

One, two, three. He placed his knife between his teeth and they sank beneath the surface.

With no obstructing furniture, and the diffused light from the companionway to guide him, he made the return in much less time than it had taken to fight his way into the hold. He reached the surface alongside the boat and gasped: "Here catch her."

Ackland sprang forward, seized the girl by the arms and drew her in, where she sank down between the thwarts—a be-draggled heap, safe but in a dead faint.

"Now, then," said the man in the boat to the man in the water, with an appropriate oath. "You stay there." He raised an oar. "You've had your day, Ned Ransom. Choke me and abuse me 'fore the men, will you? Going to thrash or kill me, are you? Get down there." The oar descended, and Ransom, to avoid the blow, pushed himself under the water. The oar struck the glistening side of the shark, who, turning half over, shot past the place where, a second before, his prey had been.

Under water, Ransom saw the shelving quarter of the Walkure, and thinking quickly, swam to it—for temporary safety. Inserting his finger-nails in the seams of the planking, he pulled himself to the surface, close to the keel and took breath. The shark had made a detour and was coming again, but from some error of judgment on his part, approached from a point too far forward, and just as the wicked jaws were within two feet of Ransom's legs, the swelling side of the shark glanced on the curve of the quarter, and he missed again. By the time he had returned, Ransom was on the keel.

"Well, said Ackland from the boat, as he lowered the oar, "I guess you're as well off there as anywhere. That craft won't float more than half an hour. Stay there and think it over." Lifting the head of the girl, with a leering grin on his face, he added: "Take your last look at her. I'll tell her all about you when she recovers." Ransom, standing ankle deep on the keel, made no answer, and Ackland, laying the girl down, placed an oar in the stern and gave a heave to throw the boat's head around. But the oar, wet from contact with the girl's clothing, slipped from the socket, and not meeting with the expected resistance, he reeled, stumbled and fell overboard. As he rose to the surface he shrieked, for a dorsal fin was coming.

"Jessie, Jessie," he screamed. "Ransom! Help me! You've got a knife. Help! Help!" The last word was a gurgle. His head sank, and within the concentric ripples above him arose a dark stain. Ransom, in spite of his own position, was horror-struck.

"I wouldn't have hurt him now," he said to himself, "now Jessie is safe. But if she don't wake up soon, I'm done for, too. Jessie," he roared, "Jessie."

Either attracted by the blood, or his voice, a dozen sharks showed their knife-like fins, circling around the boat. He repeated the call again, and again, and at last the girl heard. Raising her head, she saw Ransom, standing knee-deep in the water, making desperate lunges with his knife at the sharks as they darted past him and shouting:—

"Scull up here, Jessie, if you can. Quick," he called.

She was a sailor's child, and could scull a boat, but, with barely strength to lift an oar, made slow progress; and had not Ransom succeeded in slinking his knife into one of the sharks, and gaining time for her in the diversion caused by the others tearing their wounded companion to pieces, she would have been too late. He was waist-deep when he caught the gunwale and tumbled into the boat. Then he sank down, nearly as helpless as the girl in the stern sheets, who had swooned again, and trembled like a child; for his wonderful nerve and strength had deserted him.

He was the first to recover; stepping to the stern, he lifted the unconscious girl in his arms, holding her so that the warmth of the rising sun would reach her face, and looked hungrily, anxiously, and in vain for the pretty features he had known. Seventeen hours of mortal terror, face to face with death, in solitude, darkness and cold, had left an impress of agony and horror on the face of Jessie Downs that would take years of tranquil happiness to eradicate. But when she opened her eyes and smiled, and pronounced his name, he knew that reason at least was left her.

And he was weak enough and strong enough, mean enough, cowardly enough, and brave enough to take advantage of her helplessness and kiss her again—not once, but a dozen times.

"The Claremont is coming, Jessie," he said, as he pointed to the schooner, now but a couple of miles away and showing a clean-cut bone-in-her-teeth as she heeled over to the morning breeze which was already crisping the set around them into a darker blue. "And breakfast will be ready by the time she gets up to us," he added; "an unromantic but natural speech."

