

Her First Valentine.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Little Letty Longwood, old Mr. Barrow's granddaughter, just eighteen that day, had tripped into her grandfather's office with a message from her mother and tripped out again. She had met her Aunt Cynthia there, and was going home to tell her mother that Aunt Cynthia would be around to tea, when she ran against an elderly gentleman, who bowed and apologized and stood looking after her as she went upon her way. It was Mr. Stryker, old Mr. Barrow's best client; and in that instant Cupid, perched probably on the window-lodge of the law office, took aim and hit him in the heart.

A few minutes after this, Jack Spratt, Mr. Barrow's office-boy, came whistling back from dinner. He found Mr. Stryker standing like a sentinel near his employer's door.

"Jack," said Mr. Stryker, "I haven't given you anything for your trouble for a long time, and you've been very obliging. There's a dollar."

"Thank you, Sir," said Jack.

"Who was that young lady in Mr. Barrow's office just now?" asked Mr. Stryker. A very pleasing looking young lady.

"Oh," said Jack, "I guess that was Miss Cynthia. I left her there. Mr. Barrow's daughter, sir."

"Oh, very likely. She's very nice, isn't she, Jack?" asked Mr. Stryker.

"Very," said Jack. "She gave me a big plumb cake she made herself at Christmas; and they say she's a wonderful housekeeper. The only one that isn't married and is at home, you know."

"Naturally," said Mr. Stryker, "the child of Mr. Barrow's old age?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, agreeing to everything.

"Thank you, Jack. You won't mention I asked Mr. Stryker; and domestic too."

"I never had a valentine in my life," said Cynthia Barrow, leaning up against the wall of the sitting-room, and looking aside through the curtains at the postman as he ran along the street with his last bundle of letters for that day.

"I suppose I was too homesick; but I don't know. There was Sarah Spratt; she was always terribly long featured, and yellow, and she got lots of 'em. And there was Mary Ann Moneybags—she got her offer in one of them; and she was the only woman I ever saw that nothing came of. Oh, pah! I don't believe it is good looks; it's a kind of way. I don't know; I want to have it, either. Well he's got a letter for me, anyhow—or a bill."

And Miss Barrow threw up the window of the house which she kept spick and span and shining for her father, and took the letter from the postman's hand.

"Glad you're almost through, I guess!" said she.

"Reckon I am," replied the postman, laconically, as he departed.

Cynthia Barrow drew the curtains and sat up before her fire. The student's lamp was already lighted, and tea waiting for "papa's" appearance, which would be just five minutes after the six o'clock train had stopped at the depot, if nothing unusual occurred.

"Who can it be from?" asked Miss Cynthia. "Jane wrote last week, and Maria's last baby was quite well yesterday. Cousin Ann won't write until she gets one from me. And it can't be—"

Here it occurred to Miss Cynthia that opening the letter would be the best solution of the mystery. She took her penknife from her pocket, cut one side of the envelope, and gave a little shriek of surprise, for it had come at last—the valentine for which she had waited thirty-six years.

"Well, I declare!" said Cynthia Barrow, and sat quite still for a moment.

"Pa has sent it for fun," said she.

But, on consideration, that was not like pa. She spread the sheet open on the table and looked at it critically. An enamelled Cupid, with purple wings, presented a white rose to a lovely maiden in cream color; amid clouds of delicate tint. Below were verses in gilt letters, and there was a wonderful border. It was a costly thing of its kind. And here was a note inclosed in the envelope. Cynthia read it at once. It ran:

"My dear Miss Barrow—You never saw me, but I have seen you. It was at your last visit to your father's office. You remember it was about a week ago."

"So it was," said Cynthia.

"I am not a young gentleman, but I have a heart, and have let it to you. I am coming up to tea with your father to-night. I've invited myself. If you think well of my proposition put sugar in my tea, for I leave it to you."

"Yours ever in any case, JAMES JACKSON."

"What an eccentric man," cried Cynthia; and she would have been less than woman if she had not flown to her room to change her brown alpaca for a black silk, and put a crimson bow in her hair.

She was not an ugly woman, only quaint, and rather too dark; and she looked best when most dressed, as all but beauties do; and there was pa at the door, and somebody with him.

Miss Cynthia sat down in her chair, and the color flew to her cheeks.

"Cynthia," said her father's voice; and she arose, and hardly dared to look up—"Cynthia, this is Mr. Stryker. I've brought him up to take tea with us," said the old gentleman. "This is the only girl I have left at home, Mr. Stryker."

