YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

Most "landward" people, to use the Scotch phrase, would imagine that on board ship ladies would be content with any rough-and-tumble costume that would serve all purposes from morning till night. But on a long voyage the very reverse is the case. Nowhere else do women dress with more elaborate nicety, and with such studied exhibition of variety as their tolerably capacious wardrobes permit. For one thing, they have no more engrossing occupation. They can spend hours in their cabin devising new combinations; and as many of them are going to live abroad, they have with them all their worldly gear from which to pick and choose. It is a break in the monotony of the day to have one dress at breakfast, another for forenoon games and lunch, another for the afternoon promenade, another for the meal of state in the evening. Then nowhere else are well-made costumes seen to such advantage; the deck is a wide stage, and there is the best of light for colors. Moreover, in a woman's eyes it is worth while to take trouble about dressing well on board ship; for it is no fleeting glance that rewards her pains. The mere change of a brooch at the neck is noticed.

But all the innocent little displays that had been made during the long voyage were as nothing on board this ship to the grand transformation that took place in view of the landing at Malta. The great vessel was now lying silent and still, her screw no longer throbbing, and instead of the wide, monotonous circle of water around her, here were blue arms of the sea running into the gray-green island; and great yellow bastions along the shore; and over these again a pale white and pink town straggling along the low-lying hills. After breakfast the men-folk were left in undisturbed possession of the deck. *They* were not anxious about their costume—at least the middle-aged ones were not. They smoked their cigars, and leaned over the rail, and watched the swarm of gaily painted boats that were waiting to take them ashore. And perhaps some of them were beginning to wish that the women would look alive; for already the huge barges filled with coal were drawing near, and soon the vessel would be enveloped in clouds of dust.

Then the women began to come up, one by one; but all transformed! They were scarcely recognizable by mere acquaintances. There was about them the look of a Sunday afternoon in Kensington Gardens; and it was strange enough on the deck of a ship. People who had been on sufficiently friendly terms now grew a little more reserved; these land costumes reminded them that on shore they might have less claim to a free-and-easy companionship. And Mr. Winterbourne grew anxious. Did Yolande know? The maid she had brought with her, and whose services she had agreed to share with Mrs. Graham, had been useless enough from the moment she put foot on board the ship; but surely she must have learned what was going forward? Perhaps Yolande would appear in her ordinary pale pink morning dress? She was far too content with simplicity in costume. Again and again he had had to rebuke her.

"Why don't you have more dresses?" he had said to her on board this very ship. Look at Mrs. Graham. Why don't you have as many dresses as Mrs. Graham? A married lady? What difference does that make? I like to see you prettily dressed. When I want you to save money, I will tell you. You can't get them at sea? Well, of course not; but you might have got them on shore. And if it meant more trunks, what is the use of Jane?"

He was a nervous and fidgety man, and he was beginning to be really concerned about Yolande's appearance, when he caught a glimpse of Yolande herself coming out on to the deck from the companionway. He was instantly satisfied. There was nothing striking about her dress, it is true—the skirt and sleeves were of dark blue velvet, the rest of dark blue linen, and she wore her white silver belt—but at all events it was different; and then the flat dark blue Scotch cap looked pretty enough on her ruddy golden hair. Indeed, he need not have been afraid that Yolande would have appeared insignificant anyhow or anywhere. Her tall stature; her slender and graceful figure; her air and carriage—all these rendered her quite sufficiently distinguished-looking, even when one was not near enough to know anything of the fascination of her eyes and the pretty pathetic mouth.

And yet he was so anxious that she should acquit herself well—he was so proud of her—that he went to her quickly and said:

"That is one of the prettiest of your dresses, Yolande—very pretty—and it suits your silver girdle very well; but the Scotch cap—well, that suits you too, you know—"

"It is Mrs. Graham's, papa. She asked me to wear it—in honor of Allt-nam-ba."

"Yes, yes," he said. "That is all very well—at Allt-nam-ba. It is very pretty—and Jane has done your hair very nicely this morning—"

"I have not had a glimpse of Jane this morning," Yolande said with a laugh. "Could I be so cruel? No. Mrs. Graham going ashore, and I to take Jane away?—how could I?"

"I don't like the arrangement," her father said, with a frown. "Why should you not have the help of your own maid? But about the cap, Yolande—look, these other ladies are dressed as if they were going to church. The cap would be very pretty at a garden party—at lawn tennis—but I think—"

"Oh yes, I will put on a bonnet," said Yolande, instantly. "It is not to please Mrs. Graham, it is to please you, that I care for. One minute—"

But who was this who intercepted her? Not the lazy young fellow who used to lounge about the decks in a shooting coat, with a cigarette scarcely ever absent from his fingers or lips; but a most elegant young gentleman in tall hat and frock-coat, who was dressed with the most remarkable precision, from his collar and stiff necktie to his snow-white gaiters and patent-leather boots.

