

CAPTAIN JOE AND JAMIE.

A Story of the Tantramar Tides.

How the wind roared in from the sea over the Tantramar dyke!

It was about sunset, and a fierce orange-gleam thrusting itself through a rift in the clouds that blackened the sky, cast a strange glow over the wide, desolate marshes. A mile back rose the dark line of uplands, with small, white farm-houses already hidden in shadow.

Captain Joe Boulbee had just left his wagon standing in the dyke-road, with his four-year-old boy on the seat. He was on the point of crossing the dyke, to visit the little landing-place where he kept his boat, when above the rush and whistle of the gale he heard Jamie's voice. He hurried back a few paces before he could make out what the little fellow was saying.

"Pap," cried the child, "I want to get out of the wagon. 'Fraid Bill goes to run away."

"Oh, nonsense!" answered Captain Joe. "Bill won't run away. He doesn't know how. You stay there, and don't be frightened, and I'll be right back."

"But, pap, the wind blows me too hard," piped the small voice, pleadingly.

"Oh, all right, said the father, and returning to the wagon he lifted the child gently down and set him on his feet.

"Now," he continued, "it's too windy for you out on the other side of the dyke. You run over and sit on that big stick, where the wind can't get at you, and wait for me. And be sure you don't let Bill run away."

As he spoke the captain noticed that the horse, ordinarily one of the most stolid of creatures, seemed tonight peculiarly uneasy; with his head up in the air he was sniffling nervously, and glancing from side to side.

As Jamie was trudging through the long grass to the seat which his father had shown him, the captain said, "Why, Bill does seem scared, after all; who'd have thought this wind would scare him?"

"Bill don't like it," replied Jamie; "it blows him too hard."

And, glad to be out of the gale, which took his breath away, the little fellow seated himself contentedly in the shelter of the dyke. Just then there was a clatter of wheels and a crash. Bill had whirled sharply about in the narrow road, upsetting and smashing the light wagon.

Now, utterly heedless of his master's angry shouts, he was galloping in mad haste back toward the uplands with the fragments of the wagon at his heels. The captain and Jamie watched him flying before the wind, a red spectre in the lurid light. Then, turning away once more to see to his boat, the captain remarked, "Well, laddie, I guess we'll have to foot it back when we get through here. But Bill's going to have a licking for this!"

Left to himself, Jamie crouched down behind the dyke, a strange, solitary little figure in the wide waste of the marshes. Though the full force of the gale could not reach him, his long fair curls were blown across his face, and he clung determinedly to his small, round hat. For a while he watched the beam of red light, till the jagged fringe of clouds closed over it, and it was gone.

Then, in the dusk, he began to feel a little frightened; but he knew his father would soon be back, and he didn't like to call him again. He listened to the waves washing, surging, beating, roaring, on the shoals beyond the dyke. Presently he heard them, every now and then, thunder in against the very dyke itself; upon this he grew more frightened, and called to his father several times; but of course the small voice was drowned in the tumult of wind and wave, and the father, working eagerly on the other side of the dyke, heard no sound of it.

Close by the shelter in which Jamie was crouching there were several great tubs, made by sawing molasses hogsheads into halves. These tubs, in fishing season, were carried by the fishermen in their boats, to hold the shad as they were taken from the net. Now they stood empty and dry, but highly flavored with memories of their office. Into the nearest tub Jamie crawled, after having shouted in vain to his father.

To the child's loneliness and fear the tub looked "cozy," as he called it. He curled up in the bottom, and felt a little comforted.

Jamie was the only child of Capt. Joe Boulbee. When Jamie was about two years old, the captain had taken the child and his mother on a voyage to Brazil. While calling at Barbados the young mother had caught the yellow fever. There she had died, and was buried.

After that voyage Capt. Joe had given up his ship and retired to his father's farm at Tantramar. There he devoted himself to Jamie and the farm, but to Jamie especially; and in the summer, partly for amusement, partly for profit, he was accustomed to spend a few weeks in drifting for shad on the wild tides of Chignecto Bay. Wherever he went, Jamie went. If the weather was too rough for Jamie, Capt. Joe stayed at home. As for the child, petted without being spoiled, he was growing a tough and manly little soul, and daily more and more the delight of his father's heart.

