YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "Shandon Bells," "Macleod of Dare," "White Wings," "Sunrise," etc.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WALK HOME.

"But was not that Mr. Leslie?" she said.

"Oh yes, it was," he answered, with an assumed air of indifference. "Yes. It is a pity he can not dine with you this evening."

"But why did he not come along now, for a minute even, when he was so far?"

She certainly was surprised, and there was nothing for him but to adopt the somewhat lame excuses that the Master in the first instance had offered him.

"I think he is expecting a lawyer from Inverness," said he, rather quickly slurring over the various statements, "and if he came by the afternoon boat he would be due just about now. They have a good deal of business on hand just now at Lynn."

"Yes, apparently that is true," she said, with rather a singular gesture—very slight, but significant. "We have not seen anything of them."

"Well, you see," he continued, in the most careless and cheerful way, "no doubt they know your father is occupied with the shooting, and you with your amateur housekeeping—which I am told is perfect. Mr. Shortlands says the lodge is beautifully managed."

"Ah, does he?" said she, with a quick flush of genuine pleasure. "I am glad to hear that. And it is very simple now—oh yes, for they are all so diligent and punctual. And now I have more and more time for my botany, and I am beginning to understand a little more of the arrangement, and it is interesting."

"I consider you have done very well," said he,"—"so well that you deserve a reward."

"Ah, a prize?" said she, with a laugh. "Do you give prizes at your school? Well, now—let me see—what shall I choose? A box of chocolates."

"Did they allow you to choose your own flowers at Chateau Cold Floors? We don't do that here. No; the reward I have in store for you is the only specimen I have got of the *Linnæa borealis*—the only plant that bears the name of the great master himself, and such a beautiful plant too! I don't think you are likely to find it about here. I got mine at Clova; but you can get everything at Clova."

"It is so kind of you!" she said; "but what am I to do with it?"

"Start a herbarium. You ought to have plenty of time; get up an hour earlier. You have a fine chance here of getting the Alpine species. I have got some fresh boards and drying-paper down from Inverness; and I meant to lend you my hand-press; but then I thought I might want it myself for some other purpose; and as Mrs. Bell was glad to have the chance of presenting you with one, I said she might; it will be down from Inverness to-morrow."

"But I can not accept so much kindness—" she was about to protest, when he interrupted her.

"You must," he said, simply. "When people are inclined to be civil and kind to you, you have no right to snub them."

Suddenly she stopped short and faced him. There was a kind of mischief in her eyes.

"Will you have the same answer," she asked, slowly, and with her eyes fixed on him, "when Mrs. Bell presents to you Monaglen?"

Despite himself a flush came over the pale, handsome features.

"That is absurd," said he, quickly. "That is impossible. I know the Master jokes about it. If Mrs. Bell has any wild dreams of the kind—"

"If she has," Yolande said, gravely, "if she wishes to be civil and kind, you have no right to snub her."

"You have caught me, I confess it," he said, with a good-natured laugh, as they resumed their walk along the wide strath. "But let us get back to the sphere of practical politics."

He then proceeded to give her instructions about the formation of a herbarium; and in this desultory conversation she managed very plainly to intimate to him that she would not have permitted him to take so much trouble had this new pursuit of hers been a mere holiday amusement. No; she hoped to make something more serious of it; and would it not be an admirable occupation for her when she finally came to live in these wilds, where occupations were not abundant? And he (with his mind distraught by all sorts of anxieties) had to listen to her placidly talking about her future life there, as if that were to be all very plain sailing indeed. She knew of no trouble; and she was not the one to anticipate trouble. Her chief regret at present was that her botanizing (at least so far as the collection of plants was concerned) would cease in the winter.

"But you can not live up here in the winter!" he exclaimed.

"Why not?"

"You would be snowed up."

"Could anything be more delightful than that?" she said. "Oh, I see it all before me—like a Christmas picture. Big red fires in the rooms; outside the sunlit on the snow, the air cold and clear, and papa going away over the hard, sparkling hills to shoot the ptarmigan and the white hares. Don't you know, then, that papa will take Alt-nam-ba for all the year round when I come to live here? And if Duncan the keeper can live very well in the bothy, why not we in the lodge? Oh, I assure you it will be ravishing."

