A Dark Night's Work.

BY PAUL INGELOW.

Continued from 1st page.

He had packed up his camera and had not taken a picture since leaving Hawthorne villa. As, now, he neared the neat, pretty house that held all that he regarded as dearest on earth, he tried to put aside his cares concerning Gladys Vernon, to drive away, temporarily, the conviction that he was yet to become again interested in her destiny, as the loving arms of his beautiful wife enfolded him, and two charming tots clambered to his knee.

Smiling faces and hearty handclasps greeted him as, later, he started for his studio. It was located on the main street of the town, and chosen with a view to central location, accessibility and rare requisites of light and convenience. It seemed like getting back among old friends to enter the elegant reception-room, furnished throughout with neatness and taste, and containing a great variety of superb specimens of the photographic art. The attractive frames and mountings were a study in themselves. Here, the eye feasted upon the rarely-beautiful; here, were ideals of feminine grace and attractiveness—infancy, youth, maturity, old age, of the north land, of the south land, Greek, American, Italian, French, Anglo-Saxon, German, in profile and expression of features—all were represented.

La Britta passed through this gallery of art, crowded with specimens of his own deft handiwork, and passed into the operating room of the studio.

Costly cameras, and all the accessories of the profession, showed in practical profusion here, and engaged in placing the last artistic finishing touches to an expensive picture was a pretty, graceful young lady—the photographer's valued assistant, Maud. Her sympathetic face broke into a glad smile of welcome, as she recognized her employer. An artistic workman, graduated from the best schools of photography, her work was always so realistically true, that she knew that during his brief absence she had followed out the instructions faithfully he had given her, and would win only the highest praise from his lips, for her devoted watch and ward of his interests.

"We expected you two days since," said Maud.

"Yes, but I was delayed unexpectedly," replied Le Britta. "Letters, orders. Here is work for some days to come."

"And here a visitor for some hours to come, I fear," exclaimed Maud, laughingly, as a light footstep sounded in the adjoining apartment. "He has been here inquiring for you every day, as if you were a long-lost son."

"Dick!" ejaculated Le Britta, with a bright smile, extending his hand to a rather tall, handsome, professional-looking man, who crossed the threshold of the operating-room at just that moment, and in whom he recognized his dearest friend, Dr. Richard Milton.

"It's a sight for sore eyes to see you back again," said the young physician, heartily.

Letters and orders were forgotten in the chit-chat of two friends, long parted, for the next hour. Le Britta had requested his charming assistant to open his tourist camera and put the exposures in the developing bath, and an hour later, as Doctor Milton was giving the details of a difficult surgical operation he had just completed, Miss Maud appeared at the door of the room where the two friends sat, with half a dozen plates in her hand.

"Ah! developed them?" smiled Le Britta. "I'll show you some of the views I took on my tramp, Dick. Here is a storm effect; here is a waterfall view, and here;"—

Jera Le Britta paused as if dealt a sudden blow, and stared like one abruptly bereft of reason at the plate in his fingers.

Like a flash, recalling all the eventful scenes of Hawthorne villa, with a shock, a single glance sent the blood to his heart, and checked immediate utterance.

For, in that single, startled, stunned look at the little glass plate, Jera Le Britta had made the most extraordinary discovery of all his eventful life!

CHAPTER XII.—THE UNEXPECTED.

Photography is a wonderful art. In a creative sense, it outstrips any other kindred science with the rapidity and accuracy of its operation; in a preservative sense, it enables us to perpetuate a fac-simile of the most wonderful crumbling antique specimen of architecture. True to its focus as an arrow to the target, it can always be depended upon, when a skilled hand manipulates the camera.

All this Jera Le Britta had thought of a thousand times. It flashed through his mind now as, staring at the glass negative in his hand, he could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. Combined with those meditations, however, a new phase of the art had been vividly presented—the unexpected in the photographic.

For the unexpected confronted him. A problem and a surprise greeted his vision. A careful man, a methodical man, no wonder that he was deeply stirred!

In the first place, the plate before him bore outlines marked, vivid, distinct, peculiar.

Furthermore, he had "never pressed the button" to take that picture!

Lastly, the impression on the plate revived all the past regarding his strange adventures at Hawthorne villa with a rush that overpowered him.

First wonder, then speculation, then a dawning, thrilling triumph illumined his eyes.

His companion, startled to silence and curiosity by his strange pose, studied the varying expression of Le Britta's intelligent face with a questioning look.

