

THE SHY PROFESSOR.

By SHIRLEY FAIRFAX.

If Beatrix had not been introduced to me as my cousin (a very distant one at that), I don't think that I should under any circumstances have grown intimate. I was past girlhood, fond of quiet, and books, and patchwork, while she was the type of a bright and spirited American girl—too refined to be assertive, yet with plenty of confidence and self-possession. She had been indulged at home, a favorite in society, and accustomed everywhere to having her own way without appearing to demand it. She was a lively, pleasant, and entertaining companion, whom I liked and admired, though conscious that there was little congeniality between us.

It was at the Beaufort Springs that I first met her. She was with her grandmother, a fine, dignified old lady, who was first cousin to my own mother. Though living in different States they had not met in many years. The old lady was, like myself, an invalid, and when the legitimate season was past, we both lingered, having faith in the doctor's assurance that the quiet and the pleasant September weather would benefit us more than the heated and crowded season through which we had just passed.

I don't think that Beatrix was particularly pleased with this arrangement, though she never said so. She would sometimes yawn, and remark how dull it was now that the gay people had left, and only invalids remained. She often came to my room, and would sit and chat familiarly, amusing me with descriptions of and anecdotes concerning the guests, whom I rarely saw, being generally confined to my room.

"There is only one man worth looking at," she said, one afternoon; "a recent arrival. He has a splendid face—classical and intellectual, and is a professor, although he can't be thirty. He sits at the table opposite ours, across the saloon, and drinks coffee without cream or sugar. Now, I have observed that when people are partial to such a beverage they are sure to be original and interesting."

Next day she again mentioned him. "He seems very shy. There's but one person that I've seen him conversing with—old Doctor Wayland—an acquaintance of grandma's, by-the-by, so I can find out something about him."

"Why trouble yourself?" I said. "I dare say he will get an introduction."

"If I give him time. But shy people are slow, and it is charity to give them encouragement."

For a day or two I saw little of her. She was busy riding and walking, she said. I missed her lively talk, and one evening, feeling rather lonely, I wrapped myself in a shawl and stepped out upon the upper piazza to have a chat with any of the ladies who might chance like myself, to be taking a little quiet exercise. I found only two in possession, one a middle-aged single lady, absorbed in a book, the other a delicate, school-girl-looking little creature, with fair complexion, deep blue eyes, and flossy yellow hair. I felt myself drawn toward her by something shy and tender in her expression, and seeing her endeavoring to remove a heavy chair to a more convenient place, I stopped and lent my feeble assistance. Then I sat down near her, and we fell into a chat about the weather and the place and the people. She was diffident, yet I ascertained that this was her first visit to the Beaufort Springs; that she was from a Southern State, and had come for the benefit of the waters and change of air and scene, for she had been very ill during the summer. Papa had brought her, by easy stages, though she had been here but a few days. That was papa—the tall gentleman with the white hair and black eyebrows, talking with the army officer under the beach tree. No, she had no mother with her. Her mamma had died when she was quite a little girl, but Maama Alma had been as good as a mother to her. And presently Maama herself came to look after her charge—a staid, dignified colored woman, with the respectful and self-respecting air peculiar to the trusted Southern family servant. Addressing the little lady as "Miss Lina, honey," she led her away with the remark that "seem" as the sun was a settin', it was time she should come in out of the evening air," which reminded me to do likewise.

Beatrix came in presently. She was in high spirits, and looked charmingly pretty and piquant.

"I have been having a walk by the river-side, and a chat with my handsome professor," she said. "His name is Fleetwood, and somehow, it is one which I like."

"So you have become acquainted with him? Did I not predict that he would seek an introduction?"

"The introduction was hardly of his seeking," he said, laughing. "Doctor Wayland and I came upon him as he was endeavoring to get some water-lilies by the river-side, and I stopped to try my luck also, and the doctor introduced us."

"And the interesting professor got you the lilies; where are they?" I inquired, for I loved water-lilies, and it was years since I had seen one.

"Oh, we couldn't reach them! You know they always grow provokingly just beyond one's reach. But I am mistaken if he don't bring me some to-morrow, and I will divide them with you."

"Quite agreeable!" I asked, idly.

"Quite; though not in the usual style of young men. There's nothing flippant or conscious about him. He is earnest and rather grave; indeed, at moments it strikes me almost sad. I wish he were not quite so shy and reserved, but I fancy he isn't much accustomed to ladies' society."

"Professors seldom are so. They are too much absorbed in books to have time for such frivolities."

She smiled and gave her head a confident little toss, which said, as plainly as words could have done: "Wait and see!" And the thought occurred to me—had Beatrix been piqued by the indifference or shyness of this young professor into attempting to make a conquest of him? And had she to this end purposely thrown herself into his arms?

