YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIX.

AMONG THE CLOUDS.

Far up in the wild and lonely hills that form the backbone, as it were, of eastern Inverness-shire, in the desert solitudes where the Findhorn and the Foyers first begin to draw their waters from a thousand mystic-named or nameless rills, stands the lodge of Allt-nam-ba. The plain little doubled-gabled building, with its dependencies of kennels, stables, coach-house, and keeper's bothy, occupies a promontory formed by the confluence of two brawling streams, and faces a long, wide, beautiful valley, which terminates in the winding waters of a loch. It is the only sign of habitation in the strangely silent districts, and it is the last. The rought hill-road leading to it terminates there. From that small plateau divergent corries—softly wooded most of them are, with waterfalls half hidden by birch and rowan trees—stretch up still further into a sterile wilderness of moor and lochan and bare mountain-top, the haunt of the ptarmigan, the red deer, and the eagle; and the only sound to be heard in these voiceless attitudes is the monotonous murmur of the various burns—the White Winding Water, the Dun Water, the Stream of the Red Lochan, the Stream of the Fairies, the Stream of the Corrie of the Horses, as they are called in the Gaelic.

At the door of this solitary little lodge, on a morning toward the end of July, Yolande Winterbourne was standing, engaged in buttoning on her driving gloves, but occasionally glancing out at the bewildering, changeful, flashing, and gleaming day around her. For, indeed, since she had come to live at Allt-nam-ba she had acquired the conviction that the place seemed very close up to the sky, and that this broad valley, walled in by those great and silent hills, formed a sort of caldron, in which the elements were in the habit of mixing up weather for transference to the wide world beyond. At this very moment, for example, a continual phantasmagoria of cloud effects was passing before her eyes. Far mountain-tops grew blacker and blacker in shadow; then the gray mist of the rain stole slowly across and hid them from view; then they re-appeared again, and a sudden shaft of sunlight would strike on the yellow-green slopes and on the bowlders of wet and glittering granite. But she had this one consolation—that the prospect in front of the lodge was much more re-assuring than that behind. Behind—over the mountainous ranges of the moor—the clouds were banking up in a heavy and thunderous purple; and in the ominous silence the streams coming down from the corries sounded loud; whereas, away before her, the valley that led down to the haunts of men was for the most part flooded with brilliant sunlight, and the wind-swept lock was of the darkest and keenest blue. Altogether there was more life and motion here—more color and brilliancy and change—than in the pale and placid Egyptian landscape she had grown accustomed to; but there was also—she might have been pardoned for thinking—for one who was about to drive fourteen miles in a dog-cart, a little more anxiety, and she had already resolved to take her water-proof with her.

However, she was not, much dismayed. She had lived in this weather-brewing caldron of a place for some little time, and had grown familiar with its threatening glooms, which generally came to nothing, and with its sudden and dazzling glories, which laughed out a welcome to the lonely traveller in the most surprising fashion. When the dog-cart—a four-wheeled vehicle—was brought round, she stepped into it lightly, and took the reins as if to the manner born, though she had never handled a whip until Mrs. Graham had put her in training at Inverstroy. Then there was a strict charge to Jane to see that brisk fires were kept burning in all the rooms; for although it was still July the air of these alpine solitudes was sometimes somewhat keen. And then—the youthful and fair-haired Sandy having got up behind—she released the brake: and presently they were making their way slowly and cautiously at first, down the stony path, and over the loud-sounding wooden bridge that here spans the roaring red-brown waters of the Alli-cam-ban.

But when once they were over the bridge and into the road leading down the wide strath, they quickly mended their pace. There was an unusual eagerness and brightness in her look. Sandy the groom knew that the stout and serviceable cob in the shafts was a sure-footed beast; but the road was of the roughest; and he could not understand why the young English lady, who was generally very cautious should drive so fast. Was it to get away from the black thunder masses of cloud that lay over the mountains behind them? Here, at least, there seemed no danger of any storm. The sunlight was brilliant on the wide green pastures and on the flashing waters of the stream; and the steep and sterile hill-sides were shining now; and the loch far ahead of them had its wind-rippled surface of a blue like the heart of a sapphire. Yolande's face soon showed the influence of the warm sunlight and of the fresh keen air; and her eyes were glad, though they seemed busy with other things. Indeed, there was scarcely any sign of life around to attract her attention. The sheep on the vast slopes, where there was but a scanty pasturage among the blocks of granite, were as small gray specks; an eagle slowly circling on motionless wing over the furthest mountain range, looked no bigger than a hawk; some young falcons, whose cry sounded just overhead among the crags, were invisible. But perhaps she did not heed these things much. She seemed preoccupied, and yet happy and light-hearted.

