YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BELLS," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "WHITE WINGS," "SUNRISE," ETC.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"IHR MATTEN, LEBT WOHL!"

The pale clear glow of the dawn was telling on the higher slopes of the hills when she arose, and all the house was asleep. The heart-searching of that long night had calmed her somewhat. Now she was chiefly anxious to get away; to seek forgetfulness of this sad discovery in the immediate duty that lay before her. And if sometimes the fear was forced upon her that neither for him nor for her was forgetfulness possible, well, it was not her own share of that suffering that she regarded with dismay. Nay, did she not rather welcome that as a punishment which she deserved, as a penance which might be counted to her in the due course of years? If this passage in her life was not to be obliterated, at least, and in the mean time, she would endeavor to close the chapter. She was going away from Allt-nam-ba, and from the mistakes and miseries that had happened there. A new era in her life was opening before her; perhaps she would have less to reproach herself with in that.

In the silence of this pale clear morning she sat down and wrote still another message of farewell, the terms of which she had carefully (and not without some smitings of conscience) studied during the long wakeful hours:

"ALLT-NAM-BA, *Wednesday Morning.*

"DEAR ARCHIE,—A grave duty calls me suddenly away to the south. No doubt you can guess what it is; and you will understand how, in the mean time at least, all our other plans and arrangements must yield to it. Probably, as I am anxious to catch the early boat at Foyers, I may not see you to say good-by; and so I send you this message From your affectionate

"YOLANDE."

She regarded this letter with much self-humiliation. It was not frank. Perhaps she had no right to write to him so, without telling him of what had happened the day before. And yet, again, what time was there now for explanation? and perhaps, as the days and the months and the years went by, there might never be need of any explanation. Her life was to be all different now.

The household began to stir. There was a crackling of wood in the kitchen; outside, Sandy could be heard opening the doors of the coach-house. Then Jane put in an appearance, to finally close her young mistress's portmanteaus. And then, everything having been got ready, when she went down-stairs to the dining-room, she was surprised to find her father there.

"Why did you get up so early?" said she, in protest.

"Do you think I was going to let you leave without saying good-by?" he answered. "You are looking a little better this morning, Yolande—but not well, not well. Are you sure you won't reconsider? Will you not wait a few days, accustom yourself to think of it, and then go, if you will go, with Mr. Shortlands?"

"Oh no, that is all over, papa," said she. "That is all settled. I am going this morning—now."

"Now? Why now? It is only half past six!" he exclaimed.

"I wish to have enough time at Gress," she answered, calmly, "to explain all the arrangements to Mrs. Bell."

But he compelled her to sit down and have some breakfast, while he remained at the window, anxious, disturbed, and yet for the most part silent. There was no doubt he regarded her going with an undefined dread; but he saw that it was no use to try to dissuade her, her purpose being so obviously settled and clear. There was another thing: he showed the greatest embarrassment in talking in any way whatever about the subject. He could not bring himself to mention his wife's name. To Yolande he had said "your poor mother"—but only once. He seemed unable to make this thing that he had hidden from her for so many, years a topic of conversation.

And it was almost in silence, and with a face overshadowed with gloom, that he saw the last preparations made. He followed her out to the dog-cart. He himself would fasten the rugs round her knees, the morning being somewhat chilly. And when they drove away he stood there for a long time regarding them, until the dog-cart disappeared at the turning of the road, and Yolande was gone. This, then, was the end of that peaceful security that he had hoped to find at Allt-nam-ba!

Yolande was not driving this morning; she had too many things to think of. But when they reached the bridge at the lower end of the loch, she told Sandy to stop, and took the reins.

"Here is a letter for Mr. Leslie," she said. "You need not take it up to the house; put it in the letter-box at the gate."

Then they drove on again. When they had climbed the hill she looked over to Lynn Towers, but she could not make out any one at any of the windows. There were one or two stable lads about the out-houses, but otherwise no sign of life. She was rather glad of that. If he had waved his handkerchief to her, could she have answered that signal without further hypocrisy and shame? Little did he know what traitress was passing by. But indeed she was gradually ceasing to reproach herself in this way, for the reason that she was ceasing to think about herself at all. It was of another that she was thinking. It was his future that concerned her. What would all his after-life be like? Would there be some reparation? Would time heal that as it healed all things?

