The address slip pasted on t... of this page has a date on it, if the date of the paper than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that ...king the paper with out paying for it. See Publisher's ...ement on 4th Page

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 23. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1897. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

THE "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at *eight cents* per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $6 00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of East Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B

Robert Murray,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Insurance Agent,
ETC ETC., ETC.
CHATHAM N B

G. B. FRASER,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC
AGENT FOR THE
NORTH BRITISH
—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

"THE FACTORY"
JOHN McDONALD,
(Successor to George Cassady)
Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' furnishings generally
Lumber planed and matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING.
Stock of DIMENSION and other Lumber CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B

WANTED.
A MAN: to sell Canada grown Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Bulbs and Bulbous Plants, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Seed Potatoes, etc. We catalogue only the hardiest and most popular varieties that succeed in the coldest climates. New season now commencing; complete outfit free, salary and expenses paid from start for full time, or liberal commission for part time.
Apply now, addressing nearest office, and get choice of territory.
LUKE BROTHERS COMPANY,
International Nurseries,
CHICAGO, Ill., or MONTREAL, Que.
12.31.96

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The subscriber is prepared to furnish stone for building and other purposes.
Apply to
J. L. TWEEDIE
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FASHIONABLE TAILORING
Made to order in the latest style
Ladies Spring Jackets;
Capes and Mantles;
perfect fit guaranteed; men's and boys work will receive special attention.
Residence, Thomas Street, Newcastle N. B.
S. H. UNDERHILL
TAILORESS.

F. O. PETTERSON,
Merchant Tailor
Next door to the store of J. B. Snowball, Esq
CHATHAM - - N. B.
All Kinds of Cloths,
suits or single Garments,
section of which is respectfully invited.
F. O. PETTERSON.

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
consisting of
SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE KIDNEY CURE AND NERVINE TONIC, DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, CHASE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, ALSO DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE, CATARRH POWDER OINTMENT AND PILLS.
MUNYON'S REMEDIES.
Kola Wine, and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock.
The Newcastle Drug Store,
E. Lee Street Proprietor.
Newcastle, Sept. 14th, 1896.

Manchester House.
Blankets! Blankets! Blankets!
The evenings are becoming cool and our housekeepers are beginning to think they will need new blankets. We have just received 3 cases of Canadian Home-made all wool blankets, which are selling at very low figures
Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.
Special:—Our 7 lb. all wool blankets at $4.50 per pair are splendid value.
W. S. LOGGIE CO. LIMITED.

Lime For Sale
Apply to
THE MARITIME SULPHITE FIBRE CO. LTD.

NOTICE OF BILL TO THE LEGISLATURE.

Notice is hereby given that a bill will be introduced at the next session of the Local Legislature, to continue 44th Victoria Chapter 62, intituled "an act to consolidate and amend the several acts relating to the South West Boom company" and all amendments thereto, in force for the further term of twenty years, after the expiration of the said act.

Newcastle, 1st Dec., 1896.

ALLAN RITCHIE,
President S. W. Boom Co.

FOR SALE.
Those two commodious dwelling houses pleasantly situated on the west side of Cunard Street in the town of Chatham, now occupied by J. C. T. Arsenault and J. McCallum.
For terms and particulars apply to
TWEEDIE & BENNETT.
Chatham, 27th July, 1894.

Pilot Schooner for Sale.
The Subscribers offer for sale the Pilot Schooner "Two Brothers" as she now lies in berth at Chatham Miramichi. She is in good order, tight and staunch with all sails, standing and running rigging, anchors, chains, galley and other outfit complete, ready for coasting or other work.
FRANK MARTIN,
DUDLEY P. WALLS,
JAMES McCULLUM,
Chatham, Jany. 20th 1896.

