YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLVII.

SNOW AND SUNLIGHT.

Yolande, however, was a strict and faithful guardian; and Mr. Romford, no doubt finding it impossible to get speech of her mother alone, had probably left the place, for they saw no more of him. Indeed, they were thinking of other matters. Yolande was anxious to get away to the south, and yet afraid to risk the fatigue of travelling on a system obviously so frail as her mother's was. She kept lingering on and on in the hope of seeing some improvement taking place, but her mother, though much more cheerful in spirits, did not seem to gain in strength; indeed she seemed physically so weak that again and again Yolande postponed their departure. This also had its drawbacks, for the weather was becoming more and more wintry, and out-of-door exercise was being restricted. It was too cold for driving; Yolande had sent back the pony-carriage. Then she dared not expose her mother to northerly or easterly winds. Frequently now she had to go out for her morning walk by herself, a brisk promenade once or twice up and down the pier being enough to send her home with pink cheeks. At last she said to her mother, with some timidity,

"I have been thinking, mother, that we might take some one's advice as to whether you are strong enough to bear the journey."

"I think I could go," the mother said. Oh yes, I should like to try, Yolande, for you seem so anxious about it and of course Worthing must be dull for you."

The girl did not mind this reference to herself.

"I have been thinking how it could be most easily done, mother. I would get a carriage here, and have you nicely wrapped up from the cold, and we should drive to Newhaven; that would be more comfortable than the tedious railway journey round by Lewes. Then we should choose our own time of crossing when the sea was calm; and the railway journey from Dieppe to Paris is so much shorter than the Calais route. But to Marseilles—that is a terrible long journey."

"I think I could do it, Yolande; I see you are so anxious to get away—and no wonder."

"I am anxious for your sake, mother. But I am afraid to take the responsibility. Would you mind my asking some one? Would you mind my taking some advice?"

"But you are the best doctor I have ever had," said the mother, with a smile. "I would rather take your advice than any one's."

"But I am afraid, mother," she said. And then she added, cautiously, "It was not the advice of a doctor I was thinking of."

"Whose, then?"

The girl went and stood by her mother's side, and put her hand gently on her shoulder.

"Mother, my father is fretting that he can be of no service to us."

"Oh, no, no, no, Yolande!" the other cried, with a sudden terror. "Don't think of it, Yolande—it would kill me—he will never forgive me."

"There is no forgiveness, needed, mother; all that is over and forgotten. Mother—"

But the mere mention of this proposal seemed to have driven the poor woman into a kind of frenzy. She clung to her daughter's arm, and said, in a wild sort of way:

"If I saw him, Yolande, I should think he was coming to take you away from me—to take you away from me! It would be the old days come back again—and—and the lawyers—"

She was all trembling now, and clinging to the girl's arm.

"Stay with me, Yolande; stay with me. I know I have done great harm and injury, and I can not ask him to forgive me; but you—I have not harmed you; I can look into your face without reproach."

"I will stay with you, mother; don't be afraid. Now pray calm yourself; I won't speak of that again, if it troubles you; we shall be just by our two selves for as long as ever you like; and as for lawyers, and doctors, or anybody else, why, you shall not be allowed to know that they exist."

So she gradually got her mother calmed again; and by-and-by, when she got the opportunity, she sat down and wrote to her father, saying that at present it was impossible he should come and see them, for that the mere suggestion of such a thing had violently alarmed and excited her mother, and that excitement of any kind did her most serious injury. She added that she feared she would have to take on her own shoulders the responsibility of deciding whether they should attempt the journey; that most likely they would try to proceed by short stages; and that, in that case, she would write to him again for directions as to where they should go on arriving in Paris.

That, indeed, was what it came to; although the girl naturally wished to share with some qualified person the responsibility of the decision. But now, as heretofore, whenever she hinted that they ought to call in a skilled physician, merely for a consultation, the mother betrayed such a nervous horror of the idea of seeing any stranger that the proposal had to be dropped.

