

# The Union Advertiser

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

788 Board of Work

W. & J. ANSLOW.

VOL. XVI.—No. 41.

Our Country, with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 1, 1883.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

WHOLE No. 821.

C. E. M'KEEN,

NEWCASTLE,

MIRAMICHI, N. B.

PREPARING FOR THE SPRING & SUMMER TRADE.

IMMENSE IMPORTATIONS

ARE BEING RECEIVED FROM ALL POINTS, OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,

ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND QUALITIES, (CANADIAN AND AMERICAN). A FULL SHOW OF

HATS AND CAPS—NEW GOODS, LATEST STYLES,

AND A FULL STOCK OF

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

HAVE NOW IN STOCK, A FULL LINE OF

WALTHAM WATCHES.

In all the different grades, which I am prepared to sell at lower rates than any other dealer in the County. Also, a great variety of SWISS WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER-WARE, SPECTACLES, CUTLERY, REVOLVERS (from \$1.25 up), CARTRIDGES, etc.

ALL GOODS AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Newcastle, April 9, 1883.

C. E. M'KEEN.

WAVERLEY HOTEL,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

This House has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD

OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART,

Latest Waverley House, St. John's.

Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1878.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

THIS HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and is in close proximity to the C. B. Railway Station, and the wharf of travellers will be attended to promptly.

Meals prepared at any hour. Oysters served up in every style at short notice.

JOHN FAY, PROPRIETOR.

Newcastle, Oct. 8, 1877.

CANADA HOUSE,

CHATHAM, N. B.

WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this house to make it a first class Hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of the Public Wharf, and affords a fine view of the Bay. A large Sample Room has been placed at the disposal of Commercial Travellers.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

May 18th, 1878.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

CARACQUET, N. B.

George Young, Proprietor.

Having a considerable experience furnished the House of the late James Young, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of the Public Wharf, and affords a fine view of the Bay. A large Sample Room has been placed at the disposal of Commercial Travellers.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

February 1, 1883.

WAVERLEY HOTEL,

KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS HOTEL is conveniently situated in the business part of the city, its general arrangements being such as to secure the comfort of guests.

JOHN CUTHRIE, Proprietor.

St. John, July 20, 1883.

SEELY & McMillan,

BARRISTERS, &c.,

71 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

St. John, N. B.

HAND WRITTEN CARDS.

VISITING CARDS in all styles, neatly and artistically written, and furnished by W. C. Burnham, late Professor of Penmanship at Rockland College, N. Y., at the following rates per dozen:—Plain, 10 cents; Gold, 15 cents; Plain, 10 cents; Gold, 15 cents; Plain, 10 cents; Gold, 15 cents.

Orders received by mail. Address W. C. BURNHAM, Bathurst, N. B.

Jan 10-ly.

MOLA FOUNDRY AND

Machine Shop.

The subscriber has fitted up his shop with the latest and most approved appliances, and is prepared to execute all kinds of mill work, general foundry work, and all orders satisfactorily. Heavy stoves, Ploughs and other Castings always on hand.

JAMES MURRAY.

Newcastle, Dec. 19, 1881.

SAMUEL THOMSON,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

LOANS Negotiated, Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches, executed with accuracy and despatch.

OFFICE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND CASTLE STREET.

NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

July 17, 1878.

Law and Collection Offices

ADAMS & LAWOR,

Barristers and Attorneys at

Law, Solicitors in Bankruptcy

Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.

Real Estate, & Fire Insurance Agents.

CLAIMS Collected in all parts of the Dominion.

OFFICES: NEWCASTLE, CHATHAM AND BATHURST.

M. ADAMS. R. A. LAWOR.

July 18th, 1878.

L. H. TWEEDIE,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER

AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, &c.,

CHATHAM, N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank of Montreal.

A. H. JOHNSON,

BARRISTER AT LAW,

Solicitor, Notary Public,

CHATHAM, N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank of Montreal.

R. B. ADAMS,

Attorney at Law

Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE UP STAIRS, NOONAN'S BUILDING,

Water Street, Chatham.

July 21-ly.

DESBIRAY & DESBIRAY,

Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries,

Conveyancers, etc.

OFFICES:—

St. Patrick Street, Bathurst, N. B.

Thompson Desbair, Q. C. T. Swayne Desbair

J. M. O'BRIEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,

Fire and Ship Insurance Agent.

CLAIMS promptly collected.

OFFICE, Star Custom House,

Water Street, Bathurst, N. B.

JOHN McALISTER,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Conveyancer, &c.,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

May 5, 1879.

WILLIAM MURRAY,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

OFFICE—MURRAY'S BUILDING,

WATER STREET.

May 1, 1882.

RICHARDSON & M'INERNEY,

BARRISTERS,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES AT RICHIBUCTO AND NEWCASTLE.

C. RICHARDSON, GEO. V. M'INERNEY, LL. B.

Sept. 13, 1882.

J. J. FORREST,

BARRISTER,

Attorney-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Collecting promptly attended to.

OFFICE—Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

April 2

DR. McDONALD,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

IN DESMOND'S BUILDING,

LOWER WATER STREET,

CHATHAM, N. B.

Chatham, June 22, 1881.

R. McLEARN, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Graduate of University Medical College, New York.

OFFICE—In Dr. Freeman's Building.

Newcastle, July 12, 1880.

DR. H. A. FISH,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office—Residence of James Fish, Esq.

Hours 10 to 12, 1 to 4, 6 to 9.

Newcastle, March 1, 1881.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

Provident Mutual Life Association of

London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co. of

Liverpool England.

Risks effected in town and country at lowest possible rates.

ROBINS & SONS, 111, N. B.

ROOMS IN MITCHELL BUILDING OPPOSITE

MARION HALL.

F. FRED. HARLEY.

Newcastle, April 10, 1883.

WIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS,

WATER ST., CHATHAM.

WILLIAM LAWLER,

Importer of Marble & Manufacturer of

MONUMENTS, TABLES,

HEADSTONES, MANTELS,

TABLE TOPS, &c.

A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.

GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order; CAPS and SILLS for windows supplied at short notice. FIRESTONE WORK in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction given.

January 24, 1876.

ALEX. L. WRIGHT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF LUMBER,

BERRY'S MILLS, N. B.

All kinds of Lumber constantly

on hand.

PINE, SPRUCE, HEMLOCK AND HARDWOOD,

LATHS, PALINGS, SHINGLES—PINE,

SPRUCE AND CEDAR, PINE

CLAPBOARDS.

Lumber Planed & Matched.

ORDERS SAWN TO DIMENSIONS.

March 10, 1883.

MILLINERY!

Now opened—a large stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

comprising the most fashionable styles of

HATS & BONNETS,

—AND—

TRIMMINGS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Orders from any quarter will receive prompt attention.

S. A. JARDINE.

Newcastle, April 3, 1883.

MOLASSES! MOLASSES!

FOR SALE.

ONE CAR

Choice Cienfuegos MOLASSES.

TWENTY FIVE BARRELS

REFINED SUGAR.

To be sold Low for Cash.

P. HENNESSY.

Newcastle, April 23, 1883.

THIRTY YEARS.

Important trial of THIRTY YEARS' de-

velopment of the world. 500 Medical men

have given their verdict that

MINARD'S LINIMENT

is the best inflammation ally and Pain

destroyer in the world. 500 Medical men

have given their verdict that

it is worth the name.

KING OF PAIN.

\$100 will be paid for a case it will not cure

or help of the following Diseases: Diph-

theria and Rheumatism, Seizures, Chills,

Galls, Boils, Sprains, Lameness, Bruises,

Old Sores, Wounds, Erysipelas, Pain in

the Side or Back, Contractions of the Muscles.

There is nothing like it when taken internally

for Croup, Croup, Croup, Croup,

Coughs, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, and Sore

Throat. It is perfectly harmless, and can be

given according to directions without any in-

jury whatever.

A Positive Cure for Corns and

Warts.

And will produce a fine growth of Hair on

the scalp and on the face. It is constantly on

hand, and is the best of all remedies.

A trial will convince the most

sceptical that the above is the truth, and to

testimonials of distinguished men who

have used it.

MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Now have a beautiful box of Hair; and

hundreds who have used it are willing to

swear that by the use of MINARD'S LI-

MENT they have obtained a new growth of

hair.

W. J. NELSON & CO.,

Proprietors, Bridge Street, N. B.

Wholesale Agents, Newcastle, E. B. Street.

