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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

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Fancy Muslin Curtains.
Curtain Lace, 15c per yd. and upwards. Paper Blinds, Curtain Poles, Counterpanes, Table Covers and a complete line of New House Furnishings,
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Smokers' Goods generally

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CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations which reads as follows:—

"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited"

and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced

ALBERT T DUNN,
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Call and Inspect it.

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Revisors of votes will be supplied with revision forms on application to the subscriber.
SAM. THOMSON, Sec. Trnas., Co. of Northld
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WE IMPORT NO STOCK FROM THE STATES.
Farmers, Farmers, Sons, Implement Agents, Students, Teachers, Retired Ministers, Energetic Clerks who wish to make advancement, find the work of selling our HARDY, HOME-GROWN Nursery Stock, pleasant as well as profitable.
We want more such men this season as the demand for our goods is increasing, owing to the fact that we GUARANTEE ALL OUR STOCK FREE FROM SAN JOSE SCALE.
We make contracts with whole or part time men. Employment the year round. We pay both salary and commission.
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STONE & WELLINGTON,
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STOP IT QUICK!
Why suffer with Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea Cramps and all such
Summer Complaints
When you can stop it quick by using
PENDLETON'S PANACEA?
Halifax N. S. Aug. 1895.
Propr. of Pendleton's Panacea.
DEAR SIR:—
I wish to give you a few words in praise of your Panacea. I was a victim of Cholera for some two or three weeks, during which time I consulted different doctors, and tried different patents, but seemed to get no relief, until I commenced using Pendleton's panacea, which very shortly cured my complaint
Trusting this will be a service to you,
Yours sincerely
W. E. ROOD,
Ask for Pendleton's. Take no other.
PRICE 25CTS,

"WELCOME SOAP"
asked for and sought for by
Is looked for and called for,
GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS.
But it is not always found,—because some dealers keep it "Under the Counter."
WHY?—"Inferior brands pay larger profits,"—insist on having
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RENOWNED FOR ITS GENUINE WASHING QUALITY.
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We claim this to be the best household Soap in the the world, possessing wonderful cleansing properties, and only needs one trial to make it "WELCOME" to all. "WELCOME" is a strong BORAX Soap.
See the Premium List printed on inside of each Wrapper.
The Welcome Soap Company, - St. John, N. B.

The Diamond Coterie

By LAWRENCE M. LYNCH
(E. M. Van Deventer)
Author of "A Woman's Crime," "John Arthur's Ward," "The Lost Witness," "A Slender Clue," "Dangerous Ground," "Against Odds," Etc., Etc.

With lagging steps, Frank Lamotte ascends the stairs and enters his own room. He locks the door with a nervous hand, and then hurriedly lowers the curtains. He goes to the mirror, and gazes at his reflected self—hollow, burning eyes, haggard cheeks, blanched lips, that twitch convulsively, a mingled expression of desperation, horror, and despair—that is what he sees, and the sight does not serve to steady his nerves. He turns away, with a curse upon the white lips.

He flings himself down in a huge easy chair, and dropping his chin upon his breast, tries to think; but thought only deepens the despairing horror and fear upon his countenance. Where his father sees one foe, Francis Lamotte sees ten.

He sees before him Jerry Belknap, private detective, angry, implacable, menacing, not to be quieted. He sees Clifford Heath, pale, stern, accusing. Constance Wardour, scornful, menacing, condemning and consigning him to dreadful punishment. The dead face of John Burrill rises before him, jeering, jibing, odious, seeming to share with him some ugly secret. He passes his hand across his brow, and starts up suddenly.

"Bah! he mutters, "this is no time to daly; on every side I see a pitfall. Let every man look to himself. If I must play in my last trump, let me be prepared."

He takes from his pocket a bunch of keys, and, selecting one of the smallest, unlocks a drawer of his dressing case. He draws forth a pair of pistols and examines them carefully. Then he withdraws the charges from both weapons, and loads one anew. The latter he conceals about his person, and then takes up the other. He hesitates a moment, and then loads that also, replaces it in his hiding place, closes and locks the drawer. Then he breathes a long sigh of relief.

