

A PILOT'S WIFE.

Of course I knew Bert was a pilot when we were married, and knew also that the duties of a pilot were for many a time had I been down the bay in his boat, ripping up the sheet of harbor water, with its enamel of blue and silver, the sun striking out ahead of us, and the wind just swelling the sails, as if we were drawn by a pair of swift white swans. Bert would be over the side fishing when we had anchored, and presently there would be the nicest chowder that ever contented hunger, the table spread in the nearest cabin aloft as handsomely as in some great gentleman's dining-hall—with every delicacy of the season on it, and duff stuffed full of plans. When we girls came on deck again, after some of us had taken our naps as comfortably as in Sleepy Hollow, and some of us had peered and pried into the tiny kitchen, and learned how the boys got along in rough weather by examining everything we could come across, and some of us had prinked in the looking-glass till we were well satisfied with ourselves, and ready to afford somebody else satisfaction, then we would find one of the boat-keepers tuning his violin, and another wetting up his piccolo, and we would dance till sunset, just as merry and carefree as the flies dance in the air.

I hardly ever thought of storms, I believed so thoroughly in Bert's skill. Once I was out with him and his mates, and it came on to blow in the wildest manner. He brought the boat to anchor under lee of an island, took in every stitch of sail, and was for keeping me below; but I wouldn't be kept, because if I was to be drowned at all, I wanted to be drowned in the open sea, and not in the cabin; so he made me secure and comfortable and we rode it out, the sun shining just as clear as ever an October sun shone in the bluest of blue skies—skies like burnished steel; but the screaming and roaring wind raging over us in mighty gusts, the boat plunging hither and yon with every shudder, and throwing the water up around us in great rainbows. It was frightful, but the sunshine made it splendid. Well, Bert knew what to do, it was evident—just down with his sails and out with his anchors, and wait till it blew over.

We went to housekeeping immediately upon our marriage, for mother said she despised these boarding people; she went to housekeeping when she was married, and she meant all her children should do the same; and if their husbands weren't able to go to housekeeping, then they weren't able to be husbands, and there was an end of it; and no two people, she said, brought up in different fashions, could unite their lives into one without some jarring, and a third party was sure to turn that jar into an earthquake; and if there were fewer third parties, half the trouble would be done away with; for she believed half the divorces and separations and quarrels were brought about by boarding-house intimacies with third parties. So to housekeeping, as I said, we went—though I knew that, by-and-by, I should just perish with loneliness, and in the very pleasantest house, I am sure, that the whole city had to offer, it was the smallest—the bay-window of the sunny little parlor looking out upon the water, so that we could see everything that came up the harbor, and from my bird's-nest of a room above, with the glass that Bert mounted there, I could sweep the bay, and see Bert's boat when it was miles away.

Bert staid up with great contentment for a week or ten days, pottering and tinkering about the house, and finding little odd jobs to attend to, where he had thought everything perfect till experience proved the contrary, planting morning-glories and scarlet-beans round the basement to run up over the bay-window, and a prairie rose and a basil for the lattice of the door. Then when dark came we would light the drop-lamp, and have a little wood fire on the hearth; for we were just beginning the cool May nights, and then we would draw round it—I with my worsteds, and he with the evening paper; and he would look at me over the paper, and lay it down, and draw a long breath of pleasure, and say that if he had been married nearly a year we could not be more comfortable. When we were married nearly a year we were not half so comfortable.

But before a fortnight of our new life I could see that Bert began to be restless. He had been on the water ever since he was a child, and a long spell of those always seemed to dry and warm him a little, he said, and so I had no business to be surprised when one day, long before the end of the regulation honey-moon, a steamer having been telegraphed from Halifax, Bert kissed me, swung his cloak over his arm, and was off down the bay to find the steamer east of the cape, and ahead of all the other boats.

