YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "Strange Adventures," "Madcap of Kars," "White Wings," "Shandy," etc.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVI.

GENTLEMEN.

Yolande was right on that one point, at least; every one seemed greatly pleased. There was a new and obvious satisfaction permeating all through this little party in exile. Mrs. Graham was more affectionate than ever—it was "dear Yolande" every other minute; Colonel Graham was assiduous in giving her perfectly idiotic advice about her housekeeping at Alit-nam-ba; and the Master of Lynn sought, but sought in vain, for opportunities of having little confidential talks with her. And the most light-hearted of them all was Yolande herself. Her decision once given, she seemed to trouble herself no more about the future. Every one was pleased; so was she. She betrayed no concern; she was not embarrassed by that increase of attention and kindness which, however slight, was easily recognizable and significant. To all appearance she was occupied, not in the least with her future duties as a wife, but solely and delightedly with preparations for the approaching visit to Merhad; and she was right thankful that they were going by water, for on two occasions they had found the sand of the river-bank to be of a temperature of 140° in the sun, which was not very pleasant for women-folk wearing thin-soled boots.

When they had got into the stern of the big boat, and were being rowed up the wide, yellow-green river, her father could not help regarding this gaiety of demeanor with an increasing wonder, and even with a touch of apprehensive doubt. And then again he argued with himself. Why should she anticipate the gravities of life? Why should she not be careless and light-hearted, and happy in the small excitements of the moment? Would it not be time to face the evil days, if there were to be any such, when they came? And why should they come at all? Surely some lives were destined for peace. Why should not the story of her life be like the scene now around them—placid, beautiful, and calm, with unclouded skies? To some that was given, and Yolande (he gradually convinced himself) would be one of those. To look at her face—so full of life and pleasure and bright cheerfulness—was to acquire hope; it was not possible to associate misery or despair with those clear-shining, confident eyes. Her life (he returned to the fancy) was to be like the scenery in which the courtship and engagement passage of it had chanced to occur—pretty, placid, unclouded, not too romantic. And so by the time they reached Merhadj he had grown to be, or had forced himself to appear, as cheerful as any of them. He knew he was nervous, fretful, and liable to gloomy anticipations; but he also had a certain power of fighting against these, and that he could do best when Yolande was actually beside him. And was she not there now—merry and laughing and delighted; eagerly interested in these new scenes, and trying to talk to everyone at once? He began to share in her excitement; he forgot about those vague horoscopes; it was the crowd of boats, and the children swimming in the Nile, and the women coming down with pitchers on their heads, and all the other busy and picturesque features along the shore that he was looking at, because she also was looking at them; and it was no visionary Yolande of the future, but the very sensible and practical and light-hearted Yolande of that very moment, that he had to grip by the arm with an angry remonstrance about her attempting to walk down the gangboard by herself, Yolande laughed; she never believed much in her father's anger.

They got ashore to find themselves in the midst of a frightful tumult and confusion—at least so it appeared to them after the silence and seclusion of the dahabeeyah. Donkeys were being driven down to the river, raising clouds of dust as they came trotting along; the banks swarmed with mules and camels and water-carriers; the women were filling their pitchers, the boys their pig-skin vessels; the children were diving and splashing and calling; and altogether the bustle and clamor seemed different enough from the ordinary repose of Eastern life, and were a trifle bewildering. But in the midst of it all appeared young Ismat Effendi, who came hurrying down the bank to offer a hundred eager apologies for his not having been in time to receive them; and under his guidance they got away from the noise and squalor, and proceeded to cross a large open square, planted with a few acacia-trees, to the Governor's house just outside the town. The young Ismat was delighted to be the escort of those two English ladies. He talked very fast; his eyes were eloquent; and his smiling face showed how proud and pleased he was. And would they go through the town with him after they had done his father the honor of a visit?

"The bazars are not like Cairo," said he. "No, no; who could expect that? We are a small town, but we are more Egyptian than Cairo; we are not half foreign, like Cairo."

"I am sure it will be all the more interesting on that account," said Mrs. Graham, graciously; and Yolande was pleased to express the same opinion; and young Ismat Effendi's face seemed to say that a great honor had been conferred on him and on Merhadj.

