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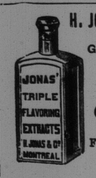

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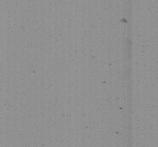

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HAND AND RING

By A. K. GREEN.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a startling coincidence. It was 12 o'clock at Sibley, and Judge Evans and several others stood discussing the eccentricities of criminals. A tramp slinks rapidly past them. A hump-backed individual joins them and enters into the the conversation. He pictures to them a murder in all its details, and proves that the tramp would be the one accused. Shortly afterwards Mr. Orcutt, one of the party, discovers that his landlady has been murdered, and the crime is similar in every respect to that described by the hump-back. She had been struck from behind with a billet of wood. Robbery seemed not to have been the object. Mr. Byrd, a detective, happens to be in the place attending court. He has the tramp arrested.

A number of friends and acquaintances are with the dying woman, when suddenly a young girl enters. She is beautiful in every respect and peculiar—a trait which one might call mysterious. She enquires after Mrs. Clemmens. All seem to fear her, and Mr. Byrd learns that she and the widow Clemmens were not friends. The detective is strangely drawn to the girl. He follows her from the room. Mr. Ferris alone seems to have influence over her, and takes her to show where the attempted murder took place. She starts at seeing something, and tryo to distract the attention of those present. Mr. Byrd picks up from her feet a diamond ring which she claims as hers.

The dying woman arises. She speaks. "Hand, Ring!" are the words uttered. Then she calls down vengeance on her murderer. Mr. Byrd is employed in the case. He learns from a letter that there is some family mystery connected with the widow Clemmens.

An old crone accosts the detective and throws out insinuations against Miss Dare, the young lady spoken of before. Byrd, although these coincide in a measure with his own views, endeavors to dismiss them from his mind. He tells Lawyer Orcutt, who is in love with Miss Dare and a kind of guardian to her. While they are talking she comes along; states that she is going to Buffalo immediately, but the lawyer detains her. He hints at the suspicions, and she declares she knows nothing of the details of the murder. The lawyer so informs the detective. Miss Dare leaves for Buffalo.

That same evening Byrd was at the in-coming western train. He espies a figure emerge from the train whom he is sure is Miss Dare. he could not mistake her.

Mr. Byrd learns something of the murdered woman's family affairs but receives orders from the superintendent to return home. He hears a stranger tell of the meeting between a woman and man, who he does not know. He describes them, and the detective, who has a wonderful faculty for sketching, takes the picture. The portrait of the woman is the portrait of Miss Dare.

The inquest is being held. Miss Firman, a relative of the murdered widow tells of a nephew of Mrs. Clemmens living at Buffalo. The widow had signified her intention of bequeathing her property to this young man. The witness states that she was a confidane of Mrs. Clemmens. She tells further how Mrs. Clemmens often feared that she would murder her as well as she did.

Gouverneur Hildreth, who comes in for part of the money is arrested, becoming suspected. The inquest proceeds, and among other important facts disclosed is that Clemmens Smith from Toledo is registered at one of the hotels. It is also disclosed that he visited the widow on the morning of the murder; that he went away from the place the day after that he returned. Smith is called. He is put on the stand and his answers and actions warrant the suspicion which has been aroused against him. He arrests himself up for arrest. Mr. Byrd is not wholly convinced that Hildreth is guilty, but he is almost constrained to take the case in hand. He pays a visit to Mr. Orcutt's, but neither the latter nor Miss Dare are in, and the detective turns to go. Just as he does, he espies an elegantly dressed young man advancing towards him. He awaits Byrd recognises the young man and goes with him to Miss Trenam's reception to see Miss Dare. Byrd is introduced to Miss Dare. They are left alone and Byrd discovers by her that Hildreth is suspected in connection with it and has been arrested. Next morning Byrd calls on Ferris. Detective Byrd calls and is ushered into the behind the screen overhears him talk about the matter.

Continued.

At last a word struggled forth from between her clasped hands.

"When did it happen?" she gasped, without lifting her head. "Tell me about it. I think I can understand."

She noted lawyer smiled a bitter smile, and spoke for the first time without pity and without mercy.

"He has been trying for some days to effect his own death. Arsenic were not procurable, neither was poison nor a rope, but a pewter plate is enough in the hands of a desperate man. He broke one in two last night, and——"

He paused, sick and horror-stricken. Gazing at her with rising horror, he saw her stony lips slowly part.

