YOLANDE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "Green Pasture," "Madcap of Tara," "White Wings," "Shadows," etc.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLVI.

A GIFT.

It is quite impossible to describe the gladness and gratitude with which Yolande read the letter from the Master of Lynn, which not only gave her her freedom, but said good-by in such a friendly fashion. For once a ray of sunlight fell on a life which of late had not been of the brightest.

"Yolande, what is the matter? You have had good news this morning!" said the mother, coming into the room, and noticing the radiant face of the girl.

"Yes, indeed, mother—the best I have had for many a day," said she, and she led her mother to the window, and put her in the easy-chair, and patted her shoulder affectionately. "The best news I have had for many a day."

"What is it? May I ask?"

For an instant Yolande hesitated; then she laughed, and put the letter in her pocket.

"No; it would be too long to explain. But shortly I will tell you what it is, mother—why, only that one of the friends I know in the Highlands has been generous and kind to me. It is new,—unexpected."

"Ah, you ought to be with them Yolande; not here, throwing away your time on me."

"Ridiculous! ridiculous!" said she in her French way, and then with a light step and a bright face she went off to get writing materials.

"Dear Archie" (she wrote) "It is so good of you. I do not deserve it. You have made me very happy; and I hope you also will soon be reconciled at home, and everything go well. It is a great pleasure you offer me that we should all continue friends, and I hope it will be so; I know it will be on my side; and one may be in Inverness any day, perhaps!—then I should be glad to see you again, and also Jim will be and Colonel Graham. [illegible] mother, a long time, if at all [illegible], does not though she is [illegible] naturally I get strong as I [illegible] hope for always. remain with [illegible] see? But if once How could [illegible] enough to travel, then she was [illegible] see one's friends, in one [illegible] or elsewhere; and in the [illegible] it is consolation to know that [illegible] remain your friends, and think of [illegible] occasionally. Dear Archie, you are really too kind to me, and flattering also; but you can not expect a woman to fight very hard against that, so I am glad you will have a generous opinion of me as it possible, even if it is exaggerated, and perhaps not quite true. I remember you speaking of your school-fellow very well—is he the most favorable companion for a yachting voyage? I suppose you are going south, for now the days are becoming cold, and we are thinking of going away to the south also. How strange it would be if my mother and I were to be seated on one the terraces at Monte Carlo, and you were to come sailing into the harbor below us! You must tell me the name of the yacht: and when we are at Nice or Cannes, or such places, I will look in the newspapers for the list and perhaps hear of you.

"This is all I can write to you at the moment, but you must believe me that it does not cost me to write anything like what I feel. You will excuse me—perhaps you will understand. But I will not forget your kindness.

"Your grateful YOLANDE.

"P. S.—I will do as you wish about not stating any reasons, though I am afraid that is only another part of your consideration and generosity in disguise."

She went to get her hat and cloak.

"Tuk-tet, mon gas,
Et ne-vip pas,
Tous vs fe mal au pies,"

she was humming to herself, most inappropriately, as she put them on. And then she went back to her mother.

"Will you get ready, mother? I have a letter to post. And I want to see if they can get me as much more of that fur as will make a hood for a travelling cloak—ah, you have no idea how comfortable it is if the weather is cold, and you are on a long railway journey."

"Why you spoil me, Yolande—you make a petted child of me," the mother protested.

"Come, get on your things," said she not heeding. "And perhaps when we are looking for the fur I might get a winter cloak for Jane. Does he not deserve a little present? She has been very attentive—has she not, do you think?"

"When she has had the chance, Yolande," the mother said, with a smile. "But you do everything yourself, child."

The alteration in the girl's manner after the receipt of that letter was most marked. Gladness dwelt in her eyes, and spoke in her voice. She grew so hopeful, too, about her mother's health, that now, when they went out for a morning stroll among the shops, she would buy this or the other small article likely to be of use to them in travelling. That was partly why she presented Jane with that winter cloak; Jane was to be their sole attendant. And now all her talk was about orange groves and palms, and marble terraces shaded from the sun, and the summer-blue waters of the south.

