

A Nashwaak Romance.

How a Gallant Young Frenchman Fought For and Won His Bride from a French Pirate.

(WRITTEN BY LIEUT. S. EDWIN OLIVER OF FREDERICTON.)

If ever a man looked sorely perplexed it was Ferdinand Lescarbot, as he disembarked from the canoe in front of his house on the St. John, at what had been the year before, Fort Jemseg, but owing to the removal of the French commander, Villebon with his garrison to the better situated Fort Nashwaak, was now garrisoned only by Lescarbot, his wife and daughter and his servants. And truly he had cause for perplexity, for but three days before he had had a visitor in the shape of Pierre Champdore, the captain of the privateer or, more properly speaking, private sloop, Le Beauce, who had come to visit his old friend, and having become enamoured with Etienne Lescarbot had asked her hand in marriage.

Ferdinand Lescarbot for many years had been in command of one of the vessels employed by the French Government for the protection of the fur trade between the Canadian colonies and France. At length becoming tired of the life, he had married a daughter of one of the officers at Fort L'Anse-au-Loup, where, after residing for some years he had removed up the river St. John, to his present home. Having obtained a large grant of land he had built a house and settled down to the life of a gentleman farmer, protected by the vicinity of the fort from the marauders of all nations that infested the coasts of Acadia and made things lively for the settlers. He had been living there for ten years and had seen his daughter Etienne grow up from a child of eight to the tall and graceful maiden, beloved by all the residents of the fort, and especially by Gaspar Charmin, the captain and part owner of the vessel which once a year brought over ammunition, etc., from the mother country to the different French settlers. His suit had prospered and it had been settled that on his next arrival, which was expected every day that the two were to be united.

In the meantime, however, an unexpected claimant had appeared in the person of Pierre Champdore, who having heard of a wealthy settler who still resided at the abandoned fort had come up to relieve him of all responsibilities and anything else he could lay his hands on, but discovering in Lescarbot a former friend, had spared him, on condition of Etienne marrying him. Lescarbot told him the circumstances of her betrothal and begged him to forgo his claims, but for a time apparently without success, but when Lescarbot imprudently informed him of the expected arrival of the 'St. Etienne' he promised to give him a week to consider the matter and depart with his vessel down the river. As soon as he was gone his late host made his way up river to Fort Nashwaak, where he laid the case before Villebon and begged him to send some soldiers to protect him till Charmin should arrive, but the sparsely garrisoned fort was too short handed as it was and the only comfort the commandant could give him was the proposal that he should remove his wife and daughter to the Nashwaak and leave his property behind, as there was no means of conveying his furniture and effects up, or that he should wait trusting that the 'St. Etienne' with Charmin would arrive before 'Le Beauce.' Nothing further could be done, and with feelings of apprehension for the future Lescarbot returned to his home, where, telling his wife the ill success of his trip, they sat down to consider what was best to do.

At length they decided to remain, hoping that in case of Champdore arriving first they would be able to keep him waiting long enough to allow Charmin to come and release them, as the 'St. Etienne' being well armed and manned they thought there would be little danger of Champdore attempting to carry out the threats which he had made as to burning and destroying their stock and buildings if his demands were refused. Slowly the next three days crept on, but nothing appeared to their anxious eyes till the afternoon of Thursday the 12th of June when the sharp eyes of Etienne caught sight of the masts of a vessel looming majestically up river through the fog which had covered the river all morning.

There were a few minutes of heart-rending suspense, and then her heart gave a joyful bound, as she recognized the vessel of her lover. In a short time it came to anchor, and a boat was lowered and came swiftly towards the shore, and Etienne was enfolded in a warm embrace, and relating the story of their fears. As she told it Gaspar's face grew dark, and turning to her father, he told him to get all their things packed as quickly as possible and

to get them all on board as just before reaching the harbor at the mouth of the river he had been attacked by two vessels in one of which he had recognized Lescarbot's description of 'Le Beauce.'

After a sharp fight he had been able to beat them off but had lost many of his men in doing so, and had been pursued up the river and was probably then but a few hours in advance of the enemy. As his cargo was so important it was necessary to proceed at once to the fort where with the help of its garrison and guns he would have little fear of the result.

