## DOCTOR JACK. By St. George Rathborne.

Continued from 1st page.

But Larry shakes his head-he is unable to solve the mystery that buz. zles Jack. "It seems to me unreasonable that a man like this Spaniard should join

because, as you say, you saved his life when bear-hunting. I have no c'ew that will open the mystery, but 1 am convinced there must be some deep secret back of it. Are you sure you have given him no cause for such undying hatred?"

It is Larry who turns cross-questioner now, and somehow Jack does not think it odd. He answers in all "Never--I am sure of it. We have

been good friends ever since we met in Paris. I cannot remember having offended him by word or look." "What was the nature of your meeting?" Larry is endeavouring to prode around much after the manner

of a young surgeon searching for a

"Well, now that you speak of it,

ball which he hopes to hit by chance.

our meeting was a trifle singular. Let me briefly narrate it. I have spent many months in Paris, and am familiar with almost every part of the city, even beyond those places generally gazed upon by the average tourist. "One night I was returning to my quarters with a friend, who, by the way, is a Spaniard, the Duke Arroyo, when he proposed that we peep in upon a secret meeting of some sort, I've forgotten what. He had the entree, and I saw a good deal of mummery, but to this day I've never been able to decide whether the Spaniards in that den were plotting for or against

followers of Don Carlos, the Pretender, or of the present government. "However, it was here I met Senor Carlos-we became friends under these rather peculiar circumstances, and he had stuck close to me ever since that hcur. I cannot see any explanation in that account of our meeting to justify this strange enmity on his part."

makes, much to the astonishment of Doctor Jack, whose respect for the monkey-man increases the more he sees of him. "Explain it, then, my dear fellow,"

he begs. Larry glances around cautiously, not that he has any idea of being overheard, but because what he is about to say might involve him in trouble if hostile ears did catch it, then close to Doctor Jack's tympanum he says: "Those men you saw in council were the trusted adherents of Don Carlos,

who has never given over plotting to snatch the throne of Spain. At the time, the Duke Arrovo was esteemed one of their most trusted friends, and any rerson he brought with him could be greeted with warmth, and a feeling that he was true blue. Are you following me, doctor ?"

Jack nods eagerly-the truth already begins to dawn upon his mind. He realizes that a strange freak of fate has hurled him into an arena far more dangerous than the one that held the black toro-the battle-field of human passions and plottings, where menand women, too-scheme for power, sworn to stand by their cause no matter at what sacrifice. He has unwittingly become mixed up in Spanish political intrigues-a worse fate could not well overtake a man.

"Since that time it has been discovered that the duke is a royal spy, sent by the present government to learn the plans of the plotters, and he is a marked man, doomed to death. You, as his friend, have been put on the same footing-perhaps certain things you have done make them believe beyond a doubt that instead of a wealth; American you are paid out of government funds to watch the friends of the plotting Don Carlos. At any rate this seems to me to be the whole truth."

nedy, which he shakes with a gravity quite natural to him-for he is not impulsive in his ways. "As sure as I live I believe you

have struck the truth-it is a most reasonable explanation of this deep mystery. There is only one thing puzcan prove to be a magician in that

case also," laughs the strange little

"I am wondering how you, Lawrence Kennedy, of New York, come to know these things ?'

The dude's laugh freezes on his lips, and when he turns directly toward Jack to look him in the face-they have removed their half masks long beforethe athlete can detect the slightest shadow of anxiety upon the queer physiognomy, as though Larry realizes the fact that he is playing with fire. "Doctor, there need be no secrets between us. To tell you the truth, I belong to the revolutionist party myself," he announces, with a forced

"The duce you do. Really, you are the last person I should expect to find meddling with such dangerous business. Couldn't you find excitement enough in hunting or kindred sports at 46 to 471/2c, and 800 of oats at 24 to 25c without risking your neck in this The other assumes an air of import-

ance that ill becomes his small stature. "I preferred to engage in a game that required the exercise of brains, for do you know I am something of a Richelieu in my way. These parties wanted an American representative, and I joined them. Oh! I'm a doubledyed plotter, and don't you forget it. doctor. That is how I got on the track of your game-I knew about the duke, and your mention of him put me on the scent, you know."

"Well, this is a singular business, I must say, all around. I wonder if I could convince your friends that I have no interest in exposing themthat the duke was but a casual ac- | and go to Jack's apartment, where the worlds would I betray them ?"