"The lady and gentleman bowed."

"Hang Jack for a fool!" said Mr. Stryker to himself. "And I'm another! It was somebody else."

"He's rather old," thought Cynthia; but I like his looks."

Then all sat down in some confusion, to which the old gentleman greatly added by spying on the table the luckless, forgotten valentine, and crying out:

"Got a valentine, eh, Cynthia?"

"I've made this young lady believe that I've fallen in love with her," sighed Mr. Stryker to himself. "A pretty rascal I am, to be sure," and he sat in silence.

"How modest he is, poor man!" thought Cynthia.

"She has an amiable look," thought Mr. Stryker. "After all, how much more suitable she is for me than that young girl. About the proper age, really."

Cynthia was twenty-five years his junior; but men will be men.

"He's a great deal older than I, but

then, how young his heart must be to fall in love like that!" said Cynthia. "Yes, yes, yes," said Cynthia. "The chairs were drawn up to the table. Cynthia sat at the tray."

"Letty is coming out to-morrow," said the old gentleman. "My granddaughter. You must have seen her running in and out of my office. She's buying her wedding-dress. Going to be married soon," added Mr. Barrow.

"She's only eighteen. Going to marry Rhodes. You know young Rhodes in Parker's office. He'll get on. That's the first married grandchild. I feel quite old when I think of it."

"Married, eh—well. I suppose married life is the happiest," said the old bachelor. In his heart he was thinking what a goose he was.

"Your tea, pa," said Cynthia.

"Why, help Mr. Stryker first, Cynthia," said the old man.

"I've put sugar in this, pa," said Cynthia.

Mr. Stryker looked at her. She looked at him.

"Please put sugar in mine, Miss Cynthia," he said.

She did.

"To think, ma," cried Letty to her mother, one day, "to think of Aunt Cynthia being engaged. I thought she was going to be an old maid. If only he was a little younger. He is almost as old as grandpa."

"Cynthia won't leave home, though," said the mother. "Pa will be as comfortable as ever, and Mr. Stryker is ten years younger than your grandfather, at least."

And so all ended well, and Cynthia keeps her valentine still. It came very late, she says, but when it came it was very pretty; and as her husband would rather be cut into small pieces than tell her the truth about it now, she will never know that it was sent to Letty.

An Engineer's Spitzh.

"A correspondent sends us a *propos* of our notice of Mr. Reynolds' 'Engineering Life,' the following lines, forming part of an inscription on a tombstone in Bromsgrove churchyard, to the memory of Thomas Sciffe, a driver, who was killed by the explosion of the engine—"

"My engine now is cold and still. No water does my boiler fill; My whistle, too, has lost its tone, My days of usefulness are o'er. My wheels deny their noted speed, No more my guiding hands they need; My whistle, too, has lost its tone, Its shrill and thrilling sounds are gone. My valves are now thrown open wide, My flanges all refuse to guide. My wheels, alas, though once so strong, Refuse to aid the busy throng. No more I feel each urging breath, My steam is all condensed in death. Life's railway o'er, each station's past, In death I'm stopped and rest at last."

This inscription is also to be found at Wickham, near Gateshead, where it commemorates a driver who met his death during the execution of his duty. It is stated in both cases that the lines were composed by "an unknown friend."—*London Engineer*.

A Hog in the Car.

"Twice on a railroad car. There was a tired-looking lady with a bright-looking child, and the usual complement of passengers, among whom, of course, was the man who snored and kept the remainder of the passengers in misery. The bright little child had asked the tired-looking mother 794 questions, and was just settling down to silence, to the great delight of the mother, when the man who snored, turned on steam and gave a prolonged 'Snee—Haw—w!'"

"Ma!" shouted the bright little child. "What is it, dear?" queried the tired but fond parent.

"There's a hog in this car," continued the innocent. "I hear him grunt."

And then a roar went up from the passengers who didn't snore, and the passenger who did snore woke up and rubbed his eyes, and when informed of the status of affairs left the car in the greatest indignation, muttering that "children should be seen and not heard."

The passengers who didn't snore made up a purse for the infant that had vanquished the man who did snore.—*Koolik (Ja.) Gate City*.

Griggin's Dream.

Griggin has turned dreamer, and was in to-day to tell his latest vision. He says he dreamed that he died and went to Heaven, which of course was a strange dream, as we mentioned to Griggin; but then dreams always go by contraries, and it is quite possible that the rule holds good in Griggin's case.

