The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a mark on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th Page

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 23. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 12, 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

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Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5 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 Kent 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

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

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ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC
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—AND—
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JOHN McDONALD,
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Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
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Ladies Spring Jackets;
Capes and Mantles;
perfect fit guaranteed; men's and boys work will receive special attention.
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TAILORESS.

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Merchant Tailor
Next door to the store of J. B. Snowball, Esq
CHATHAM - - N. B.
All Kinds of Cloths,
Suits or single Garments.
position of which is respectfully invited.
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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.
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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. McCullum,
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 sound 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, June, 25th 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

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,
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Worsted Coatings,
Black and Blue Serge Suitings,
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Ties, Collars, Hosiery
Silk and Linen Handk'fs,
Hats, & Caps, Etc.
ALSO A FULL & COMPLETE LINE OF
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
J. B. SNOWBALL.

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 or 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, bounted 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 a stream along the margin or bank of the river to land owned by Thomas Doolan, thence easterly along the said Thomas Doolan'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 piece of beginning being the property presently known as the "Daley House and Doperty," 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 alled 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,
Surveyor General

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, Diarrhoea, Cramps and all such
Summer Complaints
When you can stop it quick by using
PENDLETON'S P ACEA?
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
"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.

"Come this way," she said, throwing open the drawing-room door and preceding him into that apartment.

Jerry Belknap, private detective, followed close behind her, and himself closed the door carefully. Constance crossed the room, drew back the curtains, and pushed open the shutters of the terrace windows, thus letting in a flood of light. Then turning, she seated herself upon a fauteuil, and, motioning the detective to a chair opposite, said:—

"Now, sir, I am ready to receive your message."

"It's a verbal one," returned the detective, in a voice soft and smooth, not at all in keeping with his disguise, "and from Mr. Lamotte. I am the officer chosen by him to investigate for you, Miss Wardour, and as much time has been lost, I only wait your sanction and acceptance to begin the work."

The soft voice and polished accent were in very marked contrast to his dress and facial appearance. His manner of boorish discomfort had been dropped when the door closed upon outside observation.

Mentally contrasting the ease and suavity of this new comer with the catlike movements and brusqueness of his predecessor, Constance, who began to realize the ludicrousness of the situation, in fact seemed to have some special private reason for finding it exceedingly absurd, replied that Mr. Lamotte's chosen officer must of course be acceptable to her, and that she only awaited his commands, if she could be of any service to him.

"Then," said Detective Belknap, "I may as well look over the premises, unless," turning upon her a searching look, "there are particulars concerning the robbery which Mr. Lamotte was not in possession of."

Constance lowered her eyes, in seeming effort to remember if Mr. Lamotte knew absolutely all; she thought of the chloroform, but the bottle had not yet been returned to her. What should she do? Before telling this part of the story she must have the bottle. Suddenly her woman's wit came to her aid. Looking up with sweetest candor into the detective's face, she said:—

"I am the only one who possesses any information that was known to Mr. Lamotte. It is a mere trifle, but as it will take some time in the telling, I will, if you please, order breakfast. You can scarcely have breakfasted at this hour. I will show you the library now. Will you look over that and the other rooms, and kindly excuse me for a short time. Then join me at breakfast, and I will give you my version of the story."

She arose as if considering the matter decided beyond question, and moved toward the door, and with a bow and murmur of assent, Mr. Jerry Belknap fell into his assumed shamble, and followed her to the library. Leaving him there, Constance went out to order breakfast served in half an hour, and to send Nelly with the key to her dressing room.

"Nelly must be taken into my confidence," mused she, as she went in search of that damsel. "I can trust Nelly in spite of her Irishries, and if Doctor Heath does not appear soon she must help me out in some way."

Nelly was not at her post, having been dispatched kitchenward by Mrs. Alliston, and Constance went up to her own rooms, thinking, as she went, how best to defer a further interview with Mr. Belknap.

