YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PREPARATIONS.

And as for her; she was stunned almost into unconsciousness by this shock of self-abasement and distress. She lay on the sofa, her face covered with her hands; she could not face the light. What was she, then?—she who had hitherto been so fearless and so proud. A flirt, a jilt, a light o'love—that was how she saw herself; and then there was a kind of despair over the misery she had wrought, and a yearning to have him back to implore his pity and his forgiveness; and then sudden resolves to free herself in another direction, at any cost of penitence and humiliation. She began to compose hurried brief messages, though the throbbing brain and the shame-stricken soul could scarce decide between the fitness of them. These were some of them:

"Dear Papa,—I have gone away. Tell Archie not to think any more about me. Yolande."

And then again:

Dear Archie,—I send you back the engagement ring: I am not worthy to be your wife. I am sorry if I have caused you any disappointment, but you have less to regret than I have."

And then again—to one not named at all:

"To-day I go away. Never think of me again, or of what has happened. Forgive me; that is all."

And then she began to think—if this wild torture of suggestions could be called thinking—of the undertaking that lay before her, and the thought of it was something of a relief. There would be an occupation, urgent continuous, demanding all her attention; in time, and in a measure, she might school herself to forget. Perhaps, if this duty turned out to be a very sad and painful one, it might be taken by those whom she had wronged as a sort of penance? She was prepared to suffer. She thought she deserved to suffer. Had she not proved a traitor to the man whom she had promised to marry? Had she not brought misery to this best and dearest of all her friends, to this fine and noble nature that she had learned to know, and that by her idleness and carelessness—the carelessness of a vain coquette and light-o'-love, heedless of consequences? What would he think of her? She could only vaguely recall the reproaches he had heaped upon himself; but she knew that he was in distress, and that she was the cause of it. And perhaps if there were trials in store for her, if there was suffering in store for her, perhaps he would never know that she rather welcomed that, and was content to receive her punishment? Perhaps he would never know how grieved she was? It was over and done, and past recall. And she knew that henceforth her life would be quite different to her.

How long she lay there in that misery of remorse and despair she probably never knew, but at last she forced herself to rise. She was not thinking of her appearance; she did not know that her face was haggard and pale; that an expression never before there was there now; that her eyes were no longer the eyes of a child. She was going away—this was all she was compelling herself to think about—and there were preparations to be made. And so in a slow and mechanical fashion she began to put a few things together, even in this drawing-room, although every other minute her heart seemed to stand still as she came upon some little trifle that was associated with him—something he had done for her, something that he had brought her, showing his continued solicitude and thoughtfulness and affection. Why had she not seen? Why did she not understand? And then she began to think of the evenings he had spent at the house, and of the walks they had had together down the wide valley; and she began to know why it was that these evenings had seemed so rich in happy human sympathies, and why the valley had appeared so wondrous and beautiful, and why her life at Allt-nam-ba had so strange and unnameable a charm over thrown it. And he—he had been blind too. She knew that he could not have imagined it possible that he was betraying his friend; otherwise he would have fled from the place. She was standing quite still now, her eyes distraught, and she was trying to recall the very tones in which he had said, "I love you." That was the misery of it, and the cause of her shame, and the just reason for her remorse and self-abasement; and yet—and yet somewhere or other deep down in her heart there was a curious touch of pride that she had heard those words. If circumstances had been different—to be approved, to have won the affection, to be loved by one like that! And then a passion of self-contempt seized her, and she said to herself: "You, to think yourself worthy of such a love! You, who can allow yourself to think of such things with that ring on your finger!"

This also was strange, that, amid all the preparations for departure that she was now mechanically making, she should be possessed by a singular anxiety that Mrs. Bell, when she came to Allt-nam-ba, should find the household arrangements in the most perfect order. Had she some vague hope or fancy, then, that some day or other, when she should be far enough away from Allt-nam-ba and Gress and Lynn, and not likely to see any one of them again, her name might be mentioned casually by this good woman, and mentioned perhaps with some slight word of approval? When she drew out for Mrs. Bell's guidance a list of her arrangement with the Inverness tradesmen, she was dissatisfied with the mere handwriting of it (for indeed her fingers trembled somewhat), and she destroyed it and wrote out another, and that she destroyed, and wrote out another—until the handwriting was fairly clear and correct.

