YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "Shandon Bells," "Maclod of Dare," "White Wings," "Sunrise," etc.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"o' by-gone days and me."

The Master of Lynn was walking along Church Street, Inverness, leisurely smoking his morning cigar, when a small boy from the hotel overtook him and handed him a letter. He glanced at the handwriting, and saw it was from his sister; so he put it in his pocket without opening it. Then he went on and into Mr. Macleay's shop.

This was a favorite lounge of his. For not only was it a valuable museum of natural history—all kinds of curiosities and rarities being sent thither to be preserved—but also, to any one with sufficient knowledge, it afforded a very fair report as to what was going on in the different forests. More than that, it was possible for one to form a shrewd guess as to the character of some of the people then wandering about the Highlands—the sort of sportsmen, for example, who sent to be stuffed such rare and remarkable birds as gannets, kittiwakes, and skarts, or who wished to have all the honors of a glass case and a painted background conferred on a three-pound trout. It was not difficult (as he sat on the counter or strolled about) to imagine the simple joy with which these trophies had been secured and carefully packed and sent away for preservation; while, on the other hand, some great stag's head—a magnificent and solitary prize—perhaps awoke a touch of envy. The good-natured proprietor of the establishment, busy with his own affairs, let this young man do pretty much what he liked in the place; and so it was that the Master, having had a look at the latest specimens of the skill of the workshop, took out his sister's letter and read it, and then begged for a sheet of paper and the loan of a pen. He thought he might just as well finish his cigar here, and answer his sister at the same time.

He wrote as follows:

"Inverness, *Sept.* 29.

"Dear Polly,—I wish you would be pleased to moderate the rancor of your tongue; there is quite enough of that commodity at Lynn. Whoever has told you of the latest row has probably not overstepped the truth; but isn't it a blessed dispensation of Providence that one can obtain a little peace at the Station Hotel? However, that is becoming slow. I wish I knew where Jack Melville is; I would propose a little foreign travel. For one thing, I certainly don't mean to go back to Lynn until Mr. Winterbourne has left Allt-nam-ba; of course he must see very well that the people at the Towers have cut him; and no doubt he understands the reason; and he might ask, don't you see; and very likely he might get angry and indignant (I shouldn't blame him), and then he might ask Yolande to break off the engagement. Such things have happened before. But you needn't get wild with *me*. *I* don't seek to break off the engagement; certainly not; if that is what they are aiming at they will find me just as pertinacious as you were about Graham (you needn't assume that you have all the obstinacy in the world); and although I'm not too squeamish about most things, still, I'm not going to break my word simply because Auntie Tab doesn't like Mr. Winterbourne's politics.

"Now, there's a chance for you, Miss Polly. Why don't you set to work to make the leopard change his spots? You think you can talk anybody over. Why don't you talk over Mr. Winterbourne into the paths of virtue and high Toryism? I don't see why it should be so difficult. Of course he's violent enough in the House; but that's to keep in with his constituents; and to talk with him after a day's shooting you wouldn't guess he had any politics at all. I'd bet a sovereign he would rather get a royal than be made a cabinet minister. You'd much better go and coax him into the paths of the just than keep getting into rages with me. You talk as if it was you that wanted to marry Yolande; or rather as if it was you who were going to buy the Corrieveak side from Sir John, and couldn't wait for the conveyancing to be done. Such impetuosity isn't in accord with your advancing years. The fact is, you haven't been having your fair dose of flirtation lately, and you're in a bad temper. But why with me? *I* didn't ask the people to Inverstroy. I can see what sort of people they are by the cart-load of heads Graham has sent here (I am writing in Macleay's shop). If ever I can afford to keep our forest in my own hands there won't be anything of that kind going on—no matter who is in the house.