Now, you may be very sure that this was not particularly pleasing. Married a fortnight and tired of me already, I said to myself. I ate no dinner that day, and long before dark I shut the shutters and locked up the house, and went to bed; and after lying awake thinking I heard thievers, and smelled fire, and saw ghosts, and was totally deserted and dreadfully abused, at last I was crying myself to sleep, when click went a latch-key, and in stalked Bert, blazing up the gas, and tossing down his cloak in a heap, and crying out that it served him right for leaving the dearest little wife in the world. And I can't say that I was sorry one bit to hear that Tom Holiday's boat got the highest steamer after all.

But Bert's penitence was brief—for, you see, he wasn't the fool that I was, and knew business must be attended to—and presently he was off again. A thousand a year, you see, was far too little for people to live on and lay by anything; for, with the running expenses taken from the earnings, that was about all that was left to the men. And I ought to have had sense to understand matters; yet when did a girl of seventeen ever have any sense? But Bert had enough for both of us; and so he kept the boat snapping, and never lost a fee for want of being on the ground—just that is what you call it, when there isn't a bit of ground to be found for fathoms.

Of course, then, I was left pretty much to myself. It was unavoidable. And the worst of it was that I wouldn't see that it was unavoidable. And, of course, I was miserably lonely; and by-and-by, when I was really feeling wretched, my once-cheerful little home, still as death now from morning till night, seemed to me to be an actual grave. Mother couldn't come and visit me for she had married again herself, a few years since, and had a young brood to attend to. She couldn't spare one of the children, and I didn't like to leave home and visit her. Bert didn't like to have me do so, but I should be away when he chanced to come unannounced, as he always did come—she living four miles off now, in one of the suburbs, for the sake of a garden—and so I was left to weather it out; and when Bert came up I used to cry every time, I was so glad to see him.

Bert couldn't understand that, of course—he so strong and bluff and hearty, and I so sick and childish and weak. All my nerves seemed to be on the string, too. I was as petulant as a porcupine, and so fractious that I wonder the very bird and cat didn't re-proach me—for Bert had bought me a mocking-bird to conquer the stillness; and a wandering cat, seeing that we were two poor young people sadly in need of a guardian, had adopted us. I hadn't any appetite when he was away, and wanted nothing to eat myself; and sometimes, if you'll believe it, I would lie in bed all day, and there wouldn't be a morsel of anything cooked in the house at all when Bert ran in, and if he hadn't been the best tempered on the bay or off it, he certainly would have staid away altogether. I used to cry half my time; I was afraid Bert was sick of me, and I was certainly sick of myself; I couldn't see to read, for I was so nervous that the letters danced before my eyes; and I couldn't sew, for there was always two needles and two threads; and I don't know but I really might have gone out of my mind, or have driven Bert out of his, if it hadn't occurred to him to close the house, and take me down the bay with him, as he used to do; and it was really wonderful how a fortnight's enjoyment of the cool, salt summer air there braced all my nerves taut again; so that I was quite well when he brought me back, and tolerably sensible, and sat down cheerfully by the sewing I had neglected so long, and which must be done so nicely, because I said, that if a little came, and her mother were to die, this sewing would be kept for her to see, and I wanted every stitch to be a moral lesson to her.

Bert came and went a good deal oftener than before—for, perhaps, he had come to question whether he did not owe other duties to his family than merely providing of the means to live, and whether it was just the square thing to take a young girl out from the bustle and cheer of a great family, and shut her up all by herself in a cage; and he was good and kind beyond comparison, so that I learned by heart the meaning of the promise "to cherish" in the marriage ceremony.

But, of course, this couldn't last long. On one horrid windy morning Bert went to take the British steamer *Assyria* down the bay on her way to Liverpool. That was a good job, as jobs go, in itself; and he said, in bidding me good-bye, that he should try and be up the next day, unless business was so brisk that it seemed like throwing money away to leave. The wind blew a tornado that night, and the sea dashed over the sea-wall in scuds; but it had blown a great many tornadoes and nothing had happened to Bert, and I never dreamed of regarding it. I heard from one of the men next day that there was hardly a vessel telegraphed; so I knew he would be absent presently. I set myself at work and made the nicest little supper ready—scrod, as brown outside and as white inside as a cocoonist is, and cold turkey, and charlotte russe that I had learned how to make myself, and a cup of chocolate that was as rich as nectar. The scrod grew brown and grew black and turned to a chip, and the chocolate skimmed over with a coat of cold oil, but no Bert came. I ate the charlotte russe myself and went to bed.