"Are you ready to go ashore, Miss Winterbourne?" said he, smoothing his gloves the while. "My sister is just coming up."

"In one minute," she said; "I am going for a bonnet instead of my Scotch cap—"

"Oh no," he said, quickly; "please don't. Please wear the cap. You have no idea how well it becomes you. And it would be so kind of you to pay a compliment to the Highlands—I think half the officers on board belong to the Seaforth Highlanders—and if we go to look at the club—"

"No, thank you," she said, passing him with a friendly smile. "I am not going *en vivandiere*. Perhaps I will borrow the cap some other time—at Allt-nam-ba."

Mr. Winterbourne overheard this little conversation—in fact, the three of them were almost standing together; and whether it was that the general excitement throughout the vessel had also affected him, or whether it was that the mere sight of all these people in different costumes had made him suddenly conscious of what were their real relations, not their ship relations—it certainly startled him to hear the young Master of Lynn, apparently on the same familiar footing as himself, advise Yolande as to what became her. The next step was inevitable. He was easily alarmed. He recalled his friend Shortland's remark—which he had rather resented at the time—that a P. and O. voyage would marry off anybody who wanted to get married. He thought of Yolande; and he was stricken dumb with a nameless fear. Was she going away from him? Was some one else about to supplant him in her affections? These two had been in a very literal sense all the world to each other. They had been constant companions.—They knew few people; for he lived in a lonely, nomadic kind of way; and Yolande never seemed to care for any society but his own. And now was she going away from him?

Then it suddenly occurred to him that he had just arranged to take her away into those wild solitudes in the Highlands, where the Leslies would be their only neighbors. It seemed more and more inevitable. But why not? Why should not this happen? He nerved himself to face the worst. Yolande must marry some day. He had declared to John Shortlands that he almost wished she would marry now. And how could she marry better? This young fellow was of good birth and education; well-mannered and modest; altogether unexceptionable, as far as one could judge. And Mr. Winterbourne had been judging, unconsciously to himself. He had observed in the smoking-room and elsewhere that young Leslie was inclined to be cautious about the expenditure of money—at cards or otherwise; but was not that rather a good trait?—The family were not wealthy; the present Lord Lynn had been engaged all his life in slowly paying off the mortgages on the family estates; and no doubt this young fellow had been economically brought up. And then again—if Yolande were to marry at all—would it not be better that she should be transferred to that distant and safe solitude? Yolande as the mistress of Lynn Towers, far away there in the seclusion of the hills, living a happy and peaceful life, free from scath and terror; that was a fancy that pleased him. It seemed not so terrible now that Yolande should marry—at least—at least he would face the worst, and strive to look at the pleasanter aspects of it. She would be far away—and safe.

These anxious, rapid, struggling thoughts had not occupied a couple of minutes. Yolande appeared, and he was almost afraid to regard her. Might there not be something of the future written in her face? Indeed, there was nothing there but a pleasant interest about the going on shore; and when she accepted a little nosegay that the Master of Lynn brought her, and pinned it on her dreess, it was with a smile of thanks, but with—to any unconcerned eyes—the very frankest indifference.

The Grahams now announced themselves as ready; and the party descended the gangway into the boat—young Leslie preceding them, so as to hand Yolande into her place.

"Mr. Winterbourne," said he, when they were all seated under the awning, and sailing away through the lapping green water, "I hope you and your daughter will come and lunch with us—"

"Oh yes, of course," said he: did they not make one party?

"But what I mean is this," said the Master of Lynn: "I am giving those Graham people their lunch—the cormorants!—and Lynn Towers is a long way off; and I haven't often the chance of playing host; and so I want you and Miss Winterbourne also to be my guests at the——Hotel."

"Oh, thanks; very well," said Yolande's father, who had begun now to study this young man with the most observant but cautious scrutiny, and was in a strange kind of way anxious to be pleased with him.

"Why, I thought you were going to the club they were all speaking of," said Yolande, staring at him. "Captain Douglas told me so."

"Captain Douglas thinks he knows everything," said young Leslie, good-naturedly; "whereas he knows nothing except how to play sixpenny loo."