WILLIAM STABLES,

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Consignments sold and prompt returns

made.

AUCTION SALES attended to any place

in the County.

Newcastle, May 5, 1883.

WILLIAM WYSE,

GENERAL DEALER,

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,

CHATHAM MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Merchandise and Produce received







## Grand Pic Nic!

The members of the Congregation of St. Mary's R. C. Church, Newcastle, will hold their

## ANNUAL PICNIC

on the grounds adjoining the Church, on Monday, 6th August Next.

PRIZES will be awarded to successful competitors in the following new and varied programme of

## GAMES!

Walking, Running, Hurdle, Sack and Snag Races, Throwing the Hammer, Putting the Stone, Standing and Running Jumps, Vaulting and Leaping, Tug of War, etc. Amusements for old and young will be provided, including

## THE CUISINE

will be in charge of a staff thoroughly skilled in the art of catering to all degrees of appetite.

The Grounds usually occupied on such occasions have been considerably enlarged, and persons wishing to spend an enjoyable day will do well to patronize this Pic Nic.

Every attention will be given to the comfort of guests, and good order maintained throughout.

Admission to Grounds, 25 Cents. Children 15 Cents.

Should the weather prove unfavorable the Pic Nic will be held on the first fine day following.

TICKETS for sale at the stores of Messrs. J. & S. Fish & Son, D. & J. Ritchie & Co., on the corners at the entrance to the grounds.

Persons holding Pic Nic tickets will be carried on the steamers Andover and Breeze to and from Newcastle at ONE FARE.

## Paris Green Played Out.

## READ THIS.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED:

12 dozen HAY FORKS,  
24 " MANURE FORKS,  
24 " HAY RAKES,  
8 " SCYTHES,  
10 boxes SCYTHES STONES.

6 dozen MILK PANS, assorted sizes,  
CREAM AND BUTTER CROCKS,  
POTATO HACKS, FORKS and HOES.

We are offering the above goods to great advantage. Call before purchasing elsewhere. All goods delivered on the spot, and at residences in town.

## A GRAND NEW FEATURE.

## GLASS BALL CASTORS

FOR LOUNGES, STOOLS, TABLES AND PIANOS.

Any Piano standing on these glass balls (which are non-conductors) gives DOUBLE the brilliancy of sound, and is all sweetness.

Remember, we keep a Choice Stock of Groceries, Crockeryware and Furniture.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

MEWEN & BUCK.  
Newcastle, July 24, 1883.

## NOTICE.

ALL persons having any claims against the Estate of the late WILLIAM WATTE, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

MARGARET A. WATT, Administratrix,  
J. MITCHELL, Executors.  
Newcastle, 21st July, 1883. 25-4w

## Teacher Wanted.

A SECOND CLASS Female Teacher is required for District No. 10, Parish of Northcote. Services required at the close of the summer holidays.

Apply to THOS. SHERARD, Sec'y to Trustees.  
Northcote, July 23, 1883. 5w

## NOTICE.

ALL persons holding claims against the Estate of the late PATRICK FARRELL are requested to file the same, duly attested, with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

CHARLES MARSHALL, Executor,  
JOHN A. MURPHY,  
Newcastle, 11th June 1883.

## CARBOLINE.

FOR SALE BY  
T. B. BARKER & SONS,  
26 & 27 King St.  
St. John, July 18.

## ENGLISH PORTLAND CEMENT.

JUST RECEIVED:

50 Barrels White Brothers.

TO ARRIVE:

100 Barrels do. do.

For sale low by  
A. J. BABANG & CO.  
Moncton, July 18.

## FLOUR.

RECEIVING TO-DAY:

120 bbls. Pride of Westmoreland P't.

TO ARRIVE, PART DUE:

120 bbls. ELMIRA CHOICE PATENT,

120 " COCK'S FRIEND "

120 " PEOPLE'S FRIEND "

200 " TEA ROSE SUPERIOR "

275 " PLIMSOL "

For sale low by  
A. J. BABANG & CO.  
Moncton, July 18.

## LIME.

JUST RECEIVED:

Per Schooners Laurel and Annie W.

45 Cask's Morrow's Extra LIME.

100 " Armstrong's "

FOR SALE LOW.

A. J. BABANG & CO.  
Moncton, July 18.

## MONCTON SUGAR.

JUST RECEIVED:

30 bbls. Granulated,

30 " Bright Yellow Extra C,

30 " Yellow Extra C.

FOR SALE BY  
A. J. BABANG & CO.  
Moncton, July 18.

## PROBATE COURT, COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER.

TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER, OR ANY CONSTABLE WITHIN THE SAID COUNTY, GREETING:

WHEREAS John Chalmers and Peter Hamilton, Executors of the last Will and Testament of John Chalmers, late of the Parish of Beresford, in the County of Gloucester, Esquire, deceased, have filed an account of their administration of the Estate of said deceased, and have prayed that a citation may issue calling upon all parties interested in the said estate to attend the passing thereof.

You are therefore required to cite the Heirs, next of Kin, Creditors and all parties interested in the said Estate to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at my office in Bathurst, on Monday, the thirtieth day of August, next, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said account should not be allowed.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Court at Bathurst, this seventh day of July, A. D., 1883.

D. G. MACLAUCHLAN,  
Surrogate and Judge of Probate for the County of Gloucester.

THOMAS DESBRISAY,  
Registrar of Probate for said County of Gloucester.

WATER COOLERS,  
Examined Preserving Kettles,  
Brass Preserving Kettles,  
Granite Iron Preserving Kettles,  
Bailon Fly Traps.

We have a full stock of the above goods, and our prices are right.

W. H. THORNE & CO.  
St. John, July 18.

## ROUGH ON RATS.

A supply just received.

T. B. BARKER & SONS.  
St. John, July 18.

## NOW IN STOCK AT THE

## NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.

A FULL LINE OF

## PATENT MEDICINES,

COMPRISING AS FOLLOWS:

WARNER'S Safe Cure, Warner's Safe Nerve, MALTINE PREPARATIONS as follows:—Maltine Plain, Maltine with Cod Liver Oil and Pancreatic, Maltine with Cod Liver Oil and Phosphates, Maltine-Yorine, Maltine-Pepsine, Maltine with Pepsine and Pancreatic. Lydia Pinkham's Compound and Lydia Pinkham's Liver Pills, Hop Bitters, Burdock Blood Bitters, Dyspepsia Bitters, Quinine Wine, Cod Liver Oil, pure, and in the Emulsion, Cingalee Hair Renewer, Hair's Hair Renewer, Ayer's Hair Vigor, Cocaine for the Hair, etc., Boschee's German Syrup, Green's August Flower.

## DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Liniments of all kinds, Cough mixtures of every name, Zepes for dyspepsia, Notman's Kidney Pads, Notman's Liver and Stomach Pads, Notman's Lung Pads, Notman's Absorbent, Notman's Fruit Paste, Notman's Corn Extricator, and Holloway's Corn Cure, Knight's Asthma Cure, Chester's Asthma Cure, Van Buren's Kidney Cure and Kidney Wort, Worm Lozenges and Worm Syrup, Foster's Pile and Hemorrhoid Cure, Mosquito Oil, Menthol, Condition Powder, Chamber's Horse and Cattle Food, Sassafras, Dominion Liniment and Kendall's Spavin Cure, Mack's Magnetic Medicine and Gray's Specific Remedy, etc., etc. A full stock of DIAMOND DYES on hand.

FLOWER POTS, ALL SIZES. A CHOICE LOT OF TOILET SOAPS AND PERFUMERY NOW IN STOCK. A FINE SELECTION OF FANCY GOODS, TOILET ARTICLES AND SPONGES.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

REMEMBER THE STAND-WILLISTON'S BRICK BUILDING.

E. LEE STREET, PROPRIETOR.

N. B.—100 pounds PARIS GREEN just arrived.

## SACKVILLE ACADEMY.

REV. CHAS. H. PAISLEY, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

The FIRST TERM of this highly successful Institution will (D. V.) commence

August 23rd, 1883.

The Course of Study is arranged with a view to a thorough

ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

Special facilities are afforded for instruction in FRENCH, MUSIC, both Vocal and Instrumental, BOOKKEEPING, PENMANSHIP, and the ordinary forms of Commercial transactions.

For Calendar containing Terms, &c., apply to the Principal.

July 24, 1883. 6w

## ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,

UPWARDS OF THIRTY CHANGES OF POSITION.

