

Continued from 1st Page.

He's talking! Don't you hear him! Oh, heavens! He says that I am going to be an author, and he is going to publish for me a thousand years—going to publish on the quarter-profit system, with an annual account, the usual trade deductions, and no vouchers. Oh! oh! Look!—they are all coming!—they are pouring out of the Hatches, they are coming to murder me—keep them off! keep them off! and he howled and beat the air with his hands.

Augusta, utterly overcome by this awful sight, knelt down by his side and tried to quiet him, but in vain. He continued beating his hands in the air, trying to keep off the ghostly train, till at last, with one awful howl, he fell back dead.

And that was the end of Meeson. And the works that he published, and the money that he made, and the house that he built, and the evil that he did—were they not written in the Book of the Commercial Kings?

"Well," said Augusta faintly to herself, when she had got her breath back a little, "I am glad that it is over; any way, I do hope that I may never be called on to nurse another publisher."

"Auntie! auntie!" gasped Dick, "why do the gentlemen shout so?"

Then, taking the frightened child by the hand, Augusta made her way through the rain to the other hut in order to tell the two sailors what had come to pass. It had no door, and she paused on the threshold to prospect. The faint foggy light was so dim that at first she could see nothing. Presently, however, her eyes got accustomed to it, and she made out Bill and Johnnie sitting opposite to each other on the ground. Between them was the breaker of rum. Bill had a large shell in his hand, which he had just filled from the cask, for Augusta saw him in the act of replacing the spigot.

"My go—cure you, my go!" said Johnnie, as Bill lifted the shell of spirits to his lips. "As Bill had seven goes and I've only had six."

"You be blown!" said Bill, swallowing the liquor in a couple of great gulps. "Ah! that's better. Now I'll fill for you, mate; fair does, I says, fair does and no favor," and he filled accordingly.

"Mr. Meeson is dead," said Augusta, screwing up her courage to interrupt this orgy.

The two men stared at her in drunken surprise, which Johnnie broke.

"Now is he, miss?" he said, with a hiccup. "Is he? Well, a good job too, says I; a useless old land-lubber he was. I doubt he's off to a warmer place than this here Kerguelen Land, and I drink his health, which, by the way, I never had the occasion to do before. Here's to the health of the departed," and he swallowed the shellful of rum at a draught.

"Your sentiment I echoes," said Bill. "Johnnie, the shell; give us that to drink the 'ealth of the dear departed.'"

Then Augusta returned to her hut with a heavy heart. She covered up the dead body as best she could, telling little Dick that Mr. Meeson was gone by-leave, and then sat down in the chair and awful company. It was very depressing, and she comforted herself somewhat with the reflection that, on the whole, Mr. Meeson had not been so bad as Mr. Meeson in the animated flesh.

Presently the night set in once more, and, worn out with all that she had gone through, Augusta said her prayers and went to sleep with little Dick looked fast in her arms.

Some hours afterward she was awakened by loud and uproarious shouts made up of matches of drunken songs and that peculiar class of English that hovers around the lips of the British tar. Evidently Bill and Johnnie were taking drunk, and in this condition were racing the midnight air.

The shouting and swearing went reeling away toward the water's edge, and then, all of a sudden, they culminated in a fearful yell—after which came silence.

What could it mean? wondered Augusta; and while she was still wondering dropped off to sleep again.

CHAPTER XI.

RESERVED.

Augusta woke up just as the dawn was stealing across the sodden sky. It was the smothering of her shoulders that woke her. She rose, leaving Dick yet asleep, and, remembering the turmoil of the night, hurried to the other hut. It was empty.

She turned and looked about her. About fifteen paces from where she was, lay the shell that the two drunkards had used as a cup. Going forward, she picked it up. It still smelled disgustingly of spirits. Evidently the two men had dropped it in the course of their midnight walk, or rather roll. Where had they gone to?