"And why should you call upon me for the explanation of the mystery? What mystery is involved in Yolande's going south? Her father, I understand leaves on the 15th of October; and I am not surprised that nothing has been said about a lease of the place. Of course Winterbourne must understand. But in the south, my dear Polly, if you would only look at the reasonable aspect of affairs, we may all of us meet on less embarrassing terms; and I for one shall not be sorry to get away for the winter from the society of Tabby and Co. Yolande and I have not quarrelled in the least; on that point you may keep your hair smooth. But I am not at all sure that I am not bound in honor to tell her how I am placed; and what treatment in the future—or rather what no-treatment—she may expect from my affectionate relatives. Of course it cannot matter to her. She will be independent of them—I also. But I think I ought to let her know, so that she will not be surprised at their silence; and of course if she resents their attitude to her father (as is very likely)—well, that is their fault, not mine. I am not going to argue any more about it; and as for anything like begging for their patronage or sufferance of Yolande, that is entirely out of the question. *I will not have it*, and I have told you so before; so there may just as well be an end to your lecturing. I am a vertebrate animal.

"Yolande is at Worthing—not in London, as you seem to think. I don't know her address; but I have written to Allt-nam-ba for it. I believe she left rather in a hurry. No; I sha'n't send it to you; for you would probably only make mischief by interfering; and indeed it is not with her that any persuasion is necessary. Persuasion?—it's a little common-sense that is necessary. But that kind of plant doesn't flourish at the Towers—I never heard of Jack Melville getting it for his collection of dried weeds.

"Well, good-by. Don't tear your hair. Your affectionate brother,

Archie.

"P. S.—It is very kind of you to remind me of Baby's birthday; but how on earth do you expect me to know what to send it? A rocking-horse, or a Latin Grammar, or what?"

He leisurely folded the letter, put it in an envelope, and addressed it; then he turned to have a further chat with Mr. Macleay about the various triumphs of the taxidermic art standing around. Several of these were in the window; and he was idly regarding them, when he caught sight, through the panes, of someone passing by outside. For a second he seemed to pause, irresolute; then he quickly said good-morning to Mr. Macleay, went outside, threw away his cigar, and followed the figure that he had seen passing the window. It was that of a young woman, neatly dressed; indeed, it was no other than Shena Van—though probably Janet Stewart had acquired that name when she was younger, for now she could not strictly be described as fair, though her hair was of a light brown and her eyes of a deep and exceedingly pretty blue.

"Good morning, Miss Stewart," said he, overtaking her.

The young lady turned quickly, perhaps with a slight touch of alarm as well as of surprise in her look.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Leslie," said she, with a certain reserve—not to say coldness—of manner; though the sound of her speech, with its slight accent, was naturally gentle and winning.

"I had no idea you were in Inverness," said he. "I just caught a glimpse of you while I was in Macleay's shop. Why, it is a long time since I have seen you now."

She was a little embarrassed and nervous; probably desirous of getting away, and yet not wishing to be rude.

"I am often in Inverness now," she said, with her eyes averted, "since my sister was married."

"Are you going to the steamer?" he asked, for she carried a small parcel in her hand.

"Yes," said she, with some hesitation.

"I—I was thinking of walking to the steamer."

"Then I suppose I may go as far with you," said he, "for I have a letter that I want the clerk to have sent on to Inverstroy."

She glanced quickly up and down the street; but he did not give her time to say yea or nay; and then, with something of silence and resentment on her part, they set out together. It was a very pleasant and cheerful morning; and their way was out into the country; for Miss Stewart's destination was that lock on the Caledonian Canal from which the steamer daily sails for the south. Nevertheless the young lady did not seem overwell pleased.

At first they talked chiefly about her friends and relatives, he asking the questions and she answering with somewhat few words; and she was careful to inform him that now she was more than ever likely to be away from Inverness-shire, for her brother had recently been elected to one of the professorships at Aberdeen, and he had taken a house there, and he liked to have her in the house, because of looking after things. She gave him to understand that there was a good deal of society in the ancient city of Aberdeen, and that the young men of the University were anxious to visit at her brother's house.

"It is a natural thing," said pretty Shena Van, with a touch of pride in her tone, "for the young men to be glad to be friends with my brother; not only because he is one of the professors, but because he was very distinguished at Edinburgh, and at Heidelberg too—very distinguished indeed."

"Oh yes: I know that," said the Master of Lynn, warmly. "If I have heard Jack Melville speak of him. I dare say your father is very proud of his success."

"Indeed I think we are all rather proud of it," said Miss Stewart.

