Board of Works

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW — Our Country with its United Interests. — EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXV.—No. 10. — Newcastle, Wednesday, December 16, 1891. — WHOLE No. 1258

FOR
CHRISTMAS and NEW YEARS.

Individual Chairs.

I have received and now ready for inspection a beautiful assortment of

FANCY CHAIRS

in all the newest styles and colorings.
RATTAN CHAIRS, in Pink, Pale Green, Silver Grey, Bronzed, Oak, and Pearl White.
Platform Rockers in Tapestry, Velvet-Pile and Plush, in beautiful designs and colorings.
QUEEN ANNE and EASTLAKE CHAIRS with Plush and Tapestry Coverings, Wood in English oak, Antique and Century.
Also Gentlemen's Easy and Smoking Chairs.
Fancy Tables, Folding Card Tables &c.
Any of the above would make a handsome and useful Christmas or New Year's Gift, or Wedding present.
Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to step in to my store and look at these goods. I shall be pleased to show them to any one who will favour me with a call.

B. FAIREY, PUBLIC WHARF,
NEWCASTLE.

Newcastle, Nov. 19, 1891.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
BARRISTER & BARRISTER AT LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER &c.
Chatham, - - - N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY.
Barrister & Attorney at Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
RICHIBUCTO. N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 4, 1885.

O. J. MacCULLY, M. A. M. D.,
Memb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON.
SPECIALIST,
IN DISEASES OF EYE EAR & THROAT
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street Moncton.
Moncton, Nov. 1st, 1886.

Charles J. Thomson,
Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World; Agent for the Commercial and Collecting Agency;
Barrister, Proctor for Estates
Notary Public, &c.
Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and despatch.
OFFICE:
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. R. Nicholson,
Office and Residence,
McCULLAM ST., - NEWCASTLE.
Jan. 22, 1889.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
DEBBY, - - - N. B.
Derby Nov. 15, 1890.

J. R. LAWLOR,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
Newcastle, New Brunswick
Prompt returns made on consignments of merchandize. Auctions attended to in town and country.
Newcastle, Oct. 1, 1890.

GEO. STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
NEWCASTLE, - - N. B
Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and prompt returns made.
Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country on a satisfactory manner.
Newcastle Aug. 11, '88.

KEARY HOUSE
(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL)
BATHURST - - - N. B.
THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.
This Hotel has been entirely refitted and refurnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel. Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for Commercial men.
TERMS, $1.50 per day, with Sample Rooms $.5

Clifton House.
Princes and 143 Germain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. N. Peters, Prop'r.
Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 6th, 1889.

TUNING and REPAIRING.
O. Biederman, PIANOFORTE and ORGAN TUNER,
Repairing a Specialty.
Regular visits made to the Northern Counties of which due notice will be given.
Orders for Tuning etc. can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.
J. O. BIEDERMANN.
John May 6 1889.

CANADA HOUSE
Chatham, New Brunswick,
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
Considerable outlay has been made on this house to make it a first class Hotel and travellers still find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Offices.
The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
for Commercial Travellers, and Stabling on the premises.
Chatham Jan. 1.

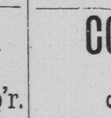
S. R. Foster & Son,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WIRE NAILS,
WIRE BRADS.
Steel and Iron cut NAILS,
And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.
ST. JOHN N. B.,

Dunlap, Cooke & Co
Merchant Tailors,
Amherst, N. S.
Our representative visits the different towns on the North Shore every two months; and inspection of our samples is respectfully solicited.
Dunlap, Cooke & Co
Amherst, March 20 1890.

Coat Makers.
THREE Good Coat Makers Wanted at once. Highest Wages Paid.
J. R. McDONALD
Newcastle, April 13, 1890.

TAILORING.
The Subscriber begs to announce to his patrons that he has removed his tailoring establishment into the commodious store and premises lately occupied by Mr. B. Fairey, where he will keep on hand a stock of the
BEST CLOTHS
in the market, which will be made up in the Latest and Most Fashionable Style. Perfect Satisfaction given with regard to fit and make up. I also keep in stock a
NEW AND WELL SELECTED
Stock of Gents' Furnishings which will be sold at very low prices. Inspection invited. No trouble to show
GOODS
at any time
J. R. MCDONALD.
Newcastle, July 16, 1891.