Jack is serious, because he has other matters on his mind, and does not care to be mixed up in this political in-

"Once the gun is aimed it is next to impossible to check its fire. I know what these men and women are, what terrible oaths they have taken upon themselves, and the fate they doom an informer to. Perhaps by this time the duke may have met his fate-it will appear to be some accident, a fall from his horse when riding, or the discharge of his gun while hunting. but his doom is sealed. Ugh! it makes me shudder to remember the vindictive manner in which they took the oath that the royal spy should die within the next moon.' "As for me, I have never yet turned

my back upon any danger; but a man would be a fool to fight a league as powerful and unscrupulous as this. If I cannot make these parties understand that I am innocent, I presume the sooner I shake the dust of Madrid and Spain off my feet the better. As for you, my friend, give me the chance some time to repay your kindness." ries the traveller over a high, hot "Nonsense! it is nothing. I merely

-- begins Larry, when Doctor Jack "Say no more. You are risking your life for me. The man who does that is my friend."

"I don't think I take any risks-I Taking out a small but accurate flashes over him that perhaps this subtle. Mentally he compares her with have been dused careful how I came map, attached to a guide-book, he here, you know, and I'm sure you'll traces the course they will pursue to has made a mistake of the room, but thereby, for frankness is stamped upnever whisper a word of it to a living Paris, and then east, until at length she evinces no surprise or consternasoul."

just made a discovery that concerns the beautiful Bosphorus-Constantiyou-that will doubtless cause you to nople. cast your fortunes with mine, and "There we rest-in that city duty Icuve Spain behind.' Larry shows signs of excitement.

discovered?" he asks, watching the the pasha's palace?" he asks. calm face of the doctor.

cafe-laugh as though I had uttered a coes not take him long, but he dejcke-at the same time cast your eves uron the seeming monk near by-do is the old Turk-our foe."

CHAPTER XII.

These startling words, if true, tell Larry that he has been followed after in the hue and cry against you. He's all, and that the intelligence will soon of noble blood, and owes you much, be communicated to the terrible Council of Ten, concerning his warning the man they have doomed as a spy. It is enough in itself to make a man's flesh creep, and those who professed to more bravery than the little dude of Gotham might well be pardoned for

> When he speaks again, however, there is no emotion discernable in his voice-perhaps the calm demeanor of the man of steel who sits opposite to him has a quieting effect.

trembling.

"Are you sure of what you say, doctor ?" he asks, after having glanced at the monk, whose gown and mask baffle him-"how have you guessed such a thing? I would not know my own brother in such an outlandish

"Perhaps I would be as badly off, only for one thing, and that has given me my point. I noticed the Pasha in all the fervour of their hot-blooded the museo-watched him like a lynx race. out of the corner of my eyes, for ! wanted to know him again wherever I might meet him. As a result I got on to a certain little trick he has of tossing his head in a peculiar way.

"There he goes now." interrupts Larry, with a gesture of delight-then drops his eyes as the masked monk turns that way. "Yes, that is it. I know positively

that this man is the pasha, and if so I'm afraid your disinterested kindness the present dynasty in Spain-I know not whether they were republicans, has gotten you into a scrape." "Don't worry about me. I don' flunk when danger calls. There are ways of outwitting these bloody Spaniards-trust a Yankee's long head for that, my boy. Have you any sugges-

> "Let me think a minute." So Doctor Jack reviews the situation, and sees things in something of to realize how near he has come to falling in the pit dug for him-not les, but in the arena-for with his new vision he believes Mercedes was playing a deep game when with voice and eyes she urged him on to meeting the bull-no doubt believing and expecting he would never leave the

> buil-ring elive. Somehow this thought makes him feel cheap-he does not care for Mercedes, but he is a man, and does not like to have been made a plaything of a beauty's smile.

So he rapidly reviews the situation. and endeavours to see something in the future that will warrant his forming a plan, while Larry sips the contents of his glass, and steals furtive glances at the disguised pasha, who seems to be paying no attention to

"Come, we will go out of here," and Jack rises, settles the account, then passes beyond the portal. Look back, Larry-is he following?" he says.

"Yes, he has arisen, and walks this way, the old heathen. I'd like to-" "No, no, we must do nothing rash. At all events, it is essential to the success of my plans that Abdallah Pasha lives to return to Turkey, for I intend to meet him-to outwit him in a tremendous game being played, the stakes of which are contained in a human life." They pass along to the fonda near

by, with the same merry crowd jostl- he says: ing them, the same frolicsome senoritas pouring rice upon them from over-hanging balconies, amid shrieks of mischievous laughter, and all gayof the grand carnival.