Her maid Jane was a fool of a woman but even she could see that her young mistress was faint-looking, and even ill-looking, and again and again she besought her to desist from these preparations, and to go and have some lunch, which awaited her in the dining-room.

"You know, miss," said she, "you can't go before your papa comes home; and then it would be far too late to catch the steamer. You can't go before the morning; and I am sure, miss, you will be quite ill and unable to travel if you don't eat something."

Well, Yolande went into the dining-room, and sat down at the table; but she could not eat or drink anything; and in a minute or two she was back again in her bedroom superintending the packing of her trunks. However, she was in time compelled to desist. The meneal agitation of the morning, combined with this want of food, produced the natural result; she gradually acquired a violent headache—a headache so violent that further superintendence of packing or anything else was entirely out of the question. Now, it was the literal fact that she had never had a headache in her life—except once at the Chateau, when a large volume she was reaching for in the library fell and struck her—and she did not know what to do; but she fancied that by tying a wet towel round her head she might lessen the throbbing of the temples; and this she did, lying down the while. Jane stole out of the room, fancying her young mistress might now get some sleep. The girl was not thinking of sleep.

Mr. Winterbourne and John Shortlands were on their way back from the hill.

"I scarcely know what has happened to-day," Mr. Winterbourne was saying. "All the time I have been thinking of our going back. And I know what I shall find when I go back—the wreck of the happiness that I have so carefully nursed all through these years. It is like hedging round a garden, and growing flowers there, and all at once, some morning, you find the place trampled down, and a wilderness. I hope I am not unjust, Shortlands, but I think he might have spared her."

"Who?"

"Young Leslie. I think he might have spared her. It was not much. Don't you think—out of consideration—"

"Nonsense, man. What young Leslie has done seems to me, on reflection, perfectly just, and right, and reasonable," said John Shortlands, telling a lie in the calmest manner possible. "The young people ought not to be hampered in starting life. A little trouble now—what is that? And it will be better for you too, Winterbourne. You would have kept on worrying yourself. You would have been always apprehensive about something. You would have reproached yourself for not telling him."

"I am not thinking of myself," Yolande's father said, rather wistfully. "I could have borne all that; I am used to it. It is about her I am thinking. I remember in Egypt, away up at that still place, wondering whether all her life might not be just as quiet and uneventful and happy as it was there."

"The fact is, Winterbourne," said John Shortlands, bluntly, "you are just mad about that child of yours, and you expect the world to be changed all on her account; whereas every reasonable being knows that she must take her chance of trouble as well as others. And this—what is this? Is is so great an affair! You don't know yet whether she will follow out that suggestion of Melville's. Perhaps she won't. If you would rather she should not, no doubt she will abide by your wishes. By this time she has been told. The secret is at an end. Leslie has had what he wanted: what the devil more can he ask for?"

But the asperity of this last phrase rather betrayed his private opinion; and so he added, quickly:

"However, as you say, she is more likely to go. Well, why not look at the brighter side of things? There is a possibility. Oh, you needn't shake your head; when I look at the whole thing from Melville's point of view I can see the possibility. He's a devilish long-headed fellow that, and a devilish fine fellow too; not many men would have bothered their heads as he has done. I wouldn't. If you and I weren't old friends, do you think I would have interfered? I'd have let you go on your own way. But now, old chap, I think you'll find Yolande ready to go; and you'd better not make too much fuss about it, and frighten the girl. I shall be in London; I shall see she has plenty of money."

"It seems so inhuman," her father said, absently.

"What?"

"That I should remain here shooting, and she be allowed to go there alone."

"My dear fellow, she'll get on twenty times better without you," said Shortlands, plainly. "It seems to me that what you say Melville pointed out to you was just the perfection of good advice. You'll do well to abide by it."

"But he does not know Yolande as I do," her father said.

"He seems to have made a thundering good guess, anyway."

"I don't mean that. He does not know how she has been brought up—always looked after and cared for. She has never been allowed to shift about for herself. Oh, as regards herself I can see well enough that he imagines she has certain qualities, and perhaps he thinks it rather fine to make experiments. Well, I don't, I don't see why Yolande should be made the victim of any experiment; I am content with her as she is."

"You'd better see what she says about it herself."

