The Diamond Coterie.

(*Continued from 1st page.*)

He leans toward her, his arm resting upon the table between them, his eyes fixed gravely upon her face.

"Miss Wardour, does your faith in your friend justify you in complying with her wishes?"

"Most assuredly," with a look of surprise.

"In spite of to-day's events?"

"In spite of any thing!"

He draws a long, sighing breath. "Oh," he says, softly, "it would be worth something to possess your friendship. Now—do you really wish for my advice?"

"Have I not asked for it, or, rather, demanded it, like a true highwayman?"

"Then here is your case: You have a friend; you trust her fully; nothing can shake your faith in her. Suddenly, she does a thing, shocking, incomprehensible, and, in doing it, ask you not to question, for she can not explain; asks you to think of her kindly; to trust her still. Here is a test for your friendship. Others may pry, drag her name about, torture her with their curiosity; she has appealed to you. Respect her secret. Let her bury it if she will, and can; you can not help her. If she has become that bad man's wife, she is past human help. Undoubtedly there is a mystery here; undoubtedly she has acted under the control of some power outside herself; but she has taken the step, and—it is done!"

She draws a long, sighing breath. "You are right," she says, wearily, "your wisdom is simple, but it is wisdom, and I thank you for it; but, oh! if they could been intercepted. If I could have known—have guessed."

He smiles oddly. "You do not consider," he says, "how cunningly their plans were laid; doubtless they have been waiting some such opportunity. At twelve o'clock, Mr. Lamotte and wife started for the city."

"In my service, alas!"

"At one, Frank Lamotte mounted his horse andd rode eastward."

"Alas! also to serve me."

"At two o'clock, the coast was clear, and the flight commenced. When it became known, search was made for Evan, as the only member of the family within reach of a warning voice. They found him in a beer saloon, in a state of beastly intoxication."

'Oh!"

"Of course he was surrounded by a crowd, eager to see and to hear how he would receive the news; and the work of sobering him up was at once commenced. It took a long time to make him comprehend their meaning, but after a while the name of his sister, coupled with that of John Burrill, brought him staggering to his feet, and a few moments later, a plain statement of the facts, hurled bluntly at him by one of the loungers, sobered him completely. In an instant he had laid his informant sprawling in the saloon sawdust. He declared it a calumny, as you did, and declared war upon the lot of them. Soon kinder hands rescued him from these tormentors, and men he could not doubt convinced him of the truth of the unhappy affair. And then, any who saw would have pitied him. The boy is wild and bad, but he has a heart, and he loves his sister. Poor fellow! he is not all bad."

"Poor Evan!"

"He telegraphed at once to his father, and then set out for Mapleton, looking like the ghost of himself, but carrying a fresh filled flask."

"Of course," mournfully.

"He would have started in pursuit, had they not convinced him of the folly of such an undertaking."

"Folly, indeed, for him."

"And now, Miss Wardour, we have arrived at the end of a certainty, and to enter the field of conjecture is useless. The time may come when some of us may be of actual service to this most unhappy friend of yours. I confess that I wait with some curiosity the movements of her parents in the matter."

"They will take her from him, at once. They will buy him off; compel him—anything to get her back."

"Perhaps; but—she may resist them. Think of that letter."

"True. Ah me! I can't think. Doctor Heath, I have kept you here starving. I had forgotten that dinner ever was, or could be. You shall dine with Aunt Honor and myself; and, for the present, we will not speak of poor Sybil's flight to her. She would run the entire gamut of speculation, for she is very much given to 'seeing through things,' and I can't bear to talk too much on this subject. I should get angry, and nervous, and altogether unpleasant. I say, 'you will stay;' will you stay?"

He has never before been invited to dine at Wardour Place, except when the dinner has been a formal one, and the guests numerous; but he accepts this invitation to dine en famille, quite nonchalantly, and as a thing of course.

So he dines at Wardour Place, and talks with Aunt Honor about the robbery, and listens to her description of the splendid Wardour diamonds, and looks at Constance, and thinks his own thoughts.