"No, no, no; you could not attempt such a thing," he said. "Why the strath might be quite impassable with the snow. You might be cut off from the rest of the world for a fortnight or three weeks. You would starve."

"Perhaps, then, you never heard of tinned meats?" she said, with an air of superiority.

"No, no; the people about here don't do like that. Of course in the winter you would naturally go in to Inverness, or go south to Edinburgh, or perhaps have a house in London."

"Oh, no, that is what my papa would never, never permit—anything but London."

"Well, then, Inverness is a pleasant and cheerful town. And I must say this for the Master, that he is not likely to prove an absentee landlord, when his turn comes. He is quite as diligent as his father in looking after the estate; there won't be any reversal of policy when he succeeds, as sometimes happens."

"Inverness!" said she wistfully. "Yes; perhaps Inverness—perhaps here—that is what my papa would prefer; but London—ah, no! And sometimes I think he is so sadly mistaken about me—it is his great affection, I know—but he thinks if I were in London, I would hear too much of the attacks they make on him, and I might read the stupidities they put into the newspapers about him. He is so afraid of my being annoyed—oh, I know, for himself he does not care—it is all me, me—and the trouble he will take to watch against small annoyances that might happen to me, it is terrible and pitiable only it is so kind. Why should I not go to the House of Commons? Do they think I care about their stupidities? I know they are angry because they have one man among them who will not be the slave of any party—who will not be a—a cipher is it?—in a crowd—an atom in a majority—no, but who wishes to speak what he thinks is true."

"Oh, but, Yolande," said he (venturing thus to address her for the first time), "I want you to tell me: do you ever feel annoyed and vexed when you see any attack on your father?"

She hesitated; she did not like to confess.

"It is a natural thing to be annoyed when you see stupidities of malice and spitefulness," she said at length—with the fair freckled face a shade warmer than usual.

"For I can give you a panacea for all such wounds, or rather an absolute shield against them."

"Can you—can you?" she said, eagerly.

"Oh yes," he said, in that carelessly indifferent way of his. "When you see anybody pitching into your father, in the House or in a newspaper, all you have to do is to recall a cartain sonnet of Milton's. You should bear it about with you in your mind; there is a fine wholesome tone of contempt in it; and neither persons in public life nor their relatives should have too great a respect for other people's opinions. It is not wholesome. It begets sensitiveness. You should always consider that your opponents are—are—"

"*Ames de boue!*" said Yolande, fiercely. "That is what I think when I see what they say of papa."

"But I don't think you would feel so much indignation as that if you would carry about the sonnet with you in your memory:

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls, and cookoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearls to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when Truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.'

There is a good, honest, satisfactory, wholesome contempt in it."

"Yes, yes; will you write it down for me?" she said, quickly and gracefully. "Will you write it down for me when we get to the lodge?"

"If you like."

When they drew near the lodge, however, they found that something very unusual was going forward. The whole of the women-servants, to begin with, were outside, and gazing intently in the direction of a hill-side just above the confluence of the Dun Water and the Crooked Water, while the pretty Highland cook was asserting something or other in strenuous terms. The moment they saw Yolande those young people fled into the house, like so many scurrying rabbits; but Sandy, the groom, being over near the kennel, did not hear, and remained perched up on the fence, using an opera-glass which he had filched from the dining-room mantel-piece. Yolande went over to him (as she had to kennel up the dogs in any case), and said to him:

"What is the matter, Sandy?"

He very nearly dropped with fright, but instantly recovered himself, and said, with great excitement:

"I think they are bringing home a stag, madam: I am sure that is it. I was seeing the powny taken down to cross the burn; and it was not the panniers that was on him; and there is the chentlemen standing by the bridge, looking."

There certainly was a small group of figures standing on the further side of that distant bridge—a slim little structure slung on wires, and so given to oscillation that only one person could cross at a time. This performance, indeed, was now carefully going on; but what had become of the pony? Presently they saw something appear on the top of the bank on this side of the stream.

