YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "Princess Thule," "Madcap of Tasna," "Three Feathers," "Kilmeny," etc.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A MEETING.

But next morning the mother was ill—nay, as Yolande in her first alarm imagined, seriously ill. She could hardly speak; her hands and forehead were hot and feverish; she would take nothing in the shape of breakfast; she only turned away her head languidly. Yolande was far too frightened to stay to consult her mother's nervous fancies or dislikes; a doctor was sent for instantly—the same doctor, in fact, who had been called in before. And when this portly, rubicund, placid person arrived, his mere presence in the room seemed to introduce a measure of calm into the atmosphere; and that was well. He made the usual examination, asked a few questions, and gave some general and sufficiently sensible directions as to how the patient should be tended. And then he said he would write out a prescription; for this practitioner, in common with most of his kind, had retained that simple and serene faith in the efficacy of drugs which has survived centuries of conflicting theories, contradictions in fact, and scientific doubt; and which is perhaps more beneficial than otherwise to the human race, so long as the quantities prescribed are so small as to do no positive harm. It was accorded this time that he chose to experiment with.

However, when he followed Yolande into the other room, in order to get writing materials, and when he sat down and began to talk to her, it was clear that he understood the nature of the case well enough; and he plainly intimated to her that when a severe chill like this had caught the system and promised to produce a high state of fever, the result depended mainly on the power of the constitution to repel the attack and fight its way back to health.

"Now I suppose I may speak frankly to you, Miss Winterbourne!" said he.

"Oh yes, why not?" said Yolande, who was far too anxious to care about formalities.

"You must remember, then, that though you have only seen me once before, I have seen you twice. The first time you were insensible. Now," said he, fixing his eyes on her, "on that occasion I was told a little, but I guessed more. It was to frighten your mother out of the habit that you took your first dose of that potent medicine. May I assume that?"

"Well, yes," said Yolande, with downcast eyes, though indeed there was nothing to be ashamed of.

"Now I want you to tell me honestly whether you believe that warning had effect."

"Indeed I am sure of it," said Yolande, looking up, and speaking with decision.

"You think that since then she has not had recourse to any of those opiates?"

"I am positively certain of it," Yolande said to him.

"I suppose being deprived of them cost the poor lady a struggle?" he asked.

"Yes, once or twice; but that was some time ago. Latterly she was growing ever so much more bright and cheerful, but still she was weak, and I was hesitating about risking the long journey to the south of France. Yes, it is I that am to blame. Why did I not go sooner? Why did I not go sooner?" she repeated, with tears coming into her eyes.

"Indeed you can not blame yourself, Miss Winterbourne," the doctor said. "I have no doubt you acted for the best. The imprudence you tell me of might have happened anywhere. If you keep the room warm and equable, your mother will do as well here as in the south of France—until it is safe for you to remove her."

"But how soon, doctor?—how soon? Oh, when I get the chance again I will not wait."

"But you must wait—and you must be patient and careful. It will not do to hurry matters. Your mother is not strong. The fight may be a long one. Now, Miss Winterbourne, you will send and get this prescription made up; and I will call again in the afternoon."

Yolande went back to her mother's room, and sent away Jane; she herself would be nurse. On tiptoe she went about, doing what she thought would add to her mother's comfort; noiselessly tending the fire that had been lit, arranging a shutter so that less light should come in, and so forth, and so forth. But the confidence inspired by the presence of the doctor was gone now; a terrible anxiety had succeeded; and when at last she sat down in the silent room, and felt that she could do nothing more, a sense of helplessness, of loneliness, entirely overcame her, and she was ready to despair. Why had she not gone away sooner, before this terrible thing happened? Why had she delayed? They might now have been walking happily together along some sunny promenade in the South—instead of this—this hushed and darkened room; and the poor invalid, whom she had tended so carefully, and who seemed to be emerging into a new life altogether, thus thrown back and rendered once more helpless. Why had she gone out on that fatal morning? Why had she left her mother alone? If she had been in the room there would have been no venturing into the snow, whatever dreams and fancies were calling. If she had but taken courage and set out for the South a week sooner—a day sooner—this would not have happened; and it seemed so hard that when she had almost secured the emancipation of her mother—when the undertaking on which she had entered with so much of fear and wonder and hope was near to being crowned with success—the work should be undone by so trifling an accident. She was like to despair.

