The Diamond Coterie.

(Continued from 1st page.)

ment, then utters a low growl, and tries to shake himself free; for the first time, he refuses to obey his master.

But it is his master; there is a short, sharp struggle, and then the brute cowers, whining at his feet.

"Wait!" he says, imperiously to the men, and then, speaking a stern word of command, he strides away, followed by the conquered and trembling brute.

It is the work of a moment to chain him fast; and then Clifford Heath goes swiftly back to the men, who stand very much as he left them.

"Can this be some trick?" Mr. O'Meara is saying, peering down from the edge of the cellar wall at the mound of earth and the protruding leg.

"There is no trick here," replies Clifford Heath, once more springing down into the cellar. "My dog would not be deceived. Come down here, O'Meara; this thing must be unearthed."

Mr. O'Meara lowers himself carefully down, and the man who has thus far stood sentinel follows suit. Then the four approach the mound once more. For a moment they regaid each other silently, then one of the masons says:—

"If we had a spade."

"Not yet," breaks in Lawyer 'O'Meara. "Let's make sure that we have found something before we cause any alarm to be given. Get some boards; we do not want a spade."

The boards are found easily, and they look to O'Meara again, all but Clifford Heath, who stands near the mound gazing downward as if fascinated. While O'Meara speaks he stoops swiftly, and then carries his hand to his pocket.

"Let's remove the—upper portion of whatever this is," says the lawyer nervously, "and work carefully. This looks like—"

"It looks like murder," says Clifford Heath, quietly. "Pull away the dirt carefully, men."

They are all strong-nerved, courageous men; yet they are all very pale, as they bend to their task.

A few moments, and Mr. O'Meara utters a sharp exclamation, drops his board, and draws back. They have unearthed a shoulder, an arm, a clenched hand.

A moment more, and Clifford Heath, too, withdraws from his task, the cold sweat standing thick upon his temples. They are uncovering a head, a head that is shrouded with something white.

To Mr. O'Meara, to Clifford Heath, the moment is one of intense unmixed horror. To the men who still bend to their work, the horror has its mixture of curiosity. Whose is the face they are about to look upon?

Instinctively the two more refined men draw farther back, instinctively the others bend closer.

Swiftly they work. The last bit of earth is removed from the face; carefully they draw away a large white handkerchief, then utter a cry of horror.

"My God!" cries one, "it is John Burrill."

CHAPTER XXVII.

It is John Burrill!

Lying there, half buried still, with clenched hands and features distorted. It is John Burrill, dead.

Clifford Heath utters a sharp exclamation. He starts forward suddenly, and looks, not upon the dead face, but straight at the white thing that is still held in the hand of one of the masons. Then he snatches it from the man fiercely, looks at it again and more closely, and lets it fall from his grasp. For a moment all is black to his vision, and over his face a ghastly pallor creeps. Slowly, slowly, he lifts his hand to his forehead, rests it there for a moment, and seems making an effort to think. Then he drops his hand; he lifts his head; he draws himself erect.

"O'Meara," he says, in a voice strangely hollow and unfamiliar, and pointing to the fallen handkerchief. "Look at that. I am going home; when you want me you will find me there." And without having so much as glanced at the dead face so near him, he goes slowly towards his cottage, holding his head proudly erect still.

Mr. O'Meara turns away from the corpse, and gazes for a moment after the retreating form of his friend; then he picks up the handkerchief; it is of fottest linen, and across one corner he reads the embroidered name of Clifford Heath. For a moment he stands with the tell-tale thing held loosely in his hand, and then he bends down, spreads it once more over the dead face, and turns to the men.

"This body must not be disturbed further," he says, authoritatively. "One of you go at once and notify Soames, and then Corliss. Fortunately, Soames lives quite near. Don't bring a gang here. Let's conduct this business decently and in order. Do you go, Barclett," addressing the younger of the two men. "We will stay here until the mayor comes."

And Lawyer O'Meara buttons his coat tightly about him and draws closer to the cellar wall, the better to protect himself from the drip, drip, of the rain.