And the next day, no Bert, and the next day, and a week passed without him, and all at once I remembered the tornado and the water whipping the sea-wall, and I began to be seriously uneasy. I swept the bay with that glass in my room day and night, I might say, but no sign of Bert or Bert's boat could I see.

At length, one day, I thought I did make out the boat; but the little signal which it was arranged between him and me should always be visible when he was on board I could nowhere discover, and, of course, I was wild with my fancies; Bert was lost, he had been drowned in returning from the *Assyria*, he had been knocked overboard, and he had gone down like lead with all his heavy gear on; and I was working myself into agonies, and was almost down sick, when who should appear but Will Davenant, swinging his stur-tout over his shoulders by the sleeves and coming in as though he were sent. As I looked up in his face I noticed that he was pale and grave, and felt that he had had news beforehand.

"Well, Bert's gone this time," said he. "I gave me such a turn! If I ever have a stroke I shall feel no worse. I only wonder I didn't drop on the spot. But my will is stout, and that held out to hear the worst."

"Come!" I gasped. "Lost? My Bert?"

"Oh, pooh! nonsense!" he returned. "Nothing of the kind. I'm a stupid. Gone to Liverpool!"

"To Liverpool! Well, you may suppose what a difference that was! All the blood in my body had been gathering round my heart till I was as white as a sheet, and now it was all pouring up into my face. Bert gone to Liverpool, and without ever telling me! He had run away and left me! You see I had read so many novels. The whole world was reeling round me in a great noisy whirl, and it was all of a sudden that I grew conscious of Will Davenant's putting me in a chair and putting water on me, and heard him saying to himself: "Dear me! This is rough on her and no mistake. Look here now, Sady, listen a moment. It's only for three weeks. He'll be back in a jiffy. Can't you hear? Don't you understand? The *Assyria* couldn't see him down in that hurricane, and so she had to take him on and send him over next steamer. It's been done be-

GENERAL BUSINESS
North Atlantic Steamship Company (LIMITED)
STEAM FROM
LONDON and LIVERPOOL to CHARLOTTETOWN, BATHURST and MIRAMICHI.
The attention of importers is specially directed to the undermentioned sailings, viz:—
S. S. "CLIFTON" about 3000 tons, will leave LONDON ABOUT 20TH APRIL, 1886.
S. S. "NELLIE WISE" about 1500 tons, WILL LEAVE LIVERPOOL about 20th APRIL, 1886.
Carrying goods on through Bills of Lading to the principal ports in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick at lowest rates. Apply to
R. A. & STEWART, Chatham, Bathurst and St. John, N.B.
FENTON T. NEWBURY, Charlottetown.
STEWART BROS., London.

General Business
300 CASES CANNED GOODS.
Sugar Corn, Tomatoes, Green Beans, Pine Apples, Lobsters, Windsor Salmon, Corn Beef, Oysters.
DeFOREST, HARRISON & Co., 300 Water Street, Chatham, N.B.
STAPLE GOODS.
1 Cwt Granulated Sugar, 1 Mass Pot, 300 Bannocks, 200 Corn Meal, 200 Star Flour, 200 Star Flour, 200 Star Flour.
DeFOREST, HARRISON & Co., 300 Water Street, Chatham, N.B.

JOB-PRINTING LOWER Water St. Chatham, MIRAMICHI.
Having completed the removal of the ADVANCE establishment to the building next Messrs. Gay Bevan & Co's office, Lower Water Street, we are now prepared to execute all kinds of
BOOK AND JOB-PRINTING
in first class style. This establishment was the only one in the Province in a position to enter into competition with the city offices at the Dominion Centennial Exhibition at St. John, where it received a MEDAL AND DIPLOMA for "Book and Job Printing" and "Letter-Press Printing." This is good evidence of the fine character of its work.
We have, also, constantly on sale a large line of blank-forms, such as:—
RAILWAY SHIPPING RECEIPTS, FISH INVOICES, (newest form), MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, DEEDS AND MORTGAGES, SUPREME AND COUNTY COURT BLANKS, SHERIFFS' BLANKS, TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS, SCHOOL ASSESSMENT FORMS, ETC.; ETC., ETC.
Send along your orders.
D. G. SMITH, Chatham, N. B.

