

**METEOLOGICAL.**  
Reports for the Dominion by  
G. A. Blair, Esq.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY.

DATE.	Time.	Height of Bar.	Thermometer.	Maximum.	Minimum.
Sun.	30	74.6 a.m. 30.07	-0.1		
		3.46 p.m. 29.99	-0.1		
		1.45 p.m. 29.99	-0.1		
Mon.	31	74.6 a.m. 29.79	0.6		
		3.46 p.m. 29.76	1.8		
		1.45 p.m. 29.84	0.6	22.2	4.0
Tues.	1	74.6 a.m. 29.92	1.0		
		3.46 p.m. 29.82	8.8		
		1.45 p.m. 29.79	9.5	0.5	
Wed.	2	74.6 a.m. 29.79	9.7		
		3.46 p.m. 29.64	17.2		
		1.45 p.m. 29.64	15.1	18.6	1.5
Thurs.	3	74.6 a.m. 29.63	24.1		
		3.46 p.m. 29.49	31.2		
		1.45 p.m. 29.56	34.1	15.1	
Fri.	4	74.6 a.m. 29.51	31.6		
		3.46 p.m. 29.38	31.6		
		1.45 p.m. 29.38	31.2	32.2	18.1
Sat.	5	74.6 a.m. 30.11	19.3		
		3.46 p.m. 30.21	31.6		
		1.45 p.m. 30.21	31.6	35.5	14.2

The minus sign thus - on the left hand, denotes below zero, its absence denotes above zero.

The column for Maximum Thermometer shows the highest temperature for every day.

The column for Minimum Thermometer shows the lowest temperature for every day.

## Selected Literature.

### THE BRAKEMAN'S STORY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

A rough-looking man? Yes perhaps I am. We ain't all of us responsible for our outside look, no more than a horse-drawn out or a hazzard. The kind of life I lead can't be lived in white kid gloves and dress coats. I wasn't brought up with many advantages and I'm only a brakeman for the Rensselaer and Saratoga line. Old Jones was telling me about me, was he, sir? He's better hold his tongue. There's more profitable subjects of conversation than I am. But Old Jones means well enough and if he told you to ask me what white stripe of hair came in my black mane, I ain't the man to go back on him. Oh, you needn't beg my pardon, sir! I don't mind talking about it now, though the time was I couldn't speak of it without a big lump coming in my throat.

We hadn't been married long, Polly, when I was married. Polly was a trim bright-eyed slip of a girl as ever you'd wish to see. She was one of the waitresses in the Albany lunch-room, and the first time I ever set my eyes on her I made up my mind to make that girl my wife. So, when they raised my wages I took heart and asked her if she would have me, with a wedding ring thrown into the bargain.

"Do you really mean it, Jake?" said she, looking me full in the face, with those dark blue eyes of hers, that are like the skies at night.

"I do really mean it, Polly," said I.

"Then," said she, putting both hands in mine, "I trust you. I've no living reason to advise with me, so I can only give counsel with my own heart."

So we were married. I rented a little one-story house, under the hill that overlooked the Hudson—a cozy place with a good-sized wood-pile in the rear, for winter meant winter in those parts, and the snow used to be drifted up with our deer yard fence, many and many a cold gray morning. And everything went smooth until Polly began to object to my mates at the White Blackbird, and the Saturday evenings I spent with the boys, after my train was safely run on to the side-track at the junction.

"Why, Polly, girl," said I, where's the harm? A man can't live by himself, like an oyster in its shell, and a social glass never yet harmed any one."

"No," said Polly, "not a social glass, Jake, but the habit. And if you would only put every five-cent piece that you spend for liquor into little Bertie's tiny savings book—"

"Bah!" said I. "I'm not a drunkard, and I never mean to be one. And no one likes to be preached to by his wife, Polly. Remember that, my girl, and you'll save yourself a deal of trouble."

I kissed her, and went away. But that was the beginning of the little, grave shadows that grew on my Polly's face, like a creeping fog over the hills, and that she never got rid of since.

It was a sore point between us—what the politicians call a vexed question. I felt that Polly was always watching me, and I didn't choose to be put in leading-strings by a woman. So I shan't say it—I went to the White Blackbird oftener than ever, and I didn't always count the glasses of beer that I drank; and once or twice, of a particularly cold night, I let myself be persuaded into drinking something stronger than beer; and my brain wasn't the kind that could stand liquid fire with impunity. And Polly cried, and I lost my temper, and—well, I don't like to think of all these things now. Thank goodness they're over and gone.

That afternoon as I stood on the back platform of my car, with my arms folded and my eyes fixed on the snowy waste of flat fields through which the iron track seemed to extend itself like an endless black serpent, I looked up my own life in the face. I made up my mind that I had been behaving like a brute.

