car that day, Lieutenant Pedro Garezon,

quartermaster to put the helm to port;

for he had determined to ram one of the

adversaries and sink with her if neces-

sary. Over and over spun the wheel,

"Port! Port, I say!" screamed the

"She won't answer," came back the

sullen reply from the only one of four

quartermasters alive. The bodies of the

others were lying upon the grating at

"A shot has carried away the star-

board steering gear, sir," reported an

ensign, and he dropped dead as the

The Huascar now lay drifting in a

hell of shot and flame, but all the while

the red, white and red fluttered from

the peak. One by one, in twos and in

threes, the men in the turret dropped

at their posts, and at last the remaining

great gun was silent, its tackle literally

choked with dead. The turret could not

be turned for the same reason. Corpses

butchered beef, for there was no time

to use stretchers or to carry a stricken

comrade to a doctor's care. Steam and

smoke filtered through the doorways,

and the apartment became stifling.

While they were sawing, amputating

and bandaging a shell tore into the

wardroom, burst, and fragments wound-

ed the assistant surgeons, the chief of

the medical staff having been killed earlier in the conflict. Those unfortu-

nates who were stretched upon the ta-

ble awating their turn under the knife

and those who lay upon the floor suffer-

ed no more pain. They were killed as

they lay groaning. This shell tore away

wardroom and stern cabin, and hardly

a trace was left of the bulkhead. After

that what little surgery was done was

engine room were a score or more of non-

combatants-stewards, pantrymen and

stokers. They were in a place that was

lighted only as flashes came from the

guns. It was filled with powder smoke,

and clouds of steam that drifted from

struck in a vital spot-her machinery.

Suddenly they heard a crash, followed

by the rending of the deck, and the lit-

tle ironclad swayed as if she had struck

a reef. Some one passed the word that

the maintop mast had been shot away.

As it came down it brought living men

to be dashed to death, also corpses that

had been hanging over the sides of the

Accounts Squared.

fact is, it was raining, and I saw your

umbrella, and supposing you had gone home for good I took it.

an apology. You left your new hat, you

no umbrella and as I didn't want to

wet my hat I put on yours. Hope you

LAW OF THE UMBRELLA.

An Important Opinion That Has Been

The law as to umbrellas was settled

"Umbrellas, properly considered, are

once for all by Lord Coleridge in a lead-

a part of the atmospheric or meteorolog-

ical condition, and as such there can be

was charged with standing on plaintiff's

front steps during a storm and thereby

rain, no matter where it fell. It fol-

lews, therefore, that the umbrella is

any man's umbrella. In all ages rain

and umbrellas have gone together, and

there is no reason why they should be

separated in law. An umbrella may,

under certain circumstances—the chief

of which is possession—take on the at-

tributes of personal property, just as if

a man set a tub and catch a quantity

of rainwater, that rainwater will be

considered as his personal belonging

while it is in his tub. But if the sun

evaporate the water and it is rained

down again or if the tub is upset and

the water spilled then the attribute of

personal ownership instantly disap pears. So if a man hold his umbrella in

his hand it may be considered a per-

umbrellas, whither the law will not at-

So far as we know there has never

been a successful appeal from this de-

A Disturbing Sermon.

Many years ago an English clergyman

in a small town preached as his own a

sermon, one that he had bought, and

which had been originally preached in

London when the plague was raging in

that city. After reproving the vice of

"For this vice it is that God has visited you and your families with that

cruel scourge, the plague, which is now

At his uttering these words the peo-

ple were all so thunderstruck that the

chief magistrate was obliged to go to

"For God's sake, sir, pardon the in-

terruption, and inform me where the

plague is, that I may instantly endeavor

"The plague, sir?" replied the preach-

er. "I know nothing about the plague. Whether it is in the town or not, it is

A Reluctant Complaint.

The Denver Times tells of a school-

boy in that city who has written a let-

ter to the school board which shows

that the average American youth can

see a point before he sits down on it.

He says: "Mr. Director-My sister,

who is the schoolteacher, whips me

every day. Pa and ma told her to whip

me oftener than she did the others so

they wouldn't think she was partial. I

write to let you know this is too thin.