In a few hours everything was packed and carried on board, and the journey was continued through the gathering darkness. Gaspar and Etienne standing together in the house so wrapped in each others company that all else was forgotten, till a sailor coming forward reported that the fog was lifting, and looking around they beheld a scene which caused Gaspar to rush to the helm. The breeze, blowing straight up river had lifted the fog as a veil and the silvery moon lit up everything with her soft light, making each little ripple dance and glitter and appear like wavelets of quicksilver, and the dark woods on shore look more gloomy and sombre than before, and making the white sails look ghastly and shroud-like against the dark outline of the masts and spars. But behind them there was something which inspired feelings of anything but pleasure, for on the one shore back a couple of miles stood Fort Meehanook, while disappearing behind St. Anne's point were two vessels coming up river, evidently with the intention of cutting them off from the fort. To go on was simply to court destruction, to turn back was nearly as bad for through sickness and fighting the crew of the 'Etienne' numbered scarcely thirty men, while both her antagonists at the day before had seemed covered with men. In the fog they had passed the fort without perceiving it and before they could get back where the guns of the fort could afford them material assistance, with the wind blowing up river, their chances would be small indeed. The other alternative was to run the 'St. Etienne' in the mouth of the Nashwaak, send a man to the fort by land, and bring back enough soldiers to defend the vessel. This course was decided on and with great carefulness the vessel was steered into the narrow opening and secured.

It had been Gaspar's intention to send back Etienne and her mother with the messenger, but as he noticed how the vessel was hidden in the dark shadow of the trees which overhung the banks, on either side, he came to the conclusion that it would be safer to keep her on board than to risk the dangerous journey through the woods, short as it was, with such a slender escort. Besides the 'Le Beauce' and her consort had been out of sight behind the point when he had run in, and it was very probable that they would pass on up stream without noticing their chase, and even if discovered it would be easy to land the women. So after drawing the vessel as close as possible to the bank, and preparing the guns so as to be served with the best effect in case of being discovered, they waited.

Around them everything was redolent of summer. The soft, warm breeze murmuring through the branches, with a soothing peaceful sound, while the shadowed waters of the Nashwaak looked silent and black save when the breeze, swaying the leafy branches above, allowed now and then a shaft of light to tremble for a moment on its bosom, and made the air odorless with the breath of wild flowers.

Then slowly stealing up, came in sight the 'Le Beauce,' the water scarcely rippling at her bows, not a person appearing on her deck, but at the portholes stood grim, ominous shapes. The crew of the 'St. Etienne' lay clustered on the deck, Gaspar and Etienne close up against the bulwark, so in case of discovery she could be removed to shore at once. The first vessel passed, and a sigh of relief went up from all on board. Her consort was close in rear, and appeared as if she too was about to pass without noticing anything, but just as she was fairly opposite a movement was noticed on her deck and then suddenly a bright flash and a thunderous 'Bang' came from one of her portholes followed instantly by a crash, and a shriek, as a sound shot tore through the side and deck of the 'St. Etienne.'

Gaspar sprang to his feet raising Etienne

and to his horror perceiving that a sharp splinter had struck her shapely arm causing a deep gash, from which the blood was crimsoning her dress. Knowing that his men would understand his action he carried her across the deck, and springing ashore made his way rapidly through the woods a short distance, till an open space was reached where, kneeling, he staunch the wound as well as he could, and then stood for a moment listening to the cannonading which was rapidly growing heavier when a discordant laugh caused him to look up, and there stood Champdore, sword in hand, watching him. Gaspar instantly drew his sword and rushed at him, and their swords clashed fiercely together as they strove each to gain the mastery. The combatants were both good swordsmen, and for a while the victory seemed uncertain, but Champdore at length received a cut in the shoulder which caused him to lose blood rapidly, and growing weaker and weaker, his sword was beaten down and his skull cleft by a heavy blow. He had landed a short distance below, with a small party intending to cut off the crew of the 'St. Etienne' after the vessel was captured, and with that object in view had spread out his men through the woods, and jaalously and rage prevented him from calling for assistance when he perceived his rival.

Gaspar once more proceeded with his still unconscious burden in the direction of the fort when he was met by a party of soldiers under the guidance of the messenger he had sent delivering Etienne over to two of them to be taken back. He turned and lead the reinforcement to the river. By the time he had arrived the engagement was at its height, and the din and continuous roar of the cannon almost deafening.

Arranging his lines on the banks where the fire would have most effect, he returned on board where his presence cheered and reanimated his men and the enemy seeing their chance of success were getting smaller each moment, at length drew off, and made their way slowly down the river receiving a salvo from the guns Fort Nashwaak as they passed.

After some trouble the St. Etienne was got out of her hiding place and though considerably damaged reached the fort, where Gaspar's anxiety was quickly set at rest. The marriage was postponed however for a month till Etienne was quite restored to health, when they were united by the priest before returning to France.