"What are those senseless fellows at the White Blackbird to me," muttered I, "as compared with one of Polly's sweet bright looks? I will give the whole thing up. I'll draw the line just here and now. We shall be off duty early to-night. I'll go home and astonish Polly."

But, as night fell, the blinding drift of a great storm came with it. We were belated by the snow which collected on the rails, and when we

reached Esbikade there was a little girl, who had been sent on in the care of the conductor, who must have waited three or four hours for a train in the cold and cheerless station, or be taken home across the snowy fields by some one who knew the way.

I thought of my own little children.

"I'll take her," said I—and lifting her up I gathered my coarse warm coat about her, and I started for the long, cold walk under the whipping pines along the edge of the river. I honestly believe she would have frozen to death if she had been left in the cold station until the way-train could call for her. And when I had left her safe in the charge of her aunt, I saw by the old kitchen time-piece that it was 10 o'clock.

"Polly will think I have slipped back into the Slough," I said to myself, with half a smile; but I'll give her an agreeable surprise!"

Plunging down amid the snow-drifts, through a grove of pine trees which edged a ravine at the back of my house, I sprang lightly on the door-step; the door was shut and locked. I went around to the front, where I effected an entrance, but the fire was dying on the hearth, and little Bertie, tucked up in his crib, called out:

"Papa, is that you?"

"There is mamma, my son?" said I, looking eagerly around the desolate room.

"Gone out with the baby in her arms to look for you," he said. "Didn't you meet her, papa?"

I stood a minute in silence.

"Lie still, Bertie," said I, in a voice that sounded strange and husky even to myself. "I will go and bring her back."

And I thought with dismay of the blinding snow-storm outside, the treacherous gorges which lay between here and the White Blackbird, the trackless woods through which it was difficult enough to find one's way even in the sunshine of noonday, and—worst of all—the lonely track across the snow-drifts, which I had to cross at a few minutes before midnight. Oh, heavens, what possible doubt might I not have brought upon myself by the wretched passion in which I had gone away that morning.

The town clock, sounding dim and muffled through the storm, struck 11 as I hurried down the hill. Eleven—and who knows what a length of time might elapse before I could find her? And like a fiery phantasmagoria before my mind's eye, I beheld the rush of the midnight express, and dreaded—I knew not what. For all that I could realize was that the storm was growing fiercer with every moment, and Polly and the baby were out in the fury!

As steadily as I could I worked my way towards the track, but more than once I became bewildered, and had to stop and reflect before I could resume my quest. And when, at length, I came out close to a ruined wood and water station on the edge of the track I knew that I was full half a mile below the White Blackbird.

And in the distance I heard the long, shriek of the midnight train! Some one else had heard it, too, for I stood there, saw, faintly visible through the blinding snow, a shadowy figure issuing from the engine, and came out upon the track, looking with a bewildered, uncertain air up and down—the form of Polly, my wife, with the baby in her arms!

I hurried down to her as fast as the rapidly increasing snow drifts would let me, but I was only just in time to drag her from the place of peril, and stand breathless, holding her fast, while the fiercest evel monster of steam swept by with a rush and a rattle and a roar that nearly took our breath away.

"Polly!" I cried, "Polly! speak to me!"

"God, she did," she cried, "and I thought, perhaps, she had died, vacantly, 'you might have met him. It's very cold here, and—'"

And then she fainted in my arms. The long, long brain fever that followed was a sort of death. There was a time when they told me she never would know me again, but, thank God, she did. I recovered at last. And since that night I never have tasted a drop of liquor, and, please heaven, I never will again. The baby, bless its dear little heart, wasn't harmed at all. It lay snug and warm on its mother's breast all the while. But if I hadn't happened to be close by them, at that instant, the wretched power would have ground them into powder!

And the white stripe came into my hair upon the night of that fearful snow storm. That's how it happened.

**WASHINGTON LETTER.**  
(From our Regular Correspondent.)

**INAUGURATION NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.**

Washington, D. C. Feb. 5, 1881.

Not since the Capital was founded amid these now ice-locked swamps of the Potomac, has there been such preparation for the inauguration of a president as now fills the streets, houses, and air of Washington. The only thing necessary to make the fête successful is weather, and it is to be feared that what the English call "Queen's weather" cannot be obtained unless we adjourn the ceremony until the fourth of April. The fourth of March is an historically blustering day; a day upon which the uncanny namesake of Mars delights to sport himself like a lion. General Grant's first inauguration was disavowed by the elements of weather. At the ball which celebrated the beginning of his second term, ladies danced in seal skin jackets and muffs or in large circular cloaks, which completely hid costumes into which the fair wearers had put all their genius and all their heart. General Hayes' inauguration was dimly performed amid bone piercing winds and under clouds as dark and doubtful as the historic days that preceded it.

