Dr. Jack's Wife.

(*Continued from 1st page.*)

A man is under the cars with a light and a hammer, testing the wheels, for with these fast trains it is necessary to take every possible precaution in order to prevent accidents.

Larry's coolness vanishes. He even drops his beloved cigarette, such is his anxiety to discover what has become of his friend. While he thus prances about, not daring to wander far from the train, as it may move at any minute the signal comes that the track is clear, he catches sight of a moving figure.

That is enough. In the darkness he cannot tell whether it be friend or foe, but, rushing up, he thrusts his weapon against the man's side, while saying fiercely:—

"Surrender!"

"Why, Larry, old fellow, is it you?" comes a voice.

"Jack—thank heavens. But you gave me a scare, man. What made you stwoll away?"

Jack seems to be engaged in coiling up a rope, and Larry, when he discovers this, is doubly amazed.

"They tried it, Larry—and failed. Just as I stepped into the shadow a noose fell over my shoulders. I happened to have one hand up to my hat, so that was free to draw a knife while I jumped forward in order to prevent being thrown. The fellows at the other end ran also. I got my knife out, opened the blade with my teeth, and cut the noose; but I caught hold of the rope, planted my feet against a rock, and we had a tug of war for a minute here in the darkness.

"Finding I was too much for them, and was dragging the rope in, they gave up and scampered, leaving me this trophy, which I hardly know what to do with."

"Take it aboard. Who knows how useful it may yet prove. Besides, it may tell us something about the fellow at the other end."

"Larry, correct. Was that whistle meant for a forward movement?"

They run to the platform close at hand. The train moves, sure enough. After all, the delay was not so long, and can be made up.

When they get into the car neither the Chilian colonel nor his British ally can be seen.

"Egad!" says Larry, slapping his knee, "what a widiculous joke it would be if we turned the tables on them, and they are left behind."

Jack smiles.

"That would be too good a thing, my dear boy."

He sees Avis looking out from behind the curtains, and motioning with her hand. Jack fancies she seems pale. He springs to her side.

"What is it, dear?" he asks, tenderly.

"Jack, while I slept a hand entered the half-open window and snatched the small satchel. I caught the strap, but the catch broke and the hand-bag is—gone."

Jack smothers a groan, and Avis continues quickly:—

"But, dear Jack, some good angel must have put it into my head that they coveted that alligator bag, for when the curtains were first put up I transferred the packet—"

"Oh! Avis!"

"To my bosom, where it lies now, safe and sound."

He throws his arms around her.

"Bless you for a thoughtful little woman. They stand a poor show against both of us with Larry and Kirke thrown in."

"It was also fortunate that I had my jewelry on. In fact, the contents of the bag, I believe, netted them some five dollars."

"They're welcome to it. Why, the rope must be worth part of that," laughing.

"What rope, Jack?"

"They tried to hang me, my dear," and he relates his little adventure, while Avis clings to him, trembling and breathless.

"When will this end, husband?" she asks, for her nerves have been placed under a severe test during these few weeks.

"Given four and a half more days and we will arrive in New York. Once there my hour of triumph comes, and these allied forces will no longer have cause to desire my downfall."

"Oh, Jack, I wish we were there!" she sighs.

"For your sake I echo the wish, little woman," fondly replies the man of steel.

"I am so afraid something will happen to you."

"Ah, Avis, look back, my dear! You have seen me in many situations of danger. Was I ever outgeneraled? A cool head and a steady hand have carried me successfully thus far, and with the help of heaven they will not desert me now."

Cheered by these brave words, Avis regains much of her old-time confidence. This stout heart has so often won victories, it is no wonder she believes her Jack well-nigh invincible.

Larry comes up at this moment, with a disconsolate look upon his face.

"It's no use," he says, sadly, shaking his head as he speaks.

"What's wrong now, Larry?" asks Jack.

"They swung on at the last moment—in the smoking-room, now."

"Sorry to hear it, but it's what we expected. So far we've been a good match for all their forces. Let us hope it will keep on."

The balance of the night passes without more trouble, and our friends greet the new-born day with thankfulness.

Each hour takes them nearer their goal, and the enemy must continue to grow more desperate as time passes.

It occurs to Jack that perhaps he can turn the tables on these plotters. By leaving them behind, he will at least be free from their miserable plotting, and have a fair chance to show up in New York on time.