MANUFACTURED BY

FIRST CLASS BEDDING,

SPRING BEDS, &c.

IMPORTERS OF

Iron Bedsteads and Cribbs,

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,

RATTAN GOODS, &c.

Hutchings & Co., - 101 to 107 Germain Street, St. John. N. B.

## COMPETITORS AMAZED!

IN DISMAY THEY ASK HOW

SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN

GIVE BARGAINS?

to cause such a constant rush of Customers to their Store.

ANSWER—We buy for PROMPT CASH, get the SOUNDTEST goods, and mark them LOW.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN.

Newcastle, July 10, 1883.

JUST RECEIVED

AT

Dr. McLearn's Drug Store,

NEWCASTLE DISPENSARY.

A SUPPLY OF

PURE PARIS GREEN,

the best and cheapest poison for Potato Bugs and Canker Worms.

EMULSIONS OF COD LIVER OIL, PUTTNER'S COMPOUND

SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES, FELLOWS' COM-

POUND SYRUP, QUININE WINE, ENOS'

FRUIT SALT, LIEBIG'S EXTRACTS.

Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Requisites, Bath Sponges,

Fancy Goods, Pipes, Etc.

PREMAN'S BUILDING, - - - - - SQUARE.

Newcastle, July 10, 1883.

## SIX BEAUTIFUL EAST INDIA AND ZANZIBAR SHELLS

mailed to any address for \$1.00.

SHELLS, CORALS AND INDIAN WORK supplied upon special terms for Church and S. S. Bazaar. Write for particulars.

A letter from St. Martin's says: "The Sabbath school held their bazaar on 28th inst. I think they did very well with your goods; could have sold more shells of certain kinds if they had them."

INDIAN BAZAAR,  
91 and 93 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.  
July 18, 1883.

## STRAYED.

FROM the premises of the subscriber, about three weeks ago, A COIT, one year old, color dark red, and has a scar on the right shoulder. Any person knowing of the animal's whereabouts will kindly communicate with the undersigned without delay.

ADOLPH LEBOUTILLIER,  
Caracut, July 9, 1883. 11

## FOR SALE.

A SPLENDID FARM

Containing two hundred (200) acres, more or less, well fenced, well wooded, and well watered. About fifty (50) acres under cultivation.

Terms cash.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned on the premises.

JOHN P. DOYLE,  
Armstrongs Brook, July 14th, 1883. 2m

## THE NORTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

NOTICE is hereby given that the first meeting of the Stockholders of the Northern and Western Railway Company of New Brunswick, will be held at the Waverley Hotel, in the Town of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, on Thursday, the second day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of organizing the said Company and for the transaction of such other business as may then be deemed advisable.

ROBERT R. CALL,  
JOHN MILLER,  
ROBERT SWIM.

Dated 14th day of July, 1883.

## New Brunswick.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, S. S.

TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF NORTHUMBERLAND, OR ANY CONSTABLE WITHIN SAID COUNTY, GREETING:

WHEREAS it has been represented to me, that Alexander McCullum, late of Newcastle in said County, Yeoman, executed his last Will and Testament in the form of Law, bearing date the twenty fourth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy three, and appointed Allan A. Davidson of Newcastle, Executor of said County, and that the said Allan A. Davidson has declined and refused to act as such Executor and has not taken any steps to have the said Will proved, and whereas William Drummond of Newcastle aforesaid, Laborer, who claims to be interested in the said Will hath prayed that the same may be proved in solemn form and that letters of Administration cum testamento annexo may be granted to such person as may be entitled thereto.

You are therefore required to cite the said Allan A. Davidson to appear before me at the Court of Probate to be held at my office, Newcastle, on Thursday, the ninth day of August next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of proving the said Will in solemn form and you are further required to cite the Heirs of the said deceased, namely, Jane Davidson of Newcastle aforesaid, Widow, Richard McCullum of the same place, Laborer, and Mary Vandy, presently of Boston, Massachusetts, Widow, to attend at the time and place aforesaid; also Rowland Gilchrist of Newcastle aforesaid, Surveyor, Mary Jane Gertz of the same place, Widow, Margaret Ann Watt of the same place, Widow, Daniel Beckwith of the same place, Widow, Margaret Drummond of the same place, Widow, William S. Hamill of Boston aforesaid, Clerk, Henrietta Hobart of the State of Massachusetts, wife of Kirk W. Hobart, John McCullum of Newcastle aforesaid, Laborer, all of whom with Petitioner are mentioned as Legatees or Devisees in said Will, also all other persons interested in the said Will to attend at the time and place aforesaid to see proceedings.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court, this tenth day of June, A. D. 1883.

(Sig'd) SAM. THOMPSON,  
Judge of Probates.

(L. S.)  
(Sig'd) G. B. FRASER,  
Registrar of Probates for said County

## ICE CREAMS!

TEMPERANCE DRINKS,

FRUITS IN SEASON.

CANNED FRUIT OF ALL KINDS,

Confectionery and Groceries.

GEORGE STUBBS.

Newcastle, June 12, 1883.

## New Clothes!

## New Hats!

CLOTHING!! CLOTHING!!

Suits! Coats! Pants! Vests!

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN MIRAMICHI.

—ALSO—

FELT & FUR HATS,

A SPLENDID STOCK.

RUBBER AND TWEED

Waterproof Coats,

A FINE LOT TO PICK FROM.

My Stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

is large, and prices will be found low. Call and examine.

A good assortment and cheap.

Guns! Guns!! Revolvers! Revolvers!!

From \$1.50 up.

## CHEAP CASH STORE.

JAMES BROWN.

Newcastle, June 27th, 1883.

JUST OPENED AT

J. W. DAVIDSON'S,

A LARGE STOCK OF

Unlaundried White Shirts,

(the best in town, and only

90 CENTS!

AN EXTRA FINE QUALITY AT \$1.50.

COLORS CAMBRIC SHIRTS

with two collars and detached cuffs, laundried and unlaundried at assorted prices.

MEN'S AND BOYS'

WORKING SHIRTS,

astonishingly cheap.

MEN'S NIGHT SHIRTS.

The latest novelties in

COLLARS AND TIES,

MEN'S HOSIERY from 12 cents per pair up-

wards; FELT AND STRAW HATS in

great variety; MEN'S AND BOYS' SUM-

MER CAPS at 10c, 15c, and 25c. The new-

est styles in

Boots, Shoes and Slippers,

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Call and examine these goods and you will

be convinced that

DAVIDSON'S

is the place for Gent's Furnishings.

Newcastle, June 26, 1883.

## MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON &amp; ALLISON,

IMPORTERS OF

DRY GOODS and MILLINERY

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

MANUFACTURERS OF

SHIRTS OF ALL KINDS,

27 & 29 KING ST. SAINT JOHN.

St. John, October 18, 1881. 10-1y

## Spring

## Importations

NOW COMPLETE

JAMES FISH'S.

GREY COTTONS,

at a discount of 14







## HIS OWN AT LAST.

CHAPTER XL.—(CONTINUED)

"Ah!" say I, with a bitter little laugh, "she will mend of that, will not she?"

He does not echo my mirth; indeed, I think I hear him sigh.

"Romances paint at full length people's woes—

But only give a bust of marriages!"

say I, in soft quotation, addressing rather myself and my thoughts than my companion.

He has joined me; he, too, is looking out at the serene aster flowers, at the glittering glory of the dew.

"Since when have you learned to quote 'Don Juan'?" he asks with a sort of surprise.

"Since when?" I reply with the same tart playfulness—"oh! since I married! I date all my accomplishments from then!—it is my *anno Domini*."

Another silence. Then Sir Roger speaks again, and this time his words seem as slow and difficult of make as mine were just now.

"Nancy!" he says in a low voice, not looking at me, but still facing the flowers and the sunny autumn sward, "do you believe that—that *this* fellow cares about her really? She is too good to be made—to be made—a cat's paw of!"

"A cat's paw!" cry I, turning quickly around, with raised voice; the blood that so lately retired from it rushing again headlong all over my face; "I do not know what you mean—what you are talking about."

He draws his breath heavily, and pauses a moment before he speaks.

"God knows," he says, looking solemnly up, "that I had no wish to broach this subject again—God knows I meant to have done with it forever—but now that it has been forced against my will—tell me Nancy—tell me *truly* this time"—(with an accent of acute pain on the word "*this*")—"can you say—on your honor—on your honor—mind, that you believe this—this man loves Barbara as a man should love his wife?"