She is an old maid and gets mad be-

cause she can't get married, and when-

eyer she gets to feeling that way she

larrups me. I hate to say such things

Soothing Suggestion.

Johnny had been playing around the

"What are you bawling about?" ask-

50 YEARS'

TRADE MARKS

DESIGNS

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EXPERIENCE

ed Willie contemptuously. "It was the

soft pedal your head hit."-Chicago

about my sister, but it's so.'

piano and had bad a fall.

Tribune.

to prevent its further spreading."

spreading everywhere in this town."

the people, the sermon went on:

the pulpit and to ask him :

in my homily."

tempt to pursue it."

cision. - Chicago News.

ing English case. His lordship held:

Ascribed to Lord Coleridge.

don't mind. - Pearson's Weekly.

Wicks-Don't mention it. I owe you

Hicks-I owe you an apology. The

military top.

below told that the Huascar had been

performed in the coal bunkers.

clogged the conning tower.

tween the Chileans.

words left his mouth.

commander.

his feet.

was impossible to conceal matters but the Huascar's head still pointed be-

AT LOVE'S COMMAND.

By John A. Steuart.

saying I wished to see Donald Gor-And settling down to work again I played flercer and flercer, and Ranee stuffed her ears, and Donald encouraged me, and the coachman, hanging on the reins, swore we should be headlong over a precipice, but the speed was

A quarter of a mile more, and I saw a man in a field near the house. He stood looking toward us, shading his eyes with his hands. He gazed thus for perhaps half a minute; then sud-denly turning he made off as if he were pursued by the enemy of man-kind. It was Duncan. I shouted to him, I waved his own pipes and but for the pace would have leaped down and run after him. Compelled to keep my seat, I struck up again faster and fiercer and more discordantly than any piper blew since pipes were invented. The girls will sing, and the boys will And the ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny
comes marching home.

At last we were off the county road and into the avenue—the avenue to Kilgour house. I was blind and dizzy mended your manners! You have inand distracted. I played, but Heaven only knows what the tune was or how many tunes were hashed up together. Up we went at a gallop, the barouche bounding like a ball when it struck a stone, the horses dripping, the driver like a ghost. Duncan had reached the house and given the alarm, and people were hurriedly gathering on the lawn. Heavens above! There were my mother and Isabel and Sir Thomas Gor-

don and my father ! I made a heartrending effort to strike up "The Highland Laddie." There was a noise, but no tune. Finding myself helpless as a musician, I got to my feet and whirled the pipes about my head in mad exultation. Donald, too, unable any longer to resist, rose, and snatching off his turban, waved also. Bruce charged down upon us, every bristle on his back erect, and those on the lawn looked as if they would fly. Two hundred yards more to go Could the horses not mend their snail's pace? Bending forward, I struck at them with the pipes, and they gave a leap that nearly broke the harness. "Od, it's weel we're so near the

end !" said the coachman, " I'm no used I threatened to fling him from his coils that made the frantic horses spring afresh. I could have gone faster than they did, and beside my crazy turmoil of mind their excitement was tranquillity itself. All the experiences I had gone through were as nothing to the sensations of that moment of

We dashed through a gate and round a curve. Then all at once the horses were on their haunches, as, without asking the coachman's leave, I threw myself on the reins. Before the wheels had stopped we were on the ground, and those who had been watching our desperate approach, pale as death and crying with joy and fright and amazement, were upon us.

The scene that followed is not to be described. The only person in it, outside of Tabal and Mahomet, who made any pretence of keeping his head was Donald, and he afterward said he had never known himself to act so much like an idiot. The rest of us had not the least semblance of sanity. There is a joy, they say, that kills. Assuredly there is a joy that makes mad, and it was upon us then in raging force. We were delirious with an ecstasy that sent our wits flying like chaff in a sudden blast. In a single instant, so to speak, we were whirled through a million realms of poignant feelings. The emotion of a lifetime was condensed into one burning moment, and in the stress we acted as beings possessed. That at any rate was Tabal's opinion, communicated to And the me confidentially a few days subse-

observe minutely; consequently I find it now not only impossible to give an but hard to disentangle even the major impression. Perhaps what remains with me most vividly (after my dear mother's frenzied embrace) is that Sir Thomas Gordon, murmuring words of gratitude for the service I had done him, took my hand and wept over it like a child, and that Isabel in the presence of them all kissed me fervent-

