

The Weekly Journal.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLAW,

Vo. XVI.—No. 44.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 22, 1883.

758 Board of Work

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

WHOLE NO. 824.

WAVERLEY HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, 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,
Proprietor
Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1878.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, NEW BRUNSWICK.

This Hotel is very pleasantly situated, and is in close proximity to the U. S. Railway Station, and the wants 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, NEW BRUNSWICK.

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 Chatham. A large Sample Room has been placed at the disposal of Commercial Travellers.

Good Stabling on the Premises.
Mar. 18th, 1878. 14 17

CENTRAL HOUSE,
CARAQUET, NEW BRUNSWICK.

George Young, Proprietor.

Having at considerable expense furnished the House of the late James Young, I am now prepared to accommodate both travellers and permanent boarders.

The house is situated within three minutes walk of the Public Wharf, and affords a fine view of the Bay Chatham. A large Sample Room has been placed at the disposal of Commercial Travellers.

Good Stabling on the Premises.
February 1, 1882.

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.

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 Blue, 12 cents; Gill Edge, 25 cents; Plain Mounted, 25 cents.

Orders received by mail. Address
W. C. BURNHAM,
Rathurville, N. B.
Jan 17.

HEOLA FOUNDRY and Machine Shop.

The subscriber has fitted up his shop with the latest and most approved apparatus, and having had a lengthy experience in mill and other general foundry work, is prepared to fill all orders satisfactorily. Heavy moves, Ploughs and other Castings always on hand.

JAMES MURRAY,
Newcastle, Dec. 19, 1882.

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. 14-17

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 8, 1882.

MOLASSES! MOLASSES!
FOR SALE.

ONE CAR
Choice Cienuegos MOLASSES,
TWENTY-FIVE BARRELS
REFINED SUGAR.
To be sold Low for Cash.

P. HENNESSY,
Newcastle, April 28, 1883.

SAMUEL THOMSON,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy,
NOTARY PUBLIC & CO.

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.

WILLIAM LAWLER,
Importers of Marble & Manufacturer of MONUMENTS, TABLES, HEADSTONES, MANTELS, TABLE TOPS, &c.

A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND, and Orders for Gravestones made to order; CAPS and SILLS for Windows supplied at short notice. Finest Work in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction given.

January 24, 1876.

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. 6m.

WILLIAM WYSE,
GENERAL DEALER,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Merchandise and Produce received on Commission.

Liberal Advances made on Consignments, NO CHARGE FOR STORAGE.

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July 21-17.

EDWARD B. ROWE,
BOSTON, MASS.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE FORWARDED.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO FORWARDING FRESH FISH, RE-ICING, &c.,

at low rates. Address
E. B. ROWE,
May 16, 1882. 7-17-17

DESBRISAY & DESBRISAY,
Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc.

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May 5, 1879. 7

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NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

OFFICE:—MURRAY'S BUILDING, WATER STREET.
May 1, 1882.

RICHARDSON & M'INERNEY,
BARRISTERS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, & CO.,
OFFICES AT RICHMOND AND NEWCASTLE.

C. RICHARDSON, GEO. V. M'INERNEY, LL. B.
Sept. 13, 1882.

J. J. FORREST,
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Attorney-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
Collecting promptly attended to.

OFFICE:—Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.
April 2. 17.

SEELY & McMILLAN,
BARRISTERS, & CO.,
77 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
St. John, N. B.

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DR. McDONALD,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
IN DESMOND'S BUILDING,
LOWER WATER STREET,
CHATHAM, JUNE 22, 1881.

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Graduate of University Medical College, New York.

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Leather & Shoe Findings.

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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,
Newcastle, 11th, June 1883.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

Provident Mutual (Life) Association of Canada.
London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co. of Liverpool England.

Risks effected in town and country at lowest possible rates.

ROOMS IN MITCHELL BUILDING OPPOSITE MARION HALL.
J. FRED. HARLEY.
Newcastle, April 10, 1883.

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS,
WATER ST. - CHATHAM.

WILLIAM LAWLER,
Importers of Marble & Manufacturer of MONUMENTS, TABLES, HEADSTONES, MANTELS, TABLE TOPS, &c.

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THIRTY YEARS.

Important tria! THIRTY YEARS decided, and a jury of half a million people have given their verdict.

MINARD'S LINIMENT
Is the best Inflammation Alleviator and Pain destroyer in the world. 500 Medical men endorse and use it in their practice, and believe it will worthy the name.

KING OF PAIN!
\$100 will be paid for a case it will not cure or help of the following Diseases: Diphtheria and Rheumatism, Scalds, Chilblains, Galls, Bolls, Sprains, Lumbago, Bronchitis, Burns, Coughs, Broken Breasts, Sore Nipples, Pelvic Stings, Frost Bites, Bruises, Itch Sores, Wounds, Karasels, Pain Thru Side or Back, Contractions of the Muscles.

There is nothing like it when taken internally for Croup, Whooping Cough, Croup, Croup, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat. It is perfectly harmless, and can be given according to directions without any injury whatever.

A Positive Cure for Corns and Warts.
And will produce a fine growth of Hair on bald heads in cases where the hair has fallen from disease, or thousands of testimonials will prove. A trial will convince the most sceptical that the above is true. Send us testimonials of your cures, and we will send you a box of the above for nothing.

MINARD'S LINIMENT.
And now have a beautiful box of Hair and hundreds who have used it are willing to swear that it is the best of its kind. We have obtained a new got of Hair.