But when they had crossed the bridge over the wide and shallow waters of the Ness, and were getting away from the town into the quietude of the country, he endeavored to win over his companion to something more of friendliness. He was a gentle-spoken youth; and this coldness on the part of his ancient comrade he seemed to consider unfair.

"We used to be great friends," said he; but I suppose you have forgotten all that. I suppose you have forgotten the time when Shena Van was reaching out for the branch of a rowan-tree, and fell into the burn?"

She blushed deeply; but there was the same cold reserve in her manner as she said,

"That was a long time ago."

"Sometimes," said he with a sort of gentleness in his look, "I wish your father had never gone away to Strathaylort; you and I used to be great friends at one time."

"My father is well pleased with Strathaylort," said Miss Stewart, "and so are we all; for the manse is larger, and we have many more friends in Strathaylort. And the friends we left—well, I suppose they can remember us when they wish to remember us."

This was rather pointed; but he took no notice of it—he was so anxious to win his companion over to a more conciliatory mood.

And are you as fond of reading poetry as ever?" said he, regarding her; but always her eyes were averted.

"Sometimes I read poetry as I read other things," she said; "but with my sister in Inverness and my brother in Aberdeen, I am very often on visits now."

"Do you remember how you used to read 'Horatius' aloud, on the hill above Corrie-an-eich? And the bridge below was the bridge that the brave Horatius kept; and you seemed to see him jump into the Allt-crom, not the Tiber at all; and I am quite sure when you held out your finger and pointed—when

'he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home'—

you were looking at the zinc-roofed coach-house at Allt-nam-ba."

"I was very silly then" said Shena Van, with red cheeks.

"And when you were Boadicea, a flock of sheep did very well as an army for you to address; only the collies used to think you were mad."

"I daresay they were right."

"Do you remember the Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi, and my bringing you a halberd from the Towers—'Might Giver! I kiss thee;' 'Joy-Giver! I kiss thee;' 'Fame-Giver I kiss thee'?"

"Indeed you have a wonderful recollection," said Miss Stewart. "I should think it was time to forget such folly. As one grows up there are more serious things to attend to. I am told"—and here, for the first time, she turned her beautiful dark blue eyes to him, but not her face; so that she was looking at him rather askance, and in a curious, interrogative, and at the same time half-combative fashion—"I am told that you are about to be married."

Now it was his turn to be embarrassed; and he did not meet those too searching eyes.

"As you say, Shena, life turns out to have serious duties, and not to be quite like what one dreams about when one is young," he observed, somewhat vaguely. "That can't prevent your remembering other days with a good deal of affection"—

"But you must let me congratulate you, Mr. Leslie," said she, sharply bringing him to his senses. And if the wedding is to be at Lynn, I am sure my father would be glad to come over from Strathaylert."

There could be nothing further said on this rather awkward subject just at the moment, for they had arrived at the steamer, and he had to go and hunt out the clerk to instruct him with those small commissions. Then he rejoined Miss Stewart, and set out for the town again; but while she was quite civil and friendly in a formal fashion, he could not draw her into any sort of conjoint regarding of their youthful and sentimental days. Nay, more; when they got back to the bridge she intimated, in the gentlest and most respectful way, that she would rather go through the town alone; and so he was forced to surrender the cruel solace of her companionship.

"Good-by, Shena," said he, and he held her hand for a moment.

"Good-morning, Mr. Leslie," said she, without turning her eyes toward him.