IF You would Preserve Your Sight use SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES,
To be had of
Messrs. H. Williston & Co.
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLERS
Sept. 7 NEWCASTLE N. B. Gm.



$200.00 a year is being made by Jesse E. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. In order you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay MUST for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE

COFFEE.
OUR OWN
Special Blend
COFFEE is Better than ever. We pay special attention to this line.
JARDINE &Co.
St. John Newcastle Oct. 13th

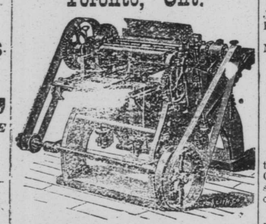
For Sale or To Rent.
The old Manse Property. Possession given immediately. Apply to
J. D. CREAGHAN.
Newcastle, Nov 9. 18?

MELISSA.
Rain Proof Coats
At The
Salter Brick Store
JOHN FERGUSON.
Newcastle, Oct. 20th, 1891.

Intercolonial Railway.
'91, WINTER ARRANGEMENT '92.
On and after Tuesday the 19th Oct. 1891, the trains will run daily (Sunday Excepted) as follows:
Will leave
EXPRESS for MONCTON, ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX 5.53
ACCOMMODATION for MONCTON 11.20
ACCOMMODATION for CAMPBELLTON 15.45
EXPRESS for QUEBEC AND MONTREAL 22.12
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendant.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Oct. 15, 1891.

PORK SAUSAGES.
John Hopkins.
186 Union Street, St. John,
Sept. 8, 1891

A. R. WILLIAMS.
SOHO MACHINE WORKS,
Toronto, Ont.



(ECLIPSE PLANER, MATCHER & MOULDER)
—O—
I PUT
ROSS' IMPOVEMENT
—ON—
"SURFACING MACHINES"
on all my new Surface Planers and Planers and
It enables an ordinary Planing Machine to do
PERFECTLY SMOOTH WORK.
(Send for Catalogues.)
September 1, 1891.

CONSIGNMENTS ✣ SOLICITED.
Shell Oysters,
FISH
in season, Fish Oil Potatoes, &
General Produce,
Handled at Best Prices going.
Correspondence Invited.
L. A. GORDON
Commission Merchant,
Montreal.
Aug. 13, 1891,

Star Restaurant.
The subscriber has opened a
First Class Restaurant
in the store adjoining the Medical Hall, opposite the Waverley Hotel, where he is prepared to supply
OYSTERS IN ALL STYLES.
LUNCHES from 7.30 a. m. to midnight.
Boned Fowl and Choice Meats, etc.
He has ample accommodation to serve Societies with suppers at short notice.
Give me a call.
NICHOLAS LOWLES.
Newcastle, Nov. 23, 1891.

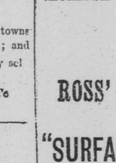
RAW FURS.
THE HIGHEST PRICES IN
CASH
IS PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF
RAW FUR
—AT THE—
SALTER BRICK STORE
STEEL TRAPS
OF ALL KINDS CAN BE GOT.
Jno. Ferguson.
Newcastle Oct. 13th

Custom Tailoring.
We beg to announce to the Inhabitants of Newcastle and vicinity that we have opened a
FIRST CLASS TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT IN NEWCASTLE,
where we keep on hand
English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Black & Blue Corkscrews, Fancy Pantings,
and all cloths usually found in a first Class Establishment all of which will be made to order in a workmanlike manner and a good fit Warranted.
Parties Furnishing their own cloth can have it made up at reasonable Prices. GOOD TRIMMINGS ALWAYS ON HAND.
Buttons ufact r
to Order. Samples can be seen at the Store; Fronting the Square.
SIMON McLEOD.
Newcastle, Nov. 10th, 1891.