W. J. NELSON & CO.,
Proprietors, Bridgewater, N. S.
Wholesale Agent, Newcastle, E. Lee Street

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M. S. HALL'S BOOK STORE,
FREDERICTON.

Bibles, at Hall's Book Store,
College Books, at Hall's Book Store,
Sunday S. Libraries, at Hall's Book Store,
Bible History, at Hall's Book Store,
Text Books, at Hall's Book Store,
Latin and Greek, at Hall's Book Store,
All kinds of Books, at Hall's Book Store,
Sheet Music, at Hall's Book Store,
Musical Books, at Hall's Book Store,
Church Services, at Hall's Book Store,
Church Hymns, at Hall's Book Store,
Psalms, at Hall's Book Store,
Psalms of David, at Hall's Book Store,
Dajiemer, at Hall's Book Store,
Admonition Books, at Hall's Book Store,
Time Books, at Hall's Book Store,
Birth Day Cards, at Hall's Book Store,
Drawing Papers, at Hall's Book Store,
Writing Desks, at Hall's Book Store,
Work Boxes, at Hall's Book Store,
Reading Glasses, at Hall's Book Store,
Albums, at Hall's Book Store,
Gold Pens, at Hall's Book Store,
Marking Ink, at Hall's Book Store,
Pens, at Hall's Book Store,
Card Cases, at Hall's Book Store,
Scrap Books, at Hall's Book Store,
Organs, at Hall's Book Store,
Pianos, at Hall's Book Store,
Tuning Forks, at Hall's Book Store,
Room Paper, at Hall's Book Store,
Gift Paper, at Hall's Book Store,
Green Paper, at Hall's Book Store,
Bordering, at Hall's Book Store,
Lawn Tennis, at Hall's Book Store,
Golf Clubs, at Hall's Book Store,
Liquid Slating, at Hall's Book Store,
Aug. 4, 1883.

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Poetry.
Solitude.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the heart that is broken and true,
No one else knows how to grieve.
Sing, and your friends will be near;
Sing, and the hills will answer;
But the shroud that a joyous sound,
Shall echo from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and they'll be glad with you;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
Be true, and you will find the way,
But false will lose your soul.

And so it goes—each day and night,
And so it goes—each day and night,
Through the narrow aisle of pain.

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HIS OWN AT LAST.

CHAPTER XLVII.

This is how the ball ends for me. As soon as I am out of sight, I quicken my walk into a run, and, flying up the stairs, take refuge in my bedroom. Nor do I emerge thence again. The ball itself goes on for hours. The drawing-room is directly beneath me. It seems to me as if the sounds of the fiddling, of the pounding, scampering feet would never, never end.

The room is made up for the night; windows closed, shutters bolted, curtains draped. With hasty impatience I undo them all. I throw high the sash, and lean out. It is not a warm night; there is a little frosty crispness in the air, but I am burning. I am talking quickly and articulately to myself all the time, under my breath; it seems to me to relieve a little the inarticulate thoughts. I will not wink at any longer, indeed I will not; nobody could expect it of me. I will not be taken in by that transparent fallacy of old friends! Nobody but me is. They all see it; Algy, Musgrave, all of them. At the thought of the victory written in Musgrave's eyes just now—at the recollection of the devilish irony of his wish, as we parted in Brindley Wood—

"I hope that your fidelity may be rewarded as it deserves."

I start up, with a sort of cry, as if I had been smartly stung, and begin to walk quickly up and down the room. I will not storn at Roger—no, I will not even raise my voice, if I can remember, and, after all, there is a great deal to be said on his side; he has been very forbearing to me always, and I—I have been trying to him; most petulant and shrewish; treating him to perpetual, tiresome tears, and peevish, veiled reproaches. I will only ask him quite meekly and humbly to let me go home again, to send me back to the changed and emptied school-room; to Algy's bills and morosities; to the wearing pricks of father's little pin-point tyrannies.

The fiddles' shrill voices grow silent at last; the pounding and stamping ceases; the departing carriage-wheels grind and crunch on the gravel drive. I shall not have much longer to wait; he will be coming soon now. But there is yet another interval. In ungovernable impatience, I open my door and listen. It seems to me that there reaches me from the hall the sound of voices in loud and angry altercation; it is too far off for me to distinguish to whom they belong. Then there is silence again, and then at last—at last Roger comes. I hear his foot along the passage, and run to the door to intercept him, on his way to his dressing-room. He utters an exclamation of surprise on seeing me.

"Not in bed yet? Not undressed? They told me that you were tired and had gone to bed hours ago!"

"Did they?"

I can only say these two little words. I am panting so, as if I had run hard. We are both in the room now, and the door is shut. I suppose I look odd; wild and gray and haggard through the poor remains of my rouge.

"You are late," I say, presently, in a voice of low constraint, "are not you? everybody went some time ago."

"I know," he answers, with a slight accent of irritation; "it is Algy's fault! I do not know what has come to that boy; he hardly seems in his right mind to-night; he has been trying to pick a quarrel with Parker, because he lit Mrs. Huntley's candle for her."

"Yes," say I, breathing short and hard. Has not he himself introduced her name? "And you know Parker is always ready for a row—loves it—and as he is screwed to-night as he well can be, it has been as much as we could do to make them keep their hands off each other!" After a moment, he adds: "Silly boy! he has been doing his best to fall out with me, but I would not let him compass that."

"Has he?"

Roger has begun to walk up and down, as I did a while ago; on his face a look of unquiet discontent.

"It was a mistake his coming here this time," he says, with a sort of anger, and yet compassion, in his tone. "If he had a grain of sense, he would have staid away!"

