YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLII.

A LAST INTERVENTION.

It has already been said of Mrs. Graham, as of her brother, that she was not altogether mercenary. She had a certain share of sentiment in her composition. It is true, she had summarily stamped out the Master's boyish fancies with regard to Janet Stewart; but then on the other hand (when the danger to the estates of Lynn was warded off), she could afford to cherish those verses to Shena Van with a sneaking fondness. Nay, more than that, she paid them the compliments of imitation—unknown to her husband and everybody else; and it may be worth while to print this, her sole and only literary effort, if only to show that, just as seamstresses imagine the highest social circles to be the realm of true romance, and like to be told of the woes and joys of high-born ladies, so this pretty Mrs. Graham, being the only daughter of a nobleman, when casting about for a properly sentimental situation, must needs get right down to the bottom of the social ladder, and think it fine to speak of herself as a sailor's lass. One small touch of reality remained—the hero she named Jim. But here are the verses to speak for themselves:—

"I care not a fig for your brag, you girls
And dames of high degree;
Or for all your silks and satins and pearls,
As fine as fine may be;
For I'll be as rich as dukes and earls
When my Jim comes home from sea.

"It's in Portsmouth town that I know a lane,
And a small house jolly and free,
That's sheltered well from the wind and the rain,
And as snug as snug can be;
And it's there that we'll be sitting again
When my Jim comes home from sea.

"'Twas a fine brave sight when the yards were manned,
Though my eyes could scarcely see:
It's a long, long sail to the Rio Grand',
And a long, long waiting for me;
But I'll envy not any one in the land
When my Jim comes home from sea.

"So here's to your health, you high-born girls
And ladies of great degree;
And I hope you'll all be married to earls
As proud as proud may be;
But I wouldn't give fourpence for all your pearls
When my Jim comes home from sea."

Of course she carefully concealed these verses—especially from her husband, who would have led her a sad life if he had found them and discovered the authorship; and they never attained to the dignity of type in the *Inverness Courier*, where the lines to Shena Van had appeared; but all the same, pretty Mrs. Graham regarded them with a certain pleasure, and rather approved of the independence of the Portsmouth young lady, although she had a vague impression that she might not be quite the proper sort of guest to ask to Investroy.

Now her anger and dismay over the possible breaking down of the scheme which she had so carefully formed and tended were due to various causes, and did not simply arise from a wish that the Master of Lynn should marry a rich wife. It was her project, for one thing, and she had a certain sentimental fondness in regarding it. Had she not wrought for it, too, and striven for it? Was it for nothing that she had trudged through the dust of the Merhadj bazars, and fought with cockroaches in her cabin, and gasped with the Egyptian heat all those sweltering afternoons? She began to consider herself ill-treated, and did not know which to complain of the more—her brother's indifference or her father's obstinacy. Then she could get no sort of sympathy from her husband. He only laughed, and went away to look after his pheasants. Moreover, she knew very well that this present condition of affairs could not last. The Master's ill temper would increase rather than abate. Yolande would grow accustomed to his neglect of her. Perhaps Mr. Winterbourne would interfere, and finally put an end to that pretty dream she had dreamed about as they went sailing down the Mediterranean.

Accordingly she determined to make one more effort. If she should not be able to coax Lord Lynn into a more complaisant frame of mind, at least she should go on to Allt-nam-ba and make matters as pleasant as possible with Mr. Winterbourne before he left. The former part of her endeavor, indeed, she speedily found to be hopeless. She had no sooner arrived at the Towers than she sought out her father and begged him to be less obdurate; but when, as she was putting forward Corrievreak as her chief argument, she was met by her father's affixing to Corrievreak, or rather prefixing to it, a solitary and emphatic word—a word that was entirely out of place, too, as applied to a sanctuary—she knew it was all over. Lord Lynn sometimes used violent language, for he was a hot-tempered man, but not language of that sort; and when she heard him utter that dreadful wish about such a sacred thing as the sanctuary of a deer forest, she felt it was needless to continue farther.

"Very well, papa," said she, "I have done my best. It is not my affair. Only everything might have been made so pleasant for us all."

"Yes, and for the Slagpool Radicals," her father said, contemptuously. "I suppose they would land at Foyers with banners, and have picnics in the forest."

