YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

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

CHAPTER LI.

CONCLUSION.

Now, it is not possible to wind up this history in the approved fashion, because the events chronicled in it are of somewhat recent occurrence—indeed, at the present writing the Winterbournes and John Shortlands are still looking forward to their flight to Alltnam-ba, when Parliament has ceased talking for the year. But at least the story may be brought as far as possible "up to date." And first, as regards the Master of Lynn. When, on that evening in Venice, Yolande had imagined that he was in Naples, and John Shortlands had affirmed that he was in Inverness, he was neither in one nor the other. He was in a hotel in Princes Street, Edinburgh, in a sitting-room on the first floor, lying extended on a sofa, and smoking a big cigar, while a cup of coffee that had been brought him by affectionate hands stood on a small table just beside him. And Shena Van, having in vain cudgelled her brains for fitting terms of explanation and apology, which she wished to send to her brother, the Professor, had risen from the writing-desk and gone to the window; and was now standing there contemplating the wonderful panorama without—the Scott monument, touched with the moonlight, the deep shadows in the valley, the ranges of red windows in the tall houses beyond, and the giant bulk of the Castle Hill reaching away up into the clear skies.

"Shena," says he, "what o'clock is it?"

"A quarter past nine," she answers, dutifully, with a glance at the clock on the chimney-piece.

"Capital!" he says, with a kind of sardonic laugh. "Excellent! A quarter past nine. Don't you feel a slight vibration, Shena, as if the earth were going to blow up? I wonder you don't tremble to think of the explosion!"

"Oh yes, there will be plenty of noise," says Shena Van, contentedly.

"And what a stroke of luck to have the Grahams at Lynn! Bagging the whole covey with one cartridge! It will soon be twenty past. I can see the whole thing. They haven't left the dining-room yet; his lordship must always open the newspapers himself; and the women-folk keep on, to hear whether Queen Anne has come alive or not. Twenty past, isn't it? 'Hang that fellow, Lammer!' his lordship growls. 'He's always late. Drinking whiskey at Whitebridge, I suppose. I'll send him about his business—that's what it'll come to.' Then his lordship has another half-glass of port-wine; and Polly thinks she'll run up-stairs for a minute to see that the blessed baby is all right; and we'll say she's at the door when they hear wheels outside, and so she stands and waits for the letters and papers. All right; don't be in a hurry, Polly; you'll get something to talk about presently."

He raised himself and sat up on the sofa, so as to get a glimpse of the clock opposite; and Shena Van—whose proper title by this time was Janet Leslie—came and stood by him, and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Will they be very angry, Archie?" she says.

He had his eye fixed on the clock.

"By Jove," he says, "I wish I was one of those fellows who write for the stage. I would tell you what's happening at this very minute, Shena! I can see the whole thing—Polly gets the letters and papers, and goes back—'Papa, here is a letter from Archie—from Edinburgh—what is he doing in Edinburgh? And then his papaship opens the letter—'My dear father,—I have the honor to inform you—' 'What!' he roars, like a stag lost in the mist. Why, don't you hear them, Shena?—they're all at it now—their tongues going like wild-fire—Aunty Tab swearing she knew it would come to this—I was never under proper government and all the rest—Polly rather inclined to say it serves them right, but rather afraid—Graham suggesting that they'd better make the best of it, now it couldn't be helped—"

"Oh, do you think he'll say that, Archie?" said she, anxiously. "Do you think he'll be on our side?"

"My dear girl," said he, "I don't care the fifteenth part of a brass farthing which of them, or whether any one of them, is on our side. Not a bit. It's done. Indeed, I hope they'll howl and squawk to their hearts' content. I should be sorry if they didn't."

