PRUDENCE.

Continued.

Miss Armory, in declaring that Jonas Fielding was her "Old Man of the Sea," gave rather exaggerated expression to the estimate she had, half-consciously, made of the man's power. Something about him, awkward and reserved as he seemed, impressed her as worth considering, and in inducting Prudence into the ways of the "æsthetes," she felt as if she, in some fashion, owed him an apology. But Miss Armory's mind was, as she knew herself, morbidly analytical. She was given to talking out her opinions and dissecting and elaborating them for her own amusement, in a way that perhaps even Mrs. Boyce would not understand; she was perpetually commenting to herself on the motive of the most commonplace actions; she declared herself without a creed, yet she was haunted by a sense that a conscience was one of the grandest things appertaining to human nature and that it needed some unseen awful guidance. In the fine high-bred face of the girl one read this critical, self-reproachful faculty; it was in the curve of her lips, the glance of her dark eyes. She had an almost passionate sense of justice, and was perpetually telling herself that her whole life was an imposition upon her better self; yet nothing in the world pleased her so well as the close association with the world of poetry, pictures, and color in its varied forms which was called "æsthetic London." Introducing Prudence Marlitt into this visionary region afforded Helena the keenest delight, but as the evening of Mrs Boyce's *conversazione* approached, she declared she felt it was not altogether merciful.

"I am not rendering unto Jonas the things that are Jonas's," she said to Mrs. Boyce, in an an indolent moment when they were taking tea together in Helena's dressing-room.

"I wouldn't be wicked and strike my breast together," said Alice Boyce.

"Oh yes you would, if you were me," said Helena. "Don't you know I always do, and I take a grim pleasure in my power of dissecting my own wickedness. I wonder what I am the result of—some intense Puritanism, and modern American infidelity—and it's so horrible to feel one's self so real!"

Mrs. Boyce, for all her æstheticism, had calm, old-fashioned views on religion.

"If you were a Roman Catholic, you'd be a Trappist," she said, laughing.

"I know I should. Sometimes I think I will be—after I've finished being an 'æsthete.'"

As for Prudence herself, she appeared to have no doubt at all about the fitness of her appearance at Mrs. Boyce's *conversazione* in the shining satin, short-waisted and short-sleeved, with her hair coiled high in those careless waves which we see in old pictures, wondering at the craft of our grandmothers' handmaidens. She came early, as Mrs. Crane was at Lady Fanny's and "received" with her two friends. She was a little startled by the exquisite beauty of the rooms, for so far she had only seen the house in Cornwall Gardens in dusky moments and dull weather. Mrs. Boyce's house is not too large a one to have pretty rooms, yet there is given an idea of space: doors give way to portieres, width is cherished, corners are not overcrowded. The drawing-room is full of comfort as well as beauty. There are tranquil places in it, with deep window-seats, soft carpets, the repose of some good picture or dainty bit of blue. No one is ever wearied in that drawing-room; the colors seem to have gathered there of themselves, a slow procession, as it were—tributes to the harmonies of the house; and whatever of art or decoration there is, is of the best. Prudence seemed thoroughly to fit her surroundings, and Miss Armory, whose spirits rose as the rooms filled and æstheticism was heavy on the air, forgot to cry "Peccavi." The girl was utterly lovely in her dainty gown. She had a rich cluster of yellow roses in her belt, soft frills of yellowish lace in her neck and sleeves, and long white Swedish gloves. The effect was perfect, and Miss Armory, when the first hour of receiving was over, sat down in the embrasure of a window, amused and interested by the sensation the girl was creating. Prudence had her circle of admirers very soon, but she sat and talked very gayly, betraying no special interest in any peculiar features of the scene. The names of certain famous people, painters and scholars and musicians, had awakened a keen though momentary interest in her; but Miss Armory could not decide whether the picturesqueness appealed to anything responsive in her, or whether it only amused her—whether she "believed" in the cut of her own lovely gown, or whether she thought she had "dressed up." It was hard, indeed, to tell just what effect this concentrated London would produce on her concentrated Americanism.