But patience, patience, she said to herself. She had been warned, before she had left Scotland, that it was no light matter that lay before her. If she was thrown back into prison, as it were, at this moment, the door would be opened some day. And indeed it was not of her own liberty she was thinking—it was the freedom of light and life and cheerfulness that she had hoped to secure for this stricken and hapless creature whom fortune had not over-well treated.

Her mother stirred, and instantly she went to the bedside.

"What does the doctor say, Yolande?" she asked, apparently with some difficulty.

"Only what every one sees," she said, with such cheerfulness as was possible. "You have caught a bad cold, and you are feverish; but you must do everything that we want you to do, and you will fight it off in time."

"What kind of day is it outside?" she managed to ask again.

"It is fine, but cold. There has been some more snow in the night."

"If you wish to go out, go out, Yolande. Don't mind me."

"But I am going to mind you, mother, and nobody else. Here I am, here I say, till you are well again. You shall have no other nurse."

"You will make yourself ill, Yolande. You must go out."

She was evidently speaking with great difficulty.

"Hush, mother, hush," the girl said; "I am going to stay with you. You should not talk any more—it pains you, does it not?"

"A little." And then she turned away her head again. "If I don't speak to you, Yolande, don't think it is unkind of me. I—I am not very well, I think."

And so the room was given over to silence again, and the girl to anxious thoughts as to the future. She had resolved not to write to her father until she should know more definitely. She would not unnecessarily alarm him. At first, in her sudden alarm, she had thought of summoning him at once; but now she had determined to wait until the doctor had seen her mother again. If this were only a bad cold, and should show symptoms of disappearing, then she could send him a reassuring message. At present she was far too upset, and anxious, and disturbed, to carefully weigh her expressions.

About noon Jane stole silently into the room, and handed her a letter, and withdrew again. Yolande was startled when she glanced at the handwriting, and hastily opened the envelope. The letter came from Inverness, and was dated the morning of the previous day: that was all she noted carefully—the rest seemed to swim into her consciousness all at once, she ran her eye over the successive lines so rapidly, and with such a breathless agitation.

"My dear Yolande" (Jack Melville wrote),—"I shall reach Worthing just about the same time as this letter. I am coming to ask you for a single word. Archie Leslie has told me—quite casually, in a letter about other things—that you are no longer engaged to him; and I have dared to indulge in some vague hope—well, it is for you to tell me to put them aside forever, or to let them remain, and see what the future has in store. That is all. I don't wish to interfere with your duties of the moment—how should I?—but I cannot rest until I ascertain from yourself whether or no I may look forward to some distant time, and hope. I am coming on the chance of your not having left Worthing. Perhaps you may not have left; and I beg of your kindness to let me see you, for ever so short a time."

She quickly and quietly went to the door and opened it. Her face was very pale.

"Jane?"

The maid was standing at the window, looking out; she immediately turned and came to her mistress.

"You remember Mr. Melville, who used to come to the lodge?"

"Oh yes, miss."

"He will be in Worthing to-day—he will call here—perhaps soon—" She paused for a second in this breathless, despairing way of talking, as if not knowing what to say.

"He will ask to see me—well—you will tell him I cannot see him. My mother is ill. Tell him I am sorry—but I cannot see him."

"Oh yes, miss," said the girl, wondering at her young mistress's agitation.