When they reached the lodge, Yolande was not, as usual, standing in the porch to welcome them home from the hill.

"Please, sir," said the maid, "Miss Winterbourne has a headache, and says would you excuse her coming down to dinner."

He stood irresolute for a second or two, obviously greatly disturbed; then he slowly and thoughtfully went up the stairs, and gently knocked at the door of her room.

"May I come in, Yolande?"

She had just time to untie the wet towel from her head, to smooth her hair, and sit up in bed.

"Yes, papa."

He entered, went over and drew a chair near her, and sat down.

"I am sorry for you, Yolande," he said, in a low voice, and his eyes were nervously bent on the ground.

"Why, papa?"

She spoke in quite a cheerful way; and as he had not suffered his eyes to meet hers, he was unaware how that cheerfulness was belied by the strange expression in them. She was forcing herself to make light of this matter; she would not have him troubled. And perhaps, indeed, to her this was in truth a light matter, as compared with that tragic disclosure and its consequences which seemed to have cut away from her at once and forever the shining and rose-colored years of her youth.

"If I erred, Yolande," said he, "in keeping all this back from you, I did it for the best."

"Do you need to say that to me, papa?" she answered, with some touch of reproach.

"I thought it would save you needless pain," said he; and then, as he ventured to lift his eyes, he caught sight of the pale, anguish-stricken face, and he nearly cried aloud in his sudden alarm. "Yolande, are you ill?"

"Oh no, papa;" and she did try her best to look very cheerful. "I have a headache—that is all; and it is not so bad as it was. I—I have been seeing things packed, and making arrangements."

"You are going, Yolande?" he said, with a sinking of the heart.

"That, again, it is unnecessary for you to ask me," the girl said, simply.

"But not at once, Yolande?" said he glancing at an open trunk. "Not at once?"

"To-morrow morning, papa" she answered. "Oh, but I assure you, you will be put to no trouble—no trouble at all. Mrs. Bell is coming from Gress to see everything right. And I have made out lists for her; it is all arranged, you will not know any difference—"

"Yolande, you will make me angry if you talk like that. What signifies our comfort? It is the notion of you going away by yourself—"

"Jane goes with me. That is all arranged also," she said. "I have no fear."

"Listen, now, Yolande. I don't disapprove of your going. We have tried everything, and failed; if there is a chance of your succeeding—well, perhaps one might say it is your duty to go. Poor child, I would rather have had you know nothing about it; but that is all over now. Well, you see, Yolande, if you go, there must be no unnecessary risk or trouble about your going. I have been thinking that perhaps Mr. Melville may be a little too imaginative. He sees things strongly. And in insisting that you should go alone, why, there may be a danger that he has been carried away by a—by a—well, I don't know how to put it, except that he may be so anxious to have this striking appeal made to your poor mother as to be indifferent to ordinary precautions. Why should you go friendless and alone? Why should I remain amusing myself here?"

"Because you would be of no use to me, papa," said she calmly. "I know what I have to do."

"Why, then should you not wait for a few days, and travel south with Mr. Shortlands?"

"Oh, I must go at once, papa—at once!" she exclaimed. "I must go to-morrow. And Jane goes with me. Is it not simple enough?"

"Yolande, you can not be left in London with absolutely no one to whom you can appeal. The least you must do is to take a letter to Lawrence & Lang. They will do anything you want; they will let you have what you want; if there is any hiring of lodgings or anything of that kind, they will send one of their clerks. You can not be stranded in London without the chance of assistance. You must go to Lawrence & Lang."

"I may have to go to them—that also is arranged. But they must not interfere, they must not come with me; that was not Mr. Melville's idea," she said; though the pale face turned still paler as she forced herself to utter the name.

"Mr. Melville," he said, angrily. "You seem to think the whole wisdom of the world is centred in Mr. Melville! I don't know at all that he was right in coming to put all this trouble on you. Perhaps he would not have been so quick if it had been his own sister or his own daughter—"

Then a strange thing occurred. She had flung herself down on the pillow again, her face buried, her whole frame shaken by the sudden violence of her crying.

"Don't—don't—don't!" she sobbed piteously. Don't speak like that, papa! There is enough trouble—there is enough."

"What is it, Yolande?" said he. "Well, no wonder your nerves have been upset. I wonder you have taken it so bravely. I will leave you now, Yolande; but you must try and come down to dinner."