"It is a stag undoubtedly, Yolande," Jack Melville said (he had got hold of the opera-glass), "and I should say a good one. Now how could that have come about? Never mind, I daresay your father will be delighted enough, and I should say Duncan will tune up his pipes this evening."

Yolande looked through the glass, and was very much excited to see that small pony coming home with its heavy burden; but the gentlemen were now invisible, having passed behind a hillock. And so she sped into the house, fearful that the curiosity of the women-servants might have let affairs get behindhand, and determined that everything should be in readiness for the home-coming sportsmen.

Melville was left outside, and as he regarded now the gillie leading the pony, and now the party of people who were visible coming over the hillock, it was not altogether of the dead stag that he was thinking. In this matter of the Master of Lynn he had only performed his thankless duty as messenger, as it were; still, it was not pleasant to have to bring back bad news. Sometimes he wished he had had nothing whatever to do with the whole complication; then, again he reminded himself that the secret had been confided to him by John Shortlands unsolicited; and that he, Melville, had subsequently done what he honestly thought best. And then he turned to think about Yolande. Would he grudge anything he could do for that beautiful child-nature—to keep it clear and bright and peaceful? No, he could not. And then he thought, with something of a sigh, that those who were the lucky ones in this world did not seem to place much value on the prizes that lay within their hands reach.

The corpulent John Shorlands, as he now came proudly along, puffed, and blowing and breathless clearly showed by his radiant face who had shot the stag; and at once he plunged into an account of the affair for the benefit of Jack Melville. He roundly averred that no such "fluke" was known in English history. They were not out after any stag. No stag had any right to be there. They had passed up that way in the morning with the dogs. Nor could this have been the wounded stag that the shepherds had seen drinking out of the Allt-corrie-an-eich some four days ago. No; this must have been some wandering stag that had got startled out of some adjacent forest, and had taken refuge in the glen just as the shooting party were coming back from the far tops. Duncan had proposed to have a try for a few black-game when they came down to these woods; and so by great good luck, John Shortlands' dad put a No. 4 cartridge in his left barrell, just in case an old black-cock should get up wild. Then he was standing at his post, when suddenly he heard a pattering; a brown animal appeared with head high and horns thrown back; the next instant it passed him, not more than fifteen yards off, and he blazed at it—in his nervousness with the right barrel; then he saw it stumble, only for a second; then on it went again, he after it, down to the burn, which fortunately was rushing fed with the last night's rain; in the bed of the stream it stumbled again and fell, and as it struggled out and opposite the bank, there being now nothing but the breadth of the burn between him and it, he took more deliberate aim, fired, and the stag fell back stone-dead, its head and horns, indeed, remaining partly in the water.

Then Mr. Winterbourne, when he came along, seemed quite as honestly pleased at this unexpected achievement as if the stag had fallen to his own gun; while as for Duncan, the grim satisfaction on his face was sufficient testimony.

"This is something like a good day's work," said he. "And I was bringing down the stag for Miss Winterbourne to see it before the dark, and now Peter will take back the powny for the panniers."

But Jack Melville took occasion to say to him, aside:

"Duncan, Miss Winterbourne will look at the head and horns when you have had time to take a sponge or a wet cloth, to them don't you understand?—later on in the evening, perhaps."

"Very well, sir. And I suppose the gentleman will be sending in the head to Mr. Macleay's to-morrow? It is not a royal, but it is a very good head whatever."

"How many points—ten?"

Yolande had so effectively hurried up everything inside the lodge that when the gentlemen appeared for dinner it was they who were late and not the dinner. And of course she was greatly delighted also, and all the story of the capture of the stag had to be told over again, to the minutest points. And again there was a fierce discussion as to who should have the head and horns, John Shortlands being finally compelled to receive the trophy which naturally belonged to him. Then a wild skirl outside in the dark.

"What is that, now?" said John Shortlands.

"That," said Yolande complacently—for she had got to know something of these matters, "is the Pibroch of Donald Dhu.'