The survivors of the party that had landed were most of them captured or killed the next day, but the Indians who captured them brought in nothing but scalps, nothing of the intentions of the attacking party could be obtained and the garrison after a few days of extra watchfulness gradually forgot amid the new and stirring events the story of the attack.

Lescarbot and his wife remained for some time longer at Fort Nashwaak, and at length accepted a military post in Quebec.

"We are all Eve's Daughters"

Sighed a pretty woman, whose husband had just scolded her for catching cold by attending a Christmas dance in a low-necked dress. "Then Adam's son's Cough Balsam must be the very thing to cure you," said a witty bystander. 25c. all Druggists.

"Tommy Atkins's Tummy."

During his period of service a British soldier is entitled to three-quarters of a pound of fresh meat and one pound of bread daily; and when on active service the meat is increased to one pound, and a free ration of groceries and vegetables is also issued.


The average bullock, when slaughtered and cut up by the army butchers, will

Leg A Solid Sore.

When it comes to healing up old running sores of long standing there is no remedy equal to Burdock Blood Bitters.

Bathe the sore with the B.B.B.—that relieves the local irritation. Take the B.B.B. internally—that clears the blood of all impurities on which sores thrive.

Miss D. Melissa Burke, Grindstone, Magdalen Islands, P.Q., says: "It is with pleasure I speak in favor of B.B.B. which cured me of a running sore on my leg. I consulted three doctors and they gave me salve to put on, but it did no good. Finally my leg became a solid running sore. In fact for nearly a month I could not put my foot to the floor. "I was advised to use B.B.B. and did so. Three bottles healed up my leg entirely so that I have never been troubled with it since."



MANY A WOMAN'S LIFE

has been saved, much needless suffering avoided or relieved by the wise counsel and advice given by Mrs. J. C. Richard. The rich and the poor, as well as the learned and unlearned, have been alike educated in the construction and functions of their special delicate organs, have been warned against the countless causes of disease and shown the way to restored health, love and happiness. Mrs. Richard has just published a book entitled "Woman in Health and Disease" which will prove of much interest to daughter, wife and mother. A limited number of copies will be given FREE to all who send 10 cents (stamps or silver), to cover cost of mailing. Write today for a copy.

Mrs. J. C. RICHARD, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

yield 700 pounds of meat; and 1,343 bullocks must die to provide the troops with one's day's rations. Supposing that the operations in the field occupy six months, and the soldiers get fresh meat twice a week, then, in round numbers, 70,000 bullocks must be butchered.

This fresh meat must be eked out with no less than 10,400,000 pounds of salted or preserved victuals, and we get a grand total of 14,500,000 pounds, or 6,500 tons of bullocks!

The army eats up 80,000 pounds of bread daily, and bread contains a quarter of its weight in flour. In twenty six weeks it will require 8,640,000 pounds of flour, or 65,000 bushels.

Supposing the beef averages 5d. a pound all round—rather under than over the mark—we have an outlay of £325,000. Add to that £13,000 for the British army's daily bread (at 1s. per stone of 14 pounds) and a further £212,000 for vegetables and groceries, calculated at the rate of 3d. a day per man, and a single army corps will eat up £550,000 in six months!

VICTORIA'S PRIVATE MUSEUM:

Information About a Little-Known Room in Windsor Castle

There is at Windsor Castle a private museum which is of very recent date and in the formation of which, her Majesty has taken an immense amount of interest. Its treasures are in many cases of unique value both from their associations and their intrinsic worth.

In 1896 some workmen engaged in tearing out a set of apartments that had long remained unused, and which were situated in the tower, came upon some old lumber, as they imagined it to be, in a passage which was quite blocked up with it. On closer examination, however, the 'lumber' turned out to be a collection of most interesting and valuable relics, whose very existence had been forgotten for generations.

Her Majesty took great interest in the find, and, in conjunction with the inspector, conceived the idea of making a private museum of these and similar treasures in the lower vestibule, an apartment near the galleries entrance on the ground floor.

It was just at this time that Sir Herbert Kitchener, now Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, paid a visit to Windsor on the conclusion of the Dongola expedition in 1897. He brought with him several trophies of the campaign, which the Queen promptly ordered to occupy the first case of her new museum. These treasures consisted of Wad Bishara's red banner with its tin rattle, which was captured at the battle of Firket; also a crusader's sword, found in his house, and with a Spanish motto in German characters, which says "Do not breathe me without honor." In this case, too, the Queen has placed the Afghan trophies presented to her by Lord Roberts ten years previously.