It's a deuilly ancl or to windward," he mutters, turning away. "It's a last resort. Now I have only to wait."

CHAPTER XXXV.

While Frank Lamotte, in his own chamber, is preparing himself for emergencies, Constance Wardour stands by the bedside of her unconscious friend, struggling for self control; shutting her lips firmly together, clenching her teeth; mastering her outward self, by the force of her strong will; and striving to bring the chaos of her mind into like subjection. Three facts stare her in the face; three ideas dance through her brain and mingle themselves in a confused mass. Clifford Heath is in peril. She can save him by betraying a friend and a trust. She loves him:

Yes, stronger than all, greater than all this fact stands out; in this hour of peril the truth will not be frowned down. She loves this man who stands accused of murder; she loves him, and, great heavens! he is innocent, and yet, must suffer for the guilty.

What can she do? What must she do? She can not go to him; she, by her own act, has cut off all friendly intercourse between them. But, something must be done, shall be done.

Suddenly she bends down, and looks long and earnestly into the face of the sleeper. The dark lashes rest upon cheeks that are pale as ivory; the face looks torture-stricken; the beautiful lips quiver with the pain of some dismal dream.

Involuntarily, this cry escapes the lips of the watcher:—

"My God! To think that two noble lives must be blasted, because of that pitiful worthless thing, that lies below."

The moments drag on heavily, her thoughts gradually shaping themselves into a resolve, while she watches by the bedside and waits the return of Mrs. Lamotte. At last, she comes, and there is an added shade of sorrow in her dark eyes; Evan is very ill, she fears for his reason, too.

"What has come upon my children, Constance?" she asks, brokenly; "even Frank has changed for the worse."

"Poor Evan," sighs Constance, thinking of his loyal love for Sybil; and thus with her new resolve strong in her mind, she says, briefly:—

"I must go to town at once, Mrs. Lamotte, and will return as soon as possible. Can you spare me without too much weight upon yourself."

Without a question, Mrs. Lamotte bids her go; and very soon she is driving swiftly toward W—, behind the splendid Lamotte horses.

Straight to Lawyer O'Meara she is whirled, and by the time she reaches the gate, she is as calm as an iceberg.

Coming down the steps is a familiar form, that of her aunt, Mrs. Alliston. Each lady seems a trifle disconcerted by this unexpected meeting; neither is inclined to explain her presence there.

Mrs. Alliston appears the more disturbed and startled of the two; she starts and flushes, guiltily, at sight of her niece.

But, Constance is intent upon her errand; she pauses long enough to inquire after her aunt's health, to report that Sybil is much the same, and Evan ill, and then she says:—

"Is Mr. O'Meara at home, Aunt Honor?"

"Yes. That is, I believe so," stammers Mrs. Alliston.

"Then I must not detain you, or delay myself; good morning, auntie;" and she enters the house, leaving Mrs. Alliston looking perplexed and troubled.

Ushered into the presence of Mr. O'Meara, Constance wastes no words.

"Mr. O'Meara," she begins in her most straightforward manner, "I have just come from Mapleton, where I have been with Sybil since last night. This morning Doctor Benoit horrified me by telling me that Doctor Heath has been arrested for the murder of John Burrill."

Just here the study door opens softly, and a portly, pleasant faced gentleman enters. He bows with easy self-possession, and turns expectantly toward O'Meara. That gentleman performed the ceremony of introduction.

"Miss Wardour, permit me; Mr. a—Wedron, of the New York Bar. Mr. Wedron, my dear, is here in the interest of Doctor Heath."

A pair of searching gray eyes are turned full upon the stranger, who bears the scrutiny with infinite composure. She bows gravely, and then seats herself opposite the two gentlemen.

"Mr. O'Meara," she says, imperiously, "I want to hear the full particulars of this affair, from the very first, up to the present moment."

The two professional men exchange glances. Then Mr. Wedron interposes: "Miss Wardour," he says, slowly, "we are acting for Clifford Heath, in this matter, therefore, I must ask, do you come as a friend of the accused, or—to offer testimony?"

Again the gray eyes flash upon him. "I come as a friend of Doctor Heath," she says, haughtily; "and I ask only what is known to all W—, I suppose."