"Ransom," said Capt. Davis, as he gave him his pay at the end of the voyage, "perhaps you don't know that Capt. Downs owned a controlling interest in every vessel in that employ. I suppose you'll stay ashore now and run things. In that case and in view of the fact—a twinkle came to his eye—"that I didn't put you in irons for your mutinous insubordination, I expect that you'll present

me with a new yawl-boat. You've smashed my boat's backbone with your big feet."

"Certainly, Captain," said Ransom, "but you cannot have the Walkure's boat. Jessie wants that in the front yard, to plant flowers in."

A POPULAR C. P. R. OFFICER

Adds His Testimony to the Merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for Catarrh and Gonor-Heads He says it is Peerless.

Mr. John McEdward, the genial purser of the C. P. R. liner "Athabasca," says: "I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for cold in the head. It is very effective, easy to apply, mild and pleasant. For catarrh it has no equal. I have tested nearly every catarrh cure made, and found none to compare with it. I recommend it first, last and always." Sold by W. W. Short.

Again at Work at His Bench.

Let's have a short talk with short words. As for myself, I always did like people to talk so I could understand them the first time, and not have to overhaul their words afterwards to find out what they want to say.

Did you ever see people that made you think of a rabbit in the grass, always looking out for things to get scared at and to run away from? Of course. Now what is natural in a rabbit may not be so in a man. The rabbit can't fight, and so he has to run. But a human being ought not to get flustered so easily. We are made to stand our ground better. Yet grown men sometimes seem to be as fidgety and full of alarms as defenceless little animals.

Here is one who says, "If any one knocked at the door it set my heart all in a flutter." We won't say that this man wanted common courage, for that isn't true. He was naturally as plucky as you are, but something had gone wrong with him. Poke a straw against the back of a man's hand and he takes no notice; poke it in his eye and he does.

Now every sound that comes to the ear strikes against a set of nerves—little white cords—inside of it, and the nerves carry the news to the brain, close by. When these nerves are in good form we don't mind one sound in ten thousand. But when they are sore, weak and tender, a penny dropped on the floor makes a racket like the firing of a pistol. The person with the sore nerves jumps, and his heart struggles as a canary bird does when you hit its cage a whack with a stick—a mean thing to do. So you see a man may have courage enough to be a general in the army and still be upset by a sudden knock on his door. It is not the man, it is his nervous system that flutters. "No difference," you say? Yes there is—a lot of difference.

There. Now we will have the whole story in Mr. Shaw's own words, which are short and plain as the words in the books our little ones read at school. He goes on to say, "I am a boot and shoe maker, and have lived in the district 50 years. I was always sound and all right up to October, 1888. Then I fell ill without knowing what ailed me. My mouth tasted badly, my appetite failed, and after eating I had pain in the chest and sides. I often felt faint and dizzy, as if I should fall, and had a deal of palpitation of the heart. I got so nervous that if any one knocked at the door it set my heart all in a flutter. Later on I was seized with pains in the back and kidneys, that were like being stabbed with a knife. The secretion from my kidneys was thick and white and passed only with straining and difficulty. The pain in my bladder made me suffer like a martyr at the stake; I was in agony with it day and night. My friends told me I had Bright's disease and could not get well. I got so weak I could hardly walk, and often I could only work at my trade five minutes or so at a time.

"I took all kinds of medicine but got no relief. In this way I lived along for three years, when a gentleman living at Gainsboro' told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I bought a bottle at Broomhead's drug store, West Stockwith, and when I had used it up I had no more pain, and the flow from my kidneys was of a natural color. When I had finished a second bottle I felt like a new man. By an occasional dose since then I keep in good health. My friends say my recovery is a miracle. After what I have gone through I am surprised to find myself alive and well. Several people who had the same complaint, and had the best medical treatment, are now in their graves. I am confident Seigel's Syrup would have cured them. (Signed) William Shaw, East Stock with, near Gainsboro', January 3rd, 1893."