Straight in front of her a rocky promontory ran out fifty paces or more into the waters of the fjord-like bay. She walked along it aimlessly till presently she perceived one of the sailor's hats lying on the ground, or, rather, floating in a pool of water. Clearly they had gone this way. On she went to the point of the little headland, sheer over the water. There was nothing to be seen, not a single vestige of Bill and Johnnie. Aimlessly enough she leaned forward and stared over the rocky wall, and down into the clear water, and then started back with a little cry.

No wonder that she started, for there on the sand, beneath a fatbom and a half of quiet water, lay the bodies of the two ill-fated men. They were looked in each other's arms, and lay as though they were asleep upon that ocean bed. How they came to their end she never knew. Perhaps they quarrelled in their drunken anger and fell over the little cliff; or perhaps they stumbled and fell, not knowing whether they were going. Who can say? At any rate, there they were, and there they remained, till the outgoing tide floated them off to join the great army of their companions who had gone down with the "Kangaroo." And so Augusta was left alone.

With a heavy heart she returned to the hut, pressed down by the weight of solitude and the sense that in the midst of so much death she could not hope to escape. There was no human creature left alive in that vast lonely land, except the child and herself, and so far as she could see their fate would soon be as the fate of the others. When she got back to the hut, Dick was awake and was crying for her.

The still, stiff form of Mr. Meeson, stretched out beneath the sail, frightened the little lad, he did not know why. Augusta took him into her arms and kissed him passionately. She loved the child for his own sake; and, besides, he and he alone, stood between her and utter

Children Cry for

solitude. Then she took him across to the other hut, which had been vacated by the sailors, for it was impossible to stay in the one with the body, which was too heavy for her to move. In the centre of the sailor's hut stood the cask of rum which had been the cause of their destruction. It was nearly empty now—so light, indeed, that she had no difficulty in rolling it to one side. She cleaned out the place as well as she could, and, returning to where Mr. Meeson's body lay, fetched the bag of biscuits and the roasted eggs, after which they had their breakfast.

Fortunately there was but little rain that morning, so Augusta took Dick out to look for eggs, not because they wanted any more, but in order to employ themselves. Together they climbed up to a rocky headland, where the flag was flying, and looked out across the troubled ocean. There was nothing in sight so far as the eye could see—nothing but the white water-horses across which the black cormorants steered their swift, unerring flight. She looked and looked till her heart sunk within her.

"Will mummy soon come in a boat to take Dick away?" asked the child at her side, and then she burst into tears.

When she had recovered herself they set to collecting eggs, an occupation which, notwithstanding the screams and threatened attacks of the birds, delighted Dick greatly. Soon they had as many as she could carry; so they went back to the hut and lit a fire of driftwood, and roasted some eggs in the hot ashes; and she had not to tell them in. Thus, one way and another the day wore away, and at last the darkness began to fall over the rugged peaks behind and the wild wilderness of sea before. She put Dick to bed and he went off to sleep. Indeed, it was wonderful to see how well the child bore the hardships through which they were passing. He never had an ache or a pain, or even a cold in the head.

After Dick was asleep Augusta sat, or rather lay, in the dark listening to the moaning of the wind as it beat upon the shanty and passed away in gusts among the cliffs and mountains beyond. The loneliness was something awful, and, together with the thought of what the end of it would probably be, quite broke her spirit down. She knew that the chances of her escape were small indeed. Ships did not often come to this dreadful and uninhabited coast, and if one should happen to put in there it was exceedingly probable that it would touch at some other point and never see her or her flag. And then in the time the end would come. The supply of eggs would fail, and she would be driven to supporting life upon such birds as she could catch, till at last the child sickened and died, and she followed it to that dim land that lies beyond Kerguelen and the world. She prayed that the child might die first, and the child might be left to starve beside her. The morrow would be Christmas-day. Last Christmas-day she had spent with her dear sister at Birmingham. She remembered that they went to church in the morning, and after dinner she had finished correcting the last verses of "Jemima's Vow." Well, it seemed likely that long before another Christmas came she would have come to join little Jennie. And then, being a good and religious girl, Augusta rose to her knees and prayed to Heaven with all her heart and soul to rescue them from their terrible position, or, if she was doomed to perish, at least to save the child.