When she got to Gress she saw that Mrs. Bell was in the garden behind the house, and thither she made her way. Yolande's face was pale, but her manner was quite calm and firm.

"Well, here are doings!" said the cheerful old lady. "And I was just hurrying on to get a few bit flowers for ye. 'Deed, ye're early this morning."

"It is very kind of you, Mrs. Bell; but please do not trouble. You expected me, then? Mr. Melville told you?"

"That he did. And I'll just be delighted to be of any kind of service to ye that is possible. I'll be ready to go up to Allt-nam-ba by mid-day; and I'm thinking I'll take one o' the young lassies wi' me, in case there's any necessity for a helping hand. The other one will do very well to look after this place when both Mr. Melville and me are away."

"But is he going—is he going away?" said Yolande, with a sudden alarm.

"I think he is; though it's no my place to ask," said Mrs. Bell, placidly. "Last night I saw he was putting some things in order in the house. And I jalouse he stopped in the laboratory the whole night through, for he never was in his bed; and this morning I caught aglint o' him going out before any o' us was up. I daresay he was off to one o' the moorland lochs to have a last day at the trout belike."

"He is not here, then?" the girl exclaimed, with dismay in her eyes. "Mrs. Bell, I must see him! Indeed, I cannot go until I have seen him."

"Wha kens where he may be now?" said the old lady good-humoredly (for she clearly had no idea that there was anything tragic occurring around her). "There never was such a man for wandering about the country like a warlock. Many a fright has he gi'en the shepherds, when they came upon him in the corries that no ordinary Christian ever goes near."

"But you must send for him, Mrs. Bell," said Yolande, with that forced calmness of demeanor almost breaking down. "I cannot go away without bidding him good-by."

The old woman stopped arranging the flowers she had gathered.

"I canna send to search the whole county o' Inverness," she said reflectively, "and wha kens where he may be? If he's no back by school-time, he's off for the day—ay, and without a biscuit in his pocket, I'll be warrant. But it's just possible he has only gaen doon to the burn to get a trout or two; I can send one o' the lassies to see. And though I've never kenned him to go up to the water-wheel at this time o' the morning, I canna gang wrang in making the bell ring. If you'll just hold the flowers for a minute, my dear young leddy, I'll go into the house and see what can be done."

She held the flowers mechanically; she did not look at them; her eyes were "otherwhere." But when Mrs. Bell came back she recalled herself; and with such calmness as she could command she showed the old lady all the arrangements she had made with regard to the household of Allt-nam-ba, and gave her the lists that she had carefully drawn out. And Mrs. Bell would hear of no such thing as thanks or gratitude; she said people were well off who could be of any little service to them they liked, and intimated that she was proud to do this for the sake of the young lady who had been kind enough to take notice of her.

"And so you are going away for a while," said the old Scotchwoman, cheerfully. "Ay, ay. But coming back soon again, I hope. Indeed, my dear young leddy, if it wasna a kind o' presumption on my part, I would say to ye, as they say in the old ballad, 'O when will ye be back again, my hinnie and my dear?' For indeed, since ye came to Allt-nam-ba, it has just been something to gladden an auld woman's een.'

"What is the ballad, Mrs. Bell?" Yolande said, quickly. She wished to evade these friendly inquiries. And already she was beginning to wonder whether she had enough strength and courage to force herself to go without seeing him and saying this last word to him.

"The ballad? Oh, that was the ballad o' young Randal," said Mrs. Bell, in her good-natured, garrulous way. "Maybe ye never heard that one?—

'Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed awa,'
A braw, braw lad was he when he gaed awa'.'

That is how it begins; and then they a' come doon to see him ride off—his father and his mother, and his two sisters; but, as ye may imagine,

'His bonnie cousin Jean lookit o'er the castle wa,'
And far aboon the lave let the tears doon fa'.'

Then it goes on:

'"O when will ye be back again?" sae kindly did she spier:
"O when will ye be back again, my hinnie and my dear?"
"As soon as I have won enongh o' Spanish gear
To dress ye a' in silks and lace, my dear."'

That was the way o' those times, and mony a sair heart was the consequence. Will I tell ye the rest o' the story?"

