#### The Diamond Coterie.

(Continued from 1st page.)

When she has retired the detective unties his face, and falls upon the food spread before him, as a hungry man will. While he eats he talks a little. just a random remark now and then. and his host sits opposite him, answering his frequent questions and observa-

tions, and thinking. In past days, and under very different circumstances, these men have met and known each other, and Doctor Clifford Heath is wondering how much of his story it will be necessary to tell, in order to explain his present position, which, he knows, must seem a most strange one to his former acquaintance; for Doctor Clifford Heath, like most of us who have not passed a vegetable existence, has a history, and a past.

Of that fact, however, Mr. Bathurst seems quite oblivious, as he washes down his repast with a glass of brandy and water, and pushes back his chair from

brisk business manner, "I'm rested and refreshed, and all ready for that white wax, if you please, Doctor Heath.' "I'm quite curious about that wax," says the doctor, rising. "Just let me draw away this table and bring up another, it's the easiest way of disposing of the dinner things, and will furnish Mrs. Gray with food for comfortable comment; she takes all such opportunities to disparage 'men's ways,' and as she seems to enjoy them, I make it a point to afford her as many as possible," making the proposed change as he talks. "Now, then, there's a table and there's your

"Now something to melt it in and over; I'm going to take an impression." There is a little difficulty about getting the necessary articles together, but after a while they are all there, and the wax is simmering in the melting cup. Then the detective takes from his pocket the borrowed bottle of chloroform, and asks for an empty vial. This being given him he pours out the chloroform carefully, and wipes the emptied bottle. "It's a pity I can't keep this bottle just as it is," he says, eyeing the cutglass stopper regretfully, "but it must be returned, of course; and I must do the next best. What's your notion of the original use of that little gimerack?"

He reaches out the bottle and the doctor takes it in his hand saying: "Why, it's from one of those dainty toilet cases used by ladies principally there will be a set, uniform in size, that are filled with perfumes of various sorts, and larger bottles, of the same pattern, for goodness knows what use. I have seen the kind, but not the pattern." "Well," says the detective, slowly, "I

think that I have seen the pattern; but where? However," dipping a stick into the melting wax, "I shall find out, and before very log."
"I wonder," says Doctor Heath, stretching out his hand for a fresh segar, "at the fellows leaving such a testimonial as

that behind them. What's your theory?" "I have expected that question from both yourself and Miss Wardour. I am glad she did not ask me." "Why?"

The detective takes a spoon and dips up his wax, letting it drip from the spoon, drop by drop. It is ready for use, and, without seeming aware of the doctor's presence, he busies himself with his impression taking-seeing which, Doctor Heath smokes on, and is silent. Finally, his mould is set to cool, and the detective resumes his seat; and, quite

ignoring that long neglected monosyllable of inquiry, uttered by his host, begins:— "When the burglars, for, no doubt, there were two of them, entered Miss Wardour's dressing room, they carried one dark lantern. This, one of them took, and crept with it into the sleepingroom; here, he was, for a moment, troubled. He had prepared himself with the chloroform, but must use his own handkerchief, and that is marked."

"Oh! a burglar with marked linen!" "Even so. It's nothing unusual. You reason like a reader of too many novels. Burglars are not all escaped convicts, blear-eyed and hideous; nor do they all go about in fustian. It's the burglar in broad-cloth that makes us the trouble. Fustian starves, and steals, and is soon found out; runs away with its booty, as a dog runs away with its bone. Broadcloth is wiser, just as a skilled workman is wiser than a hod carrier. It brings to its service tact, study-who knows what, of scientific skill? It looks before it leaps it plans before it executes and it covers up all traces of its progress, or else leaves a network of false clues and misleading evidences. Bah! if we had only fustian to deal with, it would not be

worth while to be a detective." "Granted," says the doctor, drumming impatiently upon the table, with the fingers of his strong, white right hand. "We have to deal with a broadcloth burlgar, who marks his linen, and, perhaps, perfumes it. Was it perfumed? "It was not perfumed. I wish it had

