



**General Business.**  
**CLOSING BUSINESS.**

I am now selling off stocks at a remarkably low price in order to close business in Chatham.  
Best English Raw Linseed Oil, 50 cts. gal. Imp.  
White Lead in 10 lb. bags, \$1.50 per bag.  
Black, red and white paint in 10 lb. bags, 5c. lb.  
All kinds of paint dry and in oil.  
Varnish, all kinds, Patent Knotting  
Gum, 50c. per lb.  
Dry Metals Roofing Paint.  
House paint, all kinds.  
Brushes in great variety.  
Linen Cloth, 75c. per yard.  
Lead pipe in lots, 75c.  
Sheet lead, 75c.  
Zinc, per sheet, 75c.  
Cals, per bushel, 75c.  
House shingles, 3.00 per box.  
Turnspikes.  
Mackinaw Oil.  
Hemp, steel and chain.  
Spades, forks, hoes, etc., &c.

I have the largest and best assortments of hardware in stock, and will sell at prices that will deftly compete. Terms strictly Cash.

J. R. GOGGIN.  
Chatham, 17th May, 1883.—5c 16

**NOW IN STOCK.**

**MANILLA ROPE**  
ALL SIZES FROM 6 FEET TO 42 INCH.

**White Lead and Colored PAINTS.**  
Good Quality and Cheap.

ALSO  
A FEW CASES OF TAR AND WAXONS FAMOUS

**COPPER PAINT,**  
unvarnished as a preventive against bottoms or Vessel's felling.

**CHEAP FOR CASH.**  
GEO. WATT.

Chatham, April 18th, 1883.

**SEEDS,**  
SEEDS.

**FLOWER & GARDEN SEEDS**  
WARRANTED FRESH AND SURE  
AT THE—

**NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.**

**POTATO ONIONS**  
AT THE—

**NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.**

**E. LEE STREET,**  
Proprietor.

**GOLDEN BALL SHOE STORE**  
AND  
FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

**New Departure.**  
WE ARE NOW SELLING  
MEN'S HAND MADE DRIVING BOOTS.  
MEN'S HAND MADE KNEE BOOTS.  
MEN'S HAND MADE SHOES.

at Prices unequalled hitherto.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed or a Money Refund.

The Trade Supplied on Satisfaction Terms.

FOTHERINGHAM & CO.  
Chatham, April 9th, 1883.

**ICE CREAM.**  
CONFECTORY,  
FRUITS, ETC.

Fresh Goods of Superior Quality

Always to be found at

M. J. STAPLES  
Vandy Building, Chatham.

**Sheriff's Sale.**

TO be sold at Public Auction, on THURSDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF SEPTEMBER, next, in the afternoon, at 1 o'clock, at the Sheriff's Office, in the Market Street, at all that piece or parcel of land situated in the Town of Chatham, on the North side of the South West Branch of the Miramichi river, known as the New Brunswick River, containing about 100 acres, bounded as follows, to wit: On the upper side, by a line running from the corner of the road joining on lands occupied by Lindsay Garth, extending down the hill to the rear of the road, and from the river aforesaid to the rear of the hill, to the great road leading to the town of Chatham, which half lot is known as the upper half of the hill, and bounded on the left by a line running along the tract made by John Hodges and which half lot contains about 50 acres, and was conveyed to the said Robert Jackson, and on the right by a line running along the hill, to the 20th day of June, A. D. 1872, and being the lands and premises at present occupied by the said Robert Jackson.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an order of the Sheriff, issued by the Sheriff of Northumberland County Court by Richard Hutchins, against the said Robert Jackson, dated the 20th day of June, A. D. 1872.

JOHN SHIRREFF,  
Sheriff of Northumberland County.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 30th June, A. D. 1883.

**COFFINS & CASKETS**

The Undertaker has on hand at his shop, a superior assortment of

BONEWOOD & WALNUT COFFINS,

**COFFIN FINDINGS**

AND ROBES,

which he will supply at reasonable rates.

BADGES FOR FALL BRAKERS also supplied.

WM. MCLEAN, - Undertaker,

**Miramichi Advance.**

CHATHAM. JUNE 28, 1883.

**The Lobster Fishery.**

The lobster fishery of the coast of northern New Brunswick has been a discouraging one during the present season, so much so that a good many of the canneries have either brought their operations to a close or reduced them as far as possible. The lobsters caught during the past two or three seasons have been gradually diminishing in size and, in fact, all the experiences of those engaged in the business lead to the conclusion that unless a great change is made in the regulations restricting this fishery it will soon become an industry of past.

Heretofore the Department has prohibited the catching of lobsters during certain times of the year, but owing to the fact that the breeding-time of this valuable fish varies so much in different localities, the result is now being realized in the practical fact that it does not pay to work the canneries. The master is of great importance to a large number of people and it affects all, establish businesses, which should not be allowed to become extinct without its assistance.

The following is the up-to-date competition on Wednesday, the 27th instant:

From its mouth to the Quebec boundary; upset price, \$300; bought for \$600; by J. W. Nicholson.

From its mouth to the St. John; upset price, \$300; bought for \$600; by J. N. Haberham.

MAIN NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI.

From the head of tide up; upset price, \$300; bought for \$600; by J. W. Nicholson.

From its mouth to the Salmon River; upset price, \$300; bought for \$600; by J. W. Nicholson.

UPSTREAM.

From its mouth to the Falls; upset price, \$300; bought for \$600; by J. W. Nicholson.

From its mouth to the Madawaska; upset price, \$300; bought for \$600; by J. W. Nicholson.

