A Dark Night's Work.

BY PAUL INGELOW.

Continued from 1st page.

CHAPTER XLL-IN PERIL

The wagon had commenced to go slower, and the anxious Le Britta could estimate that they had proceeded at least five miles, and were probably nearing their destination. He saw at a glance his mistake in

directing Vance to make haste in leaving the wagon-top once free of the aperture, for had he remained only a moment to hold up the loose plank while Le Britta-crawled through, both would now be speeding away to liberty. Where was Vance? Surely, he would

not leave his rescuer in peril, cowardlike, abandon him to his fate! No; a slight jangle at the rear doors told that some one was fumbling with the lock. Then the doors creaked and strained, but they remained intact, and Le Britta knew that his friend must be following the wagon under the cover of the darkness and gloom of the night. No further evidence of the proximity

of his late companion in captivity was forthcoming for nearly half an hour. Then, in a manner most original and startling, Sydney Vance announced his fealty to his rescuer and his desperate resolve to reach and aid him, even at the cost of discovery, and an unequal conflict with the two knaves on the wagon-seat, who, all unconscious of what had so far occurred, smoked placidly and indulged in occasional conversation. Of a sudden, something landed against the two locked doors of the vehicle with a force that split one of the panels clear

in twain. Pieces of rock and splintered wood were showered about the astonished Le Britta as that crash resounded, and the horse started up affrighted.

Instantly, too, Le Britta saw out into the road through the broken door, and discerned also that the rent thus made in the thin wood could be enlarged to an aperture of escape very speedily, were time only afforded.

"Whoa!" The imperious command rang out, the lines were jerked, the horse shrank to its haunches, and there was a hurried commotion on the front seat. "What was that?"

"A crash!" "It struck the wagon?" "Jump down and see." to the roadway, and ran around to the

"Tom, look here. "Mercy! what does this mean?" Ralph Durand's fellow-plotters viewed the rent in the wagon-door agape. "He's tried to break out!" cried one.

"No, don't you see? The damage has been done from the outside." "But how?" "A rock. See! the jagged ends of this board?"

"Maybe he's escaped?"
"What! tied hand and foot?" "But"-

"I'll look and see. One of the men drew forth a match and ignited it. Extending it through the rent,

peered into the darksome void beyond. "Great goodne s! it's"-The sentence was not concluded, for as wonder-eyed, incredulous, the startled eyes of the plotter took in the outlines of the form in the wagon, that form

sprang forward. Puff! a quick breath blew out the Recoiling, the man seemed too overcome to speak.

"Tom!" he gasped. "Well?" "He ain't there!"

"What!" "No-he's gone." "Gone? why-I hear him moving

about." "Yes, but it ain't our man!" "Nonsense!" "It's another, and he ain't bound."

"Look and see!" The other flared a second match. A sudden cry announced his surprise, but he was quicker to act than the other.

"Treachery! trickery!" he cried. "It ain't our man?" "It's another"-

"Back!" yelled the man. "He may be He, himself, drew a revolver. Excited, dubious, he extended it toward the

At that moment, from some bushes lining the road, though unperceived by the two startled men a human hand was raised.

A rock struck the hand of the man clutching the weapon. If fell from his nerveless grasp, but as it did so, one chamber exploded with a

startling report. The horse, affrighted, sprang forward. The sudden jerk sent the anxious Le Britta flat on his back. Ere he could

again struggle to his feet, he realized that he was the victim of a runaway.

CHAPTER XLII.-A STRANGE COMPLICATION.

"Whoa! whoa!" yelled the two men. It seemed to Le Britta that the wagon was going at the rate of a fast express train. He was knocked from side to side of the vehicle, which tipped, jolted and jarred as if threatening every moment to

come to a halt, a wreck. He made one frantic effort to reach the hole in the door made by the rock, enlarge it, spring through it. With the wagon dashing along at breakneck pace, however, he could enforce no systematic plan of operations, and he saw at a glance out upon the starlit

road, that a fall there would be perilous Even in the uncertain light of the night he could make out the winding road. A curve had shut out friend and foes alike. No houses or lights were

visible, and the road seemed to be inclining steeply.