Why should he leave him curled up in his tub on the edge of the marshes, on a night so wild? In truth, though the wind was tremendous, and now growing to a veritable hurricane, there was no apparent danger or great hardship on the marshes. It was not cold, and there was no rain.

Capt. Joe, foreseeing a heavy gale, had together with a tide higher than usual, had driven over the dyke to make his little craft more secure.

He found the boat already in confusion; and the wind, when once he had crossed out of the dyke's shelter, was so much more violent than he had expected, that it took him some time to get things "snugged up." He felt that Jamie was all right, as long as he was out of the wind. He was only a stone's throw distant, though hidden by the great rampart of the dyke.

But the captain began to wish that he had left the little fellow at home, as he knew the long walk over the rough road, in the dark and the furious gale, would surely tire the sturdy little legs. Every now and then, as vigorously and cheerfully he worked in the picking smack, the Captain sent a word of greeting over the dyke to keep the little fellow from getting lonely. But the storm blew his voice far up into the clouds, and Jamie, in his tub never heard it.

By the time Captain Joe had put everything in shipshape, he noticed that his plunging boat was drifted close to the dyke.

He had never before seen the tide reach such a height. The waves that were rocking the little craft so violently, were a mere back-wash from the great seas which, as he now observed with a pang, were thundering in a little further up the coast. Just at this spot the dyke was protected from the full force of the storm by Snowdon's Point. "What if the dyke should break up yonder, and this fearful tide get in on the marshes?" thought the captain, in a sudden anguish of apprehension. Leaving the boat to dash itself to pieces if it liked, he clambered in breathless haste out on to the top of the dyke, shouting to Jamie as he did so. There was no answer. Where he had left the little one but a half-hour back, the tide was seething three or four feet deep over the grasses.

Dark as the night had grown, it grew blacker before the father's eyes. For an instant his heart stood still with horror, then he sprang into the flood. The water boiled up nearly to his arm-pits. With his feet he felt the great timber, fastened in the dyke, on which his boy had been sitting. He peered through the dark, with straining eyes grown preternaturally keen. He could see nothing on the wide, swirling surface save two or three dark objects, far out in the marsh. These he recognised at once as his fish-tubs-gone afloat. Then he ran up the dyke toward the Point. "Surely," he groaned in his heart, "Jamie has climbed up the dyke when he saw the water coming, and I'll find him along the top here, somewhere, looking and crying for me!"

Then, running like a madman along the narrow summit, with a band of iron tightening about his heart, the Capt. reached the Point, where the dyke took its beginning.

No sign of the little one; but he saw the marshes everywhere laid waste. Then he turned round and sped back, thinking perhaps Jamie had wandered in the other direction. Passing the now buried landing-place, he saw with a curious distinctiveness, as if in a picture, that the boat was turned bottom up, and as it were, glued to the side of the dyke.

Suddenly he checked his speed with a violent effort, and threw himself upon his face, clutching the short grasses of the dyke. He had just saved himself from falling into the sea. Had he had time to think, he might not have tried to save himself, believing as he did that the child who was his very life had perished. But the instinct of self-preservation had asserted itself blindly, and just in time. Before his feet the dyke was washed away, and through the chasm the waves were breaking furiously.

Meanwhile, what had become of Jamie? The wind had made him drowsy, and before he had been many minutes curled up in the tub, he was sound asleep.

When the dyke gave way, some distance from Jamie's queer retreat, there came suddenly a great rush of water among the tubs, and some were straightway floated off. Then others a little heavier followed, one by one; and last of all, the heaviest, that containing Jamie and his fortunes.

The water rose rapidly, but back here there came no waves, and the child slept as peacefully as if at home in his crib. Little the captain thought, when his eyes wandered over the floating tubs, that the one nearest to him was freighted with his heart's treasure! And well it was that Jamie did not hear his shouts and wails! Had he done so, he would have at once sprung to his feet, and been tipped out into the flood.