"Why, Yolande, why?" she would say. "I am well enough—only a little weak. I shall be stronger by-and-by. What could you ask of a doctor?"

"Oh, well, mother," the girl said, rather vaguely, "one might leave it to himself to make suggestions. Perhaps he might be of some help—who knows? There are tonics, do you see, that might strengthen you—quinine, perhaps?—or—"

"No, no," said she, in rather a sad fashion. "I have done with drugs, Yolande. You shall be my doctor; I don't want any one else. I am in your hands."

"It is too great a responsibility, mother."

"You mean to decide whether we leave Worthing?" said the mother, cheerfully. "Well, I will decide for you, Yolande. I say—let us go.

"We could go slowly—in short distances," the girl said, thoughtfully. "Waiting here or there for fine weather do you see, mother. For example, we would not set out at this moment, for the winds are boisterous and cold. And then, mother, if there is fatigue—if you are very tired with the journey, think of the long rest and idleness at Nice—and the soft air."

"Very well, Yolande; whatever you do will be right. And I am ready to set out with you whenever you please."

Yolande now set about making final preparations for leaving England; and amongst the first of these was the writing a letter to Mrs. Bell. It was little more than a message of good-by; but still she intimated that she should be glad to hear how affairs were going on at Gress, and also what was being done about Monaglen. And she begged Mrs. Bell's acceptance of the accompanying bits of lace, which she had picked up at some charitable institution in the neighborhood, and which she thought would look nice on black silk.

The answer, which arrived speedily, was as follows:

Gress, the 11th November.

"My dear young lady,—It was a great honor to me to receive the letter from you this morning, and a great pleasure to me to know that you are well, this leaving us all here in the same. Maybe I would have taken the liberty to write to you before now, but that I had not your address, and Duncan, the keeper, was ignorant of it. And I had a mind to ask the Hon. Mrs. Graham, seeing her drive past one day on her return; but they glaiket lassies that were to have told me when they saw her come along the road again were forgetful, as usual, and so I missed the opportunity. My intention was to tell you about Monaglen, which you are so kind as to ask about. It is all settled now, and the land made over to its rightful possessor; and I may say that when the Lord, in His good time, sees fit to take me, I will close my eyes in peace, knowing that I have done better with what was entrusted to me than otherwise might have happened. But in the mean time my mind is ill at ease, and I am not thankful for such mercies as have been vouchsafed me, because I would fain have Mr. Melville informed of what has been done, and yet not a word dare I speak. At the best he is a by-ordinar proud, camstrary man; but ever since he has come back this last time he is more unsettled and distant like—not conversing with people, as was his custom, but working at all kinds of hours, as if his life depended on they whiggmaleeries; and then again away over the hills and moors by himself, without even the pastime of fishing that used to occupy him. Deed, I tried once to tell you, but my brain got into a kind of whummle; I could not get out a word; and as he was like to think me an idiwnt, I made some excuse about the school-laddies, and away he went. However, what's done cannot be undone. The lawyers vouch for that; and a pretty penny they charged me. But Monaglen is his, to have and to hold, whether he will—or no, and the Melvilles have got their ain again, as the song says. And if any one tells me that I could have done better with the money I will not gainsay them, for there are wiser heads than mine in the world; but I will say that I had the right to do what pleased myself with what belonged to me.