Then he walked away by the side of the river, with a general sense of being aggrieved settling down on him. Whichever way he turned, people seemed only disposed to thwart and controvert him. Surely there was no harm in being on friendly terms with Shena Van, and in reminding her of the days when he and she were boy and girl together? If he had jilted her, she would have good grounds for being vexed and angry; but he had not. Nothing in that direction had ever been spoken of between them. It is true he had at one time been very much in love with her; and although he had but little romance in his character (that being an ingredient not likely to be fostered by the air of Oxford, or by the society of the young officers of the Seaforth Highlanders), still the glamour of love had for the moment blinded him, and he had seriously contemplated asking her to be his wife. He had argued with himself that this was no stage case of a noble lord wedding a village maiden, but the son of an almost penniless peer marrying a well-accomplished young lady of perfectly respectable parentage, a young lady whose beautiful qualities of mind were known only to a few—only to one, perhaps, who had discovered them by looking into the magic mirror of a pair of strangely dark and clear blue eyes. The infatuation was strong—for a time; but when pretty Mrs. Graham came to learn of it there was trouble. Now the Master of Lynn detested trouble. Besides, his sister's arguments in this case were terribly cogent. She granted that Shena Van might be everything he said, and quite entitled, by her intelligence and virtues and amiabilities of character, to become the future mistress of Lynn Towers. But she had not a penny. And was all the labor that had been bestowed on freeing the estate from its burdens to be thrown away? Were the Leslies to remain in those pinched circumstances that prevented their taking their proper place in the country, to say nothing of London? Mrs. Graham begged and implored; there was some distant and awful thunder on the part of his lordship; and then Archie Leslie (who hated fuss) began to withdraw himself from the fatal magnetism of those dark blue eyes. Nothing had been said; Miss Stewart could not complain. But the beautiful blue eyes had a measure of shrewdness in them: she may have guessed; nay, more, she may have hoped, and even cherished her own little romantic dreams of affection. Be that as it may, the young Master of Lynn gave way to those entreaties, to that warning of storm. When his sister said he was going to make a fool of himself he got angry, but at the same time he saw as clearly as she that Lynn was starved for want of money. And although love's young dream might never return in all its freshness of wonder and longing, still there were a large number of pretty and handsome young women in this country, some one of whom (if her eyes had not quite the depth and clearness of the eyes of Shena Van) might look very well at the head of the dinner table at Lynn Towers. And so for a time he left Lynn, and went away to Edinburgh; and if his disappointment and isolation did drive him into composing a little song with the refrain,

"O Shena, Shena, my heart is true
To you where'er you go,"

that was only the last up-flickering flame from the dust and ashes of the extinguished romance; and the Master of Lynn had done everything that was required of him, and had a fair right to expect that his relatives would remember that in the future.

And now it can be well understood how, as he walked alone along the shores of the wide river, he should feel that he had been ill-treated. Not even Janet Stewart's friendship was left to him. He had looked once more into those blue eyes; and he could remember them shining with laughter, or dilated with an awful majesty as Boadicea addressed an army of sheep, or perhaps softening a little in farewell when he was going away to Oxford; but now there was nothing but coldness. She did not care to recall the old days. And indeed, as he walked on and out into the country, some other verses that he had learned from Shena Van in those by-gone days began to come into his head, and he grew in a way to compassionate himself, and to think of himself in future years as looking back upon his youth with a strange and pathetic regret—mingled with some other feelings.

"O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin', dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burn-side
And hear its water croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers lurst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whussilt sweet."

* * *

"O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sundered young
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' by-gane days and me!"

These were some of the lines he remembered (they were great favorites of Shena Van in former times); but instead of this compassionating of himself by proxy, as it were, leading him to any gentleness of feeling, it only made him more bitter and angry. "I have had enough of this—I have had enough of it," he kept repeating to himself. "Very few men I know have kept as straight as I have. They'd better look out. I have had just about enough of this."

That evening he dined with the officers at Fort George, and drank far more wine than he usually did—for he was very abstemious in that direction. After dinner he proposed uninvited loo; but more moderate counsels prevailed, and the familiar and innocent sixpenny Nap was agreed upon. But even at this mild performance you can lose a fair amount if you persistently "go Nap" on almost any sort of a hand that turns up.

To be Continued.

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TO THE PUBLIC!

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Post-Master General Gresham having published a wilful and malicious falsehood in regard to the character of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, the following facts are given to the public to prove his statement, that we are engaged in a fraudulent business, to be false and untrue:

Amount of prizes paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company from January 1, 1879, to present date:

Paid to Southern Express Co., New Orleans, T. M. Wescott, Manager	$1,366,200
Paid to Louisiana National Bank, Jos. H. Oglesby, President	463,900
Paid to State National Bank, S. H. Kennedy, President	125,100
Paid to New Orleans National Bank A. Baldwin, President	88,550
Paid to Union National Bank, S. Charlaron, Cashier	64,450
Paid to Citizens' Bank, E. L. Carriere President	57,000
Paid to Germania National Bank, Jules Cassard, President	30,000
Paid to Hibernia National Bank, Chas. Palfrey, Cashier	37,000
Paid to Canal Bank, Ed. Toby, Cashier	13,150
Paid to Mutual National Bank, Jos. Mitchell, Cashier	8,200
Total paid as above	$2,253,650
Paid in sums of under $1,000 at the various offices of the Company throughout the United States	2,627,410
Total paid by all	$4,881,060

For the truth of the above facts we refer the public to the officers of the above-named corporations, and for our legality and standing to the Mayor and Officers of the city of New Orleans, to the State authorities of Louisiana, and also to the U. S. Officials of Louisiana. We claim to be legal, honest and exact in all our transactions, as much so as any business in the country. Our standing is conceded by all who will investigate, and our stock has for years been sold at our Board of Brokers, and owned by many of our best known and respected citizens.

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10 do	1000	10,000
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100 do	200	20,000
300 do	100	30,000
500 do	50	25,000
1000 do	25	25,000
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The Proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor, by courtesy and attention, to merit the same in the future.

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It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Witherlight & Kneelani's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

From the Akron Commercial, Ohio, of Nov. 25th, 1882.

Readers of the *Commercial* can not well forget that a large space has for years been taken up by Kendall's advertisements—especially of a certain Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for many years, and we know of some large business houses in cities near by who have also dealt with him for many years, and the truth is fully and faithfully proven, not only that he is a good honest man, and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only all that it is recommended to be, but that the English Language is not capable of recommending it too highly.

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I am very respectfully yours,
OSCAR F. HUTCHINSON.

P. O. Lock Box, 2362, Denver City, Col.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Feb. 9th, 1883.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I feel it a duty to others suffering with the piles and falling of the rectum to write you. I have had the piles and prolapsus of the rectum for five years, for the past three years I have suffered the most agonizing pain. Tried everything without relief, but after ten days use of Kendall's Spavin Cure I have not seen nor heard of the piles since. One who has not suffered as I have cannot comprehend the great joy that I feel at being cured of a disease almost worse than death. I had a valuable young horse that had a large bunch gather on his breast bone. I tried all kinds of liniments and had it cut open without any benefit. Saw your advertisement and bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and cured my teamster to use as directed. In less than one week the lump had disappeared.—Thinking that a liniment that would do what Kendall's Spavin Cure has done for my horse might benefit more. I tried it as a last resort.

With gratitude and best wishes for your success,
I am faithfully yours, J. H. GLENN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ON HUMAN FLESH.

Vevay, Ind., Aug. 12th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.,—Gentlemen—Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with imprint, pointed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals, but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers in our county, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he had expected. Cured the sprain in very short order.

Yours respectfully, C. O. THIEBAND.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. Send for Illustrated Circular.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Special Attention!

RECEIVED THIS DAY:

LADIES' UNDER VESTS,

BLACK CASHMERE HOSIERY,
(All sizes.)
DULL JET BUTTONS,
FUR TRIMMINGS, &c., &c.

Black Costume Cloth,

NEW MANTLE CLOTHS, in Black & Colored, at

B. FAIREY'S,

(Successor to J. C. Fairey.)

Newcastle, N. B., Oct. 9, '83.

J. S. Maclean & Co.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Beg to notify their Customers and the Trade generally that they have now on hand a very large stock of GROCERIES suitable for the Autumn requirements, embracing in part, a choice assortment of

600 Half chts. Tea, of all grades, personally selected.

600 Puncheons Molasses, favorite brands, Demerara, Clenfuegos Trinidad.

50 Hhds. Porto Rico Sugar.

500 Bils. Refined Sugar, all grades besides the usual general assortment of other goods in their line.

Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, invigorating or stimulating without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Here you find a cure for all pains, sickness, weakness, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves. You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters.

If you are simply weak and worn-out, try it; it may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

D. T. C. is an absolute and irresistable cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.

HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.

HOP BITTERS MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NATIONAL PILLS

SUGAR COATED. PURELY VEGETABLE.