"At all events, you must remember this, papa," said Mrs. Graham, with some sharpness, "that Archie is a gentleman. He is pledged to marry Miss Winterbourne, and marry her he will."

"Let him, and welcome!" said this short, stout, thick person with the bushy eyebrows and angry eyes. "He may marry the dairy-maid if he likes. I suppose the young gentleman has a right to his own tastes. But I say he shall not bring his low acquaintances about this house while I am alive."

Mrs. Graham herself had a touch of the family temper, and for a second or two her face turned quite pale with anger, and when she spoke it was in a kind of forced and breathless way.

"I don't know what you mean. Who are low acquaintances? Yolande Winterbourne is my friend. She is fit to marry any one in the land, I care not what his rank is, and—and I will not have such things said. She is my friend. Low acquaintances! If it comes to that it was I who introduced Archie to Mr. Winterbourne; and—and this is what I know about them, that if they are not fit to—to be received at Lynn, then neither am I."

And with that she walked calmly (but still with her face rather pale) out of the room, and shut the door behind her; and then went away and sought out her own dressing-room of former days, and locked herself in there and had a good cry. She did feel injured. She was doing her best, and this was what she got for it. But she was a courageous little woman, and presently she had dried her eyes and arranged her dress for going out; then she rang, and sent a message to the stables to get the dog-cart ready, for that she wanted to drive to Allt-nam-ba.

By-and-by she was driving along by the side of the pretty loch under the great hills; and she was comforting herself with more cheerful reflections.

"It is no matter," she was saying to herself. "If only Mr. Winterbourne remains in good humor, everything will go right. When Archie is married he will be rich enough to have a home where he pleases. I suppose Jim wouldn't have them always with us?—though it would be nice to have Yolande in the house, especially in the long winter months. But Archie could build a house for himself, and sell it when he no longer wanted it. The country about Loch Eil would please Yolande. I wonder if Archie could get a piece of land anywhere near Fassifern? That would be handy for having a yacht, too, and of course they will have a yacht. Or why shouldn't he merely rent a house—one of those up Glen Urquhart, if only the shooting was a little better? or over Glen Spean way, if Lochaber isn't a little too wild for Yolande? or perhaps they might get a place in Glengarry, for Yolande is so fond of wandering through the woods. No doubt Archie exaggerated that affair about Yolande's mother; in any case it could easily be arranged; other families have done so, and everything gone on as usual. Then if they had a town house we might all go to the Caledonian Ball together. Archie looks so well in the kilt, and Yolande might go as Flora McDonald."

She drove quickly along the loch-side, but moderated her pace when she reached the rough mountain-road leading up the glen, for she knew she would not mend matters by letting down one of her father's horses. And as she approached Allt-nam-ba a chill struck her heart—those preparations for departure were so ominous. Duncan was in front of the bothy, giving the rifles and guns their last rub with oil before putting them into the cases; boxes of empty soda-water bottles had been hauled out by the women-folk for the men to screw up; a cart with its shafts resting on the ground stood outside the coach-house; and various figures went hurrying this way and that. And no sooner had Mrs. Graham driven up and got down from the dog-cart than her quick eye espied a tall black-bearded man, who, from natural shyness—or perhaps he wanted to have a look at Duncan's gun-rack—had retreated into the bothy; and so, instead of going into the house, she quickly followed him into the wide, low-roofed apartment, which smelled considerably of tobacco-smoke.

"Isn't your name Angus?" said she.

"Yes ma'am," said he, with a very large smile that showed he recognized her.

"I suppose Mr. Macpherson has sent you about the inventory?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Have you been over the house yet?"

"No, ma'am; I have just come out with the empty cart from Inverfariguig."

"Well, then, Angus, you need not go over the house. I don't want the gentlemen bothered. Go back and tell Mr. Macpherson I said so."

"There was £7 of breakages with the last tenant, ma'am," said he, very respectfully.

"Never mind," said she; and she took out her purse and got hold of a sovereign. "Go back at once; and if you have to sleep at Whitebridge that will pay the cost; or you may get a lift in the mail-cart. My brother is in Inverness, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then you can go to him, and tell him I said there was to be no going over the inventory. This tenant is a friend of mine. You go to my brother when you go to Inverness, and he will explain to Mr. Macpherson. Now good-by, Angus;" and she shook hands with him, as is the custom in that part of the country, and went.