"That is the Pibroch of Donald Black I suppose," said John Shortlands, peevishly. "What the mischief have I to do with Donald Black? I want the Pibroch of John Shortlands. What is the use of killing a stag if you have to have somebody else's pibroch played? If ever I rent a deer forest in the Highlands, I will have my own pibroch made for me, if I pay twenty pounds for it"

Indeed, as it turned out, there was so much joy diffused throughout this household by the slaying of the stag that Jack Melville, communing with himself, decided that his ill news might keep. He would take some other opportunity of telling Shortlands the result of his mission. Why destroy his very obvious satisfaction? It was a new experience for him; he had never shot a stag before. The cup of his happiness was full to the brim, and nobody grudged it him, for he was a sound-hearted sort of man.

One rather awkward incident arose, however out of this stag episode. In the midst of the dinner talk Yolande suddenly said:

"Papa, ought I to send a haunch of venison to Lynn Towers? It seems so strange to have neighbors, and not any compliment one way or the other. Should I send a haunch of venison to Lord Lynn?"

Her father seemed somewhat disturbed.

"No, no, Yolande; it would seem absurd to send a haunch of venison to a man who has a deer forest of his own."

"But it is let."

"Yes, I know; but no doubt the tenant will send in a haunch to the Towers if theae is any occasion."

"But I know he does not, for Archie said so, Mr. Melville," she said shifting the ground of her appeal, "would it not be a nice compliment to pay to a neighbor? Is it not customary!"

His eyes had been fixed on the table; he did not raise them.

"I—I don't think I would," said he, with some little embarassment. "You don't know what fancies old people might take. And you will want the venison for yourselves. Besides, Mr. Shortlands shot the stag; you should let him have a haunch to send to his friends in the South."

"Oh, yes, yes, certainly," she cried, clapping her hands. "Why did I not think of it? That will be much better."

At another time John Shortlands might have protested, but something in Melville's manner struck him, and he did not contend that the haunch of venison should be sent to Lynn Towers.

After dinner they went out into the dark, and, guided by the sound of the pipes, made their way to the spacious coach-house, which they found had been cleared out, and in which they found two of the gillies and two of the shepherds—great, huge, red-bearded, brawny men—dancing a four-some reel, while Duncan was playing as if he meant to send the roof off. The head and horns of the deer were hung up on one of the pillars of the loose-box. The place was ruddily lit up by two lamps, as well as a few candles; there was a small keg of whiskey in a dim corner. And Yolande thought that the Highland girls might just as well come over from the lodge (the English Jane was of no use), and very soon the dancing party was made much more picturesque. But where was the Master of Lynn, with the torchlight dance he had promised them on the occasion of their killing their first stag?

When Jack Melville was going away that night he was surprised to find the dog-cart outside, Sandy in his livery, the lamps lit and warm rugs on the front seat.

"This is not for me?" he said.

"It is, indeed," said Yolande.

"Oh, but I must ask you to send it back. It is nothing for me to walk to Gress. You have enough work for your horses just now."

"The night is dark," she said, "and I wish you to drive; you will have the light of the lamps."

"Why should I drive—to Gress!" he said.

"But I wish it," she answered.

And that was enough.

(To be continued.)

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If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney Disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have a rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood and sweetest breath, health, and comfort.

In short they cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

W. J. Guppy, druggist, of Newbury, writes:—"Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is just the thing for Summer Sickness. I sold out my stock three times last summer. There was a good demand for it." Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is infallible for Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach and Bowel Complaint. For sale by J. D. B. F. Mackenzie, Chatham, N. B.

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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

HAMILTON, MO., June 14th, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & Co.,—Gents:—This is to certify that I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure and have found it to be all it is recommended to be and is fact more too; I have removed by using the above Callous, Bone Spavins, Ring-bones, Splints, and can cheerfully testify and recommend it to be the best thing for any bony substance I have ever used and I have tried many as I have made that my study for years.

Respectfully yours,

P. V. CRIST.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE,

NEW HAMBURG, ONT., Dec. 28th, 1881.

