





South West Boom Co's. Sale of Unmarked and Prize Logs. THERE will be a Public Auction on MONDAY, the 10th day of July inst., at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, in front of the Secretary's office in Newcastle, all the UNMARKED AND PRIZE LOGS now lying rafted at the South West Boom. The purchaser to have all such logs that may be rafted during the remainder of the season, at the rate the present logs may sell for. Terms Cash. ALEX. MORRISON, President. Newcastle, 2nd July, 1883.

Haying Tools. THE USUAL LARGE STOCK OF CHEAP No. 1.

Haying Tools. FOR WHICH THE-

SALTER BRICK STORE is famed, has this day arrived, consisting of

Rakes, Snaths, Forks, Fork Handles, Seythe Stones,

AND THE CELEBRATED RAZOR TEMPERED SCYTHE,

the best ever brought into Newcastle.

I guarantee every one of them and if they fail to turn out good I refund the money.

JOHN FERGUSON. Newcastle, July 3, 1883.

RAISINS AND CURRANTS. Just received and in store:

75 boxes New Crop London Layers, 150 " " Valentias, 10 " " Currants.

For sale by A. J. BABANG & CO. Moncton, June 22, 1883.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1883, Summer Arrangement, 1883.

ON and after MONDAY, the 24th June, the trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted), as follows:-

WILL LEAVE NEWCASTLE. Express for Quebec, 4.55 a.m. Accommodation for Moncton, connecting at Moncton with the Express for St. John, 11.15 a.m. Accommodation for Campbellton, 4.18 p.m. Express for Halifax and St. John, 11.32 p.m.

The Express train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Supt. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 23rd June, 1883.

NOTICE OF SALE. TO JAMES MALCOLM, of the Parish of Dalhousie, in the County of Restigouche, and Eliza his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:-

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the tenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy seven, and made between the said James Malcolm, of Dundas, in the Parish of Dalhousie, in the County of Restigouche and Province of New Brunswick, and Eliza his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern, of the second part, and which mortgage is duly registered the eighth day of January, A. D. 1878, as No. 2142 of pages 289, 300 and 301 in Book F of the Records of the County of Restigouche, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Court House, Dalhousie, in the County of Restigouche, on the eighth day of OCTOBER next, at 12 o'clock noon, THE LANDS AND PREMISES mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows, to-wit:- All and singular that certain Lot or Parcel of land and premises situated, lying and being in the rear of Maple Green, in the Parish of Dalhousie, in the County aforesaid, and upon which Robert Malouin now resides, and known and distinguished as Lot V in the rear of Lots granted to Robert Reid and others, and containing one hundred and forty acres more or less; together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Dated the 30th day of June, A. D. 1883.

GEORGE MOFFAT, ROBERT MONTGOMERY, WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, Executors of the late George Moffat, deceased.

J. C. BARBERIE, Solicitor for Executors.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hooker Bay Works," will be received until Monday, the 23rd day of July next, inclusive, for works in connection with the Pier at Hooker Bay, in the Parish of Dalhousie, in the County of Restigouche, and Province of New Brunswick, according to a plan and specification to be seen on and after the 2nd day of July next, at the office of the "Maple Leaf," Albert County, and at the office of the Department of Public Works, Saint John, N. B.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 25th June, 1883.

SALESMEN WANTED! TO begin work at once on Fall Sales 1883 for the FORTY-FIVE PER CENT. SALE, the largest in the Dominion. Head Office, Toronto, Ontario; Sales Office, Montreal, Ontario. We can start in addition to our already large force.

100 ADDITIONAL CANVASSERS, and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply (enclosing photo, if possible) to

STONE & WELLINGTON, Nurses, Montreal, P.Q. 171-20

WISER people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expressions sent free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address: STONE & WELLINGTON, Montreal, P.Q.

\$ 1,354,000.09 \$ WORTH OF DRY GOODS AND

House Furniture.

After careful compilation and indefatigable study, I find that the above amount represents the cash value of Dry Goods and Furniture Stocks, held by the different Merchants of New Brunswick. In the Co'y of Northumberland, the stock of Subscriber is one of the largest and best assorted in the County, and my prices will be found Lower than any other House in the Trade.

Notwithstanding the Kaleidoscopic and Avalanchic Scenery of some stores, my stock is Equalled by Few and Beaten by None.

SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

All the new and fashionable DRESS MATERIAL, Black Cashmeres, Merinos, Persian Corals, Buntinges, Lustras, &c., A splendid assortment of Prints, Cambrics, Satens, &c., Table Linen of every description, Cotton, White and Grey, at wholesale prices, Hats, Flowers, Feathers, Wreaths and Ornaments, Sunshades and Umbrellas, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Waterproofs, all sizes, from 42 inch up to 60.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

TWEEDS and SUITINGS, TIES, COLLARS, BRACES, SHIRTS, etc., MEN'S STRAW HATS, FELT, HARD AND SOFT.

CARPETS! CARPETS!!

The Best and Largest Stock in Miramichi. MATS, in Velvet Tapestry, Cocoa, Cane and Wool, all sizes.

FURNITURE.

This Department requires no recommendation, as it is a well established fact, that my stock of the above goods is the largest, best, and cheapest to be found in this Province.

WOOD AND IRON BEDSTEADS, Double and Single, BED ROOM SETS, in Dark and Light, also the New Fancy Pattern, CHAIRS, TABLES, SINKS, COMMODOES, WASH STANDS of every description, LOUNGES, SIDEBORDS, PATENT ROCKERS, CENTRE TABLES, WHAT NOTS, &c.

BEDDING. BEDDING.

My Price List for these Goods is lower than can be imported from St. John. MATTRESSES, PILLOWS, BOLSTERS, (made to any size), SPRING BEDS, STRETCHERS, COMBINATION CHAIRS, &c.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE Dominion Wire Spring Mattress—the Best Bed yet invented.

THE UXBRIDGE ORGAN CO'Y.

SAMPLE INSTRUMENTS ON HAND.

WALL PAPER. WALL PAPER.

OVER 7,000 ROLLS SOLD THIS SPRING. MAGNIFICENT LOT OF PATTERNS. BALANCE TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

Freight Prepaid on all Purchases of \$10.00 and Upwards.

JAMES C. FAIREY. Newcastle, July 9, 1883.

New Clothes! New Hats! CLOTHING!! CLOTHING!! Suits! Coats! Pants! Vests! FOR MEN AND BOYS. THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN MIRAMICHI.

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.

BOOTS AND SHOES, 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 Unlaundered White Shirts, the best in town, and only 90 CENTS!

AN EXTRA FINE QUALITY AT \$1.50. COLORED CAMBRIC SHIRTS with two collars and detached cuffs, laundered and unlaundered at assorted prices.

MEN'S AND BOYS' WORKING SHIRTS, astonishingly cheap. MEN'S NIGHT SHIRTS. The latest novelties in COLLARS AND TIES, MEN'S HOSK from 12 cents per pair upwards; FELT AND STRAW HATS in great variety; MEN'S AND BOYS' SUMMER CAPS at 10c, 15c, and 25c. The new 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 Gents' Furnishings. Newcastle, June 26, 1883.

ORGANS. Unbridge Organ COMPANY.