"Don't go on," she whispered. "I can see it all without the help of words. Then, in a tone that seemed to come from some far-off world of nightmare, she painfully gasped, "Is he dead?"

Mr. Orcutt was a man who, up to the last year, had never known what it was to experience a real and controlling emotion. Life with him had meant success in public affairs, and a certain social pre-eminence that made his presence in any place the signal of admiring looks and respectful attentions. Meeting that terrible eye of hers, burning with an anxiety for a man he despised, and hearing that agonized question from lips whose touch he had never known, he experienced a sudden wild and almost demoniac temptation to hurl back the implacable "Yes" that he felt certain would strike her like a dead woman to the ground. But he controlled himself with a giant resolution, and merely dropping his eyes from an anguish he dared no longer confront, answered, quietly:

"No; he has hurt himself severely and has disfigured his good looks for life, but he will not die!"

"Thank God!" came from her lips, and then all was quiet again.

He looked up in haste; he could not bear the silence.

"Imogene——" he began, but instantly paused in surprise at the change which had taken place in her expression. "What do you intend to do?" was his quick demand.

"You look as I have never seen you look before."

"Do not ask me!" she returned. "I have no words for what I am going to do. What you must do is to see that Gouverneur Hildreth is released from prison. He never committed this crime of which he is suspected. If he is kept in the restraint which is so humiliating to him, and if he dies there, it will be murder—do you hear? murder!"

"But, Imogene——"

"Hush! don't argue. Tis a matter of life and death, I tell you. He must be released! I have to go," she went on, hurriedly, "what is it you want to say. You think you cannot do this; that the evidence is all against him. But I know you can effect his enlargement if you will. You are a lawyer. Use your knowledge. Avail yourself of your influence with the authorities, and I——" She paused and gave him a long, long look.

He was at her side in an instant.

"You would—what?" he cried, taking her hand in his and pressing it impulsively.

"I would grant you whatever you ask," she murmured, in a weariful tone.

"Would you be my wife?" he passionately inquired.

"Yes," was the choked reply; "if I did not die first."

He caught her to his breast in rapture. He knelt at her side and threw his arms about her waist.

"You shall not die," he cried. "You shall live and be happy. Only marry me to-day."

"Not till Gouverneur Hildreth be released," she interposed, gently.

"Do you love him so madly you would sell yourself for his sake?" he sternly demanded.

"I cannot answer," she returned.

But he was master now—master of this dominating spirit that had held him in check for so long a time, and he was not to be put off.

"You must answer," he sternly commanded. "I have the right to know the extent of your feelings for this man, and I will. Do you love him, Imogene Dare? Tell me, or I here swear that I will do nothing for him."

"And what if I did? Would it be so very strange? Youth admires youth, Mr. Orcutt, and Mr. Hildreth is very handsome and very unfortunate. Do not oblige me to say more."

Mr. Orcutt, across whose face a dozen different emotions had flitted during the utterance of these words, drew back till half the distance of the room lay between them.

"Nor do I wish to hear any more," he rejoined, slowly. "You have said enough, quite enough. I understand now all the past—all your terrors and all your secret doubts and unaccountable behavior. The man you loved was in danger, and you did not know how to manage his release. I love you passionately, and would make you my wife in face of your affection for this man if I could do for you what you request. But it is impossible. Never during the whole course of my career has a blot rested upon my integrity as a lawyer. Nothing but the plainest proof that he is innocent, or that another man is guilty, would avail now to release him."

"Then there is no hope?" was her slow and despairing reply.

"None at present, Imogene," was his stern, almost as despairing, answer.

As Mr. Orcutt sat over his lonely hearth that evening, a servant brought to him the following letter:

"DEAR FRIEND—It is not fit that I should remain any longer under your roof. I have a duty before me which separates me forever from the friendship and protection of honorable men and women. No home but such as I can provide for myself by the work of my own hands shall henceforth shelter the disgraced head of Imogene Dare. Her fate, whatever it may prove to be, she bears alone, and you, who have been so kind, shall never suffer from any assock ation with one whose name must henceforth become the sport of the crowd, if not the execration of the virtuous. If your generous heart rebels at this, choke it relentlessly down. I shall be already gone when you read these lines, and nothing you could do or say would make me come back. Good-by, and may Heaven grant you forgetfulness of one whose only return to your benefactions has been to make you suffer almost as much as she suffers herself."

As Mr. Orcutt read these last lines, District Attorney Ferris was unsealing the anonymous missive which has already been laid before my readers.

CHAPTER XXI.

A HEART'S MARTYRDOM.