WE DO JOB PRINTING
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

Get your Horses Trimmed and Ready for the
DIAMOND JUBILEE
AT LEGGEATT'S.
LEGGEATT CARRIES EVERYTHING

THAT GOES ON A HORSE.
ALL DESCRIPTIONS of working and driving Harness at Leggeatt's.
REPAIRING neatly done at Leggeatt's.
No FLIES where Leggeatt's Fly Nets are used.
No SHABBY HORSES where Leggeatt's Harnesses are used.
No GALLED HORSES where Leggeatt's Sweat Pads are used.
No DUST where Leggeatt's Summer Rugs are used.
No LAZY HORSES where Leggeatt's Whips are used.
NOBODY SELLS Harness Oils, Soaps or Harness Polish as cheaply as Leggeatt.
Go to Leggeatt's for Curry-Combs and Brushes!
Go to Leggeatt's for everything that goes on a horse.
LEGGEATT'S, Duke St., Chatham,
Harness and Horse-furnishing Emporium.
GET YOUR HORSES TRIMMED AND READY FOR THE DIAMOND JUBILEE AT LEGGEATT'S.

Miramichi Foundry,
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS,
CHATHAM, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished, complete.
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES, CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
CAN DIES.
IRON PIPE VALVES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Martina Daley formerly of the Parish of Nelson in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, (but at present residing in North Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts in the United States of America,) 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 seventeenth day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty three, made between the said Martina Daley of the Parish of Nelson in the County of Northumberland, (wife of Timothy Daley of the same place shipwright,) of the one part and James Robinson of Derby in the county aforesaid, Boommaster of the other part and duly recorded the twenty fourth day of February A. D. 1883, in volume 61 of the Northumberland County Records, on pages 562, 563 and 564, and is numbered 524 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 Registry Office, in the Town of Newcastle, on Monday the Fifth day of July next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.—

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Nelson in the county aforesaid abutted and bounded as follows:—Commencing on the lower side of the highway leading through Nelson at the northerly corner of land owned by the late Peter Montgomery, thence up stream along the margin or bank of the river to land owned by Thomas Doonan, thence easterly along the said Thomas Doonan's lower line (so called) to the lands occupied by Patrick Dooley, thence northerly along said lands to lands owned by the late Peter Montgomery and thence Northwesterly along said lands to the place of beginning being the property presently known as the "Daley House and Dopery," and was conveyed to the said Martina Daley by John F. Harley by deed bearing date the eventeenth day of February A. D. 1883, as by reference thereto will fully appear

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said premises belonging.

Dated at Newcastle, N. B., this twenty second day of March A. D. 1897.

JAMES ROBINSON
Mortgagee.

Z. TINGLEY,
HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,
SHAVING PARLOR
Benson Building
Water Street, - Chatham.
He will also keep a first-class stock
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
Smokers' Goods generally

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

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 subject 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,
Surveyor General

JUST OPENING.
JUST OPENING
BOOT AND SHOES IN GREAT VARIETY,
SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,
NEWEST MAKES IN DRESS GOODS,
OILCLOTHS, HEARTH RUGS & DOORMATS,
WOOL, BRUSSELS & TAPESTRY CARPETS,
BLACK & COLORED CASHMERES & MERINOS,
ART MUSLINS, CRETONNES & REPPS,
LACE CURTAINS & COUNTERPANES,
LACES, RIBBONS & HAMBURGS,
SILKS IN BLACK, COLORED, SURAH, &
Worsted Coatings,
Black and Blue Serge Suitings,
White and Regatta Shirts,
Ties, Collars, Hosiery
Silk and Linen Handk'fs,
Hats, & Caps, Etc.
ALSO A FULL & COMPLETE LINE OF
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
J. B. SNOWBALL.

FLOUR AND FEED DEPOT.
At The Old Stand Cunard Street.
SHORTS,
BRAN,
CORNMEAL,
CRACKED FEED,
HAY AND OATS,
E. A. STRANG.

MACKENZIE'S
QUININE WINE
AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N B.

STOP IT QUICK!
Why suffer with Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrohea 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"
Is looked for and called for,
asked for and sought for by
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
"WELCOME SOAP."
RENOWNED FOR ITS GENUINE WASHING QUALITY.
SMOOTH ON THE HAND.
ROUGH ON THE DIRT.
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.