"I dreamed," he said, "that I knocked at the door, and presently it opened, and St. Peter looked out. Everything seemed to be satisfactory until he asked me how I had occupied my time. I was a sort of collector."

"Collector of what?" said he.

"Of many things," I told him; and as he seemed to be waiting for me to explain, said I: 'At one time I was interested in postage stamps.'"

"He said in a severe tone: 'You collected several thousand stamps, stamps that were worthless, and did it for pleasure; and it took a good deal of your time, I suppose?'"

"I told him it took all my spare time for five years. You should have seen the look he gave me. He made a motion as if he would shut the door in my face."

"The next thing I collected," said I, "was business cards. I suppose I've got the biggest collection of any person in Boston."

"Not a word, but only that curious pantomime."

"Then I also collected half a million calendars."

"Half a million what? Are they very expensive?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said I; "they give them away. As I said I have half a million of them."

"How far do they run back?" he asked.

"Oh," said I, "I see what you are thinking. They are all the same year! All the same year!" he yelled.

"Yes," said I, kind of frightened like.

"And half a million of them?"

"Then he looked at me as though he'd go through me. Said he, 'Young man, we don't want any postage stamp

or card or calendar finds up here. Go to—'

"He slammed the door with such a ring that I didn't catch the name of the place."—*Boston Transcript*.

You Have no Excuse.

Have you any excuse for suffering with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint? Is there any reason why you should go on from day to day complaining with Stomach, Sick Head ache, Habitual Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Heart burn, Waterbrash, Nausea and burning pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue and disagreeable taste in the mouth, Coming up of food after eating, Low spirits, &c. No! It is positively your own fault if you do. Go to your Druggist and get a Bottle of GREY'S AUGUST FLOWER for 75 cents your cure is certain, but if you doubt this, get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you.

General Business.

Dressmaking.

MISS H. CLARK, begs to inform the ladies of Miramichi, that she is prepared to attend to any orders in the above line which she may be favored.

Room upstairs, Mr. Thomas Kingston's, Water Street Chatham.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

BE MARK THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, An infallible cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Tremulous Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a premature grave.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send to you free of charge, or six packages for \$1, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing:

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

R. FLANAGAN,
ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Ready-Made Clothing.

Choice Brands of LIQUORS, always kept on hand.

Customers will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles, it is impossible here to enumerate and all sold at moderate prices.

Jno. W. Nicholson,
IMPORTER OF
Wines.

Brandies, Whiskies, &c., &c., &c.

VICTORIA WHARF
Smyth St., St. John, N. B.

HARNES S
Having commenced business in my NEW FACTORY, I am prepared to manufacture harness of all descriptions from the

Light Driving to the Heaviest Team Harness.

And as I work the latest stock that can be obtained in the market, I warrant satisfaction. A few of these:

CELEBRATED VICTOR: HUGO COLLARS,
always in Stock.

Carriage Trimming Neatly Executed

and carefully shipped. Work from abroad punctually executed.

ALFRED H. PALLEY,
Opposite Ullock's Stables.
Chatham, N. B.

PEOPLE'S HOUSE.
JUST RECEIVED.

100 LADIES' LONG JACKETS,
they are nicely cut and beautifully trimmed.

275 MEN'S REEFING JACKETS & OVERCOATS.

1,500 TWEED & WORSTED COATS, PANTS & VESTS.

In men's, Youth's and Boy's. This lot comprises the best assortment of clothing ever seen in Miramichi, and every person can get suited at prices to please themselves.

50 DOZ. MEN'S DRAWERS AND LINDERS.

bought before they went up in price (and will be sold low).

75 DOZ. WHITE, OXFORD, & F'CY. FLANNEL SHIRTS.

As low as 40 Cents, and will be sold cheap to clear them out.

30 pes White, Scarlet Grey and Fancy, FLANNELS, splendid value.

30 pes, Black and colored Lustres, Cashmeres, French and Merinos, etc.

Must and will be sold low.

75 PIECES GREY & WHITE COTTONS,
As cheap as ever.

90 PIECES PRINTED COTTON.
Commencing at 6 cents per yard.

500 Bundles Park's St. John WARPS, at lowest price.

OTHER, FALL AND WINTER GOODS
ARRIVING DAILY.

My stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods is large and well selected.

My Motto: "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

DO NOTS, SHIRTS AND BREECHES, &c.

A Good Assortment Choice Groceries, Yankee Notions, Hardware, Jewellery, Paraffine Lamps, Oil, etc.

For Sale at the drug store.