At another time Doctor Jack might have joined in the mirth of the hour with all his heart, for he is a convivial fellow, and believes in getting a certain amount of pleasure out of this Jack puts out his hand, and seizes | grim old world of ours, with its fleetthe diminutive member of Larry Ken- ing shows; but just now so many things are on his mind that the music and laughter bother him a little. He feels that a net is being spread about him, and not only does the dan-

ger menace himself, but that fair girl, Avis, as well. She is not suspected of any connection with the government by these political conspirators, "What may that be? Perhaps I | but the look Abdallah Pasha gave her was enough to cause alarm in the mind of the American doctor. Used to reading the faces of menhis power falls short when tried upon

> the other sex, for they baffle his penetration-he has discovered that the evil eye of the Turk has picked out Avis as the one creature above all others he would delight to see in his harem. Beautiful slaves he may buy in the mart in Constantinople. out never one of her animation Besides, the vindictive pasha has

doubtless known from the start that she is the sister of the man he hates -the prisoner of the palace-and it may be he hopes to thrust another thorn into the heart of Aleck Morton when he can be able to show him his beloved sister an inmate of the grand Thus it will be seen Doctor Jack has

no child's play before him. First he must outwit the league that seems bound to wind up his mortal affairs for him, and when this has been accomplished, by a bold and ingenious plan he means to hoodwink the pasha and save Aleck Morton, if that worthy is in the land of the living. In this undertaking he will need

help, and hence is not at all sorry that circumstances have arisen which will necessitate Larry's accompanying them cut of Spain. The dude is just the man to assist -his mind is crafty, and it is more

upon diplomacy they must depend for success than strength. So Jack, revolving these things in his mind, determines upon his course. They have reached the roomy fonda, and as there is a corner where the papers are kept, Jack draws his

companion thither-they secure a copy,

cuaintance of mine, and that not for latter immediately consults the railway time-table. Used to American methods, one would be distracted endeavouring to understand the jumble in which the arrivals and departures are announced -there is a lack of system in everything throughout Spain, just the opposite of what the traveller finds

through France and Germany, where things are done according to a set Jack is good at deciphering enigmas. however, and he soon makes out that a train leaves the city for Bordeaux and beyond by way of Zaracoza at eight thirty in the morning, which may be construed as nine o'clock in

Spain, for few things are done on This is the most direct way to get beyond the Pyreness and into France. True, the other route via Barcelona takes one along the sea where the ear can hear the sad moan of the waves, the eyes rest upon vineyards. orange groves, olive erchards and great fields of wild thyme, while the perfume-laden air is exceedingly grateful to the senses; but it is twice as long as the one chosen, which hur-

plateau, in places a desert. Time is a factor in the calculations of the doctor just now, and he means to give up all other considerations in order to get out of Spain with the least possible delay.

calls. Will you go with us, Larry, and lend assistance in the effort to saye "What do you mean-what have you | your Cousin Aleck, held a prisoner in "Tell me the story-I will give you "In the first place, remain cool. Now. | my answer when you are done," recarelessly look in the mirror behind turns the other.

me. You can see the whole of the | So Jack begins, and narrates all. It

scrites the thrilling scene in the won derful gardens adjoining the harem of you recognize him, comrade—that man the wealthy pasha with such eloquence that Larry is quite carried off his feet, and before the other can put the question to him again he has seized Doctor Jack's hand earnestly.

"I am with you heart and soul, my friend. From this hour count me as one of you. We will thus form a little triumvirate of our own to oppose the enemy, and you will find this brain of mine as fertile in resources as that of the old time plotter, the Cardinal Richelieu."

Jack does not smile-he would not be surprised at anything Larry might do now, the little man has shown such a decided genius for diplomacy. He trusts him fully, and such action is apt to bring out everything there is in the dude.

Jack makes no error by underestimating the power of the enemy. He knows they will be watchful, and continually on the alert to circumvent any plans that may be formed. All is to be kept a secret-no one

must know that they intend leaving Madrid in the midst of the glorious carnival, for people would at once believe them insane, since the Spanish mind cannot conceive of a more glorious spectacle, longed for through many, many months, and enjoyed with

absolutely certain that hostile ears may not be bent to hear their plans -these Spanish fondas in the cities, as well as the taverns, or posadas, in the villages, being rambling dwellings, with the queerest rooms imaginable, and ever so many nooks and hidingplaces, quite bewildering to one used to straight halls as seen in English and American hotels.