Highly recommended for Biliousness, Head-Ache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Loss of Memory, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any illness arising from the Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys. They are extremely mild and thorough in their action. From 1 to 3 pills is a dose.

PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

General Business.

The "Imperial Wringer."

AND

Wash-tub Stand.

Clothes Forks, etc.

New devices for convenience on Wash day—save labor and lighten the work left to be done.

H. P. MARQUIS,
Cunard Street.

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CHATHAM, N. B.

THE SUBSCRIBER will sell off the balance of his Stock of FANCY GOODS at greatly reduced prices during

ALSO ON HAND

GROCERIES, PICKLES, SAUCES CANNED GOODS, SPICES, CITRON and LEMON PEEL, EXTRACTS, etc. etc.

IN STORE:

FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, TEA, SUGAR, LARD, SOAP, ONIONS, TOBACCO, Lowest WHOLESALE and RETAIL Prices; also

20 TUBS GOOD BUTTER.

R. HOCKEN

C. H. FLEWWELLING, ENGRAVER ON WOOD. Designs & Engravings of Machines of all kinds. KING ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

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DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Ready-Made Clothing.

Customers will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles, it is impossible here to enumerate and all sold at moderate prices.

Notice to Mill Owners

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish his PATENT LOG CARRIAGE SHIPPING MACHINE, to any parties requiring the same, or supply drawings, etc., to enable parties to manufacture it for themselves.

The above is in use in several Mills on this River, and perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

Full information given by application to the Subscriber.

ROBERT McGUIRE.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

CHATHAM, - - - - - N. B.

Silks, Velvets, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Trimmings, Buttons, Embroidery, Straw and Felt Hats and Caps,

Clothing and Gents' Furnishings,

Parasols, Sunshades, Umbriellas, Carpets, Trunks, Room Paperings, Fancy Wools and Working Canvas, Small Wares and Nick-Nacks.

Agency for Butterick Patterns.

CALL AND ASK FOR

ANYTHING in ABOVE LINES

AND BE SURE OF GETTING IT.

W. B. HOWARD.

Chatham, Aug. 16.

JOHN McDONALD,

UNDERTAKER.

CASKETS & COFFINS

of all kinds and prices kept in Stock.

Metallic and Patent Coffins,

furnished when required.

Badges for Pall Bearers, Clergymen and Physicians, Furnished.

Burial Robes also Supplied.

☞ Prompt attention to all Orders day or night.

RHEUMATISM. HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES SORE THROAT, FROST BITES, BURNS, SCALDS, DEAFNESS. TORONTO ONT.

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CASTLE STREET,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

NEW GOODS

—AT—

J. B. SNOWBALL'S.

Just received per late Steamers from the Manufacturers.

New Ulster Cloths

For Gents Ladies and Children:

Boys' Woollen Knickerbocker Hose.

Very Heavy.

A very large stock of

German and Canadian Clouds and promenade Scarfs.

Ladies' Berlin Wool Shawls,
Ladies Berlin Wool Jackets,
Ladies' and Children's Wool Scarfs.

Irish Frieze,

For Heavy Overcoats.

Irish and Scotch Tweeds,

Newest Styles.

Moscow Homespun, Costume Cloths,
Wool Serges, French Cashmeres, French Merinoes,
Black Scicillians, Black Grecian Cords,
Colored Cloth Debeges,

100 pairs Best White

ENGLISH BLANKETS,

50 pairs Best Twilled

Canadian White Blankets

A few pairs of Super Extra BATH BLANKETS, at reduced price

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!

Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA

CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'nful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

G. A. BLAIR,

has on hand, a superior assortment

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

—COMPRISING—

Men's, Youths' & Children's Suits,

IN CLOTH, TWEED & VELVET.

Which he is offering at prices suitable to the times.

FOR SALE.

50,000 BRICKS.

50,000 Face and Common Bricks.

AT THE

MIRAMICHI BRICK YARD.

HARVEY FLETT,
NELSON, N. B.

Nelson, Sept. 18, 1882.

CHAMPAGNE.

Just arrived per steamer "Hibernian" via Halifax,

20 baskets Finest Champagne,

Pints and Quarts;

10 Cases Sparkling Burgundy & Hock.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON