MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

The Enchanted Isles.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

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[CONTINUED.]

"All right, we will," said George gayly, and then he gathered drift along the shore and they arranged a fire to last, and after eating their delicious dinner of baked potatoes and baked pumpkin, with a little turtle meat, they went to work actively and soon had a large space covered with strips of golden pumpkins, which the hot sun dried rapidly. As fast as the first water seemed to be gone out of it George and Maxwell strung it upon the strands of the cord they had untwisted to make it go further, and before night of the second day they had used up all their string and dried some sixty pumpkins, which made quite a weight to carry in addition to their potatoes.

They feasted on melons all day, and left the place with great regret, but they felt that they had better go back to the place they called their home, and now that they could plant them a garden they were sure they should be perfectly happy there.

They were weighed down heavily with the potatoes. They had no bags or other means to carry them, so they took off their pantaloons, and, fastening the bottoms of the legs with withes made of twisted seagrass, they filled them full of potatoes and took them across their shoulders, while they wound the strings of dried pumpkins around their legs and bodies. Quicker objects never walked, and they felt very stiff and awkward, but laughed at each other. George tried to buckle his cutlass outside the pumpkin, and said at last:

"I'm going to throw away my cutlass, Max. It won't be needed on our way back and is in the way; besides we have got plenty more home."

"We don't voter holler till we're outen the woods, George. Keep a thing seven years always afore you throw it away. I hain't a skeery one, but you just listen to me and keep your weepins allers to hand. I'll carry it for you, if you can't."

"Oh, pshaw, I'll take it," said George, shortly, and then they went along toward the hill to take their long and tedious journey toward their "home."

They partly slid and partly walked down the steep incline on their way back, and reached the cindery floor tired and panting, and set out along that part which was illuminated with that strange inopiles-cent light, and they traversed that as rapidly as they could, being anxious to reach their habitation as quickly as possible, as their loads grew heavier and heavier as they walked along.

They had nearly reached the place where that awful dark chasm had so nearly received their bodies when they decided to rest and shift their loads a little, for the strings of pumpkin would keep slipping down, and they intended to hang it, as Maxwell said, like a coil of rope yarn around their shoulders, and let the potatoes go on top of that.

They arranged the load to their better satisfaction, and after a good rest and a lunch and drink of the water, which was now almost gone, they started on again, and again George took hold of the heavy cutlass to throw it away silently, as it annoyed him greatly, and he took it in his hand to drop it down to the ashy floor, when it seemed as if his very heart stood still and his blood froze in his veins as he heard a sound like a steam pipe giving a hiss, and at the same time his light was reflected from a pair of fiery, scintillating eyes, and he saw an enormous head, apparently of a serpent, pounce forward with distended jaws at him. As it hissed its breath enveloped the two and seemed as if it would suffocate them, it was so fetid and venomous, and the expression of those burning eyes was so dreadful that it struck terror to both of them; but the instinct of self preservation is very strong, and George involuntarily threw his arm up with the sharp cutlass, and with one swinging blow its horrible head lay winking on the floor of the cavern and its huge body, which lay in one of the lateral passages, twisted and writhed until the place trembled, while the whole passage was soaked with blood.

"Let's get along, George; maybe there's a nest of them critters, whatever they be, and though you've finished him up, the money we get out the better. I'm jiggered if you ever ge me into such another scrape."

"I don't want to, Max. All I ask now is to get out of here. As to that head, can't I take that along?"

"Do as you like; I'm going on," said Max quietly, for he felt very uneasy.

George took a good look at the head and then concluding that it would do him no good to preserve it, they went on. The head had been lopped off, leaving about a foot of the neck attached, and this was covered with a heavy mane of dark colored hair. The head was larger than George's own, and the jaws extended all around, leaving exposed a frightful row of sharp teeth, each about an inch and a half long, though there were no long fangs like serpents' teeth, so that George thought it must have been some kind of a sea serpent or monster unknown.