GUNSMITHING.
The Subscriber is prepared to repair
GUNS, LOCKS, KEYS, ETC.
Saws Retoothed and Sharpened.
Skates Sharpened.
Light Repairs of any kind in Iron and Steel.
JOHN BUCKLEY.
Newcastle Nov 25th, 1891. 1m.

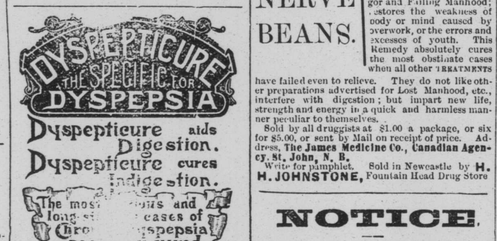
Notice of Assignment.
NOTICE is hereby given that GEORGE E MERCIER, of Dalhousie, in the County of Restigouche, merchant has by deed bearing date the twentieth day of November, A. D. 1891, assigned all his Estate and Effects to the undersigned in trust for the benefit of his creditors.
By the terms of the deed creditors Executing the same within sixty days from this date will participate in the benefit thereof.
The Trust Deed now lies at the office of James S. Harquail, Barrister, Dalhousie, N. B., for inspection and Execution.
Dated at Dalhousie the twentieth day of November, A. D. 1891.
JOHN B. LEBLANC, WM. McINTYRE, } TRUSTEES.

Farm for Sale.
The Farm of 90 acres with dwelling house thereon, owned by D. Currie, in Restigouche County, within a quarter of a mile of Charlo station, is offered for sale. For terms and other information apply to
D. CURRIE.
Newcastle, Nov. 30, 1891.



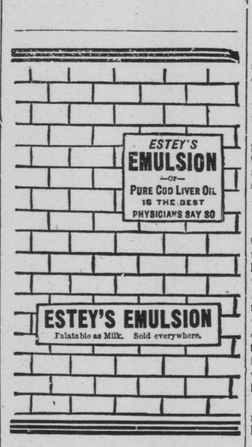
Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.
A recent discovery by an old physician *successfully used monthly by thousands of* LADIES. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND, take no substitute; or inclose $1 and 4 three-cents Canada postage stamps in letter, and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address Pond Lily Company. No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.
Sold in Newcastle by E. Lee Street H. H. Johnston and all responsible druggist everywhere.

Solid Leather.
Call and examine my stock of SOLID LEATHER Boots and Shoes. No shoddy or paper stock will be kept by me. For sale at a small advance on cost. Also Overshoes.
E. O'DONNELL.
Newcastle, Oct. 3rd, 1891.



Labrador Herring.
I have this day received a car load of No 1 Labrador Herring which are offered for sale.
JAMES O. FISH.
Newcastle, Nov. 3, 1891.

THE GREATEST MODERN HOUSEHOLD REMEDY
DR. KENDRICK'S
WHITE LINIMENT
For all forms of pain this Liniment is unequalled, as well as for all
Swellings, Lameness, Rheumatism Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Mumps, Headache, Stiff Joints, &c.
FOR MAN AND BEAST.
EMOLLIENT AND COUNTER IRRITANT
AT ALL DEALERS PRICE 25 CENTS
H. PAXTON BAIRD, PROPRIETOR,
WOODSTOCK, N.B.



W. MORAN,
LOCKSMITH & BELLHANGER.
Jobbing in Brass or Iron done in a workmanlike manner. Scales repaired and readjusted. Wire Screen Shutters made to order. Scissors and Pocket Cutlery sharpened.
Electric Bells and Speaking Tubes
fitted up at reasonable prices.
CUNARD STREET—Old Anslow cor.
Chatham, July 28, 1891.

I CURE FITS!
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I make the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and POST-OFFICE. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

$900 SALARY and commission to Agents, Men and Women, Teachers and Clergymen to introduce a NEW AND POPULAR Standard Book,
Testimony of 19 Centuries to Jesus of Nazareth.
The most remarkable religious book, written by 300 eminent scholars, Non-sectarian. Every Christian wants it. Exclusive territory given. Apply to
The Henry Bill Publishing Company;
NORWICH, CONN.