Dinner was put on the table; but she did not make her appearance. A message was sent up to her; the answer was that she merely wished to have a cup of tea by-and-by. Jane, on being questioned, said that everything had been got ready for their departure the following morning, even to the ordering of the dog-cart for a particular hour.

"Yes," her father said to John Shortlands, as they sat rather silently at the dinner-table, "she seems bent on going at once. Perhaps it is because she is nervous and anxious, and wants to know the worst. She won't have any one with her; she is determined to keep to Melville's plan, though I wanted her to wait and go south with you. What a dreadful thing it would be if any harm were to befall her—"

"Why, what harm can befall her?" his friend said. "What is the journey to London?—nothing! She gets into the train at Inverness to-morrow at mid-day; the next morning she is in London. Then a cab takes her to the hotel: what more simple? The real risk begins after that; and it is then that your friend Melville insists that she should take the thing into her own hands. Well, dang me if I'm afraid of the consequences! There's good grit in her. She hasn't had her nerves destroyed, as you have. When the cob was scampering all over the place yesterday, and the groom couldn't get hold of him, did she run into the house? Not much. She waylaid him at the end of the bothy, and got held of him, herself, and led him to the stable door. I don't think the lass has a bad temper, but I shouldn't like to be the one to put a finger on her against her will. Don't you fear. I can see where the bit of trouble, if there is to be any at all, will most likely come in; and I am not afraid. It's wonderful what women will do—ay, and weak women too—in defense of those who have a claim on their affection. Talk about the tigress and her young: a woman's twice as bad, or twice as good, if you take it that way. I fancy some o' those poor devils of School Board inspectors must have a baddish time of it occasionally—I don't envy them. I tell you you needn't be afraid, my good fellow. Yolande will be able to take care of herself. And I think Jack Melville has put her on to doing the right thing, whatever comes of it."

Yolande did not appear that night; she was too much distracted by her own thoughts; she did not wish to be confronted with questioning eyes. But she found time to write this brief note:

"Tuesday Night.

"Dear Mr. Shortlands,—As it is not likely I shall see you in the morning, for I am going away at a very early hour, I leave you this word of good-by. And please—*please* stay with papa as long as ever you conveniently can. Duncan assures me that it is now you will be beginning to have chances with the red-deer.

"Yours affectionately,

"Yolande Winterbourne."

And as to that other—the friend who was sending her forth on this mission—was she going away without one word of good-by for him? She considered that; and did not sleep much that night.

(To be continued.)

Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters, my wife was cured, and has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging. H. T. St. Paul. —*Pioneer Press.*

Every Spring.

HOW AN AFFLICTING ANNUAL VISITOR WAS DRIVEN FROM A WEARY WOMAN.

Plain and simple mechanics are not liable to get out of order. Complicated watches, intended not only to keep the time of day, but to mark the movements of the moon and stars, are certain to need frequent repairs. Husbands and fathers often fail to see that their wives and daughters are more delicately organized than themselves, requiring corresponding care when they are well and assistance when they are ill. Yet much better for woman's fine system is a trustworthy medicine, ready at all times for use, than a deal of tinkering by semi-educated local practitioners.

"Every spring," said the wife a well known employee of the Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, "I have been for some years past troubled with nervous debility and weakness. It was the burden which so many women are called upon to bear, although none the lighter for that.

"Advice and dosing, to be sure, I had in plenty; still, on each returning spring my sickness came as regularly as the buds and blossoms.

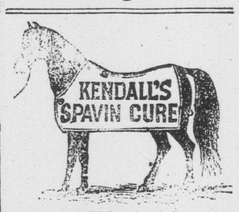
"You seem better now."

"Oh yes; I consider myself almost or quite well, and it came about in this way: A lady living on St. Catherine street this city, commended to my attention *Sulphur and Iron Bitters.* It gave me strength and life. My sister, living in Brockville, whose disease was nearly the same as mine, was equally benefitted by the same thing."

Sulphur and Iron Bitters, prepared by the Climax Chemical Co., Montreal, is for sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents.

There is no remedy known to medical science that is more positive in its effect, to cure Cholera Morbus, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentry, Cholera Infantum, and all Bowel Complaints than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. For sale by J. D. B. F. Mackenzie, Chatham, N. B.