We end this plain and impressive case in a few more short words. Mr. Shaw's complaint was indigestion and dyspepsia, which both starved and poisoned his nerves and would, no doubt, soon have wholly stopped the beating of that troubled heart of his. Thank Mercy he got the remedy before it was too late! Minds and bodies, bodies and minds! Yet where is our courage, power, and skill when these poor bodies are torn by disease? To help us at such times is the mission of good Mother Seigel's.

PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures COUGHS and COLDS

in a surprisingly short time. It is a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects.

W. C. McCOMBER & SON, Bouchette, Que., report in a letter that Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. C. Gareson of chronic cold in chest and bronchial tubes, and also cured W. G. McComber of a long-standing cold.

Mr. J. H. Hurry, Chemist, 528 Yonge St., Toronto, writes: "As a general cough and lung syrup Pyny-Pectoral is a most invaluable preparation. It has given the utmost satisfaction to all who have tried it, many having spoken to me of the benefit derived from its use in their families. It is suitable for old or young, being pleasant to the taste. Its sale with me has been wonderful, and I can always recommend it as a safe and reliable cough medicine."

Large Bottle, 25 Cts. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. Sole Proprietors MONTREAL

OPALS BECOME LUCKY.

Must be the Case When Lovely American Women Take to Them.

Vanity is stronger than superstition. That has been proved by the fact that women wear opals, notwithstanding prophecies of the terrible fate that is likely to befall the woman who carries the gems about with her. Opals are supposed to bring loss of money, of health, of friends, of sweethearts and even of life itself.

The opal possesses the evil eye, and there is a vindictive glint in it that is perfectly plain to those who have given any attention to the ways of opals. On the other hand, they are beautiful stones in themselves. They set off the beauty of a woman as perhaps no other gem will. Hence women are wearing them, and laughing to scorn the superstition concerning them.

Jewelers say that the demand for opals is greater now than it has been for many years. They are in earrings, ribbon pins, finger rings, belt buckles, brooches and even bracelets and garters. Opera glasses are studded with the stones, and lognettes, with the long handles, are set off with them.

Diamonds and opals are an exceedingly rich and showy combination. The old-fashioned sets of jewelry, such as were common before it became the fashion to discard earrings, are in again. Ear-rings are of the long drop shape, dangling from the lobe of the ear and flashing with each movement of the wearer. When they are of diamonds and opals combined the effect is dazzling. Who cares for fate when such brilliancy is possible by setting it at defiance?

The absolutely newest thing in earrings is the large rings that are usually worn by Gipsy fortune tellers. They are set with diamonds and opals, however, which is not a custom of the fortune tellers. Some of the new brooches are coiled snakes, set with the same jewels. Others are horrible-looking bugs, carrying large opals on their backs.

Not only is the opal a favorite stone now, but even imitations have come into the market. The opal is a somewhat expensive stone—more so now than it was a few years ago, on account of the growing demand for it. There are women who cannot afford the real stone, but who like it, nevertheless. For such women there is a remarkably good imitation in the stores. It will be worn a great deal this autumn as an ornament for hats and bonnets.

Real Nice.

"I hear that your daughter Mamie is married, Mrs. Trotter."

"Yes, she is; and she's got a real nice man."

"Oh, has she?"

"Indeed she has. I've been makin' them a little visit and I tell you he does everything to make home pleasant for Mamie."

"That is good of him."

"It is so. He gets up of a morning and builds the fire and gets his own breakfast and makes Mamie a cup of coffee and fetches it to her bed every morning before he goes down town."

"That is good of him."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and of a Monday he gets the washing all started and some of the things on the line before Mamie is out of bed."

"That's nice for Mamie."

"Ain't it, though? And that man does every bit of the sweeping and marketing, and he never bothers Mamie about his buttons, but just sets down and sews them on himself."

"That saves Mamie a good deal."