And indeed they were sufficiently interested in what they could already see of the place—this wide sandy square, with its acacias in tubs, its strings of donkeys and camels, its veiled women and dusky men; with the high bare walls of mosque, the tapering minaret, some lower walls of houses, and everywhere a profusion of palms that bounded the further side.

"Hillo, Mr. Ismat!" called out Colonel Graham, as two gangs of villainous-looking convicts, all chained to each other, came along under guard of a couple of soldiers. "What have these fellows been doing?"

"They are prisoners," said he, carelessly. "They have killed somebody or stolen something. We make them carry water."

The next new feature was a company of soldiers, in white tunics and trousers and red tarbooshes, who marched quickly along to the shrill sharp music of bugles. They disappeared into the archway of a large square building.

"This is my father's house," explained young Ismat to the ladies. "He looks to your visit with great pleasure. And the other gentlemen of the town, they are there also, and the chief engineer of the district. Your coming is a great honor to us."

"I wish I knew a little Arabic," said Mrs. Graham. "I am sure we have not thanked his Excellency half enough for his kindness in lending us his dahabeeyah."

"Oh, quite enough, quite enough," said the polite young Egyptian. "I assure you it is nothing. Though it is a pity my father does not understand English, and not much French either. He has been very busy all his life, and not travelling. The other gentlemen speak French, like most of the official Egyptians."

"And you," said Mrs. Graham, regarding him with her pretty eyes, "do you speak French as well as you speak English?"

"My English!" he said, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "It is very bad. I know it is very, very bad. I have never been in England; I have had no practice except a little in India. But, on the contrary, I have lived three years in Paris; French is much more natural to me than English."

"It is so with me also, Mr. Ismat," said Yolande, a trifle shyly.

"With you?" he exclaimed.

"I have lived nearly all my life in France. But your English, that you speak of, is not in the least bad. It is very good—is it not, Mrs. Graham?"

Nothing further could be said on that point, however, for they were just escaping from the glare of the sun into a cool high archway; and from that they passed into a wide, open courtyard, where the guard of soldiers they had seen enter presented arms. Then they descended some steps, and finally were ushered into a large and lofty and barely furnished saloon, where the Governor and the notables of Merhadj received them with much serious courtesy. But this interview, as it turned out, was not quite so solemn as that on the deck of the dahabeeyah; for, after what Ismat Effendi had said to the two ladies without, it was but natural that the conversation should be conducted in French; and so the coffee and cigarettes which were brought in by two young lads were partaken of in anything but silence. And then, as little groups were thus formed, and as Ismat's services as interpreter were not in such constant demand, he somehow came to devote himself to the two ladies, and as Yolande naturally spoke French with much more ease and fluency than Mrs. Graham, to her he chiefly addressed himself. The Master of Lynn did not at all like this arrangement. He was silent and impatient. He regarded this Frenchified Arab, who seemed to consider himself so fascinating, with a goodly measure of robust English contempt. And then he grew angry with his sister. She ought not to be, and she ought not to permit Yolande to be, so familiar with this Egyptian fellow. Did she not know that Egyptian ladies studiously kept their faces concealed? And what must he be thinking of these two English ladies, who laughed and chatted in this free and easy fashion?

Then, as regarded Yolande, his gratitude for the great gift she had given him was still full in his mind, and he was willing to make every excuse for her, and to treat her with a manly forbearance and leniency; but at the same time he could not get rid of a certain consciousness that she did not seem to recognize as she ought that he had, in a way, a right of possession. She bore herself to him just as she bore herself to the others; if there was any one of the party whom she seemed specially to favor that morning as they came up the Nile, it was Colonel Graham, who did nothing but tease her. She did not seem to think there was any difference between yesterday and to-day, whereas yesterday she was free, and to-day she was a promised bride. However, he threw most of the blame on his sister. Polly was always trying the effect of her eyes on somebody, and this Egyptian was as good as another. And he wondered how Graham allowed it.