Mr. Wedron conceals a smile of satisfaction behind a smooth white hand; then he draws a bundle of papers from his pocket.

"O'Meara," he says, passing them to his colleague; "here are the items of the case, as we summed them up last evening; please read them to Miss Wardour." And he favors the little lawyer, with a swift, but significant glance.

Drawing his chair a little nearer that of his visitor, O'Mea a begins, while the portly gentleman sits in the background and notes, lynx-like, every expression that flits across the face of the listening girl.

O'Meara reads on and on. The summing up is very comprehensive. From the first discovery of the body, to the last item of testimony before the coroner's jury; and after that, the strangeness, the apathy, the obstinacy of the accused, and his utter refusal to add his testimony, or to accuse any other. Utter silence falls upon them as the reading ceases

Constance sits mute and pale as a statue; Mr. Wedron seems quite self-absorbed, and Mr. O'Meara, glances around nervously, as if waiting for a cue.

Constance turns her head slowly, and looks from one to the other.

"Mr. O'Meara, Mr. Wedron, you are to defend Doctor Heath, you tell me?" They both nod assent.

"And — have you, as his counsel, gathered no palliatin proof? Nothing to set against this mass of blighting circumstantial evidence?"

Mr. Wedron leans forward, fastens his eyes upon her face, and says gravely: "Miss Wardour, all that can be done for Clifford Heath will be done. But—the case as it stands is against him. For some reason he has lost courage. He seems to place small value upon his life. I believe that he knows who is the guilty one, and that he is sacrificing himself. Furthermore, I believe that there are those who can tell, i. they will, far more than has been told concerning this case; those who may withhold just the evidence that in a lawyer's hands will clear Clifford Heath."

The pallid misery of her face is pitiful, but it does not move Mr. Wedron.

"Last night," he goes on mercilessly, "Mr. Raymond Vandyck sat where you sit now, and I said to him what I now say to you. Miss Wardour, Raymond Vandyck knows more than he has told." His keen eyes search her face, her own orbs fall before his gaze. Then she lifts them sudden, and asks abruptly:—

"Who are the other parties who are withholding their testimony?"

Again Mr. Wedron suppresses a smile. "Another who knows more than he chooses to tell is Mr. Frank Lamotte."

She starts perceptibly.

"And—are there others?"

"Another, Mis Wardour, is—yourself."

"Myself!"

She bows her face upon her hands, and convulsive shudders shake her form. She sits thus so long that O'Meara becomes restless, but Mr. Wedron sits calm, serene, expectant.

By and by she lifts her head, and her eyes shine with the glint of blue steel.

"You are right, sir," she says in a low, steady voice. "I can tell more than is known. It may not benefit Doctor Heath; I do not see how it can. Nevertheless, all that I can tell you shall hear, and I only ask that you will respect such portions of my story as are not needed in evidence. As for Mr. O'Meara, I know I can trust him. And I believe, sir, that I can rely upon you."

Mr. Wedron bows gravely.

"I will begin by saying that Mr. Vandyck, if he has withheld anything concerning Doctor Heath, has acted honorably in so doing. He was bound by a promise, from which I shall at once release him."

In obedience to a sign from Mr. Wedron, O'Meara prepares to write,

"You have said, sir," addressing Mr. Wedron, "that I may be able to say something which, if withheld, would complicate this case. What do you wish to hear?"

"Every thing, Miss Wardour, every thing. All that you can tell concerning your acquaintance with Clifford Heath—all that you have seen and know concerning John Burrill; all that you can recall of the sayings and doings of the Lamottes. And remember, the things that may seem unimportant or irrelevant to you, may be the very items that we lack to complete what may be a chain of strong evidence in favor of the accused. Allow me to question you from time to time, and, if I seem possessed of too much information concerning your private affairs, do not be too greatly astonished, but rest assured that all my researches have been made to serve another, not to gratify myself."

"Where shall I begin, sir?"

"Begin where the first shadow of complication fell; begin at the first word or deed of Doctor Heath's that struck you as being in any way strange or peculiar."

She flushes hotly and begins her story.