By this time the great tide had reached its height. Soon it began to recede, but slowly, for the storm kept the waters gathered, as it were, into a heap at the head of the bay. All night the wind raged on, wrecking the snacks and schooners along the coast, breaking down the dykes in a hundred places, flooding all the marshes, and drowning many cattle in the salt pastures. All night the captain, hopeless and mute in his agony of grief, lay clutching the grasses on the dyke-top, not noticing when at length the waves ceased to drench him with their spray. All night, too, slept Jamie in his tub.

Right across the marsh the strange craft drifted before the wind, never getting into the region where the waves were violent. Such motion as there was—and at times it was somewhat lively—seemed only to lull the child to a sounder slumber. Toward daybreak the tub grounded at the foot of the uplands, not far from the edge of the road. The waters gradually slunk away, as if ashamed of their wild vagaries. And still the child slept on.

As the light broke over the bay, coldly pink and desolately gleaming, Captain Joe got up and looked about him. His eyes were tearless, but his face was gray and hard, and deep lines had stamped themselves across it during the night.

Seeing that the marshes were again uncovered, save for great shallow pools left here and there, he set out to find the body of his boy. After wandering aimlessly for perhaps an hour, the captain began to study the direction in which the wind had been blowing. This was almost exactly with the road which led to his home on the uplands. As he noticed this, a wave of pity crossed his heart, at thought of the terrible anxiety his father and mother had all that night been enduring. Then in an instant there seemed to unroll before him the long, slow years of the desolation of that home without Jamie.

All this time he was moving along the soaking road, scanning the marsh in every direction. When he had covered about half the distance, he was aware of his father, hastening with feeble eagerness to meet him.

The night of watching had made the old man haggard, but his face lit up at sight of his son. As he drew near however, and saw no sign of Jamie, and marked the look upon the captain's face, the gladness died out as quickly as it had come. When the two men met, the elder put out his hand in silence, and the younger clasped it. There was no room for words. Side by side the two walked slowly homeward. With restless eyes, ever dreading lest they should find that which they sought, the father and son looked everywhere—except in a certain old fish-tub which they passed. The tub stood a little to one side of the road. Just at this time a sparrow lit on the tub's edge, and uttered a loud and startled chirp at sight of the sleeping child. As the bird flew off precipitately, Jamie opened his eyes, and gazed up in astonishment at the blue sky over his head. He

stretched out his hand and felt the rough sides of the tub. Then, in complete bewilderment, he clambered to his feet. Why, there was his father, walking away somewhere without him! And grandpapa, too! Jamie felt aggrieved.

"Pap!" he cried, in a loud but fearful voice, "where you goin' to?"

A great wave of light seemed to break across the landscape, as the two men turned and saw the little golden head shining, dishevelled over the edge of the tub. The Capt. caught his breath with a sort of sob, and rushed to snatch the little one in his arms; while the grandfather fell on his knees in the road, and his trembling lips moved silently.—Chas. G. D. Roberts.

PECULIARITIES OF GREAT MEN.

Recollections and Incidents Explaining the Why and Wherefore of Many Things.

More or less sportive artifice enters into the parry-and-thrust of lawyers' combats in court. Fancy the drollery of a man like Webster playing upon the word "doctor."

Daniel Webster, when in full practice, was employed to defend the will of Roger Perkins, of Hopkinton. A physician made affidavit that the testator was struck with death when he signed his will. Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough examination, showing, by quoting medical authorities, that doctors disagree as to the precise moment when a dying man is struck with death, some affirming that it is at the commencement of the disease, others at its climax, and others still affirming that we begin to die as soon as we are born.

"I should like to know," said Mr. Sullivan, the opposing counsel, "what doctor maintains that theory?"

"Dr. Watts," said Mr. Webster, with great gravity: "The moment we begin to live, 'We all begin to die.'"

The reply provoked the court and audience with laughter.

At the time when Napoleon was the most prominent figure in Europe, one man at least was little impressed with his greatness. The conqueror's name actually slipped off his mind, so slightly did his career concern the world that for the artist centred in his studio.

Edgar Quinet relates that when he went to Germany he visited the old sculptor, Dannecker.

"We talked," he says, "of art, and the sculptor was eloquent over his theories. Suddenly, wishing to fix a date, he stopped, reflected, and finally said:

"I think it was in the time of that man, —what is his name? you know the man; the one who has won so many battles. I've forgotten the name. You must know?"