In Larry he has an enthusiastic ally when the idea is broached. Indeed, the little man can see no reason why they should not count on it as already settled.

"I believe in fair play. So far they've had all the fun. By Jove! it's our turn now. Let me ponder over the matter, too. Perhaps I can hatch up a plan."

The mighty intellect of the dude sets to work, and, of course, Jack takes a back seat after that. Kirke is passing away the time by wandering along the entire length of the train, where, of course, he finds many types of human nature. His object is to discover, if possible, how many of the Chilians are on board, men who have come so many thousand miles to outwit Doctor Jack.

Avis is watching her cousin, and she suddenly gives Jack a nudge.

"I think Larry has discovered something," is what she says, and glancing at the dude, Jack finds him with a broad smile upon his face, a veritable grin.

"Ah! he's looking at himself in the glass between the windows. These fellows of his stamp are conceited enough. No doubt he believes he has a killing expression on his face."

"That's too bad, Jack, for he's looking out of the window. Larry has a great mind for schemes, though, perhaps, you wouldn't think it to look at him. I know he has just hit upon some elegant idea. There, I told you so. He's coming over to give us the benefit of it."

"As true as I live, it's so. If I faint during the recital, dear Avis, remember—the cordial."

"You cruel man—but I know you have in secret a high opinion of Larry's abilities, though you may pretend to laugh now and then."

The arrival of the object under consideration at their seat prevents any further conversation. Larry it is, puffing out his cheeks with tremendous importance.

"I've got an idea, my dear boy. Wait until you hear it—then congratulate me."

"With pleasure," returns the other.

Larry glances around him. He does not care to share his bright thoughts with those who may be enemies, and they are known to have a number of this class on board the limited train.

The coast seems clear, yet Larry assumes a voice equal to a dramatic stage whisper in imparting his momentous secret.

"I believe I can dwop the wascals behind, and give them a chance to hire a special," he announces, at which Avis gently claps her hands, and Jacks says: "Bravo, dear boy."

Larry tries to swell out with more importance, but it is impossible, since he has already reached the point of danger.

"Now, listen to me, my friends, while I explain my idea. Of course, it must hold until night comes. Jack will get the exact time we stop at some station. Timing himself, he will leave the car. These men can be depended on to follow. Jack must lead them a little chase, give them the slip, and run back to the twain as fast as he can. The second he puts his foot on the step, the conductor will start ahead."

"Ah! how d'ye know he will?"

"Because you must have an arrangement with him beforehand, dear boy. That little part of my plan I have left to your ingenuity."

"I'll wrestle with it, and endeavor to do my duty," says Jack, in mock humility.

"That's one scheme."

"What! you have others, Larry?"

"Jove, dear boy, hosts of them. They bristle like quills on the back of the fretful porcupine. Here's an idea that might come in later. We could arrange for a special to be ready at Denver, where we lost half an hour. It would take us to St. Louis in time to catch a twain in advance of the one regularly made."

Jack opens his eyes at this.

"Bless me, a splendid thought. If it comes to the worst I'll have a talk with the conductor about it. What else, my dear fellow?"

Larry has only started. He begins to describe certain unique plans for accomplishing the desired result, some of them so very original, that Doctor Jack is fairly staggered.

"Hold on, I beg of you! Don't bewilder me. Talk about your Cardinal Richelieu. He couldn't hold a candle to Larry Kennedy," and he really means what he says this time.

"Then you will accept and twy one of these plans?" asks the proud inventor, twisting his diminutive whiskers with the air of a conqueror.

"All of them, Larry, in time, if necessary. But first we will endeavor to leave our friends, the enemy, to-night, with the aid of the conductor. There he comes, now. I'll talk with him a while."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The conductor is, of course, inclined to be non-committal. He has heard much of Doctor Jack's story, and is deeply interested, ready to do all in his power to assist him, and yet at the same time fully aware that his duty will not allow him to swing trains at the whim of a passenger. All Jack desires, at present, is the assurance that there will be no holding the train a minute or two in order to allow belated ones a chance to get aboard.

Here the iron rules of the road, which the conductor could not break for him, work in his favor.

"When the time is up we start, if there are a dozen Englishmen wandering about," he says, firmly, and Jack builds upon this.