They had to pass the place where the body of the creature was writhing and quivering in its death agonies, and shuddeningly they gazed at it, and saw that it had feet armed with immense webbed claws and a body far larger than an ox—so large, indeed, that they could not see it all, in the uncertain light. It had, however, a neck some ten feet long, and this had a mane all the way to where it met the shoulders.

George was again tempted to go back for the head, and he went; thrusting his cutlass through the neck so that it was firm, he fastened the belt to the cutlass and so dragged it along behind him, and they then hurried away from the frightful place, and it is certain that they did not sit down again to comfortably rest and eat during the remainder of their journey. They filled and arranged their lamps hastily and kept along, eating or drinking as they went, until with the long, steady climb they were nearly spent. The blessed light of day never seemed so beautiful to them as it did when they emerged from the cave, just before the sun sank in the sea.

"George," said Maxwell, as he let the potatoes and pumpkins fall to the ground and he sank on top of them, "George, if you git me into any more wild goose scrapes like this you just let me know it, that's all."

This was the first time that Maxwell had ever lost his temper, but George felt that he had such good provocation that he held his peace, and soon had a fire and a good supper ready, while Max rubbed his lame leg with turtle oil.

His light was reflected from a pair of fiery, scintillating eyes.

In the morning George examined more fully the head of the horrible monster, and every time he looked at it he felt like thanking Maxwell for insisting on his guarding his cutlass and the One who had caused him to be holding it in his hand when this dreadful creature was ready to strike.

It took several days before Maxwell was fully recovered from his fatigue, and during that time George had been busy trying to gather cinders and drift weed to form a soil, if possible, where he might plant their precious melon and pumpkin seed, and in every crevice which had accumulated with the lapse of centuries a few handfuls of earth or drift he put a melon or pumpkin seed, until at last he had quite a plantation all over the island, reserving his plateau near the shore for the potatoes and cabbages, and in the course of time they did grow and multiply, and as he made more and more space for them as the months passed, when two more years had rolled by they came to have all they needed, and, with the food already provided by nature, they were very comfortable. The potatoes were the greatest blessing, as they could be used in so many ways. George learned to stew them with turtle meat or fish, to fry them in turtle fat, to roast them, to make potato cakes out of them which were nearly as good as bread, and to make them palatable in many other ways. The cabbage grew rank, though it ran mostly to leaves, but the watermelons never tasted quite as they ought. Maxwell and George tried boiling the juice and made a very acceptable syrup of it in time, and this they used upon their rice which they were very sparing of, only cooking a little occasionally for a treat.

But they never attempted any further exploration of the neighboring island, of which they had such a memento in the shape of the terrible head which was placed upon their wall with its jaws extended and its black mane sweeping down.

CHAPTER VIII.

One night George could not sleep. It seemed to him that some great thing was about to happen, and he longed for daylight to come.

When day dawned George was already up and at the "look out" with his telescope almost without knowing why, and by the first morning light he saw an English brig lying at anchor not a half a mile away from the cave.

In a few minutes the boy's knees bent and trembled, and he sank back against the rocky wall, and then he started and fairly flew to the cave where Maxwell was just rising. It took but a few minutes for them to reach their post of observation together, and to hoist their flag that had so long fluttered in vain, and then they lit a fire of kelp soaked in turtle fat which made a dense smoke that mounted high in the clear morning air. Then they strained their eyes for a sign of recognition and took turns with the glass, but it seemed as if no one saw the signals for so long that their patience could scarcely bear it, and George set up a loud hallloo, that reverberated all over the island, yet attracted no attention from the men on the brig.

After shouting himself hoarse George desisted as Maxwell said:

"They're come here for water, and they will have to make a landing. S'pose one of us goes down to the shore and waits there?"

"We had better wait here till they put off a boat, and then we'll know where they are going to land; hadn't we?"

"Well, I guess you are right, but I'm thinking we'd better have a bit of breakfast. One of us had better go in and fetch out something, and then we don't care how long we wait; besides, vittles is good, anyhow. For if we've got to see this here brig sail off without us we'll need all the strength we can git, and if they comes alone we won't have no time."

