany you and do some shopping for myself."

Here Burrill showed such marked symptoms of outbreak that Mr. Lamotte who, throughout the hour they had passed in the drawing room, had been a quiet but close observer, thought it wise to interpose, and artfully attempted to avert the impending storm by saying:—

"Now that sounds natural. I'm glad that you feel like shopping, Sybil, and like getting out more. Very glad, aren't you, Burrill?"

But Mr. Burrill had no notion of being thus appeased; instead of spiking a gun Jasper Lamotte had opened a battery.

"I'm delighted to hear that Mrs. Burrill has stopped moping," he said gruffly; "but I'll be hanged if I'm glad to hear myself left out of all the programmes, and I'll be cussed if I'm going to put up with it, either," and Mr. Burrill, being full in more senses than one, arose and paced the room with more fierceness than regularity.

Mr. Lamotte forgot himself so far as to utter an angry imprecation between his shut teeth, and to wrinkle his forehead into a dark frown. Mrs. Lamotte allowed a shade of contempt to creep about her lips as she turned her eyes upon her daughter, but Sybil looked not one whit disconcerted.

"I've got something to say about my wife," went on Mr. Burrill, "and I'm blessed if I don't say it."

What had come over Sybil? Heretofore she would in any way, in every way, have avoided an encounter with him; she would have quitted the field or have remained as deaf as a post; but now, "Say it, then, Mr. Burrill, say it, by all means, here and now," she retorted in the coolest voice imaginable.

And Mr. Burrill did say it.

"I've had enough of being made a fool of, Mrs. Sybil Burrill; I've had enough of being a carpet under your feet, and nothing better. I'm your equal, and anybody's equal, that's what I am, and I'm going to have my rights. It's very well for you to announce that you're going here and going there, Mrs. Burrill; but let me tell you that you go nowhere except John Burrill goes with you, that's settled."

Sybil laughed scornfully.

"Not quite so fast, Mr. Burrill, just stand still one moment, if you can stand still, which I doubt. You say you will accompany me wherever I go. I say you may accompany me wherever people will tolerate you, nowhere else. You are not the man to force into a gentleman's parlor; you would disgrace his kitchen, his stable. The streets are free to all, you can accompany me in my drives; the churches are open to the vilest, you can go with me there; but into the houses of my friends you shall not go; I will not so abuse friendship You have counted upon me to gain you entree to Wardour and to a dozen houses, the thresholds of which you will never cross. If you are not satisfied with this, then you must be suited with less. I will not be seen with you at all"

Again Jasper Lamotte, vexed and alarmed for the denoument, interposed; knowing she was striking at Burrill's chief weakness:—

"But Sybil, Miss Wardour, here in her meetings with Burrill, tactily recognized his right to call."

She turned upon him swiftly.

"You know why she did it, sir; it is useless to discuss the question. You may calm Mr. Burrill in any way you please, or can. You know the terms on which he became my husband. He will continue my husband on my own terms. He shall not cross the threshold of Wardour, protected by my presence, and without it the door would close in his face. If Mr. Burrill does not like my terms, let him say so. It is not in his power or yours to alter my decision." And Sybil once more gathered together her silken skirts, lest in passing they should brush the now collapsed Mr. Burrill, and swept from the room.

Mr. Lamotte turned to his wife.

"You must talk with that girl," he said, savagely, "what the devil ails you all?"

Mrs. Lamotte arose and faced him.

"I should be wasting my breath," she replied, looking him straight in the eye. "You have tried that girl a little too far, Mr. Lamotte," and she followed after her daughter.

A roar, not unlike the bellow of a bull, recalled Mr. Lamotte to the business of the moment. John Burrill, having recovered from his momentary stupor of astonishment, was dancing an improvised, and unsteady can-can, among the chairs and tables, beating the air with his huge fists, and howling with rage.

Seeing this, Mr. Lamotte did first, a very natural thing; he uttered a string of oaths, "not loud, but deep," and next, a very sensible thing; he rang for brandy and hot water.

And now the battle is in Mr. Lamotte's hands, why need we linger. Brandy hot will always conquer a John Burrill.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Sybil Burrill, after uttering her defiance in the face of father and husband, had swept from the room, closely followed by her mother, another form moved away from the immediate vicinity of the most accessible drawing-room window—the form of Evan Lamotte. Crouching, creeping, shivering, cursing, he made his way to the spot where he had left Frank's horse, and led it toward the stables.