"Many a the time I wish that I had an intervener that would tell him of it, and take the task off my hands; for I am sore afraid that did I do it myself, having little skill of argument or persuasion, he would just be off in a huff, and no more to be said. For that matter, I might be content with things as they are, knowing that his father's land would go to him when my earthly pilgrimage was come to an end; but sometimes my heart is grieved for the poor lad, when I'm thinking that may be he is working early and late, and worrying himself into a whey-faced condition, to secure a better future for himself, when the future is sure enough if he only kenned. Besides that, I jalouse there's a possibility of his going away again; for I see there are bits of things that he put together on the day when you, dear young lady, left All-tnam-ba, that he has not unpacked again; and he has engaged the young lad Dalrymple at a permanent wage now, seeing that the chiel does very well with the school-bairns—though I envy not the mother that had to keep him in porridge when he was a laddie. Now that is how we are situate here, my dear young lady, since you have been so kind as to remember us; and I would fain be asking a little more news about yourself if it was not making bold, for many's the time I have wondered whether ye would come back to Alltnam-ba. It is a rough place for gentle-nurtured people, and but little companionship for a young lady; but I heard tell the shooting was good, and if the gentlemen are coming back, I hope you'll no be kept away by the roughness of the place, for I'm sure I would like to have a glint of your face again. And I would say my thanks for the collar and cuffs in that beautiful lace, but indeed there is more in my heart than the tongue can speak. It is just too good of ye; and although such things are far too fine for an old woman like me, still I'm thinking I'll be putting them on next Sabbath morning, just to see if Mr. Melville will be asking if I have taken leave of my five senses. But he has not been familiar like since his coming back, which is a sorrow to me, that must keep my tongue tied when I would fain speak.

"This is all at present, dear young lady, from your humble servant,

Christina Bell."

For one breathless second it flashed across Yolande's brain that she would become the "intervener." Would it not be a friendly thing to do, as she was leaving England, to write and tell him, and to lay an injunction on him not to disappoint this kind creature's hopes? But then she turned away. The past was past. Her interests and duties were here. And so—with something of a sigh, perhaps—she took to the immediate business of getting ready for the journey; and had everything so prepared that they were ready to start at a moment's notice, whenever the weather was propitious.

And, indeed, they had fixed definitely the day of their departure, when, on the very night before, the varying northerly winds, that had been blowing with more or less of bitterness for some time, culminated in a gale. It was an unusual quarter—most of the gales on that part of the coast coming from the south and the southwest; but all the same the wind during the night blew with the force of a hurricane, and the whole house shook and trembled. Then, in the morning, what was their astonishment to find the sunlight pouring in at the parlor windows; and outside, the world white and hushed under a sheet of dazzling snow! That is to say, as much of the world as was visible—the pavement, and the street, and the promenade, and the beach; beyond that the wind-ruffled bosom of the sea was dark and sullen in comparison with this brilliant white wonder lying all around. And still the northerly gale blew hard; and one after another strangely dark clouds were blown across the sky, until, as they got far enough to the south, the sun would shine through them with a strange coppery hue, and then would disappear altogether, and the dark sea would become almost black. And then again the fierce wind would hurry on the smoke-colored pall to the horizon; and there would be glimpses of a pale blue sky flecked with streaks of white; and the brilliant sunlight would be all around them once more, on the boats and the shingle and the railings and the snow-whitened streets.

Now Yolande's mother was strangely excited by the scene; for it confirmed her in a curious fancy she had formed that during all the time she had been under the influence of those drugs she had been living in a dream, and that she was now making the acquaintance again of the familiar features of the world as she once had known them.

"It seems years and years since I saw the snow," she said, looking on the shining white world in a mild entrancement of delight. "Oh, Yolande, I should like to see the falling snow—I should like to feel it on my hands."

"You are likely to see it soon enough, mother," said the girl, who had noticed how from time to time the thick clouds going over shrouded everything in an ominous gloom. "In the mean time I shall go round after breakfast and tell Mr. Watherson not to send the carriage: we can't start in a snowstorm."

"But why not send Jane, Yolande? It will be bitterly cold outside."

"I suppose it will be no colder for me than for her," Yolande said. And then she added, with a smile of confession, "Besides, I want to see what everything looks like."

"Will you let me go with you? May I?" said the mother, wistfully.

"You?" said Yolande, laughing. "Yes, that is likely—that is very likely! "You are in good condition to face a gale from the northeast, and walk through snow at the same time!"