Then Yolande quietly slipped into the room again, glancing at her mother, to see whether her absence had been noticed; and her hand was clutching the letter, and her heart beating violently. It was too terrible that he should arrive at such a moment—amid this alarm and anxiety. She could not bear the thought of meeting him. Already she experienced a sort of relief that she was in the sick-room again: that was her place; there her duties lay. And so she sat in the still and darkened room, listening with a sort of dread for the ring at the bell below, and then picturing to herself his going away, and then thinking of the years to come, and perhaps his meeting her; and she grew to fancy (while some tears were stealing down her cheeks) that very likely he would not know her again when he saw her, for she knew that already her face was more worn than it used to be, and the expression of the eyes changed. When she did hear the ring at the bell her heart leaped as if she had been shot; but she breathed more freely when the door was shut again. She could imagine him walking along the pavement. Would he think her unkind? Perhaps he would understand. At all events, it was better that he was gone; it was a relief to her; and she went stealthily to the bedside to see whether her mother was asleep; and now all her anxiety was that the doctor should make his appearance soon, and give her some words of cheer, so that she should have no need to write to her father.

Thus was what happened when Melville came to the door. To begin with, he was not at all sure that he should find Yolande there, for he had heard from Mrs. Bell that she and her mother were leaving England. But when Jane, in response so his ringing of the bell, opened the door, then he knew that they were not gone.

"Miss Winterbourne is still here, then?" he said, quickly, and indeed with some appearance of anxiety in the pale, handsome face.

"Yes, sir."

He paused for a second.

"Will you be good enough to ask her if I can see her for a moment?" he said at length. "She knows that I meant to call on her."

"Please, sir, Miss Winterbourne told me to say that she was very sorry, but that she can not see you."

He seemed as one stupefied for a moment.

"Her mother is ill, sir," said Jane.

"Oh," he said, a new light breaking in on him, for indeed that first blunt refusal, as uttered by the maid, was bewildering.

"Not very ill, is she?"

"Well, sir," said Jane, in the same stolid fashion, "I think she is very ill, sir, but I would not say so to my young mistress, sir."

"Of course not—of course not," he said, absently; and then he suddenly asked, "Has Miss Winterbourne sent for her father?"

"I think not, sir. I think she is waiting to hear what the doctor says."

"Who is the doctor?"

She gave him both the name and address.

"Thank you," said he. "I will not trouble Miss Winterbourne with any message." And with that he left."

But he sent her a message—some half-hour thereafter. It was merely this:

"Dear Yolande,—I am deeply grieved to have intruded upon you at such a time. Forgive me. I hope to hear better news; but do not you trouble; I have made arrangements so that I shall know. J. M.

And Yolande put that note with the other—for in truth she had carefully preserved every scrap of writing that he had ever sent her, and it was with a wistful kind of satisfaction that at least he had gone away her friend. It was something—nay, it was enough. If all that she wished for in the world could get so near to completion as this, then she would ask for nothing more.

The doctor did not arrive till nearly three o'clock, and she awaited his verdict with an anxiety amounting to distress. But he would say nothing definite. The fever had increased, certainly; but that was to be expected. She reported to him—as minutely as her agitation allowed—how his directions had been carried out in the interval, and he approved. Then he begged her not to be unduly alarmed, for this fever was the common attendant on the catching of a sudden chill; and with similar vague words of re-assurance, he left.

But the moment he had gone she sat down and wrote to her father. Fortunately Mr. Winterbourne happened at the moment to be in London, for he had come up to make inquiries about some railway project that his constituents wished him to oppose next session, and he was at the hotel in Arlington Street that Yolande knew.

"Dear Papa" (she said),—"We did not leave yesterday, as I said we should, for the weather was so severe I was afraid to take the risk. And now another thing has occurred: my dear mother has caught a very bad cold, and is feverish with it, so that I have called in the doctor. I hope it will soon go away, and we will be able to make the voyage that was contemplated. Alas! it is a misfortune that there was any delay. Now, dear papa, you said that you were anxious to be of service to us; and if your business in town is over, could you spare a few days to come and stay at a hotel in Worthing, merely that I may know you are there, which will re-assure me, for I am nervous and anxious, and probably imagining danger when there is none. As for your coming here—no, that is not to be thought of; it would agitate my dear mother beyond expression, and now more than ever we have to secure for her repose and quiet. Will it inconvenience you to come for a few days to a hotel? Your loving daughter,

"Yolande Winterbourne."