The advanced state of plans for enlarging the success of the grand inauguration hall give the best reasons for believing that it will not only be a magnificent spectacle, but also an enjoyable occasion. The new National Museum building, covering only a trifle less than three acres, will afford ample space for several thousand people, without anyone being uncomfortably crowded. The heating apparatus is perfect, so that no lady need fear to go there in full evening dress, for in addition to the steam heat, there will then be 5000 gas jets burning.

Yesterday afternoon, while the outside air was so cold, the interior of that building was thoroughly comfortable. The fact that there is only one grand apartment in the building, the subdivisions being formed by piers and semi-circular arches, ensures a free circulation of air, as well as the uniform movement of the guests at the ball. The frescoes will be completed by March the fourth, and to these permanent decorations, will be added very handsome temporary ones including the shields of the different states of the Union, and allegorical representations of commerce, agriculture, etc. In the centre, immediately beneath the dome, will stand a statue of the Goddess of Liberty, fifteen feet in height, bearing a torch. General Garfield and his wife, and Ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes, and their wives will be in the centre of the rotunda, as this will give all present the best possible opportunity of seeing and speaking to them.

One hundred and fifty pieces of music stationed in different parts of the hall, will play for the dancers. There will be a general reception until eleven o'clock, and after that, dancing as late as the dance place. It is now decided that there will be a supper room where light refreshments will be served. This will be in a temporary structure immediately adjoining the main building. Tickets for ball are being rapidly sold at \$5 each.

**ZEPHYRUS**—I have secured the agency for this new compound for Typhoid and Liver Troubles. It comes to me under most favorable conditions, being very highly endorsed and recommended. Its wonderful effect to the Digestive Organs and the Liver, increasing the dissolving power, and the acids and carrying off impurities of the stomach and regulating the Liver, can be tested by securing a sample bottle which sells at 10 cents, or large Eight ounce bottle, 75 cents. E. Lee Street, nov2-3m

**After an Attack of Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, or any wasting disease, HANCOCK'S Kidney and Bladder Pills is the best medicine to take. It gives lasting strength.**

**No Lady who delights in Flowers, and likes to see them do well and bloom abundantly, should be without HANCOCK'S Flower Food. Ordinary packages 30 cents—sufficient for 20 plants for one year.**

**A Simple Cure for Indigestion.**—The worst cases of Indigestion can be permanently cured by taking HANCOCK'S Stomach and Liver Pills according to directions. They seldom fail.

**NOTICE.**—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King St. West Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

**THIS PAPER** is now on file at G. A. Blair, Esq., 175 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## LATEST ARRIVALS.

### D. MORRISON

Has just made considerable additions to his well-selected stock of Goods, which are of the latest and most fashionable design. The new importations consist of:

**DRESS GOODS,**  
Sun Shades, Fancy Prints, Kid Gloves, Grey Cottons, White Cottons, Ladies' and Gents' Hose, Frilling, (newest patterns), Black Straw Hats, Brocade Silk and Velvets, Corsets, &c., Ready made Clothing, Fancy Dress Shirts, Ladies' Sacque Cloths, Tweeds, (new patterns).

## AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

### Boots and Shoes.

### ALSO—

### MILK BASONS, TEA SETS, TRAPTOPS

### GENERAL STOCK OF

### GROCERIES,

### SOAP, BUCKETS, BROOMS, BRUSHES, &c., &c.

Newcastle, June 1, 1880.

## VICK'S

### ILLUSTRATED FLORAL GUIDE

For 1881 is an elegant book of 120 Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 600 Illustrations, with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, and Directions for growing. Only 10 cents. In English or German. If you order by mail deduct the 10 cents.

**VICK'S SEEDS** are the best in the world. The Floral Guide will tell how to get and grow them.

**Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden,** 175 Pages, 8 Colored Plates, 100 engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; \$1.00 in elegant cloth. A German or English. Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price \$1.25 a year; Five Copies for \$5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents.

Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

## JUST RECEIVED:

### VIA HALIFAX.

### 290 B. OXES "Eagle" Glass;

1 Ton Pig Lead;  
6 Rolls Sheet Lead;  
11 Casks Sheet Zinc;  
86 Bbls. Firth's Axle Steel.

W. H. THORNE & CO.  
St. John, Feb. 4.

## WAX CANDLES.

### JUST RECEIVED:

25 BOXES Belmonte Candles;  
25 Boxes Palmetto Candles;  
25 Boxes Belmonte Palm Candles;  
3 Cases Paraffine Wax Candles;

For sale by  
LOGAN, LINDSAY & CO.  
St. John.