"I guess it does. Then when he comes home at night he does up all the supper dishes, while Mamie sits in the parlor and rocks or lays out in the hammock. He ain't goin' to let Mamie kill herself workin'."

Time's Revenues.

Here is an example of "Time's revenues." Two Jews of Bagdad have lately purchased all the land on which ancient Babylon stood. That Babylon by whose waters the Jews in exile wept and prayed is now the property of those who, in their despair, hanged their harps upon the trees that are therein. All that remains of palaces and "hanging gardens" in that city where Daniel was cast into the den of lions, and "the three children" into the fiery furnace, is now held in fee by Hebrews. We have here another illustration of the marvelous tenacity of the ancient chosen race. The Jews have survived all the races and civilizations which clustered about the capital of the mighty Babylonian Empire. Though in their long history the predictions of the prophets have been fulfilled and the cup of suffering has been drunk to the dregs, their permanence has not been affected. On the other hand, the Powers who became their conquerors and oppressors have fallen one by one. Assyria and Babylon perished ages ago; the Greek power waned and passed away; the Roman Empire is gone, but the Hebrew race is indestructible. In the race itself is fulfilled the old legend of the Wandering Jew, doomed to survive the rise and fall of nations till the last great day.

Matrimonial Quotations.

Yes, said the old man, addressing his young visitor, I am proud of my girls and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have made a little money, they will not go to their husbands penniless. There's Mary, 25 years old, and a real good girl. I shall give her \$5,000 when she marries. Then comes Let, who won't see 35 again, and I shall give her \$10,000; and the man who takes Eliza, who is 40, will have \$15,000 with her. The young man reflected a moment or so, and then inquired: You haven't one about 50, have you?

Alizerine Blue---

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.'Y.

WORKS, 424 STREET, NORTH END.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Orders from a distance by Express or otherwise promptly attended to.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

The inspector general of the Newfoundland constabulary has gone to Montreal with a warrant for the arrest of Captain Delisle, of the steamer Tiber, which sank the schooner Maggie on Friday, causing a loss of thirteen lives.

St. John will within a couple of months have a biscuit and cracker factory superior to any establishment of the kind in Canada. It is to be built by C. D. Boss of New London, Conn., who is the proprietor of an immense factory there. Mr. Boss has purchased from the Turnbull Real Estate Company several lots of land.

Mrs. Evangeline Heartz, formerly Miss Clay, daughter of Mr. Charles Clay, of Dundas, P. E. Island, has been elected to the Colorado Legislature as a representative of Arapahoe county, which includes the city of Denver. Her husband was for five years president of the International Bricklayers' Union and is now treasurer of the local union.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

The under mentioned non-resident ratepayers of Richibucto School District No. 1 in the Parish of Richibucto in the County of Kent, N. B., are hereby notified that unless their school tax set opposite names, together with cost, \$2.00 (two dollars) each is paid to the undersigned within two months from date thereof, legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

George K. McLeod—1895, \$22.40 1896, \$24.00.

Capt. Wm. Gray Estate—1893, \$1.50; 1895, \$1.54; 1896, \$1.60.

ROBT. W. BEERS, Sec'y Trustees, Richibucto, Oct. 15, 1896.

Auction Sale!

Grand clearance sale of Stock, Crop and Farming Utensils, also Household Furniture at A. J. Girvan's, Kingston. Having disposed of his farm, all of the above will be sold without reserve and in lots to suit purchasers. Sale to commence each day at 9.30 a. m. sharp.

First day—WEDNESDAY, 2nd Dec., 1896 the sale of Horses, Cattle, Household Furniture and Farming Utensils will take place.

Second day—THURSDAY, 3rd Dec., 1896 the sale of Hay, Straw, Grain, Potatoes, Turnips, &c., &c.

HORSES.—1 brown Mare 9 yrs. old, weight 1200 lbs., 1 chestnut Horse 6 yrs. old, weight 1175 lbs., 1 general purpose Horse 4 yrs. old, weight 1000 lbs., 1 black Mare 4 yrs. old, a nice driver.