James C. Fairey, AGENT, NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Samples on hand which I shall be pleased to show intending purchasers.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Upper Salmon River Works," will be received until Monday, the 23rd day of July next, inclusive, for works in connection with the construction of works at Upper Salmon River, Albert County, N. B., according to a plan and specification to be seen on and after the 2nd day of July next, at the office of the "Maple Leaf," Albert County, and at the office of the Department of Public Works, Saint John, N. B., where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 25th June, 1883.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hopewell Cape Works," will be received until Monday, the 23rd day of July next, inclusive, for works in connection with the construction of a wharf at Hopewell Cape, Albert County, N. B., according to a plan and specification to be seen on and after the 2nd day of July next, at the office of the "Maple Leaf," Albert County, and at the office of the Department of Public Works, Saint John, N. B., where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 25th June, 1883.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & 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 15, 1881. 10-17

Spring Importations NOW COMPLETE

JAMES FISH'S GREY COTTONS, at a discount of 17 1/2 per cent. on previous low prices.

Coatings, Tweeds & Cottonades for Spring and Summer wear. Gents' Ready Made Clothing to fit and suit every one in want. A large stock of

BOOTS & SHOES in Ladies', Misses', Children's and Men's sizes, also a complete stock of the leading articles in

Earthenware, Woodware, Hardware, Paints and Oils, &c. Our usual stock of GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS at bottom prices.

JAMES FISH, Newcastle, May 1, 1883. ICE CREAMS! TEMPERANCE DRINKS, FRUITS IN SEASON.

CANNED FRUIT OF ALL KINDS, Confectionery and Groceries.

GEORGE STABLES. Newcastle, June 12, 1883.

Haying Tools. WE have all our HAYING TOOLS now in store, viz: 500 doz. SCYTHES, Dunn Edge Tool Co's and Canadian; 800 doz. HAND RAKES, 300 hds. Hay and Manure Forks; 200 hds. Hoes, 500 hds. Iron and Wood Sheaths; 60 hds. Potato Forks and Hacks; 649 bxs. Scythe Stones.

3 Carlons Grindstones; 1 carload Barbed Wire Fencing; 1 carload Frost & Wood Celebrated New Model Buckeye Mowers, Horse Hakes, Plows, etc.

Let intending purchasers find to their advantage to inspect our stock, it is the best and our prices are the lowest.

W. H. THORNE & CO. Market Square St. John, June 13, 1883.

THE BEST LOT WAGGONS

Ever offered for sale in Miramichi, will be sold at prices to suit customers. The stock comprises the following styles: Double and Single Seat "Piano Box;" Double and Single "Concord;" "The Queen;" a new style single seat wagon, which is the best of the kind; "White Side Bar;" improved style, (single seat).

TWO well and substantially built TROTTLING SULKIES, weight 64 lbs. Also Truck Wagons, Slovers, Carts, etc., on hand or made to order. REPAIRING and PAINTING promptly executed. ALEX. ROBINSON, Chatham, June 12, 1883. 2m

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dizziness, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes: "I have a severe pain in my head, and am very nervous, and I have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. I have even found it a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers."

W. L. PAER, of W. L. Page & Pro., Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 5, 1882. "I have used AYER'S PILLS in numerous instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. I have even found it a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers."

Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882. The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from Atlanta, Ga., says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the constipation, and have vastly improved my general health."

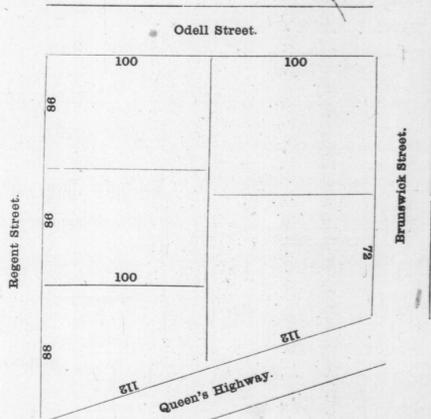
AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Children with Scrofula, Rheumatism, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale the BUILDING LOTS designated in the annexed sketch, situate in the town of Newcastle. They are eligibly situated in every respect, as sites for Private Residences, and would furnish a block a magnificent situation for a Public Hotel. For further particulars, apply to the office of the subscriber, where a plan of the Lots can be seen. Terms of sale liberal. SAMUEL THOMSON. Newcastle, April 10, 1883.



LUBRICATING OILS.

LARD, CASTOR, ENGINE, CYLINDER and BLACK OILS. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. AMERICAN KEROSENE "PRIME WHITE" OIL AT REDUCED RATES. JOSEPH BULLOCK, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

JOSEPH FINLEY IMPORTER AND JOBBER IN DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, 34 & 36 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, OFFERS

200 HALF Chests TEA, good to best; 20 casks Morton's Pickles; 40 casks Colman's Starch; 200 kegs and caddies Tobacco; 5 casks Pure Cream Tartar; Worcester Sauce, Pepper, Ginger, Mustard, Cloves, Raisins, Confectionery, Arnold's Links, Raisins, Brooms, &c. 1000 PIECES PRINTS, New Patterns; 1500 lbs. Fruit Patchwork; 600 dozen Towels; 200 Handkerchiefs; 200 Colored Counterspanes; Worsted Coatings, Italian Cloth, Coat Cases, Bindings, Black and Colored Silks, Pins, Needles, Buttons, Brooms, &c.

Brandram's B. B. White Lead, 10 TONS OF THE ABOVE CELEBRATED BRAND OF ENGLISH WHITE LEAD—No other makes kept in store.

All goods are New and will be sold at Bottom Prices. Agent for the Port Elgin Mills Homepun. Orders from the Country will receive my personal attention. St. John, April 13, 1883.

NUMBER ONE FOUND!

McEWEN & BUCK, In making their Spring announcement, beg first to thank their Customers for their liberal patronage during the past three years. We come before you under more favorable auspices than ever, and ask a continuance of that general good feeling so fully shown towards us since we started in business.

WE ADVERTISE PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE, GLASSWARE AND FURNITURE.

Besides a well selected stock of Shelf Hardware, we handle Clothes Mangles, Wringers and Washers. Persons building this Spring will find our stock of PAINTS complete, the following are some of the Brands—Brandram's BB, Genuine Elephant Lead, No. 1 Genuine, Snow White Zinc Lead, OILS—boiled and raw, Turpentine, Dry and Tar Papers, Brushes, Varnishes, Dryers, Walnut Stain, Shellac.

We have the newest article for cleansing the walls of halls, kitchens, and school-rooms, 'tis ALABASTINE, which you can get in any color or tint, it does not rub off like whitening colored, but remains hard and firm, equal to paint. Our stock of WHITEWASH BRUSHES should not be overlooked. We keep a genuine article.

Our Crockeryware and Glassware Departments we must pass by, suffice to say they are something fine to look upon. The celebrated FIREPROOF BEAN POT is what every one asks for, and they get it. GLASS TEA SETS and NAPPIES at all prices.

WE KEEP GOOD GROCERIES, our COFFEES and TEAS are highly spoken of.

THE BISCUIT DEPARTMENT causes people to wonder how they can be sold so reasonably. POUND CAKES for 25c, while your baker charges 40c. We are complete in Choice Syrups, Lime Fruit Juice, Martinique Lime Cordial, Summer Beverages.