"But you know, Archie," said Shena Van—who had her own little share of worldly wisdom—"If you don't get reconciled to your friends, people will say that you only got married out of spite"

"Well, let them," said he, cheerfully. "You and I know better, Shena—what matters it what they say? I know what Jack Melville will say. They won't get much comfort out of *him*. 'No one has got two lives; why shouldn't he make the most of the one he's got; why shouldn't he marry the girl he's fond of?'—that's about all they'll get out of him. Polly needn't try to throw the Corrievreak fly over him. Well, now, Shena, when one thinks of it, what strange creatures people are! There's Corrievreak; it's a substantial thing; it's worth a heap of solid money; and it might be made worth more; and there it was, offered to our family, you may say, to keep in our possession perhaps for centuries. And what interfered? Why, an impalpable thing like politics! Opinions—things you couldn't touch with your ten fingers if you tried a month—a mere prejudice on the part of my father—and these solid advantages are thrust away. Isn't it odd?"

The abstract question had no interest for Shena Van.

"I hope you do not regret it," she said, rather proudly.

"Do I speak as if I regretted it? No; not much! It was that trip to Carlisle that did it, Shena—that showed me what was the right thing to do. And after you left wasn't I wild that I had not had more courage! And then Owley became more and more intolerable—but I dare say you were the cause of it, you know, in part—and then I said to myself, 'Well, I'm off to Aberdeen; and if Shena has any kind of recollection of the old days in her heart, why, I'll ask her to settle the thing at once.'"

"Yes, but why wouldn't you let me tell my brother?" Shena Van pleaded.

"Telling one would have been telling everybody," said he, promptly, "and they would have been at their old games. Now, you see, it isn't of the least consequence what they do or say—if they tear their hair out it'll only hurt their own heads. And I don't see why you should worry about that letter. Why should you make apologies? Why should you pretend to be sorry—when you're not? If it bothers you to write the letter, send a copy of this morning's *Scotsman*; that's quite enough. Send them all this morning's *Scotsman*; and you needn't mark it; it will be all the pleasanter surprise for them. When they've finished with the leading articles, and the news, and the criticisms of the picture exhibitions, and when they've looked to see how many more ministers of the Gospel have been writing letters and quarrelling like Kilkenny cats, then they'll stray on to a nice little paragraph—'What!—*St. Giles's Church—Archibald Leslie to Janet Stewart!*—oh, snakes!"

"But you wrote to your people, Archie," Shena Van said, looking wistfully at the sheet of paper that she had in vain endeavored to fill with apologies and appeals for pardon.

"Yes, I did," the Master of Lynn admitted, with a peculiar smile. "I could not resist the temptation. But you mistake altogether, Shena, if you imagine that it was to make apology that I wrote. Oh no; it was not that; it was only to convey information. It was my filial duty that prompted me to write. Besides, I wished the joyful tidings to reach Aunty Tabby as soon as possible—oh, don't you make any mistake, Shena—she's worth a little consideration—she has a little money of her own—oh yes, she may do something for us yet!"

"I don't like to hear you talk of your relations in that way, Archie, said Shena Van, rather sadly, "for if you think of them like that, how are you ever to be reconciled to them? And you told me it would be all right."

"And so it will, my dear girl," said he, good-naturedly. "And this is the only way to pay it all right. When they see that the thing is done, then they'll come to their senses. Polly will be the first. She always makes the best of matters—she's a good little soul. And his lordship won't do anything desperate; he won't be such a fool as to drive me to raise money on my expectations; and he'll soon be glad enough to have me back at Lynn—the people there want some looking after, as he knows. Besides, he ought to be in a good humor just now—both the forest and Alltnamba let already, and Aberdeen as good as taken."

"But I must write—I must write," said Shena, regarding the paper again.