Mr. Winterbourne came down next morning—rather guessing that the matter was more serious than the girl had represented—and went straight to the house. He sent for Jane, and got it arranged that while she took Yolande's place in the sick-room for a few minutes Yolande should come down-stairs and see him in the ground-floor parlor, which was unoccupied. It is to be remembered that he had not seen his daughter since she left the Highlands.

When Yolande came into the room his eyes lighted up with gladness; but the next minute they were dimmed with tears, and the hands that took hers were trembling, and he could hardly speak.

"Child, child," said he, in a second or so, "how you are changed! You are not well, Yolande. Have you been ill?"

"Oh no, papa, I am perfectly well."

The strange seriousness of her face!—where was the light-hearted child whose laugh used to be like a ray of sunlight? She led him to the window, and she spoke in a low voice, so that no sound should carry.

"Papa, I want you to call on the doctor, and get his real opinion. It tortures me to think that he may be concealing something; I sit and imagine it; sometimes I think that he has not told me all the truth. I want to know the truth, papa. Will you ask him?"

"Yes, yes, child, I will do whatever you want," said he, still holding her hand, and regarding her with all the old affection and admiration. "Ah, your face is changed a little, Yolande, but not much, not much—oh no, not much; but your voice hasn't changed a bit. I have been wondering this many a day when I should hear you talking to me again."

"Never mind about me, papa," said she, quickly. "I will give you the doctor's address. Which hotel are you staying at?"

He told her as she was writing the doctor's address for him on a card; and then, with a hurried kiss, she was away again to the sick-room, and sending Jane down to open the door for him.

As Yolande had desired, he went and saw the doctor, who spoke more plainly to him than he had done to the girl of the possible danger of such an attack, but also said that nothing could be definitely predicted as yet. It was a question of the strength of the constitution. Mr. Winterbourne told him frankly who he was, what his position was, and the whole sad story; and the doctor perfectly agreed with Yolande that it was most unadvisable to risk the agitation likely to be produced if the poor woman were to be confronted with her husband. Any messages he might wish to send (in the event of her becoming worse) could be taken to her; they might give her some mental rest and solace; but for the present the knowledge of his being in Worthing was to be kept from her. And to this Mr. Winterbourne agreed, though he would fain have seen a little more of Yolande. Many a time—indeed, every day—he walked up and down the promenade, despite the coldness of the weather, and always with the hope that he might catch some glint of her at the window, should she come for a moment to look at the outer world and the wide sea. Once or twice he did so catch sight of her, and the day was brighter after that. It was like a lover.

As the days passed, the fever seemed to abate somewhat, but an alarming prostration supervened. At length the doctor said, on one occasion when Mr. Winterbourne had called on him for news:

"I think, Mr. Winterbourne, if you have no objection, I should like to have a consultation on this case. I am afraid there is some complication."

"I hope you will have the best skill that London can afford," said Mr. Winterbourne, anxiously; for although the doctor rather avoided looking him in the face, the sound of this phrase was ominous.

"Shall I ask Sir —— to come down?" he said, naming one of the most famous London physicians.

"By all means! And, whatever you do, don't alarm my daughter!—try to keep her mind at rest—say it is a technical point—say anything—but don't frighten her."

"I will do my best," the doctor promised; and he added, "I will say this for the young lady, that she has shown a devotion and a fortitude that I have never seen equalled in any sick-room, and I have been in practice now for two-and-thirty years."

But all the skill in London or anywhere else could not have saved this poor victim from the fatal consequences of a few moment's thoughtlessness. The wasted and enfeebled constitution had succumbed. But her brain remained clear; and as long as she could hold Yolande's hand, or even see the girl walking about the room or seated in a chair, she was content.

"I don't mind dying now," she said, or rather whispered, on one occasion, "I have seen you and known you; you have been with me for a while. It was like an angel that you came to me; it was an angel who sent you to me. I am ready to go now."

"Mother, you must not talk like that!" the girl exclaimed. "Why, the nonsense of it! How long, then, do you expect me to be kept waiting for you before we can start for Bordighera together?"