been. Yes, ours is a broadcloth burglar. When he approached Miss Wardour's bedside, he produced from a convenient pocket, his stupefying drug and then he looked about for something with which to apply it, and at the same time, no doubt, he berates himself for omitting to provide himself with a plain, small nap- she do the same?" kin, or piece of linen. There was nothing at hand that was not too large for his purpose, and too coarse, for he understood the delicacy of his undertaking. So, he produced his pocket handkerchief, which, as I said before, was marked he in his haste, does not observe that he has left evidence that the name was there. He then saturated the linen, and set the bottle upon the night stand, leaving his moment, to note the effect of his application, or to gaze upon the fair sleeper. And then comes a sound from the outer room, an impatient call, the click of steel implements, no matter what-he snatches up the dark lantern and, forgetting the bottle, goes out to his comrade.

"You believe there were two?" "Yes; there were two. These affairs are seldom operated by one man. "You said this evening that they had blundered. It seems to me that they made a very neat job of the affair.'

"They did blunder. It does look like a neat job to a non-professional, but they have left several flaws in their work. They felt very confident of future safety, I am sure, for they were shrewd fellows; that's established in my mind. There's a something about this case that puzzles me, and some queer ideas are drifting through my head, but for the present I shall keep them there. About those blunders now. That boat business was the first. There's plain proof; then look at the manner in which they stirred up the library. Why, man, didn't you reflect that those heavy chairs never could have been overturned by hasty careless hands, without coming down with a loud bang? and there are three of them, all thrown down in different positions; every one of them was lowered slowly, carefully. Why, look at that pile of books upon the floor! do you imagine they were ever tossed down from their shelves, as they appear to have been, without striking upon the floor or each other, with a thud? I can see the whole operation one man held the lantern while the other disarranged the room. But they did not do it well. That much of the business looks like the work of an amateur. Perhaps you wonder why I did not speak of this to Miss Wardour. I said enough to convince her that I had studied the matter. I did not wish to exhaust the subject, that is the business of the man who is to come. And now I think I will remove my cast, and then, my dear fellow, I am quite ready to retire, for I feel the need of all the sleep I can get between

"Shocking confession," laughs the doctor, lazily. "Let me tell you it's highly improper for a detective to get sleepy, or hungry, or tired; they never

"Which should convince you that they both were satisfied. always do out of it. Detectives, my dear sir, are like doctors, their success de- her garden, and Mrs. pends upon the people's faith in them, fortably sleeping, two men were ap not on their own merits. Now I know | proaching each outer on the sandy ro. that you can't see through the anatomy that ran from the town past Wardon of old Mrs. Grundy, and tell what she had for dinner, unless, to be sure, she had been eating onions; but if Mrs. Grundy doubted for a moment your tramp should be. ability to don your professional spectacles and peer into the innermost depths of her disordered old being, she would write an- looking, middle-aged man, who might other name than yours on her books, as have been some small farmer dressed in

favorite physician."
"Guide, philosopher and friend," quotes the doctor, composedly. "Let Mrs. Grundy alone, will you, she is one of my best customers."

"She is not one of my worst, but the world is not quite filled up with Mrs. to-night, that seraphic old lady was pre-Mrs. G— takes your pills, on faith. But looking neither to the right nor left. the young lady; oh, no! she has too much head for a woman."

"Why, for a woman?" "Not got scope enough. 'Woman's kingdom's too small for her; too much top to her head; brow too broad; eyes too full; won't believe a thing is true, it be that by some means he has been because you say it is true; got to convince her reason. Such people make chaps like you and me lots of bother; won't take us for granted." "Granted we wish them to."

"Bah! Of course we wish them to! everybody wants to be taken on trust; but there, we can waive this discussion; head must rest.'