But Dr. Richard Milton's companion was too engrossed in his penetrating survey of the little glass plate to note extraneous occurrences or distracting influences.

"Wonderful!" he gasped at last, and his quick eyes sought out every line and shadow on the negative.

"Providential!" he whispered to himself, almost reverently, a moment later.

Yes, truly wonderful, truly providential was the manifestation of the moment.

For the plate bore a representation of half the table where he had placed his camera the day of his interview with Gideon Vernon, the dead master of Hawthorne villa.

It did something more—it revealed a pile of books, the medicine case of the recluse, and, propped up across it carelessly, the last valid will and testament of the uncle of missing Gladys Vernon.

"Yes, there it was, line for line, word for word, signatures of witnesses, seals, all! Plain as day, accurate as the original instrument itself, the glass plate bore the chronicle of the precious document that baffled all the evil schemes and pretences of wicked Ralph Durand, that had been written with tincture of iodine, and, fading out as the schemer had planned, had later presented only a blank, worthless sheet of paper, leaving the plotter master of the situation, and censor of innocent, imperiled Gladys Vernon's life.

What did it mean, how came that picture in the camera? Of a surety, Jera Le Britta had not touched slide, button or shutter since the hour that he took the picture of pretty Gladys in the rain-sparkling arbor, where the evil, sinister face of Ralph Durand had appeared, except to prepare that same picture in a dark room with his ruby lamp at the Vernon mansion.

His keen memory, however, careful of details, stored well with mental history of the near past, supplied the missing link of augury and conjecture.

He had placed his camera on the table in the sick room, after showing the invalid, Gideon Vernon, the picture that had revealed to the latter the identity of a dreaded enemy. There it had remained during their long interview. He recalled the signing of the will, he remembered how Gideon Vernon had spread it out for the ink to dry ere he folded it up and delivered it into the keeping of Gladys Vernon, and he remembered, too, how Gladys, anxious and agitated over all her uncle's excitement, had nervously handled the camera, clicking it unconsciously, until he had laughingly warned her that "it was loaded!"

She must, then, have touched the button at that moment of careless fumbling with the apparatus. By a strange caprice of circumstances, the will lay just within focus of the instrument. Click! snap! the faithful little monitor of photography had done its duty, swiftly and completely. The will had been photographed!

The camera had been undisturbed until Le Britta's arrival home. The energetic Maud had lost no time in carrying out his instructions to develop the pictures it contained. This one had been among them, and here he had come home with a heavy heart for the complications surrounding poor, fugitive Gladys Vernon, while in his possession he unwittingly carried a formidable weapon against the man who had scored a mighty triumph as the king of knaves and prince of plotters.

Well might a thrilling gladness succeed to marveling wonder! As Jera Le Britta realized all that his discovery meant, he forgot that he had come home to attend to business duties, to rest and work ere he again saw the friends of Gladys Vernon. He was no longer the photographer, the friend, the father, the husband, the employer—every chivalrous and generous instinct in his nature aroused, he was the champion of lovely distress, the rival of plotting cruelty, the shrewd, energetic detective deeply interested in a complicated case, and eager and anxious to wield the new-found power that flashed over his mind like a vivid light, gleaming amid the darkness and gloom of a cheerless, hopeless night.

"I have found the clue!"

He sprang to his feet waving the glass plate dramatically.

Dr. Richard Milton arose simultaneously. He stared in wonder at his friend.

"I don't know whether bromide is strong enough," he remarked.

"Eh!" exclaimed Le Britta, with a start, aroused to the reality of his surroundings. "What are you talking about?"

"I say that bromide may not be strong enough."

"For what?" queried Le Bria, blankly.

"For your nerves. You are either bidding good-by to your senses, or preparing for your debut on the dramatic stage. I say, Jera, old friend! what's the matter with you, anyway? For fully ten minutes you have sat staring at that bit of glass, and rolling your eyes, and muttering, and frowning, and smiling. Allow me to feel your pulse."

"Oh, I see" smiled Le Britta. "Pardon, doctor, but I have been shocked, stunned, amazed. If you were in my place"—

"Put me there, then," interrupted the doctor, keenly.

"Eh! how?"

"By telling me what is on your mind."

"Good! I should have done so soon, anyway. Yes, your advice will help me. Sit down. I want to tell you a story."

Rapidly succinctly, Jera Le Britta detailed every event of his experience since that mysterious day when he had first met the Vernons.

