







TRAINING and REPAIRING

J. C. BROWN PIANOFORTE and ORGAN TUNER. Repairing a Specialty.

PROPERTY FOR SALE. To be sold at private sale the house and lot in Newcastle, adjoining the premises of Mr. James Baker.

TIME TABLE - OF THE M. S. N. COY. STR. 'MIRAMICHI,' CAPTAIN GOODFELLOW.

will leave Newcastle every morning (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. for Newcastle. Will leave Newcastle for points down river at 7.45 a. m. making the usual calls, going to

STR. 'NELSON,' CAPTAIN DEBRACE. will leave Newcastle at 10.00 a. m. for Newcastle.

Solar Time. Making the usual calls at Drummond, Bush, and Nelson.

W. T. Connors, Manager. MILLINERY. I have opened, direct from the manufacturer, a large and well selected stock of millinery.

Choicest Novelties in Ribbons, Ornaments, Flowers, Feathers, Accents, Bangles, Jeweled Ornaments, Hats, Pins, &c., are now ready for inspection.

PARIS Green. 0000 PARIS Green. PUREST and BEST, at MEDICAL HALL, NEWCASTLE.

H. H. Johnstone. Newcastle, June 26, 1894.

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS. CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS, &c.

DR. CATES, DENTIST. Will occupy his dental office, etc. Mr. T. M. Russell's store, in the B. P. building.

MILLINERY. My stock of millinery this season is more beautiful and more complete than ever.

JENNIE E. WRIGHT. Next Messrs. H. & Co. Jewellers, Newcastle April 17, 1894.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Reported from the Dominion Government by J. F. COLLINS.

Table with columns for DATE, Time, Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Clouds. Data for Sept 24-26.

Miscellaneous. A Puritan teacher was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a maid.

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YOUTH'S CORNER.

A LUCKY BLOW.

Here is a story that proves the old saying that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' The incident happened in the State of Washington, and not very far from Olympia, the capital.

Two little boys, whose names were Freddie and Tom, set out for school one fine summer morning a little over a year ago.

Fred was seven years old, and Tom, who was nearly eleven, felt that his little brother was his special charge.

Their mother had made them up a lunch; for the distance to school was too great to permit them to come home at dinner-time.

Fred carried the bread and cheese in a little basket, while Tom had a canteen of milk under his arm—a good, large, strong bottle.

'Take good care of Freddie, Tom,' said their mother, as she kissed them good-bye.

Tom always liked to be told this; and he would straighten back his sturdy shoulders, and hold his curly hair a little higher every time it was said to him.

'Yes, mother,' he answered. 'Come along, Fred, or we'll be late.'

And away the little fellows trudged, while their mother went back into the house breathing, as she always did when the boys left home, a brief prayer to Him who

'O'er the loving and gentle gives His holy angels charge.'

Between the boys' home and the school-house was a piece of woods where tall maple, ash and cottonwood trees grew, with a dense undergrowth of alder.

It was a lonely looking place, especially because the road did not go straight through it, but turned first to one side and then to another to avoid trees that seemed too big to cut.

So tall and close together were the trees, that the sun could not find its way through the leaves, and even on the brightest day it was always dark and gloomy.

The boys always liked to hurry through it, and this morning they quickened their steps as soon as they got within the shadow, taking opposite sides of the wagon track, so as not to be in each other's way.

They had just passed the first turn in the road when a cracking noise was heard in the woods on Freddie's side.

Before they had time to speak to each other, a little brown form leaped from between two alder bushes, and alighting in the centre of the road, stood facing the boys.

They did not know what it was, but seeing it crouch for a spring, Tom ran to get between it and Freddie.

There was a deep hole in the road, which he had to go around, and, delayed by this, he saw the creature spring forward at Freddie, as a cat springs upon a mouse, and, striking the little fellow with one of its powerful paws, bear him to the earth.

Poor little Freddie, too much surprised and frightened to cry, lay prostrate, the beast, which was a cougar of the largest size, standing over him, its horrible fangs glistening as it made ready to seize him by the throat.

There was only one thing for Tom to do, and he did it. Seizing his milk bottle by the neck, he swung it above his head, and then, as he sprang forward, brought it down with all the strength of which his young arms were capable between the cougar's eyes.

It was a well-aimed blow, and strong enough to smash the bottle into a dozen fragments. The milk ran into the cougar's eyes and down his nose into Freddie's face.

Never was a cougar more astonished. Bottles of milk and little boys were things he did not know anything about, and it gave a great bound from Freddie's head, as he lay quietly on the ground, and disappeared into the woods.

'Did it hurt you, Freddie?' asked Tom.

'Guess not,' was the little fellow's answer, as he rose to his feet.

'Oh, he did, Freddie!' exclaimed Tom. 'There's blood on your coat and the sleeve of all torn!'

