

GHOST OF BAY CHALEUR

HOW THE PHANTOM SHIP RIDES UPON ITS WATERS.

An interesting account of an old legend—accompanied by a poem descriptive of the days when pirates sailed and plundered on the ocean blue.

During heavy easterly gales in the month of October a curious sight is often seen in the Bay Chaleur. Nearly every old inhabitant, and many middle aged and young persons living on the points of land on either sides of the Bay, as well as all or nearly all the fishermen, have seen the phenomenon, and nearly all of them agree on its appearance. It is seen generally shortly after darkness falls and looks exactly like two small square rigged vessels of old fashioned design locked together, both on fire, and being driven before the gale. Figures of men are seen sometimes, struggling in the rigging. The sea for a considerable distance around the ship is lit up by the fire, and they suddenly disappear in mid-bay, when nearly opposite New Carlisle. The Acadians tell a story handed down from the earliest settlers regarding the sight. It is that a French merchantman laden with supplies and ammunition for the St. Lawrence was chased by a pirate, during the chase a heavy easterly storm arose, and the Frenchman ran into the Bay of Chaleur followed by the pirate. Being crippled by a shot from the pirate ship, and seeing he could not escape, the brave Frenchman fired his ship just before the pirates boarded her, and then held his foe in fight so long that the pirates were unable to cast off their grapple in time to escape the fire, which presently reached the powder and both vessels were blown up.

There is no fake about the Phantom Ship—hundreds have vouched for the sight:

The Phantom Ship of the Bay Chaleur.
Old Jean Derold was a pirate bold who hailed from black Algiers
And the ships of France he hurried round Africa's
And swept the shore.
Till finding peace was scarce at home he o'er the
Atlantic steers,
To Isle St. Pierre de Miquelon, a venture new to
score.

A gallant ship sailed from Dieppe her name the
"Floral,"
Her cargo partly cloths and silks, the beans and
belles to deck,
Who held gay court and deep intrigue at growing
Montreal,
And partly snuff and powder for the soldiers at
Quebec.

As peace was now in order 'twixt England and
France,
No consort came across to guard the ships upon
the seas,
And so the gallant "Floral" along the waves did
dance,
With careless watch, and jolly crew, to fair and
favoring breeze.

But as they crossed the Banks a storm from east-
ward blew—apace,
And a rakish brig shot into view and followed in
their wake,
The Frenchman thought the stranger was daring
him to race,
So cracked on all the canvas the "Floral" could
take.

The wind blew strong but on they raced till near-
ing Chaleur Bay,
The stranger gaining knot by knot, came tearing
on the gale,
And as the afternoon began to show the close o
day
The ships were nearly close enough to answer to a
hail.

'Twas then the brig ran up a flag that made the
Frenchman die,
The "Jolly Roger" black as night was floating on
the wind,
And a round shot plunged into the arque that
made the splinters fly,
You may be sure the race was soon of quite an-
other kind.

Like pigeon scared by swooping hawk the "Floral"
dashed on,
And changed her course in order to take all the
wind she dare,
Her only hope was "Gaspé" port, which if it could
be won,
The pirate dared not follow her across the Harbor
bar.

But all too late, the frightened bird, was winged
and crippled soon
A round shot struck her mizzen and lumbered her
with wreck,
And ere they cleared the debris away the pirate brig
swooped down,
Her grapples soon were fastened, and the fiends
swarmed on her deck.

The Captain of the "Floral", brave gentlemen and
true,
Had fired his ship and cargo dry as soon as hope
was lost,
And in the tempest and the fire the gallant mer-
chant crew,
Resolved to die as brave men can who tally count
the cost.

They met the pirates at the side and firm in con-
flict grip,
The merchantmen so desperate held their savage
foe in check,
Till all too late the pirates find the fire has reached
their ship,
Which is so firmly grappled to the "Floral's" burn-
ing wreck,

* The Island of St. Pierre—Langley and Miquelon,
in old times were called the Miquelon Isles—and
were distinguished as "St. Pierre de Miquelon-
Langley de Miquelon etc."—and were a veritable
for smugglers—Freebooters etc. In fact it is said
smuggling is done there yet.

The flames fanned by the tempest wrapped both
vessels in their fold
No boat could live a moment, no chance was there
to flee.
And now the fire at last has reached the powder in
the hold,
A crash—a roar, and darkness is o'er the raging
sea.

And ever since when Eastern storms rush o'er the
Bay Chaleur,
Two ships on fire full rigged and manned, upon the
wild waves sweep,
From Miscoo Isle to New Carlisle they're seen from
either shore,
And disappear in flash of flame into the hissing deep.
"Edith".

THE DEATH OF OSTEOPATHY.

Moncton People Will Have to Depend on
Old Methods.

MONCTON, Mar. 23.—The much
talked of Osteopathy bill which has
been the occasion of so much strife
and heartburning amongst all classes
and which seems to have shaken the very
foundations of society in Moncton, has re-
ceived what is commonly termed a hoist
for this session of the legislature at least,
if not for all time. Whether the fault lay
with the legislature or the friends of the
osteopaths it is impossible to say, but
the fact remains that in spite of all
that has been said and done, the practice
of that particular form of healing is no
more legal in Moncton now than it was
this time last year, that those who wish
to be treated by Osteopathy will have to go
abroad for it, and that the physicians of
Moncton rejoice exceedingly over the turn
affairs have taken. Of course it is not
really a victory for either side as the bill
was neither passed, nor rejected, but
simply dropped; yet the result is the same,
and for the present the Medical society
comes out on top. Whether Dr. Buck-
master's failure to appear in Fredericton
and give any information regarding the
science he practises, had anything to do
with the apparent lukewarmness at the last
moment, of some of those who professed
to be most in favor of the bill, it is im-
possible to say, but there can be little doubt
that his presence, and explanations regard-
ing the methods of applying the science,
would have materially aided the cause of
his followers, while his absence had a very
chilling effect on it.