General Business.



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

Saved Him 1,800 Dollars!

Adams, N. Y., Jan. 30. 1882.

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents: Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had as speedy a colt as was ever raised in Jefferson County. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs all to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thorough-pin, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it took the bunch entirely of, and he sold afterwards for $1800 (dollars.) I have used it for bone spavins and wind galls, and it has always cured completely and left the leg smooth.

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 Witherington & Kneeland'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.

Kendall's Spavin Cure will cure spavins. There are hundreds of cases in which that has been proven to our certain knowledge, but, after all, if any person confines the usefulness of this celebrated medicine to curing spavins alone, they make a big mistake. It is the best medicine known as an outward application for rheumatism in the human family. It is good for pains and aches, swellings, lameness, and is just as safely applied to men, women and children as it is to horses. We know that there are other good liniments, but we do believe this spavin cure to be far better than any ever invented.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Hutchinson's Ranch, 12 miles north of Denver, Col. Mar. 5th, 1883.

Dr. B. J. Kendall, & Co., Gents:—For the past three years I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure. In every case of spavin, of which I have treated five, it has killed them all, and entirely removed three. In case of splint I find it has no equal, one case I had was of three years standing and the Spavin Cure removed it entirely. I had a cow get spavined and it entirely cured her. One year ago a two hundred pound block of ice fell out of a wagon striking my foot on instep and toes, it would be impossible to mash a foot worse without breaking any bones. I was taken home and carried into the house. I do not think amputation of the leg would cause any more pain. I sent for Kendall's Spavin Cure, it was all I used, and in six days I could walk around. About three weeks ago my team ran away and threw me out of the wagon, the hind wheel struck my left knee. After applying several highly recommended liniments without obtaining any relief, I went for Kendall's Spavin Cure. My leg was drawn up and my knee swollen badly. In three days I was able to walk to the barn. I could go into details more fully and make this a very long letter, but will not weary you.

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 ordered 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

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co.,—Gents:—Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with imprint, printed 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. Thiebaud.

Vevey, Ind., Aug. 12th, 1881.

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.

GIN! GIN!!

Arrived per Steamer "Milanese" from London. 20 HHDS. J. DeKuyper & Son's GIN; 50 qr. cases DeKuyper & Son's Gin; 350 green cases Gin; 50 Green cases Pinta, 2 dozen each.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON,
Victoria Wharf.

CHEAP for CASH.

A Full Line of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
HARDWARE, CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
BOOTS & SHOES, etc.
—AT—
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Hotels.

Canada House.

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.
WM. JOHNSTON, - - - Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on this House to make it a first-class Hotel, and travelers will find it a desirable temporary residence, both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat Landing, and opposite Telegraph and Post Offices. 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.

Good Stabling on the Premises

WAVERLEY HOTEL.

NEWCASTLE, - - - - - - - - - - - MIRAMICHI, N B

This House has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travelers

☞ LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART.
Late of Waverly House, St. John.) Proprietor

Metropolitan Hotel,

[Adjoining Bank of Montreal,]

Wellington Street, Chatham, N. B.

J. F. JARDINE, PROPRIETOR.

First Class Rooms and Table

Anglers and Sportsmen

are provided on the premises with ice and all other necessary facilities for the care and shipment of fish and game.

In addition to teams for carrying the

Mails and Express

matter between the Railway and town offices,

the "Metropolitan" Turnout

is always on hand on the arrival of trains for conveying passengers wherever they may desire to go.

A NEW BUILDING

practically designed after consultation with LEADING COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS has

FIVE SAMPLE ROOMS

calculated to meet the requirements fo all classes of business.

The location, grounds, general appearance and style of management of the "Metropolitan" are such as to invite and retain the patronage of all travellers

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General Business.

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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.

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.

BEFORE USING. AFTER USING.

"Boo, Boo, I'a dot Worms. Oh! my, I's so Sick."

I had 'em too, but they all don away now.

PLEASANT WORM SYRUP.

The most eminent Physicians are agreed that about **Fifty per cent of all Children die before reaching the tenth year of life.** Many children suffer from day to day fretful, cross and peevish—and the cause of the trouble is not suspected.