"But we will all go to the club, Miss Yolande," said Colonel Graham, "and you shall see the ball-room. Very fine. I don't know what the high-art fellows nowadays would think of it. I used to think it uncommonly fine in by-gone times. Gad, I'm not so fond of dancing now."

"You can dance as well as ever you did, Jim, only you're so lazy," his wife said, sharply.

"You'll have to give them a torch-light dance, Archie," the Colonel continued, "the first stag Mr. Winterbourne kills. Miss Yolande would like to look at that. And you're pretty good yourself at the sword-dance. I once could do it, in a way—"

"Jim, I won't have you talk as if you were an old man," his wife said angrily. "I don't care about you; I care about myself. I won't have you talk like that. Everybody on board thinks I'm forty."

"You're not so young as you once were you know, Polly."

But Mrs. Graham was much too radiant a coquette to be put out by any impertinent speech like that. She was too sure of herself. She knew what her glass told her—and the half-concealed admiration of a whole ship-full of people. She could afford to treat such speeches with contempt. And so they reached the shore.

They refused to have a carriage; preferring rather to climb away up the steep steps, and away up the steep little streets, until they reached those high and narrow thoroughfares (with their pink and yellow houses, and pretty balconies, and green casements) that were so cool and pleasant to wander through. Sometimes the sun though shut out, sent a reflected light down into these streets in so peculiar a fashion that the pink fronts of the houses looked quite transparent; and not unfrequently, at the far end of the thoroughfare, the vista was closed in by a narrow band of the deepest and intensest blue—the high horizon-line of the distant sea. They went up to St. John's Bastion to look at the wilderness of geraniums and lotus-trees. They went to St. John's Church. They went to the telegaaph office, where the Master of Lynn sent off this message:

Archibald Leslie,——Hotel, Malta.

Ronald MacPherson, High Street, Inverness.

Consider Allt-nam-ba, if unlet, taken by Winterbourne, M.P., Slagpool, Seven hundred fifty. Reply.

They went to see the Governor's Garden, and in short, all the sights of the place; but what charmed the women-folk most of all was, naturally, the great ball-room at the Union Club. As they stood in the big-empty, hollow-resounding place, Yolande said:

"O yes, it is beautiful. It must be cool, with such a high roof. Papa, have they as fine a ball-room at the Reform Club?"

"The Reform Club?" her father repeated—rather vexed that she should make such a blunder. "Of course not! Who ever heard of such a thing!"

"Why not?" she said. "Every one says this is a good club—and very English. Why not at the Reform Club? Is that why you have never taken me there?"

"Well, it is—it is devilish English-looking, said Colonel Graham to his wife, as they turned into the long and cool coffee-room, where there were rows of small tables all nicely furnished out. "I like it. It reminds me of old times. I like to see the fellows in the old uniforms; it makes one's heart warm. Hanged if I don't have a glass of sherry and bitters, just to see if it tastes like the real thing—or a brandy and soda. It's devilish like home. I don't like being waited on by these Lascar-Portuguese half-nigger fellows. My chap said to me yesterday at breakfast, when I asked for poached eggs, 'No go yet—when go bell me bring.' And another fellow, when I asked for my bath, said, 'Hot water, no go—when go hot water, me tell' By Gad! there's old Munro—the fellow that nailed the Sepoys at Azimghur—he's got as fat as a turkey-cock—"

Indeed, the members of the club—mostly officers apparently—were now coming in to lunch; and soon Colonel Graham was fairly mobbed by old friends and acquaintances, insomuch that it was with difficulty he was drawn away to the banquet that young Leslie—taking advantage of the stay of the party in St. John's Church—had had prepared for them at the hotel. It was a modest feast, but merry enough; and the table was liberally adorned with flowers, of which there is no lack in Malta. Colonel Graham was much excited with meeting those old friends, and had a great deal to say about them; his wife was glad to have a rest after so much walking. Yolande was naturally interested in the foreign look of the place and the people; and young Leslie, delighted to have the honor of being host, played that part with much tact and modesty and skill.

To Mr. Winterbourne it was strange. Yolande seemed to half belong to those people already. Mrs. Graham appeared to claim her as a sister. On board ship these things were not so noticeable; for of course they met at meals; and the same groups that were formed at table had a tendency to draw together again on deck or in the saloon. But here was this small party cut off from all the rest of the passengers, and they were entirely on the footing of old friends, and the Master of Lynn's anxiety to please Yolande was most marked and distinct. On board ship it would scarcely have been noticed; here it was obvious to the most careless eye. And yet, when he turned to Yolande herself, who, as might have been imagined, ought to have been conscious that she was being singled out for a very special attention and courtesy, he could read no such consciousness in her face—nothing but a certain pleasant friendliness and indifference.

