YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

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

CHAPTER I.

RELEASED FROM CHATEAU COLD FLOORS.

LATE one evening in April, in a private sitting-room on the first floor of a hotel in Albemarle Street, a member of the British House of Commons was lying back in an easy-chair, having just begun to read, in an afternoon journal, an article about himself. He was a man approaching fifty, with what the Scotch call "a salt-water face"; that is to say, a face tanned and reddened with wind and weather, sharp of feature, and with hair become prematurely quite silver white. At a first glance he seemed to have the air of an imperative, eager, aggressive person; but that impression was modified when by any accident you met his eyes, which were nervous, shrinking, and uncertain. Walking in the street, he rarely saw any one; perhaps he was too preoccupied with public affairs; perhaps he was sensitively afriad of not being able to recognize half-remembered faces. When sitting alone, slight noises made him start.

This was what the man with the thin red face and the silver white hair was reading:

"By his amendment of last night, which, as every one anticipated, was defeated by an overwhelming majority, the member for Slagpool has once more called attention to the unique position which he occupies in contemporary politics. Consistent only in his hopeless inconsistency, and only to be reckoned on for the wholly unexpected, one wonders for what particular purpose the electors of Slagpool ever thought of sending Mr. Winterbourne to Parliament, unless, indeed, it were to make sure that their town should be sufficiently often heard of in the councils of the nation. A politician who is at once a furious Jingo in foreign affairs and an ultra-revolutionary at home; an upholder of the divine rights and liberties of the multitude, who at the same time would, if he could, force them to close every public-house in the country, alike on Sunday and Saturday; a virulent opponent of Vivisection, who nevertheless champions the Game Laws, and who is doubtful about the Abolition of Capital Punishment, probably because he would like to reserve to himself the right of hanging poachers: it may be conceded that such a member of Parliament, if he is not to be counted on by any party, or by any section or subsection of any party—if, indeed, he is ordinarily a good deal more dangerous to his allies than to his enemies—may at least do some service to his constituents by continually reminding the country of their existence, while ministering on the same occasions to his own inordinate vanity. For it is to this—it is to an inordinate vanity, spurred on by an irritable and capricious temper—that we must look for the cause of those spasmodic championships and petulant antagonisms, those erratic appearances and disappearances, those sudden alliances and incomprehensible desertions, which have made of the member for Slagpool the very whirligig and teetotum of modern English politics."

When he had got thus far he stopped.

"It sounds like the writing of a young man," he was thinking. "But perhaps it is true. Perhaps that is what I am like. The public press is a mirror. I wonder if that is how I appear to Yolande!"

He heard a footstep outside, and immediately thrust away the newspaper from him, face downward. The next moment the door of the room was opened, and the frame-work of the door became the frame-work of a living picture, Mr. Winterbourne's face lightened up with pleasure.

The picture framed by the doorway was that of a young girl of eighteen, singularly tall and strikingly fair, who stood there hesitating, timid, half laughing.

"Look," she said. "Is it your idea?"

"*Is it your idea!*" he repeated, peevishly. "Yolande, you are getting worse and worse instead of better. Why don't you say, 'Is this what you meant?'"

"Is this what you meant?" she said, promptly, and with a slight foreign accent.

His eyes could not dwell on her for two seconds together and be vexed.

"Come to the mirror, child, and put on your hat, and let me see the whole thing properly."

She did as she was bid, stepping over to the fire-place, and standing before the old-fashioned mirror as she adjusted the wide-brimmed Rubens hat over the ruddy gold of her hair. For this was an experiment in costume, and it had some suggestion of novelty. The plain gown was of a uniform cream white, of some rough towel-like substance that seemed to cling naturally to the tall and gracefull figure; and it was touched here and there with black velvet, and the tight sleeves had black velvet cuffs; while the white Rubens hat had also a band of black velvet round the bold sweep of the brim.—For the rest, she wore no ornaments but a thick silver necklace round her throat, and a plain silver belt round her waist, the belt being a broad zone of solid metal, untouched by any graver.

