

ISSUES

MISSING

V. 29, no. 46

Aug. 19, 1896

ISSUES

MISSING

v. 29, no. 46

Aug. 19, 1896

ISSUES

MISSING

v. 29, no. 46

Aug. 19, 1896

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

EDITOR and PROPRIETOR.

PROFESSIONAL
Law & Collection Office


"ADVOCATE" OFFICE

Newcastle, June 30, 1896.

John Hopkins, St. John N. B.

taxed to the utmost. The result
that the poor had a great deal of di

good-bye to high class tailoring.'

IT RESONES THE STOMACH 
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM

the Court Room to Mrs. Murray's h

Free Samples. K. O. C. Co., Ltd., New and
H. B., & 127 State St., Boston, N.

The D. & L. Emulsion

Is invaluable. If you are run down, it is a food as well as a medicine.

The D. & L. Emulsion will build you up if your general health is impaired.

The D. & L. Emulsion is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs.

The D. & L. Emulsion is prescribed by the leading physicians of Canada.

The D. & L. Emulsion is a marvelous food producer and will give you an appetite.

50c. & \$1 per Bottle

Be sure you get DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., the genuine

NEWCASTLE, N.S.W.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

To be sold at private sale the house and lot in Newcastle, adjoining the premises of Mr. Francis Bookler situated on the highway leading down river.

The lot is 12x12, with a 1 1/2 story house thereon 30x20. The above premises will be disposed of at private sale.

For Terms and other particulars apply to HENRY REEVES.

Newcastle, Jan 23rd, 1894.

PROVISIONS ETC.

I have on hand a large stock which I offer at reasonable rates. My stock comprises in part Tea, Sugar, Molasses,

Beef, Pork, Ham, Bacon, Butter, Peas, Soap,

FLOUR.

is all the highest grades including the never failing brand "Five Roses." Refined Oats and standard Oatmeal and Cornmeal in bulk and 4 lbs., Ontario and Macaroni Cracked Feed, etc.

American Household Oil.

Store on Public Wharf

J. A. RUNDLE.

Newcastle, Aug. 12, 1895.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale by private bargain

The Farm

owned by him situated on the highway leading to the N.W. bridge, and about ten minutes walk from the post office, Newcastle. It contains about 15 acres of cleared land, about one third of which is mown. The front field is underlaid with tile and the whole is in good heart and bears large crops. There is also

HOUSE AND BARN

on the premises, the house contains 8 rooms. Possession given at any time.

For terms and particulars apply to

W. C. ANSLAW.

Newcastle, April 16, 1894.

PATENTS

Can also be secured. Trade-Marks registered, will also be secured. For the purpose of securing the same before the Courts promptly and carefully.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of an invention, a careful examination, and a view as to patentability free of charge.

With my office directly across from the Patent Office, and being in personal attendance there, it is apparent that I have superior facilities for making prompt and efficient service, for the secure and successful prosecution of applications for patents, and for securing to all business men the best results in the shortest possible time.

FEES MODERATE. I also maintain attendance given to patent business. Information, advice and special references sent on request.

J. B. LITTLE.

Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Cases, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Mention this page. Opposite U. S. Patent Office.

DR. CATER, DENTIST

Will occupy his dental office over Mr. Thomas Russell's store, in the Hay's building

From the 26th to the 30th or 31st of each month.

Artificial teeth inserted for \$2.50 and \$10 per set, up. Hoping to meet his patients as frequently as possible, and to give the best work will be done in all branches.

TAILORING

I wish to remind my patrons and the public generally that I am still

Carrying on the Tailoring

in the old stand over Messrs. Sutherland and Creighton's Store. I have a fine

LINE OF SAMPLES

to select from. Ladies furnishing their own goods can have them made to fit.

GOOD STYLE

and Cheaper than elsewhere. Perfect Satisfaction has been given by all who have patronized me, and I am guaranteed the same in the future.

J. R. McDONALD.

Newcastle Sept., 1892.

Millinery.

For Spring and Summer.

In all the latest styles and Novelties, Millinery trimmings of most beautiful designs in Cashmere, Gossamer, and all the latest novelties.

Ladies perfect fitting Dresses, Duck Suits, Shirt Waists, Blouses, Wrappers and Skirts, extra value.