Ah, me! I never could forget that. When I think of it after the lapse of nearly half a century, that spot seems to glow with a youthful heat as if it were the only part of me that keeps perpetually young. It is on the right cheek, pretty high up, and sometimes I go to her and say, "Isabel, is there a red ring on that cheek of mine?" And she, well knowing what I mean, will answer with a pleased smile and maybe a slight heightening of the colour, "Tush, tush! A man of your years should be thinking of other things." Nor can I deny she is right, for a man who has grandchildren climbing over his knees ought not to be foolish, though, as I tell her, I can scarcely convict myself of foolishness since it does one good to try to feel young again. But all that is too far ahead of this story to be gone into here. As you may suppose, a wondrous fuss was made over Ranee. Sir Thomas and Isabel, to her unutterable delight, welcomed her cordially in her own tongue, and my father, forgetting his antipathies to foreigners of her colour, kissed her little brown hand

in his grandest fashion, and my mo-ther, though sorely puzzled what to make of a creature who dressed so oddly and understood no English, received her with all the warmth of a heart that knew not how to be cold. But indeed Ranee's pretty ways were not to be resisted, and she was soon, by virtue of her own good qualities, established as a favourite with all. To Isabel she was as a sister, and to my

mother as a daughter.

I should add that Tabal and Mahomet, considerably to their embarrassment, came in for a liberal share of the good-will, and that with Donald and Ranee they long continued to be objects of intense curiosity, not merely to those at Kilgour, but to the whole countryside. The general opinion was that they had all come as part of my retinue, and everyone suddenly remembered how he or she had predicted eneedy wealth for me

speedy wealth for me.

"I kenned ye would soon be back wi'
a fortune and wheen black men, sir,"
the people would say, when congratulating me on my happy return.

Good cause I had to wish that the fawning supposition was true. The first gladness of my home-coming was scarcely over and the tale of my adventures told when I began to suspect that things were as bad with us as when I left—that indeed they were a great west worse. My father, being a tacitum man, said little to indicate pressing trouble, but my dear mother, who used to be the light of the place, now went about with a white, drawn face and eyes that were hardly ever

dry.
At last her distress became so plain and painful to me that one day—the third or fourth after my arrival-when we were alone together, I asked why she was so troubled, and if there was anything I could do for her. At this, throwing her arms about my neck, she laid her head on my breast and sob-bed so sorely that I could not help cry-

ing for company.

"My darling mother," I said, "what does all this mean? Tell me what is the matter."

She did not speak, but stood weep-ing and stroking my hair as she used to do in the long past. Tell me, mother, what is wrong?" I said again. "Tell me-I cannot en-

"Oh, Andrew, it breaks my heart," she answered, through her crying, "to think that after all you have done and suffered you come back to a ruined home. Nothing but a miracle will save us from being turned out like beggars on the heath."

The world suddenly swam before my "And who is doing this?" I asked, in a quick gasp. "The man who professed so much friendship for us—your father's cousin, Thomas Clephane, the lawyer, of Dun-

"Thomas Clephane!" I repeated, for the idea could scarcely force itself into my brain. "Thomas Clephane! And how may he have the power to do it ?" "He has the power which an over-

"Mother," I cried, flercely, "he shall not take Kilgour! I will kill him

"No, no," replied my mother, clinging closer to me. "You will not commit murder. I must not lose my boy as well as my home. No, no, I must not lose you." "Stay, mother. Just one question more. Has his son-has Peter been | The duel was a flasco, yet it was

near the place at all?" "Yes; he has been both here and at The Elms. 'I think he is friendly with Miss Gordon. But why do you start so? You must not be doing anything rash. Promise me that, Andrew." "I will do nothing rash, mother, except in your defence. Now let me

My father entered, and I went out,

Five minutes later I was at The Elms, hot with running and hotter still with anger. In the drawingroom I found Sir Thomas Gordon, Isabel, Donald, Ranee, and-Peter Clephane. At sight of him my anger rose to a white hot passion that made it hard to keep my promise to my mother. Rising to his feet, Peter saluted me with a feigned smile of pleasure, saying he had heard I was home, and I bowed slightly in return, pretending not to notice the three fingers he held out to me. Then we sat down and did not address each other once while we remained in the

When my visit, which was brief, was at an end, what must Donald, in his devilment, do but propose that we three young men should have a walk together. To my surprise Peter Cle-phane agreed with alacrity, remarking it was the very thing he desired. The reason was speedily made clear. "Sir," he said to me when we were

sulted me !' "Sir," I replied, "you give me unspeakable pleasure. I will insult you Donald looked from one to the other for an explanation, but we had no time to give it. "Sir," hissed Peter, "if I had a sword or a pistol, you should eat your words!"