"Are you speaking of Napoleon?" I asked.

"Yes, yes, that is it," cried the artist, and went on with his interrupted statement without giving the incident a second thought.

Abraham Lincoln, says a writer, was a man, in fact, especially liable to legend. We have been told by farmers in Central Illinois that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died. He was gentle and merciful, and therefore he seems in a certain class of annals to have passed all his time in soothing misfortune and pardoning crime. He had more than his share of native humor, and therefore the loose jest-books of two centuries were ransacked for anecdotes to be attributed to him. He was a great and powerful lover of mankind, especially of those not favored by fortune. One night he had a dream which he repeated the next morning to the writer of these lines, which quaintly illustrates his unpretending and kindly democracy. He was in some great assembly; the people made a lane to let him pass. "He is a common-looking fellow," someone said. Lincoln, in his dream, turned to his critic, and replied, in his quaker phrase, "Friend, the Lord prefers common-looking people; that is why he made so many of them." He that abases himself shall be exalted. Because Lincoln kept himself in such constant sympathy with the common people, whom he respected too highly to flatter or mislead, he was rewarded by a reverence and a love hardly ever given to a human being. Among the humble working people of the south whom he had made free, this veneration and affection easily passed into the supernatural. A grey-headed negro rebuked the rash aspiration, "No man see Linkum. Linkum walk as Jesus walk—no man see Linkum."

Thackeray looked in the glass and poked fun at himself and others with the utmost impartiality. His broken nose, his "goggles," his pursed-up mouth, "those blue eyes with child-like candor lit," indeed himself we find cropping up in his drawings in the most unexpected manner, and in all sorts of compromising and ridiculous situations. He was not over-considerate of his own feelings when, in America, as Trollope tells us, "he met at dinner a literary gentleman of high character, middle-aged, and of most dignified deportment. The gentleman was one whose character and acquisitions stood very high—deservedly so—but who, in society, had that air of wrapping his toga round him, which adds, or is supposed to add, many cubits to a man's height. But he had a broken nose. At dinner he talked much of the tender passion, and did so in a manner which stirred up Thackeray's feeling of the ridiculous. 'What has the world come to,' said Thackeray out loud to the table, 'when two broken-nosed old fogies like you and me sit talking about love to each other?' The gentleman was astonished, and could only sit wrapping his toga in silent dismay for the rest of the evening."

The Hired Man. I give my time, my song, my life to toil, My brow of bronze, my arms of brawn, are here; For her alone each willing muscle stirs; For her I guide the plow and delve the land, For her my brow is wet, my face is tanned. Sweet labor, brown-checked as the chestnut burn, Thy lightest law my lagging spirit spurs, And under heat and burden bids me stand. So, in thy name the old line fence I scale, Just where the whispering maple shades the place; I mount the panel with the softest rail, And let the light winds fan my patient face; And there, where birds and moments lily fit— I sit, and sit, and sit, and sit.—Robt. J. Burdette.

When the blood is out of condition disease is the inevitable result. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills supply the constituents necessary to enrich the blood and build up the nerves. They cure suppressions, irregularities, debility, etc. Good for men and women, young and old. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price (50c. a box). Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

The rose is red and the violet's blue, and so is a man whose rent is due.—Peck's Sun.

"I have a misgiving in this affair, as the father said when he gave away the bride.—Baltimore American.

She—"Well, how do you feel this morning?" He—"Thank you, like another man." She—"I congratulate you.—Truth.

He—"Whew! What weather! I'm half baked." She—"Why, that is just what papa said about you."—Indianapolis Journal.

When the mercury of the thermometer is climbing up in the nineties it makes one sigh for other climes.—New Orleans Picayune.

"They do say that he's drinking himself to death on her account." "Indeed! And at what bar is her account kept."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cora (proudly)—"My new lover, Mr. Jimpson, has a stage air, hasn't he?" Dora—Yes, papa says he used to drive one.—Epoch.

He (seriously)—Do you think your father would object to my marrying you? She—"I don't know. If he's anything like me he would."—Brooklyn Life.