'I should think so; you are as full of whimsies as ever, when off duty, and since to-night I accept you as a detective, a la 'Mrs. Grundy,' just follow me now, Sir Tramp. By the way, how will you "Now, then," he begins, with his usual get out of here in the morning?" "Leave that to me. By the way, don't

disturb my waxwork: I will leave the bottle and linen; do you restore them to Miss Wardour to-morrow at the earliest hour possible to a caller. I shall present | mask of careless stupidity. myself in my own time and way, governed, of course, by circumstances, and it is probable that you will not see me | the road, vaulted a high-wired fence, again for some time. Therefore let me with the ease of a harlequin, and took say, thanks for your hospitality. Call on his way across a meadow toward the me when you want a service, and good | river.

So saying he vanished into an inner room, the door of which the doctor has just now thrown invitingly open. As the door closes quickly, and in his very face, Clifford Heath stares blankly at it, and for a moment stands so, looking half be-

Finally a look & amusement crosses segar, and slowly lights it. "There's a queer customer," muses he, as he settles himself for a comfortable meditation. "He can go to sleep in the

clear headed, in a fog. Now I can't sleep, and I've been awake longer than my in the propriety of his motives, I must alloted time, too.

And, oh, my prophetic soul, what will it show him any part of my hand. Why bring forth? Well, Doctor Clifford Heath, Doctor Heath is here, is none of my busias Doctor Clifford Heath, what is it to ness, strange as his presence and present you? You have been honored by the occupation seem to me. Why he is mixconfidence of Constance Wardour, what then? There was no one else in whom she could confide; may she not honor your judgment without coveting your adoration. Bah! the very fact that she confices in you proves that she cares nothing for you. However, she has a heart for somebody; that is proved by her agitation upon hearing the story, and reading the letter telling of poor Sybil Lamotte's misery. For undoubtedly in some manner she has been made a victim; can it be that wretched Evan? His agitation to-day bore the look of remorse, and God knows where dissipation will not lead a man. I know something of that, too." Here he frowns darkly, and sits for a long time looking the incarna-

tion of resentment and defiance. "Bah!" he mutters presently, "what a blot upon the record of a proud family! A father who is a philanthropist and public benefactor; a mother who is 'une dame sans reproche' a brother against whom I can bring no charge save that he is my rival a sister, beautiful and good and accomplished, but that beauty, goodness, culture, are all shipwrecked; how could either live in the like?" same atmosphere with John Burrill, as I have heard him described. Evan Lamotte is a black sheep; I should take it Burrill must be a black dog, or worse, and sheep and dog are owned by the same family. After all, what is race? a fig for pedigree. It's the deed that tells. Here in the next room I have a man who claims to be nobody. Nothing is said or known about; his blood; a great deal is said and known about his brain, favorably detective, and as such, dead to the blue book; it's his business to hunt men down, to pry into secret places, to un-

second time, he has stumbled upon a

secret of mine, and treated it most gen-

"To-night I say to him, 'know me only as Doctor Heath, from Nowhere.' Another man would have asked for an explanation, when the opportunity came me, sleeps under my roof, and makes no now am. He treats me as a man worthy his confidence, yet asks none of mine. That's what I call splendid behavior that's a man worthy to be called a gen-tleman. I wonder" here his countenance darkens, and his eyes look gloomy. "I wonder what this honorable officer would say if he knew what I did to-night? if he knew, say I! does he not know? how can I tell? he is sharp as a lynx; and heaven only knows what mad impulse prompted me to do a mean thing. Bah!" rising and stretching himself; "we are all fools or knaves, or both; when a beautiful woman has dethroned reason and common sense, and sways us body and soul. I wonder what Constance Wardour would say if she knew? A keen witted detective takes me on trust; will

There is little of the look of a despair ing swain on his face, as he concludes his soliloguy, and goes out to see that the outer door is secure, before retiring. A trifle pale, a trifle bored, a trifle cynical, and a trifle sleepy he looks. He also tears off the half bearing the name, but, looks, for a man who has just been indulging in a fit of severe self-depreciation, exceedingly confident and full of faith in himself. And why not? Let that man despair who has lost confidence in two hands free to apply his drug with his own ability to wrest favors from the utmost care. Then he pauses for a fingers of Fate or Fortune. Despair is not for the brave ..