But matters grew worse when this ceremonious interview was over. For when they went to explore the narrow, twisting, mud-paved, and apparently endless bazars of Merhadj, where there was scarcely room for the camels and donkeys to pass without bumping them against the walls or shop doors, of course they had to go two and two; and as young Ismat had to lead the way, and as he naturally continued to talk to the person with whom he had been talking within, it fell out that Yolande and he were the first pair, the others following as they pleased. Once or twice the Master struggled forward through the crowd and the dust and the donkey, and tried to detach Yolande from her companion; but in each case some circumstance happened to intervene, and he failed; and the consequence was that, bringing up the rear with Mr. Winterbourne, who was not a talkative person, he had abundant leisure to nurse his wrath in silence. And he felt he had a right to be angry, though it was not perhaps altogether her fault. She did not seem to understand that there were relations existing between engaged people different from those existing between others. He had acquired a certain right; no, in fact, had she; for he put it to himself whether, supposing he had had the chance of walking through those miserable little streets of Merhadj with the prettiest young Englishwoman who ever lived, he would have deserted Yolande for her side. No, he would not. And he thought that he ought to remonstrate; and that he would remonstrate; but yet in a kindly way, so that no offense could be taken. It could be no offense, surely, to beg from her just a little bit more of her favor.

Meanwhile, this was the conversation of those two in front, as they slowly made their way along the tortuous, catacomb-looking thoroughfare, with its dusky little shops, in the darkness of each of which sat the merchant, cross-legged, and gazing impassively out from under his large white turban.

"What is it, then, you wish?" he was saying to her; and he spoke in French that was much more idiomatic, if not any more fluent, than his English. "Curiosities? Bric-a-brac?"

"It is something very Eastern, very Egyptian, that I could send to the ladies at the Cbateau where I was brought up," she said, as she attentively scanned each gloomy recess. "And also I would like to buy something for Mrs. Graham—a little present—I know not what. Also for my papa. Is there nothing very strange—very curious?"

"But alas! mademoiselle," said he, "we have here no manufactures. Our business of the neighborhood is agriculture. All these articles in the bazar are from Cairo; we have not any of the Assiout pottery, which is pretty and curious, but perhaps not safe to carry on a long journey. The silver jewelry is all from Cairo; those silks from Cairo also; those cottons from England."

"At Cairo, then, one could purchase some things truly Egyptian?"

"Certainly—certainly, mademoiselle, you will find the bazars at Cairo full of interest. Ah, I wish with all my heart I could accompany you!"

"That would be to encroach entirely too much on your goodness," said she with a pleasant smile.

"Not at all," said he, earnestly. "Ah, no; not at all. It is so charming to find one's self for a time in new society; and if one can be of a little assistance, that is so much the better. Then there is also something I would speak to monsieur your father about, mademoiselle, before you return to the dahabeeyah. I have arranged one or two excursions for you, which may interest you perhaps; and the necessary means are all prepared; and I think it might be of advantage to begin these at once. There is no danger—no, no; there is no cause for any alarm; but always of late the political atmosphere has been somewhat disturbed; and if you were at Cairo you would find out better what was going to happen than we ourselves do here. Then, as you have said, you would wish to buy some things; and you will have need of plenty of time to go through the bazars—"

He seemed to speak with a little caution, at this point.

"I have heard the gentlemen speak of it, said she, with no great concern, for she was far from being a nervous person; "but they seemed to think there was no danger."

"Danger? No, no," said he. "For you there can be no danger. But if there is political disquiet and disturbance, it might not be quite agreeable for you; and that is all I wish to say to monsieur your father, that he would have the goodness to make the excursions as soon as possible, and so leave more time for judging the situation.

It is a hint—it is a suggestion—that is all."

"I am sure that my papa and Colonel Graham will do whatever you think best," said she.

"You are very good, mademoiselle. I wish to serve them," said he, with grave courtesy.

Well, not only did this young man—whether intentionally or not it was impossible to say—monopolize Yolande's society during the remainder of their exploration of Merhadj, but, furthermore, on their embarking in their boat to return, he accepted an invitation to dine with them that same evening; and the Master of Lynn was determined that, before young Ismat put foot on board the dahabeeyah, Yolande would be civilly but firmly requested to amend her ways. It was all very well for his sister, who was a born flirt, to go about making great friends with strangers; and it was all very well for Colonel Graham, who was too lazy to care about anything, to look on with good-humored indifference. But already this audacious youth had begun to pose Yolande as an exalted being. She knew nothing about garrison life in India.