"Oh, yes Mrs. Bell, if you please," said Yolande, though now she was scanning the vacant hill-sides with a wistful and troubled eye. Was he not coming, then? Must she go away without that last word?

"Ye see, my young leddy, the story jumps over a good many years now, and he comes back to seek out his true-love Jean."

"Ah, yes," said Yolande, with more of interest, "to see whether she has been faithful to him, is it not? And of course she is. It is so easy for one to remain faithful—in a ballad, where nothing happens but the fancy of the poet. And then, if she was not faithful who would write about her? She would be contemptible—that is all.'

"Not so fast, my dear young leddy—no so fast. Just listen to the story:

'Young Randa was an altered man when he came hame;
A sair altered man was he when he came hame,
Wi' a star on his breast and a Sir to his name,
And wi' gray, gray locks Sir Randal came hame.

'He rode to the castle and he rispit at the ring,
And down came our lady to bid him ride in;
And round her bonnie bairnies were playin' on the green:
"Can this auld wife be my true-love Jean?"

"And whatna door auld carle is this?" quoth the dame,
"Sae grift and sae stiff, sae feckless and sae lame?"
Quoth he "My bonnie leddy, were ye sweet Jeanie Graham?"
"Indeed, good sir, ye have guessed my very name."

Oh, dool on the wars in the High Germanie!
And dool on the pourlife o' our auld country!
And dool on the heart that unfaithful can be!—
For they've wrecked the bravest man in the whole countrie!

Ye see, it's a sad story enough; but I am no sure whether to blame the wars in the High Germanie, or the poverty o' the old Scotch families or the young lass changing her mind. Maybe if she had been less anxious for silks and lace, and maybe if he had been less anxious to hae a Sir to his name, he might hae bided at home, and married her, and lived happily enough. It's the way o' young people never to be satisfied. And here is Mr. Melville going away just when everything was ready for his taking back the land that belonged to his own people, and settling down on it as he ought."

"Perhaps he will not go—perhaps he is not going, Mrs. Bell," she said, in a despairing kind of way; for well she knew, if he were indeed going, what was the cause.

Then she looked at her watch. Well she had still nearly half an hour to spare, and she was determined to stay till the last minute if it were needful. But there was no figure coming along the road, no living thing visible on these vacant hill-sides, nor a sign of life along the wide moorland of the valley. She was grateful for Mrs. Bell's talking; it lessened the overstrain of the suspense somehow; she had to force herself to listen in a measure. And again and again she expressed the hope that there must be a mistake, that Mr. Melville was not really going away.

"It's no my place to ask," the old lady said, doubtfully; "but he had a long talk when he came home yesterday wi' the lad Dalrymple, and I jealouse it was about his being able to carry on the school by himself.' It's just that vexatious, my dear young leddy!—and yet it canna be helped. I darena say a word. He's a headstrong man, and he's to be managed only wi' a good deal o' skill; and if he thought I was any kind o' encumbrance, or expected him to do this, that, or the other, he would be off in a gliff. But the vexatiousness o't, to be sure! It way only the day before yesterday that I wrote to the lawyers again. I'm no gaun to tell ye, my young leddy, what they said about the price o' Monaglen, for it might get about, and I'm no wanting him to ken what I paid for it, if I get it. But I found I could easy put it, and have a good nest-egg for him besides; besides my own £220 a year or thereabouts; and sae I wrote to the lawyers just asking them in a kind o' way to get me the refusal of the place for a freend o' mine. And then yesterday morning I began and argued wi' mysel'. I coveted the place, that's the truth. And says I, 'Kirsty, what's the use o' being ower-cunning? If ye want to buy Monaglen, tell them. A braw thing now, if it were to slip through your fingers, and be snappit up by somebody else: wadna ye be a disappointed woman a' the days o' your life?' And so, as second thochts are best, I just sat down and told them plump and plain that if Monaglen was to be got for that, here was a woman that would take it for that, and telled them to make the bargain, and drive a nail into it there and then; and that a' the other things—a' the whigmaleeries they invent just to make poor folk pay money—could be settled after. And to think o' him going away the now, just when the night's post, or maybe the morn's night's post, is almost sure to bring me a telegram—I declare it's too provokin'!"