After dinner Aunt Honor occupies herself with the evening paper; and, after awhile, Constance and Doctor Heath pass out through the low, broad French window, and stand on the balcony. The light from within falls upon them and that portion of the balcony where they stand. There is a young moon, too; and just beyond is a master oak, that spreads its great branches out, and out, until they rustle, and sway above the lower half of the long balcony, and rap and datter against the stone walls.

"Have you thought," asks Constance, as she leans lightly against the iron railing, "that to-morrow is Sunday, and that Mr. Lamotte, unless he has already returned, can not reach home until Monday?"

"It has occurred to me,"

"And poor Sybil! Where will she be by then?"

"Miss Wardour! What disinterestedness! I thought you were thinking of your detective."

"My detective! Why, what a lot of stupid people! He might as well not come at all. Why didn't you tell me to telegraph at once?"

"Because Mr. Lamotte was coming. I depended upon him."

"And he has made a blunder."

"Not necessarily."

"Why?"

"He may have seen an officer immediately, and the man may be now on the way, by the night train. He will be sure to be here before Monday, or he is no detective. They depend very little on the regular trains."

"Oh; I am enlightened! All the same, I shall never see my diamonds more."

"You don't seem much troubled."

"Pride, all pride! I'm heart broken."

"You are a most nonchalant young lady."

"Yes—it's contagious."

Then they both laugh, and relapse into silence. Presently she says:—

"We are sure to have the wrong man. Why did you not tell me the name of your great detective, so that I might have commissioned Mr. Lamotte to bring him? That man has been in my mind all day. You have made me enamored of him."

"Why?" laughing indulgently; "I barely mentioned him."

"No matter; you say he is a splendid officer?"

"There is no better. I know of none as good."

"And his name?"

"A very romantic one: Neil J. Bathurst."

"Why!" stepping suddenly to the window. "Aunt Honor!"

"Well," replies Mrs. Aliston, from behind her newspaper.

"What is the name of your wonderful detective, who brought those two murderers from Europe, and had them properly hung?"

"Mr. Neil Bathurst. Why, my dear?"

"Oh, nothing special, auntie;" then returning to the window, "Auntie never loses trace of a crime or a trial in high life. I have heard her talk of this man's splendid exploits, by the hour. She is a walking catalogue in all aristocratic sensations. So this is your great man? Well, if he is in the city, we must have him. Mr. Lamotte shall bring his man, or send him; there should be work for two. As for me, I intend to secure the service of Mr. Neil J. Bathurst."

"He may not be within reach; he is constantly moving, and always busy."

"No matter. I tell you I want to see this man."

"That being the case, I may as well present myself."

They start at the rustling of leaves, and from one of the great oak's extended branches, a form swings downward, and drops lightly upon the grass, just before the place where they stand.

"Who are you?" demands Doctor Heath, sternly, as the eavesdropper approaches. "And what does this impertinence mean?"

Before they can think, the man approaches the balcony, puts his hands up on the railing, and springs lightly over; standing in the full light that falls from within, he doffs his hat like a courtier, and bending before Constance, says, in a voice that is, for a man, singularly rich and mellow:—

"Madame, I am here at your service. I am Neil J. Bathurst."

CHAPTER V.

Both Constance and Dr. Heath fancy that they comprehend the situation almost instantaneously. The stranger's movements have been so catlike, his voice so carefully modulated, that Aunt Honor reads on, never dreaming that an addition has been made to the party. Dr. Heath is the first to speak.

"Upon my word," he says, with a touch of coldness in his tone; "this is quite dramatic."

"It's a very good tableaux," admits the new comer, "but dramatic as the present day drama goes? No, it's too naturally brought about, as you will admit, when I explain my presence here. Your mention of my name, while I lay sprawled across the great branch, within easy hearing, was rather sensational, to me, but, of course you can explain that."

By this time Constance has recovered herself, and rises to the occasion; in fact, she rather enjoys the situation; this is one of the emergencies wherein she is quite at home. Without stopping for commonplace remarks, or expressions of surprise, she goes straight to the point.

"How we came to be discussing you, you must understand, if you are really Mr. Bathurst, and—have been very long in that tree."

"I have been 'very long' in that tree, I feel it," ruefully. "And I am Neil Bathurst, detective; never was anybody else, and by the by, here is this doctor; I heard him giving me a capital 'recommend;' now bid him step up and identify me," and he laughs as if he had uttered a capital joke.