While Miss Armory was puzzling over the subtleties this involved, Prudence glanced at her with a dimpling smile, and Helena observed Barley Simmonson approaching them. As this young man has something especial to do with my story, I am afraid I must say a few words regarding him. He was a young man born and bred to such expectations that it would be cruel to criticise his indolence and various peculiarities. At thirty he had tired of the usual occupations of noble youth, and turned for amusement and occupation, to art and poetry, doing most in the former: painting all the pretty women of society in water-colors with a sort of air which people were pleased to call charming. "A Barley Simmonson" was already talked about, and Kensington and Bond Street shop windows displayed his "heads," while Lord Bairham spoke of "my nephew—the artist, you know—Simmonson." Mr. Simmonson was regarded as an authority where Intensity and Soul were concerned, and his countenancing a thing made it acceptable, though some people, like Miss Armory, were inclined to say he needed a check. "If I were to let Barley Simmonson crawl about the rug of my sitting-room," this young lady once said, in calm opposition to laudatory remarks upon his ease of manner, "I should be as much ashamed of myself as I was of him. It's all very well to have temperament, but Mr. Simmonson need not lie down on the floor when he reads poetry to me." It was this young man who, with a certain melancholy grace, approached Prudence, and, as it were, seemed prepared to pose his lurid Intensity against her fresh, unaffected, unthinking nature.

V.

Prudence was delighted to see a young man whom she had met before.

"Oh, *how* do you do, Mr. Simmonson?" she said, and held out her long, wrinkled glove prettily. Mr. Simmonson took the girl's fingers, holding them a moment as though he were imprisoning something precious.

"I hope Miss Marlett is well," he said, smiling.

Prudence nodded.

"Oh, *very*," she added, drawing a little quick breath of satisfaction. "But then, I am *always* well." She laughed, dimpling and coloring like a June rose. She looked utterly lovely, and Mr. Simmonson was not too much engrossed by the thought surging, or, as he would have said, 'pulsating,' within him, to observe it.

"Health is certainly a blessing," he said, sinking into a chair near Prudence and Miss Armony. "I never go into my own country—Somerset—without envying the peasant his vigor—envying that is in a subjective way." Prudence's alert brightness was a little clouded, but she listened intently. "I like to see the peasant at his work. I like to imagine how he feels, walking, up a brown hill—the furze in feathery outline, the sky streaked with red and grey lines—"

"But does he care for the sky?" said Prudence, gayly. Mr. Simmonson looked at her with a pensive smile.

"But I like him better with these surroundings," he said, gently insistent. "It is *then* his vigor appeals to me: given the picturesqueness of a Somerset heath, a windy day, and that plodding, upward-toiling figure excites my strongest pulsations—then his vigor is not repulsive."

"Repulsive!" echoed little Prue. She smiled, but looked troubled. "I didn't suppose *vigor* had anything *repulsive* in it."

"Abstractly, of course," assented Barley. "Yet muscle can be repulsive. Who can be *soulful* and an athlete?—The *mind* never succeeds unless the body suffers."

"Is that so?" said Prudence, as though Mr. Simmonson were pronouncing a medical opinion. "Yet I have a particular friend—Jonas Fielding, you know, Miss Armory—and if his lungs were *only* stronger, he'd be a real success as a preacher, every one says. He *looks* well enough, but he's had pneumonia two winters. He used to be a Methodist, but he's changed his views; he's a Congregationalist now—at least, a *sort* of Congregationalist. I don't think he accepts quite all they do. At one time he was very near being a Unitarian; but anyway he's a real believer, and oh! it's *such* a pity his lungs are weak! He was smarter than any one in my brother's class at Andover or Yale."

Prudence's sweet eyes had real light in them, but the effect of her gentle-rapid utterances was to set Mr. Simmon, son dreamily communing with himself. The figure of Jonas Fielding, quondam Methodist, full of genuine meaning and real life, as opposed to his visionary peasant toiling upward against a red-streaked sky, made the conversation uninteresting. He sat still a moment, leaning one arm on the back of his chair, his eyes absently resting on Prudence, whose outlines seemed gradually to impress him anew.

"The flesh comes wonderfully with that satin," he said, earnestly.

Prudence gave a little start.

"I wish you would sit for me, Miss Marlitt. Mr. Simmonson's eyes were mere lines between their fair lashes as he looked at the girl. "The drawing about the chin too is wonderfully fine." He waved a significant thumb. "Could't you get Mrs. Boyce and Miss Armory to come with you to my studio? I would give much for some impression of you as you look to-night."