When Yolande went out she found it was bitterly cold, even though the terrace of houses sheltered her from the northeast wind. She walked quickly—and even with a kind of exhiliration, for this new thing in the world was a kind of excitement; and when she had gone and delivered her message, she thought she would have a turn or two up and down the pier, for there the snow had been in a measure swept from the planks, and there was freer walking. Moreover, she had the whole promenade to herself; and when she got to the end she could turn to find before her the spectacle of the long line of coast and the hills inland all whitened with the snow, while around her the sullen-hued sea seemed to shiver under the gusts of wind that swept down on it. Walking back was not so comfortable as walking out; nevertheless, she took another turn or two, for she knew that if the snow began to fall she might be imprisoned for the day; and she enjoyed all the natural delight of a sound constitution in brisk exercise. She had to walk smartly to withstand the cold, and the fight against the wind was something; altogether, she remained on the pier longer than she had intended.

Then something touched her cheek, and stung her, as it were. She turned and looked: soft white flakes—a few of them only, but they were large—were coming fluttering along and past her; and here and there one alighted on her dress like a moth and hung there. It was strange, for the sunlight was shining all around her, and there were no very threatening clouds visible over the land. But they grew more and more frequent; they lit on her hair, and she shook them off; at length they had given a fairly white coating to the front of her dress, and so she made up her mind to make for home. It was a kind of fairy thing, as yet, and wonderful and beautiful: but she knew very well that as soon as the clouds had drifted over far enough to obscure the sun, it would look much less wonderful and supernatural, and she would merely be making her way through an ordinary and somewhat heavy fall of snow.

But when she got near to the house something caught her eye there that filled her with a sudden dismay. Her mother was standing in the balcony, and she had her hands outstretched as if she were taking a childish delight in feeling the flakes fall on her fingers; and when she saw Yolande she waved a pleasant recognition to her. Yolande—sick at heart with dread—hurried to the door; ran upstairs when she got in, and rushed to the balcony. She was breathless; she could not speak; she could only seize her mother by the arm, and drag her into the room.

"Why, what is it, Yolande?" the mother said. "I saw you coming through the snow. Isn't it beautiful—beautiful! It looks like dreams and pictures of long ago—I have not felt snow on my hands and my hair for so many and many years—"

"How could you be so imprudent, mother!" the girl said, when she had got breath. "And without a shawl! Where was Jane? To stand out in the snow—"

"It was only for a minute, Yolande," said she, while the girl was dusting the snow from her mother's shoulders and arms with her pocket-handkerchief. "It was only a minute—and it was so strange to see snow again."

"But why did you go out?—why did you go out?" the girl repeated. "On a bitterly cold morning like this, and bare-headed and bare-necked!"

"Well, yes, it is cold outside," she said, with an involuntary shiver. "I did not think it would be so cold. There, that will do, Yolande; I will sit down by the fire, and get warm again."

"What you ought to do is to have some hot brandy and water, and go to bed, and have extra blankets put over you," said Yolande, promptly.

"Oh no; I shall be warm again directly," said she, though she shivered slightly, as she got into the easy-chair by the fire, and began chafing her hands, which were red and cold with the wet snow. "It was too much of a temptation, Yolande—that is the fact. It was making the acquaintance of a bad cold," said Yolande, sharply.

However, she got some thick shawls and put them round her mother, and the shivering soon ceased. She stirred up the fire, and brought her some illustrated papers, and then went away to get some things out again from the portmanteaus, for it was clearly no use thinking of travelling in this weather. It had settled down to snowing heavily; the skies were dark; there was no more of the fairy-land performance of the morning; and so Yolande set about making themselves as comfortable as possible within-doors, leaving their future movements to be decided by such circumstances as should arise.

But during that evening Yolande's mother seemed somewhat depressed, and also a little bit feverish and uncomfortable.