He also speaks about the special at Denver, and has the official figure to see whether it would count him anything at St. Louis.

Thus the day passes.

With the coming of night, Doctor Jack prepares to carry out his little plan whereby he will possibly shake off the worst foes for a while.

They draw near the town where a short stop will be made. Jack knows just how long. Even now the engine gives a long signal whistle to warn the people of their coming.

"Be very careful," pleads Avis, looking a little anxious, as her husband shows some eagerness to be off.

"Don't be alarmed, dear. I shall keep just ahead of them, and lead them a wild-goose chase. Even if they should try to overhaul me, they are only two, and I am well armed, you know."

She looks proudly at him. Memory carries her back to many a scene where her Jack proved himself a man in every particular. She has seen him master a black bull in the plaza de los toros, at Madrid, when no matador dared enter the ring—has watched him beat back a mob of rascals who waylaid the train by which they passed over the Pyrenees, and been nearby when he saved her brother from the vengeance of a Turkish pasha, meeting the Russian wolf-hounds in the garden of the palace and wresting victory from what promised to be defeat.

All these and many other similar scenes flash before her mental vision. No wonder she has the utmost confidence in this man who twists difficulties that are seemingly insurmountable to his will.

He waits after the train stops, just two minutes, timing himself so as to hit it just right. Lord Rackett and Garcia have alighted to stretch their legs. Larry reports that they are watching through the window, as though they do not mean to take their eyes off the little party.

Doctor Jack arises. He gravely kisses his wife good-by, shakes hands with his two friends, walks to the end of the car, and steps off.

Lord Rackett and Garcia have apparently already taken the alarm, for they are not in sight. Jack strides away. His manner is that of one who travels no more at present.

"What success?" asks Avis, eagerly, as Larry comes back to her side.

"The best, I believe. At any rate, I saw two dark forms gliding after him."

Doctor Jack's wife cannot help from showing anxiety, no matter what unlimited confidence she puts in him.

"What time is it, Larry?"

He consults his chronometer.

"Seven and a half after nine."

"And we leave here?"

"At exactly nine-ten."

There remains two and a half minutes. Hours could not ordinarily seem longer to this devoted wife. There are times when we measure the passage of seconds by heart beats—when even a minute may seem an eternity.

Larry walks up and down, trying to smother his own impatience, while Kirke Smith is on the platform keeping an eye about.

At length Larry walks to the end of the car. The time is about up. A few more seconds and the train must start if the conductor is as prompt as he has promised to be.

A hand touches Larry's shoulder, and, turning, he sees Avis, who has been unable to remain in the car, when so much is at stake.

"Surely the time must be up," she says.

"Just."

Even as Larry utters the word, there is a whistle from the engine, a jerk of the cars—they move.

Doctor Jack's wife holds her breath.

If he has made a mistake of three seconds, Jack will not only leave his enemies behind, but be caught in the same trap.

The train moves slowly at first, being a long one, but the momentum increases.

"There he comes!" exclaims Larry.

A figure appears in view at the farther end of the station platform; a figure that delays not a second, but rushes across the lighted space after the train with a speed equal to a young cyclone; a figure that the eyes of the loving wife instantly recognize as Jack.

Will he reach the last car? The train moves faster each second, but Doctor Jack has not yet put forth his best efforts, though rapidly annihilating the space that separates them.

Now he makes a spurt—encouraged by the presence of Avis, whom he sees. Five feet only separate him from the platform, but the train is going at a lively rate.

Another burst of speed; two feet remain. He puts out his hand; a fall now must mean ruin to his hopes; but Jack is light on his feet.

Kirke Smith stands on the steps. He holds on to the rail, bends forward and reaches out his horny hand, which Doctor Jack instantly seizes upon.

Another second and the daring runner has swung himself upon the back platform of the last car. He has won.

Avis throws her arms about her husband.

"Oh, Jack!" she says, with a long breath. "I began to fear you would lose the race. It was a terrible moment of suspense," at which the doctor, though exceedingly short of breath just at the time, is compelled to laugh, as the ludicrous side of the matter appears before him.

"How did you succeed? Were you followed?" asks the Texan, eagerly.

"Two shadowy figures kept after me up to the time when I gave them the slip, and made a bolt for the train. They could not have gotten aboard—simply impossible—I ran as fast as I could, and had a narrow escape, as you have all seen."