Wonder-eyed, interested, excited, the sympathetic, impressionable doctor listened. Such a narrative had never greeted his ears before. Unconsciously an orator and an actor the accompanying gestures of Le Britta, the dramatic intonation of a man deeply concerned in the case under discussion, rendered the recital as emotional and effective as a thrilling scene in a drama acted out upon the mimic stage.

When his friend came to the discovery of the hour, the doctor could scarcely contain himself for excitement

"Jera!" he cried, "It seems incredible. And you call yourself a photographer? Why, man you'd make your fortune as a detective!"

"If my efforts can baffle that scoundrel, Ralph Durand, and restore to poor Gladys Vernon her wronged lover, Sydney Vance, I shall be content to be considered what you like," responded Le Britta, seriously. "Now then, you have heard the story."

"And I have listened to every word of it with the deepest interest and wonder."

"Then weigh them carefully."

"I have done so."

"And your advice?"

Doctor Milton shook his head slowly but resolutely.

"I advise you?" he murmured, deprecatingly. "No, no, old friend! A man who can do what you have done in this case, needs no adviser, your duty is plain."

"You mean?"

"To go straight back to Hawthorne villa."

"With the plate?"

"With the plate, that proves all you can swear to about the will. Why! with such formidable evidence, what court in Christendom would doubt that Gideon Vernon intended to dispossess that Durand of his power as guardian?"

"But is the photograph of a will valid—is its evidence irrefutable?"

"I hardly know. Suffice it, that it would baffle Durand. Produced in court, with your story, it would place Durand under such deep suspicion, as the person who juggled with the original document, that he would either be divested of his fraudulently-obtained authority, or placed under the strict surveillance of justice. Le Britta, we need you here. The town needs you. A man like you, with your genial, encouraging ways, brisk, business facilities, and rapid, turning over of capital, is no unimportant element in its commercial economy. Your friends miss you, you belong to us, and to your family, but that poor girl, Gladys, needs a champion. At one stroke, you may be able to frighten Durand away. Go back to Hawthorne villa, I say, complete your chivalrous record by a last good deed. I needn't tell you that. A man of your kind heart and noble impulses could not rest if you thought any sacrifice would benefit the persecuted and orphaned. Go! I feel sanguine you have solved the problem of that innocent young girl's life, in the discovery of the photograph of the last will and testament of Gideon Vernon."

Jera Le Britta assumed a serious, determined expression. He was wearied. He longed for the rest, the comfort, the contentment of home, but duty seemed to point the way back the via dolorosa he had come.

He regarded the pile of orders and unfinished pictures on a table near by with a sigh, he thought of the discomforts of a journey with no pleasing anticipations.

"I will go," he said, simply. "I will see what power lies in this precious little glass negative to pave the way to justice, and right a great wrong.

CHAPTER XIII.—GOOD-BY!

Jera Le Britta went to a cabinet as he expressed his new determination, and proceeded to secure the glass negative safely. That little article of furniture had every requisite ready at hand to pack photographs and their concomitants for preservation or transmission through the mails, and he soon had the precious plate provided with safe coverings, secure from risk of mar or breakage, and encased in a neat envelope.

The operation, methodical and neat, was characteristic of the man. He was careful in small things. That was the key-note of his success. "A time and a place for everything," was his motto, and, excited and anxious as he was, he made sure of the safety of the negative, transferred it to his pocket, and closed the cabinet.

It contained an elegant line of stationery, cards, envelopes and the like, all bearing his name in script, a bold, striking signature, formed in a soft shade of red embossed letters. The material of the stationery, too, was of the finest grade. The cards were bought to wear and look well—no ragged edges, no split filaments. The outer envelopes for holding photographs were of rice or linen paper, giving a tone and finish to everything that left his establishment.

He announced to Miss Maud his intention of leaving home at once again to be gone for several days.

The dainty artiste made a wry grimace of mock despair. Her deft, delicate fingers never shirked work, but she knew how weighty were the responsibilities of the business, how harmonious and smooth were its operations with the firm, self-reliant, guiding hand of her employer to rule and navigate.

"I am sorry, but I imagine you can get through with the orders while I am gone," spoke Le Britta, kindly.

"I will try," murmured Maud, "and do my best."

"You always do that, Maud. We must deliver all orders on time."

"But which first? There are some photographs for that man who brought his whole family here. You remember—the laborer with eleven children, a mother-in-law and four nephews. His can wait, can they not? I can have them ready on time, only he is anxious to have them before time."

"Try and accommodate him, Maud."