With added momentum, steed and vehicle now dashed forward. A thundering noise caused Le Britta to look out. The wild runaway had reached a planked bridge. Half-way across it there came a shock that jarred every nerve of

Le Britta's system. There was a crash, a stumble, a loud neigh of terror, and then the horse dashed away again, fleet as the wind, but no longer encumbered with the

wagon.

That, with its human captive, had, it seemed, struck a post in the railing of the bridge. It crashed, it toppled. There was a tearing sound, and over and over it went, ripping the bridge guard from place and carrying it with it in a mad dive for the surface of the turbulent

stream fully twenty feet below. Splash!
A confused sense of peril flashed upon Le Britta's senses, Then, as he lay a huddled heap in one corner of the box, two discoveries

thrilled his soul vaguely—the current of the river was carrying the dismantled vehicle down stream, and the box was filling with water! It seemed to eddy whirl and totter, and gain additional velocity each moment.

It careened, upset, a choking flood of waters rose breast high, and then a second erash half-stunned the imperiled That crash announced liberty, however,

if nothing else, for striking some rock in mid stream, the battered wagon-box split clear in twain. Exhausted, weak and half-blinded, Le Britta managed to swim to shore. There upon the shingly beach he lay, one hour or ten, he knew not which, for insensibility instantly supervened.

The first gray tints of dawn were streaking the eastern horizon as he again staggered to his feet. His senses swam still, and his brain

seemed benumbed. Without coherency or motive, he wandered from the spot. Broad daylight found him nearing a collection of huts marking some poor industrial center. Into one that was deserted he staggered.

It seemed complete luxury to rest again. It seemed as if the tired senses demanded mertia, forgetfulness. For one hour he tossed in nervous,

restless dozing, then profound slumber to awake, refreshed, rejuvenated, to the old practical life again.

Where was he? that was easy to figure out. And Vance and his two captors? What had become of them? Le Britta walked to the door of the hut, Eventide! For twelve hours he had slumbered, while the secundrelly Durand was consummating his evil projects, he

had lain inert! but there was one satisfaction-his victim, Vance was probably

Le Britta saw the lights of a little

town about half-a-mile distant, and proceeded thither. His clothes had become torn, bespattered with mire, soaked in the wagon and the river, and at a small clothing establishment he purchased a new outfit. Was he near to the center of operations

of the plotters? Certainly somewhere near here the fair Gladys was a prisoner, and the plotting Durand made his headquarters. A meal and rest put the photographer in shape for action, and apparently action

was needed in behalf of those he would befriend now if ever. He made some inquiries at the restaurant, but its proprietor, a stolid German, announced himself as a recent arrival, and not at all familiar with the surroundings of the village or its people. The minister knew everything, he stated, and the minister's home was down the street, "that way" and he in licated a neat cottage a square or two

Le Britta proceeded thither. It would do no harm to make a few inquiries, but when he rang at the door bell of the house there was no reply to his summons, and he decided that the entire

family must be away. In a thoughtful mood, he sat down on the porch step of the cottage. What to do next? was the question, and a most difficult one to answer.

He had failed signally in attempting to rescue the stolen Vernon fortune from Darius Meredith. To return to that individual and charge him with attempted murder would be to meet open denial and defiance. No, he had played a bold game and had lost, and the wily Meredith would not be taken unawares again, he felt assured.

He had liberated Vance-that was one definite and important step accomplished. If he could only find him again!-if he could only locate Gladys Vernon, and rescue her. If he could only reunite these two, and say: "Let the fortune go-seek happiness in some other country.;" The gate clicked, and Le Britta looked

up quickly. Was it the minister returned? No, for the new-comer had arrived driving a close carriage, and as he walked up the graveled path his attire and manner evinced nothing professional

"Are you Mr. Dane-the clergyman?" queried the new-comer, quite eagerly. "No," sprang to Jera Le Britta's lips, For, with a start, he recognized the stranger as one of the very men who had carried him into captivity in the close wagon the night previous.

Some quick intuition of thought caused Le Britta to parley with the man. "What did you want?" he asked, "A marriage, sir," replied the man. "I wish you to officiate at a marriage

ceremony at once." CHAPTER XLIII.-AT THE OLD

HOUSE. Jera Le Britta tried hard to preserve composed demeanor, as the last words of the driver of the carriage at the gate revealed to him in a flash the golden opportunity of a lifetime.