"It is a horrible thing, sir," ventured the mechanic, drawing further away from the ghastly thing outlined, and made more horrible, by the wet, white covering. "It's a fearful deed for somebody, and—it looks as if the right man wasn't far away; we all know how he and Burrill were—"

"Hold your tongue, man," snapped O'Meara, testily, "keep 'what we all know' until you are called on to testify. I have something to think about."

And he does think, long and earnestly, regardless of the rain; regardless alike of the restless living companion and of the silent dead.

By and by, they come, the mayor, the officers, the curious gazers; the rain is nothing to them in a case like this; there is much running to and fro; there are all the scenes and incident attendant upon a first-class horror. A messenger is dispatched, in haste, to Mapleton, and, in the wind and rain, the drama moves on.

The messenger to Mapleton rides in hot haste; he finds none but the servants astir in that stately house; to them he breaks the news, and then waits while they rouse Frank Lamotte; for Jasper Lamotte has not returned from the city.

After a time he comes down, pale and troubled of countenance; he can scarcely credit the news he hears; he is terribly shocked, speechless with the horror of the story told him.

By and by, he recovers his composure, in a measure; he goes to his mother's room, and tells her the horrible news; he orders the servants to be careful what they say in his sister's presence, and not to approach Evan's room; then he tells the coachman to meet Mr. Lamotte, who will come on the noon express, with the carriage. After which, he swallows a glass of brandy; and, without waiting for breakfast, mounts his horse and gallops madly townward.

Meantime, the fast express is steaming toward W—, bearing among its human freight, Mr. Jasper Lamotte; and never has W— seen upon his usually serene face such a look as it now wears. It is harassed, baffled, discontented, surly. He knows no one among the passengers, and he sits aloof from his fellow travelers, making no effort to while away the time, as travelers do.

As they near W—, however, he shakes off his dullness, and lays aside his look of care; and when he steps upon the platform at W—, he is to all appearance, the same smiling suave man, who went away three days before.

There are several other passengers for W—, among whom we may see a portly, dignified gentleman who looks to be somewhere in the forties, and who evidently has a capital opinion of himself, and knows what he is about. He is fashionably dressed, and wears a splendid diamond in his shirt front. He carries in his hand a small valise, and asks for a carriage to the best hotel.

Close behind him is another man, of a different stripe. He is a rakish looking fellow, dressed in smart but cheap clothing. He carries in his hand a small, square package, neatly strapped, and this alone would betray his calling, were it not so obvious in his look and manner. The "book fiend" has descended upon W—. He looks about him carelessly, watches the portly gentleman as he is driven away in the carriage for the W— Hotel, sees Mr. Jasper Lamotte enter his landau, and drive swiftly away, and then he trudges cheerily townward, swinging his packet of books as he goes.

When they are out of sight of the gaping crowd about the depot, the coachman, acting under Frank's orders, brings his horses to a walk, and, turning upon his seat, addresses his master.

"I've dreadful news to tell you, sir; and Mr. Frank said to let you know is quick, so as you could come there at once."

Jasper Lamotte stares in angry astonishment, scarcely taking in the meaning of the none too lucid sentence.

"Well, sir," he says, shortly, what are you talking about?"

This time the man came at once to the point.

"Mr. Burrill has been murdered, sir. They found him this morning in an old cellar, close by Doctor Heath's; and they say, sir—"

"What! what do you say? Burrill—"

"Murdered, sir—killed dead—stabbed right through the heart, sir. They are anxious for you to come, sir. They are going to have an inquest right there."

"Drive there, at once," cried Mr. Lamotte, hoarsely. "I must see for myself," and he sinks back upon his seat, pale and trembling.

Meantime the carriage containing the portly gentleman arrives at the hotel. The rain is still falling, and the gentleman steps hurriedly from the carriage and across the pavement—so hurriedly, indeed, that he jostles against a boy who is passing with a tray of ivory carvings and pretty scroll-work.

Down comes the tray, and the gentleman, who is evidently kind-hearted, cries out:—

"Why, boy! Bless me, but I'm sorry! Didn't see you, upon my word. Pick your wares up, sonny, and take stock of the broken things, then come in and I'll make it all square. Just ask for Mr. Wedron, and don't be bashful," and he bustles into the office of the W— House, where he calls for the best room they can give him, registers as "C. A. Wedron, att'y, N.Y.," and, asking that he might have dinner as early as possible, he goes at once to his room.