"I should not wonder if you were going to have a very bad cold, mother," the girl said. "I should not wonder if you had caught a chill by going out on the balcony."

"Nonsense, nonsense, child; it was only for a minute or so."

"I wish you would take something hot before going to bed, mother. Port-wine negus is good, is it not? I do not know. I have only heard. Or hot whiskey and water? Mr. Shortlands had three tumblers of it after he fell into the Uisgenan-Sithean, and had to walk the long distance home in wet clothes; and the rugs and shawls we had put on his bed—oh, it is impossible to tell the number."

"No, never mind, Yolande," the mother said. "I would rather not have any of these things. But I am a little tired. I think I will go to bed now; and perhaps Jane could ask for an extra blanket for me. You need not be alarmed. If I have caught a slight cold—well, you say we ought not to start in such weather in any case."

"Shall I come and read to you, mother?"

"No, no; why should you trouble? Besides, I am rather tired; most likely I shall go to sleep. Now I will leave you to your novel about the Riviera; and you must draw in your chair to the fire; and soon you will have forgotten that there is such a thing as snow."

And so they bade good-night to each other, and Yolande was not seriously disturbed.

To be Continued.

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

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

Very respectfully, E. S. Lyman.

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

Readers of the *Commercial* can not well force 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, sore throats, 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, 2362, Denver City, Col.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

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

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

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

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ON HUMAN FLESH

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

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

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Highly recommended for Biliousness, Head-Ache, Constipation, Indigestion, 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 10 to 15 in a dose. PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

General Business.

The "Imperial Wringer."

AND

Wash-tub Stand.

Clothes Forks, etc.

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

H. P. MARQUIS,
Cunard Street.

Furniture DEPARTMENT.

RECEIVED THIS WEEK:

New Carpets, Curtain Poles, Floor Oil Cloth, Bedsteads, Whatnots, Tables, Folding Cribs, Matresses,

making my Furniture and House Furnishing Departments Complete.

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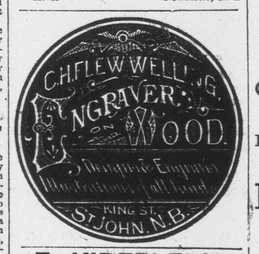

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Genuine

HOLLAND GIN.

THE excellence of character and exceptional purity of this GIN has been recognized at the recent INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM, where

E. Kiderlen was awarded the only Gold Medal offered to Distillers of Gin.

This recognition of the superior quality of Kiderlen's Gin is particularly weighty, sweeping and satisfactory in face of the fact that at the Amsterdam Exhibition all the leading Gin houses were in competition.

Orders solicited from the Trade.

T. WILLIAM BELL & Co.,

331 Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

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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
Woods and Working Canvas,
Small Wares and
Nick-Nacks.

Agency for Butterick Patterns.

CALL AND ASK FOR

ANYTHING in ABOVE LINES

AND BE SURE OF GETTING IT.

W. B. HOWARD.

Chatham, Aug. 16.

JOHN McDONALD,

UNDERTAKER.

CASKETS & COFFINS

of all kinds and prices kept in Stock.

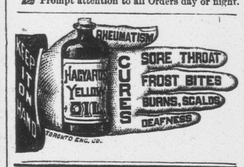
Metallic and Patent Coffins,

furnished when required.

Badges for Pall Bearers, Clergymen and Physicians, Furnished.

Burial Robes also Supplied.

Prompt attention to all Orders day or night.



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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 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.

MAKE HENS LAY

G. A. BLAIR,

has on hand, a superior assortment

READY - MADE CLOTHING,

—COMPRISING—

Men's, Youths' & Children's Suits,

IN CLOTH, TWEED & VELVET.

Which he is offering at prices suitable to the times.

CHAMPAGNE.