Capes, Blouse Suits, Corsets, Belts, Silk-combs, cotton Undervests, and White-wear, Old Ladies Dress Caps, Stamped Linen Goods. Trimmed Millinery a specialty and Orders filled at short notice.

MRS. J. DEMERS.

Newcastle, April 21, 1895.

Scientific American Agency for

Sheriff (to trembling prisoner)—Brace up. Don't let them think you are afraid to die.

Prisoner (indignantly)—I'm not. But I wish you'd get it over. The chair looks so much like a dentist's.

Scientific American

Large circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Specially illustrated. An intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies, 10c.

Scientific American

251 Broadway, New York City.

NEUROLOGICAL.

Reported for the Dominion Government by J. F. Connors.

AUGUST.

DATE

Hour of Observation

Barometer

Thermometer

Maximum

Minimum

Wind

Direction

Force

Clouds

State of Sky

State of Sea

State of Air

State of Land

State of Water

State of Soil

State of Vegetation

State of Animals

State of Man

State of the World

State of the Nation

State of the Empire

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

State of the Galaxy

State of the Universe

State of the Cosmos

One Honest Man

DEAR EDITOR:—Please inform your readers, that if written to confidentially I will mail in a sealed letter, particulars of a genuine, honest, home cure, by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from nervous debility, sexual weakness, night losses, etc. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and wish to make this certain means of cure known to all sufferers. I have nothing to sell, and want no money, but being a firm believer in the universal brotherhood of man, I am desirous of helping the unfortunate to regain their health and happiness. I promise you perfect secrecy and as I do not wish to expose myself either, please address, simply: P. O. Box 388, London, Ont.

THE LITTLE MYSTERY.

BY EARLE TRACY.

(Conclusion.)

Bascom crawled forward again, holding tight to the rail, raising himself with an arm about the foremost, he peered intently across the wild whiteness of the waves.

Dark shadows of boats fell behind them; lights showed for a moment and were lost. The men at the helm seemed so far away that he felt the Mystery and he were in for it alone. He searched vainly to the left, where he knew Dear Island lay, sheltering the channel.

'We'll catch it when we pass the Point,' he muttered, half exulting at the thought of the open Sound.

Potter Light was a flickering star to the east when the unseen point fell behind. With a plunge the Mystery buried her nose in the rollers, driven on by the terrible sweep of wind. Bascom, carried entirely off his feet, found himself hanging in the water with his arms round the mast. A moment later he was flung on the deck. He caught a cleat between his knees, got a new hand-hold among the ropes, and began making his way astern. At last he heard the Captain's voice, thundering orders to Buck.

'Chop away de fomas' was the fragment that reached him above the din, but as he crept on Buck did not rush past him as he expected.

'If you raise dat hatch I shoot you!' Bascom heard again. Was Buck turning coward too? He fairly flung himself back, reaching the cabin-free from the Captain and laid his hand on it. Bascom struck away the hand only to be hurled aside. He felt himself rolling down the deck. The rail saved him, and he scrambled back to see Buck's dark figure drop into the glow of the cabin and the hatch fall.

'I'll chop that mast,' he shouted.

'Yo can't,' cried the Captain springing past him with the axe.

'I'll hold her then,' said Bascom, gaining the tiller threw his strength upon it. Under headway, the schooner was not as hard to control as when Tony and Buck got her out of the trough, but Bascom's footing was washed away more than once, and the unrelenting pressure of the great tiller made him almost despair. When the little Mystery struggled against his hold, it seemed as if she was siding with the wind and the waves and the rain and the night. The sound of the Captain's axe came back to him faintly, until the foremost toppled and shot overhead into the foam. Bascom could feel the helm ease as the schooner's bows came up a little. The mainmast went like the foremost; the sails had gone long ago, while Bascom was at the bow. Captain Tony came back to the tiller.

'Go to de pump,' he ordered; 'she mus' ha' taken in a lot of water. You'd be stuff.'

The Captain's praise braced Bascom to the work, but his strained arms made slow progress at the leaky little pump. It hardly seemed worth while to be bailing such a poor dismantled bulk, with the pitiless wind sweeping it on. It hardly seemed worth while for Captain Tony to stay at the helm. They would never see daylight again, nor land. But Captain Tony had some one ashore to miss him; Bascom had no one but the Mystery, and they would go down together. A sob choked him and

his head went down on his dripping arms.