"It is a thousand pities that you cannot send us all home again!" I say, with a tight, pale smile—"send us packing back again, Algy, and Barbara, and me—replace me on the wall among the broken bottles, where you found me."

My voice shakes as I make this dreary joke.

"Why do you say that?" he cries passionately. "Why do you torment me? You know as well as I do that it is impossible—out of the question! You know that I am no more able to free you than—"

"You would, then, if you could?" cry I, breathing short and hard. "You own it!"

For a moment he hesitates; then: "Yes," he says, firmly, "I would! I did not think, at one time, that I should ever have lived to say it, but I would."

"You are at least candid," I answer, with a sort of smothered sob, turning away.

"Nancy!" he cries, following me, and taking hold of my cold and clammy hands, while what looks—what, at least, I should have once said looked—like a great yearning fills his kind and handsome eyes; "we are not very happy, are we? perhaps, child, we never shall be now—often I think so. Well, it cannot be helped, I suppose. We are not the first, and we shall not be the last!" (with a deep and bitter sigh). "But indeed, I think, dear, that we are unhappier than we need be."

I shrug my shoulders with a sort of careless despair.

"Do you think so? I fancy not. Some people have their happiness thinly spread over their whole lives, like bread-and-scrap!" I say, with a homely bitterness. "Some people have it in a lump! that is all the difference! I had mine in a lump—all crowded into nineteen years; that is, nineteen very good years!" I end, sobbing.

"What makes you talk like this now, to-night?" he asks, earnestly. "I have been deceiving myself with the hope that you were having one happy evening, as I watched you dancing—did you see me? I dare say not—of course you were not thinking of me. You looked like the old light-hearted Nancy that lately I have been thinking was gone forever!"

"Did I?" say I, dejectedly, slowly drawing my hands from his, and wiping my wet eyes with my pocket handkerchief.

"Anyone would have said that you were enjoying yourself," he pursues, eagerly; "were not you?"

"Yes," say I, ruefully, "I was very much." Then, with a sudden change of tone to that sneering key which so utterly, so unnaturally, misbecomes me—"And you?"

"I?" He laughs slightly. "I am a little past the age when one derives any very vivid satisfaction from a ball; and yet, with a softening of eye and voice, 'I liked looking at you, too!'"

"And it was pleasant in the billiard-room, was not it?" say I, with a stiff and coldly ironical smile; "so quiet and shady."

"In the billiard-room?"

"Do you mean to say," cry I, my factious smile vanishing, and flashing out into honest, open passion, "that you mean to deny that you were there?"

"Deny it!" he echoes, in a tone of the deepest and most displeased astonishment; "of course not. Why should I? What would be the object? And if there were one—have I ever told you a lie?" with a reproachful accent on the pronouns. "I was there half an hour, I should think."

"And why were you?" cry I, losing all command over myself. "What business had you? Were not there plenty of other rooms—rooms where there were lights and people?"

"Plenty," he replies, coldly, still with that look of heavy displeasure; "and for my part I had far rather have staid there. I went into the billiard-room because Mrs. Huntley asked me to take her. She said she was afraid of the draughts anywhere else."

"Was it the draughts that were making her cry so bitterly, pray?" say I, my eyes dry now, achingly dry—flashing a wretched hostility back into his. "I have heard of their making people's eyes run, indeed, but I never heard of their causing them to sob and moan."

He has begun again to tramp up and down, and utters an exclamation of weary impatience.

"How could I help her crying?" he asks, with a tired irritation in his tone. "Do you think I enjoyed it? I hate to see a woman weep, it makes me miserable! it always did; but I have not the slightest objection—why, in Heaven's name, should I?—to tell you the cause of her tears. She was talking to me about her child."

"Her child!" repeat I, in an accent of the sharpest, cutting scorn. "And you were taken in! I knew that she made capital out of that child, but I thought that it was only neophytes like Algy, for whose benefit it was trotted out! I thought that you were too much of a man of the world, that she knew you too well," I laugh, derisively.

"Would you like to know the true history of the little Huntley?" I go on after a moment. "Would you like to know that its grandmother, arriving unexpectedly, found it running wild about the lanes, a little neglected heathen, out at elbows, and with its frock up to its knees, and that she took it out of pure pity, Mrs. Zephine not making the slightest objection, but, on the contrary, being heartily glad to be rid of it—do you like to know that?"

"How do you know it?" (speaking quickly)—"how did you hear it?"

"I was told."

"But who told you?"

"That is not of the slightest consequence."

"I wish to know."

"Mr. Musgrave told me."

I can manage his name better than I used, but even now I redden. For once in his life, Roger, too, sneers as bitterly as I myself have been doing.

"Mr. Musgrave seems to have told you a good many things."

This is carrying the war into the enemy's quarters, and so I feel it. For the moment it shuts my mouth.

"Who is it that has put such notions into your head?" he asks, with gathering excitement, speaking with rapid passion. "Some one has. I am as sure as that I stand here that they did not come there themselves. There was no room for such suspicions in the pure soul of the girl I married."

I made no answer.

"If it were not for the misery of it," he goes on, that dark flush that colored his bronzed face the other night again spreading over it. "I could laugh at the gross absurdity of the idea! To begin such fooleries at my age! Nancy! Nancy!" his tone changing to one of reproachful, heart-rending appeal, "has it never struck you that it is a little hard, considering all things, but you should suspect me?"

Still I am silent.