"But he ordered a cheaper grade of pictures."

"Never mind; they may be 'cheaper' in price, and he may not be able to pay as well as a millionaire. All the more reason for doing him a good piece of work. We will make him happy by giving him a group that will speak with life. We do no 'cheap' work here. I make the honest fellow a present of half the pictures. No picture, for rich or poor, must be slighted. All must be of even artistic grade. He complimented our skill and reputation by coming to us. Even if he is not a profitable customer, let us delight in doing a little charity work, and yet make him feel that he is not receiving such. He is anxious for his pictures; finish them first of all."

Le Britta had touched upon a point that was almost a hobby with him—cheap pictures. He never made such. He had seen too many photographs of an inferior quality, to wish to emulate his mediocre competitors. Cheap work, he well knew, meant hurried work; hurried for the deluded sitter, hurried for the artist, thereby disturbing his delicate equilibrium of touch, and degrading high artistic possibilities. Proper care was always a necessary adjunct to proper adjustment of focus. There must be no neglect in posing and lighting, no inferior chemicals employed, no rude retouching, no careless printing. Art educates, refines, cultivates and develops the mind, and careful adherence to its dictates infuses capacity, ability, faithfulness. Those who desire the best results in art must expect to offer reasonable compensation for its exercise. Le Britta realized on this. He formulated his ideas on this basis. He refused as an artist of capability, intelligence and skill, with large capital invested and with a proud reputation to sustain, to meet the competition of the obscure itinerant with nothing of these, and make "cheap" pictures. In the photographic art, invention and discovery had reduced the cost of production until all could enjoy the best results at a moderate price, and when he did make happy some honest wage-earner with small charges, it was a voluntary charity of his generous heart.

There were mournful faces at the pretty home when Le Britta announced the urgency of an immediate departure, but the soft, gentle glance of his true and loving wife to whom he told all his eventful story, satisfied him more than ever that he was on the straight path of duty.

"Go, dear Jera," she urged, earnestly. "Always doing good, ever forgetting self! Poor girl! Do not lose any time in trying to restore her to her friends, in bringing to time that horrible Durand; and, Jera, if you should find her, tell the poor child that she shall have a welcome here always. How my heart pities her in her orphaned loneliness and peril! Oh, Jera! when I think of how happy we are, safe, comfortable, surrounded by friends, I long to give the poor innocent dove a home among us."

"Papa s'ant do!" announced the baby of the family, doughtily striving to lock a door against his father's departure.

"Oh, dear! more waiting and watching," pouted the eldest, a bright-faced girl of eight. "Papa, it's real mean of you."

But a royal "trot horse to market" for number one, and the promise of a present for domineering number two, enabled Le Britta to escape with hair uncrumpled, followed by the serious, loving "Heaven speed you!" from the lips of the most beautiful of all the beautiful women he had ever met.

His little hand-bag packed with a few necessaries for a two day's journey, Le Britta stopped on his way at the office of his friend, Doctor Milton.

"Well, all ready?" queried the disciple of Esculapius.

"Yes. I shall take the train in half an hour."

"And return?"

"To-morrow, I hope."

"What is your plan?"

"I hardly know yet. I shall see Mr. Vernon's lawyer and present my evidence, and be guided by his advice. There's a knock at the door, doctor."

Doctor Milton opened the door at the summons. A bare-footed, excited urchin stood there, his great goggle-eyes rolling—breathless incoherent. "Doc-tor! Come at onct!"

"Come where?" demanded Doctor Milton.

"To the grug store. Man run away and wagon got hurt—no, I mean wagon ran away and man got hurt. Sent for you right off!"

"I'll be there in a minute. I must bid you good-day, Jera."

Doctor Milton caught up his surgical case and put on his hat. Le Britta accompanied him to the street.

"Some case of trifling injury—man stunned or ankle sprained, I suppose," spoke the doctor.

Le Britta went his way. If he had only known! but we never know in this busy, changing, fateful world of ours.

If he had only known, the barefooted urchin was a messenger of fate.

For, had Jera Le Britta accompanied Dr. Richard Milton to his new patient, the course of many lives would have been affected then and there.

Destiny plays strange caprices in the plot and counterplot of our lives, and the man just injured by a runaway, was fated to be an important element in the mystery and mysteries surrounding the fugitive Gladys Vernon.

All unconscious of this, however, thinking only of the clue he possessed and the duty imperative of the hour, Jera Le Britta went his way.

CHAPTER XIV.—ONLY A TRAMP.