Doctor Heath laughs now, as he comes closer and scrutinizes him by the light from the drawing room.

"Oh, I recognize you by your voice, which you have not attempted to disguise, and by your —a—assurance."

"I thought so!" rubbing his hands with a satisfied air.

"But that physiogonomy, I never saw before."

The detective laughs.

"No, this is one of my business faces, and you, sir, are one of the few who have known me simply as a man, without reference to my occupation; a man like me may be expected to turn up anywhere, but you, sir, are the last man I expected to see in this place."

"Nevertheless, I have been an inhabitant of W— for a year; but enough of me for the present. Mr. Bathurst, this lady is Miss Wardour, in whose service you have been retained.

Miss Wardour extends a gracious, welcoming hand.

"Mr. Bathurst has heard me express my desire to know him," she says, with a little ripple of laughter, "so no more need be said on the subject. Mr. Bathurst you came as opportunely as a fairy godmother; and now let us go in and take my aunt into our counsels."

She lifts the lace curtains and passes in; as she goes, Dr. Heath lays a detaining hand on the detective's arm.

"Mr. Bathurst," he whispers; "in W—I am Dr. Heath, from nowhere."

"I comprehend," significantly.

"Thank you;" t en they too pass through the window, and the detective goes through the ordeal of presentation to Aunt Honor.

Mrs. Aliston, being a thorough woman, who knows her perquisites, gets through with the necessary amount of astonishment, ejaculations, questionings, and expressions of delight; all things are overcome by time, even a woman's volubility. And during the flow of her discourse the detective is communing thus with his "inner consciousness:—"

"So we have been retained by this handsome young lady? Well, that's intelligence! and what does the old lady mean by supposing that Mr. Lamotte has told me this and that? Who the deuce is Lamotte? Why the deuce don't somebody ask me how I came to be perched in that tree? Do they think it's the proper thing for detectives to tumble in among them out of the trees and the skies? After all, it is like a drama, for I'll be blessed if I see any sense in it at all."

"I see you are all more or less attracted by my personal appearance," he says, after Aunt Honor has given up the floor. "Now that I think of it, it's not just the thing for a drawing-room."

Mr. Neil Bathhurst, or his present presentment, is a medium sized man, attired in garments that have once been elegant, but are now frayed, threadbare, travel worn; his feet are encased in boots that have once been jaunty; his hat is as rakish as it is battered; his face wears that dull reddish hue, common to fair complexions that have been long exposed to sun and wind; his hair and beard, somewhat matted, somewhat disordered, may have borne some tinge of auburn or yellow once, but they too, have, unmistakably, battled with the sun, and have come out a light hay color. As Constance looks at him, she, mentally, confesses that he is certainly the oddest figure she has ever entertained in her drawing-room,

"I have been wondering just what grade of humanity you are supposing yourself to represent just now," says Doctor Heath, eyeing him quizzically.

"What!" with mock humility, "am I thus a failure? Miss Wardour, look at me well; do you not recognize my social rank?"

Constance surveys him a fresh, with critical eye.

"I think," she says, "I recognize the gentleman tramp; one of the sort who asks to wash his face before eating, and to chop your wood after."

"Right!" says the detective. "My self-respect returns; I am not a bungler. In the morning I shall be on the ground, to wash my face, and chop your wood; which reminds me, your servants, they must not see me here, I must depart as I came, and soon."

"And your search," asks Constance, "when will that begin?"

"My search?" hesitating oddly. "Oh, that has already commenced."

"What a curious thing it is that Mr. Lamotte should have secured you of all men," breaks in Aunt Honor. "I did not think it possible Mr. Lamotte—"

"Pardon me, all of you," breaks in the gentleman tramp. "Something must be set right; I will come to the point at once. Who is Mr. Lamotte? What is Mr. Lamotte? I have never seen him; never heard of him."

"What!" from Constance.

"Oh!" from Mrs. Aliston.

"But—" from Doctor Heath.

