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RHEUMATISM

GRAND ANSE.

JULY 3rd.—The weather for the past few days has been very disagreeable, owing to wind and rain.

The making and repairing of the great road from Caraque bridge to Caniba road was sold Monday. There was a large number of people and they bid very low. There seems to be great scarcity of money here at present.

A large number of the young people of Waterloo visited Mizonet Sunday. The day was a beautiful one. After spending a couple of hours in making observations, the party, about twenty in number, repaired to the residence of Mr. Peter Landry for refreshments, in response to the hearty invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Landry to make there headquarters during the day. There is no better place to visit for sport. Its boating facilities are excellent. Beautiful locations for picnics abound and the harbor is full of fish of all kinds and covered with fowl. After spending a few pleasant hours in social conversation, games and amusements the party returned towards evening well pleased with first of what is likely to be a series of drives. The party all seem very thankful to Mr. and Mrs. Landry for the kindness during the day.

Says the Mankato, Minn., democrat of June 14th: Miss Mande Coughlan, daughter of alderman, T. R. Coughlan, is away on an extended visit to Niagara Falls, Quebec, Restigouche and Waterloo. She will be accompanied by her uncle, James Chesser. Mr. Coughlan has been absent from here for the last twenty-five or thirty years with the exception of a few days some six years ago on the occasion of the death of his father, the late Daniel Coughlan, of Waterloo. Mr. Coughlan is reported to have done well in Mankato. He does business in stone and lime, employing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty men the year round and over twenty teams of horses. He has been returned three times by acclamation a member of the school board and was elected alderman by a large majority this spring. His wife was a Miss Chesser of Restigouche. Miss Coughlan will be the guest of Miss Maggie Salter in Waterloo.

B. C. Mullins, freight and passenger agent of the Caraque Ry., went over the road lately. He should look after the men in charge of the train. It is said to be common to have freight three weeks from the time it comes to Gloucester Jet, until it gets to its destination. Also the tea, raisins and other goods are nearly always smelling of paraffine or tar. It is said that paraffine and tar are mostly piled on other goods.

A. & R. Loggie's men are lifting their salmon nets this week. A. & R. Loggie are a new fish Co. here. A. & R. Loggie have the nets, boats and buildings of A. J. H. Stewart, and put them in first class order this spring. They did not take more than half the salmon the same nets took the past years.

Michael Murphy, Waterloo, is speeding his horse this week. He entered it in the races in Bathurst on Thursday, the 6th inst.

There was some very fine driving rip-rapped here lately, among the number F. J. Coughlan, Waterloo, and Joseph Palmer, M. P. P.

J. J. Beaudouin stole of five dollars cash and some tobacco during Mr. Beaudouin's absence for about half an hour Friday afternoon.

Nicholas Baldwin is at work ploughing and fencing the farm of the late Benjamin Sullivan, this week. Mr. Baldwin purchased this property at sheriff's sale some time ago. Mr. Sullivan died intestate and his heirs went to law to divide the property. The law took all and more as some of the heirs had to pay a good deal of their own money. Some of them have very poor respect for law and lawyers of Bathurst.

This village enjoyed a very large number of visitors Sunday, as many as twenty teams were counted at one time in the vicinity of the Grand Anse hotel. A good number were from Clifton and St. John.

E. J. Sullivan, station agent, is having his residence painted this week and Daniel Fish is building a new residence this summer.

Sheriff Blanchard was here two days last week.

"One good turn deserves another." Those who have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparil are glad to tell others about it.

One of Life's Tragedies.

A story was told by London Truth not long since and its correctness vouched for, which shows the folly of acting hastily and impulsively in important concerns in life.

The son of a very wealthy man at his father's death found himself free to indulge every whim. He had yachts, horses, an island on which he played king at his pleasure. He was not an immoral man, but idle and foolish.

One day while using a long distance telephone he was charmed by the voice of the operator at the other end of the line. He managed to discover that it was that of a woman, young, single and pretty. In the course of a few days he convinced himself that the owner of the voice was the one human being who should be his wife and that life would be empty and desolate without her.

The girl was poor and listened to his proposals. He cabled her money to buy her trousseau and to secure a chaperon to accompany her to the town where he resided.

In due time she arrived. Her looks were as attractive as her voice. He married her and a few days later was found dead by his own hand in his room. He left no explanation beyond the words, "I have made a mistake," scrawled on a sheet of paper left on the table.

