The Diamond Coterie.

(Continued from 1st page.)

But Mr. Wedron asks no questions, and makes no comment. He fidgets in his chair, and seems anxious to end the interview.

"Thank you, Miss Wardour," he says, rising briskly, "you have been an invaluable witness; and I feel like telling you, that—thanks to you, I hope soon to put my hand upon the guilty party, and open the prison doors for Heath."

She utters a low cry.

"My God! What have I said!" she cries wildly. "Listen, sir; Clifford Heath must, and shall, be free; but—you must never drag to justice the true culprit; you never shall!"

She is on her feet facing Mr. Wedron, a look of startled defiance in her eyes.

He is gazing at her with the look of a man who has discovered a secret. Suddenly he comes close beside her, and says, in low, significant tones:—

"Let us understand each other; one of two must suffer for this crime. Shall it be Clifford Heath, the innocent, or—Frank Lamotte?"

She reels and clutches wildly at a chair for support.

"Frank Lamotte!" she gasps, "Frank, Oh! No! No! It must not be him! Oh! You do not understand; you can not."

She pauses, affrighted and gasping. Then her lips close suddenly, and she struggles fiercely to regain her composure. After a little she turns to Mr. O'Meara, saying:—

"You have heard me say that Mr. Bathurst, the detective, and friend of Doctor Heath, was, not long since, in W—; he may be here still; I do not know. But he must be found; he is the only man who can do what must be done. For I repeat, Doctor Heath must be saved, and the true criminal must not be punished. My entire fortune is at your command; find this detective, for my hands are tied; and he must, he must, find a way to save both guilty and innocent."

"This is getting too deep for me, Wedron," says O'Meara, when the door has closed behind Constance. "What does it lead up to? For I take it your tactics mean something."

Mr. Wedron laughs, a low, mellow laugh.

"Things are shaping themselves to my liking," he says, rubbing his hands briskly. "We are almost done floundering, O'Meara. Thanks to Miss Wardour, I know where to put my hand when the right time comes."

"I don't understand."

"You will very soon. Now hear a prophecy: Before to-morrow night, Clifford Heath will send for you, and lay before you a plan for his defence. He will manifest a sudden desire to live."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Late that night a man is walking slowly up and down the little footpath that leads from the highway, just opposite Mapleton, down to the river and close past that pretty, white boat house belonging to the Lamotte domain.

He is very patient, very tranquil in his movements, and quite unconscious that, crouched in the shadow, not far away, a small figure notes his every action.

Presently a second form emerges from the gloom that hangs over the gates of Mapleton, and comes down toward the river. Just beside the boat house it pauses and waits the man's approach.

The new comer is a woman. The night is not so dark but that her form is distinctly visible to the hidden watcher.

"Well," says the man, coming close beside her, "I am here—madam."

"Yes," whispers the woman. "Have you—" she hesitates.

"Accomplished my task?" he finishes the sentence. "Have you not proof up yonder that the work is done?"

The woman trembles from head to foot, and draws farther away.

"I am only waiting to receive what is now due me," the man resumes. "You need have no fears as to to the future; like Abraham, you have been provided with a lamb for the sacrifice."

Again a shudder shakes the form of the woman, but she does not speak.

"I must trouble you to do me a favor, Mrs. Burrill," the man goes on. "It is necessary that I should see the honorable Mr. Lamotte. So, if you will be so good as to admit me to Mapleton to-night, under cover of this darkness, and contrive an interview without disturbing the other inmates, you will greatly oblige me; but first my two thousand dollars, if you please."

With a sudden movement the woman flings back the cloak that has been drawn close about her face, and strikes with her hand upon the timbers of the boat house.

There is a cracking sound, a flash of light, and then the slow blaze of a parlor match.

By its light they gaze upon each other, and then the man mutters a curse.

"Miss Wardour!"

"Mr. Belknap, it is I."