"Well, it's quite simple," said he. "Tell your brother that, when you left Aberdeen, instead of going either to Inverness or to Strathaylort, you came here to Edinburgh, and were married, as per enclosed cutting from the *Scotsman*. The cause?—urgent family reasons, which will be explained. Then you ask him to be good enough to communicate this news to your sister, and also to send a message to the Manse; but as for apologizing, or anything of that kind, I'd see them hanged first. Besides, it isn't good policy. It isn't wise to treat your relatives like that, and lead them to think they have a right to remonstrate with you. It's your business; not theirs. You have quite arrived at years of discretion, my darling Shena; and if you don't want people to be forever jumping on you—that is, metaphorically, I mean—stop it at the beginning, and with decision. Here," said he, suddenly getting up and going over to the writing-table, "I'll write the letter for you!"

"Oh no, Archie!" she cried, interposing. "You will only make them angry."

"My dear child," said he, pushing her away, "honey and molasses are a fool to what I can write when I want to be civil; and at the present moment I should like to shake hands with the whole human race."

So he wrote the letter, and wrote it very civilly, too, and to Shena's complete satisfaction; and then he said, as he finished his coffee,

"I don't think we shall stay long in Paris, Shena. I don't like Paris. You won't find it half as fine a town to look at as this is now. And if you go to the theatre, it's all *spectacle* and ballet; or else it's the story of a married woman running away with a lover; and that isn't the kind of thing you ought to see on your wedding-trip, is it? There's no saying how far the force of example might go; and you see you began your wedded life by running away."

"It was none of my doing, Archie," said Shena Van, quickly.

"No," said he, "I think we'll come back to London soon; for everybody will be there at the opening of the session, and I want to introduce you to some friends of mine. Jack Melville says he is going up, and he pretends it's about his electric lighting performance; but I suspect it's more to meet the Winterbournes, when they come back from abroad, than to see the directors of the company. If they do adopt his system, I hope he'll make them fork out, for he is not over-burdened with the gear of this wicked world any more than myself. Faith, I wish my Right Honorable papa would hand along the cost of that special license, for it was all his doing. But never mind, Shena; we'll tide along somehow; and when we come back from our trip, if they are still showing their teeth, like a badger in a hole, I know what I'll do—we'll go over to the West of Ireland for the salmon-fishing, and we can live cheaply enough in one of the hotels there, either on the Shannon or out in Connemara. How would you like that?"

"Oh, I should be delighted!" said Shena Van, with the dark, wonderful blue eyes filled with pleasure. "For I'm afraid to go back to Inverness, and that's the truth, Archie."

"Oh, but we shall have to go back to Inverness, all in good time," said he, "and it won't do to be afraid of anything. And I think you'll hold your own, Shena," he added, approvingly. "I think you'll hold your own."

And so at this point we may bid good-bye to these adventurers (who seemed pleased enough with such fortune as had befallen them), and come along to another couple who, a few weeks later, were walking one evening on the terrace of the House of Commons. It was a dusky and misty night, though it was mild for that time of the year; the heavens were overclouded; the lights on Westminster Bridge and on the Embankment did little to dispel the pervading gloom, though the quivering golden reflections on the black river looked picturesque enough; and in this dense obscurity such Members and their friends as had come out from the heated atmosphere of the House to have a chat or a cigar on the terrace were only indistinguishable figures who could not easily be recognized. They, for the most part, were seated on one or other of the benches standing about, or idly leaning against the parapet; but these two kept walking up and down in front of the vast and shadowy building and the gloomy windows, and they were arm-in-arm.

"A generation hence," said one of them, looking at the murky scene all around them. "Londoners wont believe that their city could ever have been as black a pit as this is."

"But this generation will see the change, will it not?" said his companion, whose voice had just a trace of a foreign accent in it. "You are going to make the transformation, are you not?"

"I?" said he, langhing. "I don't know how many are all trying at it; and whoever succeeds in getting what is really wanted will be a wonder-worker, I can tell you. Whats more he will be a very rich man. You don't seem to think about that, Yolande."

"About what, then?"

"Why, that you are going to marry a very poor man."

"No, I do not care at all," she said, or rather what she did say was, "I do care aytall"—despite the tuition of her father.