"We shall never be at Bordighera together," the mother said, absently—"never! never! But you may be, Yolande, and I hope you will be happy there, and always; for you deserve to be. Ah yes, you will be happy—surely it cannot be otherwise—you so beautiful, and so noble-hearted."

And at last Yolande grew to fear the worst. One evening she had sent for her father; and she went down-stairs and found him in the sitting-room.

"Yolande, you are as white as a ghost."

"Papa," she said, "I want you to come upstairs with me. I have told my mother you were coming. She will see you; she is grateful to you for the kind messages I have taken to her. I—I have not asked the doctors, but—I wish you to come with me. Do not speak to her—it is only to see you that she wants."

He followed her up the stairs; but he entered first into the room, and he went over to the bed-side and took his wife's hand, without a word. The memories of a lifetime were before him as he regarded the emaciated cheek and the strangely large and brilliant eyes; but all the bitterness was over and gone now.

"George," said she, "I wished to make sure you had forgiven me, and to say good-by. You have been mother as well as father to Yolande—she loves you—. You—you will take care of her."

She closed her eyes, as if the effort to speak had overcome her; but he still held his wife's hand in his; and perhaps he was thinking of what had been, and of what—far otherwise—might have been. *To be Continued.*

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It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Wilherington & 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 force that a large space has for years been taken up by Kendall's advertisements—especially of a certain Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for many years, and we know of some large business houses in cities near by who have also dealt with him for many years, and the truth is fully and faithfully proven, not only that he is a good honest man, and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only all that it is recommended to be, but that the English language is not capable of recommending it too highly.

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Kendall's Spavin Cure.

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

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I am very respectfully yours,
Orcan F. Hutchinson.

P. O. Lock Box, 2262, 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.

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

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co.,—Gentlemen—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.

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

Furniture
DEPARTMENT.

RECEIVED THIS WEEK:
New Carpets, Curtain Poles, Floor Oil Cloth, Bedsteads, Whatnots, Tables, Folding Cribs, Matresses,
making my Furniture and House Furnishing Departments Complete.

B. FAIREY,
nr. 29 Newcastle, N. B

E. KIDERLEN'S
Genuine
HOLLAND GIN.

The excellence of character and exceptional purity of this GIN has been recognized at the recent INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM, where

E. Kiderlen was awarded the only Gold Medal offered to Distillers of Gin.

This recognition of a superior quality of Kiderlen's Gin is particularly weighty, sweeping and satisfactory in face of the fact that at the Amsterdam Exhibition all the leading Gin houses were in competition.

Orders solicited from the Trade.

T. WILLIAM BELL & Co.,
331 Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.
DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.

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

Agency for Butterick Patterns.

CALL AND ASK FOR
ANYTHING IN ABOVE LINES
AND BE SURE OF GETTING IT.

W. B. HOWARD.
Chatham, Aug. 16.

JOHN McDONALD,
UNDERTAKER.
CASKETS & COFFINS
of all kinds and prices kept in Stock.
Metallic and Patent Coffins,
furnished when required.
Badges for Pall Bearers, Clergymen and Physicians, Furnished.
Burial Robes also Supplied.
Prompt attention to all Orders day or night.

Law.

Johnson & Murray
BARRISTERS-AT-LAW,
Notaries' Public, Insurance Agents, etc., etc., etc.
CHATHAM, N. B.
A. H. JOHNSON. ROBT. MURRAY.

D. G. MACLAUCHLAN,
Barrister-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
BATHURST, N. B.

DesBrisay & DesBrisay,
BARRISTERS,
Attorneys Notaries, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES:
St. Patrick Street, - - - Bathurst, N. B.
Theophilus DesBrisay, Q. C.
T. Swayne DesBrisay

E. P. Williston,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,
Office—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store; Entrance Side Door.
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

R. B. ADAMS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY-PUBLIC, &c.
Office up stairs, Noonan's Building,
Water Street, Chatham.