And so the long cold night wore away in thought and vigil, till at last, some two hours before the dawn, she got to sleep. When she opened her eyes again it was broad daylight, and little Dick, who had been awake some time before, was sitting up playing with the shell which Bill and Johnnie had used to drink rum out of. She rose and put the child's things a little to rights, and then, as it was raining, told him to run outside while she went through the form of dressing by taking off such garments as she had, shaking them, and putting them on again. She was slowly going through this process, and wondering how long it would be before her shoulders ceased to smart from the effects of the tattooing, when Dick came running in without going through the formality of knocking.

"Oh, auntie! auntie!" he sang out in high glee, "there's a big ship coming sailing along. Is it mummy and daddy coming to fetch Dick?"

Augusta sunk back faint with the sudden revelation of feeling. If there was a ship, they were saved—snatched from the very jaws of death. But perhaps it was the child's fancy. She threw on the body of her dress; and, her long yellow hair—which she had in default of better means been trying to comb out with a bit of wood—streaming behind her, she took the child by the hand, and flew as fast as she could go down the little rocky promontory off which Bill and Johnnie had met their end. Before she got half-way down it she saw that the child's tale was true—for, sailing right up the fjord from the open sea was a large vessel. She was not two hundred yards from where she stood, and her canvas was being rapidly furled preparatory to the anchor being dropped.

Thanking Providence for the sight as she never thanked anything before, Augusta sped on till she got to the extreme point of the promontory, and stood there waving Dick's little cap toward the vessel, which moved slowly and majestically on, till presently, across the clear water, came the splash of the anchor, followed by the sound of the fierce rattle of the chain through the hawse pipes. Then there came another sound—the glad sound of human voices cheering. She had been seen.

[To be Continued.]

The Pine Ridge Agency, Dec. 6.

Yesterday, Father Jule, a Catholic priest whom General Brooke requested to go out and talk with the hostile Indians, returned from his mission after a most perilous experience. The start was made on Wednesday at noon with a guide, but they lost their way after crossing White River, and all night Thursday they wandered about, being compelled to keep moving to prevent freezing. Hunger also added to their discomfort. Finally they came upon Indian pickets and after a further journey of ten miles, between the muzzles of Winchester, they reached the camp on Friday noon. Father Jule asked the chiefs the particular cause of their grievance and the replies were substantially to the effect that the recent census returns made by Mr. Lee are unfair and will not allow them sufficient food to live on; that the new boundary line between Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies compels many of the Indians to leave their homes and give them to others; and also a violation of the old treaty; that they are done with promises from whites and declare they will not lay down their arms, as

Pitcher's Castoria.

they fear they would be punished and imprisoned by the whites.

ROSEBUD AGENCY, Neb. Dec. 6.

Father Jule has visited the Indians who have taken refuge in the "bad lands" near White River in this state. He exhorted them to give up their designs of war and explained that the soldiers were not at the agencies to harm them, but to protect the agencies. He counseled them to cease their depredations and they would be forgiven, and urged the chiefs to come back with him. After reading from the priest a solemn oath that what he said was in accordance with the views of General Brooke, they all agreed to come to Father Jule's house and there meet Gen. Brooke and talk with him. If the Indians keep their pledge the meeting between them and Gen. Brooke will be held this afternoon. The priest says the camp is wonderfully fortified and wholly inaccessible by military otherwise than on foot and in single file, and any attempt to conquer the hostiles in their present stronghold would be attended with terrible slaughter.

News and Notes.

WHAT A PLACE FOR X'MAS.

At Wood's Jam Factory, Swanley, Kent, England, about forty-five tons of jam are made daily; in stock recently were two thousand barrels of jam, each barrel representing a money value of \$50. One firm alone in London takes three hundred 10 lb. tins of fruit twice a week; thirty tons of sugar are used daily for jams and sweets; the latter is also an extensive business.

HE WAS A GOODBYE YOUNG MAN.