The arrival of a stranger at Allt-nam-ba was such an unusual circumstance that when she went up to the door of the lodge she found both Mr. Winterbourne and John Shortlands awaiting her, they having seen her drive up the glen; and she explained that she had been leaving a message with one of the men.

"I heard you were leaving, Mr. Winterbourne," said she, with one of her most charming smiles, when they had got into the drawing-room, "and I could not let you go away without coming to say good-by. Both my husband and I expected to have seen much more of you this autumn; but you can see for yourself what it is in the Highlands—every household is so wrapped up in its own affairs that there is scarcely any time for visiting. If Inverstroy had come to Allt-nam-ba, Inverstoy would have found Allt-nam-ba away shooting on the hill, and *vice versa*; and I suppose that is why old-fashioned people like my father have almost given up the tradition of visiting. When do you go?"

"Well, if we are all packed and ready I suppose this afternoon; then we can pass the night at Foyers, and go on to Inverness in the morning."

"But if I had known I could have brought some of the people from the Towers to help you. My father would have been delighted."

"Do you think Mrs. Bell would suffer any interference?" said John Shortlands, with a laugh. "I can tell you, my dear Mrs. Graham, that she rules us with a rod of iron—though we're not supposed to know it."

"And how is dear Yolande?" said Mrs. Graham.

"She is very well," Yolande's father said, instantly lowering his eyes, and becoming nervous and fidgety.

"I heard something of what had called her away to the south—at least I presumed that was the reason," continued Mrs. Graham, forcing herself to attack this dangerous topic in order to show, that in her estimation, at least, nothing too important had occurred. "Of course one sympathizes with her. I hope you have had good news from her?"

"Oh yes," said he, hastily. "Oh yes. I had a letter last night. Yolande is very well."

"Archie," continued Mrs. Graham, thinking enough had been said on that point, "is at Inverness. I declare the way those lawyers fight over trifles is perfectly absurd. And I confess," she added, with a demure smile, "that the owners of deer forests are not much better. Of course they always tell me I don't know, that it is my ignorance; but to find people quarrelling about the line the march should take—when an acre of the ground would'nt give grazing for a sheep—seems stupid enough. Well, now, Mr. Winterbourne, may I venture to ask how you found the shooting?"

"Oh, excellent—excellent," said he, brightly, for he also was glad to get away from that other topic. "We have not found as many deer coming about as we expected; but otherwise the place has turned out everything that could be wished."

"I am glad of that," said she, "for I know Archie had qualms about inducing you to take the shooting. I remember very well, on board ship, he used to think it was a risky thing. Supposing the place had *not* turned out well, then you might have felt that—that—"

"No, no, my dear Mrs. Graham," said he, with a smile, "*caveat emptor*. I knew I was taking the place with the usual attending risks; I should not have blamed your brother if we had had a bad year."

She was just on the point of asking him whether he liked Allt-nam-ba well enough to come back again, but she thought it was too dangerous. She had no means of knowing what he thought of Lord Lynn's marked unneighborliness; and she deemed it more prudent to go on talking of general subjects, in her light and cheerful way, and always on the assumption that the two families were on friendly terms, and that Yolande's future home would be in the Highlands. At length she said she must be going.

"I would ask you to stay to lunch," said Mr. Winterbourne, "but I dare say you know what lunch is likely to be on the day of leaving a shooting-box—"

"Dear me!" said she, in tones of vexation. "Why did they not think of that at the Towers? They might have saved you a great deal of bother that way; but they have got into an old-fashioned groove there."

"At the same time, my dear Mrs. Graham," said Mr. Winterbourne, with great courtesy, "if you like to take the risk, I dare say Mrs. Bell can find you something; and we have not often the chance of entertaining any one at Allt-nam-ba. Will you take pity on us? Will you sit in Yolande's place? The house has been rather empty since she left."

"I should like it of all things," said pretty Mrs. Graham, taking off her hat and gloves and putting them on the sofa, "for I feel that I haven't given you half the messages I wish you to take to dear Yolande. And you must let me have her address, so that Jim can send her a haunch of venison at Christmas."

"I am afraid that would not be of much use, thank you," said he; "for I hope by that time, if all goes well, that Yolande will be away in the south of Europe."