George left Maxwell and soon brought out their breakfast of dried and smoked turtle meat, and water to drink, as well as more fuel for their fire, and they ate as they watched.

At last, about two hours after sunrise, there appeared to be a commotion on board the brig, and they fancied they heard voices, but owing to the peculiar condition of the atmosphere, sound seems to rise into the air, in these locations, instead of traveling a long distance; but their doubts were set at rest by seeing a boat lowered and eight men get into it and row toward the cave where George and Maxwell had first landed. They both now left their lookout and went rapidly down the clinkery path, and were standing by the edge of the shore when the boat approached.

At the order of the mate who was in it, they stopped when about a rod from the shore and looked at Maxwell and George as they stood there, their faces full of excitement and anxiety; and well might the mate and his men be surprised, for George and Maxwell were dressed in the clothes they had found in the cave, and which were of a fashion of nearly two centuries ago.

"Island ahoy!" cried the mate.

"Come ashore!" cried George.

"Who are you?" said the mate, still in doubt.

"We are two shipwrecked sailors from the Kohola, which went to pieces on Rock Rodondo four years ago," answered George.

"Don't you believe him, sir," said an old sailor, touching his hat. "Them's no real men. Them's pirates or their ghosts."

But the mate paid no attention to this uncanny fear and again sung out:

"What are your names and where from?"

"Mine's Job Maxwell and his'n's George and we shipped in New York for a whalin' vy'ge, and we hadn't no water and tried to come through, but the current cotched us, and here we is, and we wants to get away. You can come ashore without fear, for there's nothing alive here but this boy's me and the turkles and other reptiles."

After a short parley they came ashore, and in answer to the mate's questions told all their mishaps and dangers and their tedious life on the island, and finally he asked if they would go aboard and talk to the captain, which they willingly did.

There their story was repeated and the captain ordered them a dinner such as they had not tasted for four years, yes, and longer, and never in this world did a dinner of salt beef, pork and beans, duff and ship's bread washed down with black coffee sweetened with molasses taste so good.

The captain told them that they were on the way to San Francisco with a cargo of general merchandise from Liverpool, and kindly offered them passage to the former place "if they wished to go."

"Why, that's all we do want," said Maxwell.

"We wish for nothing else," said George, "but we can pay our passage," and then he told him of the large amount of treasure in the robbers' cave, and asked to bring it on board, telling the captain at the same time that they would pay more liberally for the labor and the transportation, and besides which they would also make each one of the crew a handsome present, as well as the captain and officers.

"I want nothing except the pay for your passage and the time lost in stowing your baggage, but you may give the rest what you choose, only don't let them know of your intentions until we get to port. Sailors are hard enough to manage at best, and if they had money they would feel too big for their duties. You say there is good water. If you will give me money, anyway, and would like to have the money for you, so I think we'd better give it up."

George reflected a moment and then said:

"Will you tell me what your object is in treating us so?"

"We wants the mona," said one of the Portuguese.

"Well, come and take it then," shouted George angrily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Read The Evening Gazette.

A GRATEFUL MAN.

A CAPTAIN'S STORY OF OLD DAYS ON THE MISSISSIPPI

A "Native" Saved from Drowning During a Big "Rise" in the River—A Basket of Pecans That Cost $5 in Coal Consumed, Yet It Was Worth That Sum.

A weather tanned, benevolent looking man, of rather less than medium stature, sat in the lobby of one of the city hotels, conversing with a friend. His bronzed face and healthy complexion, at least so much of it as was not hidden by a full black beard in which the silver threads had begun to appear, betokened an out door life of healthful exercise.

A Journal representative was introduced to the gentleman described, and found himself in conversation with Capt. W. D. Miller, for many years before, since and during the war commander of a number of boats on the Mississippi and its tributaries, now superintendent of one of the Detroit gas companies. The conversation drifted to the old days on the Lower Mississippi, and many were the interesting anecdotes related by the captain of his experiences in the service.