But there was one person who certainly did not regard the breaking off of this engagement with equanimity. Immediately on receiving the brief note sent from the Station Hotel at Inverness, Mrs. Graham, astonished and indignant and angry, posted over straightway to Lynn, and told her tale, and demanded explanations. Well, they had no explanations to offer. If it were true, Lord Lynn said indifferently, it was a very good thing; but he did not choose to bother his head about it. Then pretty Mrs. Graham had a few words verging on warmth, with her Aunt Colquhoun; but she quickly saw that would not mend matters. Thereupon she thought she would appeal to Yolande herself; and she did so—dating the letter from Lynn Towers.

"My dear Yolande" (she said),—"Is it true? Or has Archie been making a fool of us? Of course he is off without a word of explanation, and I cannot imagine it possible that his and your engagement should have been so suddenly broken off, and without any apparent cause. Forgive me for interfering, dearest Yolande; I know it is no concern of mine, except in so far as this goes, that Archie is my brother, and I have a right to know whether he acted as he should have done, and as becomes the honor of our family. I have a right to know that. At the same time it seems incredible that you and he should have parted—and so suddenly—without any warning; for although there was some disagreement here, as he probably hinted to you, still that could have nothing to do with him and you ultimately, and he distinctly informed me that his position with regard to you was not effected, and would not be effected, by anything happening here. I hope I am not giving you pain in making these inquiries, dear Yolande; but I think I have a right to know that my brother conducted himself honorably; for it was through us, you may remember, that he made your acquaintance, and both Jim and I would consider ourselves in a measure responsible if he has behaved badly. But I daresay it is not so serious as that. I know he is impatient of worry, and probably he has asked you to—well, I don't know what he could fairly ask; and all I can say is that I hope, if matters are as he says, that he has done nothing to cause us reproach. You may well think that we shall both—I mean Jim and I—be exceedingly grieved if it is true, for we both looked forward to having you as our sister and friend, and you may depend on it that if there had been any *temporary* disagreement in one quarter, that would have been more than atoned for in the warmth of the welcome you would have got from us. Pray forgive me, dearest Yolande, for begging a line from you at your earliest convenience; it is not idle curiosity, and I trust your answer will be that Archie's exaggeration only means that for a while he is leaving you to the duties that now occupy you, and that in time everything will be as it was. My best love to you, dearest Yolande, from your affectionate friend,

MARY GRAHAM.

"P. S.—Surely it can *not* be true, or your father would have told me on the day of his leaving Allt-nam-ba? Will you please write to Inverstroy?"

Yolande remembered her promise to the Master of Lynn, and deemed it safest to say as little as possible. So she merely wrote:

"My dear Mary,—I hasten at once to say that your brother's conduct has been always and throughout most honorable, and that in the breaking off of our engagement it has been even more—it has been most manly and generous. Pray have no fears on that head. [illegible] for the reasons, it is scarcely [illegible] while explaining them, when it [illegible] over and gone now. Do you think you need tell me that you would [illegible] indeed me welcome in the Highlands [illegible] I have had experience of [illegible] friend, and per[illegible] I hope still to be [illegible] the Highlands or [illegible]haps some day [illegible] be once more to[illegible] elsewhere, [illegible] mean time please re[illegible]gether. [illegible] most kindly to your hus[illegible] member [illegible] believe me, yours affection[illegible] and [illegible] YOLANDE WINTERBOURNE."

Yolande now seemed to consider that episode in her life as over and done with, and set herself all the more assiduously to the service of her mother, who, poor woman! though she could not fail to see the greater cheerfulness and content of the girl, and probably herself derived some favorable influence from that, still remained in a weak and invalidish condition which prevented their migration to the south. However something now occurred which stopped, once and for all, her recurrent entreaties that Yolande should go away to her own friends and leave her by herself. One day, as she was seated in her accustomed easy-chair, looking at the people and the sea and the ships, she suddenly uttered a slight exclamation, and then quickly rose and withdrew from the window.

"Yolande dear!" she exclaimed, in a voice of terror—"Yolande!"

"I am, mother," the girl answered, looking calmly up from her sewing.

And then she saw that her mother was strangly agitated, and instantly she rose and caught her by the hand.

"What is it, mother?"

"I have seen that man that you know of—Romford."

"Well, what of that?" the girl said quietly.

"But he was looking up at the house Yolande," said she obviously in great alarm. "He must know that we are here. He must have sought us out."

"Very well, and what of that?" said Yolande. And she added, with a gentle touch of scorn: "Does he wish to be asked to have some tea with us? I think we are not at home just now."