Fred looked at the place indicated and burst into tears.

'There's blood running down my arms,' he cried.

'Let's run home,' answered his brother; and, taking the little fellow's uninjured arm, he ran along through the mud by his side.

Freddie almost fainted from the loss of blood; but his mother, who saw them coming, knew something was the matter, and hurried to meet them, and, without waiting to hear the story, which Tom told as he ran beside her to the house, seized the little boy in her arms and bore him home as fast as her feet could carry her.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, (Winnipeg, Tenn.) writes: (1) "Shiloh's Vitalizer SAVED MY LIFE. I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble I ever used. Price, 75c. Sold by E. Lee Street."

A Scotch preacher who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly begun, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, it's use fair. Wait till I get a start, and then, if I'm use worth listening to, gang to sleep; but I'm not your paws before I get commenced. Give a man a chance."

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS. Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE. This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its extreme promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by E. Lee Street.

"There's one good thing to be said about the hard time. She—And what is that? They have improved our neighborhood."

"How so?" "Why, our right hand neighbor has had to sell his piano; and our left-hand neighbor's cat has died of starvation!"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Mr. B. (returning late from the club and surprised to find his wife at home)—Why Mary, I expected that your jury would be locked up over night.

"I did look like it, John. There were ten of the most obstinate women on I ever met. They wouldn't listen to a word of reason."

"But you brought them over to your side at last?" "Indeed we did. Mrs. Lively had a fit of hysterics and I think that convinced them how wrong they were."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Minnie—I never want to see that horrid Charley Robbins again.

Minnie—Why, he—proposed last night and of course I refused him, and then I told him that it would please me to know that he had made himself happy in some other woman's love; and the horrid wretch said he guessed he would look around and find one.

Commonwealth—Have you an extra coat, mam?

Lady—Yes; extra coat of whitewash I put on the back fence."

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Mrs. Gibbs—My husband says my new bonnet is not a bit becoming to me.

Friend—Oh, he's prejudiced. I suppose he's seen the bill.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

He—Then I understand that you contend for an equality of the sexes. She—Not at all. I don't expect men ever will be quite equal to women.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

GREAT SPRING HILL DISASTER. MONUMENT TO THE DEAD MINERS UNVEILED.

SPRINGHILL, N. S., Sept. 11.—The monument erected to the memory of the 125 miners who were killed in the explosion of Feb. 21st, 1891, was unveiled in the presence of a large concourse of people. The monument, standing twenty-four feet high, is located on the top of the hill on the Main street and overlooks the town.

At four o'clock Mayor Conway called the people to order and in a short address stated the object for which they were assembled.

Speeches were delivered by Sir J. H. Thompson, Attorney-General, Lordy, Sir Charles H. Tupper, Mr. Tupper, M. P. of Pictou, and Mr. Dickey, M. P.

The names of the 125 men who had their lives inscribed on the pedestal of the stone.

The ceremony of unveiling being closed, a contest in singing the National Anthem.

CHARGE OF NEARINGS. The budding forth of plant life as spring advances reminds one forcibly of the changes that are constantly going on in nature. Nor is man exempt from this change of the seasons, for with the spring comes either renewed strength and vigor, or a feeling of lassitude and a feeble, nervous condition. If you have that tired exhausted feeling you require a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the greatest blood purifier and restorative of the age. All druggists sell it.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Do You Cough?

It is a sure sign of weakness. You need more than a tonic. You need

Scott's Emulsion. the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, not only to cure the Cough but to give your system real strength. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes! Scott's Emulsion. All Druggists, Co. &c.

HAWKERS' TOLU AND CHERRY BALSAM. SURE COUGH CURE. THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE.

50¢ Everywhere. Price 25¢ and 50¢ a bottle. THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd. St. John, N. B.

CURE THE COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST.

Youngsters often cough from colds, but when they have other ailments, Cough, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, etc., will cure you. Price, 75c. Sold by E. Lee Street.

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The doctor when summoned found it necessary to put several stitches in Freddie's wound, which the cougar had made by the stroke of its paw; but the little fellow was soon himself again, and not a little proud of his scars.

The cougar did not fare so well; for when Tom told his father of the adventure, he called two neighbors to his assistance, and, armed with rifles, they set out for the forest; where, after a few hours' hunt, in which he did, a splendid black and white dog, he came upon the cougar, and shot it.

The skin was given to Tom as a reward for his rescue of his brother, and it lies on the floor before the boys' bed in their little attic room.

Freddie carries in his pocket one of the claws that made the scars upon his arm.—Independent.

A BOY HERO. The story of a brief but great career, told at a coroner's inquest in London recently, deserves a place in the world's record of heroes.