It did not require much thinking to surmise the true condition of affairs. The man before him was one of Ralph Durand's fellow-plotters, and he had been sent hither for the village clergy-Why? why, but to enable Durand to

carry out his previously-announced plans? Doubtlessly, the two men had hastened to Durand after the runaway accident, and had reported the escape of Sydney Vance. Thoroughly frightened, the villain had been obliged to act quickly. He proposed to hasten the marriage ceremony He had sent this man to secure licensed clergyman to officiate. He did not know Le Britta, for that momentary glance through the broken door of the prison wagon had been too deeting to fix his festures on his mind.

More than that, he did not know the clergyman by sight. "He takes me for the minister," murmured Le Britta, excitedly. A wild suggestion entered the photogpher's mind. Recent perils, a late equaintance with exciting and unfamil-

iar events of a decidedly sensational nature, had made him more reckless than Dare he asume the place of the clergyman-dare he accompany the man in

What would be the result; whither would it lead him? Productive of benefit or trouble the intrepid Le Britta was resolved to locate the imprisoned Gladys Vernon, was determined to save her trom wedding the scoundrel Durand if

"Ah! a marriage ceremony," spoke Le Britta, with quiet dignity. "Where are the parties to the contract?" "It's-it's quite a distance, sir!" spoke the man with marked agitation. "It's-

it's a peculiar case.' "It must be, to include such haste, May I ask who sent you?"

"My--my friend, sir; a Mr. Durand, Quite wealthy gentleman." "And the bride?"

"A young lady. Both are awaiting you. I was instructed to say to you that in unison, but their cries and their your fee will be large and promptly paid. springs after the flying horse and vehicle In advance, if you like. Please don't were fruitless to stay a terrified runaway. disappoint me, sir! You are the only dergyman in the district we can reach "Very well, I will go," announced Le

> The driver seemed delighted. He hurried him to the carriage, bestowed him safely within, and, springing to the seat. urged up the horses.

> Jera Le Britta reflected seriously. It was easy to accept a situation, but far more difficult to face it when its issues became complicated. He saw his mistake as he cogitated over the possible results of his strange journey. When they arrived at their destination he would find himself in the midst of Durand and his friends, and probably at some isolated spot. He should have learned more from the driver-have secured police assistance-a score of theories presented themselves to his mind, now that it was too late to act.

> The carriage proceeded swiftly It must have traversed fully ten miles by lonely and unfrequented roads ere a halt was made. Le Britta was astonished a

> he looked from the carriage, for the spot was the self-same one by the riverside whither the boat had taken him the evening previous—the lonely house where he had sprung into the prison-wagen to rescue Sydney Vance. Twice Le Britta was on the point of

> springing from the vehicle and escaping, for he foresaw nothing but trouble when he was confronted by Durand and recognized by him, as he would certainly be. The thought that in every dilemma of the past, however, aid had come at an unexpected time, a realization of the fact that within an hour the destiny of innocent Gladys Vernon would be made or marred, peryed the photographer to proceed with the exploit in hand, at least until he had penetrated the lair of the enemy, and had learned how the land lay.

"This way, sir," spoke the driver, as the carriage halted. It was directly at the side of the old house and near a vine-covered porch, and as he sprang from the driver's seat and opened the carriage door, he started up

"Rather dark and mysterious this, I fancy," murmured Le Britta. "Eh? Oh! that's all right, sir There's only a few minutes talk, a big fee, sir, and I'll drive you home again." "But why all this haste?" persevered

"Mr. Durand will explain all that satisfactorily to you. This way; just sit down for a minute or two, and excuse the darkness. I'll bring a lamp and Mr. He pushed a common wooden chair

toward Le Britta as he spoke: The latter could not see it, he could only feel it. and, groping about, he sat down and waited in painful reflection. The door stood open, the horses and carriage were without, escape lay at hand. It was not too late yet to retreat He listened. Only the departing foot

steps of the driver down some uncarpeted corridor echoed vaguely on his hearing Was Gladys Vernon in the building Were Durand and the driver the only

"If I only had a weapon," murmured Le Britta, "I would boldly face these sconndrels. As it is"-He took a step toward the door. Re treat seemed prindent. Better to wate: the house in hiding, than risk exposur and defeat by boldly facing overpowerin. numbers.