CHAPTER VII.

Constance Wardour arose early on Sunday morning. In spite of youth, health, and her splendid self-poise, she had slept but little; and such slumber as had visited her eyelids, had been haunted by hideous dreams, in which detectives and burglars mixed their identity in the most remarkable manner; and through all, more vivid than all, shone the face of Sybil Lamotte, always agonized, always WHY? appealing, always surrounded by dark shadows, and always seeming menaced, terrified, helpless. Such nights of tormented slumber, and uneasy wakefulness, were new to the mistress of Wardour; and now, while the dew was yet on the grass and flowers, she was promenading her pretty rose garden, where the sun shone full, looking a trifle paler than was usual to her, and somewhat dis-

Mrs. Aliston was still snugly ensconsed in her bed, for she never rose early, and always retired late, her motto being. "Mrs. Aliston first, the world afterward." That lady of portly dimensions had her peculiar theory of life. To eat the best food obtainable, and a great deal of it; to wear the heaviest silks, and the softest cashmeres; and to sleep in the downiest of beds; these were to her the necessities of life. That the food was provided from the larder of her niece; that the silks and cashmere were gracious gifts, and that the downy couch cost her nothing, mattered little; her niece needed her, she needed her niece: ergo, her niece sought in every way possible to render her happy and comfortable; and she, in return for her comfort and happiness, was a model duenna: never questioning, never criticising, humoring all that young lady's whims. yet retaining that free, hearty out-spoken ness, that made her seem not in the

least a dependent, and which was, as Mrs. Aliston well knew, most pleasing Altogether, they were a pair of very sensible women. Mrs. Aliston ate wher

she liked, and slept when she liked Miss Wardour did what she liked, an-While Miss Wardour was promenadin

Place. The one coming from townward was our detective tramp, looking all that a The other, approaching from the opposite direction, was a sleek, respectable his Sunday clothes, which fitted him

Almost opposite the gates of Wardour Place they met and passed each other, the tramp saluting respectfully, the other

responding with a stolid stare. A little further on the tramp turned Grundy's, else our fortunes were soon slowly and looked back. The farmermade; for instance, up at Wardour Place looking individual had entered the grounds of Wardour Place, and was pared to receive all my statements, as hurrying straight on toward the entrance, "So!" muttered the tramp, with the air of a man who would have been astonished then, but for the fact that he never allowed anything to astonish him. "So he is mixing himself up in this affair! I wonder in what capacity? Can selected to work up this case? Oh! oh! Bless my soul! What a coincidence that

would !be!" Evidently he had grasped at a new idea, and one that was somewhat startling. He quickened his pace until, uncon sciously, it became almost a trot. The mask of studied vacancy dropped from Miss Wardour will find occupation for his face, leaving it alert, keen, analytithat head of hers for a time at least. My cal. His mind had grasped at a problem, and he was studying it with knitted brow and compressed mouth, as he hurried on countryward, not heeding anything save the thought which possessed him. It was Sunday morning, too early for church goers, and too late for cow boys. So he met no one on his hurried march, and when at last he began to moderate his pace, he was a full mile from Wardour Place. As his walk grew slower his face relaxed, and gradually resumed its Finally he paused, looked about him, laughed a short half laugh, and crossing