From its mouth to the River Chaudiere; upset price, \$300; bought for \$600; by J. W. Nicholson.

From its mouth to the St. John; upset price, \$300; bought for \$600; by J. W. Nicholson.

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## YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK,  
OF "SHANDON," "BELL," "MACAO," OF  
"WHITE WISE," "SCENES," ETC.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXI.

NEIGHBORS.

As it turned out, John Shortlands could not come north till the 20th; so Mr. Winterbourne asked young Leslie to shoot him on the first week, and the invitation had been generally accepted. The obligation, however, was not all on one side. Mrs. Marie Lynn was possessed of a long and familiar experience of the best and swiftest methods of getting the birds sent to a good market; and he made his arrangements in this direction with a business-like forethought which amazed Mr. Winterbourne, who expressed some whimsical scruples of his being transformed into a game-dealer.

"I don't look at it in that light at all," the Master said, coolly. "Game is the only thing land like will produce; and I like to know what is worth the hire I can guarantee that the hire of the gillies and porters and packers won't cost you anything."

"You should not be so anxious to have our own moor hard shot," said Mr. Winterbourne, with a smile.

"But I am, said this shrewd young man. "There is no danger, on ground like this, of too small a breeding stock being left. It is all the other way. What I am afraid of is too big a stock, and the disease coming along. That is a terrible business. You are complicating yourself the number of birds, and of their fine condition; and some pleasant morning you wake up to find the place swept clean."

"Not in one night!"

"Well, a day or two will do it. The epidemic is quite different from the ordinary mild forms of disease, where you can see the birds pining away to death. Instead of the heater, dead, but perfectly plump and well-looking, not a sign of disease outside or in. So, if you please, Mr. Winterbourne, don't have any apprehension turning on Duncan if you think we are not doing well enough. The bigger consignments we can send off the better."

Now one consequence of this arrangement was that when Yolande, in the morning, had said "Good-by," papa, and "Good-by, Archie," and some of them a flower or some such trifles (for in that part of the country presents of a small gift, no matter what, to any one going shooting, is supposed to bring good luck), and when she had seen that luncheon was quite prepared to be sent up the hill when the first pony left, she found herself the whole day before her, with no companion, and with no occupation but that of wandering down the glen or out of the hills in search of new flowers. It is not to be wondered at, then, that she should soon weary of occasionally driving into Green, when the dogs were taking the game shot the day before to Foyers, and spending a few hours with Mrs. Bell until the trap came back to pick her up again. For one thing, when she discovered some plant unknown to her, she found it much easier to consult Mr. Melville's herbarium than to puzzle over the descriptions of the various species in the flora; and as he was generally occupied either in the school-house or in his laboratory, she did not interfere with him. But the truth is, she liked this shrewd, kindly, wise old Scotchwoman, who took any notice of her. The people at the Towers had neither called nor made any other overtures. And as Mrs. Bell's thoughtfulness and kindness took the substantial form of sending up to All-mana-ha, pretty nearly every day, some article or articles likely to be of use to the young housekeeper, of course Yolande had to drive in to thank her.

"Mrs. Bell," said she, one warm and sunny afternoon, when they were together in the garden (this good woman made a few hours among the flowers when Yolande came to see her), "who was Aikendrum?"

"A young lad who went away for a song," says the song."

"And every one was so sorry, is it not so?" said this tall young lady, who already had her hands full of flowers. "The Master was saying that if Mr. Melville leaves here, every one will be quite as sorry—it will be like the going away of Aikendrum."

"Why should he go?" said Mrs. Bell, sharply. "Why should he not stay among his own people—yes, and on land that may be his own day?" And then she added, more gently: "It is not a good thing for one to be away among strangers; there's a sore heartaches o' that. It's not only them that are left behind; sometimes it's the ones that goes away that is sorrowful enough about it. I dare say, now, ye never heard o' an old Scotch song they call 'The sun rises bright in France'?"

"Oh, will you sing it for me?" said Yolande, eagerly; for indeed the reputation of this good dame for the singing of those old Scotch songs was wide in that district, though it was not every whom she would honor. And her singing was strangely effective. She had but little of a voice; she crooned rather than sang; but she could give the words a curiously pathetic quality; and she had the natural gift of making what particular airs she could make tell.

She laid her hand on Yolande's arm as if to ask permission:

"The sun rises bright in France,  
And fair sets he,  
But he has not the blink he had  
In his eye."

"It's my own sin  
That makes me cry &c.  
But the dear Marie I left behind  
Will sweet bairnes three."

You've no heard that before?"

"Oh no. It is a very sad air. But we Marie—that is French."

"Well, ye see, the French and the Scotch were very thick in former days, and Marie was a common name in Scotland. I am told they spoke nothing but French at Holyrood; and the young gentlemen they were all for joining the French service."

"But is there no more of the song, Mrs. Bell?"

"Oh, ay, there are other two verses. But it's not for an awl wife like me to

be singing havers."

"Please."

"Very well, then:

"The bad comes back to summer,  
And the blossom to the tree,  
But I wish, oh, never,  
To see the day when  
Gladness comes to many,

So gladness comes to me,  
As I look o'er the wide ocean  
To my sin country."

"It is a beautiful air—but so sad," Yolande said. And then she added, shyly. "And now 'Aikendrum'."

But Mrs. Bell modestly refused.

"I tell you it's not for an awl wife like me to be fashin' with such blather; it's for young lasses who are on the harding. And I hope, now, that ye are no likely to put any 'Aikendrum' notions into Mr. Melville's head. Let him stay where he is. Maybe we'll get him a better stance in the country side soon: stranger things have come to pass."

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