DR. JAMES' NERVE BEANS.
NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that relieve and cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by overwork, or the errors and excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. They do not like other preparations advertised for Lost Manhood, etc., interfere with digestion; but impart new life, strength and energy in a quick and harmless manner peculiar to themselves.
Sold by all druggists at $1.00 a package, or six for $5.00, or sent by Mail on receipt of price. Address, The James Medicine Co., Canadian Agency, St. John, N. B.
Write for pamphlet. Sold in Newcastle by H. H. JOHNSTONE, Fountain Head Drug Store

NOTICE.
The owner, keeper or harborer of each and every dog in the Police District of the Parish of Newcastle who have not paid their dog taxes for this season are requested to do so immediately, as all defaulters will be sued after the 14, inst, without reserve,
JOHN CAMPBELL.
Newcastle, Dec. 8th 1891.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a year in their own locality. No space required. I will also furnish employment by which you can earn that amount, or more, for me unless successful above. Easily and quickly learned. I have but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, N. Y.

Selected Literature.

A WRONG TURNING.

A CHRISTMAS LOVE STORY, BY THE 'DUCHESS.'

'Dear fellow! so glad to see you! But what a godless hour to arrive at. After twelve! You must be frozen,' cried Oswald Travers all in one breath, as he rushes down the stone steps to welcome his cousin.

'Here, Higgins,' to the butler, 'see to Capt. Dugdale's luggage. By Jove! what a night.'

'Couldn't come a second sooner,' says Dugdale, springing from the Dog-cart and shaking the snow from his shoulders. 'Thought up to the last I shouldn't be able to come at all. As it is I've run it rather fine, eh? This is the 23rd and—'

'The 24th! my good friend; Christmas eve already. Here, come along, you must be positively famished.'

'Well, I *could* eat something,' says Dugdale, laughing, and following him into the grand old hall, still ablaze with lights, and with two roaring fires in it that seemed determined to defy the wintry cold without.

'Sir George and the *mater*, and all the respectable members of the household, are in bed,' says Oswald, the eldest son of the name. 'The more frivolous ones are still in the billiard-room. But we can give them a wide birth for this night, at all events, as I expected you are tired; and, besides, I want a word or two with you alone. My father had quite given you up—you are so late. Come along, and let me show you your room whilst they are preparing some supper for you. Higgins, which is Capt. Dugdale's room?'

'Blue chamber, sir; east wing.'

'All right. I say, old man,' says Oswald apologetically, stopping midway upstairs to look back at his cousin, 'I hope you won't mind, but you know what Sir George is at Christmas-time. He will ask *everybody* all at once, and this time he has so outdone himself that we have been obliged to double-bed some of the larger rooms. They've put one of the young Ormsbys into yours; a quiet lad, nineteen or so; steady, respectable, warranted not to bite, but rather a bore for you, nevertheless, I'm afraid.'

'Warranted not to snore would be more to the purpose,' says Dugdale laughing.

'At all events it will only be for a day or two, as the Ponsonbys and the Blakes leave directly after Christmas. I'm awfully sorry about it, but you know my father is incorrigible—never happy undless he has the house in an overflowing state. We have even had to put some of the girls in rooms with two beds to get space for the others.'

'Well, it's large enough to admit of half-a-dozen beds,' says Dugdale good-naturely, as he enters the blue chamber and warms his hands thankfully before the huge fire burning in the grate. As he speaks he looks round him; it is, indeed, a charming room, handsomely furnished, and as comfortable as the soul of man could desire. The extra bed, with hanging curtains of pale blue, to match the rest of the furniture, has been pushed into a corner, so as to take as little as possible from the grandeur of the 'regular' bedstead that stands with its back up against the central wall of the apartment, as though resenting the intrusion of the foreigner.

'Well, hurry up, and let's get down to the dining room,' says Oswald; 'I've got a lot to say to you.'

So much indeed that the night is far advanced before his say is said!—the fact that he has lately become engaged to the 'dearest girl in the world' having a good deal to do with this protracted conversation. Three o'clock has struck, and the distant sounds of merriment, that reached them from the billiard-room have long since died into nothingness, when at length Dick Dungdale rising from his chair, declares with a yawn that sleep has mastered him.