"By Jove! look yondah!" exclaims Larry, at this juncture, and all turn their eyes backward over the road bed.

They are now quite a distance from the station. Nearly an eighth of a mile, and making good time that momentarily grows faster.

The track chances to be straight, so that they can readily see the well-lighted platform and all its immediate surroundings.

Even as they look in response to Larry's call, two figures come dashing upon the boards. They are men who thus run, men who have beyond a doubt been left by the train; men who even run up the track some distance, as rattled travelers left behind are apt to do, in the vain hope of overhauling the train that has given them the slip.

Of course, the distance is too great for our friends to make them out, but they are almost positive as to the identity of the men who have been dropped so neatly.

Larry in particular is greatly tickled over the discomfiture of the enemy. He takes off his hat and makes a bow in the direction of the stragglers.

"Farewell — farewell — the best of friends must part!" he says, dramatically, and, of course, the two figures, now growing shadowy in the dim distance, answer not a word.

Doctor Jack regains his breath after a little while. They are speeding along over the open prairie now, the town having been left behind, and as the night air is decidedly chilly, it is deemed proper that they seek for warmth and comfort inside the car.

Jack has already told in a few sentences how he managed to outwit the two men who followed him so closely. It is not his habit to boast, and those who hear what he has to say must draw upon their own imaginations to fill in the story.

Larry walks forward to indulge in a smoke, for the car has been turned around during the day, and the little compartment is no longer at the rear.

A few minutes later they see him hastening toward them. His expression is really ludicrous. At the same time they can see that the dude has received a shock.

He sinks into a seat opposite Doctor Jack and his wife, who have just arranged with the steward for a little supper, and have a table spread between them.

"What is the matter, man? You look as if you had seen a ghost," says Jack.

"By Jove! two of them, dear boy," gasps Larry, rolling his eyes.

The doctor and Avis exchange glances.

"Now, what in the duse can he mean? Come, Larry, out with it. What have you seen?" the former remarks.

"Tell me, can a man be in two places at the same time?" demands the dude.

"Well, hardly. I've known people to try it, but the attempt generally ended in failure. Why do you ask that? Is it possible—"

Larry jerks his thumb over his shoulder.

"I've found 'em snugly deposited in the smoking-room," he says, laconically.

"Them? Do you mean the Britisher and his Chilian ally?"

Larry nods, unable to say a word.

Doctor Jack looks at his wife again, and laughs. He takes it very coolly, indeed; one would think it might be a great joke with him.

"How can it be possible, when we saw those men lose the train?" Avis asks.

"Ah! my dear, not one of us could declare their identity at that distance. As to the two men who followed me, I only saw them in the dark. It is evident that instead of entering the chase themselves, these worthies, suspecting a trick perhaps, stuck by the train and sent the two Chilians who have come under their orders after me."

"Then it was all useless?"

"Not so. We have reduced the number of our foes by two. That is something to feel good over. I believe Lord Rackett and Garcia are all we have to watch now, and by my next coup d'etat I hope to get rid of them."

"You have wesolved, then—" begins Larry, but his drawl is so labored that Jack, as is often the case, finishes the sentence for him.

"To have a special awaiting our arrival in Denver, on which we shall outstrip the regular train and leave our foes behind."

"Three cheers for Doctor Jack!" but the other's frown causes Larry to restrain his enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Presently the Englishman is seen to look through the car. Larry declares that he seems greatly surprised when his eyes fall upon Doctor Jack, but he returns again to the seclusion of the smoking apartment, where doubtless various schemes are being brought forward between the colonel and himself, having for their object the detention of the American, perhaps even his death.

Having talked the matter over with the others as they pass the time over the little table, Jack proceeds to make out a message which ne desires to send ahead, and which will give him a tight squeeze on the game.

Then he waits for the conductor, with whom he has a long talk in the seclusion of the state-room. Sworn to secrecy concerning the facts, this official folds the message up with some bank bills Jack hands over, and then the affair is as good as arranged.

Jack can lie on his oars.

all that is necessary is to watch the enemy and circumvent any move looking to a sly attack from the rear.

When Denver is reached by this transcontinental train, there will be a surprise in store for some people, no doubt.

The schemes of the two allies may embrace a variety of forms, since one wants the secret packet that seems of such immense value to Doctor Jack, while the other covets his wife.