Just then, however, from the direc steps, then a light glowed, and then ..) of imperiled friends.

Julek voice spoke snarply :--"Wao's that?" "Durand's voice!" murmured

Britta, excitedly. "Tom." "An! you have returned? Glad of it Bill only just came back. I was afraid you might miss finding a minister, so I posted him off, too." "Well, I've got your man."

"What man?" "Mr. Dane, the minister of Acton." "What!" Durand's tones expressed the profoundest surprise. "I say I've got the minister."

room waiting to see you." "Nonsense!" "Nonsense, I say!" reiterated Durand. foreibly. "Bill himself has just brought Mr. Dane of Acton, and he's with the

"Mr. Dane of Acton?"

bride now!" CHAPTER XLIV.-LIBERTY!

Le Britta started violently. The revenouncement of Durand fairly electrified The assumption he had undertaken in their course. was about to lead him into complications and difficulties, likely to arouse suspicion and enmity at once, even if he was

not recognized by the plotter. He heard Durand's assistant whistle incredulously. "The minister, Mr. Dane, with th bride?" he repeated, blankly.

"Yes," returned Durand. "And I just brought him"-' You did not." "From his very home-" "I say, you didn't!" retorted Durand,

irritably "Will you come and see?"! "Well, I will; but, as I know Dane, am not likely to be mistaken.'

"Then my man"-"I don't know." "He must be an imposter." "Or worse."

"Eh!"

"A spy. Hist! We'll take him his guard. Le Britta bristled with excitement. He glided across the room. His intention was to make for the outside door. At just that mement, however, a gust of wind drove the door to with a slam. Le Britta sprang to the knob and selzed it. A spring lock, it held firm, and he had no time to seek out its mechanism. He dashed acress the room, as in the approaching light of the lamp in the hands of one of the intruders, he made out a doorway dimly. The door yielded

to his touch. He crossed its threshold. to find himself in a dark, narrow corridor, penetrated its length, passed up a stairway, and halted, thrilled and uncertain, at the sound of a familiar voice that recalled the past vividly. "Gladys Vernon!" he murmured, ex

Yes, the heiress of Hawthorne villa was certainly in the room beyond, and she was speaking. In a lew, tremulous, pleading tone of voice, her accents fell distinctly upon Jera Le Britta's strained hearing. He could not catch her words, but he knew that the poor girl, faced with the dread alternative of wedding a scoundrel or sending her lever to the gallows, was

pouring her sorrows into the ears of the clergyman.
"My peer child!" he heard the latter speak; "this is really an unexpected disclosure. I was led to suppose that you were a willing party to the ceremeny. I declare! I hardly know how to act in the matter. Yeu say you will marry him, and yet you shrink from him. I will see Mr. Durand. I will talk with

Le Britta had just time to secrete himself in a shadowed niche in the corridor, as the door of the room, on which his attention and interest were centered, opened, and a flare of light illumined its thres-

He heard the minister grope his way down the corridor and descend the stairs. He had gone in quest of Durand. In a flash Jera Le Britta had opened the door just closed. Into the room he "Gladys-Miss Vernon!"

In pity and concern he regarded the pale-faced girl before him, who, with startled alarm, stood regarding him.
"You do not know me?" he began.
"No—yes—oh, Mr. Le Britte?"
Sobbing amid her despair, tottering to his support as to that of a true fr end.

Gladys' eyes, so full of anguish, showed a token of recognition.

Le Britta's nerves were at a high tension. He realized that the most vital moment in the affairs of the persecuted heiress and her friends had arrived; that tions. Delay meant peril-deep, certain

"Miss Vernon," he spoke, hurriedly and seriously, "I understand all. Do nos speak or delay. Follow me. "Oh! Mr. Le Britta"-"Yonder deer! It leads"-

"To the garden " "Then, hasten!" "It is looked,"
"The window, then!"
Le Britta hurried to the window in question. He raised it and glanced out. A few feet below was the garden.

Gladys had not followed him. She still stood in the center of the room, swaying, wondering, in doubt. "Come!" he spoke, peremptorily, "You wish me to leave here?" "Yes, We must fly without a mement"

Gladys uttered a faint wail of distress and despair. "Mr. Le Britta, I dare not!" mosned . "Dars not seek liberty?"