"Archie is going south also," said Mrs. Graham, pleasantly. "There is little doing here in the winter. After he has made all the arrangements with papa's agents in Inverness, then he will be off to the south too. Where is Yolande likely to be?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," said Mr. Winterbourne, with a kind of anxious evasion. "But she will write to you. Oh yes, I will tell her to write to you. She is much occupied at present—and—and perhaps she has not much time. But Yolande does not forget her friends."

"She shall not forget me, for I won't let her," said Mrs. Graham, blithely. "If she should try, I will come and ferret her out, and give her a proper scolding. But I don't think it will be needed."

The luncheon, frugal as it was, proved to be a very pleasant affair, for the two men-folk were glad to have the table brightened by the unusual presence of a lady guest, who was, moreover very pretty and talkative and cheerful; while, on the other hand, Mrs. Graham, having all her wits about her, very speedily assured herself that Yolande's father was leaving Allt-nam-ba in no dudgeon whatever; and also that, although he seemed to consider Yolande as at present set apart for some special duty, and not to be interfered with by any suggestions of future meetings, he appeared to take it for granted that ultimately she would live in the Highlands. Mrs. Graham convinced herself that all was well, and she was a skilful flatterer, and could use her eyes; and altogether this was a very merry and agreeable luncheon party. Before she finally rose to go she had got Yolande's address, and had undertaken to write to her.

And then she pleased Mr. Winterbourne very much by asking to see Mrs. Bell; and she equally pleased Mrs. Bell by some cleverly turded compliments, and by repeating what the gentlemen had said about their obligations to her. In good truth Mrs. Bell needed some such comfort. She was sadly broken down. When Mrs. Graham asked her about Mr. Melville, tears rose unbidden to the old dame's eyes, and she had furtively to wipe them away with her handkercnief while pretending to look out of the window.

"He has written two or three times to the young lad Dalrymple," said she with just one suppressed sob; "and all about the brats o' bairns, as if he wasna in mair consideration in people's minds than a wheen useless lads and lassies. And only a message or two to me, about this family or the other family—the deil take them, that he should bother his head about their crofts and their cows and their seed-corn! And just as he might be having his ain back again—to gang awa' like that, without a word o' an address. I jalouse it's America—ay, I'm thinking it's America, for there they have the electric things he was aye speaking o'; and he was a curious man, that wanted to ken everything. I wonder what the Almichty was about when He put it into people's heads to get fire out o' running water! They might hae been content as they were; and Mr. Melville would hae been better occupit in planting his ain hill-sides—as a' the lairds are doing now-a-days—than in running frae ae American town to anither wi' his boxes 'o steel springs and things."

"But he is sure to write to you, Mrs. Bell," said Mrs. Graham.

"I just canna bear to think o't," said the older woman, in a kind of despair. "I hope he didna leave because he thought I would be an encumbrance on him. I hae mair sense than that. But he's a proud man, though I shouldna say it—Ay, and the poor lad without a home—and without the land that belongs to him—"

The good old lady found this topic too much for her, and she was retiring with an old-fashioned courtesy, when Mrs. Graham shook hands with her in the most friendly manner, and assured her that if any tidings of Mr. Melville came to Inverstroy (as was almost certain), she would write at once.

To be Continued.

A Fortunate Escape.

Mrs. Berkenshaw, 26 Pembroke St., Toronto, at one time was about to submit to a surgical operation for bad lameness of the knee joint, all other treatment having failed, when Hagyard's Yellow Oil was tried, and speedily cured her.

CHAPTER II,

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache.' Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle
Nearly cured me;"
The second made me as well and strong as when a child.

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, Liver and urinary complaint,

"Pronounced by Boston's best physician—

"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost
Do miracles?"—*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

Every Spring.

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

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

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

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

"You seem better now."

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

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

General Business.

LEE & LOGAN,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

Groceries,
Liquors,
Wines,
&c.,

45 and 47 DOCK STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE Subscribers have in Bonded Warehouse and Duty Paid, the following Goods, which we will sell LOW FOR CASH or Approved Paper.

We would again remind our customers that we neither MANUFACTURE NOR BOTTLE ON THE PREMISES, nor do we import Brandy from Holland,

But We Do Import Direct

from the Leading Houses in London, Liverpool Glasgow, France and Holland.

175 OCTAVES,

250 Cases, Qts., Pale and Dark,
180 " Pints, " " "
70 " ½ " " " "
50 " XXX, " " "

VINE GROWERS'

—AND—

JULES BELLERIE

CELEBRATED

COGNAC BRANDY.