She describes her first impression of Doctor Heath, touching lightly upon their acquaintance previous to the time of the robbery at Wardour. Then she describes, very minutely, the first call made by Doctor Heath, after that affair.

"One moment, Miss Wardour, you told Doctor Heath all that you knew concerning the robbery."

"I did, sir;" coloring rosily.

"And you exhibited to him the vial of chloroform and the piece of cambric?"

"I did,"

"At this point you were interrupted by callers, and Doctor Heath left rather abruptly?"

"Precisely, sir."

"Who were these callers?"

"Mr. Lamotte and his son."

"Had you any reason for thinking that Doctor Heath purposely avoided a meeting with these gentlemen?"

"Not at that time;" flushing slightly.

"Go on. Miss Wardour."

She resumes her story, telling all that she can remember of the call, of Frank's return, and of Sybil's letter.

"About this letter, I would rather not speak, Mr. Wedron; it can not affect the case."

"It does affect the case," he replies quickly. "Pray omit no details just here."

She resumes; telling the story of that long day, of Clifford Heath's second visit, and of the news of Sybil Lamotte's flight.

She tells how, at sunset, she opened the strange letter, and how, bewildered and startled out of herself, she put it into Clifford Heath's hands, and called upon him to advise her.

Almost word for word she repeats his comments, and then she hesitates.

"Go on," says Mr. Wedron, impatiently; "what happened next?"

Next she tells of the sudden appearance of the strange detective; and here O'Meara seems very much interested, and Mr. Wedron very little.

He does not interrupt her, nor display much interest, until she reaches the point in her narrative when she discovers the loss of Sybil's letter.

"Well!" he cries, as she hesitates once more. "Go on! go on! about that letter."

"Gentlemen," says Constance, contritely, "here, if I could, I would spare myself. When Doctor Heath came, to return the bottle he owed by the detective, I accused him of taking the letter."

"What!" starting violently; "you suspected him?"

"I insulted him."

"And he—"

"He resented the insult in the only way possible to a gentleman. He accepted it in silence, and turned his back upon me,"

"Ah! and since that time?"

"Since that time I have received no intimation that Doctor Heath is aware of my existence."

"Ah-h-h!" ejaculates Mr. Wedron; "and you have not found the letter?"

"No. Its fate remains a mystery."

"Do you still believe that Doctor Heath could account for its disappearance, if he would?"

"On sober second thought, I could see no motive for taking the letter. I was hasty in my accusation. I came to that decision long ago."

"You were deeply grieved over the mesalliance of Miss Lamotte?"

"She was my dearest friend."

"Was?" inquiringly.

Constance pales slightly, but does not correct herself.

"Miss Lamotte's strange marriage has been since explained, I believe?"

"No, sir! not to my satisfaction."

"What! Was is not to save a scapegrace brother?"

"Stop, sir! That scapegrace brother is the one of all that family most worthy your respect and mine. You wish me to tell you of the family; let me begin with Evan."

Beginning where she had dropped her story, Constance goes on. She outlines the visits of the two detectives; she tells how Frank Lamotte received the news of his sister's flight.

Then she paints in glowing, enthusiastic language, the interview with Evan in the garden. She pictures his grief, his rage, his plea that she will stand fast as his sister's friend and champion. She repeats his odd language; describes his sudden change of manner; his declaration that he will find a reason for Sybil's conduct, that shall shield Sybil, and be acceptable to all.

Then she tells how the rumor that Sybil had sacrificed herself for Evan's sake grew and spread, and how the boy had sanctioned the report. How he had come to her the second time to claim her promise, and announce the time for its fulfillment.

"To-day," she says, with moist eyes, "Evan Lamotte lies on a drunkard's bed; liquor has been his curse. Morally he is weaker than water; but he has, under all that weakness, the elements that go to make a hero. All that he had, he sacrificed for his sister. Degraded by drink as he was, he could still feel his superiority to the man Burrill; yet, for Sybil's sake, to relieve her of his brutal presence, Evan became his companion, and passed long hours in the society that he loathed."

"Ah!" ejaculates Mr. Wedron; "ah-h-h!" then he closes his lips, and Constance resumes.