"Let me finish," he interpolates. "Let me tell you just how I happened to drop down among you to-night. Recently we have had in the city several robberies similar to this of yours, Miss Wardour, as I understand it. Several times we have had a trace or clue, and have hoped to find the robbers, but so far have been baffled. We must necessarily have many ways of gathering up information, and I have some methods of my own. This is one of them. I have access to the offices of our daily papers. I have a friend or tool in each. When a special telegram, in the line of criminal intelligence, comes to one of these papers, I am in possession of its contents before it has reached the compositor's hands. This morning a 'special' arrived at the office of the Evening Bulletin. I have not with me a copy. It ran:—

"MONSTER DIAMOND ROBBERY.

"(Special dispatch to the Evening Bulletin.)

"Intelligence has this moment been received, that Wardour Place has been burglarized; and the splendid Wardour diamonds, valued at more than one hundred thousand dollars, stolen, besides money and papers of value. No particulars as yet."

"This is what brought me here. I came to see if this burglary was the handiwork of the thieves I have been trying to catch. I came solely on my own responsibility, not intending to make myself known to the inmates of this house, but to ferret out things quiet and go my way. While lurking in that tree I was surprised to hear myself made the subject of conversation; and then, impulsed me to respond to this lady's expressed desire to see me, and—I presented myself."

All sit silent, all are astonished, and inclined to think this odd complication out quietly.

Constance is the first to see the absurdity of the situation, and she breaks into a peal of laughter, in which she is presently joined by the others. Finally, she regains her composure and says:—

"And so after all you are not our detective. Well, that shall not prevent us from appropriating your services. And you want to identify these robbers if possible? We are all at your disposal—tell us how we can help you most."

"You came with scant information," says Doctor Heath, "and you can't have been here long, but I'll wager you have picked up something."

"As to that," replies the detective, smiling slightly, "I left the city by the early afternoon express, before your Mr. Lamotte had arrived, you see. Twelve miles from W— I left the train and boarded a freight; about three miles out I abandoned the freight, quite unceremoniously, while she was pulling up a heavy grade, and tramped into town. I lounged about, confining myself to the more obscure streets until I had got the story of the robbery, with full particulars, as far as the gossips knew it. Toward sundown I started in this direction. Stopping on the way, I begged a drink of water and a slice of bread, of an old woman, in a little brown house. She thought me a very well behaved tramp, and inquired after my private history and the condition of my soul."

Constance laughs.

"That is old Mrs. Malloy," she says. "She's very pious and very full of gossip."

"Precisely!" replies the detective, wickedly; "she told me how many lovers you had, Miss Wardour; and how many dresses; and just the color of your eyes, and hair; she told me all about the robbery, and a great many more things that were not quite to the point."

"Of course, assents Miss Wardour, not at all abashed. "Mrs. Malloy is an oracle."

"As soon as I could make my escape from her I came nearer Wardour Place, and made circuitous survey. Still later, I came upon your gardener, sitting, ruminating, upon a stone fence, in the rear of the premises. I found him inclined to be communicative, in fact, he seemed rather desirous to air his notions, and he has some peculiar ones, concerning the robbery. I gave him a drink out of my black bottle, and he grew quite eloquent."

"Oh, dear," interrupts Constance once more. "Then, no doubt, he has pruned away half the garden shrubs. Old Jerry always is seized with a desire to prune things, the moment he has taken a drink."

"It was getting too dark for pruning, Miss Wardour, and he went to his supper. Then I approached the kitchen cautiously, found a comfortable lurking place, close to an open window, and listened to the table talk of the servants. From them I learned the bearings of the library, and so, while you were at dinner, I entered, without difficulty, and have explored that room to my entire satisfaction."

Amazement sits on the face of all three listeners.

"Well!" ejaculates Dr. Heath, "You are a modest tramp! What did you do next?"

"Next I prowled 'round and round the house,' examining all the windows, and drawing some conclusions; and then, having seen you, Doctor Heath, through the drawing-room windows, I established myself in yonder tree to wait until you should go home, and to waylay you."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," says the Doctor, gratefully. "What demoniac design had you on my defenseless self?"

"Several; to appeal to your hospitality; to renew an acquaintance, which in the beginning did me honor; and to quiz you unmercifully."