If he had worded his interrogation differently, I should have been sorely puzzled to answer it; as it is—in the form his question takes—I find a loop-hole of escape.

"As a man should love his wife," I reply, with a derisive laugh; "and how is that? I do not think I quite know—very dearly, I suppose; but not quite so dearly as if she were his neighbor—is that it?"

As I speak, I look up at him, with a malicious air of pseudo-innocence. But if I expect to see any guilt—any conscious shrinking in his face—I am mistaken. There is pain—infinite pain—pain both sharp and long-suffering in the griefed depths of his eyes; but there is no guilt.

"You will not answer me?" he says, in an accent of profound disappointment, sighing again heavily. "Well I hardly expected it—hardly hoped it—so be it, then, since you will have it so; and yet,—"again taking up the note, and reading over one of its few sentences with slow attention—"and yet there is one more question I must put to you, after all—they both come to pretty much the same thing. Why?" (pointing as he speaks, to the words to which he alludes)—

"Why should you have taken yourself the blame of—of his departure from Tempest? What had you to say to it?"

In his voice there is the same just severity; in his eyes there is the same fire of deep yet governed wrath that I remember in them six months ago, when Mrs. Huntley first threw the firebrand between us.

"I do not know," I reply, in a half whisper of impatient misery, turning my head restlessly from side to side; "how should I know? I am sick of the subject!"

"Perhaps!—so, God knows, am I; but had you anything to say to it?"

He does not even touch me now; but, as he asks this he takes hold of both my hands, more certainly to prevent my escaping from under his gaze, than from any desire to caress me.

It is my last chance of confession. I little thought I should ever have another. Late as it is, shall I avail myself of it? Nay! if not before, why *now*? Why *now*?—when there are so much stronger reasons for silence—when to speak would be to knock to atoms the newly-built edifice of Barbara's happiness—to rake up the old and nearly dead ashes of Frank's frustrated, and for aught I know, sincerely repented sin? So I answer, faintly indeed, yet quite audibly and distinctly:

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" (in an accent and with eyes of the keenest, wistfullest interrogation, as if he would wring from me, against my will, the confession I so resolutely withheld.)

But I turn away from that heart-breaking, heart-broken scrutiny, and answer:

"Nothing!"

## CHAPTER XL.

"She dwells with beauty—beauty that must die, And joy whose hands are ever at his lips Bidding Adieu."

Thus I accomplished my second lie; I that at home, used to be a proverb for blunt truth-telling. They say that "*facilis decensu Averni*." I do not agree with them. I have not found it easy. To me it has seemed a very steep and precipitous road, set with sharp flints that cut the feet, and make the blood flow.

I think the second falsehood was almost harder to utter than the first; but, indeed, they were both very disagreeable. I cannot think why any one should have thought it necessary to invent the doctrine of a future retribution for it.

It appears to me, that in this very life of the present, each little delinquency is so heavily paid for—so exorbitantly overpaid, indeed. Look, for instance, at my own case, I told a lie—a lie more of the letter than the spirit—and since then I have spent six months of my flourishing youth absolutely devoid of pleasure, and largely penetrated with pain.

I have stood just outside my paradise, peeping under and over the flaming sword of the angel that guards it. I have been near enough to smell the flowers—to see the dainty perfumed fruits—to hear the song of the angels as they go up and down within its paths; but I have been outside.

Now I have told another lie, and I suppose—nay, what better can I hope?—that I shall live in the same state of weary, retribution to the end of the chapter.

These are the thoughts interspersed and diversifed with loud sighs, that are employing my mind one ripe and misty morning a day later than the incidents last detailed.

Barbara is to arrive to day. She is coming to pay us a visit—coming like the lady mentioned by Tennyson, in "*In Memoriam*"—"not, indeed, 'to bring her babe,' but to 'make her bows.' And how, pray, am I to listen with complacent congratulation to this boast? For the first time in my life, I dread the coming of Barbara. How and I, whose acting, on the few occasions when I attempted it, has been of the most improbably wooden description—how am I to say, to counterfeits the extravagant joy, the lively sympathy that Barbara will expect—and naturally expect—from me?

I get up and look at myself in the glass. Assuredly I shall have to take some severe measures with my countenance before it falls under my sister's gaze. Small sympathy and smaller joy is there in it now—it wears only a lantern-jawed lack-lustred despondency. I practice a galvanized smile, and say out aloud, as if in dialogue, with some interior-critic:

"Yes, *dearheart*! I am so pleased!" But there is more mirth in the enforced grin of an unfleshed skull than in mine.

That will never take in Barbara. I try again—once, twice—each time with less prosperity than the last. Then I give it up. I must trust to Providence.

As the time for her coming draws nigh, I fall to thinking of the different occasions since my marriage on which I have watched for expected comings from this window—have searched that bend in the drive with impatient eyes—and of the disappointment to which, on the two occasions that rise most prominently before my mind's eye, I became a prey.

Well, I am to be subject to no disappointment—if it would be a disappointment—to-day.

Almost before I expect her—almost before she is due—she is here in the room with me, and we are looking at one another. I, indeed, am staring at her with a black and stupid surprise.

"Good Heavens!" say I bluntly, "what have you been doing to yourself? how happy you look!"

I have always known theoretically that happiness was becoming; and I have always thought Barbara most fair.

"Fairer than Rachel by the palm's well, Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn, Fair as the angel that said, 'Hail!' seemed; but now, what a lovely brightness, like that of clouds remembering the gone sun, shines all about her! What a radiant laughter in her eyes! What a splendid carnation on her cheeks! (How glad I am that I did not tell.)

"Do I?" she says softly, and hiding her face, with the action of a shy child on my shoulder. "I dare say."

"Good Heavens!" repeat I, again, with more accentuation than before, with my usual happy command and variety of ejaculation.

"And you?" she says, lifting her face, and speaking with a joyful confidence of anticipation in her eyes, "and you? you are pleased too, are not you?"

"Of course," reply I, quickly calling to my aid the galvanized smile and the unnatural tone in which I have been perfecting myself all the forenoon, "*delighted*! I never was so pleased in all my life. I told you so in my letters, did not I?"

A look of nameless disappointment crosses her features for a moment.

"Yes," she says; "I know! but I want you to tell me again. I thought that you—would have such a—such a great deal to say about it."

"So I have," reply I, uncomfortably, fiddling uneasily with a paper knife that I have picked up, and trying how much ill usage it will bear without snapping, "an immensity! but you see it is—difficult to begin, is not it? and you know I never was good at expressing myself well!"

We have sat down. I am not facing her. With a complexion that serves one such ill turns as mine does, one is not over-fond of facing people. I am beside her. For a moment we are both silent.

"Well," say I presently, with an unintentional tartness in my tone, "why do not you begin? I am waiting to hear all about it. Begin!"

So Barbara begins.

"I am afraid," she says smiling all the while but growing as red as the bunch of late roses in my breast, "that I look *horribly* pleased! One ought to look as if one did not care, ought not one?"

"Ought one?" say I, with interest, then beginning to laugh vociferously. "At least you were not so bad as the old maid who late in life received a very wealthy offer, and she was so much elated by it that she took off all her clothes, and kicked her bonnet round the room."

Barbara laughs.

"No, I was not quite so bad as that."

"And how did he do it," pursue I inquisitively. "Did he write or speak?"

"He spoke."

"And what did he say? How did he word it? Ah!" (with a sigh)—"I suppose you will not tell me that?"

She has abandoned her chair, and has fallen on her knees before me, hiding her face in my lap. Delicious waves of color, like the petals of a pink sweet pea, are racing over cheeks and throat.

"Was any one ever known to tell it?" she says, indistinctly.

"Yes," reply I, "I was. I told you what Roger said, word for word—all of you!"

"Did you?" (with an accent of astonished incredulity.)

"Yes," say I, "Do not you remember? I promised I would before I went into the drawing-room that day, and when I came out, I wanted the boys to let me off, but they would not."

A pause.

"I wish," say I, a little impatiently, "that you would look up! Why need you mind it if you are rather red? What do I matter? and so—and so—you are pleased!"

"Pleased!"

She has raised her face as I bid her, and on her face there is a sort of scorn at the poverty and inadequacy of the expression; and yet she replaces it with no other; only the sapphire of her eyes is dimmed and made more tender by rising tears.

Clearly we were never meant to be joyful, we humans! In any bliss greater than our woe, we can only hang out to demonstrate our felicity, the sign and standard of woe.