CATTLE.—1 pure bred Holstein Bull 2 yrs. old, 1 pure bred Holstein Cow 3 yrs. old, both imported from the La Planchette stock farm of E. & J. Page & Sons, Amherst, N. S., 2 pure bred short horn Cows 1 grade Cow, 1 fat Cow, 4 fat Steers 3 yrs. old, 1 Steer 2 yrs. old, 3 fat Heifers 3 yrs. old, 3 Steers 1 year old, 2 Heifers 1 year old, 6 spring calves, 5 Pigs, 60 Plymouth Rock, Black Minorca and other Hens.

FARMING UTENSILS.—1 Noxon steel frame Binder in perfect working order, 1 new model Buckeye Mower (new), 2 second-hand Mowers, 2 iron Plows, 3 Canadian plows, 1 double mouldboard iron Plow, an indispensable implement for those growing corn, potatoes, or anything grown in drills, 1 large iron Grubber, 1 wood Grubber, 1 large Roller, 1 small Roller, 1 wood frame spring-tooth Harrow, 1 iron frame spring-tooth Harrow, 1 zig-zag iron Harrow, 1 large wood frame Harrow, 1 notch Harrow, 1 potatoe Harrow, 2 iron axle Carts, bent rins, built by the celebrated maker Robertson, of Chatham, N. B., 1 wood axle Cart, 2 Truck Wagons, 1 2-seated Wagon, built by Price & Shaw, St. John, 1 top Phaeton, 1 2-seated Pump, 1 single Pump, 2 single Horse Sleds 1 double Horse Sled with pole, 1 pair Bob Sleds (new), 1 Hand Sled, 2 sled poles, 3 wagon poles, 2 Turnip Cutters, 1 Turnip Sower 2 hay Pitchers, blocks and ropes, 1 Wheelbarrow, 1 three-wheeled wagon, 1 half bushel measure, 1 hay Press, 1 hay Rake, 4 house Ladders, 3 neck Yokes, 1 Farmer's Boiler, 1 doz. turnip Hoes, rubbing Hoes, Picks, Shovels, Manure Forks, manure drag Forks, hay Forks, double and single Whiffletrees, gny Chains, and a lot other Chain and old Iron, a lot of window sashes and Glass, ice Grips and Derrick, snow Scraper, black-milk's Bellows, Anvil, large Vice, Taps and Dies and other Blacksmith's Tools.

HARNESS.—3 Cart Saddles, 2 Sets Working Harness, 2 sets double Working Harness, 3 sets light Driving Harness, a Lot of Horse Collars, Hames, Bridles and other pieces of Harness, 30 feet of four-ply Rubber Belting, 4 1/2 inches wide.

Household Furniture.—2 Franklin Stoves, 1 large square Stove, 2 Bed-rooms, 1 Bureau, 1 Lounge, 1 Parlor Set, 1 Mantel Mirror, 5 Carpets, 2 Kitchen Tables, a lot of Framed Pictures 2 dozen Chairs, 2 Creamers, 1 large white Iron Milk Tank, 25 Hardw. old Pork Barrels, 10 cords Hardwood (stove lengths).

Hay, Straw, Grain, Potatoes, &c., &c.—20 tons Pressed Hay, 60 tons Loose Hay, 5 tons Oat Straw, 5 tons Wheat and Barley Straw, 500 bus. Oats, 250 bus. Wheat 100 bus. Barley, 600 bus. Potatoes, 800 bus. Turnips, 50 bus. Carrots, 100 bus. Mangels.

TERMS OF SALE.—Up to \$8.00, cash; from \$8.00 to \$20.00 6 mos; from \$20.00 to \$40.00 9 mos; from \$40.00 to \$60.00 12 mos; from \$60.00 to \$80.00 15 mos; over that amount 18 mos. with approved joint notes.

