

HIDDEN STRENGTH.

In one of the prairie towns of northern Iowa, where the Illinois Central railroad now passes from Duquette to Sioux City, lived a woman whose experience repeats the truth that inherent forces, ready to be developed, are waiting for the emergencies that life may bring.

She was born and brought up in New England. With the advantages of a country school, and few terms in a neighboring city, she became a fast scholar—not at all remarkable; she was married at 21 to a young farmer, poor, but intelligent and ambitious. In ten years after the death of their parents, they emigrated to Iowa, and invested money in land that bade fair to increase in value, but far away from neighbors. Here they lived, a happy family, for five years, when he died, leaving her at the age of 35, with four boys, the eldest nearly 14 and the youngest 9. The blow came suddenly, and at first was overwhelming. Alone, in what seemed almost a wilderness, she had no thought of giving up the farm. It was home. There they must stay and do the best they could. The prospect of a railroad passing near them, in time, was good; and some of the land might be sold. A little money had been laid by—nothing that she ought to touch for the present. Daniel, the hired man who had come out with them and who was a devoted friend and servant, she determined to keep—his judgment was excellent in farm matters. Hitherto the boys had gone regularly to school a mile or two away; for a settlement in Iowa was never without a schoolhouse. They were bright and quick to learn. Their father had been eager to help and encourage them. Newspapers, magazines, and now and then a good book had found their way into the household. Though very fond of reading herself, with the care of her house she had drifted along, as so many do, until the discipline of study or any special application, had been almost forgotten. It was the ambition of both parents that their sons should be well educated. Now Jerry and Thede, the two oldest, must be kept at home during the summer to work. Nate and Johnnie could help at night and in the morning. The boys had been always trained to habits of obedience. They were affectionate, and she could depend upon their love. One evening, alone in her bedroom, she overheard some part of conversation as the children were sitting together around the open fire place.

"I don't mind the work," said Theodore, "if I could only be learning, too. Father used to say he wanted me to be a civil engineer."

"If father was here," said 11-year-old Nate, "you could study evenings and recite to him. I wish mother could help; but then, I guess mother—"

"Help, now?" she heard Jerry ask sharply, before Nate could finish his sentence; and she knew at once that the boy was jealous for her. "Isn't she the best mother in the world?"

"Yes, she is, and she likes stories, too; but I was just thinking now, if you can't go to school, if she only knew a lot about everything, why, she could tell you."

"Well," replied Jerry, with all the gravity of a man, we must just take hold and help all we can; it's going to be hard enough for mother. I just hate to give up school and pitch into work. These, you shall go next winter, anyway."

"Shan't we be lonesome next winter?" said little Johnnie, who had taken no part in the talk until now; "won't mother be afraid? I want my father back," and without a word of warning he burst into tears.

Dead silence for a few minutes. The outbreak was so sudden, she knew they were all weeping. It was Jerry again who spoke first: "Don't let mother see us crying. Come, Johnnie, let's take Nate and all go down to the trap; then she heard them pass out of the house."

Desolation fell upon that poor mother for the next hour. Like a knife Nate's remark had passed through her heart. "Father could have helped!" Couldn't she help her boys, for whom she was ready to die? Was she only "mother," who prepared their meals and took care of their clothes? She wanted a part in the very best of their lives. She thought it all over, sitting up far into the night. If she could only create an interest in some study that should bind them all together, and in which she could lead! Was she too old to begin? Never had the desire to become the very center of interest to them taken such a hold upon her.

A few weeks after, she said, one morning at the breakfast table. "Boys I've been thinking that we might begin geology this summer and study it, all of us together. I've found a text book; by-and-by, there can draw a chart, perhaps Jerry will take hold, I know, and Nate and Johnnie can hunt for specimens. We'll have an hour or two every night."

The children's interest awoke in a flash and that every evening the question discussed was one brought in by Nate: "What is the difference between limestone and granite?" a simple one, but it opened the way for her, and their first meeting proved a success. She had to study each day to be ready and wide awake for class. They lived in a limestone region. Different forms of coral abounded, and other fossils were plenty. An old cupboard in the shed was turned into a cabinet. One day, Nate, who had wandered two or three miles, brought home a piece of rock, where curious finger-shaped creatures were embedded. Great was the delight of all to find them described as orthoceratites, and an expedition to the spot was planned for some holiday. Question after question led back to the origin of the earth. She found the nebular hypothesis, and hardly slept one night trying to comprehend it clearly enough to put before others in a simple fashion. Her book was always at hand. By-and-by they classified each specimen, and the best of their kind were taken to shelves in their sitting room. Her own enthusiasm in study aroused, and far from a hardship, it now became a delight. Her spirit was contagious. The boys, always fond of "mother," wondered what new life possessed her but they accepted the change all the same. She found that she could teach,

and also inspire her pupils. They heard of a gully, five or six miles away, where crystals had been found. Making a holiday, for which the boys worked like Trojans, they took their lunch in the arm wagon and rode to the spot; and if their search was not altogether successful, it left them the memory of a happy time.