It is the simple record of a little lad of ten, John Clinton by name, son of a humble carman. A few months ago the boy saved his baby brother from burning to death. The child had set fire to his clothing and the curtains. Johnny rolled the baby along the carpet till the fire was extinguished. He then tore down the burning curtains, receiving severe burns on his hands and arms.

A short time after the boy's companions were wading along the bank of the Thames, a little fellow got beyond his depth and called for help. Johnny Clinton jumped in and saved him. Then, as the rescued boy told the coroner:

'After Jack pulled me out he slipped back into deep water and we didn't see him again.'

The body was recovered a few minutes later, but life was extinct.

Farm and Household. DAIRYING IN NEW BRUNSWICK. EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE IN 'HOARD'S DAIRYMAN.'

FREDERICTON, N. B., Aug. 17, 1894. Yesterday was held the second of the great Dairy Conferences under the management of Prof. Robertson, at Fredericton, N. B. At Charlottetown, P. E. I., the Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, and the Countess Aberdeen, were present, and the Governor-General made a very practical address; so much so, indeed, that we took occasion to say in the course of our remarks, that we believed he would make a very good Governor-General over the Hoard's creameries. He accepted the statement very graciously and said he considered it a high compliment. We certainly did when we said it.

The attendance was immense and a large number of short plucky speeches were made by the Lieutenant-Governor, the Premier, and other members of the Provincial Government. Through all the speeches in a spirit of warm sympathy with the prosecution of Canadian dairy work, and we could see a strong determination to back up the cause of daily education to the full extent of the demands of the farmers of the Province. Both cheese and butter making have taken a strong start in New Brunswick since Prof. Robertson established several cheese factories and creameries in various parts of the province two years ago. The soil, like that of Prince Edward Island, is a most natural grass producer. Indeed it will be hard to find in the States finer natural pastures, and the summer climate is comfortable and equable, and the milk is very fine. It must be the paradise of cheese making, as the mercury rarely goes above 80° F. The farmers have, unfortunately for themselves, been so farmed, a soil exhausting kind of farming. Oats, hay and potatoes have been their cash crop and thus have they sold out the fertility of their land to a degree that has discouraged the farmer and sent the young men to the cities in great numbers. A new spirit of hope and encouragement, however, has taken possession of the agricultural communities, and they are entering upon the work of dairying with great zeal.

The city of Fredericton, the Capital of New Brunswick, is beautiful, and situated on the magnificent St. John river, 84 miles from its mouth in the Bay of Fundy. We had the rare pleasure of a ride down the river on our return to the city of St. John, and the splendid farms which stretched away to the tops of the gentle slopes on either bank, made a picture full of pastoral beauty. After all, what is more satisfying to the eye and heart of a man than a ride like this through a region of well kept farms. The landscape lacked one thing which would have given it additional beauty as well as a sense of greater prosperity. There were but few herds of cows to be seen. The New Brunswick farmers grow large crops of hay and sell the same in Southern and Eastern markets. Did they but pursue the wiser course of selling the hay to large herds of cows, their country would at once take on additional fertility, profit and beauty. W. D. H.

EVERY MOTHER WISHES

Her children to be strong and healthy. All doctors agree that the

"HEALTH BRAND" Combinations do more than anything else to insure this.

Lady Aberdeen writes to us strongly in favor of the Health Brand. Ask your dealer to show you these goods. You will never buy any other after seeing them.

THE MONTREAL SILK MILLS CO., Ltd., MONTREAL.

Miramichi Foundry STEAM ENGINE & BOILER WORKS, CHATHAM, N. B.

JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, PROPRIETOR. Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed and furnished, complete.

Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of all Descriptions. Designs and Estimates on Application.

Smith & Tilton, St. John, N. B., Agents for New Brunswick.

DON'T WORRY! TRY SUNLIGHT SOAP. IT BRINGS COMFORT ON WASH DAY.

LAME BACK. NEURALGIA, PLEURISY, SCIATICA AND RHEUMATISM. CURED EVERY TIME. THE "D.L." MENTHOL PLASTER.

NOTICE. To Florence McMillan, now Florence McMillan of Newcastle in the County of Northumberland, widow of Michael McMillan, late of a widow in the county aforesaid, farmer, as executor of the will of her late husband, late of the county aforesaid, who died on the 21st day of October, 1893, and as administrator of the estate of the said Michael McMillan, late of the county aforesaid, who died on the 21st day of October, 1893, and as executor of the will of her late husband, late of the county aforesaid, who died on the 21st day of October, 1893, and as administrator of the estate of the said Michael McMillan, late of the county aforesaid, who died on the 21st day of October, 1893, and as executor of the will of her late husband, late of the county aforesaid, who died on the 21st day of October, 1893, and as administrator of the estate of the said Michael McMillan, late of the county aforesaid, who died on the 21st day of October, 1893, and as executor of the will of her late husband, late of 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