Remember we buy nothing but THE HOME LIGHT OIL, which for brilliancy cannot be equalled.

FURNITURE, Bedroom Suits, Sofas, Sinks, Bureaus, Cane Chairs, Ash Chairs, High Chairs, Low Chairs, Chairs with Holes, Cane and Wood Rockers, Office Chairs, Bedsteads in Triumph, Cottage and Villa Styles, Iron Bedsteads, double and single, Mattresses, double and single, Excelsior, Flock and Wool Fillings, Spring Beds. We do the furniture trade of the town, as everyone knows, and import largely.

Country Store Keepers will find our establishment a great boon to them, as they can purchase everything in a day's time, and we wish to impress upon their minds in a strong manner, that we sell WHOLESALE as well as RETAIL. Pass this advertisement to your neighbor when having read it, and you will confer a favor on your obedient servants, McEWEN & BUCK. Commercial Wharf. Newcastle, April 23, 1883.



# HIS OWN AT LAST.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

So this is the way in which Barbara's hopes die! Our hopes have as many ways of dying as our bodies. Sometimes they pine and fall into a slow consumption, we nursing, cockering, and physicing them to the last. Sometimes they fall down dead suddenly, as one that in full health, with his bones full of marrow, and his eyes full of light, drops wordless into the next world unaware. This last has been Barbara's case. When she thought it healthiest and most vigorous in its stalwart life, then the death-mark was on it. To most of us, O, friends, troubles are as dark stones cast unexpectedly on a great night, we trip, and grumblingly stumble, cursing and angrily ludding our limbs. To a few of us they are ladders, by which we climb to God; hills, that lift us nearer heaven—the heaven which, however certainly—with whatever mathematical precision—it has been demonstrated to us that it exists not here, nor there, nor yet anywhere, we still dimly, with yearning tears and high longings, grasp at. Barbara has always looked heavenward. In all her mirth, God has mixed. Now, therefore, in this grief that He has sent her—this ignoble grief, that yet cuts none the less deeply for being ignoble, and excluding the solace of human sympathy, she but thrust her hands with a fuller confidence in His, and fixes her sweet eyes with a more reverent surety on the one prime consoler of mankind, who, from His Cross, has looked royally down the toiling centuries—the king, whom this generation, above all generations, is laboring—and, as not a few think, *successfully*—to discern. To her, His kingship is as unquestioned as when heretics and paynims burnt to prove it.

Often, since then, in those vain longings that come to each of us I suppose, I tried in after days—sometimes I try now, to stretch my arms out wide backward toward the past—to speak the words that would have been as easily spoken then as any other—that no earthly power can ever make spoken words now, sympathy and appreciation to Barbara.

I did say loving things, but they seem to me now to have been scant and shabby. Why did I not say a great many more? Oh, all of you who live with those that are dearer to you than they seem, tell them every day how much you love them! at the risk of wearying them, tell them, I pray you; it will save you, perhaps, many after-pangs. I think that, at this time, there are in me two Nancys—Barbara's Nancy, and Roger's Nancy; the one so vexed, thwarted and humiliated in spirit, that she feels as if she never could laugh quite heartily again; the other, so utterly and triumphantly glad, that any future tears or trials seem to her in the highest degree improbable. And Barbara herself is on the side of this latter. From her hopeful speech and her smiles, you would think that some good news had come to her—that she was on the eve of some long-looked-for, yet hardly-hoped prosperity. Not that she is unnaturally or hysterically lively—an error into which many, making such an effort and struggle for self-conquest, would fall. Barbara's mirth was never noisy, as mine and the boys' so often was. Perhaps—nay, I have often thought since, *certainly*—she weeps as she prays, but God is the only one who knows of her tears, as of her prayers. She has always been one to go halves in her pleasure, but of her sorrows she will never give a morsel to any one.

Her very quietness under her trouble—her silence under it—her equanimity—misleads me. It is the impulse of any hurt thing to cry out. I, myself, have always done it. Half unconsciously, I am led by this reasoning to think that Barbara's wound cannot be very deep, else would she shrink and writhe beneath it. So I talk to her all day with merciless length, about Roger. I go through all the old queries. I again critically examine my face, and arrive—not only at the former conclusion, that one side is worse-looking than the other, but also that it looks ten years older.

I have my flax hair built in many strange and differing fashions, and again *unbuilt*; piled high, to give me height; twisted low, in vain endeavor to liken me to the Greeks; curled, plaited, frizzed, and again unfripped. I institute a searching and critical examination of my wardrobe, rejecting this and that; holding one color against my cheek, to see whether my pallor will be able to bear it; turning away from another with a grimace of self-disgust.

And this is the same "I" who thought it so little worth while to win the good opinion of father's bleary-eyed old friend, that I went to my first meeting with him with a scorched face, loose hair, tottering, all through prayers, on the verge of a descent about my neck, and a large round hole, smelling horribly of singing, burnt in the very front of my old woollen frock.

His coming is near now. This *very* day I shall see him come in that door. He will sit in that chair. His head will dent that cushion. I shall sit on a footstool at his feet. The better to imagine the position, I push a footstool in the desired neighborhood to Roger's arm-chair, and already see myself, with the eye of faith, in solid reality occupying it. I rehearse all the topics that will engage my tongue. The better to realize their effect upon him, I give utterance out loud to the many greetings, to the numberless fond and pretty things with which I mean to load him.

He always looked so very joyful when I said any little, civil thing to him, and I so seldom, *seldom* did. Ah! we will change all that! He shall be nauseated with sweets. And then, still sitting by him, holding his hand, and with my head (dressed in what I finally decide upon as the becomingest fashion) daintily resting on his arm. I will tell him all my troubles. I will tell him of Algy's estrangement, his cold looks and harsh words. Without any outspoken or bitter abuse of her, I will yet manage cunningly to set him on his guard against Mrs. Huntley. I will lament over Bobby to him. Yes, I will tell him *all* my troubles—all, that is, with one reservation.

Barbara is no longer here. She has gone home. "You will be better by yourselves," she says, gently, when she announces her intention of going home. "He will like it better. I should if I were he. It will be like a new honeymoon."

"That it will not," reply I stoutly, recollecting how much I yawned, and how largely Mr. Musgrave figured in the first. "I

have no opinion of honey-moons; no more would you if you had had one." "Should not I?" speaking a little absently, while her eyes stray through the window to the serene coldness of the sky, and the pallid droop of the snow-drops in the garden border.

"You are sure," say I, earnestly, taking her light hand in mine, "that you are not going because you think that you are not wanted now—that now, that I have my—my own property again" (smiling irrepressibly), "I can do very well without you?"

"Quite sure, Nancy!" looking back into my eager eyes with confident affection. "And you will come back very soon? very?"

"When you quarrel," she answers, her face dimpling into a laugh, "I will come back and make it up between you."

"You must come before *then*," say I, with a proud smile, "or your visit is likely to be indefinitely postponed."

Roger and I quarrel? We both find the idea so amusing that we laugh in concert.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Gertrude. Is my knight come? O the Lord, my hand! Sister, do my cheeks look well? Give me a little box of the ear, that I may seem to blush."—EASTWARD HO!