When, in due course of time, they reached the end of the valley, and got on to the road that wound along the wooded shores of the loch, there was much easier going, and Sandy dismissed his fears. It was a pretty loch, this stretch of wind-stirred blue water, for the hills surrounding it were somewhat less sterile than those at Allt-nam-ba; here and there the banks were fringed with hazel; and at the lower end of it, where the river flowing from it wound through a picturesque ravine, were the dark green plantations surrounding Lynn Towers. They had driven for about a mile and a half or so by the shores of the lake, when Yolande fancied she heard some clanking noise proceeding from the other side; and thereupon she instantly asked Sandy what that could be, for any sound save the bleating of sheep or the croak of a raven was an unusual thing here. The young Highland lad strained his eyes in the direction of the distant hill-side, and at last he said:

"Oh yes, I see them now. They will be the men taking up more fencing to the forest. Duncan was speaking about that, madam."

(For he was a polite youth, as far as his English went.)

"I can't see anything, Sandy," said the young lady.

"If Miss Winterbourne would be looking about half-way up the hill—they are by the side of the gray corrie now."

Then he added, after a second:

"I am thinking that will be the Master at the top."

"Do you mean the Master of Lynn?" she said, quickly.

"Yes, madam."

"Well, your eyes are sharper than mine, Sandy. I can see that black speck on the sky-line, but that is all."

"He is waving a handkerchief now," said Sandy, with much coolness.

"Oh, that is impossible. How could he make us out at this distance?"

"The Master will know there is no other carriage than this one coming from Allt-nam-ba."

"Very well, then," said she, taking out her handkerchief and giving it a little shake or two in the sunlight. "I will take the chance; but you know, Sandy, it is more likely to be one of the keepers waving his hand to you."

"Oh no, madam; it is the Master himself; I am sure of it. He was up at the bothy yesterday evening fo see Duncan about the gillies, and he was saying something about the new fence above the loch."

"Was Mr. Leslie at Allt-nam-ba last night?" said she, in surprise.

"Oh yes, madam."

"And he left no message for me?"

"I think there was not any message. But he was asking when Miss Winterbourne's father was coming, and I told him I was to drive Miss Winterbourne into Foyers this morning."

"Oh, that is all right," she said, with much content.

By this time they had reached the lower end of the lake; and when they had crossed the wooden bridge over the river and ascended a bit of a hill, they found themselves opposite Lynn Towers—a large, modern building, which, with its numerous conservatories, stood on a level piece of ground on the other side of the ravine. Then on again; and in time they beheld stretching out before them a wide and variegated plain, looking rich and fertile and cultivated after the mountainous solitudes they had left behind, while all around them were hanging woods, with open slopes of pasture and rills running down to the river in the valley beneath. As they drove on and down into that smiling and shining country, the day grew more and more brilliant. The breaks of blue in the sky grew broader, the silver-gleaming clouds went slowly by to the east, and the air, which was much warmer down here, was perfumed with the delicate resinous odor of the sweet-gale. Wild flowers grew more luxuriantly. Here and there a farm-house appeared, with fields of grain encroaching on the moorland. And at last, after some miles of this gradual descent, Yolande arrived at a little sprinkling of houses sufficient in number—though much scattered among the fields—to be called a village, and drew up at the small wooden gate of a modest little mansion, very prettily situated in the midst of a garden of roses, columbine, nasturtiums, and other cottage favorites.