The announcement seems to galvanize them all into life. Mr. Lamotte looks up with a gleam of latent anticipation in his eyes; Frank smiles his pleasure; and John Burrill steals a deprecatory glance at a mirror, smoothes a wrinkle out of his waistcoat, and outsmiles Frank. Here is another triumph; he is about to be introduced to the richest girl in the country; to meet her on an equal footing, in the character of husband to her dearest friend.

Sybil rises and goes to the window; her pale face flushing. There is a rolling of wheels, a sound of swift, firm footsteps without, and then the door opens, and Constance is announced.

She follows her name in her usual free, at home fashion, and in a moment is kissing Sybil, shaking hands with Mrs. Lamotte, exchanging smiling salutations with Mr. Lamotte, and gay badinage with Francis. And then, while Sybil still hesitates, Evan comes to the rescue.

With a face of preternatural gravity, he advances, seizes the arm of John Burrill, drags him toward Constance, and says, with elaborate politeness:—

"Constance, allow me to present my new brother-in-law, Mr. Burrill. Brother-in-law, this is Miss Wardour, of Wardour Place."

In spite of themselves, they smile; all except Sybil. John Burrill feels that somehow, he is made ridiculous; that another man in his place would not have been thus introduced. But the eyes of the heiress are upon his face, her daintily gloved hand is proffered him, and she lisps in her softest contralto, and unblushingly:—

"I am happy to know you, Mr. Burrill."

Somehow, they all breathe freer after that pretty falsehood. John Burrill regains his composure, and relapses into his former state of comfortable gloating. Another face is added to the circle of high-bred people around him. He does not talk much, for he is not yet quite at his ease when in conversation with them. As they talk, he thinks what a fine nest this is which he has gained for himself what a lovely woman is his wife; and how splendidly handsome is Miss Wardour. He thinks how, by and by, he will boast to some of his choice spirits, of his friendship for Miss Wardour, and of the value in which she holds his esteem. He thinks how good is the Lamotte cook, and how, presently, he will sample the Lamotte wines, and smoke a splendid segar; and then he pricks up his ears and listens, for the conversation has drifted away from the commonplace, and Miss Wardour is saying:—

"It really is a forlorn hope, I fear, Mr. Lamotte. I don't know what to reply to Mr. Belknap, but I think he is wasting his time, and I my money; and, if you will communicate with him, as he failed to name his address in his note to me, we will close up the case."

"And say farewell to your diamonds?"

"I have performed that ceremony some time since. I really am worn out with the subject. At some other time I may resume the search."

"You are getting discouraged."

"Call it that, if you like."

"Excuse me, if I pursue so wearisome a subject, Constance; but—does not Mr. Belknap hint at a new clue in this note of his? You must know he has written me also."

"He hints, and very vaguely."

"Well, I am anxious to look into matter a little further. As a special favor to me will you retain the services of Mr. Belknap a little longer?"

"As you make such a point of it, yes, Mr. Lamotte; but—do you really hope to find anything new, at this late day?"

"I really do, my child, but can not put my ideas in shape, as yet. I think we shall have Mr. Belknap among us soon."

"Well, don't let him persecute me, that's all," stipulated Constance. "I have lost my faith in detectives."

"All this talk reminds me, Constance," interrupted Sybil, "mamma has had her diamonds reset for me, and they are really beautiful; besides which, papa and Mr. Burrill have added to the collection, so that in the absence of yours, I may set myself up as diamond queen. Come to my room and be dazzled."

"And leave us under a cloud," chimed in Frank. "Burrill, come, let's adjourn to the billiard room, and have a segar;" and intent upon keeping his brother-in-law in order during the time Constance should be under the roof, he slapped him cordially on his brawny shoulder, and they went out in most amiable and brotherly fashion, and entered the billiard room, where Frank permitted Burrill to cheat at the game, and eventually win it, much to the delight of that personage.

When they had left the morning room, Evan Lamotte, too, sauntered out and down the hall, and, hearing their voices in amiable dialogue, interspersed by the click of the billiard balls, he muttered:—

"Ah, Constance, you are a witch indeed! you have made my magnificent brother adopt my role for once; so long as you are here we may depend upon Frank to keep our bull out of the china shop. So, as one good turn deserves another, I will just give your mare a turn and look in at 'Old Forty Rods;' I'm safe to go off duty for the day."