But any one who had seen this young English girl standing there, her arms uplifted, her hands busy with her hat, would not have wasted much attention on the details of her costume. Her face was interesting, even at an age when gentleness and sweetness are about the only characteristics that one expects to meet with. And although no mere catalogue of her features—the calm clear brow; the wide-apart gray-blue eyes; the aquiline nose; the unusually short upper lip and beautifully rounded chin; her soft and wavy hair glistening in its ruddy gold; and her complexion, that was in reality excessively fair, only that an abundance of freckles, as well as the natural rose-color of youth in her cheeks, spoke of her not being much afraid of the sun and of the country air—although no mere enumeration of these things is at all likely to explain the unnamable grace that attracted people to her, yet there was at least one expression of her face that could be accounted for. That unusually short upper lip, that has been noted above, gave a slight pensive droop to the mouth whenever her features were in repose; so that when she suddenly looked up, with her wide, wondering, timid, and yet trustful eyes, there was something pathetic and wistful there. It was an expression absolutely without intention; it was inexplicable, and also winning; it seemed to convey a sort of involuntary unconscious appeal for gentleness and friendship, but beyond that it had no significance whatsoever. It had nothing to do with any sorrow, suffered or foreshadowed. So far the girl's existence had been passed among the roses and lilies of life; the only serious grievance she had ever known was the winter coldness of the floors in the so-called chateau in Brittany where she had been educated. And now she was emancipated from the discipline of the Chateau Cold Floors, as she had named the place; and the world was fair around her; and every day was a day of gladness to her from the first "Good-morning" over the breakfast table to the very last of all the last and lingering "Good-nights" that had to be said before she would let her father go down to put in an appearance at the House.

This must be admitted about Yolande Winterbourne, however, that she had two very distinct manners. With her friends and intimates she was playful, careless and not without a touch of humorous wilfulness; but with strangers and especially with strangers abroad, she could assume in the most astonishing fashion the extreme coldness and courtesy of an English miss. Remember, she was tall, fair, and English-looking; that, when all the pretty, timid trustfulness and merriment were out of them, her eyes were wide apart and clear and contemplative; and further, that the good dames of the Chateau Cold Floors had instructed her as to how she should behave when she went travelling with her father, which happened pretty often. At the *table d'hote* with her father present, she was as light-hearted, as talkative, as pleasant as any one could wish. In the music-room after dinner, or on the deck of a steamer, or anywhere, with her father by accident absent, she was the English miss out and out, and no aside conversations were possible. "So proud, so reserved, so English," thought many an impressionable young foreigner who had been charmed with the bright, variable, vivacious face as it had regarded him across the white table cover and the flowers. Yolande's face could become very calm, even austere on occasion.

"Is it what you meant?" she repeated, turning to him from the mirror. Her face was bright enough now.

"Oh yes," said he, rather reluctantly. "I—I thought it would suit you. But you see, Yolande—you see—it is very pretty—but for London—to drive in the Park—in London—wouldn't it be a little conspicuous?"

Her eyes were filled with astonishment; his rather wandered away nervously to the table.

"But, papa, I don't understand you! Everywhere else you are always wishing me to wear the brightest and lightest of colors. I may wear what I please—and that is only to please you, that is what I care about only—anywhere else: if *we* are going for a walk along the Lung' Arno, or if we go for a drive in the Prater, yes, and at Oatlands Park, too, I can not please you with enough bright colors; but here in London the once or twice of my visits—"

"Do speak English, Yolande," said he, sharply. "Don't hurry so."

"The once or twice I am in London, oh no! Everything is too conspicuous Is it the smoke, papa? And this time I was so anxious to please you!—all your own ideas; not mine at all. But what do I care?" She tossed the Rubens hat on to the couch that was near. "Come! What is there about a dress? It will do for some other place, not so dark and smoky as London. Come—sit down, papa—you do not wish to go away to the House yet! You have not finished about Godfrey of Bouillon."

"I am not going to read any more Gibbon to you to-night, Yolande," said he; but he sat down, all the same, in the easy-chair, and she placed herself on the hearth-rug before him, so that the soft ruddy gold of her hair touched his knees. It was a pretty head to stroke.

"Oh, do you think I am so anxious about Gibbon, then!" she said, lightly, as she settled herself into a comfortable position. "No. Not at all. I do not want any more Gibbon. I want you, And you said this morning there would be nothing but stupidity in the House to-night."