HORSE FOR SALE.
A large 12 year old mare, very suitable for a thrashing mill, will be sold cheap. Apply at STATION FARM, Chatham, October 1st, 1885.
Fall and Winter Goods.
Our Stock of Fall and Winter goods is now complete which will be sold at prices to suit the times.
DeFOREST, HARRISON & Co., 300 Water Street, Chatham, N.B.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP
The partnership heretofore existing between Jas. Johnston and John Pirie, Chatham, N. B., in this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due to the firm by parties other than the firm heretofore known as Johnston & Pirie shall be paid by the firm, and all debts due from the firm shall be paid by the partners. This dissolution is made in full of all accounts between the partners, and all accounts shall be settled at once.
JAS. JOHNSTON, JOHN PIRIE, Chatham, N. B., Oct. 31, 1885.
The subscriber, who will continue the above business at the old stand, thanks the late firm's numerous customers for the patronage they have bestowed, and respectfully solicits a continuation thereof.
JAMES JOHNSTON, JOHN PIRIE, Chatham, N. B., Oct. 31, 1885.
SHINGLE WOOD.
Wanted at the Factory, Chatham, 300 Cordes Cedar SHINGLE WOOD for which Cash will be paid.
GEORGE CASSADY, Chatham, N. B.

TEAS!
Choice Congou and Oolong Teas. 760 PACKAGES IN STORE.
76 " Ex S.S. "Calodonia"
169 " " "British Queen"
185 " Bought and on the way
1190 On which we offer special values.
FOR SALE BY DeForest, Harrison & Co. t. John, Dec. 29th 7 and 8 North wharf

IMMENSE REDUCTION
In prices of the balance of our WINTER STOCK, viz., LADIES' MANIFLES, MANTLE CLOTHS, all the latest Styles and Patterns
ULSTER CLOTHS in Nigger Head, Fancy Checks, Twills and Printed Pilots &c.
DRESS MATERIALS, ALL KINDS, at 10% ADVANCE ON COST.
LADIES' MISSES' & CHILD'S CASHMERE & KNIT ERSEYS and PROMENADE SHAWLS, ALL AT NET COST.
2 CHOICE SETTS S. S. SEAL Muff and Boa Price \$40.00 reduced to \$32.50.
2 MINK SETTS, choice, price Muff Boa & Cap \$37.00, reduced to \$30.00, Men's Persian Lamb & Seal Caps at cost. 2 pieces. Scalette, prices \$12.00 & \$7.00 reduced to \$9.75 & \$5.75 per yard. Men's Underclothing and Overcoats.
None of above goods will be booked at reduced prices. STRICTLY CASH!
LOGGIE & BURR, PIERCE BLOCK Water Street

CHEAP SALE OF DRY GOODS.
I will sell my stock of DRY GOODS, FURNITURE, &c., at very low figures. All goods have been reduced in price to make a good clearance before Stock Taking.
B. FAIREY, Newcastle.
MILLINERY! MILLINERY! MILLINERY!
B. FAIREY'S. DRESS MAKING! DRESS MAKING!
B. FAIREY'S. MANTLE MAKING! MANTLE MAKING!
B. FAIREY'S. Newcastle, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS
VAUGHAN & BROS., IRON MERCHANTS.
SMYTHE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
IRON—Common, Refined, and Horse Shoe, STEEL—Tired Sleigh Shoe and Toe Calk, YELLOW METAL—Bolts and Sheathing
CHAINS—Rigging, Mill and Cables, Anchors, Oakum, Pitch, Tar, Spikes, Hemp and Manila Cordage all of best quality and
AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES

NEW GOODS LANDING TO-DAY
20 Cases and Bales assorted DRY GOODS, 70 HALF CHESTS TEA, (best value yet.) 30 BBLs. SUGAR, 125 BBLs. FLOUR, 10 TONS PRESSED HAY, A lot of SEASONED PRIME LUMBER.
WILLIAM MURRAY.