"Nancy!"—taking my hand, and I looking at me with wistful earnestness—"do you think it can last? Did any one ever feel as I go to sleep?"

"I do not know—how can I tell?" reply I disconcertedly, as I absently eye the two halves of my paper-knife, which, after having given one or two warning cracks, has now snapped in the middle. Then Roger enters, and our talk ends.

## CHAPTER XLII.

"God made a foolish woman, making me."

"Have you any idea whom we shall meet?" It is Barbara who asks this one morning at breakfast. The question refers to a three days' visit that it has become our fate to pay to a house in the neighborhood—a house not eight miles distant from Tempest, and over which we are grubbing in the minute and exhaustive manner which people mostly employ when there is a question of making merry with their friends.

I shake my head.

"I have not any idea, that is to say, except Mrs. Huntley, and she goes without saying."

"Why?"

"We are known to be such inseparables, she is always asked to meet us," reply I, with that wintry smile, which is my last accomplishment. "We pursue her round the country, do not we, Roger?"

Barbara opens her great eyes, but, with her usual tact, says nothing. She sees that she has fallen on stony ground.

"She is the oldest friend we have in the world!" continue I laughing pleasantly.

Roger does not answer; he does not even look up, but by a restless movement that he makes in his chair, by a tiny contraction of the brows I see that my shot has told. I am becoming an adept in the infliction of these pin-pricks. It is one of the few pleasures I have left.

The day of our visit has come. We have relieved ourselves by grubbing up to the hall door. Our murmuring must perforce be stilled now, though indeed, were we to shout our discontents at the top of our voices, there would be small fear of our being overheard by the master of the house, he being the boundlessly deaf old gentleman who paid his respects at Tempest on the day of Mrs. Huntley's first call, and insisted on taking Barbara for me. Whether he is yet set right on that head is a point still enveloped in Cimmerian gloom. It is a bachelor establishment, as any one may perceive by a cursory glance at the disposition of the drawing-room furniture, and at the unfortunate flowers, tightly jammed, packed as thickly as they will go, in one huge central bean pot.

As we arrived rather late and were at once conducted to our rooms, we still remain in the dark as to our co-guests. Personally, I am not much interested in this question. There cannot be anybody that will cause me much satisfaction to meet. It would give me a faint relief, indeed, to find that there were some matron of exalted rank than mine to save me from my probable fate of bowling dark sayings at our old host, General Parker, from the season of clear soup to that of peaches and nuts. I dress quickly. The toilet is never to me a work of art. It is not that from my lofty moral standpoint I look down on meretricious aids to faulty Nature. If I thought that it would set me on a fairer standing with Mrs. Zephyne, I would paint my cheeks an inch thick; would prune my eye-brows, daub my eyes, and make my hair yellower than any buttercups in the meadow; but I know that it would be of no avail. I should be, compared to her, as a sign-painter to a Titian. For a long time now I have cared naught for clothes. I used greatly respect their power, but they have done me no good; and so my reverence for them is turned into indifference and contempt.

I think that I must be late. Roger went down some minutes ago, at my request, so that there might be one representative of the family there in time.

I hasten down stairs, fastening one of my bracelets as I go, and open the drawing-room door. I was wrong. There was no one down yet. Even Roger has disappeared. I am the first. This is my impression for the moment; then I perceive that there is some one in the bow-window, half-hidden by the drooped curtains: some one, who, hearing my entry, is advancing to meet me. It is Musgrave! My first impulse, a wrong one, I need hardly say, is to turn and flee. I have even laid hold of the just abandoned handle; when he speaks.

"Are you going?" he says in a low voice, marked by great and evidently ungovernable agitation; "do not! if you wish, I will leave the room."

I look at him, and our eyes meet. He always was a pale young man—no bucolic beef-and-beer ruddiness about him—always of a healthy swart pallor; but now he is deadly white!—so, by the bye, I fancy am I! His dark eyes burn with a shamed yet eager glow.

With the words and tones of our last parting ringing in our ears, we both feel that it would be useless affectation to meet as ordinary acquaintances.

"No," say I, faintly, almost in a whisper, "it does not matter! Only that I did not know that you were to be here!"

"No more did I, until this morning!" he answers, eagerly; "this morning—at the last moment—young Parker asked me to come down with him—and I—knew we must meet sooner or later—that it could not be put off forever, and so I thought we might as well get over it here as anywhere else!"

Neither of us has thought of sitting down. He is speaking with a rapid, low motion, and I stand stupidly listening.

"I suppose so," I answer lazily. I cannot for the life of me help it, friends. I am back in Brindley Wood. He has come a few steps nearer me. His voice is always low, but now it is almost a whisper in which he is so rapidly, pantingly speaking.

"I shall most likely not have another opportunity, probably we shall not be alone again, and I must hear, must know—have you forgiven me?"

As he speaks, the recollection of all the ill he has done me, of my lost self-respect, my alienated Roger, my faded life, pass before my mind.

"That I have not!" reply I, looking full at him, and speaking with a distinct and heavy emphasis of resentment and aversion, "and, by God's help, I never will!"

"You will not!" he cries, starting back with an expression of the utmost anger and discomfiture. "You will not!" you will carry vengeance for one mad minute through a whole life! It is impossible! impossible! If you are so unforgiving, how do you expect God to forgive you?"

I shrug my shoulders with a sort of despairing contempt. God has seemed to me but dim of late.

"He may forgive them or leave them unforgiven, as He sees best; but—I will never forgive you!"

"What?" he cries, his face growing even more ash-white than it was before, and his voice quivering with a passionate anger; "not for Barbara's sake?"

I shudder. I hate to hear him pronounce her name.

"No," say I, steadily, "not for Barbara's sake!"

"You will have to," he cries violently; "it is nonsense! Think of the close connection, of the *relationship*, that there will be between us! Think of the remarks you will excite! you will defeat your own object!"

"I will excite no remark!" I reply, resolutely. "It will be quite civil to you! I will say 'good-morning' and 'good-evening' to you; if you ask me a question I will answer it; but—I will never forgive you!"

We are standing, as I before observed, close together, and are so wholly occupied—voices, eyes, and ears—with each other, that we do not perceive the approach of two hitherto unseen people who are coming dawning and chatting up the conservatory that opens out of the room; two people that I suppose have been there, unknown to us, all along. They have come quite close now, and we must needs perceive them.

In a second our eager talk drops into silence, and we look with involuntary, startled apprehension toward them. They are Roger and Mrs. Huntley. This is why he acceded with such alacrity to my request. This is why he was so afraid of being late. He has been helping her to smell the jasmine, and to look down the dutiful's great white trumpet-throats.

Even at this agitated moment I have time to think this with a jeering pain. The next instant all other feelings are swallowed up in breathless dread as to how they will meet. My tears are groundless. On first becoming aware, indeed, whose *tele-tele* it is that he has interrupted, whose low, quick voices they are that have dropped into such sudden, suspicious silence at his approach—I can see him start perceptibly, can see his gray eyes dart with lightning quickness from Musgrave to me, and from me to Musgrave; and in his voice there is to me an equally perceptible coldness; but to an ordinary observer it would seem the greeting, neither more nor less warm, exchanged between two moderately friendly acquaintances meeting after absence.

"How are you, Musgrave? I had no idea that you were in this part of the world!"

"No more had I," answered Musgrave, with an exaggerated laugh. "No more I was until—until to-day."

He has not caught the infection of Roger's stately calm. His face has not recovered a trace of even its usual slight color, and his eyes are twitching nervously. Mrs. Huntley appears unaware of anything. Her artistic eye has been caught by the tight bean-pot, and her fingers are employed in trying to give a little air of ease and liberty to its crowded inmates. Then, thank God, the others come in, and dinner is announced, and the situation is ended.

The old host, still under the influence of his hallucination, is bearing down like a hawk (with his old bent elbow extended) on Barbara, until intercepted and redirected by a whispered roar and graphic pantomime on the part of his nephew. Then, at last, he realizes Roger's bad taste, and we go in.

As soon as we are seated, I look about me. It is a round table. For my part, I hate a round table. There is no privacy in it. Everybody seems eavesdropping on everybody else.