"Well, now, Miss Inveigler, just listen to this," said he, laying hold of her by both her small ears. "Don't you think it prudent of me to show up as often as I can in the House—especially when there is a chance of a division—so that my good friends in Slagpool mayn't begin to grumble about my being away so frequently? And why am I away? Why do I neglect my duties? Who do I let the British Empire glide on to its doom? Why, but that I may take a wretched school-girl—a wretched, small-brained, impertinent, prattling school-girl—for her holidays, and show her things she can't understand, and plough through museums and picture-galleries to fill a mind that is no better than a sieve? Just think of it. The British Empire going headlong to the mischief all for the sake of an empty-headed school-girl!"

"Do you know, papa, I am very glad to hear that," she said, quietly.

"Glad, are you?"

"Yes," said she, nestling closer to him; "for now I think my dream will soon be coming true."

"Your dream?"

"My dream—the ambition of my life," said she seriously. "It is all I wish for and hope for. Nothing else—nothing else in the world."

"Bless us all!" said he, with a touch of irony. "What wonderful ambition is this?"

"It is to make myself indispensable to you," she said, simply,

He took his hands from her ears and put them on her hair, for there were some bits of curls and semi-ringlets about her neck that wanted smoothing.

"You are not indispensable, then?" said he.

"Listen now, papa; it is your turn," she said. "Surely it is a shame that you have wasted so much time on me, through so many years, always coming to see me and take me away, perhaps not a week between, and I am glad enough, for it was always expectation and expectation, and my things always ready, and you, poor papa, wasting all your time, and always on the route, and that such a long way to Rennes. Even at Oatlands Park the same—up and down, up and down, by rail, and then long beautiful days that were very good to me, but were stupid to you, when you were thinking of the House all the time. Very well, now, papa; I have more sense now; I have been thinking; I want to be indispensable to you; I want to be in London with you always; and you shall never have to run away idling, either to the Continent or to Oatlands Park; and you shall never have to think that I am wearying for you, when I am always with you in London. That is it now: that I wish to be your private secretary."

Her demand once made; she turned up her face to him; he averted his eyes.

"No, no, Yolande," he said, hastily, and even nervously. "London won't do for you; it—it wouldn't do at all. Don't think of it even."

"Papa," said she, "what other member of Parliament, with so much business as you have, is without a private secretary? Why should you answer all those letters yourself? For me, I will learn politics very quickly; I am studying hard; at the chateau I translated all your speeches into Italian for exercises. And just to think that you have never allowed me to hear you speak in the House! When I come to London—yes, for five minutes or half an hour at a time—the ladies whom I see will not believe that I have never once been in the—the what is it called?—for the ladies to listen in the House? No, they can not believe it. They know all the speakers; they have heard all the great men; they spend the whole of the evening there, and have many come to see them—all in politics. Well, you see, papa, what a burden it would be taking off your hands. You would not always have to come home and dine with me, and waste so much of the evening in reading to me—no, I should be at the House, listening to you, and understanding everything. Then all the day here, busy with your letters. Oh, I assure you I would make prettier compliments to your constituents that you could think of; I would make all the people of Slagpool who write to you think you were the very best member they could choose. And then—then I should be indispensable to you."

"You are indispensable to me, Yolande. You are my life. What else do I care for?" he said, hurriedly.

"You will pardon me, papa, if I say it is foolish. Oh to think now! One's life is more important than that, when you have the country to guard."

"They seem to think there," said he, with a sardonic smile, and he glanced at the newspaper, "that the country would be better off without me."

It was too late to recall this unfortunate speech. He had thrust aside the newspaper as she entered, dreading that by accident she might see the article, and be wounded by it; but now there was no help for it; the moment he had spoken she reached over and took up the journal, and found her father's name staring her in the face.

"Is it true, Yolande?" said he, with a laugh. "Is that what I am like?"

As she read, Yolande tried at first to be grandly indifferent—even contemptuous. Was it for her, who wished to be of assistance to her father in public affairs, to mind what was said about him in a leading article? And then, in spite of herself, tears slowly rose and filled the soft gray-blue eyes, though she kept her head down, vainly trying to hide them. And then mortification at her weakness made her angry, and she crushed up the paper twice and thrice, and hurled it into the fire; nay, she seized hold of the poker, and thrust and drove the offending journal into the very heart of the coals. And then she rose, proud and indignant, but with her eyes a little wet, and with a toss of her pretty head, she said:

"It is enough time to waste over such folly. Perhaps the poor man has to support a family; but he need not write such stupidity as that. Now, papa, what shall I play for you?"

She was going to the piano. But he had risen also.