## X'MAS, X'MAS.

### 1880.

THE "Elephant" has just arrived at the Newcastle Drug Store loaded with goods suitable for:

## X'MAS & NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

both for Young and Old.

Come one, come all and see them!

ink Stands in olive wood, tartan & glass; Card Boxes in olive wood & ebony; Flagon Boxes in olive wood; Ladies' Work Boxes; Ladies' Companions and Card Cases; Ladies' and Gents' Dressing Cases, and Writing Desks; Paper knives, Whist Markers; Autograph Albums; Pocket Photo Albums, Scrap Books and Scrap Pictures; Toilet Sets and Cases, &c., &c.

## Cakes for Children,

such as Cats and Mice; Cattle, Lost Diamond; Tivoli; Go Bang; Fox and Goose; What Do You Buy? Old Maid; Snap Snop Snout; &c., &c. Also a great variety of

## Children's Toys,

too numerous to mention, and DOLLS for 2 cents upwards, as well as the best assortment of

## XMAS and NEW YEAR'S CARDS,

ever imported into Miramichi, all for sale cheap for Cash.

Call and examine before buying elsewhere. Don't forget the place—NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.

E. LEE STREET, Newcastle, Nov. 30, 1880.

## FLOUR, FLOUR.

RECEIVED TO-DAY:

1 Car Case STRONG BAKERS,

1 FLORENCE, Choice 3-perior.

TO ARRIVE:

40 Bbls. "FLORENCE" Ch. Superior.

250 " DICKSON MILLS,

For sale low by

A. J. BABANG & CO.

Jan. 3.

## FLOUR FLOUR

Just received and receiving to-day:

120 Bbls. DICKSON MILLS, Choice Family,

120 " FLORENCE,

120 " ROSEMARY, Choice Sup. Extra,

60 Bbls. Pure Cent. Ch. Choice Patent,

50 " JACK FROST.

For sale low for cash.

A. J. BABANG & CO.

Moncton, Jan. 10, 1881.

## OATMEAL.

JUST RECEIVED:

120 Bbls. ROCKWOOD,

Choice Fresh Ground.

For sale low to the trade.

A. J. BABANG & CO.

Moncton, Jan. 10, 1881.

## Paraffine Oil.

RECEIVING TO-DAY:

56 Bbls. "VICTOR."

For sale low to the trade by

A. J. BABANG & CO.

Moncton, Jan. 10, 1881.

## FISHING LINES and TWINES.

ON HAND.—Salmon, Trout, Mackeral and Herling Twines. 2 Cases GA-PERLUX THREAD. Cotton Wair and Sturgeon Twines.

For sale by sample, and delivered in a week after orders received.

2 Cases SHAD TWINE daily expected.

T. R. JONES & CO.

St. John, Jan. 5, 1881.

## JUST RECEIVED.

24 cases Vegetine; 1 case D. L. C.;

1 " Gil's Liniment;

1 " Gil's Liniment;

5 bags Canary Seed; 8 bags Rape Seed;

1 case Corn Meal; 1 bag Madder;

6 bags Pure Cent. Tartar;

1 " Pure Ground Pepper;

1 " Pure Ground Mustard;

1 " Pure Ground Mustard;

1 " Pure Ground Mustard;

1 " Pure Ground Mustard;

## WEAK EYES!

—AND—

## HOW TO STRENGTHEN THEM.

—USE THE—

## COMMON SENSE EYE WATER,

Which is very justly pronounced superior to any other eye water offered for sale, and in favor of which hundreds of testimonials can be produced in the Northern Counties alone. Those afflicted from weak or inflamed eyes (occasioned from over study or any other cause) will find great relief in using this remedy, and will verify the above statement after they have fairly tested it.

## WONDERFUL CURATIVE PROPERTIES

—OF THIS—

## EXCELLENT PREPARATION.

IT SUPPLIES, GIVE IT A TRIAL.

It never fails to give relief, and seldom fails to make a complete cure.

Price 25 cts.

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## NAILS, TACKS & BRADS.

Manufacturers of

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

Nov. 30.

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Merchant Tailor,

Chatham, N. B.

On hand, a first class stock of

English, Scotch & Canadian

TWEEDS,

BROADCLOTHS, DOESKINS, &c.

AND A GOOD VARIETY OF

Overcoatings,

Which will be made up to order promptly, and in the best and most fashionable style.

Particular attention given to orders from a distance.

The Latest New York Fashions

Regularly Received.

STAND—Stone Building, adjoining Dr. Pallen's, Water Street.

Chatham, Nov. 16, 1880.

## 1000 HIDES

Wanted.