NOTE—We wish it distinctly understood that these Brandies are imported direct from FRANCE and not from HOLLAND.

—ALSO—

100 Cases Martell Brandy, } Pale and Dark.
100 " Hennessy do. }
25 " Martell * * *.

175 OCTAVES
AND
765 Cases, qts. and pts.,

JAMES WATSON & CO.,
LOCH KATRINE.

WM. HAY FAIRMAN & CO.,
GLENLEVITT,

Old Scotch Whiskies.

75 OCTAVES
AND
576 Cases, qts. and pts.

Geo. Roe & Co. * * *,
Geo. Roe & Co. *,
Bagot, Hutton & Co.,
B,
Kinnehan's L L,
E. & J. Burk,

FINE OLD

IRISH WHISKEY.

1000 Green Cases,

50 OCTAVES and
50 QUARTER CASKS

John DeKuyper & Son,
J. H. Henkes,
Houtman & Co.,

HOLLANDS GIN.

75 Cases, Qts. & Pts.,

CHAMPAGNE,

VARIOUS BRANDS.

300 Barrels, Qts. & Pts.,

Guiness Porter,

BOTTLED BY E. & J. BURKE.

AND

Bass & Co.'s PALE ALE,

Bottled by Patterson & Hibbert.

100 Cases, quarts,

OLD JAMAICA RUM.

50 OCTAVES

Port and Sherry.

350 Cases, Consisting of

6 YEAR OLD RYE WHISKEY,

Old Crow Bourbon,
Camp Bittters,
Stoughton Bitters,
John Bull Bitters,
Rock & Rye,
Cherry Whiskey,
Cherry Brandy.

ASSORTED FRUIT SYRUPS.

General Business.

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

Saved Him 1,800 Dollars!

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

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

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

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

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

Readers of the *Commercial* can not well 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 spavinned and it entirely cured her. One year ago a two hundred pound block of ice fell out of a wagon striking my foot on instep and toes, it would be impossible to mash a foot worse without breaking any bones. I was taken home and carried into the house. I do not think amputation of the leg would cause any more pain. I sent for Kendall's Spavin Cure, it was all I used, and in six days I could walk around. About three weeks ago my team ran away and threw me out of the wagon, the hind wheel struck my knee. After applying several highly recommended liniments without obtaining any relief, I went for Kendall's Spavin Cure. My leg was drawn up and my knee swollen badly. In three days I was able to walk to the barn. I could go into details more fully and make this a very long letter, but will not weary you.

I am very respectfully yours,
OSCAR F. HUTCHINSON.

P. O. Lock Box, 2362, Denver City, Col.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Feb. 9th, 1883.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I feel it a duty to others suffering with the piles and falling of the rectum to write you. I have had the piles and prolapsus of the rectum for five years, for the past three years I have suffered the most agonizing pain. Tried everything without relief, but after ten days use of Kendall's Spavin Cure I have not seen nor heard of the piles since. One who has not suffered as I have cannot comprehend the great joy that I feel at being cured of a disease almost worse than death. I had a valuable young horse that had a large bunch gather on his breast bone. I tried all kinds of liniments and had it cut open without any benefit. Saw your advertisement and bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and ordered my teamster to use as directed. In less than one week the lump had disappeared.—Thinking that a liniment that would do what Kendall's Spavin Cure has done for my horse might benefit more. I tried it as a last resort.

With gratitude and best wishes for your success,
I am faithfully yours,
J. H. GLENN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ON HUMAN FLESH

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

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.,—Gents:—Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with imprint, printed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals, but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers in our county, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he had expected. Cured the sprain in very short order.

Yours respectfully, C. O. 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.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink,)

CONTAINS

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 Other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

TO BUILDERS.

The subscriber begs leave to announce to his Patrons and the Public that he is now prepared to execute all orders entrusted to him with despatch,—such as the

ENTIRE FURNISHINGS FOR

Dwelling Houses, Stores,
ETC., INCLUDING:
Doors, Window Sashes &
Frames, Mouldings,
Stair Rails, Banisters,
& Newel Posts, etc,

Orders also executed for

Window Shutters & Venetian Blinds.

with despatch.

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

PLANS DESIGNS
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