In the meanwhile the farm prospered. She did all the work in the house, and all the sowing; going out, too, in the garden, where she raised a few flowers, and helping to gather vegetables. Daniel and the boys were bitterly opposed to her helping them. "Mother," said Jerry, "if you won't ever think you must go out, I'll do anything to make up. I don't want you to look like those women we see sometimes in the fields." Generally she yielded. Her work was enough for one pair of hands. Through it all now ran the thought that her children were growing up; they would become educated men; she would not let them get ahead, no so as to pass her entirely.

Winter came. Now Daniel could see to the work; but these habits of study were not to be broken. "Boys, let us form a history club," was the proposition; "It shan't interfere with your lessons at school." They took the history of the United States which the two younger children were studying. Beginning with the New England Settlements, and being six in number, they called each other, for the time, after the six states, persuading old Daniel to take his native Rhode Island. "That woman beats all creation," he was heard to exclaim, "the way she works all day and goes on at night over her books." The mother used to say she hardly knew if she were any older than her boys when they were trying to trip each other with questions. The teacher of the district school came over one Saturday afternoon. "I never had such pupils," said he "as your sons, in history; and indeed they want to look into everything."

"You seem better now," "Oh yes; I consider myself almost or quite well; and it came about in this way. A lady living on St. Catherine street this city, commended to my attention Sulphur and Iron Bitters. It gave me strength and life. My sister, living in Brockville, whose disease was nearly the same as mine, was equally benefited by the same thing."

An Open Letter.

Messrs. T. MILBURN & Co. Dear Sirs,—I can honestly recommend Haysard's Yellow Oil as the best reliever of rheumatic pains of all the many species offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy. I remain respectfully yours, JOHN TAYLOR, 190 Parliament St., Toronto.

General Business.

TO WHOLESALE BUYERS FOR CASH I OFFER:

1000 Barrels Superior Extra FLOUR

200 Barrels Full and Medium Patents,

100 Barrels Kilndried CORN-MEAL,

100 Barrels Choice OATMEAL,

100 Barrels Mess PORK,

100 Barrels Refined SUGARS,

100 Casks MOLASSES,

100 Quintals CODFISH,

100 Tubs LARD,

100 Dozen BROOMS,

100 Dozen Brown's AXES,

100 Cases MATCHES,

100 Bushels White BEANS,

100 Boxes RAISINS,

50 TUBS CHOICE BUTTER.

OFFICE:

Fish Warehouse,

PUBLIC WHARF,

NEWCASTLE

JOHN McLAGGAN.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the acting Registrar of the Land Office of New Brunswick, for an Act to amend an Act for establishing and maintaining a Police Force in the Town of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland.

The object of the Act is to authorize the Council to make provision for the erection of additional lamp posts and lamps, and lighting the same, in the Town of Chatham.

Given at the City of Chatham, this 14th day of February, 1884.

She died at 65, very suddenly. Only a few hours before she had exclaimed, as her children all came home together, "There never were such good boys as mine. You have repaid me a thousand fold. God grant you all happy homes."

They bore her coffin to the grave themselves. They would not let any other person touch it. In the evening they gathered around the old hearth stone in the sitting room, and drew their chairs together. No one spoke until Nate said, "Boys, let us pray;

and then, all kneeling around her vacant chair, he prayed that the mantle of their mother might fall upon them. They could ask nothing beyond that.—Christian Union.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms.

Cure for Chlaimina.

Bathe the feet for ten or fifteen minutes in water as hot as can be borne; then apply Haysard's Yellow Oil, and a cure is certain. Yellow Oil cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Deafness, Lameness, and Pain generally; and internally cures Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Aches, and many similar affections.

Every Spring.

HOW AN AFFLICTING ANNUAL VISITOR WAS DRIVEN FROM A WEARY WOMAN.

