Under the Southern Soil.

Continued from 1st Page.

tive, shipboard food was after months of awful Spanish cooked dinners on shore!

And now the sound of their hearty voices seemed to give the earthquake rent, dingy walls of the old office building a pleasanter aspect. "You see, Mr B.," said the captain, "we kinder thought we'd drop in and give ye the good wishes of the season 'fore goin round to do our Christmasin. Fact is," he added, smiling, "the old lady can't get on without celebratin Christmas, no matter where she is, and she's always bound to give some presents to folks. If we're at sea, she gives 'em to my crew, and if we're in port like this she hunts up poor folks and gives 'em to 'em, heathens and all. Ain't that so, mother?"

Mrs. Hale nodded. "That's a fact, father," she said. "Why, 'twouldn't seem the least mite like Christmas if I couldn't give presents, whether I be home in Boothbay or not. As for heathens, that don't make a bit of difference. It's Christmas jest the same, whether they know it or not, and it tickles 'em jest as much to get presents, and me to give 'em. And you're jest the same, John. You know you be."

"Well, I don't know but what I be, Maria," acknowledged the captain, and they went on to tell of their queer experiences while "Christmasin" in out of the way Chinese and African ports with chuckles and peals of laughter that set Pedro grinning by force of example, though he couldn't understand a word.

"And speaking of that, Mr. B.," said Mrs. Hale, "I thought maybe I could make it a little more like Christmas to you and them other young men here away from their own folks, so I made you this." And with that she extracted from her basket the very grandfather of all Christmas plum puddings—the first one I had seen for three years. "Maybe 'tain't jest what you'd get at home," she said, holding it out with both hands while the captain towered beside her, six feet of genuine delight at my surprise, "'cause I didn't have just the right fixin's, but I guess it'll go down pretty well. There, take it and don't bother to say one word." And I knew the kind old soul saw that for the moment I could as easily have flown as uttered the thanks I felt.

"Trust the old lady to know what boys like," said the captain. "We had a boy once ourselves. He'd be jest about your age now," he added in a lower tone, glancing at his wife.

"We've got him now, John, as I've always said and always will," said Mrs. Hale quietly, rearranging her basket.

The captain went on in answer to my wondering look: "You see, our boy run off when he wa'nt more'n 15 He'd been kind of wild, as boys be, and I'm afraid I was a little harsh to him. Anyway he went off without a word, and we ain't never heard of him since. I feel pretty sure he's dead, but mother here sticks to it he ain't."

"And I'm going to stick to it, John, till I know for sure." And then with a cheery smile at me: "It kind of does me good to keep lookin forward to seein Rufe again some day. Now, come along, John; it's gettin late."

I slipped on my jachet, whereupon Pedro vanished, and accompanied the worthy couple down to the door of the building. On the stairs Mrs. Hale turned and whispered to me: "John talks as if he didn't care much about Rufe's goin off, but now he really does, Mr., B. If he could find our boy 'twould take ten years off his age and mine too."

I did not doubt it, and I refrained from saying that I thought it would probably add ten years to Rufe's if he could realize the sort of mother and father he had left so many years ago.

So I bade them good night, promising to see them in the morning and with hearty thanks for their thoughtful kindness, and watched them as they trudged away toward the native quarters, their sturdy figures towering above the motley crowd of natives and Chinamen who thronged the narrow street and filled the air with their uncouth gabble.

I sent my groom home with the precious pudding, and, mounting my pony, threaded my way around to the English club. There I found McGregor, the old Scotch doctor, standing in the doorway and amusing himself by tossing coppers one at a time to a crowd of lame, halt and blind beggars, who as each coin fell instantly became an appealing tangle of skinny arms and legs.

"Hello!" said he as I drew up. "I was just coming round after you. "Sulu!" (get away) to the beggars, who were plucking at various portions of his raiment, and, like metomorphosed Oliver Twists, asking for more. "Aren't you acting American consul just now?" he inquired.

During the temporary absence of the counsul I had undertaken his not very arduous duties, being the only other American resident in the place.