KERRY, WATSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, MONTREAL.

CONFEY & CO'S
ILLUSTRATED AND
DESIGNED PRICE
BOOK FOR 1881
This is a small but very useful and interesting
orderly. It contains colored plates, 20 engravings,
200 pages, and full of interesting facts and
interesting facts of Vegetables and Flower Seeds, &c., &c.
For Sale at the drug store.

W. E. ELLIOTT & CO., Detroit, Mich.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

SEASONABLE
ANNOUNCEMENT!
J. B. SNOWBALL,

Has received per recent steamers via Halifax,

300 pieces Scotch Scoured Winceys, from 9c. upwards,
260 pieces Dark Prints, very cheap,
Scarlet, White and Grey Flannels,
10 pieces all Wool and Union Kerseys,
500 pieces Grey Cottons, all grades,
Horrocks White Shirting Cottons, the
best goods in the market yet.

36 in Heavy White Twilled Night Shirt Cotton, Black and
Colored Velveteens.

Table Covers, in Worsted, Union & Cloth,
8x4 Crimson & White Tabling, Stripped Hessians, Towels, Towellings,
White and Brown Turkish Bath Towels.

Beaver Cloths, Pilot Cloths,
Diagonal Worsted Coatings,

ULSTER TWEEDS AND CLOTHS.
BLACK BROAD CLOTHS, BLACK DOESKINS,
Ladies plain and Ribbed Wool Hosiery,
Men's and Boy's do.,
Boy's Heavy Grey Ribbed Knickerbocker Hose,
Children's Scarlet Flannel Emb'd Drawers,

—A LARGE STOCK OF—

Men's Cashmere Mufflers, Men's Heavy Wool Scarfs, Ladies' and
Children's Clouds, Promenade scarfs, etc., Children's Wool
Mitts and Infantes, Gent's Silk Mufflers and
Bandannas, Gent's Silk Neck Scarfs, (novelties)
Gent's Braees, Collars and Cuffs,
Gent's and Ladies Black and
Colored Kid Gloves,
Gent's Ladies and Children's Cloth Gloves.

Railway Rugs and India Rubber Carriage Robes,
India Rubber Coats.

Wool Shawls,
Ladies' Cloth Jackets,
4 and 5 ply Scotch Yarns, best quality,
Andalusian, Shetland, and Berlin Wool Yarns,
Berlin Wool Slippers, Tapestry, Needles,
Safety Pins, Shawl Pins,
Braids, etc., etc., Swansdown Trimming,
Embroidered Edgings and Insertions.

Imitation Valenciennes Edgings,
Real and Imitation Maltese Laces,
Infant's Quilted Bibs,
Ladies' Linen and Lace Collars, newest shapes,
Linen, Pearl, Silk and Ivory Buttons,
Black and Colored Silk Fringes,
Jet Trimmings,
Black and Colored Satins,
Black Silks,
Black Silk Velvets

—A CHOICE STOCK OF—

Flowers, Feathers and Birds,
Brussels Nets and Spotted Nets,
5-8 and 3-4 Linen Handkerchiefs,
Marble Mahogany, Walnut and Oak Table Oil Cloths, etc.
Chatham, Nov. 20, '80.

MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE
ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are NOW OPENING the following lines which
will be sold cheaper than any similar goods yet offered on
the Miramichi.

FANCY GOODS, ETC.
Scrap Pictures in Flowers, Ferns,
Crosses, etc., for decorating,
Photograph Frames in great and rich
variety.
Pocket Albums,
Autograph Albums,
Mental Photograph Books,
Scrap Books—a splendid line,
Mosaic Folios,
Fortune-Telling Cards,
Celluloid Card Markers,
Celluloid Paper Knives,
Pearl Card Cases,
Pocket Inkstands,
Fortune-Telling Cards,
Cards for telling name and age of lady
or gentleman,
Water Colors in Boxes,
Work Boxes,
Dressing Cases,
Silver and Gold-plated Thimbles,
Flagon Boxes,
Inkstands in Metal and Glass,
Paper Weights,
School Book-straps,
Manilla Handy Bags for Marketing, etc.
Wallets,
Playing Cards,
Wooden Brackets,
Comb Racks,
Paper Racks,
Walking Sticks in variety,
Cups and Saucers, Mugs, etc.
Vases,
Toilet Sets,
Match Pots.