"But you don't understand, child—you don't understand," said the mother, with a kind of shiver. "To see him was to recall everything. I was in a dream, and now it looks hideous to me; and the thought of his coming here, and wishing to take me back to that life when I did not care whether each day was to be the last—"

"My dear mother," said Yolande, "is it of much consequence what the gentleman wishes? It is of more consequence what I wish; and that is that you are to remain with me.'

"Oh yes, with you, Yolande, with you!" she exclaimed, and she eagerly caught both hands of the girl and held them tight. "Always with you—always, always! I am not going away from you—I dare not go away. I have asked you to go to your friends, and leave me by myself; but I will not ask it again; I am afraid; if I were alone, he might come and speak to me—and—and persuade me that his wife was the one who best knew how to take care of me. Oh, when I think of it, Yolande, it maddens me!"

"Then you need not think of it, mother dear," said the girl, pressing her to sit down. "Leave Mr. Romford to me. Oh, I will make him content with me, if he chooses to be troublesome. Do not fear."

If he should come to the house, Yolande?"

"The ladies do not receive this afternoon," she answered, promptly, "nor to-morrow afternoon, nor the next day morning, nor any other time, when the gentleman calls whom you will describe to the landlady and her two girls, and also to Jane. As for me, I scarcely saw him—I was too bewildered, and too anxious about you, mother; and then at last, when he did come near to me, *pouf!* away he went on the pavement. And as for him now, I do not care for him *that!*" and she flicked her middle finger from the tip of her thumb.

"But he may speak to us on the street, child!"

"And if we do not wish to be spoken to, is there no protection?" said Yolande, proudly. "Come to the window, mother, and I will show you something!"

"Oh, no, no!" she said, shrinking back.

"Very well, then, I will tell you. Do you not know the good-natured policeman who told us when the harness was wrong at the shaft, and put it right for us? And if we say to him that we do not wish to have any of the gentleman's conversation, is it not enough?"

"I do not think I could go back now," the mother said, absently, as if she were looking over the life, or rather the living death, she had led. "I have seen you. I could not go back and forget you; and be a trouble to you, and to your father. He must be a forgiving man to have let you come to me; and yet not wise. I was content; and those people were kind to me. Why should your life be sacrificed?"

"What a dreadful sacrifice, then!" exclaimed Yolande, with a smile. "Look around—it is a dreadful sacrifice! And when we are at Cannes, and at San Remo, and at Bordighera, it will be even more horrible and dreadful."

"But no, no, I can not go back now," she said. "The sight of that man recalls everything to me. I could do as I pleased; and it was all in a kind of dream. I seemed to be walking through the night always. And indeed I did not like the daytime—I liked to be in my own room alone in the evening, with newspapers and books—and it was a kind of half-sleep with waking pictures—sometimes of you, Yolande—very often of you; but not as you are now—and then they would come and torture me with telling me how badly I was treated in not being allowed to see you—and then—then I did not know what I did. It is terrible to think of."

"Don't think of it, mother, then."

"It is all before me again," the wretched woman said, with a kind of despair. "I see what I have been, and what people have thought of me. How can I raise myself again? It is no use trying. My husband away from me, my friends ashamed to speak of me, my child throwing away her young life to no end—why should I try?"—I should be better away—anywhere—to hide myself, and be no longer an injury and a shame."

"Mother," said Yolande, firmly (for she had had to fight those fits of hopelessness before, and knew the way of them well), "don't talk nonsense. I have undertaken to make you well, and I have very nearly succeeded, and I am not going to have my patient break down on my hands, and people say I am a bad doctor. I wonder what you would have said if I had called in a real doctor, to give you physic and all the rest of it, whereas I get all kinds of nice things for you, and take you out for drives and walks, and never a word of medicine mentioned. And I don't think it is fair, when you are getting on so well, to let yourself drop into a fit of despondency, for that will only make you worse, and give me so much longer trouble before I have you pulled through. For you are not going to shake me off—no, not at all—and the sooner you are well, the sooner we are off to France and Italy, and the longer you are not well, the longer it is you keep me in Worthing—which perhaps you will not find so pleasant when the winter comes. At any rate, if you will get up you will see what it is to be—nothing but snow!—everything white, and then you will say it is time to go, and that is right, but why matter?"