After luncheon they went away for a long drive to see more sights, and in the afternoon returned to the hotel, before going on board. Young Leslie was thinking of leaving instructions that the telegram from Inverness should be forwarded on to Cairo, when, fortunately, it arrived. It read curiously:

Ronald MacPherson,
Estate and Colliery Agent,
High Street, Inverness.

The Honorable the Master of Lynn, of the P. and O. Company's Steamship——,

The——Hotel, Malta.

Right.

"Now what on earth— Oh, I see!" exclaimed the recipient of this telegram, after staring at it in a bewildered fashion for a moment. "I see. Here is a most beautiful joke. MacPherson has wanted to be clever—has found out that telegraphing to Malta is pretty dear; thinks he will make the message as short as possible, but will take it out in the address. I am certain that is it. He has fancied the address was free, as in England; and he has sent his clerk to the office. Won't the clerk catch it when he goes back and says what he has paid! That is real Highland shrewdness. Never mind; you have got the shooting, Mr. Winterbourne."

"I am glad of that," said Yolande's father, rather absently; for now, when he thought of the solitudes of Allt-nam-ba, it was not of stags, or grouse, or mountain hares, that he was thinking

They got on board again, and almost immediately went below to prepare for dinner, for the decks were still dirty with the coal dust. And that night they were again at sea—far away in the silences; and a small group of them were up at the end of the saloon, practicing glees for the next grand concert. Mr. Winterbourne was on deck, walking up and down, alone; and perhaps trying to fancy how it would be with him when he was really left alone, and Yolande entirely away from him, with other cares and occupations. And he was striving to convince himself that that would be best; that he would himself feel happy if Yolande's future in life were secured; if he could see her the contented and proud mistress of Lynn Towers. Here, on board this ship, it might seem a hard thing that they should separate, even though the separation were only a mitigated one; but if they were back in England again, he knew those terrible fears would again beset him, and that it would be the first wish of his heart that Yolande should get married. At Lynn Towers he might see her sometimes. It was remote, and quiet, and safe; sometimes Yolande and he would walk together there.

Meanwhile, down below they had finished their practicing; and the Master of Lynn was idly turning over a book of glees.

"Polly," said he to his sister, "I like that one as well as any—I mean the words. Don't you think they apply very well to Miss Winterbourne?"

His sister took the book and read Sheridan's lines:

"Marked you her eye of heavenly blue?
Marked you her cheek of roseate hue?
That eye in liquid circles moving;
That cheek abashed at man's approving;
The one love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound."

Well, the music of this glee is charming, and the words are well enough; but when the Master of Lynn ventured the opinion that these were a good description of Yolande, he never made a worse shot in his life. Yolande "abashed at man's approving"? She let no such nonsense get into her head. She was a little too proud for that—or perhaps only careless and indifferent.

(To be continued.)

The tobacco of Martinico was once the favorite with the smoking world, and when old Father Henipen descended the Mississippi about 1680 the Indians were much surprised to see an European with such an excellent sample of their native plant. But the smokers of the "Myrtle Navy" would give but a poor account of the once celebrated Martinico. Their favorite brand is as much superior to it as it was to the raw and uncured leaf which the Indians of that day smoked.

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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read Proof Below.

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Hamilton, Mo., June 14th, 1881.

B. J. Kendall & Co.,—Gents:—This is to certify that I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure and have found it to be all it is recommended to be and in fact more too; I have removed by using the above Caloris, Bone Spavins, Ring-bones, Splints, and can cheerfully testify and recommend it to be the best thing for any bony substance I have ever used and I have tried many as I have made that my study for years.

Respectfully yours, P. V. CRIST.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE,

New Hamburg, Ont., Dec. 28th, 1881,

Mr. F. H. McCallum, Dear Sir:—The bottle of Dr. Kendall's Spavin Cure, bought of you last summer, gave me the utmost satisfaction and performed a wonderful cure upon a mare nineteen years old, belonging to me, which was badly spavined for ten years. She was so lame that I could hardly get her to move. The lameness is entirely gone after using half a bottle of the cure, and she is like a young horse again.

Yours truly, J. F. ROTH.

From the Oneonta Press, N. Y.

Oneonta, New York, Jan. 6th, 1881.

Early last summer Messrs B. J. Kendall & Co., of Enosburg Falls, Vt., made a contract with the publishers of the *Press* for a half column advertisement for one year setting forth the merits of Kendall's Spavin Cure. At the same time we secured from the firm a quantity of books, entitled Dr. Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which we are giving to advance paying subscribers to the *Press* as a premium.