CHILDREN'S TOYS, DOLLS, ETC.,
including—
Blocks of many kinds,
Boys' Tool Chests,
Guns and Pistols (in Wood and Iron),
Cap Pistols,
Heliophones,
Wooden Horses on Wheels,
Extension Boleboards, (for dolls),
Extension Cradles (for dolls),
Tin Railways,
Boys' Exhibition Wagons,
Drums in all sizes,
Tin Wagons,
"Kitchens, (large and small),
"Brackets, Pails and Cups,
"Watering Pots,
"Steamboats,
Bell Churns,
Saw Irons,
Moose Cages,
Pewter Trumpets,
Tin Toy Dust Pans—with Brushes,
Timble Bell Rattles,
Ringing Bone Rattles,
Rabbit Teething Rings,
Pewter Whistles,
Wood Whistles,
Tin Whistles,
Tin Toys,
Bombs,
Wood Rattles,
Wooden Soldiers,
Monkeys on sticks,
Trombones,
Jews' Harps, (iron and brass),
Harpicorns,
Boxes of Water Colors, } from 5 cents
Tea Sets in great variety. } to \$2.00
China Dolls,
Unbreakable Dolls, } From
Baby " } 5 cents to
Dressed, " } \$3.00 each.
Rubber " }
Paper Dolls from 3c. upwards,
China Sailors,
Toy Shields,
Masks, or False Faces,
Balloons,
Transparent Sticks,
Wooden Brackets,
Children's Mugs, Cups and Saucers,
Pitchers, etc.,
Assorted Toys in large variety.

We have also in stock the usual supply of General
Stationery, School Books, etc., including Foolscap, Letter,
Note and Flat Papers, of different Sizes, Map and
Drawing, Tissue, Manilla and other Papers. Also, Tracing
Linen, Perforated Cardboard, Bristol Board, Envelopes of
different sizes, Ink, Pens, Gold and Plated Pencil and Pen
Holders, Inkstands, Tags, Labels, Sealing and Express
Wax, Lead and Ink Pencils, Erasers, Wallets and a great
variety of other articles in Stationery and Fancy Goods
lines.

JUST RECEIVED:—

A new invoice of SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES.

MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE,
Water Street,
Chatham, N. B.

Hay For Sale.
The Subscriber offers for sale forty tons Upland
Hay—Cash, or approved bank notes, payable
in seven months.
For Particulars, apply to John T. Loggie, op-
posite Chatham, July 24, St.

NOTICE.
The subscriber will open up in a few days a very
excellent line of English Scotch and Canadian
Tweeds, suitable for spring and summer wear.
Also a beautiful and choice lot of English Cottons,
personally selected in Montreal.
W. S. MORRIS,
N. B.—These goods will admit of my making
suits 10 per cent less than heretofore.

Medical.

JOHN M'CURDY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CHATHAM, N. B.

DR. CHANNING'S
Sarsaparilla
FOR THE BLOOD.

CURES
CYRILS,
SYPHILIS,
SCROFULA,
SALT-RHEUM,
DOUBLE JOINTS.

Space forbids the giving more testimony in this place, in favor of this great medicine. It is not one of the ordinary remedies, however, from an eminent and well-known Physician like Dr. Chessey, of Montreal, sufficient to establish its superiority over the numerous mixtures called Blood Purifiers, offered by Druggists and others.

It cannot be regarded the remedy from which Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla is prepared, as one of the best possible combinations to constitute an effective remedy, for the cure of Blood Impurities. So far as my experience leads me with this remedy, I can testify to its great value in the treatment of all Strumous and Cachectic affections, as Chlorosis, Leucorrhoea, and a wide range of skin affections; as a reliable preparation for general use, as a blood purifier, I know of no other remedy, to it, combining as it does, all the invigorating virtues of Sarsaparilla, and several other valuable remedies, with the extraordinary alterative properties of the "Double Joins," and none that can be more highly recommended as safe, certain and reliable.

I have every confidence that such a remedy for general use, taking the place of the many worthless preparations of the day, will be a great boon to suffering humanity, and its use will be attended with the most satisfactory results. It should be invaluable to persons laboring with the rheumatism, and its use will, without doubt, be accompanied with Medical men throughout the country.

Respectfully yours,
W. E. BESSEY, M.D.
Beaver Hall Square.

NOTE.—Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla is put up in large bottles, with the name blown in the glass, and retails at 50c per bottle, or six bottles for Five Dollars. Sold by Druggists generally, and most Country Stores, the store, and ask for Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla. With take no other, and readily obtained in your locality, address the General Agent.

Perry Davis & Son & Lawrence,
377 St. Paul Street