And ten minutes later the reckless youth was galloping Frank's blooded mare along the highway en route for the saloon known as to the initiated as "Old Forty Rods."

Left alone together, Mr. Jasper Lamotte and his wife gazed at each other in silence for a moment, and then he said:—

"Do you think it safe to leave them alone together too long?"

"Who, Frank and —"

"Pshaw, no; the girls."

"It is safe; nevertheless I will go up to them," and Mrs. Lamotte arose and went slowly up the stairs, and softly past the door where Sybil and Constance sat together, straight to her own room, which she entered, closed and locked the door carefully, and allowing the look of haughty calm to die out of her face, she threw herself into a dressing chair, and presses two feverish hands against a face that was sad and bitter and full of weariness.

Left to his own devices, Jasper Lamotte seated himself at a desk and dashed off a few hurried lines, which he directed to

"Mr. Jerry Belknap,
"No. —, Room 7, Blank St.,
"N. Y."

CHAPTER XV.

Constance followed her friend up to the room where they had so often passed long hours together, wonderingly at Sybil's composure and seeming resignation, and shudderingly recalling the bland devouring stare of the man who was her husband.

It was the first time since Sybil's return that they had been alone together, and Constance half dreaded the interview, as well as wondered not a little that the opportunity was of Sybil's own making; hitherto she seemed anxious to avoid a tete-a-tete.

Sybil moved straight on in advance of her friend, and never turned her head nor spoke, until the door of her boudoir had shut them in; then she turned and faced her companion, uttering as she did so a low mirthless laugh.

"Well!" she asked abruptly, "how do you like him?"

Constance bent a searching gaze upon her friend, and read her state of mind with a woman's keen intuition. The tensely strung nerves, the dread of this interview, the determination to have it over, and to bear her part bravely; a proud and stubborn nature, battling with despair, and unspeakable heartache. She understood it all, and her own heart bled for her friend. But, being a wise little woman, she held her pity in reserve, and replied, as if the question concerned a new dancing master:—

"I don't like him at all, child; let's talk about something more interesting," and she threw herself down upon a fauteuil, and tossed off her hat; just as she had tossed it aside a hundred times, in that same pretty room. The simple action, brought a thrill of tenderness, and sad recollection, to the heart of Sybil. She seated herself beside her friend, and her face lost a shade of its bitterness.

"It's like a shadow of the old days, Con.," she said sadly, "and the substance I can never have any more. But you must let me talk, I feel as if I must talk, and you will let me say what I will, and ask me nothing. Con., you saw that—that creature down stairs? You saw him, but you did not hear him."

She shuddered, and paused for an instant; but Constance did not speak, and so she continued:—

"I had made up my mind never to speak of him to you, but the very thing I had dreaded has happened; you have met, and, in the generosity of your soul, for my sake, you have extended to him your hand; have openly accepted his acquaintance. Oh, Con.! I could have stuck him dead before he touched your hand. He! Ah, there is a limit to my forbearance; he has forced himself into my life to blight it; he has forced himself into my family to be an added curse. But he shall not force himself upon my friends. Con., treat him with the disdain he deserves, else, he will force his way into your very drawing room. Never, never, never, extend to him the courtesies due to an equal. He is not an equal, he is not a man at all; he is a fat, sleek, leering, ruminating animal, at his best; he is a wolf, a vampire, a devil, at other times; ignorant, vain, avaricious, gross. Rather than see him force himself upon you, as he has forced himself upon us here, I will myself sever our friendship. I will never see, never speak with you again. John Burrill shall find a limit, which even his brute force cannot pass." She was growing more and more excited, and a bright spot burned on each cheek.

Constance was startled, but fully understanding the necessity for perfect coolness, now that Sybil's composure had almost given way, she never attempted to interrupt the words that were but the overflow of long pent up feelings; but sat quietly stroking one of Sybil's slender hands, and becoming more amazed and mystified as she listened.