He is a tall, lean, soldierly young man of about twenty-nine, with a singularly handsome face, and a skin browned by India's suns. He has, indeed, only just returned from the East—a good deal the slighter for his journey there—and being heart-whole and next heir to a baronetcy, has been, during the past week the subject of some speculation amongst the women assembled at Travers Court.

'You won't lose your way, will you?' says Oswald, as he bid him good-night on coming to a landing where their roads separate. 'You know the house too well for that.'

'I *Should*,' says Dungale laughing. 'This house has been my home too often to let a few years destroy all memory of it.

He goes softly down the corridor that leads to his room, calling out a last subdued good-night, and walking delicately as a Agag might, lest he should disturb the slumberers on either hand. A vague suspicion that perhaps after all he *doesn't* know his own room as well as he had believed, rouses a mingled sense of consternation and amusement in his mind, so that when he comes to his door he opens it cautiously and not without a certain sense of tripidation.

All right, however! The large chamber presents itself to him in colors blue as the sky; the fire still burns as cheerily upon the hearth as it did three hours ago. Capital servants the Traverns always have kept, by the way; unless indeed, the present glowing furnace is to be attributed to the zeal of his sleeping partner in this room. By the way, what sort is he?

Flinging the coat he has just taken off upon a chair near him, he turns his gaze upon the bed at the farthest end of the room—the bed in the corner; the bed appropriated to the steady, quiet, respectable nineteen-year-old lad, warranted not to bite, of whom Oswald had spoken in such glowing terms, to find it—empty Mechanically he directs his attention upon the bed proper to find it—full!

Why, confound that Ormsby boy, Was there ever such impertinence—such sybaritish selfishness? His heart however, melts within him as he gazes upon what there is to be seen of this model of iniquity. What a small head! with what a wealth of curling hair! A mere boy it must be, in sore want of a barber.

A timid boy, too; evidently afraid of ghosts or such like midnight visitations, as he has tuckled the clothes right round his neck, and almost over his head. A mere child he must be, with brows as white as that, and with breathing so soft, so noiseless, that one might well believe him dead.

Dead! Dugdale had heard of corpses being discovered in double-bedded rooms before this—it is, indeed, quite an orthodox good old story; but to have it come home to him in this abrupt way is not half so pleasant as the mild imagining of it. To read of a tragedy is one thing; to be mixed up with it is quite another.

Taking up the candle he advances quickly towards the bed, and looks down upon the owner of those short brown curles.

Great heaven! what is this? By a miracle alone Dugdale prevents the candlestick from falling with a crash to the floor; by a miracle, too, he represses the exclamation that rises to his lips. The steady, respectable Ormsby boy, warranted not to bite, has resolved himself into—a girl!

And such a lovely girl too! The little, pretty, soft, dishevelled curls, brown as nazelnuts, are lying on a forehead white as Parian marble. The rounded cheeks are flushed with sleep's fond heat, the long dark lashes lying on them, making a tender contrast with the crimson ground beneath; the lips, red as cherries ripe, and softly indolently closed. It occurs to him that they might open at any moment, and then—

Well, THEN! not the lips, but the eyes open. Large dark eyes, heavy with slumber scarcely broken, and for an instant they gaze straight up at him, vaguely troubled—sadly uncertain. Up to this point Dugdale has been rooted to the spot. To say that he is filled with amazement would be but to give the poor explanation of his feelings, that he is frightened to death would be far nearer to it. Now, seeing those half conscious eyes on his, he gives way altogether.

Hastily extinguishing the tell tale candle, he makes a dash for his coat, and then for the door, and rushes blindly down the now dark corridor. Towards the end, seeing a light gleaming from one of the apartments, he makes for it in desperation, and—yes—thank heaven, there are two beds here also, the room is distinctly blue—he must have found his haven at last.