Plain and simple medicines are not easy to get out of order. Complicated diseases, intended not only to keep the time of day, but to mark the movements of the moon and stars, are certain to need frequent repairs. Husband and wife often fail to see that their wives and daughters are more delicately organized than themselves, requiring corresponding care when they are well and assistance when they are ill. Yet much better for women's fine system is a trustworthy medicine, ready at all times for use, than a diet of tinkering by semi-educated local practitioners.

"Every Spring," said the wife of a well known employe of the Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, "I have been for some years past troubled with nervous debility and weakness. It was the burden which so many women are called upon to bear, although none the lighter for that."

"Advice and dosing, to be sure, I had in plenty; still, on each returning spring my sickness came as regularly as the buds and blossoms."

"You seem better now." "Oh yes; I consider myself almost or quite well; and it came about in this way. A lady living on St. Catherine street this city, commended to my attention Sulphur and Iron Bitters. It gave me strength and life. My sister, living in Brockville, whose disease was nearly the same as mine, was equally benefited by the same thing."

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General Business.

Farm for Sale.

The subscriber wishes to sell his farm and occupied by him situated on the west side of the River in the Parish of Hawkeby, containing 100 Acres, 40 acres of which are cleared and well fenced with new fence at 1000 feet, and the rest is in woods. It is a most desirable place for a residence. Possession given at once if required.

LONDON HOUSE

CHATHAM, N. B.

Xmas, New Year.

THE SUBSCRIBER will sell off the balance of his stock of FARMY GOODS at greatly reduced prices during

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

ALSO ON HAND

A Good Assortment of Groceries

IN STORE:

FLOUR, OATMEAL, TEA, SUGAR, MOLASSES,

Lowest WHOLESALE and RETAIL Prices, at

20 TUBS GOOD BUTTER

15 TUBS LARD

R. HOCKEN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE,

Dicks' Blood Purifier,

Beef Iron and Wine,

Quinine Wine,

Hop Bitters,

Fellow's Compound Syrup,

Green Mountain Asthma Cure,

Cod Liver Oil

WARRANTED FRESH AND PURE,

COD LIVER OIL EMULSIONS,

ALL KINDS.

SKREI OOD LIVER OIL.

OUR EXTRACTS OF

Lemon, Vanilla, & Peppermint

are the best in the market, their increasing sale being the best proof of their superiority.

THE MEDICAL HALL,

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE,

Chatham, N. B., Dec. 12th.

NOW LANDING.

170 Bags Rice,

100 kegs Bl. Carb. Soda,

80 Barrels Fine Salt (in small bags),

100 Boxes London Tapers,

100 kegs Refined Lard,

25 kegs Welton Soap,

35 Cases Lard in 5-10 & 20 lb. tins.

Geo. S. DeForest,

St. John, N. B.

BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS.

For sale a full set of BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS, including BELLOWS, VISE, TONGS, CHISELS, and all kinds of different sizes, ANVILS, etc., etc. Apply to

ALEX. CANTLEY,

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R. FLANAGAN,

ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries and

Provisions, Hardware,

Hats, Caps,

Ready-Made Clothing.

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

Farm for Sale.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale his farm on the Bathurst Road, within six miles of Chatham. It contains one hundred and seven acres, and has a good dwelling on it, two barns, good water, &c. There is also a good meadow connected with it. Terms reasonable.

Also for sale on the premises, three tons wheat, two tons good, upland hay, sixty bushels oats and three tons cut straw. Apply to

JOHN CONNELL,

Bathurst, Jan. 10, 1883.

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Picture Framing and Mounting at short notice.

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Beas, Bos, & Lot Worms. I had 'em, but they Chy, My, Is so sick. I'll do any now.

PLEASANT WORM SYRUP.

The most eminent Physicians are agreed that about Fifty per cent. of all Children die before reaching the tenth year of life. Many children suffer from day to day, fretful, cross and peevish—and the cause of the trouble is not suspected.

A child's sickly countenance, irregularity of appetite, or excited bowels, fretfulness, long, green, sticky, irritable stools, frequent eruptions on the face, and all the symptoms indicating the presence of WORMS! If any of these symptoms are noticed, or the presence of worms suspected, procure a bottle of Pleasant Worm Syrup, which costs but 25 cents, and give it as directed. If the worms are present they will soon be expelled and your darling restored to health again. If there are no worms present the remedy will do harm, but will move the bowels gently and give the system a healthy stimulus.

PLEASANT WORM SYRUP requires no castor oil or other purgative substances with it.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE AT THE MEDICAL HALL. J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

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100 bbls. No. 1 Carquet Herrings,

50 half do. do.

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R. BAIN.

January 2nd, 1884.

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