"The most grateful man I ever saw," said Capt. Miller, "was a dejected specimen of the 'native' along the bottoms in Lower Missouri. As you are no doubt aware, it not infrequently happens that the floods in the river range over, and though they never direct a free breach until they were well out of the waters that seem to be governed by some inscrutable law of current and counter current, which even to this day has not been entirely understood, and they passed the Isthmus and were well on their way toward San Francisco.

George and Maxwell had been well treated by the officers of the Absolute, but it was evident that they were not kind of a current. The water was well up into the tree tops along the banks, and the few samples that were to be found about that particular locality had all but disappeared below the surface. The day was very cold, and a raw wind swept down from the north, making it almost impossible for me to keep comfortable by binding my coat more tight about constantly. As we went plowing along I saw ahead of us an old tree, which had been washed from the shore probably miles above, the roots of which had evidently become fastened to the bottom in some way, and the switch end rose and fell with the waves and current, sometimes almost disappearing from view. I heard a cry, and, looking closely into the tree top as we went by, I saw a man clinging to the branches, hanging on for dear life and yelling as often as he could get his head above water, for every receding wave would let the sinking branches some him to his eyebrows. It was impossible to get alongside in that current, and we were soon away below the poor fellow. I made up my mind to get him off, for I knew he must surely perish if not speedily relieved, so I ordered the pilot to put her about and go back. He objected vigorously and insisted that we would get aground on the bar below if we made any such hazardous attempt, but I insisted and he grumblingly consented. It was the work of an hour to get the boat about, and when we did it it seemed an hour more before we could get her to moving up stream, so swift was the current. Finally, however, we got her back above the tree top, and I put out a boat and crew, and, at great risk, got the man aboard. He was as crude a specimen as one ever saw—a regular dog cater, whose hair had never seen a comb and who had doubtless just taken, involuntarily, his first bath. He explained his presence in the tree top by saying that he lived a short distance from the river and found him; and his house had been flooded, and, after having gotten his family safely to a house on a little rise near there, he had come out in an effort to get back to his house for some household effects. He pleaded so earnestly to be put on shore that I got him off after great difficulty and remarked to my mate that we'd go to New Orleans. Beyond a mere "much obleged to yer," he had nothing to say, but it was plain to be seen that he was grateful enough.

"'DON'T GIT MAD, CAP'N.'

"Well, we spent a week or more in Orleans, and then started back on the up trip. I had forgotten all about the incident of the man in the tree top, and was one night soundly sleeping, when an hour or two after midnight one of the mates came to my stateroom and awoke me by saying that there was a signal on the bank. I dressed hurriedly and went on deck, and there on the bank I saw a lantern waving a signal. The night was very dark, and I was still badly swollen, and I hardly knew what to do. The shore along there was dangerous, but I reflected that there might be something very serious the matter, so I let her come in, and ordered a boat to be lowered and then worked her in to the shore. We burned a barrel of coal getting in and ran aboard at least $5 worth of coal getting in and ran aboard of her, and they raised such a yell that I thought sure we'd be behind the door as it opened, and this one then knocked at the door softly. The captain opened it instantly and asked what was wanting. The man answered in a whisper:

"'The mate wants you up, sir, at once.'

The captain, completely deceived, started at once, fearing some disaster; but as he stepped outside his door he was instantly felled to the floor and carried helplessly on deck, where he was tied as securely as the mate and left lying beside him to recover consciousness or die, as it might happen.

Then the mutinous sailors returned to the cabin, and, using the same tactics, tried to entice George and Maxwell out; but George had heard their steps as they carried the senseless captain up the companionway, and he seized a cutlass and determined to at least sell his life dearly if that was what they wanted. His flush the whole thing became clear to his mind, and he knew that the sailors were there with the intention of robbing him of his treasure. They like he would willingly have divided with them all, but he did not like the idea of being robbed of it. He roused Maxwell and told him his suspicions that all was not right, and they hurriedly dressed, while the men at the door seemed to be consulting together.