Sinking into a chair he presses his hand to his forehead, and listens with all his might. Will she scream? rouse the house? Has she mistaken him for a burglar? Or—blessed hope!—has she been so little awakened that his rapid exit may have left her under the impression that all she saw was but the outcome of a dream?

Somewhat relieved by this thought, he prepares once more for bed. This time, at all events, he has made no mistake, the loud and healthy snores that come from the couch in the corner preclude the smallest possibility of doubt. All then may yet be well. That one hasty glance of hers could have told her nothing, and there is no other clue. Placing his fingers in his waistcoat pocket to take out his watch, he at once grows rigid with consternation and a look of horror overspreads his face! His watch! He has left it behind him! It is probably at this moment ticking away—with quite disgraceful indifference to its owner's agony—upon her table! Alas! for that dream theory of his! Dreams come and go, but leave nothing tangible behind them.

* * * * * * *

'I say, where's Lilian?' asks Oswald, looking up from the game-pie he is discussing. 'Not like her to be late.'

'No; she is generally up to time,' says Lady Rattleton, a lively looking blonde, casting a sharp glance all round the breakfast-table. 'She didn't like that beating you gave her at billiards last night, perhaps, or else for once in her life she is lazy.'

'Wrong in both surmises,' says Lady Travers, glancing from behind the huge silver urn, as the door opens, and a little slight girl, almost childlike in face and form, comes into the room. Very nervously she comes forward, changing from white to red, and from red back again to white, as she does so. 'Well, Lily; come at last, dear?'

Dugdale's heart gives a big jump. That pretty head, with its short nut brown curls, harmless as it seems, strikes terror to his soul. He grows almost vehement in his attentions to his left hand neighbor—a gaunt old maid with spectacles. Anything rather than meet the eyes of this little hesitating newcomer.

'Glad you've come, Lillian. We were just going to have the lake dragged.'

'Really, Miss Engelethorpe, you should give us notice when you intend to retire into private life. The anxiety we have undergone up to this would—'

'Slept it out, Lil?' questioned her brother, a tall Guardsman, who is at the sideboard busy with a ham.

'She looks rather as if she hadn't slept at all,' says Sir George Travers, her kindly host, drawing a chair up close to his own, and beckoning her to come to him.

That blue room is haunted,' says Augusta, the eldest daughter of the house; I warned you about it, Lil. 'Well, what did you see? Who entered your room last night? Let us hear the ghostly details.'

Poor Miss Englethorpe! Dugdale's heart dies within him as he sees the cruel crimson that, rising, colors her cheeks.

'By Jove, I think you've hit it,' says her brother, mightily amused by this blush. (Brothers are such brutes!)

Come, tell us, Lily! The actual person who sees a ghost is so much preferable to the person who knows somebody else who has seen a ghost. Was it a man?

Good-breeding so far stands to Miss Englethorpe that though now deadly pale, she refuses further to betray herself as for Dugdale, gazing on that brave little face, he feels as if he *must* rise and say something. But *what*? That is the question that reduces him to absolute nothingness.

Had he his head under his arm? persists Lady Rattleton, with the loud laugh that is commonly, and rather justly, supposed to proclaim the vacant mind.

'Or a dripping sword, perchance,' says the Guardsman, who, being her brother, is of course the last man in the world to ever dream of looking at her.

'Come, come, come,' cries Sir George quickly. 'A truce to all such idle jests. Can't you see that the little one has a headache? A cup of tea for her, Oswald, *that* will exercise the demon, I hope! Have you seen the last about these Whitechapel murders? Eh?—eh? Such a disgrace as they are to civilization.' And so on. The good old host compels them all to follow him far away from Miss Englethorpe and her worries.

'My dear fellow, straight from town as you are you can of course give us the right time.'

'There you overrate my strength,' says Dugdale, recovering himself by a supreme effort. 'The fact is, I was so tired last night that I forgot to wind my watch, and when I looked at it this morning I found it had meanly run down. So sorry!'

He quite forgets to hope that heaven will forgive him this pious fib in his anxiety to see how *she* had taken it. She had evidently taken it most satisfactorily. The white and frightened face that was turned on him a moment since now looks half relieved. That '*I looked at it this morning*,' had been very clever: she had accepted it as the noble truth. She is still timid, unnerved, but her glances are no longer directed specially towards him; they are divided amongst the other men sitting all round the table.