"Ethel Goodbell brought home a lovely souvenir spoon with her from England." "I know it; I saw her with him on the avenue, Sunday morning."—Life.

Little drops of water Tumbling on the sand Make hotel expenses Very hard to stand.—Washington Star.

The Visitor (viewing the baby)—"Do you think he is going to resemble his father?" The mother—"I shouldn't be surprised. He keeps me up all night.—Ex.

May—"I wouldn't go down into a coal mine, as you did, for anything." Belle—(sweetly)—"Of course not, dear; but you're not a minor, you know."—New York Herald.

Count Spaghetti—"Will-a-you not-a let-a me have one lock-a your hair?" Miss Nonsense—"Certainly, count. Cut it yourself." The Count (absent-mindedly)—"Shampoo!"—Brooklyn Life.

Dr. Pringle—"The trouble with you, Mr. Blubberton, is that you don't take enough exercise." Blubberton—"Ah, doctah, that's vewy absurd, y' know. Me valet walks five miles every day of me life."—Judge.

S. Ponge—"Can you let me have \$10 for a week or so?" G. Enderous—"I've only got \$9, but you can have that if it will do." S. Ponge—"All right; I'll take that, and then you'll owe me \$1."—Harvard Lampoon.

She—"You know, Dick, that papa is not nearly as rich as he is reported to be." He—"Oh, well, he is likely to make a fortune before he dies. I shall have to take my chances like all the rest of the fellows, I suppose."—Puck.

She—"You pretend not to care for me now; but yesterday at the theatre matinee you said I was one woman among a thousand." He—"Well, I was mistaken. The manager tells me today that there were only a little over 900."

Wickstaff (on stepladder, trying to hang picture)—"This dictionary isn't enough. Isn't there anything else you can give me to put on top of this ladder?" Mrs. Wickstaff—"No; there isn't a thing." Wickstaff (brightly)—"Oh, yes, there is. Hand me the gas bill."—Judge.

The hide of the former Cincinnati elephant, Old Chief, which was shot last February, has been stuffed, and with the mounted skeleton of the brute, will be housed in a special building at the Cincinnati zoological garden. The hide weighs 1,100 pounds, and it has been stuffed with oakum.

Simkins—"Hello, Timkins, old man, I hear you got the bounce." Timkins—"Yes, the boss caught me smoking in business hours last week and fired me." Simkins—"Too bad, but it proves the truth of the proverb—'where there's so much smoke there must be some fire,' you know."—Grip.

She was trying to make him a christian As they walked together one fine summer day, And so the unfolded salvation's plan, And talked to him in a serious way.

"You must love your neighbor as yourself," She said, while blushing her fair cheeks were; Then he squeezed the hand of his charming elf, And answered, "I do, and a good deal more."

Judge Q—, who once presided over a criminal court "down east," was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge. A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance. "Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked. "Never—never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears. "Don't cry—don't cry," said Judge Q—, consolingly. "You're going to be now!"—Ex.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

As much For INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use. In 1810

Originated by an Old Family Physician. Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty years, and still leads. General

Every Sufferer should have a bottle in his pocket. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel. Every Soldier should have a bottle in his knapsack. Every Sailor should have a bottle in his chest. Every Farmer should have a bottle in his wagon. Every Merchant should have a bottle in his store. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

Every Mother should have a bottle in their house. Every Family should have a bottle in their house. Every Ship should have a bottle in their hold. Every Army should have a bottle in their camp. Every Navy should have a bottle in their fleet. Every Church should have a bottle in their sanctuary. Every School should have a bottle in their classroom. Every Hospital should have a bottle in their ward. Every Prison should have a bottle in their cell. Every Jail should have a bottle in their dungeon. Every Court should have a bottle in their hall. Every Palace should have a bottle in their chamber. Every Castle should have a bottle in their tower. Every Fortress should have a bottle in their bastion. Every Fort should have a bottle in their rampart.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Indianapolis at 9 o'clock a. m. Returning will leave Hampton at 9 o'clock p. m. same day. Steamer will call at Clifton and Reid's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way. Fare for the round trip, fifty cents. No excursion on rainy days.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LIMITED.</