As With One Voice They Spoke Up.

At a little uptown gathering not long ago the guests played some simple games and told ghost stories and managed to have a good time in the old fashioned way.

Pretty soon one of the gentlemen said: "I don't believe we appreciate what a steady old slow coach the human brain is. Notwithstanding all our talk about quick wits and flashes of intelligence the brain is not so easily thrown from its accustomed ruts. If, for instance, I ask a question which is entirely new to you, but which your honest old brain mistakes for a query quite similar in construction, it will go right ahead and telegraph the reply in its own hidebound way."

"That sounds interesting," said one of the guests, "but show us an example."

"I will," said the first speaker, "with the proviso that you answer it promptly." He smiled, and then, without any haste, quietly asked, "Who saved the life of Pocahontas?"

"John Smith!" roared 20 voices.

"You see," said the questioner—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a Soldier Is Degraded.

This is how most armies degrade an officer who has been proved a traitor to his country. The day before the traitor is to be publicly degraded, the military tailor removes all the buttons and stripes from the officer's uniform, replacing them with a single stitch, so that they can be readily torn away. The condemned man's sword is also filed almost in two, in order that it may be easily snapped.

At the time appointed the traitor, who has, of course, been tried by court-martial, is marched out with his regiment, wearing his uniform for the last time. A halt is called, a superior officer repeats the verdict of the court-martial, advances toward the traitor and says: "You have disgraced the uniform you wear; you are unworthy to carry arms. In the name of our country we degrade you."

The decorations are torn from the uniform, the sword broken in twain and amid the muffled rumbling of drums the ceremony ends, although a long term of imprisonment invariably follows.—Pearson's Weekly.

Poor Chance For Poets.

A poet is cross with me because I decline firmly to read his manuscripts and advise him as to the desirableness of taking to verse with all his young energy. Other poets may take a statistical view of their case. Let them consider the estimated population of the globe. How many of them have justified their conduct in being poets? At this hour is there one such being anywhere? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that there are six. How many millions to one is it against the success of the neophyte? But, if verily he must, let him send his work to all the editors. If they think his poems worth printing (and paying for), then let him make friends with certain young critics who will blow his trumpet before him. But do not let him bother busy old men, who, by reason of their age, are no longer good judges.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

Tilt For Tat.

Brothers and sisters ought to be glad to give and receive mutual assistance.

"You show such bad taste in the selection of your neckties, Horace," said the elder sister of a youth in his teens. "They always look so wrinkled and shapeless too. You ought to let me buy them and tie them for you."

"I'm willing, sis," he answered, looking at her pinched waist. "If you'll let me buy your belts and fasten them around you."—Youth's Companion.

Is a Boom Market.

The Lamb—The thing has gone down until it isn't worth a cent on the dollar. And yet you told me it was a good investment.

The Wolf—And so I still think. The trouble is that we look at it from different points of view, that's all.—Boston Transcript.

Not a German.

"Did you enjoy the german the other night, Miss Daisy?" asked Tinkleton. "He wasn't a German, Mr. Tinkleton," answered Daisy innocently, "he's an Englishman."—Harper's Bazar.

Moetichau is a silicate of iron ore and is to be found chiefly in Asia Minor, Greece and Madrid.

In some parts of Africa slaves are still the basis of all financial reckoning.

COCAGNE.

JULY 3rd.—Dominion Day passed off quietly. There was no observance of the day here beyond the attendance of many of our people at the Shediac horse races. A number of Buctouche gentlemen also drove through to the races.

School examinations were held on Wednesday of last week and evidenced great advancement in some branches and sound progress in all. A testimonial of the good work is the satisfaction of all parents. Our teachers, who are each engaged for the ensuing term, will spend the holidays at home, Miss Daigle at St. Louis, and Miss McManus at Memramcook.

The concert given on Friday evening in the Hall by the school children proved to be interesting and successful. The programme, a long one, consisted of dialogues recitations, vocal solos and choruses, a drill in cab-winging and two tableaux, every number was brought off with perfect success. The children, many of them little more than tots, evinced a great deal of training and their acting was characterized by a pleasant self-confidence. The children and their directress, Miss Diverca McManus are to be congratulated on their well-merited success.

Among the number of Cocagne teachers who have returned from their charges and are spending the holidays at home, we notice Misses Annie St. Peter, Ada Bourgeois, Olympe Gallant, Marceline and Maggie Comeau, Maggie LeBlanc, A. Goguen, Elizabeth Hebert, and Mr. Alfred Bourgeois and Edward Williams.