As they rise from the latter, Augustus comes up to Dugdale.

'I think you and Miss Englethorpe are the two people unknown to each other here,' says she. 'That should be a bond of union between you,' she laughs, the little unctuous laugh peculiar to stout people, and introduces Dugdale to Lilian.

'Now don't be half a century getting into your walking things,' says she to Miss Englethorpe. 'You have a big day's work before you in the church. Persuade Captain Dugdale to give you his assistance and you will make the parish your friend forever.'

At this, Miss Englethorpe says a word or two as in duty bound, and Captain Dugdale answers it. The result being that the former finds herself behind a pair of ponies half an hour later with the latter holding the reins. This conjunction brings them speedily to the church doors, where divers spoken plans for celebrating Christmas are making the air loud.

Miss Englethorpe being of an energetic turn of mind soon separates herself from the idle members of the flock and gives herself up to the working section thereof.

Holly, ivy, and certain hothouse plants sent in from the conservatories around, and scattered profusely about the altar and all down the aisles. The rector, clad in distinctly mundane garments, is moving about briskly from pillar to post giving instructions to the unlearned—a large class.

(To be continued.)

JOHN LIKED FUN.

John was tricky. Those who thought him a 'beauty,' smart and obedient, knew that he was mischievous and full of his 'jokes.'

John certainly did have a love of fun in his 'make-up' which made him a jolly companion of four boys who in turn did like to 'plague the old chap,' the family horse.

John was black-coated, strong and intelligent. His tricks were not vicious ones. He never kicked, balked nor ran away, being sober and well conducted when driven or ridden by the senior member of the family.

He had a fondness for his master, who petted him a great deal. The women could drive him.

He brought them home in just the same condition they started out.

It was only with the boys of the family that John ventured to 'joke.'

There were four of them—Earnest, Walter, Henry and Albert—bright young fellows who delighted to tickle John's nose with a fragrant smelling apple, snatching it away when he prepared to enjoy it.

John was a dog in his love for mellow ripe apples. The boys thought it fun to tease him a little and make him anxious to get it before giving it up to him.

They really did teach him to play 'hide and seek' with them.

One of his tricks was to sigh and swell up his body when being saddled, if one of the little boys was about to ride him.

Of course the saddle was invariably turned after they had ridden a little distance.

Another trick was snatching a cap from their heads and galloping away with it to the furthest corner, whynning defiance to the capless youngster.

One May afternoon as I sat beside a window some boyish voices called, 'We are going to ride out to Muddy Fork, John is lazy—don't have enough to do.'

John looked at me, and I plainly saw fun in his eyes. He made a trip at an apple geranium and then went along as sober as judges are said to be.

His expression plainly said to me 'These four boys seated upon my back are hunting for fun; I'll help find it.'

Earnest and Albert whistled gayly, Henry and Walter urged 'lazy bones' along.

'Such a good horse as he is. It isn't every one that would carry such a load of restless boys,' was my thought as John slowly crept along, head down, apparently meditating deeply.

In an hour, four boys, wet and muddy, walked in at the gate, angry and ready to 'have it out with that sly old horse.'

'What has he done?' I inquired.

'Done!' chorused an indignant quartette of bayish voices. 'He poked along as if he was almost asleep until we got into the water. All at once he laid down, spilled us off his back and just galloped back home.

'He did it on purpose, of course he did. He thinks he can play tricks on us little boys. He don't dare try 'em with men.'

'I'd like to pound his back,' said one.

We went to the back gate and saw him standing there, looking meek and subdued, only,—I detected a twinkle in his eyes.

He received a scolding which he did not heed. A few minutes afterwards I saw him in the stable-yard with four boys perched upon his back.—*Ella Guernsey, in Prairie Farmer.*

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE FINEST LINE OF PERFUMES EVER BROUGHT TO MIRAMICHI, MEDICAL HALL NEWCASTLE.