No sooner had the carriage stopped than instantly the door was opened by a smiling and comely dame, with silver-gray hair, and pleasant, shrewd gray eyes, who came down the garden path. She was neatly and plainly dressed in a housekeeper-looking kind of costume, but her face was refined and intelligent, and there was a sort of motherliness, as well as very obvious kindliness, in the look with which she regarded the young English lady.

"Do you know that I meant to scold you, Mrs. Bell, for robbing your garden again?" said Yolande. But this time—no—I am not going to scold you I can only thank you; for my papa is coming to-day; and oh you should see how pretty the rooms are with the flowers you sent me! But not again now—not any more destroying the garden."

"Dear me, and is your papa coming the day?" said the elderly woman, in a slow, persuasive, south-country sort of fashion.

"I am going now to meet him at the steamer," said Yolande, quickly. "That is why—"

"Well, now," said Mrs. Bell, "that is just a most extraordinary piece of good luck; for I happen to have a pair of the very finest and plumpest young ducklings that ever I set eyes on."

"No, no; no, no, no," Yolande cried, laughing; "I cannot have any more excuses for these kindnesses and kindnesses. Every day since I came here—every day a fresh excuse—and always the boy coming with Mrs. Bell's compliments—"

"Dinna ye think I know perfectly well," said the other, in a tone of half-indignant remonstrance, "what it is for a young leddy to be trying housekeeping in a place like yon? So there's not to be another word about it. Ye'll just stop for a minute as ye're going back, and take the ducklings wi' ye; ay, and I've got a nice bunch or two o'fresh-cut lettuce for ye, and a few carrots and turnips,—I declare it's a shame to see the things wasting in the garden, for we canna use the half of them."

"Wouldn't it be simpler for you to give me the garden and the house and everything all at once?" said Yolande. "Well, now, I wish to see Mr. Melville.

"Ye canna do that," was the prompt reply.

"Why?" said the girl with something of a stare, for she had not been in the habit of having her requests refused up in this part of the world.

"He is at his work," said the elderly dame, glancing at a small building that stood at right angles with the house.

"Do ye think I would disturb him when he is at his work? Do ye think I want him to send me about my business?"

"There is a tyrant!" exclaimed Yolande. "Never mind, then; I wanted to thank him for sending me the trout. Now, I will not. Well, good-by, Mrs. Bell. I will take the vegetables, and be very grateful to you, but not the ducklings."

"Ye'll just take the ducklings, as I say, like a sensible young leddy," said Mrs. Bell, with emphasis; "and there is not to be another word about it."

So on she drove again, on this bright and beautiful July day, through a picturesque and rocky and rugged country, until in time she reached the end of her journey—the charming little hotel that is perched high amid the woods overlooking Loch Ness, within sound of the thundering Foyers Water. And as she had hurried mainly to give the cob a long mid day rest—the steamer not being due till the afternoon—she now found herself with some hours' leisure at her disposal, which she spent in idly wandering through the umbrageous woods, startling many a half-tame pheasant, but never coming on the real object of her quest, a roe-deer. And then, at last, she heard the throbbing of paddle-wheels in the intense silence, and just about as quick as any roe-deer she made her way down through the bracken and the bushes, and went right out to the end of the little pier.

She made him out at once, even at that distance; for though he was a tall man, his sharp-featured, sun-reddened face and silver-white hair made him easily recognizable. And of course she was greatly delighted when he came ashore, and excited too; and she herself would have carried gun cases, fishing baskets, and what not to the dog-cart, had not the boots from the horel interfered. And she had a hundred eager questions and assurances, but would pay no heed to his remonstrance about the risks of her driving.

"Why, papa, I drove every day at Inverstroy!" she exclaimed, as they briskly set out for Allt-nam-ba.

"I suppose the Grahams were very kind to you?" he said.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes."

"And the Master, how is he?"

"Oh, very well, I believe. Of course I have not seen him since Mrs. Graham left. But he has made all the arrangements for you—ponies, pannieis, everything quite arranged. And he left the rifle at the bothy; and I have the cartridges all right from Inverness—oh yes, you will find everything prepared and there is no want of provision, for Mr. Melville sends me plenty of trout, and Duncan goes up the hill now and again for a hare, and they are sending me a sheep from the farm—"

"A sheep!"