"After captivity, suffering To remain "I cannot help it," murmured Gladys, brokenly. "Oh! you do not know!" "Yes I do know" interrupted Le Britta, vehemently. "I comprehend, now. That scoundrel Durand-you fear He threatens."

"My lover Sydney Vance. He is a prisoner in his power!" "He told me"-

"Falsehoods! Sydney Vance is free." "Yes, Gladys, I beseech of you, do met delay. Hark! They are coming this way. You must, you shall escape! Almost forcibly Le Britta drew the distracted girl toward the open window. He lifted her through. The very moment they reached the ground, a wild ejaculaton of alarm echoed through the apartment they had just vacated.

"Gone-the girl is not here!" rang out

Durand's excited tones. "Run-do not tremble so, I will see you safely beyond that villain's power, believe me!" breathed Le Britta, as, clasping Glady's hand, he started along the side of the house. Looking back, however, the photographer discerned new cause for alarm. Durand had discovered the avenue of

escape of his fair prisoner, and at that moment leaped out into the garden.

A little ahead Le Britta made out the carriage that had brought him hither. The horses stood unhitched and no one near "Gain that vehicle," he spoke, harriedly, to Gladys. "Ah! here we are. Quick! jump in" He tore open the carriage door, and forced the girl within. Then he made a

apring for the driver's seat.

A quick hand grasped him, however, a fierce, hissing breath grazed his ear. "You meddling imposter! Who are In the powerful arms of Durand, held at a disadvantage, Le Britta could only a thud and a gasp of dismay, and the ure he should contract a severe cold that in hold of the plotter was suddenly

Turning dismayed, the startled Le Britta saw a form on the carriage seat He must have just sprang there from the other side, for it was a stunning contact from the heavy whip-handle that moment at least.

"Into the carriage, quick!" ordered the imperious voice of Le Britta.
"Mercy!" breathed the photographer, with wondering emphasis "That voice-oh! my wronged love!" murmured Gladys "It is Vance!" gasped Le Britta, as he

sprang into the carriage beside the trembling excited girl. Yes, it was Vance, arrived, it seemed, tion the driver had taken, sounded foot | just in time to furn the balance in favor

The horses leaped forward at the crack of the whip. Speeding down the road Le Britta ventured a look backward. "They are following-the other carri-

age!" he ejaculated. "They shall never overtake us, muttered the resolute driver." Gladys. courage! We are free at last!"

Gladys uttered a joyful cry at her lover; cheerful tones. With eye, hand and whip, Vance urged forward the mettled steeds. Suddenly he brought them to a halt. that jarred the vehicle in every spring "What is the trouble?" called out Le Britta, apprehensively. "Blocked."

"Yes, just brought him. He's in that "How?" "No bridge. See! the river-the shore -but the bridge is down." "Why?"

"We have taken the wrong road." "And they are in pursuit!" "Shall we make a stand?" "Unarmed? It would be folly." "Ah" exclaimed Vance suddenly

'Here is a road." He directed the horses down a rough lation contained in the unexpected an- dismayed, however, for the horses reasrutty side-road. He halted a second time and plunged as they were met by formidable heap of brush piled up directly "No thoroughfare" murmured L

> "Then we must make a stand and fight for it," announced young Vance determinedly. He had sprung from the carriage sent.

and now tore open the door of the Gladys sprang to his arms like a fluttering, frightened dove. "Oh, Sydney I fear, I tremble!" she

"They shall never tear you from my side again!" spoke Vance resolutely. "The lamp-extinguish it! That has guided those men after us," ejaculated Le Britta, suddenly. "Too late! they are coming this way,"

eplied Vance.

Down the road three forms were indeed speeding. Durand and his two villainous adherents. Hot on the chase, they had lecate their prey, whom the taking of a wro road had led into a trap. "Vance, quick! look here!" spoke Britta, hurredly. He had been investigating roundings, and not ten feet elving bank he discovered t

ro. owing swiftly. The young man was by his side in a "The river, he cried, with a start. bould swim, but she-ah! a raft, look With a glad cry he returned to Glady-He hurried down the bank. Moored there was a rude raft, an across it lay a pole. Young Vance estimated the distance across the stream It was not far, but, with some apprehen