"I must take him the key myself," she muttered, as she moved about the dressing room, and then a sudden thought came, and she moved quickly to an open wardrobe, pulled down the dress she had worn on the previous afternoon, and searched hurriedly in the pockets.

All at once a look of dismay overspread her features, again and again she shook out the silken folds, again thrust her hands in the dainty pockets, and fluttered her fingers among the intricacies of the trimming. The thing she searched for was gone. Sybil Lamotte's strange letter, the letter that was a trust not to be violated, was not to be found..

Thoroughly distressed now, Constance renewed her search—about the room—everywhere — in the most impossible places; but no letter.

Down stairs she went; and hopeless as was the chance of finding it there, hunted in the drawing room and on the terrace.

She distinctly remembered placing it in her pocket, after receiving it back from the hands of Doctor Heath; of bestowing it very carefully, too.

Who had been in the drawing room since Doctor Heath? Mrs. Alliston; the two detectives; herself. Who had seen her put the letter in her pocket? Only Doctor Heath. Could it have dropped from her pocket? That seemed impossible. Could he have removed it? That seemed impossible, too, and very absurd. But what could she think, else? Then, she remembered what he had said to the detective the night before, and all the mystery surrounding his past. Hitherto, she had scoffed at the prying ones, and advocated his perfect right to his own past and future, too. Now, she felt her ignorance of aught concerning the life of Doctor Clifford Heath, to be a deep personal injury. Hitherto, she had reasoned that his past was something very simple, a commonplace of study, perhaps, and self-building for she, being an admirer of self-made men, had chosen to believe him one of them. Now, she bounded straight to the conclusion that Doctor Heath had a past—to conceal and then she found herself growing very angry, with him first, and herself afterward.

Why had he not presented his passports before seeking her favor? How had he dared to make himself so much at home in her drawing room, with his impertinent insouciance and his sultan airs? How had he gone about, indifferent, independent, ignoring when he pleased, courting no one's favor, and yet, be—nobody knew who.

And what a fool she had been, trusting him with her personal secrets; putting her private letters into his hands. How he must be laughing at her in his sleeve! Exasperating thought. Worse than all else, to be laughed at. What worse calamity can befall poor, arrogant human nature?

Constance was now thoroughly angry and "by the same token," thoroughly unreasonable. It is highly objectionable in a heroine; but Constance, as we have said before, is a very human heroine. And, dear reader, however sensible you be, if you have ever been in just the state of mind in which Constance Wardour found herself that morning, and most of us have, I promise you, you were not one whit more reasonable; not one whit less capable of being aggressive, unreasonable, and generally disagreeable.

And now, the perverse imp who goes about, concocting horrible practical jokes, and stirring up contretemps, seemed to take possession of the field for, just at the moment when he should have been at least five miles away, Doctor Heath, unannounced, appeared at the drawing room door—smiling, too, looking provokingly sure of a welcome, and handsomer than usual.

Miss Wardour's self-possession was as instant as her indignation.

"Good morning, Doctor Heath," frigidly. "I am sorry you found it necessary to admit yourself in this manner. I suppose my servants are neglectful."

"Not at all," replied he, discovering that she was out of humor, but not divining the cause. "Your housemaid admitted me, and thinking you in your own room, was about to usher me in here, and go to announce me, when I saved her the trouble, telling her that my time was limited, and admitting myself; had I known you were here, I should not have intruded without permission;" then perceiving that her face retained its frigidity, his voice took on a shade of haughtiness as he laid a packet upon the table, saying: "I have brought back your 'proofs;' Mr. Bathurst wished me to say, if I chanced to see you first, that is," hesitating.

"Yes; and he has seen Mr. Bathurst."

"No!" Doctor Heath seemed to be somewhat affected by the chill of the atmosphere. "Then I am to say that he has something for your private ear, and that when he comes, he begs that you will contrive in some way to see him, whether your officer is here or no."

A grave bow from Lapland. Then,

"Officer Belknap is here, and in the library. I presume," consulting his watch, "he is waiting for me at this moment."