MR. F. H. MCCALLUM, Dear Sir:—The bottle of Dr. Kendall's Spavin Cure, bought of you last summer, gave me the utmost satisfaction and performed a wonderful cure upon a mare nineteen years old, belonging to me, which was badly spavined for ten years. She was so lame that I could hardly get her to move. The lameness is entirely gone after using half a bottle of the cure, and she is like a young horse again.

Yours truly,

J. F. ROTH.

From the Oneonta Press, N. Y.

ONEONTA, NEW YORK, Jan. 6th, 1881.

Early last summer Messrs. B. J, Kendall & Co., of Enosburg Falls, Vt., made a contract with the publishers of the *Press* for a half column advertisement for one year setting forth the merits of Kendall's Spavin Cure. At the same time we secured from the firm a quantity of books, entitled Dr. Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which we are giving to advance paying subscribers to the *Press* as a premium.

About the time the advertisement first appeared in this paper, Mr. P. G. Schermerhorn, who resides near Colliers, had a spavined horse. He read the advertisement and concluded to test the efficacy of the remedy, although his friends laughed at his credulity. He bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and commenced using it on the horse in accordance with the directions, and he informed us this week that it effected such a complete cure that an expert horseman, who examined the animal recently could find no trace of the spavin or the place where it had been located. Mr. Schermerhorn has since secured a copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases which he prizes very highly and would be loth to part with at any price, provided he could not obtain another copy. So much for advertising reliable articles.

FROM

COL. L. T. FOSTER.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, May 10th, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL, & CO., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt that I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons who failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago Express. I determined at once to try it and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial, I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the state. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

Very Respectfully,

L. T. FOSTER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ON HUMAN FLESH

PATTEN'S MILLS, N. Y., Feb. 21st, 1878.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—The particular case on which I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months standing. I had tried many things but in vain. your spavin cure put the foot to the ground again, and, for the first time since hurt, in a natural position. For a family liniment it excels anything we ever used.

Yours truly,

REV. M. P. BELL.

Pastor of M. E. Church, Patten's Mills, N. Y.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

is sure in its effects, mild in action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavin, splints, curbs, ringbones, callous, swellings, and any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or for rheumatism in man or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for illustrated circular which, we think, gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be ent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

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It is situated convenient to the shore of Bay du Vin Bay and the surroundings are of the most pleasant description. There is excellent

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Splendid TROUT FISHING and admirable BOATING facilities at the door, while the surrounding country offers great attractions for the student of natural history, the pedestrian and the equestrian.

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and other facilities usually found at watering places provided by the proprietor and also to be had from others in the neighborhood. Charges moderate.

T. B. WILLISTON.

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WM. JOHNSTON, - - - PROPRIETOR.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this House to make it a first-class Hotel, and travelers will find it a desirable temporary residence, both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat Landing, and opposite Telegraph and Post Offices.

The Proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor, by courtesy and attention, to merit the same in the future.

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THIS HOUSE has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travelers.

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First Class Rooms and Table.

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is always on hand on the arrival of trains for conveying passengers wherever they may desire to go.

A NEW BUILDING

practically designed after consultation with LEADING COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS has

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CASKETS & COFFINS

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Metallic and Patent Coffins,

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Badges for Pall Bearers, Clergymen and Physicians, Furnished.

Burial Robes also Supplied.

☞ Prompt attention to all Orders day or night.

Notice of Sale.

To William Hamill, of the City of Boston, Mass., Clerk and all whom it may concern.

Take notice that there will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Engine House, in Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, on Monday, the seventeenth day of September next, at 12 o'clock, noon:—

All that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Newcastle aforesaid, and described and bounded as follows:—Commencing at the North-East corner of the piece of land dee ed to Mary McCullum by Henry McCullum, which is fifty-two chains back from William Mason's dwelling House on the West line of the Court House lot fifty-two rods to a stake, thence running at right angles with the West line of the Court House lot fifty-two rods, thence on a line parallel with the West line of the Court House lot fifty-two rods to the North-West corner of the lot deeded to Mary McCullum, thence at right angles along the North line of Mary McCullum's lot thirty-two rods to the place of beginning and containing ten acres more or less.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the 23rd day of October, A. D., 1877 and made between the said William Hamill of the one part and Alexander Ferguson late of Derby of the other part and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the County of Northumberland, in Volume fifty-eight, page 321-322 default having been made in the payment of the moneys secured by said Indenture of Mortgage.