"That is because you don't understand what it means," said he in a kindly way. "You have had no possibility of knowing. You can't have any knowledge of what it is to have a limited income—to have to watch small economies, and the like."

"Ah, indeed, then!" said she. "And my papa always angry with me for my economies, and the care and the thrift that the ladies at the Chateau exercised always! 'Miser,' he says to me—'miser that you are!' Oh, I am not afraid of being poor—not aytall!"

"I have a chance," he said, absently. "So far, indeed, I have been lucky. And the public are hanging back just now; they have seen so many bad experiments that they wont rush at any one system without examining the others; it's the best one that will win in the end. But it's only a chance, after all. Yolande," said he, "I wonder if I was born to be your evil genius? It was I who sent you away from your own home—where you were happy enough; and you must have suffered a terrible anxiety all that time—I can see the change in you.'

"Oh, but I will not have you speak like that," said she, putting her other hand on his arm. "How can you speak like that to me when it is night and day that I can not tell you how grateful I am to you? Yes; it was you who sent me; if I had not loved you before, I should love you for that now—with my whole heart. If you had known—if you had seen—what joy it was to my poor mother that I was with her for that time—that we were together—and she happy and cheerful for the first time for many, many sad years—if you had seen the gladness in her face every morning when she saw me—then perhaps you would have understood. And if I had not gone to her—if I had never known her—if she had never had that little happiness—would that not have been a sad thing? That she might have died among strangers—and I, her own daughter, amusing myself with friends and idleness and pleasure somewhere—it is too terrible to think of! And who prevented that? It is not my gratitude only, it is hers also that I give you, that I offer you. You made her happy for a time, when she had need of some kindness; and you can not expect that I shall forget it."

"You are too generous," he said. "It is a small matter to offer advice. I sacrified nothing; the burden of it fell on you. But I will be honest with you. I guessed that you would have anxiety and trouble; but I knew you would be brave enough to face it; and I knew, too, that you would not afterward regret whatever you might have come through, and I know that you don't regret it now. I know you well enough for that."

"And some day," she said, "or perhaps through many and many years, I will try to show you what value I put on your opinion of me; and if I do not always deserve that you think well of me, at least I shall try to deserve it—can I promise more?"

At this moment John Shortlands made his appearance; he had come out from the smoking-room, with a cigar in his mouth.

"Look here, Yolande," he said. "I suppose you don't want to hear any more of the debate?"

"No, no," she said, quickly. "It is stupid—stupid. Why do they not say what they mean at once—not stumbling here, stumbling there, and all the others talking among themselves, and as if everybody were going asleep?"

"It's lively enough sometimes, I can assure you," he said. "However, your father thinks it's no use your waiting any longer. He's determined to wait until the division is taken; and no one khows now when it will be. He says you'd better go back to your hotel—I suppose Mr. Melville will see you so far. Well," said he, addressing Jack Melville, "what do you think of the dinner Winterbourne got for you?"

"I wasn't thinking of it much," Jack Melville said. "I was more interested in the Members. I haven't been near the House of Commons since I used to come up from Oxford for the boat-race."

"How's the company going?"

"Pretty well, I think; but of course I've nothing to do with that. I have no capital to invest."

"Except brains; and sometimes that's as good as bank-notes. Well," said Shortlands, probably remembering an adage about the proper number for company, "I'll bid ye good-night—for I'm going back to the mangle—I may take a turn at it myself."

So Jack Melville and Yolande together set out to find their way through the corridors of the House out into the night-world of London; and when they were in Palace-yard Yolande said she would just as soon walk up to the hotel where her father and herself were staying, for it was no farther away than Albemarle Street.

"Did you hear what Mr. Shortlands said?" she asked, brightly. "Perhaps, after all, then, there is to be no romance? I am not to be like the heroine of a book, who is approved because she marries a poor man? I am not to make any such noble sacrifice?"