"It's a thing I mortally hate," I answered. "But that needn't deprive you of your satisfaction. Choose your weapon and name your time and Donald whistled. "A private mat

ter, I presume," he said.

"I don't know that it is," returned Peter, with the spitefulness of a girl calling names. "It's simply this :-Some people spend more than they earn and then go a-borrowing. My worthy cousin can tell you the rest."
"And will," I said. "Some people lend as friends and on slight temptation turn into Jews. In the present instance the Jews are a fat lawyer of Dundee and his elegant son.' "It's a foul lie!" cried Peter. "We only want our own and nothing more." "No Jew ever wants more," I an-"Shylock didn't, and the breed retains its uprightness and integrity. But we're getting away from gour house, and failing one payment score to settle, and this seems an excellent opportunity." And to make a long story short it was arranged we should have a moonlight meeting, pistols to be the weapons. Donald was to act as my second, and one Da-

vid Macfarlane, a companion from

Dundee, who was then staying at the

should have fair play. When the time came, I slipped secretly out (having breathed no whisper of what was in the wind) and made off to the trysting-place, where Donald was to have my weapon tested and ready. As I was hurrying along, thinking what would be the consequence if Peter or myself were killed, I was startled at hearing my name called from a thicket by the way-Turning quickly, I saw a tall, muffled figure coming toward me from among the bushes. Now, it is perhaps best to own I am not above an occasional superstition. Immediately my head was full of uncanny things about wraiths and ghosts, and the hair instant my heart was leaping with an voice that spoke to me was not one to

"You are in great haste, Mr. Andrew," said Isabel, coming up and throwing off the hood that concealed her face. "Surely you must be bent on some deed of charity to be in such And then, laughing quietly, she added before I could speak

"You are a very pretty fellow in your warlike humour. I am afraid your travels have made you forget the ways of peaceable people." Seeing that she knew all, I asked her how she had discovered the secret. "I knew something unusual was going on, and so I picked it out of Don-ald," she answered. "And now don't you think you had just better go back then to the utter amazement and conand not put crime on your head by killing that poor fellow?"

So we stood and argued the matter. pointed out to her as well as my clumsy tongue could how deeply my honour was concerned and how dastardly it would be to turn back. "A fine thing is this honour to fight ! about," she said, with her bantering little laugh. "Do you think you will or you are off the premises the betbe any better or happier after you have | ter." maimed Mr. Clephane for life? The quarrel, I think, is of your seeking.

You had better consider, Mr. Andrew, what you are doing." So she had come to beg for Mr. Clephane's life, had she? Well, we would see about granting her petition. Like a boor I told her it would be my greatest pleasure in life to put a bullet into the heart of Peter Clephane. "Oh," she said, in a changed voice, and I could see a sudden flush on her face in the moonlight. "Oh, I did not expect that answer, Mr. Andrew." I saw my mistake instantly, but before there was time to speak a word of apology Donald was through the

wood looking for me. "This is fine work," he called out.
"We shall be late. It wants but five minutes of the time now. For Heaven's sake, Kilgour, don't be late! It's almost as bad as running away." "But, Donald, this is a foolish quarrel," pleaded Isabel, in spite of my

"Tut, tut, sis. Girls don't under-stand these things," answered Donald. "You shouldn't be abroad at this Go back and keep Ranee com-She is lonely to-night.' Then just as we were about to turn into an adjacent field a boy came up and presented a letter to Donald. "From Mr. David Macfarlane,"

"Hold on!" cried Donald. "I must run to the light to see what he says!" He went, and Isabel and I were again

I made haste to stammer what apology I could frame, and being unused to the exercise, I managed badly and suffered grievously. But, luckily for me, I was dealing with one who had better qualities than pride. Laughing at me for my pains, she asked if it was the ladies of Arabia who had taught me to make fine speeches, said she had never suspected my eloquence and rather by manner than word indicated that perhaps I had not for-ever forfeited her friendship.



