

BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

That some I look like a great big
My eyes are like a great big
My nose is like a great big
And, while I like my little feet,
It is not pretty, that is true.

CAGED BY A TIGER.

In its long course from Calcutta to
Peshawar the great Peninsular Railway
of India has innumerable offshoots and
branches. With one of these I made
personal acquaintance in a manner
which I shall long remember. It hap-
pened in this wise:

I was going to Cawnpore, and when I
reached Patna I learned that the wreck
of a goods train a few miles ahead had
effectively checked passenger traffic.
Twelve hours was the utmost limit of
delay, according to the railroad officials;
but I knew that this would safely be
doubled.

Patna was a dreary looking place on
the lower side of the Ganges, and a de-
tention there of a whole day was not
pleasant prospect. But there was no
help for it, so I put my luggage in the
station master's care, and started out
for a stroll in the cool of the morning.

In a tobacco seller's bazaar I
stopped for a cheroot, I was delighted
and amazed to find an old friend. I had
last seen Lucius Robinson in England.
Now, he told me, he was a Captain in
the Third Bengal Cavalry, and was in
cantonnement at Gya. An earnest invita-
tion to be his guest for a few days, and
the promise of good sport, quickly set-
tled my plans. Lucius disposed of the
business that had brought him to Patna,
and before midday we were traveling
southward 60 miles through the pro-
vince of Bengal on the branch line that
led to Gya.

Gya was a mere bit of a jungle stan-
tion, lying amid charming scenery.
Captain Robinson was an admirable
host, and his bungalow was fitted with
all modern comforts. His fellow-offi-
cers were companionable men and en-
thusiastic sportsmen. Indeed, shooting
was about the only way to pass away
the time.

During the first week of my visit I
made more than one short bag of game.
Then occurred the adventure about
which I am to tell you here.

Ten or twelve miles to the eastward
were some jungle ruins of great beauty
and antiquity. I was very anxious to
see them, and Lucius concluded to
gratify my wish. We started one
morning at daybreak, accompanied by
a native driver, and by my host's favor-
ite shikaree.

For half a dozen miles we bowled over
shady and well kept roads in a stylish
English dog cart. Then the surried wall
of the jungle called a halt.

Leaving the driver and the team, Lu-
cius and I plunged into the jungle at the
heels of the shikaree, whose name was
Pandu. He served as guide and gun
bearer. Each of us carried a loaded
sack of lunch. We found the ruins
and spent several hours in admiration
of their beauties. Then, however, we
were tempted to push on to some more
ruins a couple of miles distant. On the
way the spur of a huge serpent
snake as a little farther on, and we
traced of a panther. Pandu protested
in vain against our carelessness. When
he in the afternoon, he was traveling
in a fearfully tangled jungle and many
miles from our cart and driver, we were
ready to admit our folly.

"Tigers very plenty here, Sahib,"
said Pandu, "all sleep now. When dark
they creep out."

"That's a pleasant prospect," Lucius
muttered to me. "The tiger is right
though. This is where the Rajah bags
most of his big game. I didn't think
we'd come so far, but must get clear
of the jungle before sunset."

We relieved Pandu of our heavy
rifles and started briskly back. For a
time the dense forest seemed to be
single file a necessity. Then we struck
a patch of marshy ground. It was com-
paratively open, and Lucius and I spread
out to the right and left. Pandu, who
was tramped sagely forward through
brush that came above our shoulders.
These sudden falls away and we
emerged on the brink of a glassy pool of
water.

As we instinctively halted, we heard
a low furious growl. The tiger had
left us a sight that chilled the
blood with horror. Twenty feet down
the shore of the pool, in the shade of
a tree and overhanging the water, sat
a monstrous tiger. Beside her was a
playful six-months-old cub. The beast
had seen us and was making ready to
spring.

For an instant I was petrified with
fear. I heard Lucius and Pandu breath-
ing hard behind me. The tiger's
nerves were steady enough. I remem-
bered I was nearest the animal. On me
devolved the duty of defence. Up went
my rifle, and with a hasty aim I pulled
the trigger. Perhaps my arm trembled
a little—anyway the ball hit the cub in
the breast and stretched it lifeless on
the side of the pool. The tiger's face
was fearful to see. Her eyes grew like
living coals, and she roared like a fury.
The next instant she was rushing for-
ward—straight toward me. I was
actually fascinated by the sight. My
feet seemed to have lost the power of
motion. As though in a dream I heard
Lucius cry:

"Down! down! Jump to one side!"
I think I moved a few inches, but I
was unconscious and saved my life. The
long, tawny body of the tigress struck
me sideways and pitched me headfore-
most into the murky pool.

As I staggered to my feet, covered
with filth and water, I heard the roar
of a rifle. Then I saw the tigress
quivering in her death throes. I re-
gained the shore, and with a hasty aim
I reached the spot. Lucius stood be-
hind me with a smoking rifle in his hand.
His face shone with triumph through
his pallor.