"Tell me what you wish me to do!" he cries, with passionate emphasis. "Tell me what you wish me to leave undone! You are a little hard upon me, dear; indeed you are—some day I think that you will see it—but it was not your own thought! I know that as well as if you had told me. It was suggested to you—by whom you best know, and whether his words or mine are worthy of most credit!"

He is looking at me with a fixed, pathetic, mournfulness. There is in his eyes a sort of hopelessness and yet patience.

"We are miserable, are not we?" he goes on, in a low voice—"most miserable! and it seems to me that every day we grow more so, that every day there is a greater dissonance between us! For my part, I have given up the hope that we can ever be happier! I have wondered that I should have entertained it. But, at least, we might have peace!"

There is such a depth of depression, such a burden of fatigue in his voice, that the tears rise in my throat and choke the coming speech.

"At least you are undeceived about me, are not you?" he says, looking at me with an eager and yet almost confident expectation. At least you believe me?"

But I answer nothing. It is the tears that keep me dumb; but I think that he thinks me still unconvinced, for he turns away with a groan.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

We are home again now; we have been away only three days after all; but they seem to me like three years—three disastrous years—so greatly during them has the gulf between Roger and me widened and deepened. Looking back on what it was before that, it seems to me now to have been but a shadow and trifling ditch, compared to the abyss that it is now.

During the drive home we none of us speak. Roger and I are gloomily silent, Barbara sympathetically so. Barbara has the happiest knack of being in tune with every mood; she never jostles with untimely mirth against any sadness. I think she sees that my wounds are yet too fresh and raw to bear the gentlest handling, so she only pours upon them the balm of her tender silence. There is none of the recognized and allowed selfishness of a betrothed pair about Barbara. Sometimes I almost forget that she is engaged, so little does she ever bring herself into the foreground; and yet, if it were not for us, I think that to-day she could well find in her heart to be mirthful.

After all is said and done, I still love Barbara. However much the rest of my life has turned to Dead Sea apples, I still love Barbara; and, what is more, I shall always love her now. Is not she to live within a stone-throw from me? I do not think that I am of a very gushing nature generally, but as I think these thoughts I take hold of her slight hand and give it a long squeeze. Somehow the action consoles me.

Two more days pass. It is morning again, and I am sitting in my boudoir, doing nothing (I never seem to myself to do anything now), and listlessly thinking how yellow the great horse-chestnut in the garden is turning, and how kindly and becomingly Death handles all leaves and flowers, so different from the bitter spite with which he makes havoc of us, when Roger enters. It surprises me, as it is the first time he has done it since our return.

We are on the foremost terms now; perhaps so best; and, if we have to address each other, do it in the shortest little icy phrases. When we are obliged to meet, as at dinner, etc., we both talk resolutely to Barbara. He does not look icy now; disturbed rather and anxious. He has an open note in his hand.

"Nancy," he says, coming quickly up to me, "did you know that Algy was at Laurel Cottage?"

"Not I!" I answer, tartly. "He does not make any struggle. She never was one to strive or cry; never loud, clamorous, and self-asserting, like the boys and me; she was always most meek, and with a great meekness she now goes forth for with a full and collected consciousness she looks in the face of Him from whom the nations shuddering turn away their eyes, and puts her light hand gently into his, saying, 'Friend, I am ready!'"

And the days roll by; but few, but few of them, for, as I tell you, she goes most quickly, and it comes to pass that our Barbara's death-day dawns. Most people go in the morning. God grant that it is a good omen, that for them, indeed, the sun is rising!

And it comes to pass that, about the time of the sun rising, Barbara goes.

Our Barbara is asleep!—to wake—when?—where?—we know not, only we altogether hope, that, when next she opens her blue eyes, it will be in the sunshine of God's august smile—God, through life and in death, her friend.

I am twenty years old now, barely twenty; and seventy is the appointed boundary of man's date, often exceeded by ten, by fifteen years. During all these fifty—perhaps sixty—years, I shall have to do without Barbara. I have not yet arrived at the pain of this thought: that will come quick enough, I suppose, by and by!—it is the astonishment of it that is making my mind reel and stagger!

Already there has grown a sacredness about the name of Barbara—the name that used to echo through the house oftener than any other, as one and another called for her. Now, it is less lightly named than the names of its less loved ones.

I am talking of her to Roger now; Roger is very good to me—very! I do not seem to care much about him, nor about anybody for the matter of that, but he is very good. "You liked her," I say, in a perfectly collected, tearless voice, "did not you? You were very kind and forbearing to them all, always—I am very grateful to you for it—but you liked her of your own accord—you would have liked her, even if she had not been one of us, would not you?"

I seem greedy to hear that she was dear to everybody.

"I was very fond of her," he answers in a choked voice.

"I think," say I, "that I should like to go home for a bit, if you do not mind. Everybody was fond of her there. Nobody knew anything about her, nobody cared for her here."

So I go home. As I turn in at the park-gates, in the gray, wet gloom of the November evening, I think of my first home-coming after my wedding-tour.

Again I see the divine and jocund serenity of the summer evening—the hot, red sunset making all the windows one great flame, and they all, Barbara, Algy, Bobby, Tou Tou, laughing welcome to me from the open gate. To-night I feel as if they were all dead.

I go into the garden, and begin to pace up and down the gravel walks, under the naked lime-trees that have forgotten their July perfume, and are tossing their bare, cold arms in the evening wind.

Only one of my old playfellows is left me. Jacky still stands on the gravel as if the whole place belonged to him; still stands with his head on one side, roguishly eyeing the sunset.