"Go," I said sternly.

Scarcely had I my peace made who Donald came back. "Coward, poltroon, slanderer!" heard him say while he was still some "The mean, sneaking The contemptible, cabbageheaded whelp "What is it, Donald?" cried Isabel unning to meet him. "This," he answered, in disgust, that the hound who dared to come to The Elms as a gentleman has funked—called off on sudden business, as if an affair of this sort were not nore important than any business. If ever he sets foot here again, I'll kick

There was a rippling laugh of gladness from Isabel. "Sis," demanded Donald, fiercely, have you any hand in this dastardly trick of his? Have you helped to get nim out of the way "I don't answer rude questions, my warrior of the crescent," she said, smiling in his face. "When you find me doing a dastardly trick, then ask again. You are both very angry at ships—they could ne longer make out having your fun spoiled. But my which, nor did they care-and it was brave gentlemen must remember they discharged, hauled in, loaded and disare now in a civilized land. Get home, both of you, and pray Heaven to grant you more sense for the future. You need it, and one is just as bad as the other.'

And there being nothing else for

we did as we were told.

not without result, and that is the end of my story and my reason for dwelling so long on a trivial incident. From Peter's words and a letter he wrote to Isabel, which has not to this day been acknowledged, the Gordons heard of the desperate condition of our affairs, but as our pride would not permit us to speak of our difficulties, so neither would the delicacy of the Gordons permit any reference to them that might cause us pain or offence. But at length the time came when it

any longer, and taking me with him for company my father went one day to The Elms to tell Sir Thomas all. He had no intention of asking for assistance nor any expectation of receiving it, but simply wished to do away with false appearances and stand, as he was, a ruined man. The two retired to the smoking-room for their talk, and they might have been an hour together when Donald and I, chancing to pass the door, were called in. There was a strange si-lence when we entered. My father's eyes were wet-a thing I had seen not more than once in my life beforeand Sir Thomas was smoking at a

furious rate as if trying to hide him-self in the blue clouds he was emitting. They looked at each other once or twice with an odd expression before a word was said. Then Sir Thomas, taking his pipe from his mouth and with great difficulty clearing his throat, made a little speech. Imagine my astonishment to hear him begin a eulogy on myself for the inestimable service I had rendered him in restoring Donald to his family (here Donald nodded with great vig-

in going to the ends of the earth after the scapegrace (here Donald again nodded with greater vigour). "And whereas, Mr. Andrew," he pursued, "one Mr. Thomas Clephane, being blessed with more gear than grace, has by wile and guile and by sundry acts of the usurer got into his possession certain deeds and documents which will entitle him, failing the payment of certain moneys, to take possession of Kilgour, to the ruth and harm of its rightful owners, I, being moved thereto by divers good reasons already set forth, have made up niy

our), and for the hardihood I had shown

mind to cheat him." "Quite right, father," put in Donald. 'The proposition is sound and just." I did not then know what I afterward learned, that Donald had warmly urged Sir Thomas to this generous act. "On this day week," resumed Sir Thomas, "at 12 o'clock noon, precisely, this Thomas Clephane and his myrmidons will, according to an instrument which I have perused, demand the aforesaid moneys at Kilwill proceed to take poss will be my pleasure to see the money paid, and the usurer and would-be usurper kicked from the premises. am a mild man, but such measures of justice are at times necessary."

"Oh, papa, papa," cried a clear, bell-like voice, "that is ferocious language

village inn, was to see that Peter "Come in, my dear," said Sir Thomas, and Isabel and Ranee walked in. In a few words Isabel was told what had taken place. She, however, knew it as well as we, though she did not care to own she had been listening. But indeed the proposal had been no secret at The Elms for a week before. "But the conditions, Sir Thomas,"

said, all in a tremour with excite-

"You must name the conditions." "These," said he, and I thought there was a sparkle in his eye as he dare say, can be arranged, Mr. An-Let us get into the fresh air.' With perhaps the fleetest foot I ever set to earth I ran to tell my mother emotion that was not fear, for the the good tidings. At first she could not believe me, but when my father, too, burst in breathless and beaming, her unbelief gave way and she must need cry for joy.