"That was a splendid shot," he ex-
claimed.

"It was a dented lucky one," he re-
plied. "You had a close shave of it.
Jore! I thought you were never going
to get out of the way. Where is your
rifle?"

I remembered that it lay at the bot-
tom of the pool. I dived for it. I
saw, and started back to the water.
My legs were a little shaky and my
back felt bruised. I waded out knee-
deep and bent over to grope for the
weapon. But just then a low cry from
Pandu brought me stiffly erect. I heard
a threatening noise in the reeds. It
was yet at some distance, but I knew
it was the tiger. I turned and fled
in the direction of the sound. A second later
a deep, awful roar echoed through the
jungle. It fairly shook our hair on end.
Pandu's mahogany face turned livid.

"The tiger, Sahib," he gasped. "It is
coming to avenge its mate and cub."
His teeth chattered with every word.
"There, Pandu," exclaimed Lucius,
"give me your rifle, quick! It has a
longer range."

He handed his own gun to the shik-
aree, but before he could take the other
in exchange the angry roar rang out again,
and we had a glimpse of the tiger as it
bounded toward us over the reeds. It
was less than 30 yards distant.

The sight was too much for Pandu, old
hunter though he was. He had never
been considered a coward, but in the
twinkling of an eye he turned and fled
down the shore of the pool, taking both
rifles with him.

"Come back, you rascal!" roared
Lucius.

Pandu never faltered. With a gun
swinging from each hand he fled
into the tall reeds and vanished. Lucius
and I stared at each other. It was a
terrible situation. The maddened tiger
was coming in tremendous leaps and
bounds, and we were totally unarmed.
Of course all this happened in far less
time than it takes to tell.

Another frightful roar spurred us to
action. "We must simply run for it,"
cried Lucius. "It's the last chance."
The brute was no time to examine its dead
mate.

There was no stop to pick our way.
We unconsciously dashed at the pool,
and floundered across, side by side.
The water came only to our knees.
Without looking back we plunged up
the reeds into the tall reeds and van-
ished. After a few steps the
marshy ground gave way to firm foot-
ing, and we were again in the thick-
ness of the jungle. A diabolical roar from
the rear, full of hatred and grief and rage,
spurred us to greater speed.

The light was fading and it is little
wonder that we soon lost all knowledge
of our bearings. For a time we hoped
the tiger had abandoned the chase. At
all events it is certain that he lingered a
while by the bodies of his mate and cub.
Then revenge in tremendous leaps and
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It seemed mad to hope for es-
cape, and yet we plunged desperately on.
There were no trees in which to
hide—no trees large enough to climb.
A furious roar woke the jungle echoes.
It seemed at our very backs. "God
help us!" cried Lucius. I shivered,
and nearly fell. He took my arm and
dragged me along. Again an awful roar
that made the ground tremble.

But just when a horrible death seemed
imminent we staggered into a bit of
cleared space amid the jungle, and here
the searchlight revealed the proportions
of an iron cage, about 8 feet square!
We gained the strange object by a dizzy
rush, and Lucius jerked open the sliding
door. I remember falling inside in a
heap and hearing the clang of iron as
the door shut fast. And then came a
moment of agony. With stuporous
roar a great tiger launched himself
against the cage, and clawed in madness
at the bars until they rattled and creaked.
Again and again the huge paws
dabbed at us.

Lucius had dragged me to the very
centre of the cage. There we crouched
and shivered, while the beast spat and
hissed and roared.

Finally he drew back and prowled
around the cage, peering in at us every
few steps.

We plucked up courage and examined
our shelter. The result was not encourag-
ing. The cage was very old and rusty,
and the bars were thin. It seemed to be
"hanging together."

The Rajah that brought this here
twelve years ago," said Lucius, "I have
heard about. It was his favorite way of
killing tigers. He would draw them to
his spot by a goat on the edge of
the jungle, and then shoot them through
the bars. I don't suppose he has used it,
though, for half a dozen years, and it is
rusting and falling to pieces. But as
long as the tiger is content to simply
prowl about and keep watch we are safe;
otherwise we are a shrunken of the shoul-
ders completed the sentence, and I knew
what he meant.

Written words fail me when I try to
describe the horrors of that night. The
minutes seemed hours, the hours days.
At times, when the tiger assailed us
on one side, we were compelled to rush
about the cage to prevent the cage from
upsetting; we had lost our hunt-
ing knives in our flight, else we might
have found a chance to kill him. Lucius
had a small pocket knife. This was our
only weapon.

At last a glimmer of dawn streaked
the jungle. This seemed to spur the
tiger to a final effort. Without warn-
ing he leapt against the front of the cage
and thence against the top. He glared
down at us with open mouth and flared
furiously. His two fore paws revolved
about our heads.