"No, no, Yolande. I must be off to the House. There is just a chance of a division; and perhaps I may be able to get in a few words somewhere, just to show the Slagpool people that I am not careering about the Continent with my school-girl. No, no; I will see you safe in your own room, Yolande; and your lamp lit, and everything snug: then—good-night."

"Already?" she said, with a great disappointment in her face. "Already?"

"Child, child, the affairs of this mighty empire—"

"What do I care about the empire!" she said.

He stood and regarded her calmly.

"You are a nice sort of person to wish to be private secretary to a member of Parliament!"

"Oh, but if you will only sit down for five minutes, papa," she said piteously, "I could explain such a lot to you—"

"Oh yes, I know. I know very well. About the temper madame was in when the curls fell out of her box."

"Papa, it is you who make me frivolous. I wish to be serious—"

"I am going, Yolande."

She interposed:

"No. Not until you say, 'I love you.'"

"I love you."

"'And I forgive you.'"

"And I forgive you."

"Everything?"

"Everything."

"And I may go out to-morrow morning, as early as ever I like, to buy some flowers for the breakfast table?"

But this was hard to grant.

I don't like your going out by yourself, Yolande," said he rather hesitatingly. "You can order flowers. You can ring and tell the waiter—"

"The waiter!" she exclaimed. "What am I of use for, then, if it is a waiter who will choose flowers for your breakfast table, papa? It is not far to Covent Garden."

"Take Jane with you, then."

"Oh yes."

So that was settled; and he went upstairs with her to see that her little silver reading-lamp was properly lit; and then he bade her the real last good-night. When he returned to the sitting room for his hat and coat, there was a pleased and contented look on his face.

"Poor Yolande!" he was thinking; "she is more shut up here than in the country; but she will soon have the liberty of Oatlands Park again."

He had just put on his coat and hat, and was giving a last look round the room to see if there was anything he ought to take with him, when there was a loud, sharp crash at the window. A hundred splinters of glass fell on to the floor; a stone rolled over and over to the fire-place. He seemed bewildered only for a second; and perhaps it was the startling sound that had made his face grow suddenly of a deadly pallor; the next second—noiselessly and quickly—he had stolen from the room, and was hurriedly descending the stair to the hall of the hotel.

(To be continued.)

General Business.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made at the next session of the Legislature of New Brunswick for an Act to Incorporate the CHATHAM SKATING RINK COMPANY.

GEO. WATT,
Secretary to the Company.

Chatham, N. B., Jan. 8th '83.

NORTHWEST BOOM.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be introduced at the next Meeting of the Provincial Legislature to continue and amend the Acts incorporating the Northwest Boom Company.

LATHE FOR SALE.

A power Lathe with back motion in good order.

J. B. SNOWBALL.

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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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BILLIARD TABLES

We are agents for the Brunswick & Balke Co's., celebrated Billiard Tables and Billiard Furnishings generally, Cloths, Balls, Cues, Cue Tips, Chalk, Cement Green Court Plaster, &c. These tables are all fitted with the wonderful "Monarch" Cushion, the very finest, most Elastic and truest Cushion ever made.

Persons about purchasing Billiard Tables for home or public use, should write us for prices. Pool and Bagatell Balls turned and colored. Every thing in the Billiard line supplied on short notice.

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Kendall's Spavin Cure.

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 Callous, Bone Spavins, Ring-bones, Splints, and can cheerful y 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 ankle sprain 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.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

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.

Send address for illustrated circular which, we think, gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

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.

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ATTENTION!

MYER MOSS has just opened a new stock of Goods suitable for

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MYER MOSS.

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COLORED VELVETEENS, in Myrtle, Garnet and Seal

LADIES' MERINO UNDER VESTS, all sizes.
MUFFS, SEAL and PLUSH CAPS,
BLACK and COLORED SILK VELVETS,
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3 Dozen WOOD BEDSTEADS, Double and Single
½ " IRON BEDSTEADS,
2 " CANE and WOOD SEAT CHAIRS, including the NEW PERFORATED SEATS and BACKS,
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BEDROOM SUITS.

Also a fine lot of BUFFALO ROBES, LININGS and TRIMMINGS.

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150 Half Chests Tea.
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150 Boxes Soap,
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CHOICE BRANDS OF
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Gentlemen's and Youths' Garments are also made to order from materials furnished by themselves.

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W. KERR.