A number of commercial travellers were in town last week.

Dr. A. H. Chandler spent a couple of days in Moncton, returning on Saturday last in company with H. A. Witney.

Mr. Malcolm Cormier and family have recently established their home on the Hannington farm, about a quarter of a mile north of the bridge.

HOW TO GET PLUMP AND ROSY.

Nature meant every woman to be plump, rosy and well developed, and if she has become pale, weak and nervous, Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food will restore and revitalize the wasted nerve cells, make the blood rich and pure and give new vigor and elasticity to the whole body. For pills peculiar to women there is no remedy so successful as this great food cure of Dr. A. W. Chase. At all dealers.

WOMAN OSTRACISED BY WOMEN.

MARSHVILLE, Mo., June 30.—Mrs. Ida May Ewing, a young woman who was recently acquitted of the charge of murdering her sister-in-law, is now undergoing punishment not contemplated in the criminal code.

Dissatisfied with the jury's verdict, the women of the community of Hopkins, Mo., have undertaken the task of "upholding" the dignity of the state. They have ostracised her. They have broken up her home and scattered her family. Her husband's business is ruined, for the people will not patronize him, and she has sought refuge in the home of her mother.

Though such a thing is impossible, the women of the town wanted Mrs. Ewing punished, or at least tried again. They circulated a petition which was signed by many people. Three merchants who refused to place their signatures on the petition have been driven out of business and two of these have left the town.

Intimidated by threats of personal violence Mrs. Ewing seldom leaves the house. No one will speak to her or her husband.

Mrs. Ewing stoutly protests her innocence of the crime that is charged to her, and the members of her own sex will not accept her word and continue to inflict the terrible punishment that social ostracism means to a woman.

E. C. Cole & Co., tailors and furnishings Moncton, N. B., are in financial difficulties and are reported to be endeavoring to settle at 40 cents on the dollar, cash. Their liabilities are estimated at \$26,000, about one-half the amount representing mortgages on real estate.

Didn't Dare Eat Meat.

What dyspeptics need is not artificial digestants but something that will put their stomach right so it will manufacture its own digestive ferments.

For twenty years now Burdock Blood Bitters has been permanently curing severe cases of dyspepsia and indigestion that other remedies were powerless to reach.

Mr. James G. Keirstead, Collins, Kings Co., N. B., says:

"I suffered with dyspepsia for years and tried everything I heard of, but got no relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters. I only used three bottles and now I am well and can eat meat, which I dared not touch before without being sick. I always recommend B. B. B. as being the best remedy for all stomach disorders and all kinds of indigestion."



Anchored.

"Up in my den," said a New Orleans bachelor who lives in a couple of quaintly furnished rooms in a business block down town, "between the fireplace and the first bookcase on the left you will find two large slippers nailed to the wall, some four feet above the wainscoting. The heels of the slippers are quite close together, the toes spread slightly outward, and being made of brightly flowered daggot they look not unlike two enormous particolored butterflies, clinging to the wall with folded wings. They are not, however, intended as ornaments, but have a very homely and practical purpose."

"When I retreat to my den at night, take down the book that suits my mood, get into a comfortable, ragged old jacket, turn the lamp just right and light my pipe—when I have performed these preliminary ceremonies, I place a chair directly in front of the slippers, insert my feet in their depths and lean back with the blissful consciousness that I can't possibly tip over and break my neck. I am anchored, so to speak, to the wall, and the light is so arranged as to make the position the best possible one for reading. My friends claim that the habit is pulling out my legs to an abnormal length, but I don't let that worry me. I'm thinking of having the scheme copyrighted."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Our One Good Point.

The English woman was arraigning America and everything American and to an American. "Your bed springs are uncomfortable," she said, "I never slept in a comfortable bed the whole time I was in the States. And your breakfasts—such great, overfed meals as they are! I don't see how you live, breakfasting as you do. As for your American voices, well, they go without saying, or rather they won't go with saying, but so many more eloquent than I have so often scored you upon that point I won't pretend to compete. Of all the many dreadful things about America, though, there's nothing so bad as your voices."

"Can't you think of something good about us?" came in a still, small voice from the American. "Haven't we a single redeeming quality?"