Whether he resents the blackness of my appearance as being a mean imitation of his own, I do not know, but he will not come near me; he hops stiffly away, and stands eyeing me from the grass, with an unworthy affectation of not knowing who I am. I am still wasting useless blandishments on him, when my attention is distracted by the sound of footsteps on the walk.

I look up. Who is this man that is coming, stepping toward me in the gloaming? I am not long left in doubt. With a slight and sudden emotion of surprised distaste, I see that it is Musgrave. I rise quickly to my feet.

"It is you, is it?" I say, with cold ungraciousness.

"Yes, it is I!"

He is dressed in deep mourning. His cheeks are hollow and pale; he looks dejected, and yet fierce. We walk alongside of each other in silence for a few yards.

"I have come to bid you all good-bye," he says, in a low, quick voice, with his eyes bent on the ground.

"I am going away," he goes on, raising his voice to a louder tone of reckless unrest, "where?—God knows!—I do not, and do not care either!—going away for good!—I am, going to let the Abbey."

"To let it!"

"You are glad," he cries, in a tone of passionate and sombre resentment, while his great eyes, lifted, flash a miserable resentment into mine; "I know you would be."

"Am I glad?" I say, "y." "I do not know! I do not think I am! I do not think I care, one way or another!"

"Nancy!" he says presently, in a tone no longer of counterfeit mirth, but of deep and serious earnestness. "I do not know why I told you just now that I had come to bid them all good-bye—it was not true—you know it was not. What are they to me, or I to them? I came—"

"For what did you come, then?" cry I, interrupting him, panting, while my eyes, wide and aghast, grow to his face.

"Do not look at me like that!" he cries, wildly, putting up his hands before his eyes. "It reminds me—great God! it reminds me—"

He breaks off; then goes on a little more calmly:

"You need not be afraid! Brute and blackguard as I am, I am not quite brute and blackguard enough for that!—that would be past even me! I have come to ask you once again to forgive me for that—that old offence (with a shamed, red flush on the pallor of his cheeks); 'I asked you once before, you may remember, and you answered'—(recalling my words with a resentful accuracy)—'that you would not, and, by God's help, you never would!'"

"Did I?" say I, "I dare say!—I do not recollect!"

"And so I have come to ask you once again," he goes on, with a heavy emphasis—"it will do me no great harm if you say 'No' again!—it will do me small good if you say 'Yes.' And yet, before I go away forever—yes!—with a bitter smile—"cheer up!—forever!—I must have one more try!"

I am silent.

"You may as well forgive me!" he says, taking my cold and passive hand, and speaking with an intense, though composed mournfulness. "After all, I have not done you much harm, have I?—that is no credit to me, I know. I would have done, if I could, but I could not! You may as well forgive me, may not you? God forgives!—at least!—(with a sigh of heavy and apathetic despair)—'so they say!—would you be less clement than He?'"

"Yes," say I, speaking slowly, and still with my sunk and tear-dimmed eyes calmly resting on the dull despair of his, "yes—if you wish it—it is so long ago—and she liked you!—yes!—I forgive you!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

And so, as the days go by, the short and silent days, it comes to pass that a sort of peace falls upon my soul; born of a slow yet deep assurance, that with Barbara it is well.

And so the days go by, and as they do, as the first smart of my despair softens itself into a slow and reverent acquiescence in the Maker's will, my thoughts stray carefully and heedfully back over my past life; they overlap the gulf of Barbara's death, and linger long and wonderingly among the previous months.

What in Heaven's name ailed me? What did I lack? My jealousy of Roger, such a living, stinging, biting thing then; how dead it is now!

I have already marred and blighted a year favor me with his plan; tiresome boy. He is more bother than he is worth."

"Hush!" he says, hastily, yet gently. "Do not say anything against him; you will be sorry if you do. He is ill."

"Ill!" repeat I, in a tone of consternation, for among us it is a new word, and its novelty is awful. "What is the matter with him?"

Then without waiting for an answer, I snatch the note from his hand. I do not know to this day whether he meant me to read it or not, but I think he did, and I glance hastily through it. I am well into it before I realize that it is from my rival.

"MY DEAR ROGER—My hand is trembling so much that I can hardly hold the pen, but, as usual, in my trouble, I turn to you. Algy Gray is here. You, who always understand, will know how much against my will his coming was; but he would come. And, you know, poor fellow, how headstrong he is! I am grieved to tell you that he was taken ill this morning; I sadly fear that it is this wretched low fever that is so much about. It makes me miserable to leave him! If I consulted my own wishes, I need not tell you that I should stay and nurse him; but, alas! I know by experience the sharpness of the world's tongue, and in my situation I dare not brave it; not would it be fair upon Mr. Huntley that I should. Ah! what a different world it would be if one might follow one's own impulses! I shall be gone before this reaches you."

I throw the letter down on the floor with a gesture of raging disgust.

"Gone!" I say, with flashing eyes and lifted voice; "is it possible that, after having deceived him there, she is leaving him now to die, alone?"

"So it seems," he answers, looking back at me with an indignation hardly inferior to my own. "I could not have believed it of her."

"He will die!" I say, a moment after, forgetting Mrs. Huntley, and breaking into a storm of tears. "I know he will! I always said we were too prosperous. Nothing has ever happened to us. None of us have ever gone! I know he will die; and I said yesterday that I liked him the least of all the boys. On, I wish I had not said it. Barbara! Barbara! I wish I had not said it."