Dr. Richard Milton, when he left his friend Le Britta, proceeded rapidly in the direction of the "grug" store.

His kind, sympathetic face grew more serious as he realized that his services might soon be enlisted in a matter of life or death.

Clean-shaven, the contour of his face resembling some of those profiles one sees on old Roman coins, a physiognomist would have ascribed a remarkably even temperament to this young man.

Not that he lacked fire, only the profession he had undertaken was one the deep seriousness of which he fully realized. Long companionship with Le Britta had fostered the naturally noble sentiments of his mind, and he had developed into a kind, just and honorable man.

There was a crowd around the door of the drug store, excited men, women and children were jostling one another and striving to peer in through the windows, while the proprietor of the establishment held the door shut and ordered the people away.

"Here comes the doctor!" was the simultaneous announcement of half-a-dozen voices, and room was made for Doctor Milton to reach the door.

Inside, lying upon the marble-tiled floor, his head supported by a cushion, lay a man, motionless and bleeding.

A glance told Doctor Milton that he belonged to that genus known as tramp. His frowsy head of hair, unkempt beard, worn out shoes, dusty, travel stained and tattered attire evidenced the fact that Doctor Milton would have to add another charity-patient to the long list.

"Hurt pretty badly, doctor, I guess," whispered the druggist.

"How did it occur?" queried the doctor, mechanically, kneeling by the side of his patient.

"Runaway horse and wagon. Caught him on the dead run, and knocked him—twenty feet, I should think."

Doctor Milton felt the pulse of the insensible man; he lifted one eyelid with his thumb and forefinger; he pressed the tips of his fingers until the blood showed under the nails. Then he shook his head slowly.

"No temporary treatment here," he murmured, convincedly. "The man's insensibility is not the result of a nervous shock. Something more serious, I fear. Let us see as to his injuries."

There was a slight scalp-wound, but beside it was an immense protuberance. As the doctor lifted the man's arm, however, he started despite himself.

From elbow to wrist, one arm had the flesh scraped off as clean as if a knife had shaved it. For all the world it resembled a spring sapling, with a section of the fresh green bark peeled clear to the white wooden core.

"This man needs long, careful attention," he remarked, arising to his feet. "Where can he be taken?"

"You can have my back room, if you like," remarked the duggist.

"No, it must be to some permanent, comfortable place. Have you a stretcher?"

"We can improvise one."

"Please do so."

Doctor Milton surveyed his patient thoughtfully. He was "only a tramp!" only one of those poor, homeless fellows who wander from town to town, and from city to city, migratory as the birds, and like the birds, included in that blessed benison—"Your Father cares for the sparrows of the field, and will He not care for you?"

With the practised eye of a surgeon he readily recognized the emergency of the case. A fellow-being's life, however worthless, depended on immediate active treatment. In a flash he decided what to do, and followed the dictates of his great humane heart.

The druggist and his subordinates soon brought in a rudely improvised litter. Upon it, following the doctor's directions and aided by him, they placed the unconscious man. He never stirred or spoke

"Get four strong men to carry him," spoke Milton.

"Where to, doctor?" queried the druggist.

"To my office."

"Surely," ejaculated the man, with a start, "you will not burden yourself with his care!"

"Will any one else?"

"I fear not."

"Then I cannot see him die. Gently, boys!" as ready helpers were summoned from the throng outside to the side of the litter.

They bore their inanimate burden from the store and down the street. The doctor leading the way, they reached his office.

Doctor Milton prepared a couch for him, and upon it he was placed.

Alone with his patient, he became the stern, practical surgeon once more.

For nearly an hour he worked at him, forcing medicine between his lips, hypodermically injecting stimulants, applying bandages to the great protuberance at the base of the brain.

"Temperature, pulse and respiration better," murmured the dotcor. "Now for the arm."

He took up his scalpel and scissors twice, and laid them aside again. He became thoughtful, serious.

"It cannot be done," he soliloquized. "It is either a well arm, a useful arm in time, or a crippled, torturing limb. If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. I will not touch it till I have considered. Here is an experiment worthy the skill of a Mackenzie or a Gunn."

Doctor Milton simply applied a loose wet cloth to the scraped, distended arm.

"If the man recovers consciousness completely in an hour, the injury to the nerve centers are only temporary," he murmured. "If not, he will die. Ah! he moves."

Yes, with a low moan of pain, the patient stirred slightly. Then he opened his eyes.

"I've got to get back there!" fell distinctly on the dead silence of the room.