Mr. Ferris' first impulse had been to carry the note he had received to Mr. Orcutt. But a night's careful consideration of the subject convinced him that the wisest course would be to seek a direct interview with Imogene Dare.

It was not an agreeable task for him to undertake. Miss Dare was a young lady whom he always held in the highest esteem. He had hoped to see her the wife of his friend, but his position as prosecuting attorney of the county would not allow him to consult his feelings any further in a case of such serious import. The condition of Mr. Hildreth demanded the most impartial action on the part of the public officials, and if through any explanation of Miss Dare the one missing link in the chain of evidence against another could be supplied, it was certainly his duty to do all he could to insure it.

Accordingly at a favorable hour the next day, he made his appearance at Mr. Orcott's house, and learning that Miss Dare had gone to Professor Darling's home for a few days, followed her to her new home and requested an interview.

She at once responded to his call. Little did he think that she now filled the position of a hired seamstress, that she had been engaged in cutting out the wedding garments of one of the daughters of the house.

"Ah," said she, "Mr. Ferris! This is an unexpected pleasure."

Miss Dare I have come upon a disagreeable errand. You are in the possession of a piece of information which it is highly necessary for me to share."

"I?"

The surprise betrayed in this single word was no more than was to be expected from a lady thus addressed.

"If I can tell you anything that you wish to know," she quietly declared, "I am certainly ready to do so, sir."

"You remember, on the morning when we met at Mrs. Clemmens' house, finding as your own a diamond ring which was picked up from the floor at your feet?"

"I do."

"Miss Dare, was this ring really yours, or were you misled by its appearance into merely thinking it your property? My excuse for asking that is that the ring, if not yours, is likely to become an important factor in the case to which the murder of this unfortunate woman has led."

"Sir, since you ask me the question, I will say that in one sense of the term it was mine, and in another it was not. The ring was mine, because it had been offered to me as a gift the day before. The ring was not mine, because I had refused to take it when it was offered."

Mr. Ferres started to his feet. He could no longer doubt that evidence of an important nature lay before him.

"And may I ask," he inquired, without any idea of the martyrdom he caused, "what was the name of the person who offered you this ring, and from whom you refused to take it?"

"The name?" She quavered for a moment. Then a terrible calm settled upon her face, blotting the last hint of feeling from her face, and, rising up in her turn, she met Mr. Ferres' inquiring eye, and slowly and distinctly replied:

"It was Craik Mansell, sir. He is a nephew of Mrs. Clemmens."

It was the name Mr. Ferres had come there to hear, yet it gave him a slight shock when it fell from her lips.

"And was Mr. Mansell in this town the day before the assault upon his aunt?"

"He was."

"And you had a conversation with him?"

"I had."

"May I ask where?"

For the first time she flushed, but she responded as steadily as before:

"In the woods, sir, back of Mrs. Clemmens' house. There were reasons"—she paused—"there were good reasons, which I do not feel obliged tostate, why a meeting in such a place was not discreditable to us."

Mr. Ferris, who had received from other sources a full version of the interview to which she thus alluded, experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling against one he could not but consider as a detected coquette.

"You mean," said he, with a sharp edge to his tone that passed over her dreary soul unheeded, "that you were lovers?"

"I mean," said she, like the automaton she surely was at that moment, "that he had paid me honorable addresses, and that I had no reason to doubt his motives or my own in seeking such a meeting."

"Miss Dare, if you refused Mr. Mansell his ring, you must have returned it to him?"

She looked at him with an anguish that bespoke her full appreciation of all this question implied, but unequivocally bowed her head.

"It was in his possession, then," he continued, "when you left him on that day and returned to your home?"

"Yes," her lips seemed to say.

"And you did not see it again till you found it on the floor of Mrs. Clemmens' dining-room the morning of the murder."

"No."

"Miss Dare, you have answered my questions with a straightforwardness and somewhat painful enquiries with a straightforwardness I cannot sufficiently commend. If you will now add to my gratitude by telling me whether you have informed any one else of the important facts you have just given me, I will distress you by no further questions."

"Sir," said she, and her attitude showed that she could endure but little more, "I have taken no one else into my confidence."

And Mr. Ferris being thus assured that his own surmises and that of Hickory were correct, bowed with the respect her pale face and rigid attitude seemed to demand, and considerately left the house.

CHAPTER XXII.

CRAIK MANSELL.

"He is here."

Mr. Ferris threw aside his cigar and looked up at Mr. Byrd, who was standing before him.