"Then I forgive you," grandiloquently. "And my doors are open to you, and my hand is extended, and the secrets of my bosom are laid bare. But Miss Wardour has something to say; I see it trembling on her lips."

"Right," smiles Constance. "I was about to ask if Mr. Bathurst, having effected his object thus far independently, will be satisfied to inspect my dressing room, the real scene of action, in the ordinary manner and without any obstacles in the way."

"Perfectly," says the detective, dropping his tone of badinage and becoming alert and businesslike at once. "And the sooner the better. I am anxious to complete my deductions, for my time is limited, and I must wait for daylight to overlook the grounds more closely than I could venture to do to-day."

"We are all anxious for your opinion, and so, will you take one of those lamps and my keys, or will you have an escort?"

"I wish you to point out to me the exact position of everything this morning, Miss Wardour. I think we may all go up."

So they all ascended to the disordered dressing room, and the detective seats himself, deliberately, upon the first unoccupied chair, and begins to look slowly about him. It is not a long survey, and then the safe is examined. Here he looks at Constance.

"This has not been done without noise; not loud enough to be heard across the hall, perhaps, but enough to be heard by a light sleeper, or, indeed, any one who did not sleep too soundly and with muffled ears, say, in that room," pointing through the curtained arch which divided the dressing from the sleeping room.

"Did you sleep there, Miss Wardour?"

Constance nods, then goes through the arch and returns with a little phial of chloroform, and a fragment of cambric in her hand.

She places them before him, telling him quietly how they were found before her that morning.

The detective takes them, turns them over in his hand, and examines them closely.

"Ah!" he exclaims, drawing out the fancifully carved stopper, "this phial is one of a set."

Doctor Heath nods. "So I thought," he says, glancing at Constance.

(*To be continued.*)

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I have purchased the Stallion Fred Hambletonian which I purpose to travel the coming season, 1897, throughout the principal parts of

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On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays will leave Escuminac at 12.30 p.m., Neguac, 2.30 p.m., Church Point, 3.15 p.m.

Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays being excursion days the fare for the round trip will be 50 cents, children under fourteen 25 cents. The Str. on its return leaves Neguac at 1 p.m., Church Point at 1.45 p.m., Bay du Vin, 3 p.m.

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9.00 a.m.	10.15 a.m.
11.00 "	12.15 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.15 "
4.15 "	5.15 "
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All freights must be prepaid.

J. ARCH HAVILAND, Manager

Chatham, N B., 12th May, 1897.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of Elizabeth Walls late of Chatham, Milliner, deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to

JAMES F. CONNORS, Chatham. Agent for

JAMES D. MURPHY, MARY CURRAN, } Administrators.

Chatham, 26th August, 1896.

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25 CENTS.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

To be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the 10th day of April next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon and five o'clock p.m.

All the right, title and interest of James Oates of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Nelson, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows to wit:—Beginning at a Maple tree standing at the Southeasterly angle of lot number seven, granted to John Kent, junior, at the head of Napan River, thence North 21 degrees, West fifty chains; thence North sixty-nine degrees, East twenty chains; thence South twenty-one degrees, East fifty chains; thence South sixty-nine degrees, West twenty chains to the place of beginning containing 100 acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number fifty nine at the head of Napan River and was granted to Thomas Oates now deceased, by letters patent dated 25th February A.D. 1876, and being the lands and premises on which the said James Oates at present resides.

Also, all that other tract of land situate in the Parishes of Nelson and Chatham, in the county aforesaid granted to Richard Hutchison, and known and distinguished as lot number 60 at the head of the Napan River aforesaid, and containing 100 acres more or less, as by reference to said grant will more fully and at large appear,

Also, all other the lands, tenements, hereditaments and premises of the said James Oates wnat soever or wheresoever situate in the said County of Northumberland. The same having been seized by me, under and by virtue of executions issued out of the Northumberland County Court by James Clowry and by Leonard W. Johnston, against the said James Oates.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff of Northumberland County.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle, this 18th day of December A.D. 1896.

The above sale is hereby postponed till Thursday the 6th day of May 1897 then to take place at hour and place above mentioned.

JAS. O. FISH, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle, this 6th day of April A. D. 1897.