Finally the men seemed to have decided, for one of them spoke, knocking a second time.

"The captain wants you on deck, sirs; there's a fire in the hold!"

"Well he there when we smell the smoke," said Maxwell.

"You'll smell smoke soon enough then, by G——" cried Baxter, one of the sailors, who was known, and feared, too, for his quick temper.

"You'd better let us know what you want, and then we'll see about coming out," said George calmly, all the while testing the strength of the cutlass held. Maxwell had no arms whatever, and there was absolutely nothing that he could use as such, and so George and he were at the mercy of thirty muscular and murderous men.

"Well, then, if you want to know, it is just this' ere way. You and the captain and the mates is all to be left in the long boat with two days' grub and water and we take command of the ship. The captain and the mates is on deck all ready for their trip and if you behave yourself you can go with them; if not, well, we can take you with us or leave you where we found you, in the middle of the ocean. We'll give them out peacably all right; if not you take the consequences."

"George," said Maxwell in a whisper, "it's my opinion we'd better do as they say. There's too many odds, and it's the money they want. It's pirates' blood money, anyway, and would do us no good, and would do us, so I think we'd better give it up."

George reflected a moment and then said:

"Will you tell me what your object is in treating us so?"

"We wants the mona," said one of the Portuguese.

"Well, come and take it then," shouted George angrily.

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THE STRIKE AT SCHOOL.

The Scholars Started the Movement, but It Didn't Work.

These strikes by the school children are nothing new. But they don't develop and bring out and down the strong hand of the ruling power as they used to. Among the sunny memories of my own school days there glows, bright and soft as a summer sunset, the picture of the great strike at Hinman's, in Peoria, away back in 1853. Hinman's was the greatest school in the west. The dear old man was superintendent of public instruction, board of education, school trustee, county superintendent, principal, assistant and janitor. He had a pleasant smile, a firm temper and a slate frame. He also carried about his person a grip that would make a blacksmith's vise crawl into the scrap heap and hide itself.

We used to have general exercises Friday afternoons, at which we were wont to recite, in vociferous concert, the multiplication table, the states and capitals, and such thrilling rhetorical exercises as, "Will you WALK? or HIPP?" and "They tell us to be MODERATE, but THEY, THEY—are to revel in pro-FU-sion!" It was thrilling. But after we had learned all these chants "by heart," and could chant them off with one rare slant, "Old Hinman" introduced an innovation—"speakin' pieces." Upon that we struck. We endured it three weeks, and then we determined to boycott the whole business. All the boys went into it. Bill Smith and Hin Tuttle, Bob Gregg, Ed Easton, Steve Dunn, Bill Roberts, Hen Keener, and all the big boys, too. The first boy called on to "speak" was to announce the strike. As my name came pretty well up the alphabet, I stood a good chance of being a leader, a distinction for which I was not at all ambitious, being of tender years and of a ruddy countenance and sensitive feeling. But a boy named Allen, who was called ahead of me, flunked, and said his piece, "Hohenlinden," although we made such suggestive gestures to him that he forgot half of it and broke down and cried. When I was called I refused to speak. Being pressed for a reason, I said, in faltering accents, that "there wasn't going to be no more speaking." When the old man with unfeigned surprise asked me who said so, I said "all of us did." Then he said there would be "a little more speakin'" before the close of the session, and he led me out of the rostrum. Then and there, with feelings which I now shudder to recall, I did my first song and dance act. I had often before performed my solitary cachuca to the lascivious pleasing of "Old Hinman's" slate frame, but never had I accompanied myself with words. Boy like, I had selected for my piece a poem expressive of those peaceful virtues I most heartily despised, so that my performance at the inauguration of the strike ran somewhat like this:

Oh, not for me (whack!) is the rolling (whack!) drum,
Or the (whack, whack!) trumpet's wild (whack!) appal (Bo-peep)
Or the cry (boohoo!) of (whack!) war when the (whack!) foe is come,
Or the (ow!) brightly (whack!) flashing steel (whack, whack!)