Dated this 2nd day of June, A. D., 1883.

JAMES ROBINSON,

Executor of last Will and Testament of Alex Ferguson, Deceased.

E. P. WILLISTON,

Solicitor to Executor.

BEFORE USING. AFTER USING.

"Boo, Boo, I's dot Worms. Oh! my, I's so Sick."

I had 'em too, but they all don away now.

PLEASANT WORM SYRUP.

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

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

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

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE AT THE MEDICAL HALL.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

E. H. THOMPSON'S

ART GALLERY,

(Opposite Canada House, Chatham.)

Old Pictures Enlarged

—AND—

Finished in Oil, Water Colors or India Ink.

PHOTOGRAPHS

—AND—

FEROTYPES

taken and satisfaction guaranteed.

Picture Framing and Mounting at short notice.

NATIONAL PILLS

SUGAR COATED. PURELY VEGETABLE

Highly recommended for **Biliousness, Head-Ache, 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 1 to 3 pills is a dose.

PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

Pork and Beans.

200 SACKS WHITE BEANS

—FOR SALE BY—

C. M. BOSTWICK & CO.,

ST. JOHN.

P. S.—Raisins! Raisins!

LARD! LARD!

LANDING:

200 TUBS LARD,

PRICE LOW.

CHEESE! CHEESE!

C. M. BOSTWICK & CO.,

ST. JOHN

Tonsorial Artist,

PHYSIOGNOMICAL HAIR DRESSER,

Facial Operator, Cranium Manipulator & Capilliary Abridger.

Shaves and Hair Cuts

WITH AMBIDEXTROUS FACILITY

GEORGE STAPLES.

NEAR COMMERCIAL HOUSE.

Chatham, September 8th., 1886.

General Business.

The "Imperial Wringer."

AND

Wash-tub Stand.

Clothes Forks, etc.

New devices for convenience on Wash day—ave labor and lighten the work left to be done.

H. P. MARQUIS,

Cunard Street.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

THE Subscriber has associated with him CHARLES A. PATTERSON to carry on a general Dry Goods business in the Store lately occupied by D. M. Loggie & Co., Chatham.

W. S. LOGGIE.

21st March, 1883.

LONDON HOUSE

CHATHAM, N. B.

THE SUBSCRIBER will sell off the balance of his Stock of FANCY GOODS at greatly reduced prices during

ALSO ON HAND

GROCERIES, PICKLES, SAUCES CANNED GOODS, SPICES, CITRON and LEMON PEEL, EXTRACTS, etc. etc.

IN STORE:

FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, TEA, SUGAR, LARD, SOAP, ONIONS, TOBACCO, Lowest WHOLESALE and RETAIL Prices; also

20 TUBS GOOD BUTTER.

R. HOCKEN

R. FLANAGAN,

ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Ready-Made Clothing.

Customers will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles, it is impossible here to enumerate and all sold at moderate prices.

Notice to Mill Owners

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish his PATENT LOG CARRIAGE SHIPPING MACHINE, to any parties requiring the same, or supply drawings, etc., to enable parties to manufacture it for themselves.

The above is in use in several Mills on this River, and perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

Full information given by application to the Subscriber.

ROBERT McGUIRE.

BEST

REFINED IRON.

Lowmoor, Swede, Londonderry and English

common BOLT IRON and PIG IRON.

CAST STEEL.

Thos. Firth and Son's Extra Axe, Tool and Drill Steel

Spring, Sleigh Shoe & Tire Steel.

—ALSO:—

ROUND MACHINE STEEL

Manufacture of SPEAR & JACKSON.

Tinplates, CHARCOAL and COKE.