The above sale is hereby further postponed till Thursday the 27th day of May 1897 then to take place at hour and place above mentioned.

R. R. CALL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office Newcastle, this 28th day of April A. D. 1897.

The above sale is hereby further postponed till Thursday, the 24th day of June, there to take place at hour and place above mentioned.

R. R. CALL, Sheriff.

Sherriff's office, Newcastle, this 26th day of May, A. D. 1897.

The above sale is hereby further postponed till Thursday, the 12th day of August, there to take place at hour and place above mentioned

R. R. CALL, Sheriff

Sherriff's office, Newcastle, this 23rd day of June, A. D. 1897.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Caraquet Railway Company will be held at the office of the President in Bathurst County of Gloucester and Province of New Brunswick on

THURSDAY, TWENTY NINTH DAY OF JULY NEXT

at 11 o'clock a.m. for the purpose of electing Directors of the Company and transacting such other business as may be brought under the notice of the meeting by any of the shareholders of the said Company.

Dated at Bathurst, this 25th June A.D. 1897.

JOHN SIVEWRIGHT, Secretary P. J. BURNS, President.

G. M. DUNCAN, M. D. WM. WALSH, JOS. POIRIER, JOHN SIVEWRIGHT, R. C. MULLINS, } Directors.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST VIA THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Second class return tickets on sale June 28, July 5 and July 19 only, good for return within 60 days at the following low rates, viz. To

Deloraine and return, Reston " ", Estevan " ", Binscarth " ", Moosomin " ", Dauphin " " } $28.00 each.

Regina and return, Moosejaw " ", Yorkton " ", Prince Albert " ", Calgary " " } $30.00

$35.00

Red Deer and Edmonton and return $40.00.

THE WINNIPEG EXHIBITION will be held from July 10 to 24 and should be a great attraction to agriculturalists.

Further particulars of your nearest Ticket Agent, of D. P. A., C. P. R. St. St. John, N. B.

D. McNICOLL, Passr. Traffic Manager, Montreal. A. H. NOTMAN, Dist. Passr. Agent, St John, N. B.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the Estate of John Haviland late of Chatham, N. B., deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

P. H. C. BENSON, Administrator.

Chatham, N. B., May 11th, 1897.

We Are STILL IN IT!

The Grocery War is still going on, and we are in the front ranks, and prepared to defend ourselves against prices, no matter how low.

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

McDonald's Tobaccos, Raisins, Currants, Biscuits, Spices, Baking Powders, and a full line of Groceries, also Flour, Corn-Meal, Oatmeal, Hay, Oats, Bran, Shorts, Codfish, Pork, Beef Etc, at prices to meet competition. We are also selling off our Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing Gents' Furnishings Etc. at Cost to make room for our Spring Stock,

GIVE US A CALL.

J. B. SNOWBALL;

MILLERS' FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS,

RITCHIE WHARF, CHATHAM. N. B.

Successors to Gillespie Foundry.

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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.

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CHATHAM. N. B.

THE LEADING NORTH SHORE NEWSPAPER. + PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

D. G. SMITH. EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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RAILWAY BILLS, 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.

THREE 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

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—AT THE—

DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

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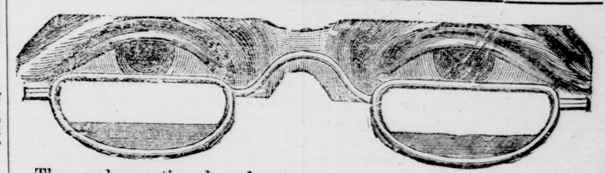

The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.

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 wearers.

3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optic purposes, by DR. CHARLES BARDOU'S improved patent method, and is PURE, HARD AND BRILLIANT and not liable 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 every respect.

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.

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

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MONARCH Steel Wire Nails,

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.

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DUNLAP COOKE & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS, —AND— GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS AMHERST. N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. 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 he prices are right.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of William Copping late of Chatham, deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to

MRS. WM. COPPING.

Chatham Sept, 1 1896.

FOR SALE.

Good Seed Potatoes

50 Barrels Goodridges Seed Potatoes from one of best Farmers in the place apply at

W. S. LOGGIE Co, Ltd.