sion, he noted the swift central current of the river. "They are coming," announced Le Britta, gazing down the road. "Gladys, here, quick! aboard" "Oh, Sydney! it rocks-is it safe?" "It is our only, our last resource, my friend, Le Britta"-Vance untied the rope, secured the raft to a tree, and seized the pole. H

tried to hold the rude craft stationar. for the photographer to join him. At just that moment their pursuers came up to the spot. Durand sprang boldly down the slope. "Rush on them! seize Vance, secur the girl he raved, excitedly, "Back, stand back!" ordered Le Britta He had seized a branch of a tree lying

on the beach. This he swung about his head, keeping the plotter moment arily at bay. "Pole out, never mind m " he shouted to his friends on the raft. There seemed no need of the injunction. The raft had floated from shore, the rope once untied. Just as it was drawn into the central current of the stream, a ery of alarm rang across the still waters. "Mercy!" gasped the petrified Le

The branch with which he had kept Durand at bay dropped from his nerve-less fingers, and the latter, like himse.f, abandoned the conflict to watch the rait in mid-stream. In that mad swirl of waters the guiding oar had been suddenly swept from Sydney Vance's grasp. At the complete mercy of the rushing vortex, the raft circled, toppled, swept wildly forward Le Britta could see the terrified G

oling to her lover The face of the latt was white with anxiety. "They are lost!" rang from the lips of Durand, as he ran down the shore, a heedless of Le Britta, to keep the i periled refugees in sight. "The falls!" echoed the tones of one of his fellow-plotters from the embank ment above. They are doomed!' A groan of horror burst from Britta's lips, He saw the raft w around. It was borne out of sigh. seemed to dip, it shot past an interv rock, and when is appeared making fast and dims for to the brave lover of a adys Vern

[To be Continued.]

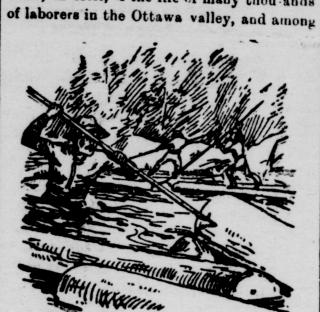
heautiful orphan heir is

been swallowed up by those dark to

A LIFE OF GREAT HARDSHIP AND EXPOSURE RIVER DRIVERS OFTEN WAIST DEEP IN ICY WATERS-PAIN-RACKED BODIES THE FRE-QUENT OUTCOME-ONLY THE MOST ROBUST CAN STAND THIS WEARY ROUND OF TOIL.

From the Ottawa Free Press. Only those who have engaged in the arduous occupation of lumbering know how dearly earned is their livelihood, for among the many vocations of men that of lumberman ranks among the most dangerous and difficult. There is the heavy shanty labor from earliest dawn to evening star when the toiler for half the year is remote from home and friends, and whose daily round is to eat and work and sleep, only getting an occasional glimpse of the outside world through

a long looked for letter from some loved one Then the days lengthen, the frozen lake breaks up, and comes the driving of logs and hewn timber down the tortuous swift running stream, when necessity often calls the driver to wade body deep in the swift flowing, icy waters. None but the strong can engage in such heavy labor, only the most robust are able to stand the ten hours of daily toil, with but a mid day hours's respite. Such, in brief, is the life of many thou ands



the many is Thos. Dobie, of 180 Head street, Chaudiere, who for twelve long years has wrought for the great lumber king, J. R. Booth, shantying in the snowy northern forests, and lifting three inch deal during the summer heats. It is not to be wondered at A swirling cut on the air mingled with that in his long experience and great expostime took permanent lodging in the region of Lis loins and kidneys. Like many others he thought to work it off, but in vain. Soon the pains in the region of the kidneys became so intense that labor was a torture to him, and it was only the indomitable courage, had laid Durand prostrate on the ground. born of a knowledge that others were dependent upon him, that urged him to pursue his weary round of daily toil. Every sudden movement of the body was as a thorny goad that made him wince beneath its sting. Added to this was an unusual and excessive eweating which necessitated frequent changes of clothing, and which weakened him to such an extent that his appetite was almost entirely gone, and eventually but little food and much water was his daily fare. Many yain efforts were made by Mr. Dobie to free

himself from the pains which had fastened themselves upon him, but one medicine after another was used, and without effect. Life became a burden and existence a thing almost undesirable. After many fruitless BATH GLOVES efforts he was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When three boxes were taken the change in his cordition was marvellous, and his own words are "when I had taken six boxes I was a new man and consider the cure worth hundreds of dollars." Mr. Dobie, although completely cured, continues taking Pink Pinks occasionally and is very enthusiastic in his praises of what the pills have done for him. Many of his fellow workmen JUST ARRIVED seeing the great change wrought in him by these famous pills have been led to give them a trial for other ailments and are unanimous Mackenzie's Medical Hall,

in pronouncing them superior to all other medicines. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pil!s will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2 50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TIME TABLE