Doctor Heath had been standing a few feet from her, hat in hand; now, and in spite of this implied dismissal, he coolly deposited his hat upon the table beside Miss Wardour's package, and advanced nearer to that young lady, speaking calmly, gently even, but without the slightest touch of entreaty, penitence, or humility of any sort in his manner or voice.

"Miss Wardour, pardon me for alluding to it, but I would be blind indeed not to see that something has annoyed you exceedingly. Indeed, I could almost fancy that, in some way, I have become the cause of your displeasure; if this is so, tell me how I have been so unfortunate as to offend?"

Now this was a very pacific and proper speech, and uttered in the right spirit. But had its effect been salutary, then Doctor Heath would stand alone, the first, last, and only man who ever yet attempted to argue with, reason with, or pacify an angry woman without blundering egregiously in the beginning, and coming out worsted at the end. There are a few things in this world that mortal man can't compass, and to attempt to pour oil on the waves of a woman's wrath when they are just at the boiling point, and ready to overflow their confines, is like sitting down on a bunch of fire-crackers to prevent their going off. Let the water boil over, and there will still be enough left to brew you a cup of tea. Let the crackers explode, and you may sit down on them with impunity.

Dear brethren, the moral is homely.

How had he offended? That he should ask the question, was the acme of his offense. As if she could tell how he had offended. Was there ever so impertinent a question and questioner? "How had he been so unfortunate as to offend?" Any other man would have said "unhappy," whether he meant it or not, but this man, oh! he would not even look a culprit.

She raised her haughty head a trifle higher, as high as it could be; she drew back as many steps as he had advanced; the room had become a refrigerator.

"Doctor Heath flatters himself; in what manner could he offend me?"

Still he retains his composure, not guessing at the truth.

"I have never presumed Miss Wardour, therefore can not have flattered myself. I may have offended by coming one moment too late with this packet. Miss Wardour is accustomed to unqualified obedience. If I fail in that it is not from lack of inclination, but—because I am just learning submission." He uttered the last words in a lower, softer tone, and fell back as he uttered them, laying his hand upon his hat.

Anger, self-shame, and a strange thrilling emotion, she could not, or would not recognize or define, urged her out of herself, beyond herself, and beyond the bounds of propriety or courtesy. Sweeping toward him with one swift movement, she extended one hand with downward turned palm, in a quick, meaning gesture, and said,

"Doctor Heath, I have lost Sybil Lamotte's letter."

"Lost it! How?"

"That I should be glad to know since I showed it to you last night and replaced it in my pocket, I have not seen it, and, Doctor Heath, as I do not wish without your knowledge, to be in possession of any secret of yours, I may as well tell you now that I overheard your warning to the detective last night."

"My warning!" he repeated, parrot-like.

"Your reminder that you must be to him, Doctor Heath from nowhere!"

Doctor Heath from nowhere, gazed at her for a moment as if petrified, his mind seeming reluctant or unable to grasp at once her full meaning; then he came close to her, straight and tall, and paler than her own pale robe; the blood of all the Howards flashing from his eye, and speaking in his bearing. Thus, for a moment, they faced each other, pale, passionate, mute then a voice, soft and suave, broke the spell.

"I trust you will pardon me."

They turned swiftly, neither had faced the door; both had been too preoccupied to observe or hear. How long he had been a listener he alone could tell; but there stood Mr. Jerry Belknap, private detective, one hand resting on the handle of the closed door, the other holding an open note book.

Doctor Heath vouchsafed him one dark glance, then bending above the uplifted hand of Constance Wardour, he looked straight down into her eyes, and said in a low, tense voice.

"Miss Wardour, your words have been not an accusation, but an insult; as such, I can only accept them—in silence; good morning."

Then he turned, waved the private detective haughtily from before the door, and strode out, his heels ringing firm upon the hall marble as he went.

"I fear I intruded," said Mr. Belknap, innocently. "I have just finished making some notes in the library, and am ready to proceed to the upper floor."