There is a moment's silence, and then she speaks again:—

"You are disappointed, Mr. Belknap; you expected to meet another who would pay you your price for—you know what. You will not see that other one; she is hovering between life and death, and her delirious ravings have revealed you in your true character. You may wonder how I have dared thus to brave an assassin, a blackmailer. I am not reckless. If I do not return in ten minutes, safe and sound, the boat house will be speedily searched and you, Mr. Belknap, will be hunted as you may have hunted others. Not long since you made terms with me, you attempted coercion, I might say blackmail; to-night, it is in my power to bridle your tongue, and I tell you that, unless you leave W— at once you will find yourself a resident here against your will. Consider your business in W— at an end. This is not a safe place for you."

With the last words on her lips, she turns and speeds swiftly back toward Mapleton, and Jerry Belknap, private detective, stands transfixed, gazing at the spot from which she has fled, and muttering curses not good to hear.

He makes no attempt to follow her. He recognizes the fact that he is baffled, and, for the time at least, defeated. Grinding out curses as he goes, he turns his steps toward W—.

Then, from out the shadows of the boat house, a small bundle uncoils itself, stands erect, and then moves forward as if in pursuit.

But, something else rises up from the ground, directly in the path of this small shadow; a long, slender body displays itself, and a voice whispers, close to the ears of the smaller watcher:—

"Remain here, George, and keep a close eye on the house. I will look after him."

Then the shadows separate; the taller one follows in the wake of the disconsolate detective.

The other, scaling the park palings like a cat, vanishes in the darkness that surrounds Mapleton.

The reflections of Jerry Belknap, private detective, as he goes, with moody brow, and tightly compressed lips, across the pretty river bridge, and back toward his hotel, are far from pleasant.

He is a shrewd man, and has engineered many a knotty case to a successful issue, thereby covering himself with glory. This was in the past, however; in the days when he had been regularly attached to a strong and reliable detective agency.

For tact, energy, ambition, he had no peer; but one day his career had been nipped in the bud.

A young man, equally talented, and far more honorable, had caused his overthrow; and yet had saved him from the worst that might have befallen him. And, Jerry Belknap, had stepped down from an honorable position, and, determined to make his power, experience, and acknowledged abilities, serve him as the means of supplying his somewhat extravagant needs, had resolved himself into a "private detective," and betaken himself to "ways that are dark."

"There's something at the bottom of this business that I don't understand," mused he as he paced onward; little thinking how soon he is to be enlightened on this and sundry other subjects. "I never felt more sanguine of bringing a crooked operation to a successful termination, and I never yet made such an abject failure. I shall make it my business to find out, and at once, what is this power behind the throne. So, according to Miss Wardour, may Satan fly away with her, I am not to approach the Lamotte's, I am to lose my reward, I am to retire from the field like a whipped cur. Miss Wardour, we shall see about that."

"Call me for the early train going west," he says to the night clerk, on reaching the hotel; "let me see, what is the hour?"

"The western train leaves very early, sir—at four twenty. Then you won't be here to witness Burrill's funeral? It will call everybody out. The circumstances attending the man's life and death will make it an event for W—."

"It's an 'event' that won't interest me. If I have been rightly informed, the man is better placed in his coffin, than he ever was in his boots. I shall leave my baggage here—all but a small valise. I expect to return to W— soon. If anything occurs to change my plans, I will telegraph you and have it forwarded."

At this moment the door of the office opens and closes noisily, and a man comes rather unsteadily toward them. It is Smith, the book-peddler, and evidently much intoxicated.

"Hallo, Smith," says the night clerk, jocosely, as Mr. Belknap turns away, "you seem to have rheumatism, and I suspect you find more fun than business in W—."

"Town ain't much on literature," retorts Mr. Smith, amiably, "but it's the devil and all for draw poker. I've raked in a pot, and I'm going on to the next pious town, so

'If you are waking, call me early.'

Old top, I'm going west."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Early on the following morning, there was unusual stir about Mapleton. John Burrill was to be buried that day, and the sad funeral preparations were going on. People were moving about, making the bustle the more noticeable by their visible efforts to step softly, and by the low monotonous hum of their voices.