"Don't be too sure, Yolande," said he, good-naturedly. "Companies are kittle cattle to deal with; and an inventor's business is still more uncertain. There is a chance, as I say; but it is only a chance. However, if that fails, there will be something else. I am not afraid."

"And I—am I afraid?" she said, lightly. "No! Because I know more than you—oh, yes, a great deal more than you. And perhaps I should not speak; for it is a secret—no, no, it is not a secret, for you have guessed it—do you not know that you have Monaglen?"

He glanced at her to see whether she was merely making fun; but he saw in her eyes that she was making an actual—if amused—inquiry.

"Well, Yolande," said he, "of course I know of Mrs. Bell's fantasy; but I don't choose to build my calculations for the future on a fantasy."

"But," said Yolande, rather shyly, "if you were told it was done? If Monaglen were already yours? If the lawyers had done—oh, everything—all settled—what then?"

"'What then?' I would refuse to take it. But it is absurd. Mrs. Bell can not be such a madwoman. I know she is a very kind woman; and there is in her nature a sort of romantic attachment to my father's family—which I rather imagine she has cultivated by the reading of those old songs. Still, she can not have done anything so wild as that."

"She has bought Monaglen," Yolande said, without looking up.

"Very well. I thought she would do *that*—if she heard it was in the market. Very well. Why shouldn't she go there—and send for her relatives, if she has any—and be a grand lady there? I have met more than one grand lady who hadn't half her natural grace of manner, nor half her kindliness of heart."

"It is very sad, then," said Yolande (who was afraid to drive him into a more decided and definite opposition). "Here is a poor woman who has the one noble ideal—the dream of her life—it has been her hope and her pleasure for many and many a year; and when it comes near to completion—no—there is an obstacle—and the last obstacle that one could have imagined! Ah, the ingratitude of it! It has been her romance; it has been the charm of her life. She has no husband, no children. She has, I think, not any relation left. And because you are proud, you do not care that you disappoint her of the one hope of her life—that you break her heart?"

"Ah, Yolande," said he, with a smile, "Mrs. Bell has got hold of you with her old Scotch songs—she has been walking you through fairyland, and your reason has got perverted. What do think people would say if I were to take away this poor woman's money from her relatives—or from her friends and acquaintances, if she has no relatives? It is too absurd. If I were the promoter of a swindling company, now, I could sharp it out of her that way; that would be all right, and I should remain an honored member of society; but this won't do—this won't do at all. You may be as dishonest as you like, and so long as you don't give the law a grip on you, and so long as you keep rich enough, you can have plenty of public respect; but you can't afford to become ridiculous. No, no, Yolande; if Mrs. Bell has bought Monaglen, let her keep it. I hope she will install herself there, and play Lady Bountiful—she can do that naturally enough; and when she has had her will of it, then, if she likes to leave it to me at her death, I shall be her obliged and humble servant. But in the mean time, my dearest Yolande, as you and I have got to face the world together, I think we'd better have as little fantasy around us as possible—except the fantasy of affection, and the more of that we have the better."

When they got to the hotel they paused outside the glass door to say good-by.

"Good-night, dearest Yolande."

"Good-night, dear Jack."

And then she looked up at this broad-shouldered, pale, dark man, and there was a curious smile in her beautiful sweet, and serious face.

"Is it true," she asked, "that a woman always has her own way?"

"They say so, at all events," was the answer.

"And if two women have the same wish and the same hope and only one man to say no, then it is still more likely he will be defeated?"

"I shouldn't say he had much chance myself," Jack Melville said. "But what's your conundrum, now, sweetheart?"

"Then I foresee something," she said. "Yes, I see that we shall have to ask Mr. Leslie to be very kind, and to lend us Duncan Macdonald for an evening. Oh, not so very far away—not so far away as you imagine; because, you know, when we have all gone up to Monaglen House, and we are all inside, going over the rooms—and looking here and there with a great curiosity and interest—or perhaps we are all seated in the dining-room, having a little chat together—then what will you say if all at once you heard the pipes outside, and what do you think Duncan will play, on such an evening as that, if not *Melville's Welcome Home?*"

THE END.

