

Wreck of the Heather Bell.

A ballad describing the loss of the wood boat Heather Bell on the St. John River, N. B., in November, A. D. 1877, by collision with the steamer Soulages, an old and extremely erratic craft, which then ran as a night boat between St. John and Fredericton.

BY FRANK H. RISTEN.

It was the wood boat Heather Bell
That plowed the wintry main;
And the skipper his name was Bowser,
And the crew his name was Kane.

White was the deck with the evening frost,
Her sails and her mast all white,
And over her bow in the darkling gloom
There glimmered her signal light.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe in his mouth was set,
White a cross of matches lay strewn around
He had scratched on his pantalette.

And with every squally gust that blew
He would light another match,
And for every griping flaw that flew
His gable end he'd scratch.

Then up spoke the skipper's mate
(Likewise his name was Kane),
"I pray thee, put into Otnabog,
For I fear a hurricane.

The mainsail sheet is frozen stiff,
The martengale leaks fast,
The piston rod is smashed in twain,
And the spinaker jaws the mast!"

"Then haul the bobstay hard to port
And hammer down the hatch!"
And the skipper laughed a scornful laugh
As he lighted another match.

"No fear have I," old Bowser cried,
"Of weather, wind or sea;
Trice up the binnacle to the poop
And splice the whiffletree!"

But wilder and wilder came the gale,
And the darkness and the rain,
Twin specters from a world of woe,
Their wings spread o'er the main.

Then up spake the boatswain bold
(His name likewise was Kane),
"O, let us take the larboard tack—
The Jimsag we may gain."

"Go bowsen up the collar beam,"
The skipper roared aloud,
"And tightly reef the throttle valve
And jibe the scupper shroud!"

And still from the Devil's Back
And o'er the Reach it blew,
And down the vale of Nerepis
The fierce tornado flew.

It swept the jilpoke off the poop,
It ripped the sails like tow,
It stove the gangway into shreds
And bilged the dynamo.

Yet though the wind blew fierce and fast,
And though the blast blew raw,
The skipper cheerily sought to light
The pipe that would not draw.

"O, skipper, I hear the sound of guns,
O, say what may it be?"
"Tis a Nerepis maiden chewing gum
And cracking her teeth, said he.

"O, captain, I hear a wailing cry,
O, say, what may it be?"
"Tis a mermaid singing her bridal song,
In the eel-grass on our lea."

"Oh, Bowser, I see a gleaming light,
O, say what may it be?"
"Tis old Soulages on our bows,
And dead men both are we!"

At daybreak on the Long Reach shore
The inhabitants stood aghast
At the sight of a seemingly defunct
Lying close to a broken mast.

The limbs were fixed, and fixed the eyes
That met their startled sight,
And fixed in the stern unyielding mouth
Was the pipe he had tried to light.

They watched and waited long in hope
Some glimmer of life to see,
When lo! the form riz up and roared:
"Bring hither a match to me!"

Ah, sires, 'twas piteous to see
That ancient river man
As in a rage he smote the match
Upon his diaphragm.

"Shake out the mizzen jib," he cried,
"The whisker pole let free!"
Then jammed his helm hard to port
And steered for the unknown sea.

And this is the tale of the Heather Bell
That plowed the wintry main,
Which the skipper, his name was Bowser,
And the crew, his name was Kane.

A score of years had elb'd and flow'd
Above her resting place,
Yet still her flying form is seen
Where the night-long breakers race.

White is her deck with the evening frost,
Her sails and her masts all white,
And over her bow in the darkling gloom
There glimmers her signal light.

Alfonso Interviewed.

The Boy King Cracks Some Jokes That Cause Trouble

It was a rainy day. I felt as proud as a janitor reigning over his Harlem flat as I skipped up the magnificent Escolera Principal, which led to the king's palace and the gardener's sleeping apartment. I knocked several times, but nobody came to the door, so I walked down the stairway again (as proud, etc.) and went round to the back entrance. After a terrific bombardment of several hours I managed to wake up the cook, who stuck her head out of the door and sweetly screamed:

"Oi tell yez that we don't want any atlusses of ther wurrd, or histories of Englund, or Dorry's galleries, or—"

"But madam, I am no book agent," I implored, as she was about to slam the door in my face.

"Thin wot is it yez want?"

"I would like to interview the king."

"Thin woipe yer feet, an Oi'll take yez to ther kid."

So from the kitchen I was ushered into the Salon de Embajadores, where I sat on a soap box to await the boy ruler of Spain. (Hiss) Suddenly I saw him come sliding down the banister, a page set in black silk on one side of him and another page set in pica on the other side.

"Have I the honor of confronting Alfonso XIII?" I courteously asked.

"Alfonso 12½ instead of thirteenth, I guess."

"Why, what do you mean?" I impatiently inquired.

"Well, you see, I've got to get another half—a better half. Ha, ha!"

This bit of satire caused an innocent butler to smile, and the king immediately ordered the family butcher to cut his head off, adding, "Do you think I crack jokes for fun?"

Then I continued my interview:

"Do you think the war is fluctuating your industries?"

"Certainly. Your American shots are making real estate go up and shipbuilding go down, but this may probably be due to England loaning you her ship."

"Her ship—what ship?"

"Friendship."

And just then a dynamite shell exploded in the soap box and immediately killed the author of this sad tale.—New York Journal.

Farm for Sale.
Three miles from Hartland, 150 acres—100 cleared, 50 in good wood land. Can all be mown over by a machine. Good house well furnished, stone cellar. Two good barns, also other out houses. Farming utensils, two-horses, go with the place. The whole thing makes a big bargain for some man desiring to purchase a farm and complete outfit. Easy terms. Apply to.
R. W. RICHARDSON,
Hartland, N. B., May 25. 16 24

Well That's Cool

Is what ever one says when they get a glass of Soda from Thistle & Co's new fountain. "How refreshing" are other expressions. The new fountain, which is a picture to look at, produces man different flavored Sodas, including Cream Soda and Orange Phosphate. Call and get a drink. A no more refreshing nectar flows in Carleton Co. This warm weather is fatiguing, don't suffer with the heat, cool yourself at Thistle's fountain.

GILLIN'S BLOCK
Hartland Drug Store



**HOW ARE —
— YOUR EYES?**

Don't let your eyes fail you. Sight is your most valuable sense. Preserve it! Investigate our line of **SPECTACLES**. We have a complete line and can suit you, even though your Optics are nearly useless. The lenses are most important. Get a perfect fit! If you want Gold, Steel, Nickel, or Composition bows we can suit you. Your money back if you are not suited.

ESTEY & CURTIS,
Drug Store, Brick Block, Hartland.

Klondike Gold. DENTISTRY!

If you do not have it but have to make every cent tell, bring your Carriage to us and have it Painted, Repaired or Upholstered in a first class style.
W. B HARMON & SON.
Peel N. B. March 18th 1898.

Dr. J. E. Jewett will be at
Hartland,
June 27, 28 July 11, 12, 25, 26.
East Florenceville
June 29, July 13, 27.
Bath
June 30, July 14, 28.
Clearview
June 20, 21, July 4, 5, 18, 19,
Andover
June 22, 23, July 6; 7, 20 21.