Up stairs, the usual quiet reigned.

Sybil was sleeping under the influence of powerful opiates, administered to insure her against the possibility of being overheard in her ravings, or of waking to a realization of the events taking place below stairs.

Evan, too, had been quieted by the use of brandy and morphine, and Mrs. Lamotte kept watch at his bedside, while Constance, in Sybil's chamber, maintained a similar vigil. Neither of the two watchers manifested any interest in the funeral preparations, nor did they feel any.

"I shall not be present at the burial," Mrs. Lamotte had said to her husband. "Sybil's illness and Evan's will furnish sufficient excuse, and—nothing constrains me to do honor to John Burrill now."

Mr. Lamotte opened his lips to remonstrance, but catching a look upon the face to his wife that he had learned to its fullest meaning, he closed them again and went grimly below stairs, and, through all the day previous to the departure of the funeral cortege, Jasper Lamotte was the only member of that aristocratic family who was visible to the curious gaze of the strangers who attended upon the burial preparations.

Early in the forenoon an unexpected delegation arrived at the entrance of Mapleton.

First, came Doctor Benoit, driving alone in his time-honored gig, the only vehicle he had been seen to enter within the memory of W—.

Close behind him, a carriage containing four gentlemen, all manifestly persons of more than ordinary importance, Mr. O'Meara, in fact, his colleague of the New York Bar, and two elderly, self-possessed strangers, evidently city men.

They desired a few words with Mr. Lamotte, and that gentleman, after some hesitation and no little concern as to the nature of their business at such a time, presented himself before them, looking the personification of subdued sorrow and haughty reserve.

Mr. O'Meara acted as spokesman for the party.

"Mr. Lamotte," he began, with profound politeness and marked coldness of manner and speech, "I should apologize for our intrusion at such a time, were it not that our errand is one of gravest importance and can not be put off. Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Wedron, Doctor Gaylor and Professor Harrington, all of New York."

Mr. Lamotte recognized the strangers with haughty courtesy, and silently awaited disclosures.

"Mr. Wedron and myself, as the representatives and counsel of Doctor Heath, have summoned from the city these two gentlemen, whom you must know by reputation, and we desire that they be allowed to examine the body of Mr. Burrill, in order to acertain if the wounds upon the body were actually made by the knife found with it."

The countenance of Mr. Lamotte darkened perceptibly.

"It seems to me," he said, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice, "that this is an unwarrantable and useless proceeding—doubly so at this late hour."

"Nevertheless, it is a necessary one," broke in Mr. Wedron, crisply. "It is presumable that you can have no personal enmity against Doctor Heath, sir; therefore you can have no reason for opposing measures instigated by justice. The examination will be a brief one."

The resolute tone of his voice, no less than his words, brought Jasper Lamotte to his senses.

"Certainly, I have no wish to oppose the ends of justice," he said, in a tone which, in spite of himself, was most ungracious. "Such an investigation is naturally distasteful to me. Nevertheless, you may proceed, gentlemen, but I should not like the ladies of my household to discover what is going on. They are sufficiently nervous already. If you will excuse me for a moment, I will go up and request them to remain in their rooms for the present. After that, you are at liberty to proceed."

They all seat themselves gravely, and Mr. Lamotte, taking this as a quiet acquiescence, goes out, and softly but swiftly up the broad stairs; not to the rooms occupied by the ladies, however, but straight on to Frank's room, where that young man has remained in solitude, ever since his unusually early breakfast hour.

"Frank," he says, entering quietly and closing the door with great care. "Frank, we have a delegation of doctors below stairs."

"A delegation of doctors?" Frank repeats, parrot-like.

"Precisely; they want to examine the body."

Frank comes slowly to his feet.

"To examine the body!" he repeats again. "In Heaven's name, why?"

"To ascertain, by examining the wounds on the body, if the knife found with it is the knife that killed."

A sickly hue overspreads Frank Lamotte's face, and he sits weakly down in the chair, from which he has just risen, saying never a word.

