POOR COPY

YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIV.

A SETTLEMENT.

Next morning there was much hurrying to and fro on board the dahabeeyah in anticipation of the visit of the Governor; so that Mrs. Graham had no chance of having an extended talk with her brother. Nevertheless, she managed to convey to him a few covert words of information and counsel.

"Archie," said she, "I have spoken to Yolande—I have hinted something to her."

"No!" he said, looking rather frightened.

"Oh, you need not be much alarmed, she said, with a significant smile. "Rather the other way. She seems quite to know how you have wished to be kind and attentive to her—quite sensible of it, in fact; and when I hinted something—"

"She did not say 'no' outright?" he interrupted, eagerly; and there was a flush of gladness on his face.

His sister glanced around.

"I thought there could be no harm if I told her that Jim and I would like to have her for a sister," she answered demurely.

"And she did not say 'no' outright?" he repeated.

"Well," Mrs. Graham said, after a second, "I am not going to tell you anything more. It would not be fair. It is your business, not mine. I'm out of it now. I have intermeddled quite enough. But I don't think she hates you. And she seems rather pleased to think of living in the Highlands, with her father having plenty of amusement there, you know; and perhaps she might be brought to consider a permanent arrangement of that kind not so undesirable; and—and—well, you'd better see for yourself. As I say, Jim and I will be very glad to have her for a sister; and I can't say more, can I?"

She could not say more then, at all events, for at this moment Colonel Graham appeared on the upper deck with the intelligence that the Governor's barge was just then coming down the river. Mr. Winterbourne and Yolande were instantly summoned from below; some further disposition of chairs and divans was made; some boxes of cigarettes were sent for; and presently the sound of oars alongside announced the arrival of the chief notables of Merhadj.

The Master of Lynn saw and heard little of what followed; he was far too busy with the glad and bewildering prospect that his sister's obscure hints had placed before him. And again and again he glanced at Yolande, timidly, and yet with an increasing wonder. He began to ask himself whether it was really true that his sister had spoken to her. The girl betrayed no consciousness, no embarrassment; she had greeted him on that morning just as on other mornings; at this moment she was regarding the arrival of those grave officials with an interest which seemed quite oblivious of his presence. As for him, he looked on impatiently. He wished it was all over. He wished to have some private speech with her, to have some inquiry of her eyes—surely her eyes would make some tell-tale confession? And in a vague kind of way he grew to think that the Governor's son, Ismat Effendi, who was acting as interpreter, and who spoke English excellently, addressed a little too much of the conversation to the two ladies. Moreover, it was all very well for him, on coming on board, to shake hands with Mrs. Graham, for he had known her in India, but why with Yolande?

The Governor—a corpulent and sallow-faced old gentleman who looked like a huge frog—and his companions sat in solemn state, while young Ismat, with much grace of manner and remarkably eloquent eyes, hoped that the visitors were comfortable on board the dahabeeyah, and so forth. He was a well-dressed young gentleman; his black frock-coat, white waistcoat, and red tarboosh were all of the newest and smartest, and his singularly small feet were incased in boots of brilliant polish. The Master of Lynn considered him a coxcomb, and also a Frenchified semi-theatrical coxcomb. But the women-folk liked his pleasant manners and his speaking eyes; and when he said that he had never been to England, but intended to go the next year, Mrs. Graham made him definitely promise that he would pay them a visit at Inverstroy.

"And Miss Winterbourne," said the young gentleman with the swarthy face and the brilliant white teeth, "does she live in Scotland also?"

"Well, no," said Mrs. Graham, placidly; "but I hope you will find her there when you come. We want her to go back with us when we go back; and if she likes her first visit, perhaps she will come again. I hope you will find her with us."

"And I also, madam, hope to have the felicity of the visit that you propose," said he, "if politics will permit me."

He directed an inquiring and rather curious glance at Colonel Graham.

"You did not hear anything very remarkable in Cairo, sir?"