[Zion's Herald, Boston, January 9th 1884.]

A Touching Case.

THE LIFE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SAVED.

A young and beautiful married lady residing in this city was lying at the point of death, with diphtheria, and was not expected to live but a few moments; the husband, father and mother of the suffering lady, were by the bedside, as was also the attending physician; so certain were they of the near approach of death, that certain arrangements had already been made to meet the sad event.

The father and mother were State of Maine people, and had known from childhood of the wonderful curative power of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. At the suggestion of the grief stricken mother, the father had gone to the nearest drug store before daylight, and obtained a bottle, and when the physician arrived and stated that the loved one could not possibly live but a few moments, the mother *timidly* told the doctor that she had great faith in Johnson's Anodyne Liminent, and asked if she might give her daughter some. The Doctor replied, "Certainly, if you wish; it can do no harm."

While this conversation was taking place the young wife was gasping for breath, and it was evident that she could live but a few moments longer. But the mother quickly uncorked the bottle and gave a teaspoonful clear to her child. The effect was like magic; in an inatant the passage to the lungs was enlarged, she could breathe a little easier; the mother quickly began to bathe the throat externally, and in a short time all present saw that the crisis had passed. In a few hours the patient was considered out of danger, and in a few days was well. The husband of this lady related these facts with tearful eyes, to Mr. Jennings, of the firm of I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street. He said there could be no question whatever but this Liniment had saved his wife's life. All persons who will send their address to I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., may receive free, by mail, information of great value in respect to diphtheria, and all other throat and lung troubles.

General Business.

IN STORE

AND

FOR SALE LOW!

15 Tons Bar Iron;
2 " Sled Shoe Steel;
1 " Chain 3-16 to ½ inch;
60 Kegs Horse Shoes;
30 Boxes Horse Nails;
1 Ton Dry Sheathing Paper;
1 " Tarred do;
10 Boxes Axes.

G. STOTHART.

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Dicks' Blood Purifier,
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WARRANTED FRESH AND PURE,
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SKREI COD LIVER OIL.
OUR EXTRACTS OF
Lemon, Vanilla, & Peppemint
are the Best in the market, their increasing sale being the best proof of their superiority:—at
THE MEDICAL HALL,
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Chatham, N. B., Dec. 12, '83

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

Saved Him 1,800 Dollars!

ADAMS, N. Y., Jan. 30. 1882.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents: Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had as speedy a colt as was ever raised in Jefferson County. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs all to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thorough-pin, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it took the bunch entirely of, and he sold afterwards for $1800 (dollars.) I have used it for bone spavins and wind galls, and it has always cured completely and left the leg smooth.

It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Witherington & Kneeland's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

From the Akron Commercial, Ohio, of Nov. 25th, 1882.

Readers of the *Commercial* can not well forge that a large space has for years been taken up by Kendall's advertisements—especially of a certain Spavin Cure. We have had dealings with Dr. Kendall for many years, and we know of some large business houses in cities near by who have also dealt with him for many years, and the truth is fully and faithfully proven, not only that he is a good honest man, and that his celebrated Spavin Cure is not only all that it is recommended to be, but that the English Language is not capable of recommending it too highly.

Kendall's Spavin Cure will cure spavins. There are hundreds of cases in which that has been proven to cur certain knowledge, but, after all, if any person confines the usefulness of this celebrated medicine to curing spavins alone, they make a big mistake. It is the best medicine known as an outward application for rheumatism in the human family. It is good for pains and aches, swellings, lameness, and is just as safely applied to men, women and children as it is to horses. We know that there are other good liniments, but we do believe this spavin cure to be far better than any ever invented.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Hutchinson's Ranch, 12 miles north of Denver, Col. Mar. 5th, 1883.