"Breakfast." It was Nelly who appeared with this announcement, which was welcome, at least to Mr. Belknap, and pale, silent, subdued, Constance motioned him to precede her to the dining room.

"I'm sure to be in a situation," mused the girl with a rueful grimace. "If it's only a tete-a-tete breakfast with a detective."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Aunt Honor," said Miss Wardour, sweeping unceremoniously into her aunt's dressing room, "you really must come to my relief."

Mrs. Alliston seated in a big dressing chair, with a tempting breakfast tray drawn close beside her, looked up serene and comfortable, and said, after setting down her porcelain chocolate cup with great care.

"Yes!" with the rising inflection.

"I'm exhausted, bothered, bored," continued the young lady, flinging herself down upon the nearest ottoman. "I wish my old diamonds had never had an existence. I wish Grandmama Wardour had had better sense."

"Have a cup of chocolate," suggested Mrs. Alliston.

"'I won't," snapped Constance, belligerently. "I have breakfasted if you please, auntie," lowering her voice to a tone of mock mystery, "we have got another detective in the house."

"So Nelly tells me," reaching out for another roll.

"And, he has breakfasted with me."

Mrs. Aliston laid down the roll, turned for a moment to gaze at her niece; and, reading in that fair upturned face, the fact that its owner was in a state of mutiny against the properties and all things else that might come in opposition to her will, she took up her roll and buttered it carefully as she said:—

"Well! that's quite like you. What sort of a man is he?"

"Splendid," with a shrug of the shoulders, "smooth as oil, polished as ivory; a Chesterfield in ill fitting clothes."

"And, a detective?"

"Well, why not? Somehow he has picked up all the arts and graces of a gentleman."

"Really! Not much like the other one then."

"Not in the least. The other is eccentric, explosive, amusing. This one is like a lawyers; very non-committal, not at all inclined to tell all he knows."

"Oh! have you told him about the chloroform?"

"Yes; he has the bottle,"

"Well, what did he say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Not a word."

"Goodness gracious! and you breakfasted with him?"

"Yes; and he has spent half an hour or more in the drawing room. I have told him all I had to tell, and he is now prowling about my dressing room."

"But what does he think about this affair?"

"I don't know;" indifferently.

"Why, it didn't take you all breakfast time to tell your story?"

"Oh, no; I told my story and Mr. Belknap listened very attentively; made some entries in his note book, remarked that he would have a report ready for me in the course of the day, and then turned his back upon the subject."

"Mercy!"

"He discussed the new opera, asked me if I had seen Neilson in Twelfth Night, gave a brilliant description of a Young French drama by a young French author, gave me his opinion of Dickens, and looked his opinion of myself."

"What a remarkable person."

"Exceedingly so. His remarks have quite exhausted me."

"Now, Con;" reproachfully.

"Now, auntie, don't plead, my heart is adamant. If you don't go and interview that man for the remainder of his stay I shall order William to throw him out of my dressing-room window; not that I have a rooted antipathy for him, he is certainly a clever man, and no doubt a good officer. But I am worn out, unfit for duty, and—I have another matter to attend to."

(*Continued on 4th page.*)

General News and Notes.

Several artificial processes have been resorted to in order to hasten the seasoning of wood, some of which seem to be perfectly successful.

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 SwollenThroat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Warranted by J. Pallen & Son.

The jarrow wood, which grows in Australia, is almost the only kind known to the lumbermen which effectively resists the depredations of insects. Not an insect will touch it.

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

Trees which have grown on a northern exposure, as on the north side of a hill, produce better, harder and more durable lumber than those which have been pampered by the southern sun.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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.

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

WANTED, Good active agents in unrepresented districts to sell on commission the leading Farm Machinery, Buggies, Carts, Harness, Sleighs, Robes, etc., etc.
Reply stating full particulars to
P. S. MACNUTT & CO.
St. John N. B.

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, 5th 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.