I cannot convey to the most vivid imagination the gestures which accompanied the seven stanzas of this beautiful poem. Suffice it to say that they kept pace with the old man's peculiar system of punctuation, until at last, overcome with conflicting emotions, I came sobbing to my seat and wondered why an inscrutable Providence had given to the rhinoceros the hide that the eternal fitness of things had evidently prepared for the schoolboy.

But I forgot my own sorrows and dried my tears in the enjoyment of my play-mate's woes. Gradually developed it. Mr. Hinman, who had been usually gentle and self restrained with me, lost his temper with the boy who followed me, and there was a sound of revelry for the next hour. He shook boys until their teeth rattled so you couldn't hear them yell; he hit Billy Easton a thump, his tough boy, one whack with a skate strap and Mickey ran out and rolled in the dirt one half of his jacket buttons off, and Steve and Len had a fit before the old man touched him; he whipped the two Knowlton girls with a switch at the same time, and the Gibbon family—five boys and a big girl—he hit all at once with the girl's skipping rope, and they raised such a howl that the clock stopped. He kept the atmosphere of that old schoolroom full of dust and lint, weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth until his old arms ached and all hearts wearied of the inhuman strife and wicked contention, and then he stood up before us in a sickening tangle of strap and cane, and slate frame, rattan and skipping rope, and asked, in clear, triumphant tones:

"Who says there isn't going to be any more speakin'?"

And the boys of that school rose up as one being and shrieked in tones of anguish:

"Nobody!"—R. J. Burdette.

Tried and Proved.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial a success, both in my own case and others of the family." Lauratta Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

O'Brien, M. P., arrived at Kingston yesterday afternoon. The lord mayor and other Parnellites awaited his arrival at Westland row station in Dublin, but the police changed the route of conveying O'Brien to Clonmel prison, via Kings bridge station.

Constipation.

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequal to dyspepsia or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which is certain to promptly relieve and ultimately cure the worst cases of constipation.

The St. Petersburg Grashdanin says that Gen. Boulanger's aims are more enigmatical than ever, and that he should make a frank declaration of his purposes. The Journal de St. Petersburg says that Novoste look upon the election of Boulanger as a summons to the republic to take action for its preservation.

What enhances the beauty of fine features more than a clear skin? Even plain features are made attractive by a good complexion. To secure this, purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has no equal. Price $1. Six bottles $5. Worth $8 a bottle.

The government intend entering an appeal in the supreme court of Canada from the decision of Justice Fournier, awarding Hon. Mr. McGreevy, of Quebec, $120,000, balance of claim of $080,000 for contract on the Intercolonial railway.

A Terrible Ten Years.

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

Cold weather ought to produce good feeling—everybody being then hand in glove, so to speak.

A Severe Attack.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes—"My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhœa, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief.

A Good Neighbor.

"Late last fall I was laid up in bed three days with a very severe attack of diarrhœa and vomiting. Nothing benefited me until my neighbor, Mrs. Dunning, recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I bought me a half bottle, which she had in her house. In three hours the vomiting was stopped, and I was able to sit up by night. I would not now think of using any other medicine." Columbus Hopkins, Hamilton, Ont.

The Salmon River N. S., mine was discovered in 1880, and the first crushing at an outside mill made in March, 1881. The mill on the property was completed in August, 1881, and from that date until November 1888, the mine has produced 64,500 tons of quartz which yielded through the mill over 31,000 ozs. of gold, on an average of about 9¼ dwts. per ton of ore crushed. It has yielded to its owners in round figures $600,000, and after paying all expenses of the mine and hospitals, protracted litigation, etc., has paid in cash dividends close upon $300,000 or had paid that amount up to the end of November, 1888. The company owns quite a village of buildings.