"But perhaps he is not going away," said Yolande, gently. And then she added, suddenly, and with her face grown a deadly white: "Mrs. Bell, that is Mr. Melville coming down the hill. I wish to speak a word or two to him by himself."

"Oh, yes, yes; why not?" said Mrs. Bell, cheerfully. "I'm just going indoors to put a bit string round the flowers for ye. And there's a wee bit basket too, ye maun take; I made a few sweets, and comfits, and such things for ye last night, that'll help to amuse ye on the journey."

She did not hear; she was regarding him as he approached. His feartures were as pale as her own; his lips were thin and white. When he came to her he stood before her with his eyes cast down like one guilty. The pallor of his face was frightful.

"I have come because you sent for me," he said. "But there is nothing you can say to me that I have not said to myself."

"Do you think I have come to reproach you? No. It is I who have to bear the blame," she answered, with apparent calmness. Then she added: "I—I sent for you because I could not go away without a word of good-by."

Here she stopped, fearful that her self-possession would desert her. Her hands were tightly clinched, and unconsciously she was nervously twitching her engagement ring.

"I do not see," she said, speaking in a measured way, as if to make sure she should not break down, "why the truth not should be said between us—it is the last time. I did not know; you did not know; it was all a misfortune; but I ought to have known—I ought to have guarded myself: it is I who am to blame. Well, if I have to suffer, it is no matter; it is you that I am sorry for—"

"Yolande, I cannot have you talk like that!" he exclaimed.

"One moment," she said—and strangely enough her French accent seemed more marked in her speech, perhaps because she was not thinking of any accent. "One moment. When I am gone away, do not think that I regret having met you and known you. It has been a misfortune for you; for me, no. It has been an honor to me that you were my friend, and an education also; you have shown me what this one or that one may be in the world; I had not known it before: you made me expect better things. It was you who showed me what I should do. Do you think that I shall forget what I owe you: whatever happens, I will try to think of what you would expect from me, and that will be my ambition. I wished to say this to you before I went away," said she, and now her fingers were trembling somewhat, despite her enforced calmness. "And also that—that, if one can not retrieve the past, if one has the misfortune to bring suffering on—"

"Yolande, Yolande," said he, earnestly, and he looked up and looked into her eyes, "do not speak of it—do not think of it any more! Put it behind you. You are no longer a girl; you are a woman; you have a woman's duties before you. Whatever is past, let that be over and gone. If any one is to blame, it has not been you. Look before you; forget what is behind. Do you know that it is not a light matter you have undertaken?"

He was firmer than she was; he regarded her calmly, though still his face was of a ghastly paleness.

She hesitated for a moment or two; then she glanced around.

"I wish you to—to give me a flower," she said, "that I may take it with me."

"No," he said at once. "No. Forget everything that has happened here, except the duty you owe to others."

"That I have deserved," she said, in a low voice. "Good-by."

She held out her hand. He took it and held it; and there was a great compassion in his eyes. To her they seemed glorified eyes, the eyes of a saint, full of a sad and yearning pity.

"Yolande," said he—and the tones of his voice seemed to reach her very heart—"I have faith in you. I shall hear of you. Be worthy of yourself. Now, God bless you, and good-by!"

"*Adieu! adieu!* she murmured; and then, white-faced and all trembling, but still dry-eyed and erect, she got through the house somehow, and out to the front, where Mrs. Bell was awaiting her by the side of the dog-cart.

When she had driven away, Mrs. Bell remained for a minute or two looking after the departing vehicle—and perhaps rather regretfully too, for she had taken a great liking to this bright young English lady who had come into these wilds; but presently she was recalled from her reveries or regrets by the calling of Mr. Melville. She went into the house at once.

"Now, Mrs. Bell," said he (and he seemed in an unusual hurry), "do you think one of the girls could hunt out for me the water-proof coat that has the strap attached to it for slinging over the shoulders? And I suppose she could pack me some bit of cold meat, or something of the kind, and half a loaf, in a little parcel?"

"Dear me, sir, I will do that mysel'; but where are ye going, sir, if I may ask?"