For Barbara has entered, and is standing silently listening. The roses in her cheeks have paled, indeed, and her blue eyes look large and frightened; but, unlike me, she makes no crying fuss. We will go to him at once—all three of us—and will nurse him so well that he will soon be himself again; and whatever happens (with a kindling of the eye, and godly lightning of all her gentle face), is not God here—God our friend? It is very foolish, very childish of me, but I cannot get it out of my head that I said I liked him the least. It haunts me still when I stand by his bedside, when I see his poor cheeks redder than mine were when they wore their rouge, when I notice the hot drought of his parched lips. It haunts me still with disproportioned remorse through all the weeks of his illness.

For Algy has always loved life, and had a strong hold on it; neither will he let go his hold on it now, without a tough struggle; and so the war is long and bitter, and we that fight on Algy's side are weak and worn out.

And so the days go on, and I loose reckoning of time. I could hardly tell you whether it were day or night.

My legs ache mostly a good deal, and I feel dull and drowsy from want of sleep. But the brunt of the nursing falls upon Barbara.

It is always Barbara, Barbara, for whom he is calling. God knows I do my best, and so does Roger. No most loving mother could be gentler, or spare himself less, than he does; but somehow we do not content him.

And so it is always "Barbara! Barbara!" And Barbara is always there—always ready.

The lovely flush that outdid the garden-flowers has left her cheeks indeed, and her eyelids are drooped and heavy; but her eyes shine with as steady a sweetness as ever; for God has lit in them a lamp that no weariness can put out.

Whether it be through her nursing, or by the strength of his own constitution, and the tenacious vitality of youth, or, perhaps, the help of all three, Algy pulls through.

Life, worsted daily in a thousand cruel fights, has gained one little victory. To-day, for the first time, we all three at once leave him—leave him coolly and quietly asleep, and dine together in Mrs. Huntley's little dusk-shaded dining-room.

We are quite a party. Mother is here, come to rejoice over her restored first-born son; the Brat is here. I am in such spirits; I do not know what has come to me. It seems to me as if I were newly born into a fresh and altogether good and jovial world.

Barbara is not nearly so boisterously merry as I, but then she never is. She is more overdone with fatigue than I, I think; for she speaks little—though what she does say is full of content and gladness—and there are dark streaks of weariness and watching under the serene violets of her eyes. She is certainly very tired; as we go to bed at night she seems hardly able to get up the stairs, but leans heavily on the banisters—she who usually runs so lightly up and down.

Yes, very tired, but what of that? It would be unnatural, most unnatural if she were not; she will be all right to-morrow, after a good night's rest—yes, all right. I say this to her, still gayly laughing as I give her my last kiss, and she smiles and echoes, "All right!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

All right! Yes, for Barbara it is all right. Friend, I no more doubt that than I doubt that I am sitting here now, with the hot tears on my cheeks, telling you about it; but oh! not—not for us.

On the morning after my mad and premature elation, it is but too plain that the fever has laid hold of her too, and in its paroxysm, withering clasp, our unstained lily fades. We take her down to Tempest at her wish, and there she dies—yes, dies.

Alas! we have no long and tedious nursing of her. She has never given any trouble in her life, and she gives none now. Almost before we realize the reality and severity of her sickness, she is gone. Neither do she and three-quarters of his life. I recollect how much older than me he is, how much time I have already wasted; a pang of remorse, sharp as a knife, runs through my heart; a great and mighty yearning to go back to him at once, to begin over again—once, this very minute, to begin over again—overflows and floods my whole being. Late in the day as it is—doubly unseemly and ungracious as the confession will seem now—I will tell him of that lie with which I first sullied the cleanness of my union.

So I go. I am nearing Tempest; as I reach the church-yard gate, I stop the carriage and get out.

As I near the grave, I see that I am not its only visitor. Some one, a man, is already there, leaning pensively on the railings that surround it. It is Roger. As he hears my approaching steps, the swish of my draperies, he turns; and, by the serene and lifted gravity of his eyes, I see that he has been away in heaven with Barbara. He does not speak as I come near; only he opens his arms joyfully, and yet a little diffidently, too, as I fly to them.

"Roger!" I cry, passionately, with a greedy yearning for human love here—at this very spot, where so much of the love of my life lies in death's austere silence at my feet—"love me a little—ever so little! I know I am not very lovable, but you once liked me, did not you—not nearly so much as I thought, I know, but still a little!"

"A little!"

"I am going to begin all over again!" I go on, eagerly, speaking very quickly, with my arms clasped about his neck, "indeed I am! I shall be so different that you shall not know me for the same person, and if—if"—(beginning to falter and stumble)—"if you will go on liking her best, and thinking her prettier and pleasanter to talk to—well, you cannot help it, it will not be your fault—and I—I—will try not to mind!"

He has taken my hands from about his neck, and is holding them warmly, steadfastly clasped in his own.

"Child! child!" he cries, "shall I never undeceive you; are you still harping on that old, worn-out string?"

"Is it worn out?" I ask, anxiously, starting up with my wet eyes through the deep twilight into his. "Yes, yes!" (going on quickly and impulsively), "if you say so, I will believe it—without another word I will believe it, but—(with a sudden fall from my high tone, and lapse into curiosity)—'you know you must have liked her a good deal once—you know you were engaged to her.'"

"Engaged to her?"

"Well, were not you?"

"I was never engaged to any one in my life," he answers, with solemn avowal.

I had known Zephine from a child; her father

stained face in his breast—"I will tell you now—perhaps I shall never feel so brave again!—do not look at me—let me hide my face; I want to get it over in a hurry! Do you remember?"—(sinking my voice into an indistinct and straggling whisper)—"that night that you asked me about—about Brimley Wood?"