It is easy to get lost in such a labyrinth, and does not require a great stretch of the imagination to people various dark corners with ready eavesdroppers, especially when the party concerned has cause to believe himself watched. Jack is the last person in the world

to allow any nervousness to lay hold on him, but he understands the situation and what he must expect-his enemies are unscrupulous and powerful, and this alone is enough to cause Step by step he goes over the plan with the other, to make sure there

is no mistake, for such a thing would

perhaps be fatal to the success of the role they have arranged. Larry is to go to the Fonda Peninsular, and manage to let every one know that he is to take his aunt and cousin out early in the morning in a vehicle to see how Madrid looks after the first night's debauch-thus alarming no one when the carriage is order-

ed later on. The trunks can be gotten down at the last moment, all preparations having been made by the ladies, to whom he will deliver a communication from Jack as soon as he reaches the hotel on the puerta.

Thus it is neatly arranged, and if they have even ordinary luck, by nine o'clock on the morrow the whole party will be aboard the fast Paris express, speeding over the rails in the direction of the gay French capital. It is not their intention to remain there any length of time-duty demands that they at once seek the bat-

tle-field again, to stand up with the plotting pasha, and see if diplomacy cannot beat him in the game now on. They are small in number, but as force cuts a poor figure in the deal, they mean to outgeneral the enemy. What the future holds for them only Heaven knows, but their hopes are strong, and when Jack bids Larry good-night, meaning to get a few hours rest, he squeezes his hand warmly as

"In six hours we are away. Don't forget to be on time, my friend," and "'Pon 'onah! now, Doctor Jack, we ety and laxity that is always a part | shall soon be on the road. Then hurrah for Paris!"

CHAPTER XIII.

When Doctor Jack finds himself alone once more he closes the door of his room, and sits down to think. A cigar helps him in this respect, and he grasps the reins of the situation in his hand.

Minutes slip away thus, and he has thought of what lies beyond in the near future seems to stir the most sluggish blood in his veins into action, for he can no longer remain seated, but springing to his feet begins to pack the small portmanteau with the few things he carries with him-your old traveller knows too much to encumber himself with a variety of luxuries when on the jump, however much he might enjoy these

same things if settled down. When this job has been completed Jack consults his watch, and finds that the hour lacks but a few minutes of four. Through the open windows there still comes the sound of merry laughter from the street-the noise jars on Jack's mind, for he is in rather a melancholy state, as though certain coming events were casting a shadow

He tries to sleep, throwing himself upon the bed, but it is of no avail, and presently he is once more on his feet pacing the room. This in a measure calms him, and when his attention is directed toward the street by an unusually boisterous erowd passing, Doctor Jack walks to

the window and leans out. How cool and pleasant the night air, and what a delicious odour of flowers comes to him. He can hardly endure the closeness of the room, in which the flickering gas has burned so long. Looking down he sees that while many of the lights may have burned out, these are principally the Chinese coloured lanterns hung on the trees by the residents. The avenue is still brilliantly illuminated by myriads of tiny flames, and the payement by no neans deserted, though by far the greatest crowds have surged in the direction of the great central plaza.

to jostle one another upon gala occa-Attracted by the light and sounds coming from this quarter, the American turns his gaze thither-he can hear the roar of voices, the rising and swelling music of bands, and see the glow of fireworks as the many-coloured balls cut the black heavens, or bursting rockets send a shower of golden rain down from on high.

where the populace of Madrid delight

Madrid is having a grand old time, and woe unto the luckless travellers quartered in the hotels on or near the Puerta del Sol, the Fondas Peninsular, de Paris, de los Principes, de Rusia, or As los Embajadores—sleep will be an utter impossibility for them on these three full nights of the carnival. Doctor Jack has stood thus, his elbows resting on the window-sill, which is high up from the floor of the room, perhaps ten minutes, when he becomes aware of a singular thing-someone is the tender Spanish love songs she knocking at his door, in itself this is knows. not so strange, but the hour makes it

He turns around, and as he does this the rap is repeated—not a bold sound. such as a man would make, but a timid one. Jack for the moment is amazed-he wonders if some new trick of the carnival is about to be sprung

and walks to the door. The knocks of the Carlists-but it rushes like a have ceased, but he immediately opens the door, to find, as he already expected, that his caller is a woman. She is masked, and wears a black domino that in a measure conceals her form. Jack has seen dozens disguised in this manner upon the street. It | nificent in her bearing, and yet so senora is stopping at the hotel, and his finger remains stationary over a | tion at sight of him, so this can hard- | Mercedes is the greater. "For my life I would not, but I have dot that marks the Oriental city on ly be. Then the idea flashes into his mind that it is a prank-loving senora, who has possibly some giggling companions hidden in the hallway watching to see her little passage at arms with the brave American who slew the black toro, and whom the gentler half of Madrid's poulation has gone almost crazy over ever since. These things flit through Jack's ever her mission may be, it is his duty

and although but a few seconds have

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passed since he opened the door, he has already decided that he must beware of the black eyes that gleam from behind the other's mask. His early morning caller has during this time stood there observing him she syldently waits for him to speak. so he musters his Spanish, and says,