There are only eight of us in all—those I have enumerated, and Algy. Yes, he is here, Bellona is a goddess, who can always spare her sons when there is a chance of their getting into mischief. Roger has taken Mrs. Huntley. That poor man, he could hardly help, his only alternative being his own sister-in-law. Musgrave has taken Barbara. He is still as white as the table-cloth, and hardly speaks. It is clear that he will not get up his conversation again, until after the champagne has been around. Algy has taken no one; and consequently, a bear is amiable and affable beast in comparison of him. I am placed between our host and his nephew. The latter comes in for a good deal of my conversation, as most of my remarks have to be re-bellowed by him with a loud emphasis, that contrasts absurdly with their triviality; and even then, they mostly misgarry, and turn into something totally different.

Talking to the old man is not a dialogue, but a couple of soliloquies, carried on mostly on different subjects, which in vain try to become the same, between two interlocutors. Through soup we prospered—that is to say, we talked of the weather. But since then, we have been diverging ever more and more hopelessly. He is at the Shah's visit, and so he imagines am I. I, on the contrary, am at the Bishop of Winchester's death, and for the last five minutes, have been trying, with all the force of my lungs, and with a face rendered scarlet by the double action of heat and the consciousness of being the object of respectful attention to the whole company, that, in my opinion, the deceased prelate ought to have been buried in Westminster Abbey. I have at last succeeded, at least in so far as to make him understand that I wish *somebody* to be buried in Westminster Abbey; but, as he still persists in thinking of the Shah, we are perhaps not much better off than we were before. I lean back with a sense of despairing defeat, and, behind my fan, turn to the young man on the other side. He is a jolly-looking fellow, with an aureole of red hair.

"Would you mind," with panting appeal, "trying to make him understand that it is not the Shah?"

He complies, and, while he is trying to make it clear to his uncle that he wrongs me in crediting me with any wish to thrust the Persian monarch among the ashes of the riantanets, I take breath, and look round again. Algy is eating nothing, and drinking everything that is offered to him. His face is not much redder than Musgrave's and he is glancing across the table at Mrs. Huntley, with the haggard anger of his eyes. Of this, however, she seems innocently unaware. She is leaning back in her chair; so is Roger. They are talking low and quickly, and looking smilingly at each other. When does his face ever light up into such alert animation when he is talking to me? There can be no doubt about it! Why blink a thing because

I have no intention of listening, and yet I hear some of their words—enough to teach me the drift of their talk. "*Re-silently*," "*Cawnpore*!" "*Simlah*!" "*Cursed Simlah*!" "*Cursed Cawnpore*!" My attention is called by the voice of my old neighbor.

"I think of that," he says—(talking of what, in Heaven's name?)—"I once knew a man—a doctor at Norwich—who did not marry till he was seventy-eight, and had four as fine children as any man need wish to see!"

By the extraordinary irrelevancy of this anecdote, I am so taken aback, that for a moment, I am unable to utter. Seeing, how that some comment is expected from me, I stammer something about its being a great age. He, however, imagines that I am asking whether they are boys or girls.

"Three boys and a girl—or three girls and a boy!" he answers with loud distinctness, "I cannot recollect which; but, after all,—" (with an acid chuckle)—that is not the point of the story."

I sink back into my chair with a slight shiver.

"Give it up!" says my other neighbor, with a compassionate smile, and speaking in a voice not a whit lower than usual—"I would, it really is no good!"

"Why does not he have a trumpet?" ask I, with a slight accent of irritation, for I have suffered much and it is hot.

"He had one once," replies my companion, still pityingly regarding the flushed composure of my face; "but people would insist on bowing so loudly down it, that they nearly broke the drum of his ear, so he broke it."

I laugh a little, but in a puny way. There is not much laugh in me. Again I look round the table. Musgrave is better; he is a better color than he was. Under the influence of Barbara's gentle talk, his features have resumed almost serenity. Algy is no better. I see him lean back and speak to the servant behind him. He is asking for more champagne. I wish he would not. He has had quite enough already. Roger and Mrs. Huntley are much as they were. They are still leaning back in their chairs—still smiling. Again a few words of their talk reach me.

"Do you recollect?"

"Do you remember?"

Clearly they have fallen upon old times. I wish—I dearly wish—that I might bite a piece out of somebody.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Friend.

There are few things so essential to happiness, so convenient and desirable, as a friend, to whom we may confide our aspirations, with whom we may take sweet counsel, who will not ridicule our little vanities behind our back, who will flatter us enough for encouragement, but not enough for injury—a friend who believes us and understands us. Perhaps this species is rare. Somebody has finely remarked, "All that can be said of friendship is like botany to flowers." We may point out the calyx, describe the corolla, count the stamens and pistils; but all this is but the skeleton of the blossom, will give no idea of its exquisite shape and effect, its grace, the wondrous tints and texture of a single petal, the rich charm of its perfume, so no words are comprehensive enough to portray the friend, who is a kind of second self, whose interests and happiness are one with ours, who never rubs us the wrong way, who, even obliged to find fault with us, does it with such graciousness that it is sweeter than another's praise; who softens the harshness of others by the warmth of his admiration. Each of us has friends, to be sure, or people whom we dignify by that name, who exchange visits, gifts, letters and compliments with us; who talk gossip with us, consult us upon their spring clothes, confide to us, with more or less truth, the amount of their "allowance," the cost of their "things"; who have made the same acquaintances, meet us at the same houses, and read the same books that we do; whose affection, however, is only skin-deep, and not in any degree stronger or better than that which they entertain for others whom they criticize and laugh at with us; friends who are not altogether gratified by our successes nor sorry at our failures, who through familiarity know the weak point in our armor and take advantage of their knowledge at time; friends who do not scruple to assure us, in the case of truth, that our Carlo Dolce is not an original, that our Persian rug was woven in American looms, that our Satsuma ware is an imitation, and never saw a province of Japan; friends who take it for granted that we yearn to know our valued Kioto tea-pot is only a Yankee reproduction.

"Friends," says some one, "are like melons; you must try a hundred before finding a good one." But who is not willing to try ten hundred if he may only find one eventually, and not always be put off by a counterfeit? And perhaps the difficulty in finding one is due more than we suspect, as Alphonse Karr says, "that everyone is anxious to have a friend, without taking any particular pains to be one himself."—*Harper's Bazar*.

## Opened Both Doors.

The other day, when it was pouring rain, a citizen turned aside to enter a store, the door of which was open. He made several attempts to push the umbrella in before him, but the space would not permit. He was standing there, looking puzzled and annoyed, when the dealer came to the door and asked:

"Well, what is it?"

"The door is not wide enough to admit my umbrella."

"Ah! I see—just wait."

And he straightaway flung open the outer door to permit the man to enter. After they had talked of this and that for half an hour the man with the umbrella suddenly slapped his leg and called out:

"By George! what a dolt! If I had closed my umbrella I could have entered the door as it was!"

"That's so! Come to think of it I see you could," replied the other. "Well, well, not a day passes that we can't learn something new!"

A coaching club—a crowd of college professors just before commencement.



## The Rich and the Poor

The troubles of the poor are many, but those of the rich are not few. Indeed, upon the whole we rather think the latter are the worse off by a great way. The worry about servants alone, is, in far more cases than may be suspected, simply terrible. Many a lady, able to keep two and three servants, is simply at her wit's end with that old and ever pressing question of servantism. It is like driving a cart-horse and mustang in one team. To keep everything in order, to prevent waste, to please the stomach and taste of the lord and master, and above all and before everything, to maintain a lady-like quietude and absolute peace of mind, with all the social etiquettes of calling and being called upon, is a strain upon one's nervous system which drives many a woman into permanent hopelessness, and many more into ruinous drink. There are only too many wives who apparently have everything that their hearts could wish, to whom life is a burden from the bother of the servants and the exactness and want of sympathy on the part of the husbands. They are treated as if they were simply housekeepers and head servants. We have heard of wretched fellows, *parvenus* and humbugs, of course—who, if they suspected that their wives had been in the kitchen or could notice the ghost of a flush upon their cheeks, would say in lordly indignation, "You have been in the kitchen," and turn on their heel and leave the house as if wife and dinner were unworthy of their High Mightinesses on the least appearance of the "repose of Lady Clara Vere de Vere" having taken its departure. The idiots that they are! What is the consequence? Weary, disheartened women who are called wives and who, in the midst of grandeur, sigh for one word of honest sympathy and one look of honest admiration and love. The one all prevailing feeling of these masculine autocrats apparently is—"We have been at business all day. What is the use of a wife but to attend upon us? to keep the children out of the way? and to have everything in such apple pie order that even a 'dude' could not find fault, nor an epicure imagine anything better." Well, of course they ought to have things nice, and so they would if they dealt more in kisses and less in scowls. More in kind words and less in selfish fault-finding. Some may laugh at the idea of a lady remarking, as one did the other day, that she wished she could meet with an empty coffin somewhere into which she might quietly creep, but it was a laughing matter to her. Ill-assorted marriages, of convenience or short lived passion, combined with the selfish exactions of the strong upon the weak, are every day in this manner bearing fruit which is bitter as gall and gritty as gravel.