"Duncan said it was the best way, to have a sheep killed. And we have new-laid eggs and fresh milk every day. And every one is so kind and attentive, papa, that whatever turns out wrong, that will bemy fault in not arranging properly—"

"Oh, that will be all right," said he, good-humoredly. "I want to hear about yourself, Yolande. What do you think of Lord Lynn and his sister, now that you have seen something more of them?"

This question checked her volubility, and for a second a very odd expression came over her face.

"They are very serious people, papa," said she, with some caution. "And—and very pious, I think."

"But I suppose you are as pious as they can be?" her father said. "That is no objection."

She was silent.

"And those other people—the old woman who pretends to be a housekeeper, and is a sort of Good Fairy in disguise—and the penniless young laird who has no land—"

Instantly her face brightened up.

"Oh, he is the most extraordinary person, papa—a magician! I can not describe it; you must see for yourself; but really it is wonderful. He has a stream to work for him—yes, for Mrs. Graham and I went and visited it—climbing away up the hills—and there was the water-wheel at work in the water, and a hut close by, and there were copper wires to take the electricity away down to the house, where he has a store of it. It is a genie for him; he makes it light the lamps in the house, in the school-room, and it makes electrotype copies for him; it works a lathe for turning wood—oh, I can't tell you all about it. And he has been so kind to me! but mostly in secret, so that I could not catch him to thank him. How could I know? I complain to Mrs. Bell that it is a trouble to send to Inverness for some one to set the clock going: the next morning—it is all right! It goes; nothing wrong at all! Then the broken window in the drawing-room: Mrs. Graham and I drive away to Fort Augustus; when I come back in the evening there is a new pane put in. Then the filter in the water-tank up the hill—"

"But what on earth is this wonderful Jack-of-all-trades doing here? Why, you yourself wrote to me, Yolande, that he had taken the Snell Exhibition and the Ferguson Scholarship, and blazed like a comet through Balliol; and now I find him tinkering at window-panes."

She laughed.

"I think he works very hard: he says he is very lazy. He is very fond of fishing, he is not well off, and here he is permitted to fish in the lakes far away among the hills that few people will take the trouble to go to. Then naturally he has much interest in this neighborhood, where once his people were the great family; and those living here have a great respect for him; and he has built a school, and teaches in it—it is a free school, no charge at all," Yolande added, hastily. "That is Mrs. Bell's kindness, the building of the school. Then he makes experiments and discoveries; is it not enough of an occupation when every one is talking about the electric light? Also he is a great botanist; and when it is not school-time he is away up in the hills after rare plants, or to fish. Oh, it is terrible the loneliness of the small lakes up in the hills, Mr. Leslie has told me; no road, no track, no life anywhere. And the long hours of climbing; oh I am sure I have been sorry sometimes—many times—when day after day I receive a present of trout and a message, to think of the long climbing and the labor—"

"But why doesn't he fish in the loch at Allt-nam-ba?" her father exclaimed.

"That can't be so difficult to get at."

"He had permission last year," said she.

"Why not this?".

"He thought it would be more correct to wait for you to give permission."

"Well, now, Yolande," said he peevishly, "how could you be so stupid? Here is a fellow who shows you all sorts of kindnesses, and you haven't enough common-sense to offer him a day's fishing in the loch!"

"It was not my affair," she said, cheerfully. That was for you to arrange."

"Waiting for permission to fish in a loch like that!" her father said, more good-naturedly, for indeed his discontent with Yolande rarely lasted for more than the fifteenth part of a second. "Leslie told me the loch would be infinitely improved if five-sixths of the fish were netted out of it; the trout would run to a better size. However, Miss Yolande, since you've treated him badly, you must make amends. You must ask him to dinner."

"Oh yes, papa, I shall be glad to do that," she said, blithely.

"If the house is anywhere near the road, we can pick him up as we go along. Then I suppose you could send a message to the Master; he is not likely to have an engagement."

"But you don't mean for to-night," she said, in amazement.

"I do, indeed. Why not?"

"What! the first night that we have to ourselves together, to think of inviting strangers?"