He had very considerable difficulty in obtaining a private conversation with Yolande, for life on board the dahabeeyah was distinctly public and social; but late on in the afternoon he succeeded.

"So, Yolande," said he, with an artful carelessness, "this has been the first day of our engagement."

"Oh yes," said she, looking up in a pleasant way.

"We haven't seen much of each other," he suggested.

"Ah, no; it has been such a busy day. How much nicer is the quiet here, is it not?"

"But you seemed to find Ismat Effendi sufficiently amusing," he said, somewhat coldly.

"Oh yes," she answered, quite frankly. "And so clever and intelligent. I hope we shall see him when he comes to England."

"I thought," said he, "that in France young ladies were brought up to be rather reserved—that they were not supposed to become so friendly with chance acquaintances."

Perhaps there was something in the tone that caused her to look up, this time rather seriously.

"I should not call him a chance acquaintance," she said, slowly. "He is the friend of Colonel Graham, and of papa, and of yourself." And then she added, speaking still slowly, and still regarding him, "Did you think I was not enough reserved?"

Well, there was a kind of obedience in her manner—a sort of biddableness in her eyes—that entirely took the wind out of the sails of his intended reproof.

"You see, Yolande," said he, in a much more friendly way, "perhaps it was mere bad luck; but after getting engaged only last night, you may imagine I wanted to see a little of you today; and you can't suppose that I quite liked that Egyptian fellow monopolizing you the whole time. Of course I am not jealous—and not jealous of that fellow!—for jealousy implies suspicion; and I know you too well. But perhaps you don't quite understand that people who are engaged have a little claim on each other, and expect to be treated with a little more intimacy and friendliness than if they were outsiders."

"Oh yes, I understand," she said, with her eyes cast down.

"Of course I am not complaining," he continued, in the most amiable way. "It would be a curious thing if I were to begin to complain now, after what you said last night. But you can't wonder if I am anxious to have all your kindness to myself, and that I should like you and me to have different relations between ourselves than those we have with other people. An engagement means giving up something on both sides, I suppose. Do you think I should like to see you waltzing with any one else now? It isn't in human nature that I should like it."

"Then I will not waltz with any one," she said, still looking down.

"And I don't think you will find me a tyrannous sort of person, Yolande," said he with a smile, "even if you are inclined to make an engagement a much more serious matter than you seem to consider it. It is more likely you who will prove the tyrant; for you have your own way with everybody, and why not with me too? And I hope you understand why I spoke, don't you? You don't think it unkind?"

"Oh no, I quite understand," she said, in the same low voice.

Ismat Effendi came to dinner, as he had promised. She spoke scarcely a word to him the whole evening.

(To be continued.)

Fortunate Horoscope Prognosticators.

The persons who calculate lucky moments in men's lives are busy prognosticating what celestial phenomena at one's birth will bring out the combination that will put the fortunate man in possession of the $150,000 grand prize at the next, the 157th (June 12th, Tuesday), Grand Semi-Annual Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, at New Orleans, La. Full information can be had on an immediate application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

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When your husband comes home in bad humor, jerks off his boots and appears to be generally miserable, do not attribute it to business cares or hard times, but to its real cause—those terrible corns which are constantly annoying him. A word to the wise will be sufficient—buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. His corns will be quickly and painlessly removed, and his gratitude will be unbounded. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor sold everywhere. N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Proprietors.

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Any and all of these ailments are met unfailingly by Herrick's Sugar-Coated Vegetable Pills, which cool the system and cleanse the blood. They are the greatest known remedy, not only for these ailments, but for almost every other bodily complaint. Try them.

A Certain Philadelphia merchant called on a noted physician a few days ago for treatment. The doctor, after a long and careful examination said: 'My dear sir, drugs will not reach your case. You are dying of inanition superinduced by ennui. For want of something to occupy your mind all your vital organs are becoming dormant. I prescribe a double column advertisement in each of the Philadelphia daily papers."—*Philadelphia News.*

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure." For all Impurities of the Blood, Sick Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Costiveness, &c., it is the best medicine known.