What might have been Prudence' answer it is impossible to say. By this time Miss Armory was engaged in conversation with two or three people on the other side of her, but she heard Mr. Simmonson's request. As she flushed an amused, inquisitive glance around at Prudence, she beheld Mrs. Crane approaching. Mrs. Crane was expensively dressed in a black silk about which there were a great many frills and fringes, and a suggestion of Sunday church-going as well as tea-parties. Her hair was done up in a myriad of finger puffs. She wore some very good Valenciennes lace in her neck and sleeves. As she crossed the room she dispensed brilliant glances right and left. She was evidently in the very height of good spirits. By the time she shook hands with Miss Armory she was positively laughing.

"Well, she said, standing before Prudence; and after a brief glance at her niece, she swept the room again with her gold eyeglass; then she brought her amused glance back to Prudence, whose charming gown she studied critically. "Isn't it ridiculous!" she said, very good-humoredly—"*ridiculous!*"

Miss Armory offered no defense of her pet opinions, and Prudence only looked at her aunt with a sweet beseeching eagerness. She wanted that absorbed lady to participate in her pleasure in the evening. Mrs. Crane's eyes had scanned Mr. Simmonson for a few seconds before Prue whispered to Helena, "Do introduce this funny gentleman to Aunt Rebecca," and Miss Armory had taken what seemed to her a most interesting suggestion. Mr. Simmonson had already risen, and was standing beside his chair when Miss Armory made the introduction. Helena was much entertained by observing the two together, exchanging greetings. If one wanted a study of types, it was assuredly to be found here. The American lady intensely, eagerly alert, as conscious of herself and her "cause" as Barley Simmonson was of a "temperament" and a "soul"; each embodied something so peculiarly belonging to their period that the meeting might have been recorded as a picture of the time, a suggestion of thought, fancy, or feeling in a human form. But as actual fact there was only a common-place hand-shaking—a few words, while Mrs. Crane dangled her eyeglass, and Barley Simmonson looked out from the heavy locks of light hair which fell upon his brow. In a moment his glance returned to the "flesh effects" above Prudence's shining gown.

"I've just been asking Miss Marlitt to sit for me, Mrs. Crane," he said, softly; I want to paint her head."

Mrs. Crane was again sweeping the room through her glass.

"Yes?" she said. She smiled abstractedly, and seemed to nod an assent, In a moment she passed her smile on to Miss Armory. "Browning was at Lady Frances Holbrook's to-night," she said; "I was *so* glad to meet him!"

By th s time Mr. Simmonson had begun a low-toned conversation with Miss Marlitt. Helena proposed to Mrs. Crane to make the tour of the rooms, and in so doing the latter's brilliant gaze fell upon Dr. Huxfell. She was speedily engrossed in a talk with him, and Helena wandered on, making a few introductions here and there, stopping for light piquant remarks to one or another of the people, who were all ready enough to talk to Mrs. Boyce's charming sister. By this time the music was fairly under progress, and it had come Prudence's turn to sing. Two young ladies had given an abrupt little German duet, beginning on a shrill high note, and ending in about half a moment with a cry of despair. The usual "Ohs" and "Ahs" were uttered; one lady, not far from Prudence, convulsively caught her companion by the arm, sinking her head in her shoulders, and allowing tears to course unchecked down her cheeks. Herglebe, standing near Miss Armory, glanced at her in a sort of horror. When Prudence Marlitt stood up to sing, he expected nothing better; but I think he will always remember the impression she created, the picture she made. She stood by the piano, a shining figure against the darkly polished floor, the sombre tints of the room. Her head was daintily poised; the roses in her belt hung in a rich cluster; above her shone a mild radiance of candle-light, which seemed to vibrate in the dusky places, making even her rich beauty more fair.

Had the girl, in reality, all that unuttered, unutterable longing within her? She sang as though something in her heart was breaking. It was a little Finnish ballad almost unknown in London. There was not despair—only simple, untutored feeling in it, and Prudence could interpret primitive meanings. She attempted no elaborate expression. Her lips parted in pure, delicious sound, and the sweet nature of the girl was in every note.

While Prudence was singing, Helena became conscious of a new presence just beside her, and looked up to see Jonas Fielding's tall figure, a shadow in the doorway. He smiled upon Miss Armory, who was conscious of a sudden desire to watch him; but he turned his gaze almost at once, and with eager intentness, upon Prudence.

The faintest shadow of surprise, that might have deepened into pain, crossed the man's face. He had pictured Prudence in so many ways. There seemed in his mind a precedent for anything she might do or say, or even seem to be; but never before had he thought of her fashioned thus, or in such surroundings. It was scarcely so much a revelation to him as it was a curious phase of life newly presented to him, with Prudence—*his* Prudence—for a centre-piece. A strange look gathered in his eye. He was trying to accustom himself to what jarred upon his earlier remembrances—that made association painful—what tinged his simple faith with a distrust of which he felt afraid. He stood quite still while she sang, now and then beating time on his chin with one hand; but the music meant little to him. Almost before she had finished, he bent down and half whispered to Miss Armory:

"Did you ever hear Prudence sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee?"