"Yes, I remember."
Already his tone has changed. His arms seem to be slackening their close hold of me.

"Do not lose me!" cry I, passionately; "hold me tight, or I can never tell you—how could you expect me? Well, that night—you know as well as I do—I lied."

"You did?"
How hard and quick he is breathing! I am glad I cannot see his face.

"I was there. I did cry; she did see me—"

I stop abruptly, choked by tears, by shame, by apprehension.

"Go on!" (spoken with panting shortness).

"He met me there," I say tremulously. "I do not know whether he did it on purpose or not, and said dreadful things;—he said!" (speaking with a reluctant hurry)—"that he loved me, and that I loved him, and that I hated you, and it was all so horrible, and so different from what I had planned, that I cried—of course I fought not, but I did—I roared."

There does not seem to be anything ludicrous in this mode of expression, neither, apparently does there to him.

"Well?"
"I do not think there is anything more!" say I, slowly and timidly raising my eyes, to follow the effect of my confession, "only that I was so deadly, deadly ashamed; that I made up my mind I would never tell anybody, and I did not."

"And is that all?" he cries, with an intense and breathless anxiety in eyes and voice, "are you sure that is all?"
"All!" repeat I, opening my eyes wide in astonishment; "do not you think it is enough?"

"Are you sure?" he cries, taking my face in his hands, and narrowly, searchingly regarding it—"child! child! to day let us have nothing—nothing but truth—are you sure that you did not a little regret that it must be so—that you did not feel it a little hard to be forever tied to my gray hairs—my eight-and-forty years?"

"Hush!" cry I, snatching away my hands, and putting them over my ears. "I will not listen to you!—what do I care for your forty-eight years?—if you were a hundred—two hundred—what is it to me?—what do I care?—I love you!—I love you!—I love you!—Oh my darling, how stupid you have been not to see it all along!"

And so it comes to pass that by Barbara's grave we kiss again with tears. And now we are happy—stilly, happily, though I, perhaps, am never quite so boisterously gay as before the grave yawned for my Barbara; and we walk along hand-in-hand down the steps and up the hills of life, with our eyes fixed as far as the weakness of our human sight will let us, on the one dead, yet good God, whom through the veil of his great deeds we dimly discern. Only I wish that Roger were not nine-and-twenty years older than I!

THE END.

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 each year from the sales of their lands 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.

It is now estimated that one hundred and fifty persons were drowned by the sinking of the steamer Daphne. A diver reports that the bodies in the hold of the Daphne are so closely packed that he was unable to move them. Preparations are being made to raise the vessel. Fifty-two bodies have been recovered up to the present time.

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. 450 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. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads 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.

The London Times has reviewed all the documents which Lord Randolph Churchill sent to Gladstone in support of his assertion that the Kedive incited the massacres in Alexandria. The Times concludes that there is not sufficient reason for raising a question as to the Kedive's conduct.

It is said that the Khan Bey Khandel will be condemned and forced to submit to a short imprisonment for lack of zeal in the performance of his duties as perfect, and will be acquitted on other charges.

William Harris, one of the three convicted over a year ago, at Kingston, of criminally assaulting a young woman, has been reprieved by the Government, his innocence having been fully established.

The most fashionable stockings are of black, strawberry or primrose silk or lisle, in monochrome, stripes and checks being only second in popularity.

The French Cabinet has decided to prosecute the Anarchist speakers who threatened the judge and jury of the court in which Louise Michel was convicted.

Bilious and Dyspeptic Patients.
Take Dr. Hoffman's German Bitters. They act directly on the Liver and Stomach, opening up at once and strengthening their absorbing vessels, eliminating all impurities and foul accumulations, which their laxative property afterwards carries off through the bowels, restores health, making life a pleasure instead of a burden. By chemists. Price 50 cts. Wholesale by Lyman Bros., Toronto.

Some time ago a police officer at Kingston was sued for damages for falsely arresting and imprisoning one Purcell on a charge of larceny. Recently the verdict was set aside by the County Judge, evidence being tendered that the arrest was made without malice as alleged. This result, and the result of the second trial, must have significance to policemen generally.

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.

The Marquis of Normanby, Governor of Victoria, at the opening of Parliament there, announced the intention to negotiate with the other colonies in favor of an Australian confederation.

The English Government is showing much anxiety on the subject of cholera in Egypt, and has announced in answer to many requests for information from friends of officers, that should the epidemic spread all British troops now on duty on the Nile district will be removed to the Mediterranean district, where they will have good nursing and unpolluted air.

No. 24.

WANTED UPHOLSTERERS, STEADY employment. Apply at once, GEO. L. TICKELL & SONS, Belleville, Ont.

MILLER'S MAY-APPLE TONIC PULVERULETIVELY cures Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. Write for free pamphlet, or mail 50c. 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.

Dr. LAFLEUR'S FRENCH MUSTACHE VIGOR Grows a beard on the smooth face in 20 days or money refunded. Never fails. Rent on receipt of 50c. stamps or silver; 3 packages for \$1. Beware of cheap imitations; none other genuine. Send for circular. Address: T. W. SAGE, box 22, Warsaw, Ind. U.S.A.

HOTEL PROPERTY FOR SALE.—Village of Erin, on Eglar Branch, Credit Valley Railway. Best situated in town; doing best business; satisfactory reasons for selling. Will exchange for good farm property. JAMES CROZIER, Erin, Ontario.