By this time, however, the bull-dog nature of the British nobleman has been fully aroused. He hates Jack with intense fervor. Every victory of the American stirs up the sluggish bad blood in his veins, until he is now in a condition bordering on frenzy, though outwardly cool, and could see the man against whom his anger is kindled burned at the stake with pleasure.

When two such unscrupulous plotters strain their energies in the endeavor to hatch up mischief, the chances are they will arouse something of a commotion.

An hour later the sleeper drops off from the train which goes on and leaves it on the open prairie. Luckily the accident is discovered by the conductor a few minutes later. He happens to look out of a window and sees lights a mile or so in the rear, where no illumination could be expected, pokes his head out still farther, counts the cars, and finds his train one short of the number with which it started.

So he pulls the cord, stops the train, and they back down the track to secure the lost sleeper. Already those on board have become aware of the situation, and crowd the platform. An investigation shows that it has been no accident. Some strong hand uncoupled the cars after detaching the bell-rope and accomplishing other things that are necessary on account of the vestibule.

(*To be continued.*)

GO TO
PORTLAND, BOSTON, ETC.
VIA THE
Canada Eastern Railway
and Fredericton.

Leave	Loggieville	6.00 a.m.
"	Chatham	6.12 a.m.
"	Chatham Jc.	6.45 a.m.
"	Doaktown	8.50 a.m.
"	Boiestown	9.35 a.m.
"	Cross Creek	10.47 a.m.
Arrive	Fredericton	12.15 p.m.
Leave	"	4.20 p.m.
Arrive	Bangor	11.10 p.m.
"	Portland	3.50 a.m.
"	Boston	7.25 a.m.

Pullman Sleeper runs through from Fredericton Juncton to Boston.

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A COMPLETE LINE JUST RECEIVED
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If you want a
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All Hand-made work and Warranted.
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TIME TABLE
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Str. "MIRAMICHI."
CAPTAIN GOODFELLOW.
Will leave Chatham every morning (except Sundays) on and after Monday, May 17th, at 7 a.m. for Newcastle, leaving Newcastle for points down river at 7.45 a.m.
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.
Str. "NELSON."
CAPTAIN BULLICK.

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM AT	NEWCASTLE AT
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.
JOHN FOTHERINGHAM, Manager.
Chatham, N B., 12th May. 1897.

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Artificial Teeth set in Gold Rubber & Celluloid
Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth
Also Crown and Bridge work All work guaranteed in every respect
Office in Chatham, BENSON BLOCK. Telephone No. 53.
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Dry! Latest
Ah! Out!
Yes, I Feel Comfortable.
My feet are dry—and how neatly they are fitted! I have therefore, a right to express my satisfaction over a discovery, which is that
Messrs. M. & J. HICKEY
know more about the Boot & Shoe business than any other dealers in Chatham. That accounts for the fact that they have a stock from which they can
Fit You Out
with just what you want.
THE RANGE OF THEIR STOCK IS
Well Illustrated
BY AN
Actual Occurrence.
JUST AFTER
A Prospective Bride

had made her purchase last Saturday, which included different styles of fine laced and self-closing boots and slippers, as well as a pair of fairy shoes for her little sister,
An Angler
of repute came in and asked for strong wading-boots.
A Barnaby-River
Lumberman
who had just bought a few pairs of driving boots, thought he could help the sportsman out by suggesting a purchase similar to that he had made, but one of the firm threw a new kind of
River Foot-Gear
down in front of the new customer, who, after purchasing a pair of strong laced, heavy-soled wading
Ankle-Protecting Boots,
said he liked to leave his money with dealers who
Knew what a Customer Wanted.
While the Lumberman and Angler were discussing the advantages of coming for their purchases to a store where no fuss was made, and they could procure just what they wanted for their respective work and sport on the rivers,
A Young Man
came into the store and after telling the proprietors
in Confidence
that he was
Going to be Married
and wanted an outfit, they
Gave Him
their particular attention and when he left the store he had purchased for
A Few Dollars
A trunk-full of the latest styles
in Gentlemen's Clothing and
Furnishing Goods,

such as Shirts, Collars, Neckties, Scarfs, Gloves, fine and heavy Textured Underwear in Linders and Drawers, Hosiery etc., Coats, Pants, Vests etc.
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Boot and Shoe, Clothing
and gentlemen's furnishings business, they are determined
To Push it
as strongly against all competitors, as advantageous purchases of stock in large quantities from Manufacturers
For Ready Cash
and a practical acquaintance with their lines o business, will admit.
They are at the old stand, West end of Lower Water Street, just at the head of the Muirhead (now Loggie) wharf, Chatham.
M. & J. HICKEY.