"You had no difficulty, then?"

"No, sir. He acted like a man in hourly expectation of some such summons. After a few preparations for departure, he was ready to take the next train."

"And did he ask no questions?"

"Only one. He wished to know if I were a detective. And when I responded 'Yes,' observed with an inquiring look: 'I am wanted as a witness, I suppose.' A suggestion to which I was careful to make no reply."

Mr. Ferris pushed aside his writing and glanced toward the door. "Show him in, Mr. Byrd," said he.

A moment after Mr. Mansell entered the room.

The District Attorney had never seen this man, and was struck at once by the force and manliness of his appearance.

"I have to beg your pardon, Mr. Mansell. Feeling it quite necessary to see you, I took the liberty of requesting you to take this journey."

Mr. Mansell bowed—a slow, self-possessed bow—and said:

"No apologies are needed." Then shortly, "What is it you want of me?"

"We have sent for you in this friendly way," said Mr. Ferris, "in order to give you that opportunity for explaining certain matters connected with your aunt's sudden death which your well-known character and good position seem to warrant. As Mrs. Clemmens' nephew, you, of course, desire to see her murderer brought to justice."

The slightly rising inflection given to the last few words made them to all intents and purposes a question.

Surprised, and possibly anxious, the district attorney repeated himself.

"As her nephew," said he, "and the inheritor of the few savings she has left behind her, you can have but one wish on this subject, Mr. Mansell?"

But this attempt succeeded no better than the first. Beyond a slight compression of the lips, Mr. Mansell gave no manifestation of having heard this remark.

Mr. Ferris did not press the question.

"Mr. Mansell," he remarked instead, "a person by the name of Gouverneur Hildreth is charged with the crime of having given the blow that led to your aunt's death. The evidence against him is strong. But, unfortunately for us, however fortunately for him, another person has lately been found, against whom an equal show of evidence can be raised, ... for the purpose of satisfying ourselves that it is but a show, we have requested your presence here to-day."

A spasm, vivid as it was instantaneous, distorted for a moment the powerful features of Craik Mansell at the words, "another person."

"I am waiting to hear the name of this freshly suspected person," he observed.

"Cannot you imagine?" asked the District Attorney, coldly.

The eyeballs of the other flashed like coals of fire.

"I think it is my right to hear it spoken," he retorted.

This display of feeling restored Mr. Ferris to himself.

"In a moment, sir," said he. "Meanwhile, have you any objections to answering a few questions I would like to put to you?"

"I will hear them," was the steady reply.

"You know," said the District Attorney, "you are at perfect liberty to answer or not, as you see fit."

"Speak," was the sole response he received.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Ferris, "are you willing to tell me where you were when you first heard of the assault which had been made upon your aunt?"

"I was in my place at the mill."

"And—pardon me if I go too far—were you also there the morning she was murdered?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Mansell, if you could tell us where you were at that time, it would be of great benefit to us, and possibly to yourself."

"To myself?"

Craik Mansell paused and looked slowly around the room until he encountered Mr. Byrd's eye. There was a steady compassion in the look he met there that seemed to strike him with great force, for he at once replied that he was away from home.

"Mr. Mansell," pursued the District Attorney, "a distinct avowal on your part of the place where you were at that time, would be best for us both, I am sure."

"Do you not already know?" inquired the other, his eye still upon Horace Byrd.

"We have reason to think you were in this town," averred Mr. Ferris.

"And may I ask," Craik Mansell quietly said, "what reason you can have for such a supposition? No one could have seen me here, for, till to-day I have not entered the streets of this place since my visit to my aunt three months ago."

It was not necessary to enter the streets of this town to effect a visit to Mrs. Clemmens' house, Mr. Mansell."

"No?"

There was the faintest hint of emotion in the intonation he gave to that one word, but it vanished before he spoke his next sentence.

"And how," asked he, "can a person pass from Sibley Station to the door of my aunt's house without going through the streets?"

Instead of replying, Mr. Ferris enquired:

"Did you get out at Sibley Station, Mr. Mansell?"

"I have not said so."

"Mr. Mansell," the District Attorney now observed, "we have no motive in deceiving or even in misleading you. You were in this town on the morning of your aunt's murder, and you were even in her house. Were you there prior to the fatal blow? Hitherto there is only proof you may have to show that it was before will receive its due consideration."