"Strangers!" he repeated. "That is an odd phrase to be used by a young lady who wears an engaged ring."

"But I am not married yet, papa," said she, flushing slightly. "I am only engaged. When I am a wife, it may be different; but at present I am your daughter."

"And you would rather that we had this first evening all by ourselves?"

"It is not a wish, papa," said she, coolly; "it is a downright certainty. There is only dinner for two, and there will be only dinner for two, and these two are you and I. Do you forget that I am mistress of the house?"

Well, he seemed nothing loath; the prospect did not at all overcloud his face, as they drove away through this smiling and cheerful and picturesque country, with the severer altitudes beyond gradually coming into view.

That same night Yolande and her father set out for an arm-in-arm stroll away down the broad silent valley. It was late; but still there was a bewilderment of light all around them, for in the northwestern heavens the wan twilight still lingered, while behind them, in the southeast, the moon had arisen, and now projected their shadows before them as they walked. Yolande was talkative and joyous—the silence and the loneliness of the place did not seem to oppress her; and he was always a contented listener. They walked away along the strath, under the vast solitudes of the hills, and by the side of this winding and murmuring stream, and in time they reached the loch. For a wonder it was perfectly still. The surface was like glass, and those portions that were in shadow were black as jet. But these were not many, for the moonlight was shining adown this wide space, touching softly the over-hanging crags and the woods, and showing them, as they got on still further, above the loch and the bridge and the river, and standing silent amid the silent plantations, the pale white walls of Lynn

"And so you think, Yolande," said he, "that you will be quite happy in living in this solitary place?"

"If you were always to be away—oh no; but with you coming to see me sometimes, as now—oh, yes, yes: why not?" said she, cheerfully.

"You wouldn't mind being cut off from the rest of the world?" he said.

"I?" she said. "What is it to me? I know so few people elsewhere."

"It would be a peaceful life, Yolande," said he, thoughtfully. "Would it not?"

"Oh yes," she answered, brightly. "And then, papa, you would take Allt-nam-ba for the whole year, every year, and not merely have a weeks' shooting in the autumn. Why should it not be a pleasant place to live in? Could anything be more beautiful than to-night—and the solitude? And one or two of the people are so kind. But this I must tell you, papa, that the one who has been kindest to me here is not Lord Lynn, nor his sister, Mrs. Colquhoun, nor any one of them, but Mrs. Bell; and the first chance, when she is sure not to meet Mr. Melville, or Mr. Leslie—for she is very particular about that, and pretends only to be a housekeeper—I am going to bring her up to Allt-nam-ba; and you will see how charming she is, and how good and wise and gentle, and how proud she is of Mr. Melville. As for him, he laughs ta her. He laughs at every one. He has no respect for any one more than another; he talks to Lord Lynn as he talks to Duncan—perhaps with more kindness to Duncan. Rich or poor, it is no difference—no, he does not seem to understand that there is a difference. And all the people, the shepherds, the gillies, and Mrs. Macdougal at the farm—every one thinks there is no one like him. Perhaps I have learned a little from him, even in so short a time; it may be. I do not care that Mrs. Bell has been a cook; that is nothing to me; I see that she is a good woman, and clever, and kind; and I will be her friend if she pleases; and I know that he gives her more honor than to any one else, though he does not say much. No, he is too sarcastic; and not very courteous. Sometimes he is almost rude; but he is a little more considerate with old people—"

"Look here, Yolande, her father said, with a laugh. "All this afternoon, and all this evening, and all down this valley, you have done nothing but talk about this wonderful Mr. Melville, although you say you have scarcely ever seen him."

"No, no, no, papa. I said, when he had done any kindness to me, he had kept out of the way, and I had no chance to thank him."

"Very well: all your talking has produced nothing but a jumble. I want to see this laird without land, this Balliol clockmaker, this fisherman school-master, this idol who is worshipped by the natives. Let me see what he is like, first of all. Ask him to dinner, and the Master too. We have few neighbors and we must make the most of them. So now let us get back home again, child; although it is almost a shame to go indoors on such a night. And you don't really think you would regret being shut off from the world, Yolande, in this solitude?"