Next day I felt unusually well, and was tempted first to the lower piazza, and thence to a short stroll to the pavilion for a draught of the health-giving waters. Just in front of me Beatrix was walking with two ladies. She wore a light "sundown" hat, wound with a flimsy scarf, beneath which her face looked "as pretty as a picture." I saw her cheek flushed with blush, and her eyes droop for an instant; and then she glanced up brightly, as a gentleman approached along the pathway, carrying carefully in his hand a cluster of water-lilies sheathed in their own green leaves. As I passed I heard her say, in her sweetest and most winning tones:—"So, Mr. Fleetwood, you have been more successful to-day than yesterday in your pursuit of the beautiful under difficulties. How perfectly lovely they are! and what good taste in you to bring them all glistening with those clear water-drops!"

I fancied there was some hesitancy or embarrassment in the manner of the gentleman as he offered her the flowers. He certainly was diffident, though it did not sit awkwardly upon him; and I had rarely seen a handsomer or more interesting face.

He and Beatrix presently joined us at the pavilion. She held the lilies in her hand; and as the professor descended the stone steps to dip up a cup of the water, she whispered, half-laughing and half-triumphant:—"I knew he would bring them—but he is so fearfully shy! Only think, I had actually to hint a request for them after all—and to invite him to accompany us here!"

She introduced me to the professor, and we all rested on the benches and amused ourselves with watching the visitors as they came and went. I observed on the opposite side of the basin the fair girl's face of the little Southern lady, in whom I had become interested. She was leaning on the arm of her father, who was encouraging her to drink of the nauticous but life-giving waters. "Poor little thing!" I remarked. "She looks so frail and delicate; but what a lovely face she has!"

"A wax-doll face, I should call it," said Beatrix. "Pretty, certainly, but wanting in life and expression. Don't you think so, Mr. Fleetwood?"

He turned his eyes upon the object of this remark with a quiet, criticizing gaze.

"I can hardly agree with you," he said. "The face, I think, bespeaks intelligence as well as great sensitiveness of feeling, and the eyes are very tender and sweet."

"You prefer a blonde style of beauty?"

"On the contrary, as a mere matter of taste, I consider a dark and brilliant style most effective."

I fancied that I detected a slight color in his face as he spoke, and Beatrix did certainly blush. I smiled to myself, thinking how quickly I had detected the secret of each. The shy professor was falling in love with the brunette beauty by his side, and she—well, that blush would have told the tale to eyes less observant than mine.

For some days I hardly saw Beatrix, and when she did come to my room on fitting visits, she seemed restless and preoccupied. She ceased to mention Professor Fleetwood, except briefly, in answer to my occasional inquiries.

"I don't see much of him," she said, lightly, drumming on the window-sill with her jeweled fingers. (I noticed that she now always took the seat beside the window, behind the muslin curtain.)

"I have an idea," she continued, "that he keeps so closely in his own room. Yes, he attends meals regularly, and, by-the-by, he seems to have become acquainted with that little doll creature to whom you have taken a fancy. He was seated next her and her father at dinner to-day. I was her first appearance at table. She looks much better."

I inquired the young lady's name.

"Miss Latimer, at least her father is Colonel Latimer. They're wealthy Southerners, I understand."

Then after a moment's pause she laughed.

"It was really amusing to see how shy they were to each other. Beyond offering a civility or two, Mr. Fleetwood hardly addressed her, and she—your ought to have seen how she lifted her blue eyes to his when he asked her to have mashed potatoes."

I looked curiously at her. Could it be possible that she was jealous? And while my eyes were still upon her a wave of color swept across her face, and glancing from the window I saw Professor Fleetwood crossing the lawn.

"Beatrix," I said, in affected unconsciousness, "now that your grandmother is so much better she will be thinking of leaving."

"Grandma did say something about it yesterday, but I persuaded her not to be in too great haste. She will be still better for a little longer stay."

After she had left me I was still seated at my window, which opened on the upper piazza, when some one passed, paused, and finally turned back. Look up I saw the little Southern lady of whom we had been speaking, Miss Latimer.

"I have stopped to tell you good-bye," she said, very sweetly. "I shall leave to-morrow, quite early, for the Raleigh Springs."

I gave her my best wishes, sincere ones, too, and as I watched the delicate little figure tripping away, hoped in my heart that she would find some strong, manly heart to give her the love and protection which such as she, always stand in need of.

I was sitting next morning in the ladies' parlor looking over a new magazine which I had found upon the table. Near me Beatrix was seated, chatting with some ladies.

"What is the use of staying when all the nicest beaux have left?" said one young lady, petulantly. "Mr. Patterson left yesterday, and Mr. Fleetwood goes to-morrow."

"I was speaking with him just now; he said nothing about leaving," said Beatrix, quickly.