"I asked that man," said he, pointing with a steady forefinger at the somewhat abashed detective, "if I were not wanted here simply as a witness, and he did not say no. Now, sir," he continued, "what is the man right in allowing me to believe such a fact, or was he not? I would like an answer to my question."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Fire broke out last night in Yeasis' hardware store, Havana, and soon reached a barrel of powder in the building, causing a terrific explosion. The whole structure was blown to pieces and persons killed. Among the dead are four fire chiefs and the Venzuelan consul.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, worse at night; wants to scratch. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, wholesale agents.

A vest supposed to have belonged to Hiram Sawtelle, was found by fishermen on the bank of Keyes' brook, N. H. not far from the country road travelled by Isaac Sawtell on the fatal night, not more than a 100 yards from where one of Hiram's shoes was found. In the back was a hole that might have been made by a bullet. The surrounding cloth has the appearance of being burned by powder; the collar was torn down in the back and distinct blood stains were on the front. In the pockets were a few matches and a button-shaped whistle of tin.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath, secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free.

It is now stated in Toronto that the equal rights candidates will retire and support one government candidate and one opposition, viz., Messrs. H. E. Clarke conservative, and McDougall, reform.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

Joseph J. Loranger, Q. C., brother of Judge Loranger, of the Supreme court, Montreal, and of the late Hon. Thomas Loranger, died yesterday morning after a short illness.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the Remedy for you.

Hon. H. Mercier has retired from the St. Hyacinthe constituency. Mr. Desmarais, his late law partner, was nominated in the government interests on Saturday.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

A HOUSE VACATED! CONDEMNED BECAUSE DANGEROUS.

Yesterday, while walking in the East end of the city, my companion drew my attention to a dwelling house of fair proportions, and but recently built, saying, "This building has been condemned by the Building Inspector, and the occupants vacated it three days ago." A fence had been erected in front to keep off the public, and a placard was placed on the door, bearing the word, "Dangerous." Upon a closer examination, I perceived that the gable walls were burst out considerably, and two large fissures or rents were to be seen in front. The owner had been duly notified to have the dangerous buildings pulled down, as a matter of public safety. This, on my return home, gave me food for serious reflection and thought. I was led to think of the great danger that from day to day menaced thousands not only in our own city, but throughout our young Dominion from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific. I thought of the dangerous human structures or temples, one or more of which are found in many a home; human structures that were in many cases condemned as far as life and hope is concerned. Many of them would have written on their faces the word, "Dangerous," in a way quite as strikingly as the placard on the condemned house.

I thought of the pain and misery occasioned by nervous diseases; great prostration, sleepless nights, broken down systems, weary and tired limbs and bodies from overwork, a hatred of life, and a generally shattered constitution. I solemnly thought of all this, and wished that the "glad tidings of great joy," "Relief by using Paine's Celery Compound," could be carried by some good angel to every suffering home. I conceived the idea, that if I were wealthy, I would devote means towards establishing free dispensaries, where the poor afflicted could obtain this great and efficacious remedy; then would I live and die happy and content. This "Paine's Celery Compound" is for all classes and conditions, and thousands have uttered blessings and benedictions on its discoverer.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.

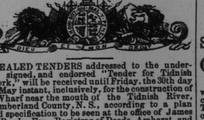
LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.
Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N B.

PIANOS $250 to $600.
Mendelssohn and Evans Bros.
Lead All Others.
ABSOLUTELY PERFECT
GUARANTEED 7 YEARS.
A. T. BUSTIN,
38 Dock Street.

WILKINS & SANDS,
House and Ornamental
PAINTERS.
Painting done in all its Branches.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
PAINT SHOP, 266 UNION ST.,
(Head of Brussels St), St. John, N. B.
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

NOTICE.
WEIGHTS AND MEASURES
Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:
1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer.
2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O, 6" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled in and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees have been affixed thereto.
3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary license certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again the verification fees.
E. MIALL,
Commissioner.

TENDERS.
SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted N. W. Police Provisions and Light Supplies," will be addressed to the Honorable the Minister of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, 3rd June, 1890.
Printed forms of Tender, containing full information as to the articles and approximate quantities required, may be had on application at any of the Mounted Police Posts in the North-West or at the office of the undersigned.
No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.
No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.
FRED. WHITE,
Comptroller, N. W. M. Police.
Ottawa, April 22nd, 1890.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Tidnish Work," will be received until Friday, the 30th day of May next, inclusively, for the construction of a Wharf near the mouth of the Tidnish River, Cumberland County, N. S., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of James M. Purdy, Esq., Registrar of Deeds, Amherst, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.
Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.
An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to *five per cent. of amount of tender*, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.
The