Chatham, Sept. 27th, 1882. 4h25

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JUSTICES of the Peace will be supplied with copies of the

DOMINION STATUTES

for 1882 on application at this office.

SAMUEL THOMSON,
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Office of the Clerk of the Peace,
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TRADE MARK. THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a premature grave.

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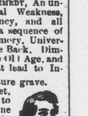

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Regular Coaches to trains leaving and arriving at CHATHAM RAILWAY STATION.

Office and Stables - - - - Water Street, Chatham.

LANCASHIRE
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JOHN ELLIS, Esq., has accepted the Agency of the Lancashire Insurance Company for Chatham and Newcastle, N. B.

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General Agent, Lancashire Insurance Co.,
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Barrister-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
BATHURST, N. B.

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Water Street, - - Chatham, N. B.

WARREN C. WINSLOW,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE:—Pugsley's Building, Prince William St.,
*5t24 ST. JOHN,

DesBrisay & DesBrisay,
BARRISTERS,
Attorneys Notaries, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES:
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Notice to Mill Owners

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

The above is in use in several Mills on the Rivar, and perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries and
Provisions, Hardware,
Hats, Caps,
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Customers will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles, it is impossible here to enumerate and all sold at moderate prices.

X'mas 1882 New Year 1883
LONDON HOUSE
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THE SUBSCRIBER will sell off the balance of his Stock of FANCY GOODS at greatly reduced prices during

THE HOLIDAYS.
ALSO ON HAND

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

IN STORE:
FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL,
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SOAP, ONIONS, TOBACCO,
Lowest WHOLESALE and RETAIL Prices; also
20 TUBS GOOD BUTTER.

R. HOCKEN

Chatham, N. B. Dec. 13, '82

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.

Manuf's., Builders, etc.

TO BUILDERS.

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.
with despatch.

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

PLANS DESIGNS
—AND—
SPECIFICATIONS
furnished on application.

PRICES REASONABLE!

GEORGE CASSADY, Architect
Chatham, N. B.

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.

KELLY and MURPHY

Manufacturers of

SINGLE & DOUBLE SLEIGHS & PUNGS,
SIDE BARS—OPEN & TOP,
OPEN PHAETONS,
TOP BUGGIES,
TOP PHAETONS,
SULKIES

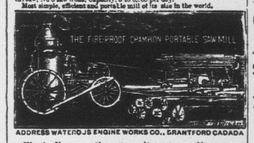
Old Carriages bought and sold and exchanged for new.

FACTORY—Main Street, Portland, St. John, N. B.

CHAMPION PORTABLE SAW MILLS.

George Rook writes, St. Anns, Ontario, June 17, 1879, remedies his 16 horse power Champion Portable:—"Last week, on Monday morning three men of us commenced to raise my mill to move it. We force logs, moved three miles, set it up and cut 3,000 feet of lumber that day with it. Not quite five men, &c. In one week we moved and set it up six miles road, and sawed to only thousand feet. I am write full particulars. We sawed six hundred feet in twenty-five minutes—inch board feet." Engine and Boiler on wheels, complete, $350 per day. 16 H. P. same on wheels, Capacity 4 to 5 thousand feet, $450. P. taking 12 in. saw, No 2 saw crama, Capacity, 6 to 8 thousand etc.

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 mills utes. The mill gives me entire satisfaction.

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

Address for full particulars,
W. H. OLIVE, Agent, St. John, N. B. or
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EACH PLUG OF THE

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NONE OTHER GENUINE

Manchester, Robertson, & Allison,

IMPORTERS OF

DRY GOODS,
AND
MILLINERY
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

SHIRTS OF ALL KINDS.

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BEST
REFINED IRON.

Lowmoor, Swede, Londonderry and English
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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 } Refined Iron.
2,566 Bdls.
265 " Hoop Iron.

I. & F. BURPEE & CO.
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FOR SALE.

50,000 BRICKS.
50,000 Face and Common Bricks.
AT THE
MIRAMICHI BRICK YARD.
HARVEY PLETT,
NELSON, N. B.

Nelson, Sept. 15, 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,
Cunard St. Chatham.

DR. SMITH'S GERMAN WORM REMEDY has been used by thousands of persons, who universally endorse our claim or it as a pleasant, safe, reliable and prompt remedy for the removal of stomach and seat or pin worms from child or adult. It is easy to take; never fails; absolutely harmless, and requires no after-physic. PREPARED BY THE
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