She is gone now. The atmosphere of the house seems less clear, less pure, now that she has left it. As she drives away, it seems to me, looking after her, that no flower ever had a modester face, a more delicate bloom. It had time to think about it, I should fret sorely after her, I should grievously miss her; but I have none.

The carriage that takes her to the station is to wait half an hour, and then bring back Roger. There is, therefore, not more than enough time for me to make the careful and lengthy toilet, on which I have expended so much painstaking thought. I have deferred making it till now, so that I may appear in dainty freshness, as if I had just emerged from the manifold silver papers of a band-box, before him when he arrives—that not a hair of my flax head may be displaced from its silky sweep; that there may be no risk of Vick jumping up and defiling me with muddy paws that know no respect of clothes.

I take a long time over it. I snub my maid more than ever I did in my life before. But I am complete now: to the last pin I am finished. Perhaps, though this does not strike me till the last moment—perhaps I am rather, nay, more than *rather*, overdressed for the occasion. But surely this, in a person who has not long been in command of fine clothes, and even in that short time has had very few opportunities of airing them, is pardonable.

You remember that it is February. Well, then, this is the warm splendor in which I am clad. Genoa velvet, of the color of a dark sapphire, trimmed with silver fox fur; and my head crowned with a mob-cap, concerning which I am in doubt, and should be nervously glad to have the boys here to enlighten me as to whether it is very becoming or rather ridiculous. The object of the mob-cap is to approximate my age to Roger's, and to assure all such as the velvet and fur leave in doubt, that I am entitled to take my stand among the portly ranks of British matrons.

"Algy was right," say I, soliloquizing aloud, as I stand before the long cheval glass, with a back hair glass in one handy whose aid I correct my errors in the profile, three-quarters or back view; "mine is not the most hopeless kind of ugliness. It is certainly modifiable by dress."

So saying, I lay down the hand glass, and walk sedately down stairs, holding my head stiffly erect, and looking over my shoulder, like a child, at the effect of my blue train sweeping down the steps after me.

Arrived in my boudoir, I go and stand by the window, though there are yet ten minutes before he is due. Once I open the case-ment to listen, but hastily close it again, afraid lest the wintry wind should ruffle the satin smoothness of my hair, or push the mob-cap awry. Then I sit carefully down, and, harshly repulsing an overture on the part of Vick to jump into my lap, fix my eyes upon the dark bare boughs of the tall and distant elms, from between which I shall see him steal into sight. The time ticks slowly on. He is due now. Five more lame, crawling minutes—ten!—no sign of him. Again I rise, unclose the case-ment, and push my matronly head a little way out to listen. Yes! yes! there is the distant but not doubtful sound of a horse's four hoofs smartly trotting and splashing along the muddy road. Three minutes more, and the sun catches and brightly gleams on one of the quickly-turning wheels of the dog-cart as it rolls towards me, between the wintry trees.

At first I cannot see the occupants; the bows and twigs interpose to hide them; but presently the dog-cart emerges into the open. There is only one person in it!

At first I decline to believe my own eyes. I rub them. I stretch my head farther out. Alas! self-deception is no longer possible; the groom returns as he went—alone. Roger has not come!

The dog-cart turns toward the stables, and I run to the bell and pull it violently. I can hardly wait till it is answered. At last, after an interval, which seems to me like twenty minutes, but which that false, cold-blooded clock proclaims to be two, the footman enters.

"Sir Roger has not come," I say, more affirmately than interrogatively, for I have no doubt on the subject. "Why did not the groom wait for the next train?"

"If you please, my lady, Sir Roger has come."

"Has come!" repeat I, in astonishment opening my eyes; "then where is he?"

"He is walking up, my lady."

"What! all the way from Bishopsthorpe?" cry I, incredulously, thinking of the five miry miles that intervene between us and that station. "Impossible!"

"No, my lady, not all the way; only from Mrs. Huntley's."

I feel the color rushing away from my cheeks, and turn quickly aside, that my change of countenance may not be perceived.

"Did he get out there?" I ask faintly.

"Mrs. Huntley was at the gate, my lady, and Sir Roger got down to speak to her, and bid James drive on and tell your ladyship he would be here directly."

"Very well," say I, unsteadily, still averting my face, "that will do."

woful jealousy my late so complacent features assume. So this is what comes of thinking life such a grand and pleasant thing, and this world such a lovely, satisfying paradise! Wait long enough—I have not had to wait very long for my part—and every sweet thing turns to gall, like bitterness between one's teeth! The experience of a few days ago might have taught me that, one would think, but I was dull to thick-headedness. I required two lessons—the second, oh how far harsher than the first!

In a moment I have taken my resolution. I am racing upstairs. I have reached my room. I do not summon my maid. One requires no assistance to enable one to *unbuild*, deface, destroy. In a second—in much less time than it takes me to write it—I have torn off the mob-cap, and thrown it on the floor. If I had done what I wished, if I had yielded to my first impulse, I should also have trampled upon it; but from the extremity of petulance, I am proud to be able to tell you that I refrain. With rapid fingers I unbutton my blue-velvet gown, and step out of it, leaving it in a costly heap on the floor. Then I open the high folding doors of the wardrobe, and run my eye over its contents; but the most becoming is no longer what I seek. For a moment or two I stand undecided, then my eye is caught by a venerable garment, loathly and ill made, which I had before I married, and have since kept, more as a relic than anything else—a gown of that peculiar shade of sallow, bilious, Bismarck brown, which is the most trying to the paleness of my skin. Before anyone could say "Jack Robinson," it is down, and I am in it. Then, without even parting smooth to the hair, which the violent off-twing of my cap must have roughened and *uneveled*, I go down stairs and re-enter the boudoir. As I do so I catch an accidental glimpse of myself in a glass. Good heavens! Can three minutes (for I really have not been longer about it) have wrought such a monstrous metamorphosis? Is every woman as utterly dependant for her charms upon her *hush* as I am? Can this sad, sallow slip of a girl be the beaming, shapely, British matron I contemplated with so innocently pleased an eye half an hour ago? If, in all my designs, I could have the perfect success which has crowned my efforts at self-disfigurement, I should be among the most prosperous of my species.

I sit down as far from the window as the dimensions of the room will allow, call Vick, who comes at first sneakingly and doubtful of her reception, up on my lap, and take a book. It is the one nearest to my hand, and I plunge into it hap-hazard in the middle.

This is the sentence that first greets me: "Her whole heart was in her boy. She often feared that she loved him too much—more than God himself—yet she could not bear to pray to have her love for her child lessened."

Not a very difficult one to construe, is it? And yet, having coming to the end, and found that it conveyed no glimmering of an idea to my mind, I begin it over again.

"Her whole heart was in her boy. She often feared that she loved him too much—more than God himself—yet she could not bear to pray to have her love for her child lessened."

Still no better! What is it all about? I begin over again. "Her whole heart was in her boy," etc. I go through this process ten times. I should go through it twenty, or even thirty, for I am resolved to go on reading, but at the end of the tenth my ear—unconsciously strained—catches the sound of a step at the stair foot. It is not the footman's. It is a firmer, heavier, and yet quicker.

Eight weary months is it since I last heard that footfall. My heart pulses with mad haste, my cheeks throb, but I sit still, and hold the book before my eyes. I will not go to meet him. I will be as indifferent as he! When he opens the door I will not even look round, I will be too much immersed in the page before me.