A long time afterwards night lifted a little in the east, leaving the horizon gray. There was no trace of shore-line to the north; the water about them was full of floating wreckage, but the rain outlasted the night, and still walled them in. Day sifted slowly through it. From his place at the pump Bascom saw that they were bearing down on a sinking boat.

'Hard a-starboard!' he shouted, but the Captain had already seen it, and eased off the tiller not to run it down. It was a larger, better-built schooner than the Mystery, that with shattered masts and broken rudder rocked lower and lower in the trough. There was not a soul on board, but as the Mystery passed a man's arm was flung out to her from the water. Bascom leaned out to it, and the Captain, but a wave bore it under, and the Mystery swept on.

'Bascom!' Sore and stiff and heavy-hearted, Bascom left his pumping and went aft.

'I reckon you pret' neah bunged up,' the Captain said, 'bud I wan' you to hol' on de tillar whiles I go down faw one of dose coward, and den you can res.' Doan you see de win's changed? Dis heah's goin' stop befo' long!

'Where are we?' asked Bascom, taking the tiller.

Bascom could see by the chopped waves that the wind had really veered, and he felt a thrill of hope, not realizing, as the Captain did, that it was but taking them south to the open sea.

Presently Tony reappeared white with rage, his dripping clothes torn, a red mark on his forehead.

'I finish killin' dem if I stay down dar,' he hissed between his teeth. 'Day had ought to drown. I couldn't drag 'em up—de dogs.'

'Reckon I'd better keep on pumpin', then,' sighed Bascom.

As the day wore on the rain stopped, and they could see the broad stretch of troubled water round them. From the crests of the waves they made out a faint line which the Captain thought was Cat Island to the east, but they could not steer for it; the fresh wind held them always south.

Although the sea was wild and broken it was not as high as it had been in the night, and Bascom rested sometimes from his work at the pump. The Captain sent him below once for food. The cooking had always been Buck's province, and Bascom rummaged about for some minutes before he found what he wanted. Buck and Sonny did not hear him. Worn out by their terror they slept. The bunks ran from the sides of the cabin clear under the deck, and they had crawled in with their heads where their feet belonged in the reeking black hole. Bascom could not remember giving them some vigorous punches but they paid no attention until the reviving smell of coffee pervaded the cabin. Then Buck's feet began to wiggle forward out of the bunk. Presently he ducked his head out and peered round.

'Git back,' said Bascom, decisively, passing with the coffee-pot. 'This here's for me and the Captain.' As he opened the hatch to go out, the crest of an enterprising wave flopped in, and Buck crawled back.

'Wat d'you mek of that ahead?' asked the Captain, eagerly grasping the big tin cup of smoking coffee, and the hardback that Bascom brought. 'If dat's an islan', I reckon we all'll git dar, faw de wien's blowin' us straight at it.'

'New Orleans,' replied Bascom; 'an' a carriage is awaitin' to take you gentlemen to a hotel. Hev you had a comfable trip?'

'Set your mouth,' said Buck, grumpily, getting to his feet, and stooping to avoid the low roof. 'Where's that coffee I smelled awhile back?'

'Coffee at the hotel, gentlemen,' answered Bascom, with a grin. 'Them what don't work don't eat aboard the Mystery. Captain Tony sends you his compliments, an' says if you all's rested an' it wouldn't disfigure you too much, it would do him proud to see you. I've got business on deck myself; good evenin'.'

'They're tola'ble peart, but a little lashed about makin' your acquaintance,' he explained to the Captain, who shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

Soon the Mystery's keel was grating on the sand of the tiny barren island. They had no anchor; there was nothing to tie

ENAMEL STARCH

Can be used with hot or cold water

GIVES AN IDEAL FINISH

Smooth and lasting

TO SHIRT FRONTS COLLARS & CUFFS

50 cents and \$1.00

Scott & Bown, Chemists, Belleville, Ont.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

Is a very remarkable remedy, both for rheumatism and neuralgia, and for all other pains of the body.

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

PAIN-KILLER

</