A quiet smile flickered into his eyes—a look of one who, in the midst of many sounds, recalls the tenderness of some vibrating long ago.

Helena returned his confidential glance.

"No," she whispered back; "but she must sing it some day for me. It is a great favorite of mine."

"Yes," he said, and made a gesture which, rather scornfully, included the whole company, "of course it wouldn't do here."

Helena nodded, and swept away her white draperies that Fielding might take a place beside her. He looked pleasantly at her, and was rather struck by her very delicate good looks. Miss Armory's type was distinctively American, yet she might have belonged to the French court a century ago. She had the clearly cut features, expressive mouth, and dark eyes which we are accustomed to associate with beauties of the eighteenth century. Her hair was richly brown. There was a grace even in the thin curves of her face—certainly nothing meagre in her outlines, and the delicacy seemed only of type, for her coloring was a clear, healthful white. What was lacking in regular beauty she certainly made up for in brilliancy and expression. Her mouth was rather wide, but her smile was perfect, and her voice had a pure, clear tone, which, though it had never acquired the undulations of the English voice, was pronounced charming by the most Saxon of her friends.

Fielding sat down by Miss Armory, but after his first gratifying glance at her profile, he let his thoughts drift away. By this time Prudence's song was ended, and people were roused to very audible enthusiasm. The girl had a little court about her. Fielding looked at her with a strained sort of expression, pleased and yet perplexed. Of what period in their lives was he thinking? Helena, looking at him half-furtively, fancied she could read his thoughts. She knew just what he and Prudence might have been in Ponkamak. She could see the cheerful parlor in which the girl might have read with him or sung for him, its homely attractions, the fancy-work, the stiff sofas, the piano and melodeon, the good engravings, and the well-lined book-shelves. She could see them in such a room, lamp-lit and cutrained cozily, against the cruelty of an Eastern winter; the girl, beautiful, sweet-tempered, and charming; the man, merging his Methodistical fervor into broader planes, something in his mind or nature, as it wrestled with spiritual problems, needing the warmth and beauty of her companionship. As years drifted on, thought Helena, he may have come to know that this girl was all his world, that she fulfilled all his unspoken longings. He analyzed nothing, for he accepted everything; and now, now he sat there only demonstrating by that strange look in his eyes, the slow beating of the sinewy fingers on his chin, that he feared he should lose her utterly in a chaos of hateful sound and color and movement, for which his life in its most unfettered moments offered no precedent.

Prudence, from among her admirers, drifted toward Miss Armony, flushed and pleased. She laughed, a little nervously, as she saw Jonas.

"Well, Prue," he said, in his kind voice.

She nodded her head, smiling, and drawing one or two long breaths of pleasure.

"I was frightened when I began," she said to him. Did I show it?"

"No dear; it was beautiful."

These were almost the only words they exchanged that evening. Prudence was sought for on all sides, and Jonas Fielding withdrew into the inner library, a sort of sanctum of Mr. Boyce's where the newest as well as the oldest in literature was to be found. The young man had occopied some time in examining the backs of the books, when Miss Armory discovered him alone, but with no dejection in his manner.

"You must let me introduce you to some one," she said, pleasantly.

"Thank you," Fielding said, simply, But Miss Armory stood irresolute a moment, a graceful figure leaning against the dark book shelves, and moving a big white fan slowly

"What kind of people do you like?" she said, looking at him good-humoredly.

Fielding smiled.

"Have you all kinds?" he said; and glanced through the portiers to the crowded rooms beyond, where everything was light and movement and sound. Even as he did so he came back, with a grateful sense of repose, to Miss Armory's charming figure and delicate face.

"Almost all kinds," she said, laughing; but let me make a choice for you. I wonder if I shall do it well?"

She looked at Jonas with almost tender inquiry in her eyes. There is no mode of flattering man or woman so sure as that which insinuates a knowledge of personal opinions or feelings, but Miss Armory had not the vagnest idea of being personal in what she looked or said. If she had any motive it was a half formed one, prompted by that sense of treason toward Jonas Fielding which had lurked in her mind since the day at Burnet's with Prudence. There was also an undefined longing to understand the motive of the man's life and thought, and to see if she underrated it. But Jonas Fielding saw only kindness and courtesy and a certain something that was pleasing in the girl's soft glance.