Crack! Crack! the bars were creak-
ing and bending under his weight.
They bent and bulged. Then to our
horror, two of them snapped.

"Look out," cried Lucius. "He's
dropping on his head. His shoulders
were actually inside the cage; we
could feel his hot, steaming breath
on our cheeks."

In desperation Lucius whipped out his
pocketknife, opened the largest blade,
and struck at the creature's paw and
drew blood. The tiger howled and
drove us to the furthest corner of the
cage. There we trembled for a moment,
while the struggling tiger slipped deeper
and deeper between the broken bars.

Suddenly Lucius caught my arm in a
ferocious grip.

"The beast is stuck!" he cried.
"Don't you see? Now is our chance.
Come on."

We crept to the door and slid it open,
and he banged it shut behind us as we
darted out and sped away across the
clearing. Roar upon roar rang in our
ears, and we heard the rattle of bars,
and then a heavy crash. We knew that
the liberated tiger had crept to the
ground. At that moment all hope
faded, and yet our deliverance
was even then at hand.

What followed was confusion. I re-
member a volley of rifle shots, and then
a loud burst of cheering. The tiger lay
dead, and half a dozen officers from the
cantonnement were crowding around us.
Pandu had gone home, and guided a
white rhinoceros to the jungle. Had
they arrived a few minutes later, they
would have found only our mangled
bodies.

Lucius Pandu had imperiled our lives
by his frightened flight, he had also
saved them. Lucius concluded to for-
give him and retain him in his service.
But Pandu's reputation as a shikaree
was gone forever. WM. M. GRAYDON.

MADE FROM WOOL.
Thirty-two thousand varieties of goods
are made from wool.

IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.
The students at Princeton college have
abolished "hazing."

Vicior Li Hung Chang has established at
Tientsin an imperial medical college, with
a staff of western (and Chinese) physi-
cians who assist native Chinese in teaching.
A four years' graduated course is re-
quired, and a well-equipped hospital has
been built.

THE DEGREES OF BACHELOR OF MEDICINE
and of master of surgery have this year,
for the first time in the history of the
universities, been conferred on women.

One of these young women, who ranked
third in a class of sixty-one members,
studied in the class of zoology, practical
chemistry, anatomy, history, physi-
ology, surgery, medicine, pathology and
midwifery.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.
A burning gas jet is unhealthy in a bed-
chamber, because one gaslight gives out
as much carbonic gas as two sleepers.

Sir Andrew Clark, general physician in
the largest London hospital, says that
seven out of every ten persons take to
the building owe their ill health to drink.

Dr. Roux, of the Pasteur Institute,
claims to have found a cure for leprosy.
He has cured a number of cases of the
dormant form lying in chancery is \$6,000.

Fastest lightning, the spot on the
Irish coast best known to Canadians,
said to be in a dangerous condition, as the
iron fastenings of the tower have become
corroded.

"Window gazing" is a profession in Lon-
don. A couple of stylishly dressed ladies
pause before the window of a merchant,
remain about five minutes and audibly
praise the goods displayed inside. Then
they pass on to another store on their long
list of patrons.

PAINTING AND ARTISTS.
Rosa Bonheur is over seventy years of
age, and not finding her easel sufficient to
occupy her time and consume her energy,
she has taken up with photography as an
additional art.

Miss Dhanbai Fardjee Banajee, aged
eighteen years, of Bombay, is the first wo-
man to go from India to Paris for an
art study. She has succeeded in having one
of her pictures hung in the Paris salon.

After many repaintings and alterations
Alma Tadema has finished his magnum
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GENIUS AND MADNESS.
Moliere was subject to convulsions.
Schopenhauer was always gloomy and
pessimistic.

Ben Jonson and Nat Lee were almost
slaves to alcohol.
Paganini, the violinist, often fell into a
cataleptic state.

Schiller was a victim of fainting fits and
convulsions.
Chatterton was undoubtedly insane
when he took his own life.

Shelley is said to have had visions in
which he devoutly believed.
Both Kepler and Currier died of different
forms of brain disease.

Johanna Southcote was a cataleptic of
the same variety as Joan of Arc.
Ignatius Loyola had visions which he
was regarded as inspired.

The brilliant Southey finally sank into a
state of mental stupor, in which he
died.
Lord Clive's melancholy finally ended
in madness, and he died by his own hand.
Socrates imagined that he had a familiar
spirit or guardian angel that conversed
with him.

of unspun vegetable fibre, which, burned
out in the baking, leave minute tubes
running through the wick, through which
the flame draws the oil by capillary ac-
tion. The flame thus fed, it is claim-
ed, is white, odorless and smokeless, while
the novel wick itself is almost indestruc-
tible.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

The gray-white and yellow tans are
the shades of gloves in demand at the present
time.