Eminent physicians everywhere recommend Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as the most reliable remedy that can be had for colds, coughs, and all pulmonary diseases. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Almanac; it is the best publication of the kind, and full of information.

It is understood that the common chamber will, in all likelihood, be enlarged and otherwise improved in its accommodation. The proposal is to remove the western corridor and extend the building further westward. An enlarged chamber is to be built after the design of the amphitheatre, increasing the accommodation to 300 seats.

All scalp and skin diseases, dandruff falling of the hair, gray or faded hair may be cured by using that nature's true remedy, Hall's Hair Renewer.

The municipal authorities of Constantinople, without previous notice, insist upon levying a tax of 70 piastres upon printers and publishers. The Journal printers are already affected. The Journal Neologos has stopped publication. The British, Italian and French ambassadors are using their influence to withdraw the tax.

A Plain Statement.

All poisonous waste, and worn on matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. B. B. B. cleanses, opens and regulates these natural outlets for the removal of disease.

Contract for Making Up Uniforms for Letter Carriers.

SEPARATE Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, Ottawa, for Supplying Uniforms (Coats and Pantaloons) and marked "Tender for Making up Uniforms for Letter Carriers" at Halifax, St. John, N. B., Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ont., Winnipeg, and Victoria, B. C., will be received at Ottawa until 12 o'clock noon on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of February, 1889, for the supply of the requisite number of suits of uniforms, according to the pattern and specimens now exhibited at Ottawa and at the Post Offices in the above named cities and elsewhere, as may from time to time be required by the Postmaster General.

Information as to the estimated number of garments required to be made in each of the above cities, and other particulars, the tough boy, one whack with a skate strap and Mickey ran out and rolled in the dirt one half of his jacket buttons off, and Steve and Len had a fit before the old man touched him; he whipped the two Knowlton girls with a switch at the same time, and the Gibbon family—five boys and a big girl—he hit all at once with the girl's skipping rope, and they raised such a howl that the clock stopped. He kept the atmosphere of that old schoolroom full of dust and lint, weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth until his old arms ached and all hearts wearied of the inhuman strife and wicked contention, and then he stood up before us in a sickening tangle of strap and cane, and slate frame, rattan and skipping rope, and asked, in clear, triumphant tones:

"Who says there isn't going to be any more speakin'?"

And the boys of that school rose up as one being and shrieked in tones of anguish:

"Nobody!"—R. J. Burdette.

Tried and Proved.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial a success, both in my own case and others of the family." Lauratta Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

O'Brien, M. P., arrived at Kingston yesterday afternoon. The lord mayor and other Parnellites awaited his arrival at Westland row station in Dublin, but the police changed the route of conveying O'Brien to Clonmel prison, via Kings bridge station.

Constipation.

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequal to dyspepsia or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which is certain to promptly relieve and ultimately cure the worst cases of constipation.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

Proprietors, TORONTO.

T. MILBURN & CO.,

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK —FOR— BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John every MONDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local) for EASTPORT, and thence to BOSTON, direct; and the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave St. John every THURSDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local), for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave Boston every Monday morning for St. John, via Portland and Eastport; and the CLEOPATRA will leave Boston every Thursday morning for St. John, Calling at Eastport and Portland.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,

keeps a large stock of Coffins and Caskets on hand to select from, also, I have lately added Children's Enameled White Caskets finely finished.

Price List on application.

W. WATSON.

P. S.—Sole manufacturer of the *Double Washboard.*

We have been running extra time to supply the demand for this article.

W. W.

FREE! 832 Sewing-Machines to at once establish trade in all parts, by posting our machines, printing and shipping them, we will send free to one person in each locality, who will act as our agent, a new honey made 12 to 20 dollars at home, and all the attachments free. Any person can become a master in a few months all shall become your own teachers, and earn handsome pay. Instructions made after the 832 great improvements, are so plain and simple that a child can learn to make money at once. Those who are willing to work can earn from $5 to $10 per day at home, and more at traveling, or at the business we furnish employment at. Capital not required, we furnish everything we ask you to do is to help introduce our sewing machines, and now sells for $15 and is the most perfect, strongest, most rapid machine in the world. All is entirely new, and unprecedented inducements are offered. Full information, directions, etc., sent free. Address at once, TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1889.