"Frank," says Jasper Lamotte, eyeing his son sharply. "Do you see any reason why this investigation should not take place; supposing that it were yet in our power to hinder it?"

A silence that lasts many seconds, then:—

"It is not in our power to hinder it," says Frank, in a hollow voice; "neither would it be policy. Let the play go on," and he turns his face away with a weary gesture.

For a moment, Jasper Lamotte stands gazing at his son; a puzzled look on his face; then he turns and goes out as softly as he came.

"Gentlemen," he says, re-entering the library, with the same subdued manner, "you are at liberty to proceed with your examination, and, if I may suggest, it is as well to lose no time. The funeral takes place at two o'clock."

They arise simultaneously, and without more words, follow Jasper Lamotte to the room of death.

At the door, Mr. Wedron halts.

"I will remain on the balcony," he says to Mr. O'Meara, but sufficiently loud to be heard by all the rest, "I never could endure the sight of a corpse." And he turns abruptly, and goes out through the open doorway; taking up a position on the broad piazza, and turning his gaze toward the river.

Jasper Lamotte is less sensitive, however; he enters with the others, and stands beside O'Meara, while the physicians do their work.

"At least," he thinks, "I'll know what they are about, and what their verdict is."

But in this he is disappointed. They have brought with them a surgeon's knife; the precise counterpart of the one now in possession of the prosecution, and of the same manufacture.

One by one they examine, they compare, they probe, and all in silence. Then they turn toward O'Meara.

"I believe we have finished," says Professor Harrington.

"And the result?" asks Jasper Lamotte, eagerly, in spite of himself.

"That," replies Mr. O'Meara, with elaborate nonchalance, "will be made known at the trial. Mr. Lamotte, we trust that you will pardon this most necessary intrusion, and we wish you a very good morning."

The examination has been a very brief affair; it is just ten o'clock when the four unwelcome guests drive away.

Doctor Benoit does not accompany them; he goes up stairs to visit his patient.

Jasper Lamotte asks him no questions. He knows that Doctor Benoit is a man of honor and that he will keep his professional secrets. So he goes sulkily back to his library.

Two hours later a rough, uncouth looking man appear at the servants' entrance and asks to see Mr. Lamotte.

"I'm one of his workmen," he says, very gravely, "and I want to see him particular."

Jasper Lamotte is in no mood for receiving visitors, but he is, just now, in a position where he cannot, with safety, follow the dictates of his haughty nature.

He is filled with suspicion; surrounded by a mystery he cannot fathom; and, a man who begs for an audience at such an hour must have an extraordinary errand. Reasoning thus, he says, crustily:—

"Show the fellow here."

A moment later the man shuffles into the room. Mr. Lamotte glances up, and his brow darkens ominously.

"Brooks!" he exclaims. "What the mischief—" he checks himself, then adds, ungraciously: "What do you want?"

"Mr. Lamotte, I beg your pardon, sir," says the man, a trifle thickly. "I came back to W— last night, and heard of the awful things, as has happened here. Now, I always liked Burrill, in spite of his weakness, for I ain't the man to criticise such failin's. I've been down among the factory people, and I've heard them talk; and, thinks I to myself, there's some things as Mr. Lamotte ought to know. You've always paid me my wages, sir; and treated me fair; and I believe you've treated all the hands the same; but—there's some people as must always have their fling at every body, as the Lord has seen fit to set over the heads; and—there's some of them sort in Mill avenue."

During this harangue the countenance of Jasper Lamotte has grown less supercilious, but not less curious.

"Explain yourself, Brook," he says graciously, and with some inward uneasiness. "I do not comprehend your meaning."

"If I had come to your servants and asked to see the body of my old chum," begins Brooks, with a knowing look, drawing near Mr. Lamotte, "they would have ordered me off, and shut the door in my face; so I just asked to see you on particular business. But if you was to ring your bell, by and by, and order one of your servants to take me in to look at the corpse, I could explain to them what an old friend I was, and that would settle the curiosity business."