"Sometimes I find myself wondering at the tenacity of my life," went on Sybil, more hurriedly and with increasing excitement. "Sometimes I feel my strength leaving me, and think the battle is over; but somehow it is renewed, and I find myself growing strong instead of weak. For months I lived with my inevitable fate constantly before my eyes. I knew that there was no escape; that what has transpired, must happen. I have suffered tortures, passed nights without sleep, and days without food. I have grown a little paler, a little thinner, and a great deal wickeder, and that is all. I am strong, as strong as in the beginning, and yet, what am I but a galvanized corpse? I am dead to all that is worth living for. My one wish is to be free, and yet, Con., do you know I have never once been tempted to self-destruction."

Constance Wardour sprang impetuously to her feet, and paced the length of the boudoir again and again in perfect silence. The terrible weight of torment that was crushing Sybil's heart, and maddening her brain, seemed to rest, too, upon her, and weigh down her spirits: she was tortured with the sight of Sybil's misery, and the thought of her own helplessness. Could nothing be done? Struggling for an appearance of composure, she paced to and fro, and at last, having mastered her feelings, and arranged her thoughts, she resumed her seat beside Sybil, whose eyes had followed her movements with curiosity.

"Sybil, listen;" she began with that clear, concise energy of manner that, in itself, inspired confidence. "If you do not wish me to make any overtures of friendship, rest assured I shall make none. I at least am not under the spell which this man seems to have thrown about you all. There, don't draw back, child, I have no more to say on this part of the subject. I may ask a few questions, however, without treading on forbidden ground. You say John Burrill is avaricious; can he not be bought off?"

Sybil shook her head.

"Not with the Wardour estate," she replied, sadly. "Not with all our fortunes united?"

"Cannot he be frightened then?"

"Frightened! You don't know what you are saying."

"Then, I can think of no other way. He is a bad man; he must have led a wicked life; can we not find something in his past, which will place him in our power? Can he not be driven into banishment, through fear of justice?"

Sybil turned her eyes full upon her friend; eyes dark with the shadow of despair, but unwavering in their sad meaning.

"If that could be done," she said, slowly. "The very day that witnessed his downfall, would bring about the catastrophe I have sacrificed myself to avert. Constance, say no more; we can do none of these things; there is no help for me on this side of the grave."

Constance looked once more at her friend; looked long and earnestly then.

"Sybil," she cried, with swift resolution. "Do you know what you are bringing upon yourself? Do you want to go mad, and so be at the mercy of John Burrill? It is what will come upon you if you don't throw off this torpor. Your eyes are as dry as if tears were not meant to relieve the overburdened heart. Let your tears flow; shake off this lethargy; battle royally for your life; it is worth more than his; do not let him put your reason to flight, and so conquer. Sybil! Sybil!"

The words ended in a sobbing cry, but Sybil only gazed dumbly, and then looked helplessly about her.

"There, there, Conny," she said at last, as if soothing a hurt child; "don't mind me. It's true my life is worth more than his, but—I can't cry, I don't feel like crying."

"Then laugh," cried Constance desperately; "laugh and defy your tormentor; harden your heart if you must, but don't let it break."

"I won't," said Sybil, with quiet emphasis. "Now come and see my diamonds, Con."

She crossed the room as she spoke, bent over a dressing case, and came back with a tray of sparkling newly set jewels.

"Bah!" she said, as she dropped the glittering things one by one into her friend's lap. "How I loved their glitter once, and how I envied your treasure of jewels; now you have lost your treasure, and I have no more love for mine."

Constance laughed oddly, as she bent to recover her hat from the floor, where it had lain during their interview,

"Secret for secret, Sybil," she said, with forced gaiety. "I have one little secret of mine own, and I am inclined to tell it to you, because I know you can appreciate it, and can keep it; and I choose to have it kept. Bend down your head, dear, walls may have ears. Listen."

Sybil bent her dark head, and Constance whispered a few short sentences that caused her to spring up erect and excited.

"Constance! you are not jesting?"