"I knew my boy would save us," she said. "Let us thank God for all his mercies." And we did. Punctually on the day and at the hour when the money was due, Thomas Clephane and his man appeared. He strutted into the house with an insolent air of ownership, thinking it no longer necessary to be polite even to my mother, and spreading out his warrants began to read them. But my father stopped him.

"I think this will probably save you the trouble," he said, taking down a founding of the lawyer he counted out the cash sovereign by sovereign. "Now, Thomas Clephane," he said as he laid down the last piece of gold, "give me my lawful receipt and be off, and while you breathe never dare to darken my door again." "Go," I said, sternly, as the lawyer was beginning a speech. "The quick-

At that instant Sir Thomas Gordon and his son came from an inner room. "So here you are," said Sir Thomas to the now cowering lawyer. "Ever ike Judas with the money bags. thank God I am here to see your wicked intents frustrated." "Ah, Sir Thomas"-began the lawyer, whiningly. But he got no far-

"Silence, viper!" thundered Donald. "And be out of this lest we be tempted to treat you as you deserve." He went shamefacedly with his bag of gold weighing upon him heavier than a millstone, and so Kilgour was

Here my story naturally ends. What befell in the happy times that followed, how Donald and I scoured the leaves his hand it returns to the great, ccuntry on our Arabs, how Isabel and hyself became faster friends, and Ranee was established as mistress of The Elms, I may not tell, nor may I tell the story of Donald Gordon, as n the long days among the summer heather he told it to me. Some other time it may be set forth for the delectation of a world which I believe is not averse to romance.

THE END.

A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN CHILEAN AND PERUVIAN IRONCLADS.

The Destruction of the Hussear Off the Bolivian Coast - A Terrible Slaughter What a Fight Between Modern War Vessels Means.

In The Century Claude H. Wetmore has an article on "A Famous Sea Fight," describing the engagement between Chilean and Peruvian ironclads off the coast of Bolivia in 1879. Mr.

Wetmore says: From the first of the battle the encouraging voice of Gran had come to the men in the turret through the speaking tube from the conning tower, but when the Blanco crowded into the thick of it and great shot struck the Huascar's sides as regularly as blows of a battering ram the orders of the commander were no longer heard. The officer in charge of the turret called to his superior. There was no answer, and when Commander Elias Aguerre ran up the narrow little ladder that led to the tower he stumbled over the dead bedy of his admiral. A shell had struck the conning tower and had taken off Grau's head as neatly as if the decapitation had been by the guillotine. This shell also killed Lieutenant Ferre, the admiral's aid. There was only time to push the corpses aside, and the new commanding officer pulled back the tube flap to give his directions, but as he did so the Huascar staggered, keeled ever, then shook in every plate, while a concussion more terrific than any so far told that a shell had entered the turret and had burst there. When the fumes had cleared away so that a person could speak, a midshipman called out that one of the great guns had been dismounted and 20 men killed. The survivors tumbled the bodies through the hatch that opened into the deck below, thus releasing the clogged machinery, and as the corpses rattled down other men rushed up, throwing off their clothing as they jumped into the pools of blood to seize hold of the gear and

swing the remaining gun into position,

that it might train upon one of the

charged again.

quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the SCIENTIFIC AMPRICAN. Once more all was silent in the con-A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. ning tower. Lieutenant Palacios hastened there, but before he could enter & CO. 361Broadway, New York he was compelled to push three bodies out of the way. He had barely given

MILLERS' FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS. his first command when a bullet from the well aimed rifle of a marine in an enemy's top lodged between his eyes. RITCHIE WHARF, CHATHAM, N. B. Then the fourth to command the Huas-

took the place, and as he did so he call-Established 1852.

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hung over the military top; corpses Dunlap, McKim & Downs, With coats and waistcoats off the sur-WALLACE, N. S. geons had been laboring in the wardroom upon the wounded, who, shriek ing in their agony, had been tumbled DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., down the companionway like so much AMHERST, N. S. DUNLAP GOOKE & CO MERCHANT TAILORS,

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