Doctor Milton hurriedly approached the couch.

"Get where, my poor fellow?" he queried, gently.

"To—to that place."

"What place?"

"Hawthorne villa."

"Great goodness!" ejaculated the doctor, recoiling involuntarily. "What in the world does this mean?"

His mind full of Le Britta's vivid story, the mention of the home of Gladys Vernon startled him indescribably.

He was deeply amazed, excited, curious, too, but, as he gazed keenly at the tramp, he saw that although semi-consciousness had supervened, his mind was still groping, and he spoke only automatically upon some theme powerfully present in his mind.

"The papers are all right!"

Those were the next words of the sufferer.

"I had them written by different persons. Couldn't trust one person, couldn't trust one person, couldn't trust one person!"

The monologue died in a low murmur. The eyes closed, the man's body resumed its rigidity.

Of a sudden, however, as the absorbed Doctor Milton gazed, the invalid gave a terrible start. The first conscious recognition of his injuries, of pain, seemed to possess his senses, for he drew up his injured arm in a wincing, tortured way, his eyes glared wildly, and he choked out:—

"I remember! I was hurt. Oh! send for a doctor. I can't die, I won't die, with that secret mine! I'll pay a hundred, a thousand dollars, only save me. I'm rich! rich! thousands are mine, if I can only get the strength to crawl back to Hawthorne villa. The secret, the papers! oh!—hh—h—h!"

Back he fell again, this time like a dead weight.

Mystified, startled, Dr. Richard Milton regarded him wonderingly. Then, as a sudden flush stole over the patient's face, and his breathing changed, the doctor examined him more closely.

"What did he mean?" he ejaculated. "Le Britta, more shrewd than I would trace a wonderful significance in those incoherent words. This man will not tell for a time, I am thinking! Fever? He's in for a long siege of it. Well, I'll save him if it is possible."

The man did not revive again that night, nor the one following.

When partial consciousness did come, it was to engulf the homeless sufferer in the embrace of a hot, wasting fever, and his wild utterances bore no further reference to his boasted wealth or Hawthorne villa.

Doctor Milton grew restive under the constant care he required, but he was not the man to ignore a duty once assumed.

"Only a tramp!" he adjudged the wretched sufferer; but, although he little dreamed it, he was "entertaining an angel unawares!"

[To be Continued.]

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PATENT MEDICINES,

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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.

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E. Lee Street Proprietor.

Newcastle, Sept. 14th, 1896.

M. S. N. CO'Y

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STR. NELSON.

Will leave Chatham. (Solar Time)	Leave Newcastle. (Solar Time)	(Newcastle Time)
9.00 a.m.	10.15 a.m.	10.39 a.m.
11.00 "	12.15 p.m.	12.39 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.45 "	4.09 "
6.00 "	7.00 "	7.24 "

She will run to Nelson every trip.

W. T. CONNORS, Manager.

Chatham, N. B., Sept. 17th 1896.

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CANADIAN NORTH WEST

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Within Sixty Days.

The territory to which they will be sold is that lying west of Winnipeg to and including Calgary and Edmonton, and the rates are from $28.00 to $40.00 each. This will be a fine opportunity for

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Excursion tickets will be sold

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GOOD FOR RETURN UNTIL

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On Account of the Toronto Exhibition;

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Sept. 11th to 16th

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On Account of Montreal Exhibition,

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SUMMER MILLINERY

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Having disposed of my Spring Stock, I am now prepared to sell, at the very lowest prices, a choice variety of Summer Millinery, consisting of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Bonnets, exquisite Millinery, Novelties, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers etc.

In addition to the above I keep on hand Ladies' Wrappers and underwear, an elegant line of white and colored Blouses, Corsets Gloves, Hosiery Infants' Robes, Hoods, Jackets, Sunshades and Fancy goods to suit the most fastidious taste.

I would cordially invite the ladies of Chatham and vicinity to come and inspect the above before purchasing elsewhere.

JOSIE NOONAN

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One foot power scroll saw, with lathe and drill attached. All in perfect order, can be had for $17.00 For particulars apply to Box 123 Chatham

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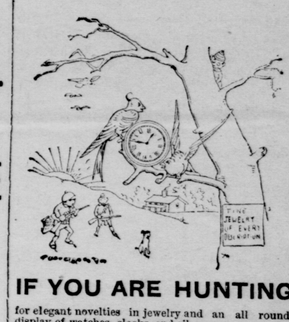

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