A pallid and sickly countenance, irregularity of appetite, or great voracity, bad breath, foul tongue, great thirst, gradual emaciation, irritable temper, disposition to be picking the nose, are all symptoms indicating the presence of **WORMS!** If any of these symptoms are noticed, or the presence of worms suspected, procure a bottle of **Pleasant Worm Syrup,** which costs but 25 cts, and give it according to directions. If any worms are present they will soon be expelled and your darling restored to health again. If there are no worms present the remedy will do no harm, but will move the bowels gently and leave the system in a healthy condition.

Pleasant Worm Syrup removes no castor oil or other purgative medicine with it.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE at THE MEDICAL HALL. J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

$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.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

Acombination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most active properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on Earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALIDS' FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C., is an absolute and irrestible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y and Toronto, Ont.

E. H. THOMPSON'S
ART GALLERY,

(Opposite Canada House, Chatham.)

Old Pictures Enlarged

—AND—

Finished in Oil, Water Colors or India Ink.

PHOTOGRAPHS

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FEROTYPES

taken and satisfaction guaranteed.

Picture Framing and Mounting at short notice.

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 safe, mild and thorough in their action. From 1 to 3 pills is a dose. PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

CLOTHS
AT COST!

The Subscriber, desiring to make room for fall importations, has decided to sell off his present stock of cloths at cost. The goods embrace a variety of

TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS,

—SUITABLE FOR—

Fine and Business Garments, and will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers.

The sale AT COST will be continued during

The Month of August Only.

TERMS—CASH.

F. O. PETTERSON,
Merchant Tailor
WATER STREET, - - - - - - CHATHAM.

Tonsorial Artist,

PHYSIOGNOMICAL HAIR DRESSER,

Facial Operator, Cranium Manipulator & Capilliary Abridger.

Shaves and Hair Cuts

WITH AMBIDEXTROUS FACILITY!

GEORGE STAPLES.

NEAR COMMERCIAL HOUSE.

Chatham, September 8th., 1880

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.

LONDON HOUSE

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.

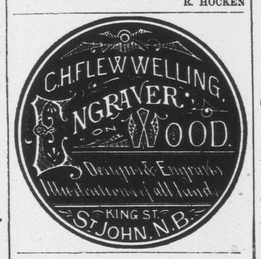
IN STORE:

FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, TEA, SUGAR, LARD, SOAP, ONIONS, TOBACCO,

Lowest WHOLESALE and RETAIL Prices; also

20 TUBS GOOD BUTTER.

R. HOCKEN



R. FLANAGAN,

ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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.

BEST
REFINED IRON.

Lowmoor, Swede, Londonderry and English
common Bolt Iron and Pig Iron.

CAST STEEL.

Thos. Firth and Son's Extra Axe, Tool and Drill Steel

Spring, Sleigh Shoe & Tire Steel.

—ALSO:—

ROUND MACHINE STEEL

Manufacture of Spear & Jackson.

Tinplates, Charcoal and Coke.
Sheet Iron,
Black and Galvanized.

☞ A special lot of Galvanized Sheet Iron —
6 ft x 30 in. x 20 gauge.
7 " x " x " "
8 " x " x " "

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
2,566 Bdls.
265 " Hoop Iron } Refined Iron.

I. & F. BURPEE & CO.

St. John, N.B.

Salesmen Wanted

To begin work at once on Fall Sales 1883, for the Fonthill Nurseries. The largest in the Dominion, head office Toronto, Ontario. We can start in addition to our already large force

100 Additional Canvassers,

and want men who can give full time to the business. STEADY EMPLOYMENT AND GOOD SALARIES to successful men.

It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply (enclosing photo if possible) to

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen,
Montreal, P. Q

JAMES W. BEALL,
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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, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Trouble, Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Trouble, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

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 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

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. 13, 1882.

CHAMPAGNE.

Just arrived per steamer "Hibernian" via Halifax,

20 baskets Finest Champagne,
Pints and Quarts;
10 Cases Sparkling Burgundy & Hock.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON.
Victoria Wharf, Smyth Street

SAD IRONS.

MRS. POTTS' SAD IRONS.

Plain,
Polished and
Nickle-plated

For Sale at Lowest Prices by
H. P. MARQUIS,
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Birthday Cards.

Felt Hats, Fur Hats,

WOOL HATS.

NEW SPRING GOODS

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