Madam! See what **15 Cents** will do! It will bring you a sample copy of CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, which will be issued for 1889 with the SEAL-SKIN SACQUE, the SILK DRESS, the GOLD WATCH and COTTAGE ORGAN, and other valuables, without a dollar.

YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER two dollars' worth of Magazine than by subscribing to "CODEY," THE BEST LADIES' MAGAZINE in America.

For 1890 it will contain—Fashions in Colors, Fashions in black and white; latest from Europe, Original Novelties in Needle Work and Embroidery. Latest and most popular Music. Plans for the house you want to build. Directions for decorating your home. Cookery and household help, by MRS. CRAS. HOYT, teacher in several fashionable New York academies, and selected by the Board of Education for the New York Public Schools. Literary enrichments by NELLY BLY, who got herself locked up in a lunatic asylum to find out how they treated the insane, ELLA ROD-MAN CHURCH, EMMA LEE BENNOX, OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, MRS. HIRESTAND, EDGAR FAWCETT, DAVID LOWRY, etc.

Every Lady Her Own Dressmaker

who subscribes to Codey's Lady's Book. The patterns which you will find in each number entitles you to your own selection of Lady's Lady's Book. Your pattern illustrated in Codey's Lady's Book. Your 15c. Sample Copy will contain one of these patterns. **Send 15 cents for sample, which will be allowed on your subscription when received.** The pattern shows how to cut out the garment you want. That's all we can say in this space. For the rest see your sample number; for which send 15c. at once. "Codey" is only $2.00 a year.

Address "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK," Philadelphia, Pa.

Contract for the Supply of Boots for Letter Carriers.

SEPARATE Sealed tenders, addressed to the Postmaster-General, Ottawa, (for Superintendent, Printing and Supply Branch) and marked "Tender for the Supply of Letter Carriers' Boots," will be received at Ottawa until 12 o'clock noon on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of February, 1889, for the supply to this department of such Boots as may from time to time be required for the purpose above stated.

The estimated number of pairs required annually is 2,000 (two thousand (700), samples of which are to be seen at the offices of the undersigned Postmasters, from whom additional information can, if required, be obtained:

Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ont., Winnipeg, and Victoria, B. C., and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The material and workmanship are to be, in all respects, equal to the samples, and the Boots when completed, are to be delivered, at the expense of the Contractor or Contractors, in such quantities as may from time to time be required at the Post Office department, Ottawa.

The Contract to continue in force for a term of four years, provided always the same be executed, as to the prompt completion of the work, the quality of the material used, and the nature of the workmanship performed, to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General.

The tender to state the price demanded per pair for the work in the manner prescribed by the form of tender, and to be accompanied by the written guarantee of two responsible parties undertaking that in the event of the tender being accepted, the Contract shall be duly executed by the person or persons tendering for the price demanded, moderate tractors in the sum of One Thousand Dollars, for the due performance of the Contract.

Printed forms of tender and guarantee may be obtained at the Post Offices above named and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

WILLIAM WHITE, Deputy Postmaster General.

Post Office Department, Ottawa, 24th January, 1889.

P. E. ISLAND AND BUCTOUCHE OYSTERS.

now being served in all Styles.

A large stock on hand for sale, wholesale and retail

—AT—

M. A. HARDING'S.

Foot of Portland, N. B.

P. S. Large and commodious dining room upstairs.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 00
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 35
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMMODATION	15 20
DAY EXPRESS	18 30

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20th, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect Jan. 7th, 1889. Leaves St. John: Intercolonial Sections—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Bangor.

3.35 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p.m.—Except Saturday night—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle. Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

10.00 a.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.00 p.m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

LEAVE C