The use of lace, as a trimming, continues,
and it will be used on the winter gowns as
successfully as it has been on the gown for
summer.

The newest winter chevrons and diagonal
serges appear with large checked patterns,
and large plaids, both in silk and wool, are
in favor. Velvetines will be welcomed
again by many.

For capes, the length of the graceful in-
terness ones, will be the popular fur gar-
ment this winter, although it is yet too
early to say which of the many kinds of
fur will be most commonly worn.

The new fall hats are pronounced very
ugly in appearance. The crowns are high
with narrow rims, and the brims are in-
factory. The English walking hat is re-
newing its popularity, and will be much
worn.

Black and white has lost some of its popu-
larity. It is used for both old and
young, and will be enlivened by the striking
millinery on the hats and bonnets.
Gaily colored, over-the-shoulder, Medicine
knows in later, and we will send by return
mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One will
please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.
The Wood Company,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Chatham, by
J. D. E. F. MACKENZIE, Druggist.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Remedy.
Sole Packages Guaranteed to
cure all forms of Nervous
Weakness, Indigestion, Spas-
modic, Impotency and all
effects of Abuse or Excess.
Mental Worry, excessive use
of Tobacco, Opium or Stimu-
lants, which soon lead to De-
bility, Insanity, Consumption and an early grave.
Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of
cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine
known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he
offers some worthless medicine in place of this,
inquire in later, and we will send by return
mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One will
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Z. TINGLEY,
HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,
HAS REMOVED

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SHAVING PARLOR
Benson Building
Water Street, - Chatham.

He will also keep a first-class stock of
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
Smokers' Goods generally

REWARD.

Whereas the carcasses of dead animals are frequen-
ly deposited in the river Miramichi by persons
unknown, to the danger of the health of the
inhabitants, a reward of

FIVE DOLLARS.

is hereby offered for such information as will
lead to the conviction of any person who may be
guilty of the above offence.
By order of the Board of Health for the County
of Northumberland.
J. McO. BAXTER, Chairman

GEO. W. CUTTER,
GENERAL INSURANCE FOR
FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT COMPANIES

Representing:
Travelers' Life and Accident, of Hartford, Conn.
Northwestern Union, of England,
Royal Canadian, of Montreal,
London and Lancashire Life Assurance Com-
pany, of London, England and the
OFFICE—QUARANT STREET OPPOSITE E. A. STRANG
CHATHAM, N. B.

FOR SALE.

The tenement house and property, 100 feet front,
by 122 feet deep, situated on Queen Street, known as
the Black Sea property. Terms easy. For further
particulars apply to

SARAH M. BLAIR,
Executrix of the estate
of the late George A. Blair.
Chatham July 9th, 1894.

MARKED DOWN SALE.

The balance of stock in my lower store not dis-
posed of at auction sale, is now offered at
REDUCED PRICES,
RANGING FROM 15 TO 50 PER CENT.

Bargains May be Expected.
as the stock will be sold without reserve, as I intend
closing that business for the winter.

THE STOCK CONSISTS OF
Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Furniture, Tea
Tobacco, Oil, Glassware, Dress Goods in Merino,
Cashmere, Alpaca, All Wool Flannels, and
Blue, Plaid, Marseilles, Grey Cotton,
White and Grey Blankets, Hats, Caps,
Hosiery in White and Grey,
AND SEVERAL OTHER ARTICLES, SUCH AS
Stoves, Saws, Coal, Oil Tank, etc., too numerous
to mention.

This is an unusually good chance for householders
and country buyers to secure goods for the winter
at low prices.

ROGER FLANAGAN.
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
—ON—
Piano and Pipe Organ.

Miss Carter, organist of St. Luke's Church, Chatham,
(formerly of the Toronto College of Music) is
prepared to receive pupils for instruction in
voice, piano, and advanced grades.
Turn on additional work, residence of E. A. Strang,
Esq., Duke Street, Chatham.

FURNACES, FURNACES,
WOOD OR COAL,
WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT
REASONABLE PRICES.

COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES
AT LOW PRICES.
PUMPS, PUMPS,
Sinks, Iron Pipes, Baths, Creamers, the very best,
and Japanese standard plant in stock in ex-
cellent variety. Of the best, which I will
sell low for cash

A. C. McLean Chatham.

IN AND AROUND ENGLAND.
The announcement was lately made by
the press of a general election in the county
of England that the total amount of
dormant funds lying in chancery is \$6,000,000.

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Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM, N. B.

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NEWSPAPER.

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RAILWAY BILLS, CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS,
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DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION
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Orders by Mail promptly filled & Satisfaction Guaranteed.
ASK FOR

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Steel Wire Nails,
THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

Orders filled at Factory Price, and a Freight Allowance made on
lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.

KERR & ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES

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ON and AFTER MONDAY, SEPT. 3