"I say," he calls to the porter who brings up his valise, "when that young image boy comes, just send him along to me; I owe him some damages."

A few minutes later, the boy enters the office and deposits his disordered tray upon a chair.

"Come along, you," calls the porter, gruffly. "The gentleman's looking for you."

"Wait a minit, can't ye?" retorts the boy coolly. "I jest want to take account of stock."

He drops on one knee and rearranges his tray with great care and no haste.

"There!" he exclaims, rising at length with a chuckle of satisfaction. "I reckon that big bloke'll be about two fifty out after I call." And he takes up his tray and says to the porter: "Now, then, give us the address."

"Twenty-one," he replies, and the boy ascends the stairs, and unceremoniously opens the door of twenty-one.

The gentleman, who stands at the window, turns quickly at the sound of the opening door, and when it has closed behind the boy, he advances and asks in a low tone:—

"How lies the land, George? Is there any news?"

"I'm sorry, sir," replies the boy. "I was faithful to orders—but things have gone wrong."

"How, my boy?"

"The man you call Burrill was murdered last night."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir, and I might have known who did it. This is the way it went, sir. I kept an eye on all of your men as well as I could, during the day, and kept the widest eye on the short fellow with the tramp lay-out and the ugly face. That was easy, for he lay low all day; so I managed to get around here two or three times during the afternoon, and I found that Mr. Belknap was laying low, too. He staid in and about the hotel all day, and, I think, all the evening. At night the tramp fellow began to show signs of life, and I piped him close. Early in the evening, as dusk, in fact, he went over the river and out toward Mapleton; on the way he met Burrill coming to town, and he faced about and stalked him back. Burrill lounged about a good bit, and then he went to the saloon you pointed out to me; some fellows were waiting there for him, and they got about a table and carried things high, drinking every five minutes. My man kept a close look on the saloon, and seemed uneasy all the time; once he went in, and drank two beers, but he did not venture near Burrill and his party. By and by, I think it must have been ten o'clock or later, Burrill came out from the saloon alone; he was very drunk, and staggered as he walked away. He turned south, and my man came out, as I supposed, to follow. But, instead, he took a short cut to the bridge and crossed over, hiding himself in the low hedge on the other side. He staid there until almost morning, and then he seemed to be disgusted, or discouraged, or both. I staid close by, and tracked him back to his roost! Then I turned in to get a little rest myself. I was out early, and looked first after my man; he was out too, prowling about uneasily. He went to the saloon, and seemed inclined to loaf there a bit; so I went to look after Mr. Belknap. He was not visible, and so I lounged about, as it was too wet to get out my wares. Well, it was not long before my man came out from old 'Forty Rods,' and started out on the south road, and I kept on behind him, and before we had gone far we met a party of excited men, gathered about the mayor's house, and learned that a murder had been committed. We fell in with the crowd, and went out to the place where the body lay. It was an empty lot, right next to Doctor Heath's cottage; the body was down in an old cellar, and had been hastily buried by the murderers. They say it was Doctor Heath's dog that first discovered the body."

He pauses, and waits for a comment, but none comes; the gentleman stands with hands behind him, and head bent, as if still listening. For a long time, he stands thus, and then takes a turn or two about the room.

"Why, George," he says, at last. "I don't see that you could have done better. It was no part of our plan to have this murder happen, and it bids fair to make us some trouble that we had not counted on. But we are used to that, George. So you think you might have known who did the deed?"

"I might, sir, if I had followed Burrill; I felt all the time that he was the man to watch."

"Oh!" with an odd smile; "your instincts are on the alert. However, you did right in disregarding instinct, and obeying orders. Now then, be off sir, and until you have further notice, keep both your eyes on Mr. Belknap. By the by, when do they hold an inquest?"

"At three o'clock, sir; they want to have Mr. Lamotte there."

"Well! that's all, George; you had better dispose of your traps for the day, and look sharp after Mr. Belknap."

"All right, sir;" and taking up his tray, the little detective goes out, dropping back into his old impudent manner, as the door closes behind him.