"Well," continued the "medico," "I have a fellow countryman of yours very bad with fever down in Malacanan (native quarter), a sailorman, only just cut of the Spanish jail for thumping a guardia (policeman) last year. I have my doubts of his lasting long, and you'd better come down if you will."

Of course I would come, consul or not. In these hidden corners of the world any one in trouble, vagabond sailor, "beach comber" or unlucky clerk out of employment, is as sure of help from more fortunate fellow countrymen as if he were in his native land—surer perhaps, unless he happen to be a Chinaman, in which case his friends let him die unmolested and then pay the expenses of burying him in China, a backhanded sort of philanthropy, very characteristic in John Chinaman.

So the doctor jumped into a public carriage and rattled away toward Malacanan, while I followed on my pony, leaving the beggars to philosophically squat down around the club doorway and resume their everlasting wail of "Charity, for love of heaven, charity!"

Poor old McGregor's story was a sad one. Long years before, as a young man, he had come to the Philippines on a pleasure trip with his wife, and here she died suddenly of cholera, that terrible scourge of the east, which then was clamming its victims by thousands, and for 20 years the doctor had never left the island where she lay, among the tall palms in the little English cemetery on Santa Ana hill. But many others had reason to bless the cause that kept Dr. McGregor among them. From the proudest Spanish official in his palace to the humblest savage in his bamboo hut the doctor's time and skill were always at their service. And many a youngster fresh from home had been saved from going wrong in that land of wild and lawless life by his kindly words of counsel advice.

We stopped at last before a miserable hut on the outskirts of the town, and giving the pony in charge of a passing native I followed the doctor in. The interior was dark and comparatively cool. An old native woman, like a grotesque image, was squatting on the bamboo floor beside a heap of "nipa" leaves and pieces of matting, on which lay a white man, tossing, turning and babbling with delirium, in the full grip of the jungle fever—a young man evidently, his once powerful frame, fearfully reduced by illness and confinement, covered by the ragged and grimy shirt and trousers of a sailor. He became quieter as McGregor raised his head and drank the medicine given him, but began muttering again as the doctor laid him down.

"He was a wee bit more rational this afternoon," said McGregor, "and told me a bit of his story, but he couldn't or wouldn't tell his name. I found him just outside on the grass and brought him in here for want of a better place."

"Was there nothing in his pockets?" I asked.

"Nought but these," showing a few centimes, at which the old woman glared greedily. "He may come to his senses a bit soon. Ye'd better bide awhile."

"Is he past hope, Mac?" I asked. "Can't we do anything—take him to a better house, I mean?"

The doctor shook his head. "If we could get him up north now, I'd say he'd get well with the constitution he has. It's the heat of the place that keeps him down. The poor lad's made like one of our ain collie dogs—strong and well in the cold, but when taken by fever in this climate—whish! burns up like gunpowder."

It was terrible to see one of my own race dying thus in the lowest degradation, like a wretched savage, nursed by an ignorant old barbarian only for the sake of the money she knew we would give her, more terrible as time went on, and the poor parched lips never ceased their childish, unintelligible chatter. Oh, for a bit of ice or anything to cool that burning forehead! But nothing is cool there, nothing but death.

So we sat in silence, I with my helmet fanning the flushed face, so drawn and haggard, which must have been strong and handsome in health, and the doctor ever and anon raised the heavy head with the gentleness of a woman and gave medicine, while the old hag crouched in a corner and mumbled to herself, wondering if when the man was dead she would get a whole silver peso or not. Outside the brown people chattered and laughed in their freedom from care, now and then peering in with curious faces and running away with fresh shouts. Their turn might come next, but little they cared. The present was theirs for enjoyment of life. Never mind tomorrow.

Suddenly the tumult seemed to increase and concentrate farther down the road. Then it began to approach, the screams and happy laughter of children mingled with the clearer tones of a foreigner's tongue, and as the crowd reached the hut I suddenly heard a familiar voice saying: "There, little boy, don't you be so greedy. Let that little girl have some. Ain't it nice, John, to see how they enjoy it?"