"Well, nothing remarkable," said the stout soldier. "Lots of rumors. Always plenty of that in politics. Mostly lies. At the Consulate they thought we were safe enough."

The young man turned to his father, who was silently and solemnly sipping his coffee, apparently quite uninterested in what was going on, and spoke in Arabic to him for a second or two. The old gentleman appeared to grunt assent.

"My father says he will have much delight in sending two or three soldiers to accompany your party if you are making excursions into the interior. There is no danger, except that some bad men will try to rob when they can. Or if you will permit me—if you will have the grace to permit me—I will accompany you myself."

"But to take up so much of your time—" said pretty Mrs. Graham, with one of her most pleasant smiles.

He waved his hand in a deprecatory fashion.

"It will be too charming for me. Perhaps your dragoman does not know the district as well as I. Do you permit me? Shall I come to-morrow with everything prepared?"

"Look here, Mr. Ismat," said Col. Graham, "you'd better come along and dine with us this evening; then we can talk it over. In the meantime we can't keep your father and the other gentlemen waiting while we discuss our rambles. Will you please tell his Excellency once more how much obliged we are, and honored by his visit, and that we will do ourselves the pleasure of coming to see him at Merhadj to-morrow, if that will suit his Excellency's convenience?"

This was the final arrangement—that young Ismat Effendi was to come along to dinner in the evening—a prospect which seemed to please him highly. Very soon after, the grave company was seated in the stern of the barge, and the big oars were once more at work. The dahabeeyah returned to its normal state of silence; the little party of Europeans were left again to their own society; and the Master of Lynn, a little anxious and excited, and almost fearing to meet Yolande's eyes, and yet drawn toward her neighborhood by a secret spell, declined to go ashore with the other two gentlemen, and remained with his sister and Yolande in the Belvedere, in the cool shade of the canvas awning.

No, she betrayed not the slightest embarrassment at his sitting thus quite near her; it was he who was nervous and awkward in his speech. She was engaged in some delicate needle-work; from time to time she was chatting freely with Mrs. Graham about the recent visitors and their almost European costume, their wonderfully small feet, and so forth.

"Why do you not go ashore?" she said, turning with frank eyes to the Master of Lynn. "It is so interesting to see the strange birds, the strange plants."

"It is cooler on the river," said he.

He was wondering whether his sister would get up and go away and leave them together, and he was half afraid she would and half afraid she would not. But at all events he was now resolved that on the first opportunity he would speak to Yolande himself. He would not trust to any go-between.—Was it not enough that she had had some intimation made to her of his wishes and hopes, and yet showed no signs of fear at his approach.

The mid-day went by, and he found no chance of addressing her. His sister and she sat together, and sewed and chatted, or stopped to watch some passing boat, and listen to the boatmen singing a long and melancholy chorus to the clanking of the oars. At luncheon-time Mr. Winterbourne and Colonel Graham turned up. Then in the afternoon the whole of them got into a boat, and were rowed away to a long and flat and sandy island on the other side of the Nile, which they explored in a leisurely way; and then back again to the dahabeeyah for a draught of cold tea in the welcome shade of the awning.

It was not until near the end of the day that the long-looked-for opportunity arrived; indeed, nearly every one had gone below to get ready for dinner; but Yolande had lingered above to watch the coming over of the twilight. It was a strange enough sight in its way. For after the yellow color had died out of the bank of bearded corn above the river's edge, and while the strip of acacia-trees over that again had grown solemn and dark against the clear, pallid, blue-gray sky of the south, far away in the northwestern heavens there still lingered a glow of warmer light, and a few clouds high up had caught a saffron tinge from the sinking sun. It seemed as if they here were shut in with the dark, while far away in the north, over the Surrey lanes, and up among the Westmoreland waters, and out amid the distant Hebridean isles, the summer evening was still fair and shining. It led one to dream of home. The imagination took wings. It was pleasant to think of those beautiful and glowing scenes, here where the gloom of the silent desert was gathering all around.