"So, Burrill has been killed," soliloquizes the portly gentleman seating himself before his cheery fire. "Well, that goes to show that we detectives don't find out all the tangles. We are lucky oftener than we are shrewd. Now look, I fancied I had the game in my hands, and stepped into town this morning to throw my trump and win, and now, my game is blocked, and a new one opens against me."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

All that long morning Clifford Heath sat alone in his cosy parlor, and what his thoughts were no observer, had there been such, could have guessed. His features were grave, even stern, but there was no apprehension, no expectancy, no fear; nothing but calm gravity and inflexible haughtiness could be discerned in the face that was sometimes bent over a favorite book, sometimes submerged in clouds of smoke from his big German meerschaum, but that never once turned toward the window that overlooked the scene of the morning's discovery. All day the sounds from thence penetrated to his ear; all day men were coming and going, with much loud talk as they passed his doorway, and much bustle and excitement. But Clifford Heath might have been deaf and blind, so little interest did he manifest in the sights and sounds that were attendant upon the scene of John Burrill's low, rain-soaked bed of death.

Crouched at his feet lay the great dog Prince, who had been comforted by his master for any harshness that he had suffered necessarily, and he now lay watchful but quiet, seeming to share, in a measure, the mood of his master and best friend.

At one o'clock Mrs. Gray came in and spread his luncheon beside him in tempting array, and the doctor laid aside his pipe, and, favoring Mrs. Gray with one of those kindly smiles that she always melted under to the extent of admitting to herself that her master was "a man who meant well, in spite of his horrid ways."

Then he drew his chair up beside the lunch table, and immediately set Mrs. Gray's good humor awry by indulging in one of his "horrid ways," namely, the tossing of dainty bits to Prince, who caught them in his mouth with much adroitness and without quitting his position upon the Turkish rug.

Finally, when Prince had received his share of Mrs. Gray's dainties, the doctor fell upon the rest and made a hearty meal.

As he was washing down a tart with a large tumbler of claret, there came a knock upon the street door, and without a moment's hesitation — indeed, with some alacrity—he arose to answer it in person.

Once more it was his neighbor, O'Meara.

"Come in, O'Meara," said he, coolly. "I'm just finishing luncheon," and he led the way back to the parlor.

"I just looked in for a moment in my capacity of friend and neighbor, Heath," said the little lawyer, briskly, at the same time seating himself near the table. "Later on I may give you a call in my professional capacity, but not now, not now, sir."

"Don't do it at all, O'Meara," said the doctor, with a short laugh; "I have no earthly use for a lawyer."

"No more have I for a medical adviser just this minute, sir; but I may need one before night."

"And before night I may need a lawyer, O'Meara—is that it?"

The little man shook his head.

"I'm afraid of it, Heath; I'm afraid of it, as things look now."

"And things look now very much as they did this morning, I suppose?"

O'Meara nodded.

"Then, this is the prospect ahead—a coroner's verdict thus: 'Deceased came to his death at the hands of Clifford Heath, M. D.;' and circumstantial evidence thus: 'Deceased has on several occasions been threatened by accused; he was found buried near the premises of accused, and upon his person was found a handkerchief bearing the name, Clifford Heath.' This, and how much more I can't tell. It's a beautiful case, O'Meara."

The little lawyer stared, astonished at his coolness.

"Don't underrate this business, Heath," he said, anxiously. "I'm glad to see that it has not had the opposite effect on you. I'm glad to see plenty of 'pluck, but—"

"But, there's a strong case against me; that's what you would say, O'Meara. I don't doubt, and let me tell you that neither you nor I can guess how strong the case is; not yet."

"Such an affair is bad enough, at the best, Heath; I don't see anything in the way, thus far, that will hold up against an impartial investigation; as for other evidence, am I to understand—"

Clifford Heath bent forward, and lifted one hand warningly.

"Understand nothing for the present, O'Meara; after the verdict come to me, not as a lawyer, but as a friend, and I will explain my language and—attitude; for the present I have nothing to say."

"Then I must be satisfied with what you have said," replied the lawyer cheerfully. "Of course you will be at the inquest?"

The doctor nodded.

"Well, having seen—and heard you, it is not necessary to offer any suggestions, I see that," and the lawyer arose and took up his hat, "and it won't be policy for me to remain here too long. Count on me Heath, in any emergency. I'm your man."