McGregor looked up in wonder, and I rose and went to the door. There I found Captain Hale and his wife, surrounded by a perfect herde of delighted children, he tossing coppers about from a canvas bag and she distributing candy, penny whistles and numerous odds and ends from her huge basket, both their faces perfect pictures of the honest pleasure which changed to such profound amazement at the sight of me that for a moment a combined assault by the native infantry on their basis of supplies was almost successful, only prevented by a vigorous use of the captain's bamboo stick and Mrs. Hale's gingham umbrella.

I started to explain why I was there, but before I finished Mrs. Hale, with an exclamation of, "Why, the poor fellow!" gave her basket a whirl which sent its contents flying in every direction, thereby creating a scene of riot which those peaceful tropic shades had never witnessed the like of, and then trotted straight into the hut, followed by her husband, who bent his tall form nearly double to enter the door.

The doctor rose and bowed with courtesy of 50 years ago as the motherly old lady bent down by the sufferer's side, crying: "Oh, the poor, poor fellow! Just see him, John!"

I moved in from the doorway, and the light of the setting sun fell on the invalid's face, and suddenly a cry went up that rang through the tiny hovel and far above the noisy clamor outside—a cry from the depths of a mother's heart; "John! Father! It's our Rufe, our own boy! Oh, Rufy, Rufy, after all these years!"

* * * *

Step out softly, kind old doctor. Come with me and watch the sun going down with all its tropical glory behind the great volcanic range, if you can see it, for I cannot. It is all a blur to me. But I can see this—a noble ship at anchor in the bay with all sails bent, ready to sail to-morrow and bear away from this burning land one fever stricken to the cool breezes of the open sea and sure recovery under his own mother's care.

And hark to the bells of vespers this Christmas eve as they ring the warning from church and gray cathedral, of the glorious word they will tell to-morrow to men of every faith and creed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"—Charles Bryant Howard in Short Stories.

A MIGHTY CHANGE

Made Well and Active After Years of Suffering.

Paine's Celery Compound was the Great Life-Giver.

New life, health, vim, energy and activity are some of the blessings Paine's Celery Compound bestows on those who are now helpless, weary and half dead.

If you are a martyr to rheumatism, tortured with neuralgia, distressed with dyspepsia, or laid low with kidney trouble, that infallible life-giver, Paine's Celery Compound will restore you to perfect health and give you a long lease of life. Mrs. Page, of Arnprior, Ont., after years of suffering, experienced the happy and mighty change that Paine's Celery Compound, alone can give to the afflicted. She says:

"I have been for many years a great sufferer from rheumatism and a complication of other troubles. About a year ago I was prevailed upon to try a course of Paine's Celery Compound, with a result so marvellous that my most intimate friends and neighbors could scarcely believe me to be the same woman. Formerly I could only move about with the greatest caution; now I am well and active and my general health is good. I believe Paine's Celery Compound will do all that is claimed for it."

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Of equipping themselves with a business education, we wish to say that our Actual Business Training is something altogether different from the ordinary theoretical bookkeeping course of business colleges. If you attend our school, you will not be filled up with a lot of impractical schoolroom theories, but you will be trained in the real duties of the business office by practical accountants.

Catalogue free.

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cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets.
St. John, N. B.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is alled to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations which reads as follows;—

"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited"

and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced

ALBERT T DUNN,
Surveyor General

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HAY AND OATS,

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He will also keep a first-class stock

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Sample Rooms.

GOOD STABLING on the premises.

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Proprietor

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COMMENCING Nov. 15th the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock, (standard,) Returning leave Boston same days.

Through Tickets on sale at all Railway Stations, and Baggage Checked through.

☞ Passengers arriving in St. John in the evening can go direct to the Steamer and take Cabin Berth or Stateroom for the trip.

For rates and information apply to nearest Ticket Agent,

C. E. LAEDHLER, Agent.
St. John, N. B.

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LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY

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TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES PERFUMES & SOAPS.

Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices

We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,

E. LEE STREET, - - PROPRIETOR.

BUSINESS CHANGE.

The Business heretofore carried on under the name of John McDonald, will hereafter be conducted under the name, and style of

John McDonald & Co.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to John McDonald are requested to call and arrange the amounts of their indebtedness within 60 days from date, not later than 14th August. All accounts not settled on or before that date will be placed in other hands for Collection.