Anything but sober when he commenced his vigil underneath the drawing-room windows, he had been shocked into sobriety by his sister's violence, and his own rage against her tormentors. Growing more and more sober, and more and more sullen, he stabled the ill-used thoroughbred with his own hands, and then, avoiding alike both servants and family, he crept into the house, and up to his own room.

In the morning he awoke betimes, and arose promptly; he had come to know the habits of his father and John Burrill, and he had good reason for knowing them, having of late made their movements his study.

Burrill would sleep until nine o'clock; he always did after a debauch, and he, Evan, had recently formed a habit of appearing late at breakfast also. From his room he kept up a surveillance over all the household after a method invented by himself.

He knew when his stately mother swept down to the breakfast room, followed soon after by his father.

The family all aimed to breakfast before the obnoxious Burrill had come to his waking time, and so were rid of him for one meal, all but Evan. He and his brother-in-law breakfasted together later, and in the most amiable manner. After a time he heard Frank go down, and the ring of his heels assured Evan that he was equipped for the saddle.

A little later, and, from his post at his front window, screened by the flowing curtains, Evan saw the horses led around, saw Sybil come down the steps in her trailing, dark cloth habit, saw her spring lightly to the saddle, and heard a mocking laugh ring out, in response to some sally from Frank, as they cantered away.

"Act one in the insurrection," said Evan, as he turned away from the window. "Now let me prepare for action." His preparation were few and simple; he removed his boots and coat, and crept out, and softly along the hall until he reached Burrill's door. Here he paused, to assure himself that he was not observed, and then softly tried the door; as he had expected, it opened without resistance, for Burrill had been escorted to bed, by his faithful father-in-law, in a state of mellowness, that precluded all thought for the night, or the dangers it might bring forth. Evan entered, cautiously closing the door as he had found it, and approached the bed. Its occupant was sleeping heavily, and breathing melodiously. Satisfied on this point, Evan opened a commodious wardrobe near the bed, threw down some clothing, spread it out smoothly, and then stepping within, he drew the doors together, fastened them by a hook of his own contrivance, on the inside; for Evan had made this wardrobe do service before. Then he laid himself down as comfortably as possible, and applied his eye to some small holes punctured in the dark wood, and quite invisible to casual outside observation.

He had began to grow restless in his hiding-place, and fiercely disgusted with the sleeper's monotonously musical whistle, when his waiting was rewarded. The door once again opened cautiously, and this time, Jasper Lamotte entered. He looked carefully about him, then closing and locking the door, he approached the sleeper.

"I knew it," thought Evan; "the fox will catch the wolf napping, and nail him before he can fortify himself with a morning dram."

(To be continued.)

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Chatham, N B., 12th May. 1897.

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JAMES F. CONNORS, Chatham.
Agent for
JAMES D. MURPHY, MARY CURRAN, } Administrators.
Chatham, 26th August, 1896.

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	" 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.

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Spruce Lumber, Laths and Anthracite Coal,

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The finest Tapestry	at 30c to	65c
The Heavest 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 Hangings, Curtain Poles, Counterpanes, Table Covers and a complete line of New House Furnishings,

PIERCE BLOCK, CHATHAM, N. B.

CARD.

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BARRISTER-AT-LAW

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CHATHAM, N. B.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Caraquet 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

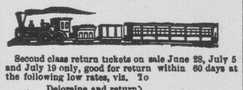
at 11 o'clock a.m. for the purpose of electing Directors of the Company and transacting such other business as may be brought under the notice of the meeting by any of the shareholders of the said Company.

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 " "		$28.00 each.
Binscarth " "		
Moosomin " "		
Dauphin " "		
Regina and return		
Moosejaw " "		$30.00
Yorkton " "		
Prince Albert " "		$35.00
Calgary " "		

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.

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Has University privileges. Gives a Preparatory English and a full University Arts course. Buildings comfortable and well ventilated, Staff energetic, and able, Domestic affairs under competent management. Health of Students carefully seen to. Terms moderate. Satisfaction warranted

For Kalendar and information apply to

D. A. CHISHOLM, Rector

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the Estate of John Haviland 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,

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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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AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

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

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MERCHANT TAILORS,
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GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS
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N. S.

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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.

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Good Seed Potatoes

50 Barrels Goodridges Seed Potatoes from one of best Farmers in the place apply at

W. S. LOGGIE Co. Ltd.