## QUERY?

The question is often asked: Can fluids be charged with electricity? And is so, will they retain it?

We find by experience that all or nearly all minerals, gums and vegetable substances, in their crude state, are capable of receiving and retaining electricity. We also find that any electric in its crude state, is an electric when held in solution by chemical or other means. As for example, steel, one of the strongest electric when held in solution by chemical means, is capable of being strongly charged and containing electricity, and so are all other electric to some extent. We also find that rock sand and glass, containing no minerals, are not electric. We find also that pure animal grease is not capable of being charged to any extent with electricity; but all mineral gums and vegetable oils, we believe, are capable of being charged with and retaining electricity to a greater or less extent. Bones, blood, muscles and sinews are not composed of rock sand or glass, but of mineral and vegetable substances, mysteriously combined, rendering them capable of being acted upon by electricity. The system of man, as with animal nature, is capable of receiving and imparting electricity. It is a part of our being without which we could not exist. Brigs Electric Oil contains no animal grease, rock sand or glass, and is highly charged with electricity, hence its great success in the treatment of diseases such as rheumatism, neuralgia and nervous diseases. It stimulates to action the weak or dormant functions of our beings. It assists nature to overcome disease. The want of proper action of the liver and kidneys is the cause of more mortality than all other causes combined. Electricity strengthens and tones the liver and kidneys. It acts directly on the digestive and urinary organs, destroying or counteracting the effect of the overflow of deadly poisons from the vital organs above named, which is dispersed through the system by the medium of the life fluid, the blood.

"Yes," soliloquized a storekeeper, when he heard a commercial traveler rapping at his door, "I had heard that brass knockers on front doors were to be revived, but I did not suppose they would get around as soon as this."

**A Letter from Goldsmith.**  
In a private letter Wm. Goldsmith, of Col. Inglewood, Ont., writes: After trying almost every remedy I heard recommended, and failing to get relief, I was cured of Chronic Dyspepsia and water-brash by one bottle of Dr. Hoffman's German Bitters. Price 50 cents. Sold by Chemists everywhere.

An exchange says: "A dog bit of a boy's nose and swallowed it." This shows the thoughtfulness of the dog. If he had swallowed the nose without biting it off, it must have proved fatal to the boy.

**Important.**  
When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot, 30 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best food and cigars and served by waiters to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"Some men unpleasantly comb their mustache at the table," remarks a writer. This is cruel, and the society for the prevention of striking mustaches when they are down should suppress such an exhibition.

**Catarh—**A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 335 King-St. West, Toronto Canada.

## THE BOLT AND IRON CO.

LATE DOMINION BOLT CO.

We predict a high premium for the stock of The Bolt and Iron Co. They are moving into their new works which cover about an acre of ground, all the men and machinery on the ground floor, so arranged that the best results will be had at the smallest cost. They pay a ten per cent. dividend this year; they will do better next; they carry a large amount over, after payment of dividend, to the credit of profit and loss, and will continue to accumulate a large surplus besides their profits in manufacturing; the business is profitable now and constantly increasing. They withdrew the stock from the market at the beginning of the year. They are now about to offer the unallotted stock to pay for improvements. This affords an opportunity to investors that they cannot often have, an opportunity to become interested in a proved valuable and established business, manufacturing goods that are as stable as the iron from which they are manufactured. The time will come when the stock may be considered cheap at \$200, now the limited amount of unallotted stock may be had at par to those who are first to secure it. No fires can destroy their premises, they are fireproof, their locality is increasing in value and other projected factories seek location on the surplus land belonging to the Company which will help to multiply its value.

"Yes," he said, "I was absolutely astonished when Mr. Gonerworth asked me to go and take a drink. Why, it so astonished me that I utterly lost my presence of mind. I declined, sir!"

No. 21.

## OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE.

A copy of this issue of this paper is deposited to, and carefully placed on file, in the office of each and every one of its advertisers. Therefore, in answering all advertisements in this paper, it is a certainty that you will get exactly what you write for, be sure and mention that you saw their advertisement in this paper. I will pay you!

**PORTLAND CEMENTS—FIRE BRICKS.**  
Fire Clay, Sewer Pipes, &c. Large Stock of first-class brands. W. McNALLY & CO., Importers, Montreal.

**ROOFING MATERIALS, CARPET AND BUILDING PAPERS,** wholesale and retail, at low price, at HODGE & WILLIAMS, 4 Adelaide St., East, Toronto.

**MILLER'S MAY-APPLE TONIC** positively cures Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. Write for free pamphlet, or mail \$0.10 for package. E. MILLER & CO., Dresden Ont.

**COUNTRY STORE-KEEPERS,** save money by using the celebrated Walker Butter Worker; all sizes in stock; prices on application to JAMES PARK & SON, 41 to 47 St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.

**WOOLLEN MACHINERY FOR SALE.**—Four sets of Davis & Furber iron frame cards, also jacks, covers, pickers, Croton looms, twisters, and other woollen machinery at a bargain. GEO. W. ARNOLD, 57 and 59 Federal street, Troy, N.Y.

**\$25 REWARD—STOLEN.** THE 25TH OF APRIL, from my stable, lot 1, 3rd concession, East York, bay horse, 18 1/2 hands high, black points, fired high hind leg, be a spavined. Any person leading to his recovery will receive the above reward. JAMES SMITH, Don P. O.

**ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED RUBBER, Light, Elastic, and Cheap.** First prize at Provincial Exhibition, Toronto. Examinations on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address: J. DOAN & SON, Drayton, Ont.

**INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT LAND AND EMIGRATION BUREAU.** Headquarters, 1121 King-st., W. Toronto. Established offices, Montreal, Buffalo, Detroit and Winnipeg. We find employment for all classes. Examinations to Manitoba, and the west every two weeks. Shepard's rebate receipts good to land buyers for \$25, give a with each Railway Ticket. The largest and most complete land office in the Dominion. Free Manitoba reading room in connection; all Manitoba papers on file. Address, SHEPARD SCOBELL & CO., 1121 King st., W. Toronto.

**LANDS.** 30,000 ACRES IN THE Valley, unequalled for stock-raising, dairying, and general farming, with good water and near timber, better and cheaper in the end than Homesteads in Dakota or Manitoba, and more profitable investment than Government Bonds. Will be sold at great bargains during next 60 days, in single farms or larger tracts, on terms to suit buyers. Rare chance for colonies or neighborhoods. For terms, description, &c., address M. G. WILLARD, Mankato, Minn.

**BEAVER S. S. LINE.** (WEEKLY BETWEEN) Quebec, Montreal, and Liverpool, CALLING AT

**QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST** For lowest rates and all particulars apply to Sam. Osborne & Co., 40 Yonge street Toronto.

**F. E. DIXON & CO.** Manufacturers of Star Rive

**Leather Belting!** 70 King Street, East, Toronto.

Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

**ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.**

**MRS. E. M. DOANE** Is now prepared to supply

**Perforated Paper Stamps,** newest and latest designs. The French Liquid Method of stamping on velvet and dark goods bought. N. B.—Mrs. E. M. Doane's Bureau Dress Chart for sale, wholesale and retail. Agents wanted.

**MRS. E. M. DOANE, 10 Isabella St., Toronto.**

**Agents Wanted Everywhere** for the sale of the already justly

**Celebrated Chatham Waggon** having the improved arm and oilman's truss rod applied to the axle. The cheapest and at the same time guaranteed the strongest and easiest running farm wagon made in Ontario. Correspondence solicited. Address

**Chatham Manuf'g Co., (Limited.)** Chatham, Ont., 7th June, 1883.

Post Office...  
Not far from corner King & York Sts.

## Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every alternate Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:—  
Oregon, 7th July. Sarnia, 28th July.  
Montreal, 14th July. Ontario, 4th August.  
Toronto, 21st. Dominion, 11th.

For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to

**DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,** General Agents, Montreal.

## VULCANIZED INDIA RUBBER GOODS

For Mechanical Purposes.

Sole manufacturers of the Celebrated Maltese Cross brand of Fire Hose. Our sales for this particular brand during the year 1882 aggregated 175,500 feet. There is no Company in the world can show such a record for one particular brand of hose.