James Shanessy, a Scripture reader of Kingston, Ont., was arrested the other day for stealing a watch from a woman he was praying with. James says the watch was given to him for spiritual services, but a woman is since dead the case looks a bit weird.

MOTHERS!

Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle. It is pleasant to the taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhoea and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend, 35 cents.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I recommend it for all cases of CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough, or Severe Cold.

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Emulsion, which is contained in the wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

"THE FACTORY"

JOHN McDONALD.

(Successor to George Cassady)

Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings

AND Builders' furnishings generally.

Lumber planned and matched to order.

BAND AND SCROLL SAWING.

Stock of DIMENSION LUMBER, and other Lumber, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B.

Cooked Codfish.

Ask your grocer for

Cooked Shredded Codfish

and try it.

HARD COAL.

Three hundred tons hard coal will be sold and delivered here from the "Avalanche" now on her way from New York will also be sold and delivered at St. John, at same rate as here as the advance to be paid with freight from K. P. Burns & Co. Send for quotations to

ROGER FLANAGAN, Chatham, N.B. Dec. 18, 1890.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS.

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Eruptions of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluctuating of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILLERY & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

WOOD-GOODS.

WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE FOR SALE

Laths,

Palings,

Box-Shooks,

Barrel Heading,

Matched Flooring,

Matched Sheathing,

Dimensioned Lumber,

Sawn Spruce Shingles.

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CASORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Acheson, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CASORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Miramichi Foundry and Machine Works, CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Mailable Iron, Steam and Water-Pipe, Ties, Rivets, Reducers, Union and other Couplings, Globe and Check Valves, STAMPS, TUGS, YACHTS, LAUNCHES, BARGES, Etc., Built and Repaired.

General Iron and Brass Founders, Mill and Steamboat Builders. Manufacturers of Steam Engines and Boilers, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Shingle and Lath Machines, and Well-Boring Machines for Horse and steam power. POND'S WISCONSIN PATENT ROTARY SAW CARRIAGE A SPECIALTY. ESTIMATES FURNISHED. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. WM. MUIRHEAD, Proprietor.

Established 1866.

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DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths, including all the different makes suitable for line trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from this establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right.

CHATHAM RAILWAY.

WINTER 1890-1.

On and after MONDAY, NOV. 24TH, Trains will run on this Railway in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

GOING NORTH.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

No. 1 EXPRESS, No. 3 ACCOMMODATION.

Leave Chatham, 9.55 p.m., 2.40 p.m.

Arrive Chatham, 10.05, 3.20

Leave Chatham, 10.35, 3.50

GOING SOUTH.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

No. 2 EXPRESS, No. 4 ACCOMMODATION.

Chatham, 8.55 a.m., 11.20 a.m.

Chatham, 9.05, 11.30

Leave, 4.10, 12.05 p.m.

Arrive, 4.40, 12.35

Trains run through to destinations on Saturday nights.

Close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Intercolonial.

The above Table is made up on I. C. Railway standard time, which is 75th meridian time. All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, if signalled.

All freight for transportation over this road, if above 40th (4th) Class, will be taken delivery at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage Custom House Entry or other charge. Special attention given to Shipment of Fish.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY (N. & W.)

WINTER 1890-91.

On and after MONDAY, DECEMBER 1st, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON.

PASSENGER, MAILS & FREIGHT.

Chatham, 7.15 a.m., 7.10 a.m.

Bellefleur, 8.05, 8.05

Beauséjour, 9.05, 9.05

Beauséjour, 10.05, 10.05

Beauséjour, 11.05, 11.05

Beauséjour, 12.05, 12.05

Beauséjour, 1.05, 1.05

Beauséjour, 2.05, 2.05

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Beauséjour, 6.05, 6.05

Beauséjour, 7.05, 7.05

Beauséjour, 8.05, 8.05

Beauséjour, 9.05, 9.05

Beauséjour, 10.05, 10.05

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Beauséjour, 3.05, 3.05

Beauséjour, 4.0