Miramichi Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS, CHATHAM N. B.
General Iron and Brass Founders
Gang and Rotary Saw Mills and Steamers built or repaired.
MANUFACTURERS OF STEAM BOILERS AND ENGINES, GANG EDGERS AND SHINGLE MACHINES, HEAVY AND LIGHT PLAIN AND FANCY CASTINGS.
Pond's Wisconsin Rotary Saw Carriage, a Specialty, Plans Designs, Specifications and Estimates Furnished.
WM. MURHEAD JR., Proprietor. GEO. DICK Mechanical Sup.

FRENCH CAMBRICS PRINTED MUSLINS.
Percales, New Prints, Piques, beautiful designs and perfectly fast colors.
DRESS GOODS
in Nun's Veiling, Zeta Coris, Crose Cloths, Crose Eplinge Graham. Cloths, Soliel Cloth Foulle, reversible, Cashmires, Merinos, etc., in new shades, Chestnut, Peacock, Cinnamon, Sapphire, Hunter's Green, Bronze, Myrtle, Iron Grey, Fawn, Hussard Blue, Tally Ho, etc.

IRON CURTAINS AND HANGINGS
Complete stock in every department. Wholesale and retail.
SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN, Public Square, Newcastle.
PHOTOGRAPH, AUTOGRAPH AND SCRAP ALBUMS at prices to suit everybody.
Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Jewell Cases, Dressing Cases, Ladies Hand Satchels, Ladies' and Gent's Purses and Wallets, Vases, Toilet Sets, China Ornaments, Mugs, Motto Cups and Saucers of all descriptions.

A VERY FINE ASSORTMENT OF PLATED SILVER WARE ELEGANT DESIGNS AT VERY LOW PRICES.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry of all descriptions, Gold and Silver Jewelry made to order, Monogram Name Jewelry made to order, Gold and Silver Metals and Isings, Price Caps, etc., suitable for presentations made to order, Merchandise and Retail Pipes, Cigars and Cigarette Holders and a full line of Smokers Requisites.
Call and examine our stock.
I. HARRIS & SON. --- WATER STREET

NEW FALL GOODS JUST OPENED AT LOGGIE & BURR'S
DRESS MATERIALS in all the fashionable Materials and Shades.
Black Satin Soieile, Black Satin Berber, Black French Coris Black Cashmere, all wool, do do Union, Black French Merinos, Black Serge, all wool.
Colored Checked Cashmere, col'd Satin Berber, col'd French Coris, col'd Cashmires, all wool, do do Union, col'd Melton Cloths, col'd Serges, all wool. Trimmings to match.
Landsdowne Velveteens! Landsdowne Velveteens! 15 pes. Bl'k from 35c. to \$1.20. 10 pes. col'd from 60c. to \$1.25
LADIES' GOSSAMERS, Ladies Cashmere Jersey Gloves
Latest styles Ladies' Linen Collars, Ladies' Cashmere Hose, black and colored, Ladies' and Misses' Seamless Wool Hose, Ladies' and Misses' Jerseys, Ladies' and Misses' Under Vests, Ladies' and Misses' Polka Jackets.
A very nice line of Ladies' Promenade or Opera Shawls, Highland and Saxony knitting yarn, in all colors.
A full line of Staple Goods
In Blankets, Flannels, Flannel Shirts, Underwear, Scotch and Cayna dian knit, Men's Cashmere Hose, Men's Cardigans and Guernsey. A beautiful line of Suitings and over-Coatings, which we will make up to order at low prices.
Purchasers will save money by calling and examining our stock before purchasing elsewhere, as we are offering these goods very low for cash.
Call and inspect. No trouble to show our goods; they will speak for themselves.
LOGGIE & BURR, PIERCE BLOCK, Water Street, Chatham

Bon Jour BITTERS THE STANDARD APPETISER. AN ALL-YEAR-ROUND TONIC.
Approved by the Faculty of Municipal Analysts, etc.