"Doesn't it strike you, Brooks, that you don't cut much of a figure, to appear as the friend of my son-in-law?" questions Mr. Lamotte, looking with some disfavor at the ensemble before him.

Brooks buries his chin in his bosom, in order to survey his soiled linen; looks down at his dingy boots; runs his fingers through his shock of coarse red hair.

"I ain't much of a feller to look at; but that's because I ain't been as lucky as Burrill was; though I ain't anxious to change places with him now. I'll fix the friendship business to suit you, sir, and be proper respectful about it. Say Burrill was my boss, or something of that sort. I shouldn't like to have certain parties know my real business here, and I should like to take a look at Burrill on my own account."

There is a ring of sarcasm in the first words of this speech, and Mr. Lamotte reflects that he has not yet learned his errand.

"Very good, Brooks, you shall see the body, and manage the rest as delicately as possible, please. You know we want no ill spoken of the dead. Now, then, your real business, for," consulting his watch, "time presses."

"I know it does, sir, and I won't waste any words. You see, sir, beggin' your pardon for mentionin' of it, Burrill has got another wife, a divorced one, I mean, livin' down at the avenue. She works in Story's mill now, but she used to work in yours before—"

"Yes, yes," impatiently. "Get on faster, Brooks."

"Well, you see, sir, since her husband—I mean since Mr. Burrill was killed, she has been cuttin' up rough, and lettin' out many things as you wouldn't like to have get all over W—. She ain't afraid of him no more (he did beat her monstrous,) and when she gets to takin' on, she lets out things that would sound bad about your son-in-law. If it was a common chap like me, it wouldn't matter, but I thinks to myself, now, Brooks, this 'ere women who can't hold her tongue will be hauled up as a witness for

(To be continued.)

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NOTICE.

All parties indebted to John McDonald are requested to call and arrange the amounts of their indebtedness within 60 days from date, not later than 14th August. All accounts not settled on or before that date will be placed in other hands for Collection.

Chatham, June 17th, 1897.

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

Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays being excursion days, the fare for the round trip will be 50 cents; children under fourteen years, 25 cents; parties of from 5 to 10 persons, 40 cents each and of 10 persons and over, 35 cents each. The steamer, returning will leave Neguac at 1 p.m., Church Point at 1.45 p.m., Bay du Vin, 3 p.m.

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On and after Monday, Sept. 13, and until further notice

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM AT	NEWCASTLE AT
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11.00 "	12.15 p.m.
2.30 p.m.	4.15 "
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NOTICE OF SALE.

To John Adams formerly of the Parish of Alnwick, in the County of Northumberland, New Brunswick, merchant, (but at present residing in the City of Quebec, in the province of Quebec;—Anthony Adams of the same place merchant, and Annie Adams his wife, of the Parish of Alnwick, in the said County of Northumberland, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the thirtieth day of September A.D 1889, made between the said John Adams, Anthony Adams and Annie Adams of the one part and Ernest Hutchison of Douglastown, in the said County of Northumberland miliman of the other part, and duly recorded the Thirtieth day of January A.D. 1890, in volume 67 of the Northumberland County Records on pages 266, 267, 268 and 269 and is numbered 199 in said volume, which said mortgage was on the twenty-fourth day of February A D. 1897, duly assigned by the said Ernest Hutchison to me the undersigned Margaret Snowball, which assignment was registered on the twenty-fifth day of February A.D. 1897, in volume 72 of the Northumberland County Records, on pages 592 and 593, and is numbered 427 in said volume.

There will for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by and due on the said mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at public auction in front of the post office in the Town of Chatham, on Monday the fifteenth day of November next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises in the said mortgage described as follows:—

All and singular that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the parish of Alnwick, in the County of Northumberland and bounded as follows:—Commencing on the bank or shore of Neguac Bay at the southwesterly corner of the road leading from Lower Neguac to Stymiest's Mill Brook at the distance of forty-eight chains and fifty-seven links southerly from the Queens Highway; thence southerly along the westerly side of the said Road leading to Stymiest's Mill Brook at the distance of two hundred and sixty feet to a stake; thence westerly two hundred and thirty-one feet to the centre of the road leading from Alexander Martin's barn to the Bay shore; thence along the centre of the said road leading to Stymiest's Mill Brook two hundred and forty-seven feet to the Bay shore; thence easterly along the Bay shore to the place of beginning.