"I shall introduce you to Lady Ericson," she said, mentioning a famous traveller's wife; "I know you and she will like each other," and so saying she led the way from Mr. Boyce's room. But just beyond the curtains she stopped with another brilliant glance at Fielding. "I want you to come and see me especially," she said. "I am always at home between eleven and one in the morning; now don't forget it"

Jonas assured her he would not, and before she made the promised introduction she removed one more burden from her conscience. "I want also to have you know Barley Simmonson, the artist," she said. Prudence Marlitt has agreed to sit to him." To this Jonas said nothing, but he gave Miss Armory a searching look.

To be Continued.

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OUR Stock of Spring and Summer DRY GOODS is now complete, we have THOUSANDS OF ARTICLES in HABERDASHERY, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, SMALLWARES, etc., on which

SHOPKEEPERS AND TRADERS CAN MAKE MONEY.

We hold everything to be found in any first-class City Warehouse.

PURCHASED FOR PROMPT CASH!!

We are showing HUNDREDS of patterns in Prints, Dressess, Oatmeal Cloths and other rich fabrics for Summer wear, beautiful, soft and brilliant, in every shade colour and tint. HIGH QUALITY AND LOW PRICES.

☞ WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. ☜

SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN.

MAY 17th, 1882.

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.

HARDWARE. HARDWARE.

$15,000.

GOING WEST.

I AM now selling the largest, best assorted and most complete stock of HARDWARE ever imported to the North Shore, at a shade on the cost to clear out stock—I have gone all through my stock and carefully marked every article down to bottom prices—all parties giving me a call will find my prices what I have represented them to be, no second price now—strictly for cash—(reliable persons may get credit for a short time, but will be charged former prices.)

Iron, all sizes.
Cast and Blister Steel.
Tyre and Shoe Steel.
Spring Steel.
Chain, 3-16 to ¾. Chain Traces.
Horse Shoes.
" Nails, best finished 12½c.
Wrought and Cut Spikes.
Wrought and Cut Nails.
Finish Nails and Brads.
Clout Nails.
Tacks, all kinds, Copper Zinc, &c.
Bake, Sauce and Fry Pans, Pots.
Brumtrams and other best London Lead.
White Lead, $1 75 per keg.
Paint, all colors, Dry and in Oil.
Graining Colours and Stains.
Paint Brushes in great variety.
All kinds Brushes.
Best English Boiled and Raw Oil.
Turpentine, Varnishes all kinds.
Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead and Shot.
Guns, Revolvers in great variety. $8.50.
Cartridges, Powder and Caps.
1000 lbs. Sheet Zinc.
Paris and London Whiting, very low in quantities of 50 to 100 lbs.
Hames and Traces very low.
Whips in great variety.
Machine Bolts.
Carriage Bolts, Nuts and Washers.
Mortise and Rim Door Locks 23c each.
Locks every description.
Knobs " " "
Glass and Putty.
Hinges, all kinds.
Door Rollers and Hangers.
Wove Wire.
Window Cornice, very choice.
Cornice Rings and Pins.
Hat and Coat Hooks, Brass and Iron.
Board Rules.
Rules, all kinds.
The largest, cheapest and best assorted Table Knives and Forks yet offered at 80c. doz. and upwards.
Pocket Knives in great variety.
Codfish Splitting Knives.
Counter Scales and Weights.
Weigh Beams and Steelyards.
My stock of Joiners' Tools is very large and of the very best quality, well worthy of inspection.
Spring Balances.
Copper and Iron Rivets, all kinds.
Lanterns, 50c.
Saws, all kinds, very low.
Sofa Springs, 35c. doz.
Spirit Levels $1.00 upwards.
Axes, Hatchets, all kinds.
Augers and Auger Bits, all kinds.
Machine Oil.
Carriage Mats 50c
Weavers' Reeds.
Cotton and Wool Cards.
Door, Hand and Dinner Bells.
Bird Cages.
Butcher Knives, Oyster Knives.
Wade and Butcher's celebrated Razors.
Choice lot plated Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.
Carpenters' Clamps, Masons' Trowels.
Steam Packing.
Machinist's Hammers in great variety.
Hand Hammers and Sledges.
Adze, Ship Carpenter's and Joiner's &c.
Calking Irons.
Files, all kinds.
Clothes Wringers.
Trays and Waiters.
Violins and Bows.
Wrenches, Shipscrapers and Picks.
Pincers, Nippers and Pryers
Tinman's Snips.
Ratchet Drill Braces.
Ratchet Braces.
Ives' Expansive Bits.
Molasses and Oil Gates.
Brass Taps.
Stocks and Dies.
Grindstone Fixtures.