The English woman thought a bit. "Well, yes, you have one," she said in the tone of one who is making a great concession, "and that is your little elastic bands. They are so convenient, and they seem to be so plentiful. I never saw so many in all my life as I did in the States. I must confess that to my mind very many of your worst traits are more than made up for by your little elastic bands."

Milton and Dante's Heaven.

Milton's heaven is earthly and obvious, though with none but celestial inhabitants; where eve and morn succeed each other and "grateful twilight" has its appointed hour; where

the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar;

whose angels sleep "fanned with cool winds" in their celestial tabernacles and eat not seemingly "nor in mist," but "with keen dispatch of real hunger" verging on excess, from any injurious effects of which, as the poet takes pains to tell us, their spiritual nature avails to save them. Dante's heaven is no less definite and orderly to its minutest detail, but mystical and ethereal, even while peopled by the sons and daughters of earth, passing from glory to glory in ascending brightness, with divine visions that come and go like stars in a cloudy night and attended by the music of the spheres. These are the two extremes between which lesser poets paint and plant their Edens.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Consumption and Canaries.

We do not in this paragraph allude to the islands to which people fly for the cure of consumption, but to the little birds which sing songs to us in their captivity, and are, according to Dr. Tucker Wise, a cause from which consumption comes. This gentleman says that from his own observation he is of opinion that in many instances diseased cage birds, such as canaries, communicate tuberculosis to a serious extent among human beings. As about 400,000 canaries are reported to be sold every year in the United Kingdom, and as it is stated that tuberculosis is one of the most common diseases of birds, it does not seem unlikely that the canary may have considerable influence in the distribution of tuberculous infection.—London Hospital.

Accepted the Amendment.

Joseph Jefferson, at a dinner in New York, said that when called upon for a certain speech in New Haven Billy Florence once delivered himself thus: "It is here and to you, ladies and gentlemen, that I now present success in my profession. We know each other when boys and girls. We played marbles together under the shadow of the old church, and now to receive this warm welcome from old friends—what can I say? Simply that I never can forget the people of Hartford." A man in the front row said, "This is New Haven, Mr. Florence." "I mean New Haven, of course," said Florence gravely.

Some Years After.

He—Do you remember the night I proposed to you?

She—Yes, dear.

He—We sat for one hour, and you never opened your mouth.

She—Yes, I remember, dear.

He—Believe me, that was the happiest hour of my life.—Yonkers Statesman.

Epitaphical.

"The trouble with him," said the young man who had been trying to fitly describe an acquaintance, "is that when he dipped into the sea of knowledge he thought he brought up so much that the blazed thing went dry."

—Chicago Post.

HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES.

We want a number of families to do work for us at home, whole or spare time. The work we send our workers is quickly and easily done, and returned by parcel post as finished. Good money made at home. For particulars ready to commence send name and address. THE STANDARD SUPPLY CO., Dept. B., LONDON, ONT.

Farm at Moul's River For Sale.

I offer for sale the Harrison T. Smith property at Moul's River, in the vicinity of the school house. There are about 300 acres in the lot. Prompt application will secure a good bargain.

Ang. 12, 1898.



1899. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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Exhibits in all the Usual Classes \$13,000 IN PRIZES.

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MARITIME NEWS.

A lobster packer of Isle Madame is reported to have paid one of his fishermen who resides in Arichat over \$500 already this season for his catch of lobsters. Unfortunately this is an exception, not the rule.—Hawkebury Journal.

James S. Hickman, of one Cumberland's widely known lumber shippers, died at Amherst at five o'clock last Sunday morning from paralysis. Deceased was 74 years of age and was a son of the late John Hickman of Dorchester.

A contemptible thief the other day stole from Calder & Co's store the Salvation army donation box, which was placed, as in many other cases, on the counter where it could be seen and receive such offerings as the generous public gave.—Amherst News.

Pyny-Pectoral

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Very valuable Remedy in all affections of the

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Large Bottles, 25c.

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Free hack attends all trains.

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The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKee house, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Sample rooms if required.

R. H. Grenley's teams will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house.

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First-Class in all its Appointments.

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This well known Hotel has been thoroughly renovated, repaired and furnished for the accommodation of transient and permanent guests. Good Sample Room and Livery Stable in connection.

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Carefully work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.

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Mouth of Kouchibouguac River.

I hold for sale the Knowland or McKee lot—No. 4—adjoining the Lawrence Kelly lot, at the mouth of the Kouchibouguac. Apply immediately to J. D. PHINNEY.

August 12, 1898.

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