About the time the advertisement first appeared in this paper, Mr. P. G. Schermerhorn, who resides near Colliers, had a spavined horse. He read the advertisement and concluded to test the efficacy of the remedy, although his friends laughed at his credulity. He bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and commenced using it on the horse in accordance with the directions, and he informed us this week that it effected such a complete cure that an expert horseman, who examined the animal recently could find no trace of the spavin or the place where it had been located. Mr. Schermerhorn has since secured a copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which he prizes very highly and would be loth to part with at any price, provided he could not obtain another copy. So much for advertising reliable articles.

FROM

COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, Ohio, May 10th, 1880.

Dr. B. J. Kendall, & Co., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt that I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had, him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons who failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago Express. I determined at once to try it and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial, I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the state. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

Very Respectfully,
L. T. FOSTER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ON HUMAN FLESH

Patten's Mills, N. Y., Feb. 21st, 1878.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—The particular case on which I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure was a malignant sickle spavin of sixteen months standing. I had tried many things but in vain, your spavin cure put the foot to the ground again, and, for the first time since hurt, in a natural position. For a family liniment it excels anything we ever used.

Yours truly,
Rev. M. P. Bell
Pastor of M. E. Church, Patten's Mills, N. Y.

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is sure in its effects, mild in action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating, and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavin, splints, curbs, ringbones, callous, swellings, and any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or for rheumatism in man or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly and yet certain in its effects.

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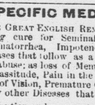

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The above is in use in several Mills on this River, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

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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.

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The Subscriber will sell off the balance of his Stock of FANCY GOODS at greatly reduced prices during

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

20 TUBS GOOD BUTTER.

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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,
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Newest Styles.

Moscow Homespun, Costume Cloths,
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100 pairs Best White

ENGLISH BLANKETS,

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

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!

Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

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The subscriber begs leave to announce to his Patrons and the Public that he is now prepared to execute all orders entrusted to him with despatch,—such as the

ENTIRE FURNISHINGS FOR

Dwelling Houses, Stores,

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Doors, Window Sashes & Frames, Mouldings, Stair Rails, Banisters, & Newel Posts, etc,

Orders also executed for

Window Shutters & Venetian Blinds

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Keeping none but first class workmen in my employ, I can safely affirm my goods to be equal to any in the market.

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☞ PRICES REASONABLE! '82

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has on hand, a superior assortment

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

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

IN CLOTH, TWEED & VELVET.

Which he is offering at prices suitable to the times.

KELLY and MURPHY

Manufacturers of

SINGLE & DOUBLE SLEIGHS & PUNGS,

SIDE BARS—OPEN & TOP,

OPEN PHAETONS,

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☞ Old Carriages bought and sold and exchanged for new.

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CHAMPION PORTABLE SAW MILLS.

George Rook writes, St. Anns, Ontario, June 17, 1879, regarding his 10 horse power Champion portable saw mill: "Sawing average three cords of wood daily, and it speaks for itself." We have sold over three miles, and it speaks for itself. Not quite two years. It and mill are good and will last years with good care. We sawed six hundred feet in twenty-nine minutes with 6 in. 8 power boiler—12 H P being 44 in. saw, capacity 12x16 feet per day. 10 H. P. saved 40 in. saw, capacity 4x16 feet per day. 5 H. P. using 36 in. saw, capacity 2x16 feet per day.

Most simple, efficient and portable mill of its size in the world.

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W. A. Vernon Garret writes from Huntsville Muskoka, Dec. 15th, '79. The 16 H. P. Mill run well. The other day we cut 1,039 feet in 45 minutes. The mill gives me entire satisfaction.

Over 250 Fire Proof Champion Engines sold in 3 years. Only perfect Threshing Engine in the world.

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ROUND MACHINE STEEL

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Sheet Iron,

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☞ A special lot of Galvanized Sheet Iron—
6 ft x 30 in. x 20 gauge.
7 " x " x " "
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First class make (Davies') and well adapted for LOBSTER BOILERS, &c. Besides a heavy stock in store, we expect early in March, per good Ship 'Alfarin:'
11,224 Bars } Refined Iron.
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50,000 BRICKS.

50,000 Face and Common Bricks.

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MIRAMICHI BRICK YARD.

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Just arrived per steamer "Hibernian" via Halifax,

20 baskets Finest Champagne, Pints and Quarts

10 Cases Sparkling Burgundy & Hock.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON.

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MRS. POTTS' SAD IRONS.

Plain,

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