FANCY GOODS.

500 Gro. Wood Screws.
Wheel Heads.
Stair Rods and Eyes.
Piano Stool Screws.
Red and White Chalk.
Coffin Mountings less than cost.
Carriage Castings.
Oakum, Tar, Pitch, Rosin.
Alum, Saltpetre, Vitriol, Borax.
Dry and Tarred Paper.
Fire-proof Metalic Paint.
Sand Riddles.
Pumps, Plough Socks.
Cow Bells.

FARMING TOOLS.

Hay and Manure Forks and Rakes.
Scythes, American Clipper, Griffin and Canadian.
Scythe Snaths, Spades, Hoes, Shovels, &c., &c.

The above is only a portion of the goods I have on hand—they are too numerous to mention—I would call special attention to my stock of Joiners' Tools, and Builders materials—my stock will compare with any first class Hardware Store in the Dominion for variety and quality.

I will also sell my HOUSE—on reasonable terms—this IS ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE RESIDENCES IN CHATHAM, situated on King Street, 124 feet front, by 135 to the rear—BARN 19x38, LAWN, GARDEN and SUMMER HOUSE, all in good repair—I will also LET on the first of May, 1883, my STORE for one or more years.

J. R. GOGGIN,

Hardware Merchant, - - - - - - - Chatham, N. B.

LANCASHIRE

Insurance Co.

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

J. McGREGOR GRANT,
General Agent, Lancashire Insurance Co.,
St. John, N. B.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

An Agency of this Bank has been opened in the

Dundee Building Winnipeg,

EMIGRANTS to the North-West can obtain at any agency of this Bank DRAFTS upon WINNIPEG, EMERSON and BRANDON.

F. R. MORRISON. AGENT.

Chatham, 1882. s. t 17.

CARDING.

THE Subscriber's Carding Mill at Derby is now in full operation and prepared to do carding with despatch.

Wool left at the mill; also with Duncan Davidson, Esq., in Chatham, at the store formerly occupied by A. D. Shirreff, Esq., Mrs. Stothart, near the ferry, Moorfield, or M. M. Sargent, Newcastle will be taken charge of, promptly forwarded to the mill and returned to the owner within one week.

RICHARD WILSON.

8r2

ICE CREAM.

ICE CREAM made from a triple motion Beater, very excellent; also,

GOOD FRUIT CAKE,

plain ditto, TARTS, PIES and BREAD; also,

TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

Next to Ullock's Stable. T. H. FOUNTAIN.

Manuf's., Builders, etc.

CHAMPION PORTABLE SAW MILLS.

George Rock writes, St. Anne, Ontario, June 17 1879, regarding his 16-horse power Champion Sawmill: "*Last week, on Monday morning three men of us commenced to tear up mill to move it. We tore up, moved three miles, set it up and on Tuesday at three o'clock moved a log with it. Not quite two days. In one week we moved and set it up, cut enough wood, and sawed twenty thousand feet.*" Capacity of this mill, 20 to 30 thousand per day. We manufacture Portable and Stationary Engines, 2 to 40 H. P. Circular Saws, 44 in. saw, Capacity 3 to 4,000 per day, 16 H. P. using 40 in. saw, Capacity, 4 to 5,000 per day. 32 H. P. using 54 in. saw, No 3 saw frame, Capacity, 6 to 8,000 per day.

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

ADDRESS WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD CANADA.

W. A. Vernon Garret writes from Hifracomes Miskoka, Dec. 15th, '79. The 16 H. P Mill runs well. The other day we cut 1,030 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.

Address for full particulars,
W. H. OLIVE, Agent, St. John, N. B. or
Waterous Engine Works Co.
Brantford, Canada

REMINGTON FIRE ARMS

Received Two Gold Medals at the Paris Exposition 1878.

THE BEST SCORE ON RECORD

MADE WITH A

REMINGTON GREEDMOOR RIFLE,

—AT—

Columbia Range, Washington, D. C Oct. 1st, 1878, by Mr. Partello.

SCORE.

75 at..... 800 yards
74 at..... 900