She was standing by the rail of the deck; and when the others had gone he quietly went over to her, and began talking to her—about the Highlands mostly, and of the long clear twilights there, and how he hoped she would accept his sister's invitation to go back home with them when they returned to England. And when she said something very pretty about the kindness of all of them to her, he spoke a little more warmly, and asked if there was any wonder. People got to know one another intimately through a constant companionship like this, and got to know and admire and love beautiful qualities of disposition and mind. And then he told her it would not be honest if he did not confess to her that he was aware that his sister had spoken to her—it was best to be frank; and he knew she was so kind she would not be angry if there had been any indiscretion; and he begged for her forgiveness if she had been in any way offended. He spoke in a very frank and manly way; and she let him speak, for she was quite incapable of saying anything. Her fingers were working nervously with a small pocket-book she held, and she had turned partly away, dreading to lift her eyes, and yet unable to go until she had answered him somehow. Then she managed to say, rather hurriedly and breathlessly:

"Oh no, I am not offended. Why, it is—a great honor—I—knew it was your sister's kindness and friendship that made her speak to me. Please let me go away now—"

He had put his hand on her arm unwittingly.

"But may I hope, Yolande? May I hope?" he said, and he stooped down to listen for the faintest word. "I don't want you to pledge yourself altogether now. Give me time. May I try to win you? Do you think some time—some time of your own choosing, as far ahead as you may wish—you will consent? May I hope for it? May I look forward to it some day?"

"Oh, but I can not tell you—I can not tell you now," she said, in the same breathless way. "I am sorry if I have given any pain—any anxiety—but—some other time I will try to talk to you—or my papa will tell you—but not now. You have always been so kind to me that I ask it from you—"

She stole away in the gathering darkness, her head bent down: she had not once turned her eyes to his. And he remained there for a time, scarcely knowing what he had said or what she had answered, but vaguely and happily conscious that she had not, at all events, refused him. Was it not much? He was harrassed by all kinds of doubts, surmises, hesitations; but surely prevailing over these was a buoyant hope, a touch of triumph even. He would fain have gone away for a long stroll in the dusk to have reasoned out his hopes and guesses with himself; but here was dinner-time approaching, and young Ismat was coming; and he—that is, the Master of Lynn—began to have the consciousness that Yolande in a measure belonged to him, and that he must be there. He went down the steps with a light and a proud heart. Yolande was his, he almost felt assured. How should she regard him when next they met?

And indeed at dinner there was no longer any of that happy serenity of manner on her part that had so puzzled him before. Her self-consciousness and embarrassment were so great as to be almost painful to witness. She never lifted her eyes; she ate and drank next to nothing; when she pretended to be listening to Ismat Effendi's descriptions of the troubles in the Soudan, any one who knew must have seen that she was a quite perfunctory listener, and probably understood but little of what was being said. But then no one knew that he had spoken but himself, and he strove to convince her that he was not regarding her by entering eagerly into this conversation about the False Prophet; and though now and again her trouble and confusion perplexed him—along with the recollection that she had been so anxious to say nothing definite—still, on the whole, triumph and rejoicing were in his heart. And how beautiful she looked, even with the pensive face cast down! No wonder young Ismat had admired her that morning: the very Englishness of her appearance must have struck him—the tall stature, the fine complexion, the ruddy golden hair, and the clear, proud calm, self-confident look of the maidenly eyes. This was a bride fit for a home-coming at Lynn Towers!

But, alas! Yolande's self-confidence seemed to have strangely forsaken her that evening. When they were all up on deck, taking their coffee in the red glow shed by the lanterns, she got hold of her father, and drew him aside into the darkness.

"What is it, Yolande?" said he, in surprise.

She took hold of his hand; both hers were trembling.

"I have something to tell you, papa—something serious."