"Her whole heart was in her boy. She often feared that she loved him too much—more than God himself—yet she could not bear to pray to have her love for her child lessened."

The door-handle is turning. I cannot help it. Against my will, my head turns too. With no volition of my own—against my firmest intention—my feet carry me hastily toward him. My arms stretch themselves out. Thank God I thank God! whatever happens afterward I shall thank God, and call Him good for allowing it. I am in Roger's embrace. No more mistakes! no more delays! he is here, and I am kissing him as I never kissed anyone—as I certainly never kissed *him* in my life before.

Well, I suppose that in every life there are some moments that are *absolutely* good—that one could not mend even if one were given the power to try! I suppose that even those who, looking back over their history, say, most distinctly and certainly, "It was a failure," can yet lay the finger of memory on some such gold minutes—it may be only half a dozen, only four, only two—but still on some.

This is one of my gold moments, one of those misplaced ones that have strayed out of heaven, where, perhaps, they are *all* such—perhaps—one can't be sure, for what human imagination can grasp the idea of even a day, wholly made of such a minutes?

I have forgotten Mrs. Huntley—Mr. Musgrave. Every ill suspicion, every stinging remembrance, is dead or fallen into a trance. All bad thoughts have melted away from the earth. Only joyful love and absolute faith remain, only the knowledge that Roger is mine, and I am his, and that we are in each other's arms. I do not know how long we remain without speaking. I do not imagine that souls in bliss ever think of looking at the clock. He is the first to break silence. For the first time for eight months I hear his voice again—the voice that for so many weeks seemed to me no better than any other voice—whose tone I now feel I could pick out from those of any other living thing, did all creation stop together.

"Let me look at my wife!" he says, taking my countenance in his tender hands, as if it were made of old china, and would break if he would let it fall. "I feel as if I had never had a wife before, as if it were quite a new thing."

I make no verbal answer. I am staring up with all my eyes into his face, thinking, with a sort of wonder, how much goodlier, younger, stouter it is than it has appeared to me in any of those dream-pictures, which mostly flatter.

"My wife! my wife!" he says, speaking the words most softly, as if they greatly pleased him, and replacing with carefulness

fingers a stray and arrant lock that has wandered from its fellows into my left eye. "What has come to you? Had I forgotten what you were like? How pretty you are! How well you look!"

"Do I?" say I, with a pleasant simper; then, with a sudden and overwhelming recollection of the bitious gingery frock, and the tousled hair: "No nonsense!" I say, un- easily, "impossible! You are laughing at me! Ah!"—(with a sigh of irrepressible regret and back-handed pride)—"you should have seen me half an hour ago! I did look nice *then*, if you like."

"Why nicer than now?"—(with a puzzled smile that both plays about his bearded lips and gaily shines in his steel-gray eyes). "Oh, never mind! never mind!" reply I, in some confusion, "it is a long story; it is of no consequence, but I did."

He does not press for an explanation, for which I am obliged to him.

"Nancy," he says, with a sort of hesitating joy, a diffident triumph in his voice, "do you know, I believe you have kept your promise. I believe, I really believe, that you are a little glad to see me."

"Are you glad to see me?" is more to the purpose," return I, descending out of heaven with a pout, and returning to the small jealousies and acerbities of earth, and to the recollection of that yet unexplained alighting at Annida's gate.

"Am I?"

He seems to think that no asseverations, no strong adjectives or intensifying adverbs, no calling upon sun, and moon, and stars to bear witness to his gladness, can increase the force of those two tiny words, so he adds none.

"I wonder then," say I, in a rather sneaky and shamefaced manner, mumbling and looking down, "that you were not in a greater hurry to get to me?"

"In a greater hurry!" he repeats, in an accent of acute surprise. "Why, child, what are you talking about? Since we landed, I have neither slept nor eaten. I drove straight across London, and have been in the train ever since."

"But—between—this—and the—station?" suggest I, slowly, having taken hold of one of the buttons of his coat; the very one that in former difficulties I used always to resort to.

"You mean about my walking up?" he says, readily, and without the slightest trace of guilty consciousness—indeed, with a distinct and open look of pleasure; "but, my darling, how could I tell how long she would keep me? Poor little woman!" (beginning to laugh, and to put back the hair from his tanned forehead). "I am afraid I did not bless her when I saw her standing at her gate! I had half a mind to ask her whether another time would not do as well; but she looked so eager to hear about her husband—you know I have been seeing him at St. Thomas—such a wistful little face—and I knew that she could not keep me more than ten minutes; and, altogether, when I thought of her loneliness and my own luck—"

He breaks off.

"Are you so sure she is lonely?" I say, with an innocent air of asking for information, and still working hard at the button; "are people always lonely when their husbands are away?"

He looks at me strangely for a moment; then, "Of course she is lonely, poor little thing!" he says, warmly; "how could she help it?"

A slight pause.

"Most men," say I, jealousy, "would not have thought it a hardship to walk up and down between the laurestines with Mrs. Zephine, I can tell you!"

"Would not they?" he answers indifferently. "I dare say not! she always was a good little thing!"

"Excellent!" reply I, with a nasty dryness; "bland, passionate, and deeply religious!"

Again he looks at me in surprise—a surprise which, after a moment's reflection, melts and brightens into an expression of pleasure.

"Did you care so much about my coming that ten minutes seemed to make a difference?" he asks, in an eager voice. "Is it possible that you were in a hurry for me?"

Why cannot I speak truth, and say yes? Why does an objectlessly lying devil make its inopportune entry into me? Through some misplaced and crooked false shame, I answer, "Not at all! not at all! of course, a few minutes, one way or the other, could not make much difference; I was only puzzled to know what had become of you!"

He looks a shade disappointed, and for a moment we are both silent. We have sat down side by side on the sofa. Vick is standing on her hinder legs, with her fore-paws rested on Roger's knee. Her tail is wagging with the strong and untiring regularity of a pendulum, and a smirk of welcome and recognition is on her face. Roger's arm is round me, and we are holding each other's hands, but we are no longer in heaven. I could not tell you why, but we are not. Some stupid constraint—quite of earth—has fallen upon me. Where are all those most tender words, those profuse endearments with which I meant to have greeted him?

"And so it is actually true!" with a long drawn sigh of relief; his eyes wandering round the room, and taking in all the family objects; "there is no mistake about it! I am actually holding your real live hand" (turning it gently about, and softly considering the long, slight fingers, and pink palm)—"in mine! Ah, my dear, how of ten, how often I have held it so in my dreams! Have you ever" (speaking with a sort of doubtfulness and uncertain hope)—"have you ever—no, I dare not say not—so held mine?"

The different passion in his voice for once destroys that vile constraint, dissipates that idiotic sense of bashfulness.

"Scores of times!" I answer, letting my head drop on his shoulder, and not taking the trouble to raise it again.

"I never used to think myself of a very nervous turn!" he says, presently, with a smile. "Nancy, you will laugh at me, but I assure you, upon my honour, that all the way home I have been in the most abject and deadly fright; at every puff of wind, I thought we were infallibly going to the bottom; whenever the carriage rocked in the least to-day on the way down, I made up my mind we were going to smash! Little woman, what can a bit of a thing like you have done to me to make me seem so much more valuable to myself than I have ever done these eight and forty years?"