On and after MONDAY Sept. 21st, 1896. THE STR. MIRAMICHI will go to Escuminac on Mondays and Wednesdays, calling at Neguae and Church Point on her way up; on Fridays will go to Church Point and Neguae, making the usual calls. Leave for Newcastle 7.00 a.m. every morning. STR. NELSON. Will leave Chatham. Leave Newcastle 9.00 a m.

10.15 a.m. 3.30 5.45 Calling at Nelson every trip. W. T. CONNORS.

Lime For Sale

has taken H H. PALLEN'S STORE, and will open 24_{TH} INST.

such as repeaters chronographs, etc.
C Warmunde Sr who bas had a life-long experience GERMANY, UNITED STATES & CANADA, late of Boston, Mass, brings with him all the modern machinery and tools and will give patrons entire satisfaction. Give us a trial and be convinced.

Positively First-Class Work. C. WARMUNDE We will keep a fine line of watches, clocks, jewelery silverware, spectacles etc., new and latest styles at lowest prices. C. WARMUNDE

SPONGES a beautiful line of

TOILET SOAPS ---AT---

CHATHAM, N. B.

The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the general public that he has reestablished him-

self in the business of a general Tinsmith and Iron Worker

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 General repairs, as well as new JOHN DUFF.

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. Arseneau and J. McCallum, For terms and particulars apply to TWEEDIE & BENNETT. Chatham, 27th July, 1894.

ORS. C. J. & H. SPROU

SURGEON DENTISTS.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics. Artificial Teeth set in Gold Rubber & Celluloid special attention given to the preservation and egulating of the natural teeth Also Crown and Bridge work All work guaranteed in every respect Office in Chatham, BENSON BLOCK. Telephone In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. G. KRTHRO'S Barber shop, Telephone No. 6.

ACCIDENT The only British Co. in Canada issuing Guarantee Bonds and Accident Policies. Accident Insurance at lowest rates. Protect your life and your time by taking a policy in THE LONDON.

FRANCIS A. GILLISPIE,

FALL DRY GOODS. J. D. Creaghan's Enormous Stock of SEASONABLE MERCHANDISE

the Market at Water Street, Many Lines Slaughtered at less than Half Price. Printed Flannelettes worth 12cts., now reduced to 5½cts., per yard. Large Heavy Wool Blankets, worth \$3,00 only \$1,95 per pair. All other Goods cut down, Grey Cottons, Dress Goods, Men's Clothing,

Furnishings, Household Goods, Blankets, Flannels, Tweeds, Carpets, Lineoleums, Jackets and Furs. PEREMPTORY REMOVAL TO NEW PREMISES IN A FEW WEEKS.

ENTIRE CHANGE IN BUSINESS LUMBERING ON THE OTTAWA Don't make a mistake, we will undersell the long you will get from Montreal or Toronto Firms, in fact Competition Don't make a mistake, We will undersell the lowest quotation NO GOODS WILL BE CHARGED DURING THIS CASH

SLAUGHTER SALE. PLEASE DON'T ASK FOR GOODS ON CREDIT. D. CREAGHAN

MONARCH

THEY NEVER LET GO,

AND TAKE NO OTHERS. Orders filled at Factory Price, and a Freight Allowance made on lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.

KERR & ROBERTSON. SAINT JOHN, N. B. T N. B.- IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

Established Dunlap Bros. & Co.,

AMHERST, N. S. Dunlap, McKim & Downs, WALLACE, N. S. DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

ASK FOR

1866. DUNLAP COOKE & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS,

-AND-GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS AMHERST.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trace. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that

AND STAPLE GROCERY COMPLETE.