"Oh, he is obliged to go at once to take a professorship in some college, and Mr. Austin is going."

"But don't you know there were two arrivals to-day?" said another lady.

"An artist, and a gentleman who has come up into the mountains for deer-hunting. I wonder who they are?"

"Suppose we send for the hotel register. A servant was dispatched for the book and the names of the new arrivals were read and commented upon. Then one of the group ran her eye up the column.

"Two departures to-day by the early stage-coach," she said, indifferently; "Colonel Latimer and Mrs. Fleetwood."

"Who?" said Beatrix, sharply.

"The Colonel's daughter, that quiet, delicate little creature who looks too young to be married, though she is really twenty. Why, didn't you know that she was Professor Fleetwood's wife?"

I dared not glance at Beatrix. I bent over the pages of the magazine as in absorbed attention.

"He fell in love with her when she was a school-girl, and he a student of twenty-one," proceeded the lady, still turning the leaves of the register. "He waited three years for her, and they've been married about two years, and are still as devoted as lovers, and quite absorbed in each other. Nearly his whole time here was spent in her sick room, or in wandering about the woods in search of flowers, for which she has a passion, and which she sketches beautifully. I saw one group of water-lilies which was a perfect gem, and—"

I turned my back to the gossiping group and spoke to a lady near me. When, presently, I looked around Beatrix had disappeared.

For a day or two she seemed quite unwell and kept her room. She must have taken a cold, or a chill, she said, and would like to go home.

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

"Suppose we send for the hotel register. A servant was dispatched for the book and the names of the new arrivals were read and commented upon. Then one of the group ran her eye up the column.

"Two departures to-day by the early stage-coach," she said, indifferently; "Colonel Latimer and Mrs. Fleetwood."

"Who?" said Beatrix, sharply.

"The Colonel's daughter, that quiet, delicate little creature who looks too young to be married, though she is really twenty. Why, didn't you know that she was Professor Fleetwood's wife?"

I dared not glance at Beatrix. I bent over the pages of the magazine as in absorbed attention.

"He fell in love with her when she was a school-girl, and he a student of twenty-one," proceeded the lady, still turning the leaves of the register. "He waited three years for her, and they've been married about two years, and are still as devoted as lovers, and quite absorbed in each other. Nearly his whole time here was spent in her sick room, or in wandering about the woods in search of flowers, for which she has a passion, and which she sketches beautifully. I saw one group of water-lilies which was a perfect gem, and—"

I turned my back to the gossiping group and spoke to a lady near me. When, presently, I looked around Beatrix had disappeared.

For a day or two she seemed quite unwell and kept her room. She must have taken a cold, or a chill, she said, and would like to go home.

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

"Suppose we send for the hotel register. A servant was dispatched for the book and the names of the new arrivals were read and commented upon. Then one of the group ran her eye up the column.

"Two departures to-day by the early stage-coach," she said, indifferently; "Colonel Latimer and Mrs. Fleetwood."

"Who?" said Beatrix, sharply.

"The Colonel's daughter, that quiet, delicate little creature who looks too young to be married, though she is really twenty. Why, didn't you know that she was Professor Fleetwood's wife?"

I dared not glance at Beatrix. I bent over the pages of the magazine as in absorbed attention.

"He fell in love with her when she was a school-girl, and he a student of twenty-one," proceeded the lady, still turning the leaves of the register. "He waited three years for her, and they've been married about two years, and are still as devoted as lovers, and quite absorbed in each other. Nearly his whole time here was spent in her sick room, or in wandering about the woods in search of flowers, for which she has a passion, and which she sketches beautifully. I saw one group of water-lilies which was a perfect gem, and—"

I turned my back to the gossiping group and spoke to a lady near me. When, presently, I looked around Beatrix had disappeared.

For a day or two she seemed quite unwell and kept her room. She must have taken a cold, or a chill, she said, and would like to go home.

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

When she and her grandmother bade me good-bye, they invited me to pay them a visit; but in the six years since then I have not seen them. I have, however, heard that Beatrix is lately married—"quite a brilliant match; a wealthy senator, though old enough to be her father." I wonder how long she remembered the interesting professor!

I have a sister now just grown, and my advice to her is:—"Never fall in love with a man until you are sure that he is not married."

GENERAL BUSINESS.

MERCHANDIZE GIVEN AWAY

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

Blankets, Flannels, Homespun, Cotton Warps, Dress Goods, Mantles, Cotton, Winceys, Clothing, &c. &c.,

TO BE CUT TO PIECES

to Suit Buyers.

At prices that will startle competitors.

Store Keepers and traders look out for Bargains in Wholesale Lots of Smallware and Christmas Novelties.

Sutherland & Creaghan.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

FARM MACHINERY AND CARRIAGES.