Chatham, June 17th, 1897.

While thanking the public generally for their liberal patronage bestowed on me in the past, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same for JOHN McDONALD & CO.

JOHN McDONALD

INSURANCE.

The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased is continued by the undersigned who represents the following Companies:—

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
ALBION,
MPERIAL,
LONDON, & LANCASHIRE,
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NORWICH UNION
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JAS. G. MILLER,

Chatham, 29th Nov. 1993.

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al kinds cut and made to order on the premes, with quickest despatch and at reasonable terms.

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A Beautiful Line of

TOILET SOAPS

from five cents to one dollar per cake

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—AT—

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May 18, 1896.

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ALL WHO ARE DESIRING CLOTHES WILL DO WELL TO CALL AT

W. L. T. Weldon's

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WATER STREET.

We Give you the Very Best Value for Your Money.

Our Ulsters and Overcoats of Beavers, Meltons, Frizes and Serges, are acknowledged the best and are made in prices ranging from $12 to $30.

Our Scotch and English Tweed Suitings are of the very latest style and Patterns, and best anything in the market.

Canadian Tweed Suits from $12 to $18. A good line of Fancy Vestings and Pantings. Cutting Fitting and making Ladies' Garments, a Specialty Also Sponging and Shrinking Dress Goods.

Our Ready made Ulsters and Overcoats will simply astonish you, A good Ulster for $4.00 and our $8.00 Ulsters are regular $12 Coats. Call at once and get fitted up for X'mas.

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School Blackboard Paint.
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Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges etc.
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10 Tons Refined Iron $2.50 per 100 lbs.
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Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire 14c. yd., Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breech Loading Guns.

Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordeons Violins, Bows and Fixings.

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Mower Sections, 70c. doz. Heads, 40c. each, Knife Heads, $3.00.
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Chatham N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

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THEY NEVER LET GO,

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

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CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER 1897.

UNtil further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Between Fredericton Chatham and Loggieville.

FOR CHATHAM (read down) MIXED	EXPRESS		FOR FREDERICTON (read up) EXPRESS	MIXED
6 20 a m lv	2 50 p m	..Fredericton,...	12 15 ar.	3 30 p m
6 30	2 53	.....Gibson,....	12 12	3 27
6 50	3 05	...Marysville,...	12 00	3 10
8 20	4 07	..Cross Creek,..	10 47	1 20
9 40	5 05	...Boiestown,...	9 35	11 45
10 40 ar / 10 45 lv	5 50 ar / 5 05 lv	...Doaktown,...	8 50	10 45 / 10 40
12 05 p m	7 10	...Blackville,...	7 40	9 10
1 00 ar / 1 50 lv	8 03 / 8 07	..Chatham Jct.	6 45	7 50 / ar7 30
	8 20	..... Nelson ...		7 10
2 30	8 40	.....Chatham....	6 12	6 50
2 50 ar	8 55	.. Loggieville Lv	6 00 am	6 30 a m

FOR IND'TON — INDIANTOWN BRANCH. — FOR BLK'VLE

lv 8.00 a m.....	Blackville	ar 5 00 p m
ar 8 50 ' .....Indiantown.....		lv 4.15 "

Connecting with I. C. R.

GOING NORTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
lv Chatham,	9.40 p.m	1.40 p. m
Nelson	10.00 "	2.05 "
Ar. Chatham Junc.	10.20 "	2.20 "
Lv. " "	10.45 "	2.40 "
Nelson	11.00 "	3.00
Ar. Chatham	11.20 "	3.20

GOING SOUTH.

	EXPRESS.	MIXED
Lv. Chatham,	3.25 a. m.	10.10 a. m.
Nelson	3.45	10.30 "
Ar. Chatham Junction,	4.05 "	10.50 "
Lv. " "	4.20 "	10.55 "
Nelson	4.40	11.10 "
Ar Chatham	5.00 "	11.30 p.m.

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations-- Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmsford, Grey Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield Carrol's, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings but not Monday mornings.

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C. P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the C. P. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

THOS. HOBEN, Supt. ALEX. GIBSON, Gen'l Manager