"Thank you, O'Meara; rest assured such friendship is fully appreciated." And he extended his hand to the friendly lawyer, who grasped it silently, seemed struggling, either to speak or to repress some thought, and then dropped it and went out silently, followed in equal silence by his host, who closed the door behind him, and then went thoughtfully back to his claret.

"Zounds!" muttered Lawyer O'Meara, picking his way back across the muddy street, and entering his own dwelling. "To think of accusing a man of so much coolness, and presence of mind, of such a bungling piece of work as this. It's a queer suspicion, but I could almost swear that Heath smells a plot."

At this moment a carriage drove lazily by, all mud bespattered, and lying open in defiance of the rain.

"It's Lamotte's landau," said the lawyer, peeping out from the shelter of his veranda; "it's Lamotte's carriage, and it's Lamotte himself; I would like to see how he looks, just for one moment; but it's too wet, and I must go tell the old woman how her favorite doctor faces the situation."

(To be continued.)

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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.
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PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.
Entries for Live Stock, Poultry, Dogs, Dairy Produce, Ladies' Work, Fine Arts and all classes of Manufacture close on or before Saturday, September 11th.
Grain, Field Roots, Fruits and Horticultural products on or before Tuesday, September 21st.
The Speed Competitions close Saturday, September 11th.
These dates for closing entries will be strictly enforced and intending Exhibitors should govern themselves accordingly.

NOTICE OF SALE.
To John Adams formerly of the Parish of Alnwick, in the County of Northumberland, New Brunswick, merchant, (but at present residing in the City of Quebec, in the province of Quebec;—Anthony Adams of the same place merchant, and Annie Adams his wife, of the Parish of Alnwick, in the said County of Northumberland, and to all others whom it may concern.
Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the thirtieth day of September A.D. 1889, made between the said John Adams, Anthony Adams and Annie Adams of the one part and Ernest Hutchison of Douglastown, in the said County of Northumberland, millman of the other part, and duly recorded the Thirtieth day of January A.D. 1890, in volume 67 of the Northumberland County Records on pages 266, 267, 268 and 269 and is numbered 199 in said volume, which said mortgage was on the twenty-fourth day of February A.D. 1897, duly assigned by the said Ernest Hutchison to me the undersigned Margaret Snowball, which assignment was registered on the twenty-fifth day of February A.D. 1897, in volume 72 of the Northumberland County Records, on pages 592 and 593, and is numbered 427 in said volume.
There will for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by and due on the said mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at public auction in front of the post office in the Town of Chatham, on Monday the fifteenth day of November next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises in the said mortgage described as follows:—
All and singular that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the parish of Alnwick, in the County of Northumberland and bounded as follows:—Commencing on the bank or shore of Negnac Bay at the southwestery corner of the road leading from Lower Negnac to Stymiest's Mill Brook at the distance of forty-eight chains and fifty-seven links southerly from the Queens Highway; thence southerly along the westerly side of the said Road leading to Stymiest's Mill Brook at the distance of two hundred and sixty feet to a stake; thence westerly two hundred and thirty-one feet to the centre of the road leading from Alexander Martin's barn to the Bay shore; thence along the centre of the said road leading to Stymiest's Mill Brook two hundred and forty-seven feet to the Bay shore; thence easterly along the Bay shore to the place of beginning.
Also all that other piece or parcel of land commencing at a stake, at the Northerly side line of Alexander Martin's land touching on the said Stymiest road, thence running Northerly along the westerly side of said road two hundred and eight feet to a stake or the southerly side line of lands owned and occupied by Alexander Goodfellow, thence along the southerly side line of Alexander Goodfellow's land, westerly one hundred and forty-nine feet to a stake; thence southerly two hundred and thirty-four feet to the northerly side line of Alexander Martin's land, thence easterly along the northerly side line of said Alexander Martin's lands one hundred and forty-nine feet to a stake or place of beginning, on the westerly side of the said Stymiest road being part of the lands conveyed by Alexander Loggie and James Anderson to James O. Fish and the said Anthony Adams by indenture dated the second day of January A.D. 1880 and of which the said James O. Fish conveyed all his interest therein to the said John Adams by indenture dated February 16th A.D. 1882.
Together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.
Dated at Chatham, N. B., this tenth day of August, A.D. 1897.
R. A. LAWLOR, Solicitor. MARGARET SNOWBALL, Assignee of Mortgagee.