**BELTING**—From one (1) to seventy-two (72) inches wide.  
**HOSE**—For Conducting, Suction, and Steam-TUBING—Of all kinds.  
**PACKING**—Cloth Insertion and Pure.

India Rubber Goods of every description. We carry the largest and only complete stock in the Dominion.

Also, sole agents in the Dominion for The Graton & Knight Mfg. Co.'s Pure American Oak Tanned Leather Belting. (A full stock carried at our warehouse.)

Correspondence solicited and accorded same consideration, and buyers quoted same prices, as if personally present.

**The Gupta Percha & Rubber Man'g. Co.**  
**T. McILROY, Jr.,**  
**THE RUBBER WAREHOUSE,**  
10 and 12 King St. East,  
P.O. Box 556. **TORONTO.**

**Professor Lispinard's**  
**CELEBRATED**  
**SKIN BEAUTIFIER!**

This elegant preparation is warranted a sure cure for all Skin Diseases such as Pimples, Blotches, Ulcers, Humors, and all Eruptions from whatever cause arising. It positively and effectually removes them all in a few days and is the only effective remedy even introduced. One package will cure any case. As a Beautifier of the complexion it is unrivaled, removing Tan, Freckles, and all blemishes. It makes the skin soft and white, and restores it to its natural purity and beauty. It is a true remedy, safe and certain in its action, and does not injure the skin. Price one dollar. (\$1).

Sold by all druggists, or sent in plain wrapper postpaid, to any address on receipt of the price.

Sole proprietors for Canada.  
Address **THE LISPINARD COMPANY,**  
Box 283 St. Catharines, Ont.

**DAILEY'S LINKS AND MUGILAGE.**  
BEST VALUE IN THE MARKET.

**The Great Tonic Fountain Health Blood Purifier**  
A CONSTITUTIONAL CURE.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

**AMOUNT REQUIRED TO CURE** As Follows:

ONE TO SIX BOTTLES will purify the blood, eradicating all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or boil, to the most malignant form of scrofulous ulcer.

ONE TO SIX BOTTLES, by cleansing the Blood, will purify the complexion from Sallowiness, smooth out the wrinkles resulting from imperfect nourishment of the body, sweeten foul breath, and renovate the entire system.

ONE TO TWO BOTTLES will cure ordinary constipation or costiveness, thereby removing Headache, Piles, Biliousness and Jaundice, and all diseases resulting from torpid Liver.

ONE TO SIX BOTTLES, by cleansing the Blood, improving the general health, and fortifying the system against taking fresh colds, will in all cases relieve, and in most cases cure that common, loathsome, and dangerous disease, CATARRH.

ONE TO THREE BOTTLES will regulate all derangements of the Kidneys, curing urinary difficulties, prostration, Gravel, Diabetes, etc.

ONE TO FOUR BOTTLES will reinvigorate the entire system, curing nervous and general debility, Female weakness and all its attendant miseries.

**PRICE ONE DOLLAR.**

**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS**

## SHORTHAND—Special Holiday Course

Spend a few weeks in the city and learn this fascinating and profitable art at almost no cost. Particulars free. BENGBOUGH'S SHORTHAND ATHENEUM, 29 King St., W., Toronto.

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33 and 35 Richmond Street, East, Toronto.  
Office hours—9 to 10 a.m. and 2 to 4 p.m. Sunday, 5 to 6 p.m. Also in the evenings of Monday and Thursday, from 7 to 9.

**NO STRAIN ON THE SHOULDER** OR BUTTONS WHEN STOOPING. Send 25c, 35c, or 50c for sample pairs Athletic Suspenders.

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774 Craig Street, Montreal, and 786 Washington Street, Boston.  
Mention this paper.

## THE HANCOCK INSPIRATOR.

**THE INJECTOR PERFECTED.**  
All sizes lift water 25 feet. No adjustment required for the varying steam pressures.

**Stationary, Marine, or Locomotive Boilers.**  
**THE BEST FEEDER KNOWN**

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**JALL'S HEALTH PRESERVING CORSET.**  
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

For a novel arrangement of fine colored wire spring, which yields readily to every movement of the wearer, the most Perfect Fitting and comfortable corset ever made is secured.

It is approved by the Best Physicians. For sale by all leading dealers.

Lady Agents Wanted.  
Price by Mail, \$1.75.

**CLINTON E. BRUSH & BRO.,**  
TORONTO, ONT.

It may not be generally known to our readers that the **MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.**, who are the largest manufacturers of fine Gold and Silver-plated Ware in the world, have established a branch factory in Hamilton, Ont., for the purpose of supplying the CANADIAN CUSTOMERS with their wares at the same prices as they are sold for in the States. They have justly earned a reputation for quality and durability unequalled by any other makers, and have always been awarded the highest prizes wherever they have exhibited, from the World's Fair in 1853 to the present time. The immense popularity and demand for their goods have induced other makers to imitate their name and trade marks, and for the sake of protecting our readers from such imposition we have prepared copies of their trade marks, and purchasers will do well to cut out and take with them when wishing to get the genuine **MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY'S GOODS.**

**Trade mark stamped on all Hollow Ware, such as Tea Sets, Cruets, Butter, Fruit Stands, etc.**

**1847 ROGERS BROS. A1, OR 1847 ROGERS BROS. XII.**  
This trade mark is stamped on all knives, Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Cake Cutters, etc.

**WHY** do a great many ladies still pay from two to four dollars per year for high priced American fashion papers when they can get the **Ladies' Journal** one year for fifty cents! The **Ladies' Journal** is a 16-page monthly fashion paper, containing all the latest American high priced fashion magazines. Large full page illustrations of all the newest styles, useful household hints, short stories, poetry, miscellaneous selections, and lots of other interesting matter, also one full sized piece of sheet music in each number, always the latest and most popular thing out. To every person who sends me fifty cents for one year's subscription I'll mail postpaid at once an elegant Silver Plated Butter Knife ordinarily retailed at one dollar. Don't forget to tell your friends that the **Ladies' Journal** contains besides the fashion illustrations, etc., at least three to five dollars' worth of new music in the course of the year, and fifty cents will pay for one year's subscription and one dollar will pay for three years, and an elegant silver-plated butter-knife with either one or three years' subscription. Up to the present I have only been able to give a butter-knife to the getter up of a club of three. I now offer that elegant butter-knife to every yearly subscriber who sends fifty cents. Always send six cents to pay postage on knife. **S. FRANK WILSON, 35 and 37 Adelaide Street, Toronto.**

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**THE BOLT AND IRON COMPANY, OF TORONTO. (LIMITED.)**  
Successors to the Dominion Bolt Company.

**MERIT APPRECIATED.**

All the Hardware Merchants, Agricultural Implement Manufacturers, other Manufacturers, Railways and Contractors, now get their supplies at this, the largest Factory. Witness the large increase in sales:

For the 6 months ending April 30, 1880, - \$ 35,548.91  
For the 12 months ending April 30, 1881, - 125,261.89  
For the 12 months ending April 30, 1882, - 241,578.42  
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Every kind and size of Bolts, Nuts, Spikes and Rivets made, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Four qualities of Carriage Bolts to suit the most particular on quality and the most exacting in respect to low price. Consumers who get their supplies from Hardware Merchants should insist on getting these bolts and take no other. Buyers should see that all the Bolts they receive are labelled with the labels from this place, as without them they have no guarantee from here and may get mixed qualities of Bolts.

Threshing Machine and Harrow Teeth with other drop forgings will be added to the manufactures of this Factory. Buyers will favor by kindly sending samples and estimates of their early wants in this line.

**THE BOLT AND IRON CO.'Y.**

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Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat Diseases, and Catarrh.

Together with diseases of the Eye, Ear and Heart, successfully treated at ne

**Ontario Pulmonary Institute, 125 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.**

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Our system of practice is by Medicated Inhalations, combined with proper constitutional remedies. Over 40,000 cases treated during the past 18 years.

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At wholesale prices to consumers. All goods cut and sent to any part of Canada. You can save 25 cents on a dollar, or \$2.50 on a parcel of \$10. Black Cashmere at 50 cents, worth 75 cents. 25 cents saved on every yard of Black Silk; magnificent line at \$1.50 per yard. We close at 2 p.m. on Saturdays.

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The Strongest, Lightest, Cheapest and Best. Will do the work of 8 men and 4 horses.  
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