Then he knew, and for a moment his heart sank; but he maintained a gay demeanor. Had he not reasoned the whole matter out with himself? He had foreseen this crisis; he had nerved himself by anticipation.

"Oh, I know—I know already, Yolande," said he, very cheerfully. "Do you think I can't spy secrets? And of course you come to me, with your hands trembling, and you think you have something dreadful to confess; whereas it is nothing but the most ordinary and commonplace thing in the world. You need not make any confession. Young Leslie has spoken to me. Quite right—very right; I like frankness. I consider him a very fine young fellow. Now what have you got to say? Only I won't listen if you are going to make a fuss about it, and destroy my nervous system, for I tell you it is the simplest and most ordinary affair in the world."

"Then you know everything—you approve of it, papa—it is your wish?" she said, bravely.

"My wish?" he said. "What has my wish to do with it, you stupid creature! But then he added, more gently: "Of course you know, Yolande, I should like to see you married and settled. Yes, I should like to see that; I should like to see you in a fixed home, and not liable to all the changes and chances of the life that you and I have been living. It would be a great relief to my mind. And then it is natural and right. It is not for a young girl to be a rolling stone like that; and, besides, it couldn't last: that idea about our always going on travelling wouldn't answer. So whenever you think of marrying, whenever you think you will be happy in choosing a husband—just now, to-morrow, or any time—don't come to me with a breathless voice, and with trembling hands, as if you had done some wrong, or as if I was going to object, for to see you happy would be happiness enough for me; and as for our society together well, you know, I could pay the people of Slagpool a little more attention, and have some more occupation that way; and then you, instead of having an old and frail and feeble person like me to take care of you, you would have one whose years would make him a fitter companion for you, as is quite right and proper and natural. And now do you understand?"

"Oh yes, I think so, papa," said she quite brightly; and she regarded him with grateful and loving eyes. "And you would have ever so much more time for Parliament, would you not?"

"Assuredly."

"And you would come to see me sometimes; and go shooting and fishing; and take a real holiday—not in towns and hotels?"

"Oh, don't be afraid. I will bother the life out of you. And there are always fishings and shootings to be got somehow."

"And you would be quite happy, then?"

"If you were, I should be," said he; and really this prospect pleased him so much that his cheerfulness now was scarcely forced. "Always on this distinct and clear understanding," he added, that, when we are coming back from the shooting, you will come out to meet us and walk back with us the last half-mile."

"I should be dressing for dinner, papa," she said, "and just worrying my head off to think what would please you."

"You will be dressing to please your husband, you foolish creature, not me."

"He won't care as much as you, papa." Then she added, after a second "I should get the London newspapers, yes? Quite easily? Do you know, papa, what Colonel Graham believes?—that they are going to take one of the extreme Liberals into the Ministry, to please the northern towns."

"But what has that got to do with you, child?" said he, with a laugh. "Very likely they may. But you didn't bring me over here to talk politics?"

"But even if you were in the Government, papa, you would have your holiday-time all the same," she said thoughtfully.

"I a member of the Government!" said he. "You may as well expect to hear of me being sent to arrest the False Prophet in the Soudan. Come away, then, Yolande; your secret is not a secret; so you need not trouble about it; and now that I have expounded my views on the situation, you may as well go and call to Ahmed that I want another cup of coffee."

And then he hesitated.

"You have not said yes or no yet, Yolande?"

"Oh no; how could I, until I knew what you might think?" said she, and she regarded him now with frank and unclouded eyes. "How could I? It might not have been agreeable to your wishes. But I was told that you would approve. At first—well, it is a sudden thing to give up visions you have formed; but when you see it is not practicable and reasonable, what is it but a small struggle? No; other plans present themselves. Oh yes, I have much to think of now that looks very pleasant to anticipate. Very much to look forward to—to hope for."

He patted her lightly on the shoulder.

"And if you make half as good a wife, Yolande, as you have been a daughter, you will do pretty well."