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

O! AGENTS C!
The best opportunity ever offered you of making money without capital. Address E. A. PARLING, 50 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE.—300 ACRES in the Township of Wallace, on gravel road between Listowel and Palmerston; 250 acres cleared, 50 acres hardwood bush; soil clay loam; well watered by spring creek; two large barns and frame houses; good markets convenient, also school and churches. This farm is adapted either for grain or stock; the mowing crop may be purchased with it. Terms reasonable. Apply to W. SPAULDING, Palmerston.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.—SASH AND Door and Furniture Factory, and Saw Mill in the Town of Palmerston; commodious buildings; well located and fitted up with best machinery. A rare chance for a practical man to secure a valuable property in a good business centre. Apply to Box D, Palmerston.

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

THE LILY is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.,
78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

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We have the largest staff of capable and experienced watchmakers ever employed in one establishment in Canada; and from July 1st, 1882, to June 30, 1883, repaired, adjusted and warranted the unprecedented number of two thousand eight hundred and forty-nine watches for our customers in all parts of the Dominion, from Regina to Halifax;

CUSTOMERS'

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WATCHES

this does not include minor repairs, but represents only the watches which had important repairs done to them, and were warranted, and consisted of chronographs, fly backs,

REPAIRED

quarter and split seconds, repeaters, levers, cylinders, and almost every kind of watch ever made. We have also done a large amount of work for watchmakers throughout

IN THE LAST

out the country, which, of course, is not included in the above number.

If you are coming to the city, if only for a day, bring your watch and have it care-

TWELVE

fully overhauled and adjusted by competent workmen. KENT BROS., 168 Yonge-st., Toronto.

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\$1000 per year. Reliable agent wanted in every county to manage branch office. Also, Boys and Girls to work on salary of \$15 per week. Terms and 19 samples for 10c. (silver). International Agency, Chatham, Ont.

SHORTHAND—Special Holiday Course during July and August. 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.

F. E. DIXON & CO.
Manufacturers of Star Bive
Leather Belting!
70 King Street, East, Toronto
Large Double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

WELLS' WINDOW SHADE GLASP.
(PATENTED 1875.)
Used for holding WINDOW BLIND SHADES without rollers, pins, or cords. Saves blinds, money and patience. Looks orderly and neat. Send for sample, 20 cents, agents' circulars 3c. Orders from the trade solicited. Agents want. TORONTO INDUSTRIAL WORKS CO., 96 Church street, Toronto.

ROSSIN HOUSE,
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.

The Rossin is the largest hotel in Ontario. Only two blocks from Union station, corner King and York streets; finest situation in Toronto. Is thoroughly first-class appointments, large corridors, lofty ceiling, spacious, clean, and well ventilated rooms (the whole hotel having been painted, frescoed, and decorated this spring), detached and en suite, elite and attentive employees in every department, together with unexcelled cuisine, make it especially attractive to the travelling public. Elevator running day and night. Hot and cold baths on each floor. Electric bells in rooms. Fire escape in each bed-room. Prices graduated.

MARK H. IRISH, HENRY J. NOLAN,
Proprietor, Chief Clerk.
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SKIN BEAUTIFIER!

This elegant preparation is warranted a sure cure for all skin diseases such as Pimples, Blisters, 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 ever introduced. One package will cure any case. As a Beautifier of the complexion it is unrivalled, 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,
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BEST VALUE IN THE MARKET.

Great
HERBAL
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CATARRH CURE

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

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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 Sallowness, 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.

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ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS

LANDS. 30,000 ACRES IN THE Valley situated 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 for investment than Government Bonds—will be sold at great bargains during next 60 days, in single farms or large tracts, on terms to suit buyers. Rare chance for colonies or neighborhoods. For terms, description, etc., address M. G. WILLARD, Mankato, Minn.

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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:—
Toronto, 21st July. Dominion, 11th Aug.
Sarnia, 28th July. Oregon, 18th Aug.
Ontario, 4th August. Montreal, 25th "

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool, \$50, \$60, \$65, \$80; return, \$90, \$108, \$117, \$144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, \$40, Steerage, \$21. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORLAME & CO.,
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Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat Diseases, and Catarrh.

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

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Tan, Freckles, sunburn, Pimples, Blackheads, Specks, and unsightly blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, Hands, and Roughness of the skin, can be removed instantly by applying
BELL'S TAN AND FRECKLE LOTION

It possesses a delightful fragrance, and imparts a clearness to the skin which is perfectly astonishing. Is warranted harmless, is used by thousands, and never fails to give the utmost satisfaction.
Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Send me your name and Post Office address if you want full particulars about the Co-operative Sewing Machine and Organ. Agents need not do so, for I sell to the people direct as they can buy. I sell at wholesale price which is less than half Agents sell at. A Postal Card will do. DONALD S. McKINNON, 8 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

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SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.
By a novel arrangement of the coiled 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.

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CLINTON E. BRUSH & BRO.
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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. XI,
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This trade mark is stamped on all hollow Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Cake Cutters, etc.

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THE BOLT AND IRON COMPANY, OF TORONTO. (LIMITED.)

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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

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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.

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The Strongest, Lightest, Cheapest and Best. Will do the work of 8 men and 4 horses.
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Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Paralysis, and all Liver and Chest Complaints immediately relieved and permanently cured by using these BELTS, BANDS & INSOLES. Circulars and consultation free.

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BELTING.—From one (1) to twenty-two (22) inches wide.

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PACKING.—Cloth Insertion and Para. India Rubber Goods of every description. We carry the largest and only complete stock in the Dominion.

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