"The senora would play some trick upon the American for the amusement of her friends. If she will consent to remove her mask, and call those who look on, I will have the landlord set an early breakfast or a late supper down below, where we can become better acquainted, and talk of the great carnival "-for Doctor Jack knows sleep is out of the question for him, and is ready to welcome this little episode of the grand masquerade in order to pass away some of the leaden hours that must elapse before the time comes when he can start for the fast Paris express. All manner of liberties are taken during the continuance of the carnival, most of them innocent in themselves. Spanish women are generally shut up the better part of the year, and allowed little freedom, so that when the time comes for them to don a mask, secure from recognition, they do many things that at another time would be far from their thoughts. This is only human nature, and the black-eyed dames of Spain are noth-

ing if not human. To Jack's surprise, however, his unknown visitor does not eagerly grasp at his munificent offer of a feast for herself and friends. On the contrary, she seems to draw herself up haughtily, as though offended in a degree at his familiarity, and Jack guess-

es he has made a mistake. "Senor Evans does not know who he addresses, evidently," and thus speaking, she removes the mask sud-

To say Jack is startled would hardly cover the ground-in all his life he does not remember feeling such shock as when his eyes fall upon that face. It is Mercedes-her beauty seems to light up the dingy room as she stands there in the dorway. Doctor Jack fairly gasps, and for the moment loses his voice; but he is too old a campaigner to remain in this state long, and presently recovers. " Mercedes-Senorita-how can you pardon my seeming rudeness? I never dreamed of this-ah, great pleasurebut I believed I was about to be made the victim of a joke by some fun-loving senoras living at the fonda. You

will-you must pardon me." All this he says in such an earnest manner, looking so sorry for the blunder, that it does not lie in a woman's heart to bear malice. Mercedes smiles -he is forgiven. She makes a movement as though she would enter-Jack immediately picks up a heavy chair with one hand, as though it were a chip, and begs her to be seated, while at the same time he is madly speculating as to the cause of her presence here at this strange hour.

True, the carnival is on, and it gives a sort of license to its votaries. but Mercedes is hardly the one to take advantage of this. He believes from the start that he must seek further if he would learn the truth. Looking backward he can see all

that has happened to him in connection with this woman who wears the crown of beauty. Like the shifting scenes of a moving panorama, the events pass before his mind's eye. First, there are the meetings in th flower market of Barcelona, when his eye is captivated by the loveliness of the supposed Catalan peasant girl who frequents the Rambla and sells him bouquets and houtonaires. Then he sees that face back of the yell worn by the nun from the cloister of the Benedictine church of San Pedro -she leans over him, her perfumed breath touching his cheek, her liquid eyes drinking his soul.

Last of all comes the bull-fight-his leap into the arena-the look of mingled pride and consternation he sees upon her face, and then the scene at her home, where she sings for him all Is it any wonder Doctor Jack's heart beats faster than its wont, as

he realizes that this magnificent creature has come to him bent upon some For a moment he even forgets that this creature-one of the loveliest works of Heaven-has been engaged in a plot against his life, because she is Then he recovers his self-possession, devoted, body and soul, to the cause

wave over him again, and he becomes

cautious. What game can she be playing now? He almost fears Mercedes, her beauty is so great. Somehow she makes him think of a tigress, so mag-Avis, and the latter does not suffer on her brave face, if the beauty of

"Kindly close the door, Doctor Jack. It would not do for anyone to see me here. I risk much in making this visit," she says, in her low, velvet-like voice, that thrills the American. though he cannot tell why. He obeys her behest, and even turns the key in the lock as an additional safeguard against intrusion. What-

mind with the rapidity of lightning, to protect her. [To be Continued.] 国

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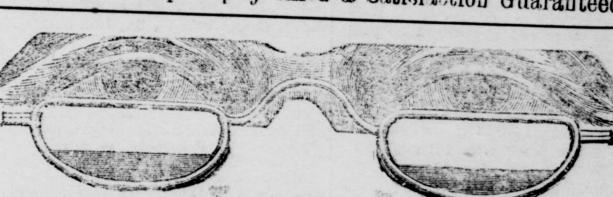
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