They went back to their friends, their absence scarcely having been noticed, for Ismat Effendi was a fluent and interesting talker. And whether Mr. Winterbourne had been playing a part or not in his interview with Yolande, that cheerfulness of his soon left him. He sat somewhat apart, and silent; his eyes were fixed on the deck; he was not listening. Yolande herself brought him the coffee; and she put her hand on his shoulder, and stood by him; then he brightened up somewhat. But he was thoughtful and distraught for the whole of the evening, except when he happened to be spoken to by Yolande, and then he would summon up some of his customary humor, and petulantly complain about her un-English idioms.

And she? Her anxiety and nervousness seemed to have vanished. It is true, she rather avoided the Master of Lynn, and rarely ventured to look in his direction, but she was in good spirits, cheerful, practical, self-possessed; and when Ismat Effendi, on going away, apologized to her for having talked tedious politics all the evening, she said, with a charming smile:

"No, not at all. How can politics be tedious? Ah! but we will have our revenge, perhaps, in Scotland. Mrs. Graham says that in their house it is nothing but deer that is talked of all the evening. That will not interest you!"

"I shall rejoice to be allowed to try," said the polite young Egyptian; and then he shook hands with her, and bowed very low, and left.

During the rest of the evening the Master of Lynn, seeing that Yolande seemed no longer in any trouble, kept near her, with some vague hope that she would herself speak, or that he might have some chance of re-opening the subject that engrossed his mind. And indeed, when the chance arrived, and he timidly asked her if she had not a word of hope for him, she spoke very frankly, though with some little nervousness, no doubt. She made a little apology, in very pretty and stammering phrases, for not having been able to give him an answer; but since then, she said, she had spoken to her father, without whose approval she could not have decided.

"Then you consent, Yolande; you will be my wife?" he said, in a low and eager voice, upsetting in his haste all the continuity of those hesitating sentences.

"But is it wise?" said she, still with her eyes cast down. Perhaps you will regret—"

He took her hand into his, and held it tight.

"This has been a lucky voyage for me," said he; and that was all that he had a chance of saying just then; but it was enough.

Colonel Graham heard the news that same evening. He was a man of solid and fixed ideas.

"A very good thing too," said he to his wife. "A very good thing. Now they'll take the sheep off Allt-nan-ba, and make Corrieveuk the sanctuary. Nothing could have happened better."

(To be continued.)

A Farmer Speaks.

Mr. Austin Jay, Copenhagen, Ont., says he was so afflicted with Liver complaint that he was obliged to give up work. The druggist at Aylmer induced him to try ZOPESA with such good results that after using two bottles he was able to resume work as usual. Says he got relief from the first dose, and is satisfied there is no better Liver remedy in existence. He gladly allows us to use his name. For sale at Medical Hall, Chatham, N. B.

As the wintry frosts disappear before the rising sun, so do Kidney Diseases leave the body when **Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure** is faithfully taken according to directions. Ask your Druggist for it. Sold by J. D. B. F. Mackenzie, Chatham, N. B.

As the frosts of winter vanish under the caloric influence of the sun's rays so does Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Stone in the Kidneys and Bladder, and Inflamation of the Kidneys, leave the body upon the administration of **Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure**. Sold by J. D. B. F. McKenzie.

Chapped hands. A few drops of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* rubbed into the hands occasionally will keep them soft and free from soreness. Soldiers, sailors and fishermen should remember this. It is the best Liniment in the world for any purpose.

A neighbour of ours lost a valuable mare recently, it is supposed from bots. If he had used 25 cents worth of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* he would have been driving his pretty Chesnut to day. Sorry for you, Doctor. These powders are immensely valuable.

A. B. Des. Rochers, Arthabaskaville, P. Q., writes: 'Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for nine days, bathing the head &., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle.'

A. D. Noyes, Newark, Michigan, writes: 'I have enquired at the Drug store for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, but have failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but is nearly gone and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send send us some?'