"Honestly no. I have told you the truth, plain and unvarnished."

Sybil stood as if transfixed with surprise, or some sudden inspiration.

"Why, how amazed you look, dear; after all it's an old, old trick, and easily played. Come, come, be as free as any longer; put away your diamonds and come below with me, my ponies must be dying with impatience, and I am anxious to avoid our mutual foe, for I make common cause with you, dear, and I have told you my secret, that we may be in very truth, fellow conspirators. Make my adieus to the family, and be sure and come to me just as you used; if your agre insists upon coming, trust me to freeze him into an earnest desire to be in a warmer and more congenial place. Courage, mon ami, somehow we must win the battle."

Sybil took the diamonds from her hands and put them away, with far more care than she had displayed in bringing them forth; then she followed her friend from the room, closing and carefully locking the door behind her.

Constance observed the unusual caution, but made no comment. Only when many days after she remembered that day she wondered how she could have been so stupidly blind.

She effected her departure without being seen by Frank or Burrill, and drove homeward, revolving in her mind various plots for the confusion of the latter, and plans for awakening Sybil from the dangerous melancholy that would surely unseat her reason.

"If I could only move her to tears," she murmured, "only break that frozen calm once. How can I touch, move, melt her? It must be done." And pondering this difficult task, she drove slowly on.

"I wonder if I blundered in telling her my secret," she mused. "I know she will keep it; and yet, somehow, I fear I was too hasty. One would think it had grown too big for me to keep. But, pshaw! it's not a life and death matter, and I wanted to give a new impulse to that poor child's thoughts. But I must try and cure myself of this impulsiveness, just as if it were not 'bred in the bone,' for it was an impulse that made me whisper my secret to Sybil; and once, it has got me into serious trouble." And her brow darkened, as she thought of the feud thus raised between herself and Doctor Heath.

While she was thus pondering, Sybil Burrill had hurried back to her own room, locked herself in, and with hands clasped and working nervously, was pacing restlessly up and down, as Constance had done a little earlier.

(Continued on 4th page.)

General News and Notes.

To bore a whole half way through the soul of a shoe is said to prevent its squeaking.

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.* Spott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00

It is estimated that the annual production of wine in the world is 3,671,973,000 gallons.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY:—South American Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

"I's kind o' worried," said Uncle Eben "bout de kind o' patriotism dat pays cash foh its fireworks an' dodges its taxes."—Washington Star.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

ITCH, on human or animals, cured in 3 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotions. Warranted J. Pallen & Son.

DERAVIN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
ST. KITTS, W. I.
Cable Address: Deravin
LEON DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

INSURANCE.
The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased is continued by the undersigned who represents the following Companies:—
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
ALBION,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON, & LANCASHIRE,
LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION
ALLIANCE,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON,
MANCHESTER.
JAS. G. MILLER,
Chatham, 29th Nov. 1893.

CANADA HOUSE.
Corner Water & St. John Streets,
CHATHAM
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention paid 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 ARTICLES IS AT THE
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Mixtures, 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 all trains.
GOOD STABLING. &C.
THOMAS FLANAGAN.
Proprietor

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
cut to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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.

BUSINESS CHANGE.
The Business heretofore carried on under the name of John McDonald, will hereafter be conducted under the name, and style of
John McDonald & Co.

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 solicit a continuance of the same for JOHN McDONALD & CO.

JOHN McDONALD

TINSMITH WORK.
The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the general public that he has reestablished himself in the business of a general
Tinsmith and Iron Worker
in the shop opposite the W. T. Harris store, Cunard Street, Chatham.
He makes a specialty of
RE-LINING STOVE-OVENS
and introduces a
DOUBLE PLATE BOTTOM
at the same price as the usual single plate is put in for elsewhere.
General repairs, as well as new work promptly executed.
JOHN DUFF.

THE MEDICAL HALL.
BATH GLOVES
AND MITS.
SPONGES
a beautiful line of
TOILET SOAPS
from five cents to one dollar per cake
JUST ARRIVED
—AT—
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.
May 18, 1896.