A Quebec letter says:—Along the line of the Intercolonial Railroad through New Brunswick and Quebec Provinces the grass fields and pastures are still quite brown; but the land is dry and in fine order, and the French farmers are actively at work. Several of the lakes beyond Metapedia are still covered with ice. The buds on the trees have not yet begun to swell. All the hills in the lower part of Quebec Province show patches and streaks of snow.

Hotels.

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THE Proprietor of the above well known House begs to announce that it will be open during the Summer season of 1883, for

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Splendid TROUT FISHING and admirable BOATING facilities at the door, while the surrounding country offers great attractions for the student of natural history, the pedestrian and the equestrian.

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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.

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

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HAMILTON, MO., June 14th, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & Co.,—Gents:—This is to certify that I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure and have found it to be all it is recommended to be and in fact more too; I have removed by using the above Callous, Bone Spavins, Ring-bones, Splints, and can cheerfully testify and recommend it to be the best thing for any bony substance I have ever used and I have tried many as I have made that my study for years.

Respectfully yours, P. V. CRIST.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE,

NEW HAMBURG, ONT., Dec. 28th, 1881.

MR. F. H. MCCALLUM, Dear Sir:—The bottle of Dr. Kendall's Spavin Cure, bought of you last summer, gave me the utmost satisfaction and performed a wonderful cure upon a mare nineteen years old, belonging to me, which was badly spavined for ten years. She was so lame that I could hardly get her to move. The lameness is entirely gone after using half a bottle of the cure, and she is like a young horse again.

Yours truly, J. F. ROTH.

From the Oneonta Press, N. Y.

ONEONTA, NEW YORK, Jan. 6th, 1881.

Early last summer Messrs. B. J. Kendall & Co., of Enosburg Falls, Vt., made a contract with the publishers of the *Press* for a half column advertisement for one year setting forth the merits of Kendall's Spavin Cure. At the same time we secured from the firm a quantity of books, entitled Dr. Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which we are giving to advance paying subscribers to the *Press* as a premium.

About the time the advertisement first appeared in this paper, Mr. F. G. Schermerhorn, who resides near Colliers, had a spavined horse. He read the advertisement and concluded to test the efficacy of the remedy, although his friends laughed at his credulity. He bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and commenced using it on the horse in accordance with the directions, and he informed us this week that it effected such a complete cure that an expert horseman, who examined the animal recently could find no trace of the spavin or the place where it had born located. Mr. Schermerhorn has since secured a copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which he prizes very highly and would be loth to part with at any price, provided he could not obtain another copy. So much for advertising reliable articles.

FROM

COL. L. T. FOSTER.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, May 10th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL, & CO., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt that I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons who failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago Express. I determined at once to try it and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial, I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the state. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

Very Respectfully,
L. T. FOSTER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
ON HUMAN FLESH

PATTEN'S MILLS, N. Y., Feb. 21st, 1878.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—The particular case on which I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months standing. I had tried many things but in vain, your spavin cure put the foot to the ground again, and, for the first time since hurt in a natural position. For a family liniment it excels anything we ever used.

Yours truly,
REV. M. P. BITZ.
Pastor of M. E. Church, Patten's Mills, N. Y.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

is sure in its effects, mild in action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavin splints, curbs, ringbones, callous, swellings, and any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or for rheumatism in man or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for illustrated circular which, we think, gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

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.

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

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Heavy Mess Pork
Pressed Hay.
CHOICE BRANDS OF
Flour,
Cornmeal &
Oatmeal,
at Wholesale Rates.
AT THE
FISH WAREHOUSE
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 39 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, 2,565 Bdls. } Refined Iron; 265 " 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 Debegs,

100 pairs Best White

ENGLISH BLANKETS,

50 pairs Best Twilled

Canadian White Blankets

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

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 Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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

NEW GOODS!

Cases Mens Hats,
CASES
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
BALES
GREY COTTONS.
*JUST RECE