I think no answer to this so suitable and

seemly as a dumb friction of my left cheek against the rough cloth of the shoulder on which it has reposed itself.

"Talk to me, Nancy!" he says, in a quiet half-whisper of happiness. "Let me hear the sound of your voice! I am sick of my own; I have had a glut of that all these weary eight months; tell me about them all! How are they all? how are the boys?" (with a playful smile of recollection at what used to be my one subject, the one theme on which I was wont to wax illimitably diffuse). But now, at the magic name no pleasant garrulity overcomes me; only the remembrance of my worries; of all these troubles that I mean now to transfer from my own to Roger's broad shoulders, swoop down upon me.

I raise my head and speak with a clouded brow and a complaining tone.

"The Brat has gone back to Oxford," I say, gloomily; "Bobby has gone to Hong Kong, and Algy has gone to the dogs—or at least is going there as hard as he can!"

"To the dogs?" (with an accent of surprise and concern); "what do you mean? what has sent him there?"

"You had better ask Mrs. Zephine," reply I, bitterly, thinking, with a lively exasperation, of the changed and demoralized Algy I had last seen—soured, headstrong, and unheeded.

"Zephine!" (repeating the name with an accent of thorough astonishment); "what on earth can she have to say to it?"

"Ah, what!" reply I, with oracular spite; then, overcome with remorse at the way in which I was embittering the first moments of his return, I re-bury my face in his shoulder.

"I will tell you about that to-morrow," I say; "to-day is a good day, and we will talk only of good things and of good people."

He does not immediately answer. My remark seems to have buried him in thought. Presently he shakes off his distraction, and speaks again.

"And Barbara? how is she? She has not gone to the dogs, I suppose?"

"No," say I, slowly, not thinking of what I am saying, but with my thoughts wandering off to the greatest and sorest of my afflictions, "not yet."

"And" (smiling) "you plan. See what a good memory I have—your plan of marrying her to Musgrave, how does that work?"

"My plan!" cry I, tremulously, while a sudden torrent of scarlet pours all over my face and neck. "I do not know what you are talking about! I never had any such plan! Pshaw!" (lifting up the arm that is round my waist, hastily removing it, rising and going to the window), "how hot this room grows on an afternoon!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Two Strange Playfellows.

The peculiar attachment animals of different species sometimes have for each other is quite remarkable; singular cases of this kind are being constantly recorded. The following from the Philadelphia Press is among the most singular we have read for some time:

Among the most interesting features of the Zoological Gardens, says the Press, are the peculiar relations existing between the capybara and two pretty kittens. The capybara (*Hydrochaeris capybara*) is a curious creature. It is the largest of rodents, and in its habits and characteristics very much resembles our muskrat. It lives in the water and burrows in the banks of the South American rivers. It is about as large as a big dog, and is covered with coarse hair. As it lies in the pen in the deer house it is continually accompanied by the two kittens. In cold weather they snuggle close up to him, and keep as warm as toast by lying almost under their strange protector. Sometimes he will play with them and poke them about with his nose; thereupon they will mount his back and sit serenely, while he is unable to get them off. Then he will plunge into his water tank, and water-hating tabby will spring off to escape the undesired bath. If the cats leave the pen, "Porgy" (he is so called after "Porgy" O'Brien, the circus man) will follow them to the bars and make a funny squeaking noise, beseeching his companions to come back to keep him company. Sometimes the keepers will bother the kittens. They fly at once to the protecting sides of "Porgy," while he will bare his long teeth and chatter fiercely. In the next cage is a wallaby, and while the cats go in and out, they do not attempt to be at all friendly. They confine their allegiance to the more ugly capybara.

## How the "Jersey" was Invented.

One of the most charming and admired actresses in London helped to invent the "Jersey." Her companion in invention is the wife of an Irish peer. One day, the actress, Miss H. with her maid called upon my lady (they were great friends) and carried with her a pair of tights she had just bought to wear as "Rosalind" in "As You Like It." Miss H. pulled part of the elastic silk goods across Lady B's beautiful arm and said: "Oh, if one could get a corsage to fit like that!"

"Let me have them a moment," exclaimed Lady B.

She drew the tights around her shoulders. Miss H. pinned them to her dress, and there at that moment was born the inspiration of the Jersey we all wear and never tire of. Lady B's brougham was called. She and Miss H. drove hastily to the theatrical costumer's, ordered another pair of tights as the material could not be bought; not so the corsage. Lady B's maid ran it together—it was literally sewn on, and never did costume excite so much admiration and curiosity as this symphony in gray velvet and satin, with the marvelously fitting corsage. No woman knew how the corsage was got into. There was no sight or even hint of fastenings. No one thought of the elastic silk material. Little by little Lady B. and Miss H. perfected the Jersey, and wore it quite three months before they caught the idea. Then a prominent Bond street milliner discovered it and charged from thirty to fifty guineas for them. Mrs. Langtry was among her first customers, but she did not wear the Jersey until long after Lady C. and Miss H.—London Correspondent of the Chicago News.

Flowers are the sweetest things that I ever made and forgot to put a soul in.

"Uncle Tom."

The "Motley Fool" of the Detroit Chaff has the following interesting reminiscence of the Rev. Josiah Henson, whose death at Dresden was recently chronicled: "Five years ago October night, I sat all through a performance of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and really enjoyed it. The enjoyment came through my guest. We occupied a box at Whitney's, the company was Gotthold and Rial's and my guest was the Rev. Josiah Henson—the only original "Uncle Tom." Learning that the old colored preacher was in the city visiting one of his married daughters, I interviewed him for one of the dailies and in the following week succeeded in inducing him to visit the theatre for the first time in his life to witness 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' He knew nothing of the dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's novel except what had been told, and his interest in the performance had in it for me something both pathetic and amusing. In the scenes with little Eva his eyes would glisten as they brought to his mind events in his life on the plantation of Amos Riley in Davis county, Kentucky, whose property adjoined that of 'Massa' St. Clair, to whom Josiah Henson or 'Uncle St.' was hired out most of the time. Little Eva was in reality Susan St. Clair, and Mr. Henson told me that she used to read for him and he would sing for her, and that one time when he was rowing her across Blackford's Creek, a small stream that separated the two plantations, she fell out and he rescued her—and so arose the great steamboat scene of the book and the play. During the performance the Rev. Mr. Henson gave vent to his delight and surprise by remarks in a loud tone such as: 'That's it, 'Jest right, 'Oh, that's nat'ral,' and when 'Uncle Tom' was being beaten he groaned audibly as he remembered how Bryce Lytton, a Maryland overseer, had pounded him years before so that he had never been able to raise his hands high enough to feel 'ob de wool dat grew on de top ob his head.' 'Uncle St.' died last Saturday on his farm at Dresden, Ont., at the advanced age of ninety-four. He was a fine looking, intelligent old darkey, with a shiny black skin, keen, sparkling eyes, a full silver grey beard, and his head was covered for the most part with thick, snowy wool. He had visited England and had lectured and preached in London, where he was received by Queen Victoria. The Rev. Josiah Henson has left behind him forty-four grand-children and ten or a dozen great grand-children, and what with that horrible piece of stage literature known as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' there need be little fear but that the memory of Harriet Beecher Stowe's hero will be perpetuated."