Also all that other piece or parcel of land commencing at a stake, the Northerly side line of Alexander Martin's land touching on the said Stymiest road, thence running Northerly along the westerly side of said road two hundred and eight feet to a stake or the southerly side line of lands owned and occupied by Alexander Goodfellow, thence along the southerly side line of Alexander Goodfellow's land, westerly one hundred and forty-nine feet to a stake; thence southerly two hundred and thirty-four feet to the northerly side line of Alexander Martin's land, thence easterly along the northerly side line of said Alexander Martin's lands one hundred and forty-nine feet to a stake or place of beginning, on the westerly side of the said Stymiest road being part of the lands conveyed by Alexander Loggie and James Anderson to James O. Fish and the said Anthony Adams by indenture dated the second day of January A.D, 1880 and of which the said James O. Fish conveyed all his interest therein to the said John Adams by indenture dated February 16th A.D, 1882.

Together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Dated at Chatham, N. B., this tenth day of August, A.D. 1897.

R. A. LAWLOR, Solicitor. MARGARET SNOWBALL, Assignee of Mortgagee.

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SUMMER 1897.

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Between Fredericton Chatham and Loggieville.

FOR CHATHAM (read down) MIXED	EXPRESS		FOR FREDERICTON (read up) EXPRESS	MIXED
6 20 a m lv	2 50 p m	..Fredericton,....	12 15 ar.	3 30 p m
6 30	2 53	....Gibson, ...	12 12	3 27
6 50	3 05	...Marysville,...	12 00	3 10
8 20	4 07	..Cross Creek,..	10 47	1 20
9 40	5 05	...Boiestown,...	9 35	11 45
10 40 ar / 10 45 lv	5 50 ar / 6 05 lv	...Doaktown,...	8 50	10 45 / 10 40
12 05 p m	7 10	...Blackville,...	7 40	9 10
1 00 ar / 1 50 lv	8 03 / 8 07	..Chatham Jct .	6 45	7 50 / ar 7 30
2 30	8 20	..... Nelson ...		7 10
2 50 ar	8 40	....Chatham....	6 12	6 50
	8 55	.. .Loggieville Lv	6 00 am	6 30 a m

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lv 8.00 a m.....	Blackville	ar 5 00 p m
ar 8 50 "	.Indiantown.....	lv 4.15 "

Connecting with I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
lv Chatham,	3.10 a.m	1.05 p. m.
Nelson	3.30 "	1.25 "
Ar. Chatham Junc.	3.50 "	1.45 "
Lv. " "	4.15 "	2.30 "
Nelson	4.35 "	2.50
Ar. Chatham.	4.55 "	3.10

GOING SOUTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
Lv. Chatham,	12.50 a. m.	10.10 a. m.
Nelson	1 10	10 30 "
Ar. Chatham Junction,	1.30 "	10.50 "
Lv. " "	1 50 "	11 25 "
Nelson	2.10	11 45 "
Ar. Chatham	2 30 "	11.05 p. m

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations:—Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield Carroll's, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings but not Monday mornings.

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C. P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the C. P. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

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7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
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100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
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(")	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 "

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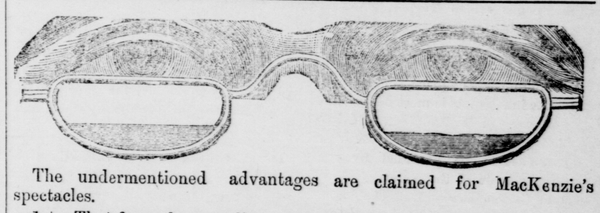

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