

Rutherglen.

The annual School meeting for this district was held on the 16th. inst.

The Gregory boys, have commenced a winter's work in the birch timber line. We hope to hear of some big sticks falling beneath their sturdy strokes, and in the words of Henry Russel, would say: Down with them, down with the lords of the forest.

The Elliott boys, have also started for the woods, their operations being confined to spruce logs, we believe.

Temperance meetings are held in the Hall, Rutherglen, every saturday evening. Cordial invitations are held out to all, to join the society, and visitors will be made welcome.

Foreston.

The very comfortable and commodious Foreston Hotel is just as busy as ever, it is a popular and convenient halting place on "the line of march" to and from the lumber woods. It is well, and deservedly patronised, for the genial host, and his better half, often play the part of The Good Samaritan, to the weary traveller, in it's fullest sense.

Messrs. John and Angus McCormick, are off to the woods with their respective crews. One is lumbering near the Lewey Falls, the other on McKeel bogin, a sort of bayou on the south-west Miramichi.

Biggar Ridge,

Messrs. W. A. and Harvey Biggar, are off to their old lumbering ground on the Stephenson brook, near to the Crooked Rapids.

Mr. Thos. Somerville, we understand, is also about to lumber as usual, and run his hotel and boarding house as in previous winters.

Hiram Biggar, has a crew of men busy swamping and chopping, near the junction of the north branch, with the main river.

Footpads.

A report reached our office a short since, that induced us to think that the neighbourhood of Hartland was getting to be something like Houslow Heath, a suburb of London; was, in the days of Dick Turpin, and Claude Duval, when travellers were constantly being plundered by Knights of the Road.

The story as detailed to us was, that, a commercial traveller, who had crossed the river by a ferry, a short distance below Hartland, and was on his way to the village, when he was stopped by two masked men, who in the style of that fraternity, demanded "Your money, or your life", at the same time presenting two loaded revolvers at his head. The traveller, to save his skin, parted with his cash to the tune of \$175, and lost the "Time o' day" in the shape of two gold watches.

This all sounds very romantic, but it does not make much of a hero of the traveller, if true. But like many other people we are inclined to regard the affair as piece of sublime humbug.

AN UNFORTUNATE SLAVE.

New York, Nov. 3rd.—There is at large in this city a young man named Frank L. Kimball, who escaped from the Mount Hope asylum near Baltimore two weeks ago. The elder Kimball is a very wealthy contractor in Baltimore and though there is no reward offered, there is every reason to think that he would pay handsomely for his son's return to the proper authorities.

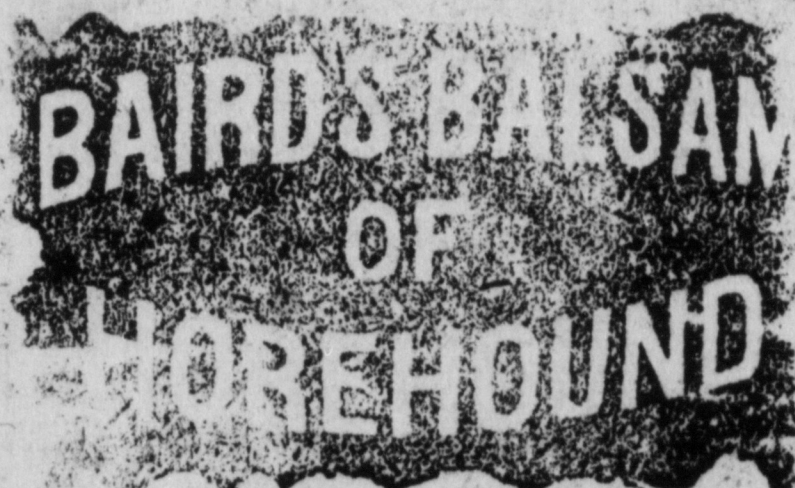
Frank L. Kimball is scarcely twenty-seven years old. His disease, is caused by Morphine and Cocaine unless he is permitted to use the drug constantly, he becomes violent, and the doctors fear, he would go to any extreme, even to murder, to obtain it. He carries a hypodermic syringe with him always and every half hour injects the quieting drug into his veins.

There is not a portion of his body that is not scarred from the punctures made by the syringe. It costs him about \$7 a day for his drugs. He has been confined in several so called gold cure institutions. Once he was private patient to Dr. Keeley, at the Dwight Sanitarium, but it appears that all efforts to cure him have entirely failed.

From Dwight he went to the Mount Shepard Asylum, the Washington home for inebriates, the Jules Hospital in San Francisco, the Humanitas Company at Lakewood, the Hueston Narcotic Asylum in Buffalo, the Barton Asylum Washington, the American Gold Cure Company at Chautauqua and a private asylum at San Jose, California.

Instead of being cured, the habit seemed to grow on him. In the San Jose asylum he paid one of the attendants \$65, all the money he had, for an ounce of morphine. For fear the other attendants should discover it's presence in his room, he dissolved the drug in water and saturated his undershirt in it. When he wanted the drug for use he would wet the shirt in water and wring it out, thus obtaining enough of the drug to satisfy his craving.

Every day he becomes more of a slave to the insatiable craving for the drug, and it is necessary for him to take an injection every hour. He has been in New York before and was picked up on the streets about ten months ago. When searched he had all his little drug store about him. He became a frenzied lunatic when the police took it away from him. At that time his father, and two attendants from the Mount Hope asylum came to New York and took him back. Two weeks ago he again escaped, and has been hiding in this city ever since.



BAIRD'S BAL-SAN OF WOLF-HOUND
Purely Vegetable
NATURE'S REMEDY FOR
Coughs, Colds, Croup,
WHOOPIING COUGH,

CONGESTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,
IRRITATION OF THE THROAT,
AND
ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
CURES AS IF BY MAGIC.
Unprecedented Success
Proves its reliability
AT ALL DEALERS AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

J. PAXTON BAIRD, PROPRIETOR
WOODSTOCK, N.B.

D. H. LAMONT,
BLACKSMITH

Glassville,
MANUFACTURER OF
SLEDS & ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
JOBGING WORK OF ALL KINDS,
Promptly Attended to.
HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
Chains, Cable, and Lumbermen's Iron
Goods in general.



(Liquid.)
Note.—This favorite medicine is put up in oval bottles holding three ounces each, with the name blown in the glass, and the name of the inventor, S. R. Campbell, in red ink across the face of the label. Beware of imitations, refuse all substitutes, and you will not be disappointed.

Campbell's Cathartic Compound
Cures **Chronic Constipation,**
Costiveness, and all Complaints
arising from a disordered state of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, such as
Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious Affections, Headache, Heartburn, Acidity of the Stomach, Rheumatism, Loss of Appetite, Gravel, Nervous Debility, Nausea, or Vomiting, &c., &c.
Price 25 Cents per Bottle.
PREPARED ONLY BY
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited),
MONTREAL.

Don't
delay but get **Now**
a bottle of
Perry Davis'
Pain
Killer
and be
ready to attack
and **CURE any**
Cough.
or
Sore
Throat
ASK FOR THE NEW
"BIG 25¢ BOTTLE"

AN
IMPORTANT
NOTICE,
Will appear in this space
NEXT MONTH.

WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.
SKODA'S DISCOVERY.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER,
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS,
FELLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP.
F. B. Thomas, **Glassville,**