Just arrived per steamer "Hibernian" via Halifax,

20 baskets Finest Champagne,

Pints and Quarts;

10 Cases Sparkling Burgundy & Hock.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON.

Victoria Wharf, Smyth Street

IRON, OAKUM,

BOILER PLATES.

SLED SHOE STEEL,

Sheet Zinc,

Sheet Iron.

By "PARMATIA," and S.S. "HIBERNIAN" and "CASPIAN,"—1,762 Bars Refined and Spike IRON, 580 Bundles Plating and Hoops, various sizes and guages; 110 Bundles Navy and Hand-Picked Oakum; 310 Bundles Nos. 20, 22, 23, 24, and 26. 310 Sheets Nos. 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18, SHEET IRON; 3 Cases GALVANIZED SHEET IRON.

230 BOILER PLATES, Best B. B., B. B. B., and Lowmoor;

Boiler Tubes and Rivets;

471 Bdls. Sled Shoe Steel;

47 Bdls. Toe Calk Steel;

37 Bdls. and 1 Bars Round Machine Steel—5-16 to 3-in.

To Arrive per "Phœnix," from Antwerp:

15 Casks SHEET ZINC Nos. 6 to 10.

I & F Burpee & Co

St. John.

R. FLANAGAN,

ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Hardware,
Hats, Caps,
Ready-Made Clothing.

Customers will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles it is impossible here to enumerate and all sold at moderate prices.

TEA.

259 Half Chests Tea direct importation now landing.

GEO. S. DeFOREST.

St. John N. B., 1 Nov. '83 13 South Wharf

LANDING,

80 Barrels Mess PORK,
200 Tubs Best LARD,
25 Cases Do. in Tins,
10 Barrels, } New CURRANTS,
15 Cases }
20 Barrels Dried APPLES,
2000 Bags SALT.

Geo. S. DeForest.

13 South Wharf, St. John

St. John, N. B., 1 Nov, 1883.

RESTAURANT.

OYSTERS by the PINT, QUART or GALLON

OYSTERS served at short notice in all the Ordinary styles.

Also: Hot Coffee, Bread, Tarts, Pies, Fruit Cake, plain, fine quality.

T. H. FOUNTAIN.

Chatham

WILLIAM RAE,

Upper Water Street, Chatham, N. B.,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Italian, Sutherland Falls and Rutland Marbles.

—MANUFACTURER OF—

Grave Stones and Monumental Monorials, in Foreign or Native Stone.

A good selection on hand

SAMPLE ROOMS.

For Commercial Men

THE demand for Sample Rooms to accommodate the commercial travellers being so great, and the supply being inadequate, causing the travellers in some instances to remain three or four days awaiting their turn, has induced the subscriber to build two Sample Rooms, well lighted, aired and warm. Commercial men can depend on obtaining just what they require, being situated in the central part of the business community, namely, corner Main and Wesley Streets, they will be found to be far more suitable, comfortable and convenient. Should a horse and sleigh be required it will be furnished without additional expense. Rooms secured either by letter or telegram

HENRY G. MARR,

Main Street Moncton, N B.

FOR SALE.

The Property near the fish breeding Establishment on the South Side of the North West River in the Parish of South Esk lately occupied by J. G. Peabody, consisting of one hundred acres.

Apply to R. HUTCHISON.

Douglastown, Nov. 3 '83. 8 7 8

Farm for Sale.

The Subscriber will sell the Farm owned and occupied by him, situated on the west side of Eel River in the Parish of Hardwick, containing 100 Acres, 40 acres of which are cleared and well fenced with new Cedar Rails, produced this past season 12 Tons Hay, &c; Good Dwelling House and Barn on the premises.

Possession given this fall if required.

ROBERT A. WILLISTON

Oct 25rd, 883.

SPIRITS AND RYE WHISKEY.—Arrived from Toronto: 15 barrels Goderham & Worts' Pure spirits, 65 per cent o. p.; 35 barrels Goderham & Worts' finest Rye Whiskey.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON.

St. John.