DR. B. J. KENDALL, & Co., Gents:—For the past three years I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure. In every case of spavin, of which I have treated five, it has killed them all, and entirely removed three. In case of splint I find it has no equal, one case I had was of three years standing and the Spavin Cure removed it entirely. I had a cow get spavined and it entirely cured her. One year ago a two hundred pound block of ice fell out of a wagon striking my foot on instep and toes, it would be impossible to mash a foot worse without breaking any bones. I was taken home and carried into the house. I do not think amputation of the leg would cause any more pain. I sent for Kendall's Spavin Cure, it was all I used, and in six days I could walk around. About three weeks ago my team ran away and threw me out of the wagon, the hind wheel struck my knee. After applying several highly recommended liniments without obtaining any relief, I went for Kendall's Spavin Cure. My leg was drawn up and my knee swollen badly. In three days I was able to walk to the barn. I could go into details more fully and make this a very long letter, but will not weary you.

I am very respectfully yours,
OSCAR F. HUTCHINSON.
P. O. Lock Box, 2362, Denver City, Col.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Feb. 9th, 1883.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I feel it a duty to others suffering with the piles and falling of the rectum to write you. I have had the piles and prolapsus of the rectum for five years, for the past three years I have suffered the most agonizing pain. Tried everything without relief, but after ten days use of Kendall's Spavin Cure I have not seen nor heard of the piles since. One who has not suffered as I have cannot comprehend the great joy that I feel at being cured of a disease almost worse than death. I had a valuable young horse that had a large bunch gather on his breast bone. I tried all kinds of liniments and had it cut open without any benefit. Saw your advertisement and bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and ordered my teamster to use as directed. In less than one week the lump had disappeared.—Thinking that a liniment that would do what Kendall's Spavin Cure has done for my horse might benefit more. I tried it as a last resort.

With gratitude and best wishes for your success,
I am faithfully yours,
J. H. GLENN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
ON HUMAN FLESH

Vevay, Ind., Aug. 12th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.,—Gents: Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with imprint, printed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals, but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers in our county, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he had expected. Cured the sprain in very short order.

Yours respectfully, C. O. THIBAND.

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

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink,)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION.
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no Other.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkeness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

MIRAMICHI STONE WORKS
NORTHESK, MIRAMICHI.
New Brunswick.
Joseph Goodfellow, - - - Proprietor.

GRINDSTONES, Spindle Stones and Building Stone supplied in any quantity desired at short notice.

The Grindstones from the above works were awarded one of the two Medals for that class of Manufactures at the CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

$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.

SAD IRONS.
MRS. POTTS' SAD IRONS.
Plain,
Polished and
Nickle-plated.
FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES BY
H. P. MARQUIS,
Cunard St. Chatham

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 2 pills is a dose. PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

General Business.

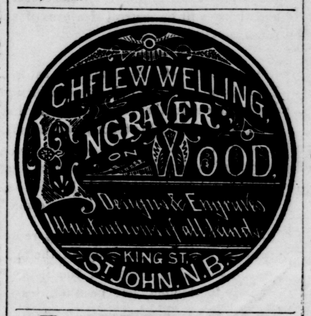
The "Imperial Wringer."
AND
Wash-tub Stand.
Clothes Forks, etc.

New devices for convenience on Wash day—save labor and lighten the work left to be done.
H. P. MARQUIS,
Cunard Street.

Boiler for Sale.

1 UPRIGHT Flue Steam Boiler 5½ feet high, 3 feet diameter, with a Cast Metal Stand and Ash Pit. This boiler is in good condition, has Safety Valve, Gauge Cock and Water Gauge Glass and will be sold cheap.
1y17 J. B. SNOWBALL.
18th December, 1883.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Portland, Maine.