WORDS FOR SUNDAY CONTEMPLATION.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. Early and provident fear is the mother of safety. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living. If Satan ever laughs it must be at hypocrites; they are the cheapest dupes he has. The claims of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken. We seldom find people ungrateful so long as we are in condition to render them service. All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good nature. If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives. The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark. Faith is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad. We sometimes meet an original gentleman, who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them. If idleness be the root of all evil, then matrimony is good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work. Modesty is a grace which fine-looking young men of large wealth are often taught by some severe experience, if it is ever learned.

The Contagious Diseases Act of Great Britain has been virtually repealed, as the compulsory examination clause has been abolished. This is as it ought to be. It was a cruel wrong, insult, and degradation to women, and had more than the appearance of giving encouragement to vice.

A panther came down over a ten-foot stone wall enclosing the cattle-pen of a Woodstock, Vt., farmer and, seizing a young steer, started off with it. But the animal was tied by a rope to another steer, and when found both were dead, hanging clothespin fashion over the wall. The panther's tracks in the snow told the story.

TO THE LADIES!

The large number of Ladies, who visited our stores during the past week, were not only pleased and delighted with our handsome new premises and fine light, but they were more than surprised at the very low prices at which we are selling our large stock of rich and fashionable silks, Dress Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Ribbons, Corsets, Embroideries, Fancy Goods, &c., and with the magnificent display of Elegant and Fashionable Millinery now in stock at PETTLEYS', 128 to 132 King Street, East, Toronto.

The cause of Ireland will never be advanced by crime, and the violation of the highest laws of civilization. Her agitations must be constitutional and her remedies will be of the same character. We hope that the Irish National League of the United States will see to it that their recently formed society works only along those lines and stamps out all those dynamites whose aim seems to be to live as much and as long as possible on the earnings of the servant girls of the United States.

Catarrh—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, 305 King-St. West, Toronto Canada.

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The dresic silk wraps are dolman visites and mantles of rich Ottoman silk, plain or brocaded. A RUN FOR LIFE—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it. Look not mournfully into the past, it can not come back again; wisely improve the present, for it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous powers of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the great specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaints.

At Riedsville, N. C., Frank Apple, being attacked by four negro robbers, killed two of them outright and seriously injured the other two. Some people will maintain that this is a pummel-logical incident.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

A young Englishman who stutters horribly enters a pharmacy: "I want," he says, "some sirup of hip—ip—ip—ip—" "Hurrah!" replied the young pharmacist on the other side of the counter.

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Which will be sent to your own home at prices considerably lower than what you pay at your town. Send for our price list, choose No. and enclose price in registered letter, and Tea will be sent to your Express Office free of charge. Don't miss this opportunity to get a Cad dy of Pure Tea.

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NATIONAL PILLS advertisement with logo and text: SUGAR COATED. PURELY VEGETABLE. Highly recommended for Bileousness, Head-aches, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Loss of Memory, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any illness arising from the Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys. They are safe, mild and thorough in their action. From 100 pills is a dose. PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

A SOLID GOLD GEM RING

And TRUTH for a Year FOR \$3.65!

I have bought an immense stock of these beautiful Gem Rings solely to increase the circulation of "Truth." I offer to mail one of them and "Truth," a 24-page weekly magazine, to any one who sends me \$3.65 and eight cents to pay postage and registration on ring. At the above rate you get "Truth" for one year and one of these elegant rings at a far lower price than any jeweller, wholesale or retail, can buy the rings for alone. A jeweller buys by the half-dozen or dozen; I buy by the thousand. No one will be disappointed with the ring or "Truth," I'll guarantee. I give a single ring to you at just what I pay by the thousand. The way to order is to measure a plain ring that will fit your finger over one of these circles on margin of this advertisement, and send the size given in that circle, and I'll mail you a ring that will fit you. I have sold a large number of these rings and have yet to hear of a dissatisfied customer. These rings are better than are usually sold by village jewellers at eight to twelve dollars. Everyone knows that garnets, rubies and pearls are really the most beautiful stones for rings. The stones in these rings are so close an imitation of the genuine stones as to defy the cleverest experts, and the rings are guaranteed solid gold. You cannot fail to be pleased with them. Send on \$3.65, with eight cents to pay postage and registration, and the ring will be promptly mailed you. If you wish our premium butter knife too, send an additional 50 cents. Remit by post office order. Address,

S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

STOCK BROKER. GEORGE W. HAMILTON. Member Montreal Stock Exchange, 7 St. Sacramento Street (Merchants' Exchange), Montreal. CLERKS AND SCHOOLMASTERS—WHY not add \$5 to \$15.00 per week to your salary after business hours. Address with stamp, H. McALLISTER, Drawer 630, Toronto, 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.

PARKER & EVANS' INTERNATIONAL Boiler Compound eradicates scale from boilers instantly. One fourth the first dose prevents future incrustation. Perfectly safe, and saves 25 per cent in fuel. Send for circular to 504 St. Paul Street Montreal.

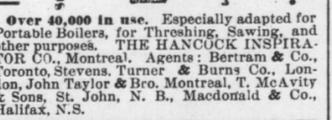
ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED LEATHER, Durable, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, J. DOAN & SONS, Drayton, Ont.

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 taught N. B.—Mrs. L. L. Wilson's Eureka Dress Chart for sale, wholesale and retail. Agents wanted. MRS. M. M. DOANE, 10 Isabella St., Toronto.

THE SUN 55 MILLIONS A YEAR.

Double it! To present all the news in readable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall, are the two great purposes of THE SUN. It is a newspaper for everybody, a friend to everybody, barring the rogues and frauds. Subscription: DAILY (4 pages) by mail, 55c. a month, or \$6.50 a year; SUNDAY (8 pages) 30c. per year; WEEKLY (8 pages), \$1 per year. I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, New York City.

THE HANCOCK INSPIRATOR. THE BEST FEEDER KNOWN FOR Stationary, Marine, or Locomotive Boilers.



Over 40,000 in use. Especially adapted for Portable Boilers, for Threshing, Sawing, and other purposes. THE HANCOCK INSPIRATOR CO., Montreal. Agents: Bertram & Co., Toronto, Stevens, Turner & Burns Co., London, John Taylor & Bro. Montreal, T. McAvity & Sons, St. John, N. B., Macdonald & Co., Halifax, N.S.

CONSUMPTION! Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat Diseases, and Catarrh.

Together with diseases of the Eye, Ear and Heart, successfully treated at the Ontario Pulmonary Institute, 125 Church Street, Toronto, Ont. M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M.D., M.C.P.S.O., PROPRIETOR.

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 Grant & 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 Gutta Percha & Rubber Man'g. Co. T. McILROY, Jr.

THE RUBBER WAREHOUSE, 10 and 12 King St. East, TORONTO. P.O. Box 556.

EXTENSIVE SALE OF Farms and Farm Stock, TOWNSHIP OF BEXLEY, COUNTY OF VICTORIA.

And also Steamer "Coboconk."