"Well, to be beside you, Yolande," said the mother, stroking the girl's hand, "is what I live for. If it were not for that, I should not care what happened."

Yolande professed to treat this Mr. Romford as a person of little account; but she was in her inmost heart a trifle more disquieted than outwardly she made believe. She shrewdly suspected that he was not the sort of gentleman to be disporting himself at a watering-place merely for amusement; and she made no doubt that, somehow or other, he had found out their address, and had followed them hither in the hope of getting her mother once more under his control. As to that, she had no fear; but, to make sure that he had no monetary or other claim that could warrant his even knocking at the door of the house, she resolved to write at once to Lawrence & Lang. The answer was prompt; she got it by the first post next morning; and it said that as "our Mr. Lang," by a fortunate accident, happened to be at the moment in Brighton, they had telegraphed to him to go along and see her; consequently Miss Winterbourne might expect him to call on her during the course of the day.

This was far from being in accordance with Yolande's wish; but she could not now help it; and so she went to her mother, and said that a gentleman would probably call that day with whom she wanted to have a few minutes' private talk; and would the mother kindly remain in her room for that time?

"Not—not Romford?" said she, in alarm.

"I said a gentleman, mother," Yolande answered.

And then a strange kind of glad light came into the mother's face; and she took her daughter's hands in hers.

"Can it be, then, Yolande? There is one who is dear to you?"

The girl turned very pale for a second or so; but she forced herself to laugh.

"Nonsense, mother. The gentleman is calling on business. It is very inconvenient; but the firm told him to come along from Brighton; and now I can't prevent him."

"I had hoped it was something more," said the mother, gently, as she turned to her book again.

Mr. Lang called about half past twelve.

"I am very sorry you should have taken so much trouble about so small an affair," said Yolande.

"But you must understand, Miss Winterbourne," said the tall white-haired man, with the humorous smile and good-natured eyes, "that our firm are under the strictest injunctions to pay instant heed to the smallest things you ask of us. You have no idea how we have been lectured and admonished. But I grant you this is nothing. The man is a worthless fellow, who is probably disappointed, and he may hang about, but you have nothing to fear from him. Everything has been paid; we have a formal acquittance. I daresay the scoundrel got three times what was really owing to him, but it was not a prodigious sum. Now what do you want me to do? I can't prosecute him for being in Worthing."

"No; but what am *I* to do if he persists in speaking to my mother when we are out walking?"

"Give him in charge. He'll depart quick enough. But I should say you had little to fear in that direction. Unless he has a chance of speaking to your mother alone, he is not likely to attempt it at all."

"And that he shall not have; I can take care of that," said Yolande, with decision.

"You really need not trouble about it. Of course if he found your mother in the hands of a stranger, what happened before might happen now; that is to say, he would go and try to talk her over; would say that she was never so happy as when he and his wife were waiting on her, that they were her real friends, and all that stuff. But I don't think he will tackle you," he added, with a friendly sort of smile.

"He shall not find my mother alone, at any rate," said Yolande.

"I hear everything is going on well?" he ventured to say.

"I hope so—I think so," she answered.

"It was risky—I may say, it was a courageous thing for you to do, but you had warm friends looking on."

She started and looked up, but he proceeded to something else.

"I suppose I may not see Mrs. Winterbourne—or may I?"

"I think not," said Yolande. "It would only alarm her, or at least excite her, and I am keeping all excitement away from her. And if you will excuse me, Mr. Lang, I will not keep her waiting. It is so kind of you to have come along from Brighton."

"I dare not disobey such very strict orders," said he with a smile, as he took up his hat and opened the door.

She did not ring the bell, however, for the maid-servant; she said she would herself see him out, and she followed him down-stairs. In the passage she said:

"I want you to tell me something, Mr. Lang. I want you to tell me who it was explained to you what you were to do for me when I arrived in London, for I think I know."

"Then there can be no harm in telling you, my dear young lady. He called again on us, about a couple of weeks ago, on his way north, and laid us under more stringent orders than ever. Mr. John Melville. Was that your guess?"

"Yes," said Yolande, with her eyes downcast, but in perfectly calm tones. "I thought it was he. I suppose he was quite well when you saw him?"

"Oh, yes, apparently—certainly."

"Good-by, Mr. Lang. It is so kind of you to have taken all this trouble."