E. KIDERLEN'S
Genuine
HOLLAND GIN.

THE excellence of character and exceptional purity of this GIN has been recognized at the recent INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM, where

E. Kiderlen was awarded the only Gold Medal offered to Distillers of Gin.

This recognition of the superior quality of Kiderlen's Gin is particularly weighty, sweeping and satisfactory in face of the fact that at the Amsterdam Exhibition all the leading Gin houses were in competition.

☞ Orders solicited from the Trade.

T. WILLIAM BELL & Co.,
331 Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.
DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
CHATHAM, - - - - - N. B.

Silks, Velvets,
Hosiery, Gloves,
Laces, Ribbons,
Flowers, Feathers,
Trimmings, Buttons,
Embroidery,
Straw and Felt Hats and Caps,
Clothing and Gents' Furnishings,
Parasols, Sunshades, Umbriellas, Carpets, Trunks, Room Paperings, Fancy Wools and Working Canvas, Small Wares and Nick-Nacks.
Agency for Butterick Patterns.
CALL AND ASK FOR
ANYTHING in ABOVE LINES
AND BE SURE OF GETTING IT.
W. B. HOWARD.

JOHN McDONALD,
UNDERTAKER.
CASKETS & COFFINS
of all kinds and prices kept in Stock.
Metallic and Patent Coffins,
furnished when required.
Badges for Pall Bearers, Clergymen and Physicians, Furnished.
Burial Robes also Supplied.
☞ Prompt attention to all Orders day or night.

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BARRISTERS-AT-LAW,
Notaries' Public, Insurance Agents,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
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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.

E. A. STRANG

Offers for sale to Consumers and the Trade
CHOICE BRANDS OF
FLOUR AND MEAL,
LABRADOR & SHORE HERRINGS,
BEEF AND PORK,
LARGE TABLE CODFISH
MERCHANTABLE DO.
SUGAR AND MOLASSES.
We are also constantly receiving supplies of POULTRY, GAME, Etc., and keep on hand a full line of
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
☞ WHOLESALE AND RETAIL ☜
E. A. STRANG, - - Cunnard Street, Chatham.

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.

South West Boom Co.

NOTICE is hereby given that the South West Boom Company have deposited the plans of their booms on the South West Branch of the Miramichi River, and a description of the site thereof with the Minister of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa for approval, as required by law.

Dated 7th December, 1883

W. A. PARK, Secretary. ALEX. MORRISON, President.

NOTICE.

J. T. Dow who has been representing himself as Traveller for us, has noconnection with us, and we will not be responsible for any bills contracted by him.

PROVINCIAL OIL CO.
1y24 St. John, N. B.

Estate Notice.

All persons having claims against the Heirs of the Loban Estate and all persons having claims against the estate of the late William Loban are requested to fyle the same with the subscriber forthwith, he having received powers of Attorney from the Heirs and the Executors of Wm. Loban.

L. J. TWEEDIE.
Chatham, Nov .21st. 1886

IRON, OAKUM,
BOILER PLATES.
SLED SHOE STEEL,
Sheet Zinc,
Sheet Iron.

RECEIVED THIS MONTH,—EX. BARQUE "PARAMATTA," and S.S. "HIBERNIAN" and "CASPIAN,"—17,762 Bars Refined and Spike IRON, 580 Bundles Plating and Hoops, various sizes and guages; 210 Bundles Navy and Hand-Picked Oakum; 310 Bundles Nos. 20, 22, 23, 24, and 26. 310 Sheets, Nos. 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18, SHEET IRON; 3 Cases GALVANIZED SHEET IRON.

230 BOILER PLATES, Best B. B., B. B. B., and Lowmoor;
Boiler Tubes and Rivets;
471 Bdls. Sled Shoe Steel;
47 Bdls. Toe Calk Steel;
37 Bdls. and 15 Bars Round Machine Steel—5-16 to 3-in.

To Arrive, per "Phœnix," from Antwerp:
15 Casks SHEET ZINC Nos. 6 to 10.

I. & F. Burpee & Co.
St. John.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you *free*, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for