"Tra-la, tra-la-la-la-la," chirped he, softly and contentedly. "What a pretty kettle of fish. How I should love to sit down right beside it and see it boil, stir it occasionally; instead, I must go far away, and meantime, who knows, the kettle may boil over. But I hope not-I trust not. I will try and prevent it; and, to do that, I must drop a little shell his face, and he returns slowly to his | before I go. I must bind Miss Wardour seat beside the table, slowly selects a over to my aid. I must show her that it is wise to trust me. I must have a confidante here, and there are only two to choose from. Doctor Heath, 'from nowhere,' and this clear-eyed lady. I very teeth of mystery, and wake up, | choose her; for, with all due regard for my friend, the doctor, and all due faith know why he throws that bit of circum-Shades of my ancestors! What a day! stantial evidence in my way, before I ing himself up in the affair of Miss Wardour's diamonds, however, is my business, just now. But, first of all, to know how much or little Jerry Belknap knows of this affair, and of these people, and whether he is at his old crookedness once more. Now, here is the river; here the footpath. I must see the mistress of Wardour Place, and at once; so, en avant. And he struck into the river footpath, and strode rapidly along toward Wardour

Place, whistling softly as he went. Meantime. Constance Wardour, pacing the walks of her garden, with her brows wrinkled into a frown, was interrupted by her housemaid. "If you please, miss, there's a man in the front hall, that's wanting to see you,

and says I am to tell you it's important that his business is.' Constance made a slight gesture of impatience; she had been thinking of Sybil Lamotte, to the exclusion of all other subjects, and this message brought her suddenly back to her own affairs. "Important!" she muttered to herself. 'Then it must be-the other one. Nelly,' raising her voice, "what is this man

"Like, miss?" inquiringly. "Yes. How does he look?" "Oh! Well, it's very ugly he looks, to "Does he look like a gentleman,

"Like a tramp, then?" "No; his clothes is too new." "Well, Nelly, I will go and see him," said Constance, beginning to despair of said, too, and honorably known. He is a finding out whether this visitor were the tramp of the night previous, or the new actor expected on the scene: "You know I never allow you to turn a tramp away mask villainies, and drag to light hungry, and if one comes who seems shameful family secrets; and, for the worthy of help, I wish you always to let me know it.'

in which it was probable the detective and slippers, as well as a pair of fairy slices for her little sister, tramp would seek access to her presence. "By the way, Nelly," pausing with one foot on the steps of the dining-room terrace. "You may wake Mrs. Aliston but not he. He sits with me, sups with and tell her that if I wish her to join me in the little parlor I will send you to sign that he ever knew me save as I her," then sotto voce, as she entered the house and went carelessly toward the drawing-room: "If this visitor proves a bore I will turn him over to Aunt Honor; I can't have two days of constant boredom.

Coming forward from the lower entrance, Constance encountered the gaze of the strange man, whom, arriving at of the strange man, whom, arriving at down in front of the new customer, who, after pur-the front door, Nelly had not ventured to chasing a pair of strong laced, heavy-soled wading set down as a tramp, and whose clothes made her doubt the propriety of showing him the drawing-room. Being of Hibernian extraction, and not to be nonplussed. Nelly had adapted a happy medium, and seated the visitor in the largest hall chair, where he now awaited the approach

"I think you wished to see me," said Constance, in the unaffected kindly tone the advantages of coming for their purchases to a store where no fuss was made, and they could prousual to her when addressing strangers cure just what they wanted for their respective or inferiors, "I am Miss Wardour. The stranger arose, making a stiff salute, and saving in a low, guarded tone:-"Yes, Miss Wardour, I have a message for you;" at the same moment he presented her a card, and glanced in a suggestive manner toward Nelly, who was traveling up the stairs in very leisurely manner, en route for Mrs. Aliston's

Constance glanced at the card which bore the inscription, "JERRY BELKNAP, Private Detective.

(To be continued.)

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Notice to Revisors.

Revisors of votes will be supplied with revision SAM, THOMSON, Sec. Trnas., Dated 12th July, 1897.

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TIME TABLE

(SOLAR TIME) "MIRAMICHI."

1.45 p.m., Bay du Vin, 3 p.m.