I have just received for the spring trade, 1 car load of Wilkins

FIRST PRIZE STEEL PLOWS

(No. 5, and one horse.) 1 car load of

GILLIE'S FLEXIBLE STEEL and IRON HARROWS.

Wisner's Combined Drill and Broadcast SEEDER.

This Seeder is without doubt the best machine of its kind made in Canada at the present time. It will adapt itself to the wants of any farmer. It can be arranged to sow grain in any quantity either broadcast or in drills. It has a separate attachment for sowing hay seed which can be used at the same time the farmer is sowing the other grain. I have also a large lot of

MANN'S BROADCAST SEEDERS. (complete) and

ATTACHMENTS FOR HORSE HAY RAKES, which have been extensively used on the North Shore and have given the best of satisfaction. A full stock of **PLOW REPAIRS** has just been received consisting of EL MOULDERING STEEL, LAMINATES, SHADES, SOLIDHOES, CLEVELERS, COLTERS AND BOLTS for "FARMER'S FRIEND," "LOUISE," "SOLID COMFORT," "BONA," "WILKINSON'S No. 5," "ONE HORSE," and "FIVE HORSE." A large lot of a PLOW. A car load of CARRIAGES from the celebrated Gananogue Carriage Works daily expected.

READ WHAT THE FARMERS SAY

who have used the above goods.

March 17th, 1885.

Geo. Hildebrand, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—I purchased from Messrs. Johnson & Co. through you one of Mann's Seeders, which I have used for four years, and I can safely say that I would not be without it for three times the cost. I could never raise more than 50 or 60 bushels from one acre when sown by hand, but now I can raise 8 to 9 from one acre when sown with the Seeder. A farmer who will sow 70 bushels of grain in one year will save enough in that time to pay for his Seeder. I also bought one of your first prize steel plows, I had used two of Frost & Wood's Plows before getting one from you, and I could not get more than three or four acres in the week with them. My team is very heavy and my farm is very rocky and whenever they would strike a rock they were sure to break, but the one I got from you proved most satisfactory and easy. I also purchased a heavy Iron Harrow from you and have been using it in a satisfactory and easy. It has given entire satisfaction and stood the test most wonderfully. I was almost getting discouraged with farming before I purchased these implements, as I was a first visitor to the Blacksmith's during the farming season. Very respectfully,

DANIEL SULLIVAN, Bonaville, Northumberland Co.

Geo. Hildebrand, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—I have purchased through you of the late firm of Johnson & Co., one Iron Harrow and one of Mann's Broadcast Seeders on wheels. The harrow has been used on my farm three seasons and I am well satisfied with it. It will do twice the amount of work the old wood frame harrow will do and does it much better, by means of its double sections it adapts itself very nicely to uneven surfaces. I have thoroughly tested it on rough ground and it stood its work first class. The seed-sower is just what is wanted for putting in grain. I have used it for two seasons, and can sow whatever quantity per acre I wish and do it evenly whether there is a wind or not. I am also convinced that machine sown grain ripens more evenly than hand sown, and that less seed requires to be put to the acre.

I am, Yours Truly,

WM. A. McLAGGAN, Blackville, March 17th, 1885.

These Flanagan, agent, Chatham, will keep on hand samples of all machinery and a full stock of Repairs.

GEO. HILDEBRAND.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

FARM MACHINERY AND CARRIAGES.

I have just received for the spring trade, 1 car load of Wilkins

FIRST PRIZE STEEL PLOWS

(No. 5, and one horse.) 1 car load of

GILLIE'S FLEXIBLE STEEL and IRON HARROWS.

Wisner's Combined Drill and Broadcast SEEDER.

This Seeder is without doubt the best machine of its kind made in Canada at the present time. It will adapt itself to the wants of any farmer. It can be arranged to sow grain in any quantity either broadcast or in drills. It has a separate attachment for sowing hay seed which can be used at the same time the farmer is sowing the other grain. I have also a large lot of

MANN'S BROADCAST SEEDERS. (complete) and

ATTACHMENTS FOR HORSE HAY RAKES, which have been extensively used on the North Shore and have given the best of satisfaction. A full stock of **PLOW REPAIRS** has just been received consisting of EL MOULDERING STEEL, LAMINATES, SHADES, SOLIDHOES, CLEVELERS, COLTERS AND BOLTS for "FARMER'S FRIEND," "LOUISE," "SOLID COMFORT," "BONA," "WILKINSON'S No. 5," "ONE HORSE," and "FIVE HORSE." A large lot of a PLOW. A car load of CARRIAGES from the celebrated Gananogue Carriage Works daily expected.

READ WHAT THE FARMERS SAY

who have used the above goods.

March 17th, 1885.

Geo. Hildebrand, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—I purchased from Messrs. Johnson & Co. through you one of Mann