PIANO FOR SALE.
Very superior new Gerhard Heintzman piano for sale, liberal terms. Apply to
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IMPROVED PREMISES
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Wall Papers, Window Shades,
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GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
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An engine lathe 8ft bed and 20 inch swing, elevating rest, screw cutting etc.
Apply to
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Desirable Property for Sale,
Situated in Newcastle adjoining the grounds of Harkins Academy and owned by the Misses Ramsay. It contains a good dwelling house, large barn, sheds, well of water, and Lot 99x100 feet all in good condition.
The property will be disposed of at private sale.
For terms and particulars apply at the Residence.
Newcastle, April 18, 1897.

SEED WHEAT.
The Subscriber has for sale
200 Bushels Russian Seed Wheat,
grown by himself. Its yield on his farm, last year, was
51 BUSHELS PER ACRE.
It is a very early wheat, ripening quickly and being ready for reaping in from 90 to 100 days from the time of sowing. Price $1.40 per bushel, cash, or $1 60 payable Sept. 1st.
GEO. P. SEARLE.

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.

DERAVIN & CO.
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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.
JAS. G. MILLER.
AGENT.

NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session by the Temiscouata Railway Company for the passing of an Act to amend the Act 58-59 Victoria, Chapter 65, so as to enlarge the time for commencing the work of extending the Railway of the said Company from Edmundston to a point on the Intercolonial Railway, as provided by said Act, and also for the purpose of authorizing the said Company to build a Railway connecting such proposed extension with the Central Railway at Chipman in Queens County, or any extension thereof, and also with power to the said Company to acquire by lease or otherwise other lines of Railway.
Dated the Twentieth day of January, A. D. 1897.
WILLIAM PUGSLEY,
Solicitor for Applicants

Executors' Notice.
All persons having just claims against the Estate of the late John Shirreff, High Sheriff deceased, are hereby requested to file the same duly attested with M. S. Benson, Attorney at-Law, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to Mary Henrietta Shirreff.
Dated at Chatham 15th day of March, 1897.
MARY HENRIETTA SHIRREFF, Executrix.
HARRY SHIRREFF, Executor.

INTERCOLONIAL
RAILWAY

On and after Monday the 7th September, 1896, the trains of this railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION.

Through express for St. John, Halifax and Pictou, (Monday excepted)	4,16
Through express for Quebec and Montreal,	22.29
Accommodation for Moncton	11,08
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14,35

ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager
Railway Offic ,Moncton N. B. 3rd September, 1896

NOTICE.
The co-partnership heretofore existing between William Wilson of Chatham N. B. and W. A. Hickson of Newcastle, under the style of W Wilson & Co. Groceries, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
Wm. Wilson will, in future, continue the business in his own name and will pay all the debts of the late firm and collect all accounts due to the said firm.
WM. WILSON
W. A. HICKSON.
Chatham N. B. 31st March 1897.

CARD.
In retiring from business we earnestly thank our many customers and friends for their generous patronage during the many years that we have had their confidence, and bespeak for our successor, Mr W. H. McLachlan a continuence of the same.
WM. WILSON & CO.
Chatham 6th April 1897.

WOOD-GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
FOR SALE
Laths,
Palings,
Box-Shooks,
Barrel Heading,
Matched Flooring,
Matched Sheathing,
Dimensioned Lumber,
Sawn Spruce Shingles.
THOS. W. FLETT,
NELSON.

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.
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. + PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.
TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
D. G. SMITH. EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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AT LOW PRICES AND THE SHORTEST NOTICE
ALWAYS ON HAND:—
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
MEDAL AND DIPLOMA
—AT THE—
DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION
AT ST JOHN IN 1883
Orders by Mail promptly filled & Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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 glassi so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.
J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.
Chatham N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

ASK FOR
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.
N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

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Dunlap Bros. & Co.,
AMHERST, N. S.
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DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,
AMHERST, N. S.
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. LOGGIECo, Ltd.