She was looking along the still loch, and the wooded shores, and the moonlit crags that were mirrored in the glassy water; and her eyes were happy enough.

"Is it not like fairy-land, papa? How could one regret living in such a beautiful place? Besides," she added, cheerfully, have I not promised?" And therewith she held out her unglloved hand for a second; and he understood what she meant; for he saw the three diamonds on her engagement ring clear in the moonlight.

(To be continued.)

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Heavy Mess Pork
Pressed Hay.
CHOICE BRANDS OF
Flour, Cornmeal & Oatmeal,
at Wholesale Rates.
AT THE
FISH WREHOUSE
ON THE
Public Wharf, - Newcastle,

$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.

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.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

The Subscriber has associated with him CHARLES A. PATTERSON to carry on a general Dry Goods business in the Store lately occupied by D. M. Loggie & Co., Chatham.

W. S. LOGGIE.

21st March, 1883.

HAY FOR SALE.

The Subscriber has on hand and stored in Chatham a quantity of good Hay, which he offers by bale or ton, cheap for cash. Apply to MR. JAMES CORMACK Chatham, or

JOHN JOHNSTONE,
Napan.

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 30 in. x 20 gauge.
7 " x " x " "
8 " x " x " "
First class make (Davies') and well adapted for LOBSTER BOILERS, &c. Besides a heavy stock in store, we expect early in March, per good Ship 'Alfarin:'

11,224 Bars	Refined Iron.
2,566 Bdls.	
365 "	Hoop Iron

I. & F. BURPEE & CO.
St. John, N.B.

Dry Goods, Cheap.

The Subscribers are now offering the Stock of D. M. Loggie & Co., in the Store lately occupied by them, at very low prices to clear, in anticipation of the early arrival of

SPRING GOODS.

On some lines to clear, large reductions will be made.

It will be to the advantage of intending purchasers to examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

By strict attention to business and a well assorted Stock at reasonable prices they hope to merit a share of public patronage.

PATTERSON, LOGGIE & CO.
In the Store lately occupied by D. M. Loggie & Co.
Opposite Golden Ball.

Law.

Johnson & Murray
BARRISTERS-AT-LAW,
Notaries' Public, Insurance Agents,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
A. H. JOHNSON. ROBT. MURRAY.

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

WARREN C. WINSLOW,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office:—Pugsley's Building, Prince William St., ST. JOHN,
*5124

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 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 Diarrhea, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY
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 8 letter-stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

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.

FOR SALE.
50,000 BRICKS.
50,000 Face and Common Bricks.
AT THE
MIRAMICHI BRICK YARD.
HARVEY FLETT,
Nelson, N. B.
Nelson, Sept. 13, 1882.

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

SAD IRONS.
MRS. POTTS' SAD IRONS.
Plain,
Polished and
Nickle-plated
For Sale at Lowest Prices by
H. P. MARQUIS,
Cunard St. Chatham

Birthday Cards.

Felt Hats, Fur Hats,
WOOL HATS.

NEW SPRING GOODS
NOW OPENING
—AT—
Commercial House.
W B. HOWARD.
March 22nd, 1883.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make pay all the time, write for particulars. H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine

Manchester, Robertson, & Allison,
IMPORTERS OF
DRY GOODS,
AND
MILLINERY
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
MANUFACTURERS OF
SHIRTS OF ALL KINDS.
7 & 29 KING STREET SAINT JOHN.

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

Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction on FRIDAY, the 10th day of AUGUST, next in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock, p. m.

All the right, title and interest of Harrison T. Graham in and to all that piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Hardwick in the County of Northumberland and bounded as follows, to wit: Commencing at a cedar stake placed on the southern side of the Bay du Vin River at the northern angle of the lot No. one, granted to Angus McDonald, thence running by the magnetic needle, south twenty degrees, east one hundred and forty-seven chains of four poles each to the pear line of those lots fronting on the said River; thence along the rear line, north fifty-five degrees, east fifteen chains and forty links; thence north twenty degrees, west one hundred and thirty-four chains, crossing the two mile brook to a stake placed on the said side of the said river and thence along the river southerly to the place of be