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 On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays will leave Escuminae at 12.30 p.m., Neguae, 2.30 p.m., Church Point, 3.15 p.m. Tuesdays, Toursdays and Saturdays being excurion days the fare for the round trip will be 50 cents, bildren under fourteen 25 cents. The Str. on its return leaves Neguae at 1 p.m., Church Point at

CAPTAIN BULLICK. LEAVE CHATHAM AT NEWCASTLE AT 12.15 p.m. 2.00 p.m. 3.15 " 5.15 " 4.15 7.00 " All freights must be prepaid. J. ARCH HAVILAND, 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, Administrators. MARY CURRAN, Chatham, 26th August, 1896.

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A, & R, LOGGIE. Loggievi le, June 4, 1897.

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 All the right, title and interest of James Oates of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or par cel 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 Map'e 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 chairs; thence North sixty-nine degrees East twenty chains; thence South twenty-one de grees, East fifty chains; thence South sixty-nine de grees, 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 nead 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 what 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'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'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. Sherriff's office, Newcastle, this 26th

day of May, A. D. 1897.

day of June, A. D. 1897.

The above sale is hereby further postponed till Thursday, the 12th day of Angust, there to take place at hour and place above mentioned Sherriff's office, Newcastle, this 23rd

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, P. J. BURNS,

WM. WALSH,

JOS. POIRIER,

B. C. MULLINS,

**EXCURSIONS** 

G. M. DUNCAN, M. D. I

JOHN SIVEWRIGHT,

Directors.

TO THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST VIA THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Second class return tickets on sale June 28, July and July 19 only, good for return within 60 days a the following low rates, viz. To Deloraine and return) Reston " Estevan " "

\$28,00 each. Binscarth " " Moosomin " " Dauphin " " Regina and return) Yorkton " Prince Albert \$35.00 Calgary " " Red Deer and Edmonton and return \$40.00. THE WINNIPEG EXHIBITION will be held from July 19 to 24 and should be a great attraction t agriculturalists.

Further particulars of your nearest Ticket Agent,

A. H. NOTMAN,

26 lbs. for \$1.00.

of D. P. A., C. P. R. St. St. John, N. B.

D. McNICOLL,

Passr. Traffic Manager,

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,

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

The Grocery War is still going on, and we are in the front ranks, and prepared to defend ourselves against so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.

Bright Yellow " 32 11 13, 15, 18 and 25c. per lb. Choice Blend Tea, .... 28c. per lb. Oolong 45c. 11 Porto Rico Molasses,... 40c. per gal. Coffee, C. S. 39c. 11 lb. 11 P. G. Canned Corn. 7c. or 4 for 25c. Tomatoes, .... 7c. or 4 11 25c. Peaches and Pears, .... 20c. per can. Gallon Apples, 20c " (3 for 50c) American Oil 9c. 1b. Lard, 3 lbs. tin for 25c. 20 lb. pail \$1.50 Salt Pork and Beef, .... 8c per lb. Rolled Bacon, Beans, 10 lbs for 25c Barley, Peas, Rice, Pearl Tapioca White and Blue Starch. Canned Mackerel, 10c can, 3 for 25c Salmon, 15c 11 2 11 Surprise Soap, 5 for 25c Ex. P. Y. " Century

Baking Powders, and a full line of Groceries, also Flour, Corn-Meal, Oatmeal, Hay, Oats, Bran, Shorts, Codfish, Pork, Beef ACCIDENT CO. Meal, Oatmeal, Hay, Oats, Bran, Shorts, Codinsh, Fork, Beer 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,

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Gillespie Foundry. Successors

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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.

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3rd-That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactored 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 The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glassi

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

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AND TAKE NO OTHERS. Orders filled at Factory Price, and a Freight Allowance made on

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### NOTICE. Good Seed Potatoes

All persons having claims against the estate of

estate are required to make immediate payment to MRS. WM, COPPING.

William Copping late of Chatham, deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the required to file the same indebted to the said 50 Barrels Goodridges Seed Potatoes W. S. LOUGIE Co, Ltd