WM. A. PARK,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq
CASTLE STREET,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

E. A. STRANG

Offers for sale to Consumers and the Trade
CHOICE BRANDS OF
FLOUR AND MEAL,
LABRADOR & SHORE HERRINGS,
BEEF AND PORK,
LARGE TABLE CODFISH,
MERCHANTABLE DO.
SUGAR AND MOLASSES.

We are also constantly receiving supplies of POULTRY, GAME, Etc., and keep on hand a full line of
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
E. A. STRANG, - - Cunnard Street, Chatham.

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 Meynes,
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.

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.

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

IRON, OAKUM,
BOILER PLATES.
SLED SHOE STEEL,
Sheet Zinc,
Sheet Iron.

RECEIVED THIS MONTH,—EX. BARQUE "PARAMATTA," and S.S. "HIBERNIAN" and "CASPIAN,"—17,768 Bars Refined and Spike IRON, 580 Bundles Plating and Hoops, various sizes and gauges; 210 Bundles Navy and Manil. Picked Oakum; 510 Bundles Nos. 26, 28, 30, 32, and 36. 210 Sheets, Nos. 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18, SHEET IRON; 3 Cases GALVANIZED SHEET IRON.

250 BOILER PLATES, Best B. B., B. B. B., and Lowmoor;
Boiler Tubes and Rivets;
471 Bdls. Sled Shoe Steel;
47 Bdls. Toe Calk Steel;
27 Bdls. and 15 Bars Round Machine Steel—5-16 to 3-in.

To Arrive, per "Phoenix," from Antwerp:
15 Casks SHEET ZINC Nos. 6 to 10.

I. & F. Burpee & Co.
St. John.

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 ... to their advantage.

TEA.

250 Half Chests Tea, direct importation now landing.
GEO. S. DeFOREST,
St. John N. B., 1 Nov. '83. 13 South Wharf

LANDING,
80 Barrels Mess PORK,
200 Tubs Best LARD,
25 Cases Do. in Tins,
10 Barrels, } New CURRANTS,
15 Cases }
20 Barrels Dried APPLES,
2000 Bags SALT.

Geo. S. DeForest.
13 South Wharf, St. John
St. John, N. B., 1 Nov. 1883.

RESTAURANT.

OYSTERS by the PINT, QUART or GALLON
OYSTERS served at short notice in all the Ordinary styles.
Also: Hot Coffee, Bread, Tarts, Pies, Fruit Cake, plain, fine quality.
T. H. FOUNTAIN.
Chatham

WILLIAM RAE,
Upper Water Street, Chatham, N. B.,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Italian, Sutherland Falls and Rutland Marbles.
MANUFACTURER OF
Grave Stones and Monumental Monumentals, in Foreign or Native Stone.
A good selection on hand

SAMPLE ROOMS.
For Commercial Men

THE demand for Sample Rooms to accommodate the commercial travellers being so great, and the supply being inequate, causing the travellers in some instances to remain three or four days awaiting their turn, has induced the subscriber to build two Sample Rooms, well lighted, aired and warm. Commercial men can depend on obtaining them when they require, being situated in the central part of the business community, namely, corner Main and Wesley Streets, they will be found to be far more suitable, comfortable and convenient. Should a horse and sleigh be required it will be furnished without additional expense. Rooms secured either by letter or telegram.
HENRY O. MARR,
Main Street Moncton, N B

FOR SALE.

The Property near the fish breeding Establishment on the South side of the North West River in the Parish of South Esk lately occupied by J. G. Peabody, consisting of one hundred acres.
Apply to
R. HUTCH...
Doughstown, Nov. 2 '83.

Farm for Sale.

The Subscriber will sell the farm owned and occupied by him, situated on the west side of Bal River in the Parish of Nelson, containing 100 acres, 40 acres of which are cleared and well fenced with new Cedar Rails, produced this past season 12 Tons Hay, &c. Good Dwelling House and Barn on the premises.
Possession given this fall if required.
ROBERT A. WILLISTON
Oct. 23rd, 1883.

OPINIONS AND REVIEWS—Extract from ... Tribune: It turns ... & Vinegar Pure ...