She tells next how she became weary of the search for the Wardour diamonds; how she sought to withdraw private detective Belknap; and how that individual had endeavored to implicate Doctor Heath, and had finally accused him; how she had temporized, and sent for officer Bathurst; and how, during the three days of waiting, she had sent Ray Vandyck to watch over Clifford Heath. She finishes her story without interruption, carrying it up to the very day of the murder. Then she pauses, dreading further questioning.

(*Continued on 4th page.*)

General News and Notes.

Chemisettes and fronts of thin fabrics and lace are worn with nearly all dressy costumes.

Young girls are wearing wreaths of flowers around their heads at parties and entertainments,

A Wonderful flesh Producer.

This is the title given to *Scotts Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil* by many thousand who have takeit. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food *Use it and try your weight.* Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

Tam O'Shanter hats of the finest straw are trimmed with rosettes of black velvet and a couple of black quills.

Among the important revivals for dress is grosgrain silk, which is to be one of the popular fabrics of the season

There are but few women to whom bright red is becoming, but for those whom it suits it is the perfection of shade.

The effort to broaden the shoulders is evident in the straight out epaulets, cape shaped frills and outstanding shoulder puffs.

Cape dresses are very fashionable and are thought extremely elegant, especially in the finest grades of Japanese and China crape.

Among the new garnitures are pattern sets of collar cuffs, rims and the like of white kid elaborately wrought with colored beads and metal threads.

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Corner Water & St. John Streets,
CHATHAM
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention pa to
THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.
WM. JOHNSTON,
PROPRIETOR

REVERE HOUSE.
Near Railway Station,
Campbellton, N. B.
formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan
Comfortable accommodation for permanent transient guests. Commercial Travellers will also be provided with
Sample Rooms.
GOOD STABLING on the premises.
Mrs. Desmond,
Proprietor

HEAD QUARTERS.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARLICLES
.. .. IS AT THE .. ..
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Mulsions, Linaments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES
PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices.
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,
E. LEE STREET, - - PROPRIETOR.

ADAMS HOUSE.
ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,
WELLINGTON ST, . . . CHATHAM, N. B.
This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises.
TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of al trains.
GOOD STABLING, &C.
THOMAS FLANAGAN.
Proprietor

FURNACES FURNACES,
WOOD OR COAL,
WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT
REASONABLE PRICES.
STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES
AT LOW PRICES
PUMPS, PUMPS,
Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock which I will sell low for cash
A. C. McLean Chatham.

GO TO PORTLAND, BOSTON, ETC.
VIA THE
Canada Eastern Railway and Fredericton.

Leave	Loggieville	6.00 a.m.
"	Chatham	6.12 a.m.
"	Chatham Jc.	6.45 a.m.
"	Doaktown	8.50 a.m.
"	Boiestown	9.35 a.m.
"	Cross Creek	10.47 a.m.
Arrive	Fredericton	12.15 p.m.
Leave	"	4.20 p.m.
Arrive	Bangor	11.10 p.m.
"	Portland	3.50 a.m.
"	Boston	7.25 a.m.

Pullman Sleeper runs through from Fredericton Juncton to Boston.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
CHATHAM,
Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best
British, and Canadian Makes,
Trimmings, etc.
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
al kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable terms.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
ent to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

BOOTS! SHOES!
If you want a
First Class Article made to Order
come to the shop of Samuel Johnson.
The driving-boots that all the Lumbermen are looking for are made at this establishment, and a stock of them is now on hand.
All Hand-made work and Warranted.
Repairs made promptly.
Prices reasonable all round.
SAMUEL JOHNSON.
Building adjoining the Post Office, Chatham.

AUCTION. CHURCH LOT.
To be sold at public auction on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of September next in front of the post office Chatham, at twelve o'clock noon, the Glebe Lot, Church Point on the south side of Tabusintac River formerly granted to the Trustees of St. Andrew's Church, Tabusintac. Terms cash.
By order of the Trustees
ANDREW McLEAN,
Secretary to Trustees,
St. Andrew's Church,
Tabusintac.
abus intac,
27th August, 1897.