The second contains several notable articles, chief of which is a fine specimen of executioner's axe, which has evidently seen great service and which was given to the queen by Sir William Congreve, who invented the war rocket.

The next case has a unique collection of beautiful feather cloaks formerly belonging to some chiefs of the South Sea Islands. On a charming network are sewn feathers so minute that they form a smooth, finished surface in black, yellow or red colors. Most of these are single feathers of a very rare species of parrot, and each of the magnificent cloaks has been valued by experts at not less than £10,000. On further inquiry it was found that they had been given by the king of the Sandwich Islands, in 1824, to his Majesty, King George IV.

In the fourth case are a great set of Nepalese knives and daggers used in our Indian Frontier campaigns by the Ghoraks and similar tribes. The 'Kokri' or Ghoraks, fighting knife, which the native uses in preference to the sword or bayonet, it is well worth attention.

Case No. 5 displays the head and skin of an enormous India lion, around which have been grouped the ancient Hanoverian standards of the first three Georges: some weapons of the Zulus taken at Isandhlana some finely caparisoned saddles of war horses, and a 'sampan' or blow tube, used to shoot poisoned darts by the natives of Borneo.

The next collection is a very fine and

unique one, being that of a succession of spurs, of all shapes and sorts, from the Wars of the Roses till to day. With these are placed six pieces of plate which formerly belonged to the Thirty-second Regiment. They will at once strike the spectator's attention by their extraordinary shape, being twisted in to most fantastic arrangements. This was due to the effects of shot which struck the regimental plate chest during the siege of Lucknow.

Case No. 8 may be said to represent war weapons of various countries. They are old muskets and blunderbusses of the Prussians, French, Hanoverians, Russians, Portuguese, Spanish and English. Also African war hatchets and hammers, together with bundles of spears and arrow-heads of the North American Indians. Then there are the shields and weapons of Asiatic savages, as well as of such nations as the Chinese and Japanese.

Had Catarrh since Childhood But Catarrh is no Dured Evil.

Ulric Broult, of Sweetburg, Que., says: "Since childhood I have been afflicted with Catarrh of the throat and nose and never knew what relief meant till I tried Catarrh-ozone. Two bottles completely cured me, and I have not one single symptom of Catarrh now. I can heartily recommend Catarrh-ozone for Catarrh, and would advise all sufferers to get an outfit at once and be cured as I was." Catarrh-ozone is sold at all druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. Poulson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

One Good Hit Deserves Another.

A comedian in a Paris theatre recently made a great hit out of a painful incident. While indulging in a bit of horseplay on the stage he struck his head accidentally against one of the pillars of the scene upon the stage. The third caused a flutter of sympathy to pass through the audience.

"No great harm done," said the comedian. "Just hand me a napkin, a glass of water, and a salt cellar."

These were brought, and he sat down, folded the napkin in the form of a bandage, dipped it in the glass, and emptied the salt-cellar on the wet part.

Having thus prepared a compress according to prescription, and when every one expected he would apply it to his forehead, he gravely rose and tied it round the pillar.

Catarrh of the stomach—Could often be prevented had the patient with a stomach and digestive organs predisposed to weakness, been stimulated by some pure, wholesome power as contained in the vegetable preparation of which Dr. Voss's Pineapple Tablets are prepared. But the world is sliding it on—medical science is making rapid strides—and the sufferers are not having their pockets "piled" for a cure. 60 tablets 25 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Perment Impertinence.

"Sly, Mister, do you want your bag carried?" asked a boy, running after a man who was hurrying along the street, evidently bound for the railway station.

"No, I don't," answered the man, a little sharply.

"I'll carry it all the way for a nickel," persisted the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried," said the man, quickening his pace.

"Don't you?" said the boy, breaking in to a trot to keep abreast of his victim.

"No, I don't!" said the man, glancing fiercely at his small tormentor.

"Well, then, mister," said the urchin, with an expression of anxious and innocent inquiry on his round, dirty face, "what are you carrying it for? Why don't you set it down?"

He got the bag, and a dime.

AFTER A COLD DRIVE a teaspoonful of Pain Killer mixed with a glass of hot water and sugar will be found a better stimulant than whiskey. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Not Afraid of Exertion.

Mistress (to new footman)—One thing more, Jean. Your predecessor, whom I have discharged, was constantly paying attentions to the parlor maid—

Footman (interrupting)—Yes, madam, I'll take his place in that matter—certainly!

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL may be taken with most beneficial results by those who are run down or suffering from after effects of influenza. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.