JAMES L. HUTCHINSON, Auctioneer

FOR LADIES

Cape, Sacque and Coat Cloth.

GO TO J. & W. Brait's,

THEY HAVE A FULL RANGE IN ALL THE DIFFERENT STYLES, MAKE'S, COLORS AND PRICES

WE LEAD! Others Follow.

The subscriber has an immense assortment of STAPLE and FANCY GOODS which he will dispose of at BOTTOM PRICES.

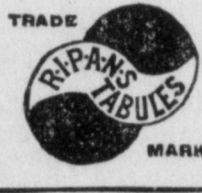
Buffalo Robes, Melton Cloths, Dress Goods, Cottons, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, a full assortment of Hardware, Teas, Sugar, Flour, Boots and Shoes, and everything usually found in a first-class general store.

J. A. IRVING, . . . BUCTOUCHE, N. B.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

R-I-P-A-N-S

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.



NOWLIN & RICHARD, CARRIAGE & SLEIGH BUILDERS.

We have on hand a large number of sleighs ready for the market.

Terms easy. Repairing and painting done at short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

BUCTOUCHE, N. B.

Geo. W. Wilson, CARRIAGE & SLEIGH MANUFACTURER.

Repairing and painting done a shortest notice, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Carriage fittings of all kinds for sale. Undertaking promptly attended to.

KINGSTON, KENT CO.

ISAAC PITMAN'S SHORTHAND



And our System of Business Training have qualified our students to TAKE AND TO HOLD the leading positions in almost every office in St. John, and to win success abroad.

Is it any wonder that our last term was the most successful summer term we ever had?

Enter now, so as to be ready for a position next spring.

Catalogues to any address.

Odd-f Hours' Hall S. KERR & SON.

TAILORING.

The subscriber has opened a tailoring establishment next door to A. D. Cor-mier's, Buctouche, where he will do custom tailoring at lowest rates and guarantee satisfaction.

Prices for making suits, \$3.50 to \$5.00. G. W. FARISH, Buctouche, N. B.

Sheriff's Sale

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House, in Richibucto, in the County of Kent, on TUESDAY, THE NINETEENTH DAY OF JANUARY next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, pr-pertv, Equiv of Redemption, claim and demand, whatsoever, either at law or in equity, of Maurice P. Bourgeois, of, in, to, out of or upon the following land and premises:—all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the Parish of St. Paul, in the County of Kent, Province of New Brunswick, last half of lot No. 12 described and bounded as follows:—On the north by the road leading to Buctouche, east by land occupied by Mary Bourgeois, south by the Buctouche River, west by land owned by Calixte D. Cormier, containing fifty acres more or less, together with house, store, barn and outhouses and appurtenances to the same belonging, and all other lands and tenements belonging to said Maurice P. Bourgeois, situate, lying and being within my bailiwicks, the same having been levied and seized under and by virtue of several executions issued out of the County Court of Westmorland against the said Maurice P. Bourgeois.

AUGUSTE LEGER,

Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, Oct. 14th, A. D. 1896.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

The under mentioned non-resident ratepayers of school district No. 2 in the Parish of St. Paul's in the County of Kent, N. B., are hereby notified that unless their school tax set opposite their names together with cost \$1.00 each is paid to the undersigned, within two months from the date thereof, legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

John and Domitile Sawyer—1893, \$2.36; 1894, \$3.00; 1895, \$2.32. Total, \$7.68.

Anselme M. Leger—1893, \$1.40; 1894, \$1.98; 1895, \$1.45. Total, \$4.83.

Dominique Belliveau—1893, \$2.20; 1894, \$1.13; 1895, \$2.05. Total, \$5.40.

SYLVAIN C. ALLAIR, Sec'y.

August 20, 1896.

BOX SHOOKS.

To the Fish Shippers of Kent Co. Gentlemen:

If you require Fish Box Shooks this season, you can save money by corresponding with me. Write for prices.

Yours, etc., THOS. W. FLETT, Nelson, Miramichi, N. B.