"Good-morning," said Mr. Lang, as he opened the door and went his way. And he also had his guess.

To be Continued.

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The best medicine authorities declare that worms in the human system are often induced by eating too freely of uncooked fruit and too much meat, cheese, etc. Whatever may be the cause, Freeman's Worm Powders are speedy and safe to cure; they destroy the worms, and contain their own cathartic to expel them.

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250 Cases, Qts., Pale and Dark,
180 " Pints, " " "
70 " ½ " " " "
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—AND—
JULES BELLERIE
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Geo. Roe & Co. *,
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6 YEAR OLD RYE WHISKEY,

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ASSORTED FRUIT SYRUPS.

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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

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ADAMS, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1882.

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

It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Witherington & Kneeland's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

From the Akron Commercial, Ohio, of Nov. 25th, 1882.

Readers of the *Commercial* can not well forge that a large space has for years been taken up by Kendall's advertisements—especially of a certain Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for many years, and we know of some large business houses in cities near by who have also dealt with him for many years, and the truth is fully and faithfully proven, not only that he is a good honest man, and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only all that it is recommended to be, but that the English Language is not capable of recommending it too highly.

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

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

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

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

I am very respectfully yours,
OSCAR F. HUTCHINSON.

P. O. Lock Box, 2265, 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 it according. 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. GREEN.

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 6 dozen like sample. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers in our county, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he had expected. Cured the sprain in very short order.

Yours respectfully, C. O. THIERAND.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. Send for Illustrated Circular.

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HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD,
will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no Others.
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$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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Cunard St. Chatham

NATIONAL PILLS
SUGAR COATED.
PURELY VEGETABLE.
Highly recommended for Biliousness, Blood-Aches, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Nausea, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Piles or Hemorrhoids, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Or any illness arising from the Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys. They are mild and thorough in their action. From 1 to 2 pills a dose. PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

General Business.

The "Imperial Wringer."
AND
Wash-tub Stand.
Clothes Forks, etc.

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

H. P. MARQUIS,
Cunard Street.

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 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.

NEW GOODS
—AT—
J. B. SNOWBALL'S

Just received by late Steamers from the Manufacturers

New Ulster Cloths

For Gents Ladies and Children:

Boys' Woollen Knickerbocker Hose.

Very Heavy.

A very large stock of

German and Canadian Clouds and promenade Scarfs.

Ladies' Berlin Wool Shawls,
Ladies Berlin Wool Jackets,
Ladies and Children's Wool Scarfs.

Irish Frieze,

For Heavy Overcoats.

Irish and Scotch Tweeds,

Newest Styles.

Moscow Homespun, Costume Cloths,
Wool Serges, French Cashmeres, French Merinoes,
Black Scicillians, Black Grecian Cords,
Colored Cloth Debeges,

100 pairs Best White

ENGLISH BLANKETS,

50 pairs Best Twilled.

Canadian White Blankets

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

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!

Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to perfect health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Bilious Fevers, Chronic Diseases of the Spine and Loins Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 6 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

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,"—17,762 Bars Refined and Spike IRON, 580 Bundles Plating and Hoops, various sizes and gauges; 210 Bundles Navy and Hand-Picked Oakum; 310 Bundles Nos. 20, 23, 25, 26, and 28. 310 Sheets, Nos. 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18, SHEET IRON; 3 Cases GALVANIZED SHEET IRON.

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

To Arrive, per "Phœnix," 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 our Stock complete, comprising many articles, to be impossible here to enumerate and all sold at moderate prices.

TEA.

259 Half Chests Tea direct importation now landing.
GEO. S. DEFOREST.
St. John N.B., 1 Nov. '83

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 Monuments, 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 inadequate, causing the travellers in some instance 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 just what 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 charge. Rooms secured either by letter or telegram.

HENRY G. 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. HUTCHISON.
Douglastown, Nov. 9 '83. 5 7 6

Farm For Sale.

The Subscriber will sell the Farm owned and occupied by him, situated on the west side of Bell River in the Parish of Hardwick, 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. WILLISON

Oct 23rd, 1883.

SPIRITS AND RYE WHISKEY.—Arrived from St. Thomas: 15 barrels Gordon's & Martin's gin, 25 per cent O. P.; 25 barrels Gordon & Martin's finest Rye Whiskey.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON.
St. John.