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and Chickens Raisins, Currants, Candied Peels. Essences, Spices, Apples, Grapes. Figs, Nuts, Confectionery, Cigars Etc. Etc. Best Family Flour, Meals, Hay, Oats, feed of all kinds. Pork; Beef, Herring, Codfish, Molasses, Sugars. Oils, Tobacco, Etc Etc CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN

Don't forget the PIANO-each dollar purchase, one ticket. Ready-Made Clothing, Dry Goods, Caps, Robes, Horse-Rugs. Boots and Shoes, Overshoes, Rubbers, Moccasins, Etc. Etc. At the greatest bargains ever were known. DONT FORGET the piano; each dollar's worth you buy you receive ne ticket.

MERRY X'MAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL. THE LEADING JOB-PRINTING OFFICE. W T HARRIS.

THE MDICAL HALL. MILLERS' FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS, RITCHIE WHARF, CHATHAM. N. B.

AND MITS. Successors to Gillespie Foundry.

Established 1852.

Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing. Our Brass and Composition Castings are worthy a trial, being noted throughout the country.

All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere. Mill Supplies, Fittings, Pipe, etc. in stock and to order.

JAS. G. MILLER.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B.

THE LEADING NORTH SHORE

NEWSPAPER.

RAILWAY BILLS,

PRINTED -EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. D. G. SMITH. EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

JOB PRINTING

AT LOW PRICES AND THE SHORTEST NOTICE

ALWAYS ON HAND:-CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS, FISH INVOICES,

BILLS OF EXCHANGE, MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, NOTES OF HAND,

MORTGAGES & DEEDS. JOINT NOTES. BILLS OF SALE DRAFTS, SCHOOL DISTRICT SECRETBRYS BILLS FOR RATEPAYERS,

TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS WITH TRUSTEES,-

DISTRICT ASSESSMENT LISTS.

MACHINE PRESSES

and other requisite plant constantly running Equipment equal to that of any Job-Printing office in the Province.

The only Job-Printing office outside of St. John that was awarded both

-AT THE-DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION



1st-That from the peculiar construction of the glasses they Assist and PRESERVE the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary. 2nd-That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of Ease and Comfort not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle 3rd-That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manu-

factured especially for optic purposes, by Dr. Charles Bardou's improved patent method, and is Pure, Hard and Brilliant and not iable to become scratched 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

The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glass so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge. J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

The Chatham Incorporation Act.

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

spectacles.

HE ADVANCE OFFICE

25 CENTS.

For Sale at

SPRING BUSINESS__

Is Now Beginning!

Now is the time to order your printed

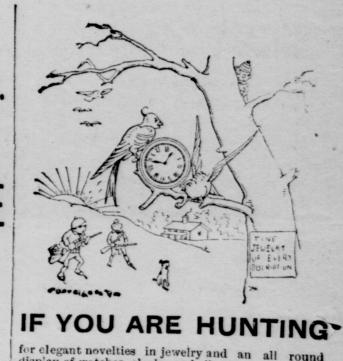
forms for Spring and Summer business. THE ADVANCE OFFICE

LETTER HEADS,

NOTE HEADS,

CARDS, RAILWAY RECEIPTS. SHIPPING RECEIPTS, ENVELOPES. TAGS, ETC.

A full stock of paper, envelopes, tags and printers stationary on hand. Come or



display of watches, clocks and silverware, you can find it in our stock. Here is a tantalizing beautiful array of sparklers flashing rays, that when seen raise a desire to possess them. The trade clock indicates that the buyer's hour has come, and our indicates that the buyer's nour has come, and our store shows that buyers are not neglecting the timely hint. Come to us for a dazzling display, a golden shower of temptations including 15 year filled Waltham Watch for \$15.00 etc You'l always be right on time with one of our 8 day clocks or \$8 Waltham watches that are marvels of accurate timekeeping. We have a full line of the accurate timekeeping. We have, a full line of the latest jewelry. Call and see for yourselves.

OUR WAICH-REPAIRING DPARTMENT

is first class in all respects. All

WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELRY, repaired at short notice, and Guaranteed to Give the best Satisfaction.

W. R. GOULD.



D. G. SMITH; CHATHAM.

THE ONTARIO WIRE FENCING CO., LTD.

Chatham Oct., 3.

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA

AT ST JOHN IN 1883