The fact was that it was so unusual for Jack Melville to take any precautions of this kind—even when he was starting for a long day's fishing on some distant moorland lock—that Mrs. Bell instantly jumped to the conclusion that he was bent on some very desperate excursion.

"Where am I going!" he said. "Why, across the hills to Kingussie, to catch the night train to London."

(To be continued.)

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 this way: 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."

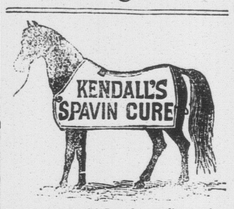
Sulphur and Iron Bitters, prepared by the Climax Chemical Co., Montreal, is for sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents.

SAYS DRYDEN:

"She knows her man, and when you rant and swear.
Can draw you to her with a single hair."

But it must be beautiful hair to have such power; and beautiful hair can be ensured by the use of **Cingalese Hair Renewer.** Sold at 50 cts. by J. D. B. F. Mackenzie.

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 off, 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 forget 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 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, 2302, 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:—Simple 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. THIEBAND.

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.

GIN! GIN!!

Arrived per Steamer "Milaneso" from London. 20 HDS. J. DeKuyper & Son's GIN; 50 qr casks DeKuyper & Son's Gin; 350 green cases Gin; 50 Green cases Pints, 2 dozen each.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON,
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CHEAP for CASH.

A Full Line of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
HARDWARE, CROCKERY,
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BOOTS & SHOES, etc.
—AT—
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Canada House.

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.
WM. JOHNSTON, - - - PROPRIETOR.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this House to make it a first-class Hotel, and travelers will find it a desirable temporary residence, both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat Landing, and opposite Telegraph and Post Offices. The Proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor, by courtesy and attention, to merit the same in the future.

GOOD STABLING ON THE PREMISES

WAVERLEY HOTEL.

NEWCASTLE,----------MIRAMICHI, N B

THIS HOUSE has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travelers

☞ LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT ON THE PREMISES.

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Late of Waverly House, St. John.) Proprietor

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[Adjoining Bank of Montreal,]

WELLINGTON STREET, CHATHAM, N. B.

J. F. JARDINE, PROPRIETOR.

First Class Rooms and Table

Anglers and Sportsmen

are provided on the premises with ice and all other necessary facilities for the care and shipment of fish and game.

In addition to teams for carrying the

Mails and Express

matter between the Railway and town offices,

the "Metropolitan" Turnout

is always on hand on the arrival of trains for conveying passengers wherever they may desire to go.

A NEW BUILDING

practically designed after consultation with LEADING COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS has

FIVE SAMPLE ROOMS

calculated to meet the requirements fo all classes of business.

The location, grounds, general appearance and style of management of the "Metropolitan" are such as to invite and retain the patronage of all travellers

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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.

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, Umbriellas, 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.

BEFORE USING. AFTER USING.

"Boo, Boo, I's dot Worms. Oh! my, I's so Sick." | I had 'em too, but they all don away now.

PLEASANT WORM SYRUP.

The most eminent Physicians are agreed that about **Fifty per cent of all Children** die **before reaching the tenth year of life.** Many children suffer from day to day fretful, cross and peevish—and the cause of the trouble is not suspected.

A pallid and sickly countenance, irregularity of appetite, or great voracity, bad breath, foul tongue, great thirst, gradual emaciation, irritable temper, disposition to be picking the nose, are all symptoms indicating the presence of **WORMS!** If any of these symptoms are noticed, or the presence of worms suspected, procure a bottle of **Pleasant Worm Syrup,** which costs but 25 cts., and give it according to directions. If any worms are present they will soon be expelled and your darling restored to health again. If there are no worms present the remedy will do no harm, but will move the bowels gently and leave the system in a healthy condition.

PLEASANT WORM SYRUP requires no castor oil or other purgative medicine with it.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE AT THE MEDICAL HALL. J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

$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.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made. A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most active properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels, urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once, it may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "TEMPERANCE FRIEND" and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

O. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

E. H. THOMPSON'S ART GALLERY,

(Opposite Canada House, Chatham.)

Old PIctures Enlarged

—AND—

Finished in Oil, Water Colors or India Ink.

PHOTOGRAPHS

—AND—

FEROTYPES

taken and satisfaction guaranteed.

Picture Framing and Mounting at short notice.