The Executors of the late WM. GOODERHAM and the Executors of the late JAMES GOODERHAM WORTS, and Mr. GEORGE GOODERHAM, have instructed me to sell by Public Auction at CORSON'S CROSSING, on the Toronto and Nipissing Railway, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of June, 1883, commencing at 12 o'clock noon, prompt, the following Farm Stock and Implements consisting of

12 horses and a large number of thorough-bred and grade cattle, namely: 1 thorough-bred bull, 5 years old; 1 thorough-bred bull, 8 months old; 1 thorough-bred bull, 8 weeks old; 9 yearlings, 9 calves, 10 thorough-bred cows, 15 grade cows, 3 steers, 21 sheep, a quantity of lambs, 2 plover, 2 hawks, threshing machine, grain crusher, straw cutter, sawing machine, 5 farm wagons, 2 democat wagons, 1 buggy, 1 buckboard, 2 sets sleighs, 1 cadding sleigh, 1 light cadding sleigh, ten horse power steam engine, and a variety of other farming implements and effects, together with a complete set of BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS.

Terms for the farm stock and implements: On all amounts under \$25, cash; and over that upon credit at nine months, to be secured to the satisfaction of the Vendors, by joint notes bearing 7 per cent interest. The Steamer "COBOCONK" will be offered for sale about 2 o'clock. It is double decked, Carvel built, with side wheels, launched in 1876, and registered at Port Hope. Length of keel 50 feet, breadth 20 feet, depth of hold 4 feet, gross tonnage 103 tons, propelled by one high pressure engine of 40 horse power, stroke 4 feet, diameter of cylinder 14 inches. Fully equipped with pumps and other requirements. Government limit 123 adult passengers. Now lying at Cameron Lake, Fenelon Falls. TERMS CASH.

BEXLEY LAND SALE!

On Wednesday, the 20th of June, and on Thursday, the 21st of June, 1883, The following Lands and Farms, which are some of the best in the Township of Bexley, will be offered for sale at the Bexley Hotel, in Village of Victoria Road, on Nipissing Railway, Co. Victoria, commencing at 12 o'clock noon:

- Parcel 1. Part of lot 4 in 4th and 5th con. of Bexley, 210 acres, from 60 to 70 acres cleared. Good double framed Barn, 60 feet x 84 feet. Log House and a Lime Kiln, which cost \$4,000. Parcel 2. Parts of lots 2 and 3 in the 4th Concession of Bexley, containing about 83 acres, 50 acres cleared, with Frame House and Barn. Parcel 3. Part of lot 1 in the 3rd Concession of Bexley, 82 acres, 50 acres cleared. Log House and Frame Barn 36 ft. x 50 ft. Parcel 4. Part of Lot 2 in the 3rd Concession of Bexley, 187 acres, about 60 acres cleared. Parcel 5. Part of lot 3, in the 3rd Concession of Bexley, 60 acres cleared. No buildings. Parcel 6. Block D, 128 acres; Dwelling House, Hop House, and Barn, 80 acres cleared. Parcel 7. Lot 3 North Portage Road, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, Log House and Frame Barn. Parcel 8. Lot 3, North Portage Road, 100 acres, 40 acres cleared, and small log house. Parcel 9. Lot 3, in First Concession of Bexley, 200 acres, 30 cleared, Frame Barn. Parcel 10. Part of 5 in the 3rd Concession of Bexley, 100 acres, no clearance. Parcel 11. Part of 5 in the 4th Concession of Bexley, 25 acres, no clearance. Parcel 12. Part of 6 in 5th Concession of Bexley, 200 acres, 60 acres cleared, good frame barn with small log house on No. 7. Parcel 13. Part of 7 in 6th Concession of Bexley, 90 acres, no clearance. Parcel 14. Part of 8 in 6th Concession of Bexley, 2.0 acres. Log House; 60 acres cleared. Parcel 15. Part of Block E, 105 acres, 4 acres cleared. Parcel 16. North-West part of lots 7 & 8 North West bay, about 60 acres of each, 40 acres cleared, log house on No. 7. Parcel 17. North-West part of Lots 5 and 6, North-west bay, about 60 acres of lot 6 and 50 acres of lot 5. Forty acres cleared, and small log house. Parcel 18. Centre Sixty Acres, parts of 6, 7 and 8, North-west bay, about one hundred and eighty acres, Seventy acres cleared, two log houses and frame barn. Parcel 19. South-east parts of 6, 7 and 8, North-west bay, 134 acres, 30 acres cleared, frame house and log barn. Parcel 20. North-west quarter of 14, North-west bay, Fifty-Seven Acres, 5 acres cleared, small log house. Parcel 21. Centre part of lot 15, North-west bay, Fifty-Seven Acres, fifteen-five acres cleared. Parcel 22. North-west parts of 16, 17, 18 and 19, North-west bay, 175 acres, 100 acres cleared. Parcel 23. South-east part of 17 and 18, North-west bay, 200 acres, small log house. Parcel 24. Lot 25, North-west bay, 120 acres, 60 acres cleared, log house, frame barn. Parcel 25. South-east part of 30, North-west bay, one hundred acres, and South-east part of 31, Seventy acres, Twenty-five acres cleared, no building. Parcel 26. North-west part of 32, North-west bay, 70 acres; North-west part of 33, 64 acres; North-west part of 34, 64 acres, in all 198 acres—no clearance. Parcel 27. Lot 33, North-west bay, 94 acres, 16 cleared, log house, frame barn. Parcel 28. West parts of 10, 11 and 12, North-west bay and Gull River, 150 acres, no clearance. Parcel 29. Lot 32, Gull River, 77 acres, no clearance. Parcel 30. Lot 34, Gull River, 94 acres, no clearance.

SOMERVILLE LANDS!

Parcel 31. Lot 17, Front Range, 107 acres. Parcel 32. Lot 18, Front Range, 107 acres. Parcel 33. Lot 19, Front Range, 107 acres. Parcel 34. Lot 20, Front Range, 120 acres. Parcel 35. Part of 23, Front Range, 57 acres. Parcel 36. Part of 25, Front Range, 63 acres. Parcel 37. Part of 26, Front Range, 63 acres. Parcel 38. Part of 27, Front Range, 46 acres. The Somerville Lands are all heavily timbered.

The terms for the above Lots are one-fourth Cash, and the balance to be secured by Mortgage on the lands payable in seven equal annual instalments with interest at 6 per cent per annum, payable on the balance due with each instalment.

W. A. SILVERWOOD, Auctioneer, Victoria Road. Messrs. Beatty, Chadwick, Thomson & Blackstock, Barristers, &c., Toronto.

It may not be generally known to our readers that the HERIDY 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 their 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 unexcelled by any other manufacturer, 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 procured copies of their trade marks, and purchasers will do well to cut out and take with them when wishing to get the genuine HERIDY BRITANNIA COMPANY'S GOODS.

Trade mark stamped on all Hollow Ware, such as Tea Sets, Cruets, Butter, Fruit Stands, etc. 1847 ROGERS BROS. XI, OR 1847 ROGERS BROS. XII. This trade mark is stamped on all knives, Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Cake Cutters, etc.

SPECIAL SALE OF

CARPETS

NOW GOING ON AT

PETTLEYS'

Owing to the delay in the completion of our New Building, we have been unable to open our large importation of New Carpets until a few days since.

We are therefore compelled to offer them at Greatly Reduced Prices, in order to clear out our immense Stock. Persons furnishing, or intending purchasers of Carpets, should take advantage of the great sale now going on at

PETTLEYS'

128 TO 132 KING ST., EAST, TORONTO.