Sheet Iron,

Black and Galvanized.

☞ A special lot of Galvanized Sheet Iron —
6 ft x 39 in. x 20 gauge.
7 " x " x " "
8 " x " x " "

First class make (Davies') and well adapted for LOBSTER BOILERS, &c. Besides a heavy stock in store, we expect early in March, per good Ship 'Alfarin:'

11,224 Bars } Refined Iron.
2,586 Bdls. }
265 " Hoop Iron

I. & F. BURPEE & CO.

St. John, N.B.

Dry Goods, Cheap.

THE Subscribers are now offering the Stock of D. M. Loggie & Co., in the Store lately occupied by them, at very low prices to clear, in anticipation of the early arrival of

SPRING GOODS.

On some lines to clear, large reductions will be made.

It will be to the advantage of intending purchasers to examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

By strict attention to business and a well assorted Stock at reasonable prices they hope to merit a share of public patronage.

PATTERSON, LOGGIE & CO.

In the Store lately occupied by D. M. Loggie & Co. Opposite Golden Ball.

Law.

Johnson & Murray

BARRISTERS-AT-LAW,

Notaries' Public, Insurance Agents,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

A. H. JOHNSON. ROBT. MURRAY.

D. G. MACLAUCHLAN,

Barrister-at-Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

BATHURST, N. B.

DesBrisay & DesBrisay,

BARRISTERS,

Attorneys Notaries, Conveyancers, &c.

OFFICES:

St. Patrick Street, - - - Bathurst, N. B.

THEOPHILUS DESBRISAY, Q. C.

T. SWAYNE DESBRISAY

E. P. Williston,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,

OFFICE—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store; Entrance Side Door.

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

R. B. ADAMS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Office up stairs, Noonan's Building,

Water Street, Chatham.

WM. A. PARK,

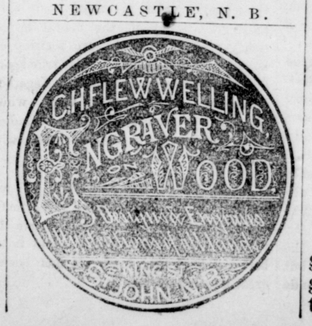
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq

CASTLE STREET,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.



GENERAL BUSINESS.

NEW GOODS!

—AT—

J. B. SNOWBALL'S.

Just received per late Steamers from the Manufacturers.

New Ulster Cloths

For Gents Ladies and Children:

Boys' Woollen Knickerbocker Hose.

Very Heavy.

A very large stock of

German and Canadian Clouds and promenade Scarfs.

Ladies' Berlin Wool Shawls,
Ladies Berlin Wool Jackets,
Ladies' and Children's Wool Scarfs.

Irish Frieze,

For Heavy Overcoats.

Irish and Scotch Tweeds,

Newest Styles.

Moscow Homespun, Costume Cloths,
Wool Serges, French Cashmeres, French Merinoes,
Black Scicillians, Black Grecian Cords,
Colored Cloth Debeges,

100 pairs Best White

ENGLISH BLANKETS,

50 pairs Best Twilled

Canadian White Blankets

A few pairs of Super Extra BATH BLANKETS, at reduced price

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!

Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

G. A. BLAIR,

has on hand, a superior assortment

READY - MADE CLOTHING,

—COMPRISING—

Men's, Youths' & Children's Suits,

IN CLOTH, TWEED & VELVET.

Which he is offering at prices suitable to the times.

FOR SALE.

50,000 BRICKS.

50,000 Face and Common Bricks.

AT THE

MIRAMICHI BRICK YARD.

HARVEY FLETT,

NELSON, N. B.

Nelson, Sept. 13, 1882.

CHAMPAGNE.

Just arrived per steamer "Hibernian" via Halifax.

20 baskets Finest Champagne,

Pints and Quarts;

10 Cases Sparkling Burgundy & Hock.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON.

Victoria Wharf, Smyth Street

SAD IRONS.

MRS. POTTS' SAD IRONS.

Plain,

Polished and

Nickle-plated

FO