General Business.

SPRING 1883.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,
PRINCE WILLIAM ST.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

WE ARE PREPARING ACTIVELY FOR THE
SPRING CAMPAIGN.
Our Travellers are now on the road with a
Full line of Samples,
Our Stock is ordered from Europe, the United States and elsewhere, and with increased facilities for business we hope to keep all our old customers and make many new ones.

BUYERS WHEN IN ST. JOHN, are respectfully invited to inspect our
WAREROOMS and SAMPLE ROOMS,
where they will see the large variety we keep of
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, PAINTS OILS, GLASS, ROPE, TAR. PITCH
AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, FANCY GOODS. ETC.

Orders by Mail Promptly attended to
CLARKE, KERR & THORNE.

BEFORE USING. AFTER USING.

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

PLEASANT WORM SYRUP.

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

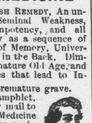
A pallid and sickly countenance, irregularity of appetite, or great voracity, bad breath, foul tongue, great thirst, gradual emaciation, irritable temper, disposition to be picking the nose, are all symptoms indicating the presence of **WORMS!** If any of these symptoms are noticed, or the presence of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

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

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

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK



THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a premature grave.

Before After.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.
Toronto, Ont., Canada
Agent in Chatham,—J. D. B. F. McKenzie.

JOHN McLAGGAN
IMPORTER
—AND—
WHOLESALE DEALER
—IN—
Flour, Cornmeal, Provisions
AND
General Groceries.
IN STORE.
150 Half Chests Tea.
50 Caddies do.,
DIRECT IMPORTANT
75 Boxes and Caddies
Black and Bright Tobacco
100 Bbls. Sugar,
GRANULATED & YELLOW
150 Boxes Soap,
100 Bushels
White Beans,
MOLASSES, in Puncheons,
Tierces & Bbls.
Plate and Extra Mess Beef,
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.

A Female Teacher

(2nd Class) is wanted to commence engagement May 1st, in District No. 1½ Napan. Address, stating salary,

PATRICK CONWAY,
Sec'y to Trustees, 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 'Alfaria:'
11,224 Bars } Refined Iron.
2,566 Bdls. }
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.
*5424

DesBrisay & DesBrisay,
BARRISTERS,
Attorneys Notaries, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES:
St. Patrick Street, - - Bathurst, N. B.
THEOPHILUS DESBRISAY, Q. C.
T SWAINE 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.

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. 15, 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

CHAMPION PORTABLE SAW MILLS

ADDRESS WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD CANADA

W. A. Vernon Garrat writes from Hiracombe Miskoka, Dec. 15th. '79. The 16 H. P Mill run well. The other day we cut 1,030 feet in 45 minutes. The mill gives me entire satisfaction.

Over 250 Fire Proof Champion Engines sold in 3 years. Only perfect Threshing Engine in the world.

Address for full particulars,
W. H. OLIVE, Agent, St. John, N. B. or
Waterous Engine Works Co.
Brantford, Canada

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.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.

If you are young and disorder or a single, old or poor health or languishing, rely on Hop Bitters.

Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters.

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

If you are a man of letters, toiling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use Hop B.

Suffering from any infection, if you are young, suffering from long or a bad of sickness, Hop Bitters.

Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

D. T. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.

HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.
HOP BITTERS MFG CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.

NEW GOODS!
Cases Mens Hats,
CASES
READY-MADE CLOTHIG.
BALES
GREY COTTONS.
JUST RECEIVED:
First Instalment of a Lot of
200 HALF CHESTS TEA,
(Exceptional Value.)
TO ARRIVE:
Per "British Queer,"
4000 Sacks Coarse
SALT.
WILLIAM MURRAY.
Chatham, April 4th. 1883.

D. M. FERRY & CO'S ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICED SEED ANNUAL FOR 1883. TO ALL

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 175 pages, 650 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting 1400 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it!
D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT MICH.