NATIONAL PILLS — SUGAR COATED, PURELY VEGETABLE. Highly recommended for Billiousness, Head-Ache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Loss of Memory, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any illness arising from the Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys. They are safe, mild and thorough in their action. From 1 to 3 pills is a dose. PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

CLOTHS AT COST!

The Subscriber, desiring to make room for fall importations, has decided to sell off his present stock of cloths at cost. The goods embrace a variety of

TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS,

—SUITABLE FOR—

Fine and Business Garments, and will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers.

The sale AT COST will be continued during

The Month of August Only.

TERMS—CASH.

F. O. PETTERSON, Merchant Tailor
WATER STREET, - - - - - - CHATHAM.

Tonsorial Artist,

PHYSIOGNOMICAL HAIR DRESSER,

Facial Operator, Cranium Manipulator & Capilliary Abridger.

Shaves and Hair Cuts

WITH AMBIDEXTROUS FACILITY!

GEORGE STAPLES.

NEAR COMMERCIAL HOUSE.

Chatham, September 8th., 1886

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.

LONDON HOUSE

CHATHAM, N. B.

THE SUBSCRIBER will sell off the balance of his Stock of FANCY GOODS at greatly reduced prices during

ALSO ON HAND

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

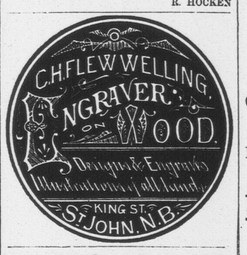
IN STORE:

FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, TEA, SUGAR, LARD, SOAP, ONIONS, TOBACCO,

Lowest WHOLESALE and RETAIL Prices; also

20 TUBS GOOD BUTTER.

R. HOCKEN



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, it is impossible here to enumerate and all sold at moderate prices.

Notice to Mill Owners

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

The above is in use in several Mills on this River, and perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

Full information given by application to the Subscriber.

ROBERT McGUIRE.

BEST REFINED IRON.

Lowmoor, Swede, Londonderry and English

common BOLT IRON and PIG IRON.

CAST STEEL.

Thos. Firth and Son's Extra Axe, Tool and Drill Steel

Spring, Sleigh Shoe & Tire Steel.

—ALSO:—

ROUND MACHINE STEEL

Manufacture of SPEAR & JACKSON.

Tinplates, CHARCOAL and COKE.

Sheet Iron,

Black and Galvanized.

☞ A special lot of Galvanized Sheet Iron — 6 ft x 39 in. x 20 gauge. 7 " x " x " " 8 " x " x " "

First class make (Davies') and well adapted for BLISTER BOILERS, &c. Besides a heavy stock in store, we expect a large shipment in March, per good Ship

'Alfarin:' 11,224 Bars, 2,506 Rds., 265 " } Refined Iron. Hoop Iron

I. & F. BURPEE & CO.

St. John, N.B.

Salesmen Wanted

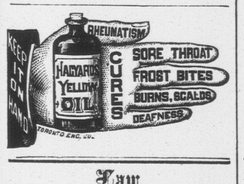
To begin work at once on Fall Sales 1883, for the Fonthill Nurseries. The largest in the Dominion, head office, Toronto, Ontario. We can start in addition to our already large force

100 Additional Canvassers,

and want men who can give full time to the business. STEADY EMPLOYMENT AND GOOD SALARIES to successful men.

It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply (enclosing photo if possible) to STONE & WELLINGTON,

JAMES W. BEALL, Manager, Nurserymen, Montreal, P. Q



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Johnson & Murray

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CASTLE STREET,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

NEW GOODS

—AT—

J. B. SNOWBALL'S.

Just received per late Steamers from the Manufacturers.

New Ulster Cloths

For Gents Ladies and Children:

Boys' Woollen Knickerbocker Hose.

Very Heavy.

A very large stock of

German and Canadian Clouds and promenade Scarfs.

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

Irish Frieze,

For Heavy Overcoats.

Irish and Scotch Tweeds,

Newest Styles.

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

100 pairs Best White

ENGLISH BLANKETS,

50 pairs Best Twilled

Canadian White Blankets

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

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!

Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

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 sound 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, Chronic Morbus, Kidney Tro