The question whether osteopathy is to be,
or not to be, has become such a burn-
ing one in Moncton, that it has already
caused dissension in hitherto united fam-
ilies, strife between lifelong friends, and
more general unpleasantness and hard feel-
ing, than the late civic election. In fact
it was almost made an issue of the civic
contest, and a final issue too, the late
mayor of the city taking advantage of the
large gathering in the opera house after
the result of the election had been an-
nounced, and the newly elected mayor and
council had made their little speeches of
gratitude to those who had raised them to
the posts of honor which they hoped soon to
occupy—to feel the pulse of the meeting
with regard to the osteopathy question.
The result was eminently satisfactory
to the followers of Dr. Buckmaster for
the roar of "ayes" was deafening when
the "nays" were almost inaudible. An
osteopathic enthusiast described it after-
wards as the most conclusive proof that
could be obtained of the desire of the re-
presentative Moncton citizen to have free-
dom in his choice as a physician as well as
liberty of conscience in religious matters,
and the right to exercise the glorious pre-
rogative of absolute freedom, which is the
birthright of every British subject and for
which our forefathers fought and died.

It may have seemed that way, if one
wanted to think so, but to the dispassionate
bystander who was not interested in osteo-
pathy, it sounded more as if the several
hundred small boys who helped to swell the
audience, were impressed with the idea that
it was the custom for successful candidates
to celebrate their victory by treating the
crowd, and that the mayor had been de-
puted to find out whether the assembled
multitude were in favor of that time honored
custom or not. They probably thought that
the mayor being a lawyer, and naturally
wishing to be impressive on such an occa-
sion had used the Latin word for treating,
and hence their eager response. Many
others amongst the audience had their
minds entirely occupied with matters relat-
ing to the campaign which had just ended,
and scarcely took time to understand the
question clearly, else the response might
not have been quite so unanimous.

It is asserted by some of the friends of
the bill that it did not die a natural death,
as many supposed, but that unfair means
were resorted to, to prevent its passage,
and they are still hopeful of ultimate
success. In the meantime those of our
citizens who are in need of medical attend-
ance are fain to rely on the ministrations
of regularly qualified physicians, and
disorderd bones will have to depend for
relief upon ordinary surgical methods.

A Crippled Shadow.

THE REMARKABLE STATEMENT
OF JAS. DAVIS, OF VITTORIA.

Stricken With Rheumatism He Wanted to
a Pain Stricken Shadow—Doctors and
Hospital Treatment Failed to Help Him
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Health and Strength.

Proof upon proof accumulates that Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills is the greatest medi-
cal discovery of the 19th century, and the
following story told in the grateful
patient's own words again substantiates
the claim that they cure when other med-
icines fail.

Knowing that I am a living monument
of the wonderful curing properties of Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills, I deem it my duty as
a grateful man to give my testimony for
the aid of such as are afflicted as I was. I
am a resident of the village of Vittoria
Ont., and have lived in the town or neigh-
borhood all my life and am therefore well
known and what I say can be easily
proved. Three years ago I was stricken
with and partially paralyzed by rheumatism
and after being under the care of two
physicians I was given up to die. I wasted
to a human skeleton; nothing more than
a crippled shadow. I lost the use of my
limbs entirely and food was given me by a
spoon. Life was not worth living and such
an existence was indeed miserable.

Thus I awaited the end to come—an end
of human suffering too awful to depict.
As a last resort I was persuaded by my
friends to try medical treatment in the
General Hospital in Toronto, and after
spending several weeks there came home
disheartened and even worse than before.
While writhing in the pangs of pain, dis-
couraged and ready to die, I heard of Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills and of the marvellous
cures they effected. While doubting that
they would cure me I was prevailed upon
to take them. The effect was marvellous.
For two long years I had not enjoyed a
single night's rest and I then slept a sweet
sleep which seemed like heaven to me. I
revived, could eat and gradually grew
stronger and as I gained strength my hope
of living increased. I have taken forty-
one boxes, which may seem a large
quantity to some, but be it remem-
bered I had taken many times their value
in other medicines and had been declared
incurable by doctors. The result is I am
now able to undergo hard physical exer-
cise. All my large circle of friends and
acquaintances welcomed me back in their
midst and life seems real again. The fact
is beyond all question that Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills as a last and only medicine proved
successful in reaching the germs of my
disease and saved me from a life of misery
and pain. Again I say as a grateful man
that I cannot too strongly recommend this
remarkable medicine to all fellow beings
who are afflicted with this terrible malady.

JAMES DAVIS,
The above testimony is signed in pre-
sence of
ERNEST WEBSTER MAYBEE.

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died at Moncton. His relatives
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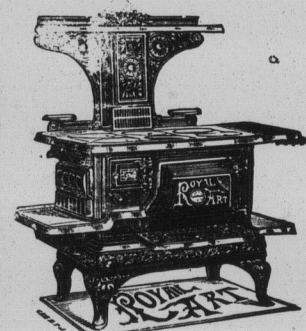
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