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6 20 a m lv	2 50 p m	..Fredericton,...	12 15 ar.	3 30 p m
6 30	2 53	....Gibson,....	12 12	3 27
6 50	3 05	...Maryaville,...	12 00	3 10
8 20	4 07	...Cross Creek,..	10 47	1 20
9 40	5 05	...Bolestown,...	9 35	11 45
10 40 ar }	5 50 ar	...Doaktown,...	8 50	10 45
10 45 lv }	6 05 lv			10 40
12 05 p m	7 10	...Blackville,...	7 40	9 10
1 00 ar }	8 03	..Chatham Jct..	6 45	7 50
1 50 lv }	8 07			ar 7 30
	8 20	.....Nelson ...		7 10
2 30	8 40	....Chatham....	6 12	6 50
2 50 ar	8 55	... Loggieville Lv	6 00 am	6 30 a m

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lv. Chatham,	3.10 a.m.	1.05 p. m.
Nelson	3.30 "	1.25 "
Ar. Chatham Junc.,	3.50 "	1.45 "
Lv. " "	4.15 "	2.30 "
Nelson	4.35 "	2.50 "
Ar. Chatham,	4.55 "	3.10

GOING SOUTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
Lv. Chatham,	12.50 a. m.	10.10 a. m.
Nelson	1.10	10.30 "
Ar. Chatham Junction,	1.30 "	10.50 "
Lv. " "	1.50 "	11.25 "
Nelson	2.10	11.45 "
Ar. Chatham	2 30 "	11.05 p m

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations—Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield Carroll's, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manser's Siding, Penniac.

Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings but not Monday mornings.

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C. P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the C. P. RAILWAY for St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

THOS. HOBEN, Supt. ALEX. GIBSON, Gen'l Manager

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School Blackboard Paint.
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7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
1 " Turpentine.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
Ready Mixed Metalic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron.
10 Kegs, 100 lbs. each Dry Metalic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron.
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Joiners' and Machinests' Tools, a speciality.
Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges etc
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75 Kegs Wire Nails, $2.45 per Keg.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
20 Kegs Horse Shoes, $3.90 per Keg. 15 Boxes Horse Nails $3.00 box.
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Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones
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WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS $1.90, CLOTHES WRINGERS $2.50, DAISY CHURNS $3.75.
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FARMING TOOLS, ALL KINDS.
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My Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in my line will save money by calling, on me, as they will find my prices away down below the lowest; prove this by calling.
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The Grocery War is still going on, and we are in the front ranks, and prepared to defend ourselves against prices, no matter how low.

(Cane)	Granulated Sugar,	....	26 lbs. for $1.00.
(")	Bright Yellow "	....	32 " " "
	Tea,	....	13, 15, 18 and 25c. per lb.
	Choice Blend Tea,	....	28c. per lb.
	Oolong "	....	45c. "
	Porto Rico Molasses,	....	40c. per gal.
	Coffee, C. S,	....	39c. " lb.
	" P. G.	....	30c. " lb.
	Canned Corn,	....	7c. or 4 for 25c.
	" Tomatoes,	....	7c. or 4 " 25c.
	Peaches and Pears,	....	20c. per can.
	Gallon Apples,	....	20c " (3 for 50c)
	American Oil	....	25c. per gallon.
	Lard,	....	9c. lb.
	"	....	3 lbs. tin for 25c.
	"	....	20 lb. pail $1.50
	Salt Pork and Beef,	....	8c per lb.
	Rolled Bacon,	....	8c "
	Beans,	....	10 lbs for 25c
	Barley,	....	10 "
	Peas,	....	10 "
	Rice,	....	7 "
	Pearl Tapioca,	....	4 "
	White and Blue Starch,	....	4 "
	Canned Mackerel,	....	10c can, 3 for 25c
	" Salmon,	....	15c " 2 "
	Surprise Soap,	....	5 for 25c
	Ex. P. Y. "	....	5 "
	Century "	....	5 "

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

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