

GHOST OF BAY CHALEUR

HOW THE PHANTOM SHIP RIDES UPON ITS WATERS.

An Interesting Account of an Old Legend—Accompanied by a Poem Descriptive of the Days When Pirates Sailed and Plundered on the Ocean Blue.

During heavy easterly gales in the month of October a curious sight is often seen in the Bay Chaleur. Nearly every old inhabitant, and many middle aged and young persons living on the points of land on either sides of the Bay, as well as all or nearly all the fishermen, have seen the phenomenon, and nearly all of them agree on its appearance. It is seen generally shortly after darkness falls and looks exactly like two small square rigged vessels of old fashioned design locked together, both on fire, and being driven before the gale. Figures of men are seen sometimes, struggling in the rigging. The sea for a considerable distance around the ship is lit up by the fire, and they suddenly disappear in mid-bay, when nearly opposite New Carlisle. The Acadians tell a story handed down from the earliest settlers regarding the sight. It is that a French merchantman laden with supplies and ammunition for the St. Lawrence was chased by a pirate, during the chase a heavy easterly storm arose, and the Frenchman ran into the Bay of Chaleur followed by the pirate. Being crippled by a shot from the pirate ship, and seeing he could not escape, the brave Frenchman fired his ship just before the pirates boarded her, and then held his foe in fight so long that the pirates were unable to cast off their grapple in time to escape the fire, which presently reached the powder and both vessels were blown up.

There is no fake about the Phantom Ship—hundreds have vouched for the sight:

The Phantom Ship of the Bay Chaleur.

Old Jean Derold was a pirate bold who hailed from black Algiers
 And the ships of France he hurried round Africa's sand swept shore.
 Till finding game was scarce at home he o'er the Atlantic steers,
 To Isle St. Pierre de Miquelon, a venture new to score.

A gallant ship sailed from Dieppe her name the "Florial,"
 Her cargo partly cloths and silks, the beaus and belles to deck,
 Who held gay court and deep intrigue at growing Montreal,
 And partly snoot and powder for the soldiers at Quebec.

As peace was now in order 'twixt England and France,
 No consort came across to guard the ships upon the seas,
 And so the gallant "Florial" along the waves did dance,
 With careless watch, and jolly crew, to fair and favoring breeze.

But as they crossed the Banks a storm from eastward blew—
 And a rakish brig shot into view and followed in their wake,
 The Frenchman thought the stranger was daring him to race,
 So cracked on all the canvas the "Florial" could take.

The wind blew strong but on they raced till nearing Chaleur Bay,
 The stranger gaining knot by knot, came tearing on the gale,
 And as the afternoon began to show the close of day
 The ships were nearly close enough to answer to a hail.

'Twas then the brig ran up a flag that made the Frenchman hie,
 The "Jolly Roger" black as night was floating on the sea,
 And a round shot plunged into the arque that made the splinters fly,
 You may be sure the race was soon of quite another kind.

Like pigeon scared by swooping hawk the "Florial" dashed on,
 And charged her course in order to take all the wind she dare,
 Her only hope was Gaspe's port, which if it could be won,
 The pirate dared not follow her across the Harbor bar.

But all too late, the frightened bird, was winged and crippled soon
 A round shot struck her mizzen and lumbered her with wreck,
 And ere they cleared the debris away the pirate brig swooped down,
 Her grapples soon were fastened, and the fiends swarmed on her deck.

The Captain of the "Florial", brave gentlemen and true,
 Had fired his ship and cargo dry as soon as hope was lost,
 And in the tempest and the fire the gallant merchant crew,
 Resolved to die as brave men can who fully count the cost.

They met the pirates at the side and firm in conflict grip,
 The merchantmen so desperate held their savage foe in check,
 Till all too late the pirates find the fire has reached their ship,
 Which is so firmly grappled to the "Florial's" burning wreck,

* The Island of St. Pierre—Langley and Miquelon, in old times were called the Miquelon Isles—and each distinguished as "St. Pierre de Miquelon—Langley de Miquelon etc.—and were a rendezvous for smugglers—freebooters etc. In fact it is said smuggling is done there yet.

The flames fanned by the tempest wrapped both vessels in their fold
 No boat could live a moment, no chance was there to flee.
 And now the fire at last has reached the powder in the hold,
 A crash—a roar, and darkness is o'er the raging sea.

And ever since when E. stern storms rush o'er the Bay Chaleur,
 Two ships on fire full rigged and manned, upon the wild waves sweep,
 From Miscoe Isles to New Carlisle they're seen from either shore,
 And disappear in flash of flame into the hissing deep. "EDIRE".

THE DEATH OF OSTEOPATHY.

Moncton People Will Have to Depend on Old Methods.

MONCTON, Mar. 23.—The much talked of Osteopathy bill which has been the occasion of so much strife and heartburning amongst all classes and which seems to have shaken the very foundations of society in Moncton, has received what is commonly termed a hoist for this session of the legislature at least, if not for all time. Whether the fault lay with the legislature or the friends of the osteopaths it is impossible to say, but the fact remains that in spite of all that has been said and done, the practice of that particular form of healing is no more legal in Moncton now than it was this time last year, that those who wish to be treated by Osteopathy will have to go abroad for it, and that the physicians of Moncton rejoice exceedingly over the turn affairs have taken. Of course it is not really a victory for either side as the bill was neither passed, nor rejected, but simply dropped; yet the result is the same, and for the present the Medical Society comes out on top. Whether Dr. Buckmaster's failure to appear in Fredericton and give any information regarding the science he practises, had anything to do with the apparent lukewarmness at the last moment, of some of those who professed to be most in favor of the bill, it is impossible to say, but there can be little doubt that his presence, and explanations regarding the methods of applying the science, would have materially aided the cause of his followers, while his absence had a very chilling effect on it.

The question whether osteopathy is to be, or not to be, has become such a burning one in Moncton, that it has already caused dissension in hitherto united families, strife between lifelong friends, and more general unpleasantness and hard feeling, than the late civic election. In fact it was almost made an issue of the civic contest, and a final issue too, the late mayor of the city taking advantage of the large gathering in the opera house after the result of the election had been announced, and the newly elected mayor and council had made their little speeches of gratitude to those who had raised them to the posts of honor which they hoped soon to occupy—to feel the pulse of the meeting with regard to the osteopathy question. The result was eminently satisfactory to the followers of Dr. Buckmaster for the roar of "ayes" was deafening when the "nays" were almost inaudible. An osteopathic enthusiast described it afterwards as the most conclusive proof that could be obtained of the desire of the representative Moncton citizen to have freedom in his choice as a physician as well as liberty of conscience in religious matters, and the right to exercise the glorious prerogative of absolute freedom, which is the birthright of every British subject and for which our forefathers fought and died.

It may have seemed that way, if one wanted to think so, but to the dispassionate bystander who was not interested in osteopathy, it sounded more as if the several hundred small boys who helped to swell the audience, were impressed with the idea that it was the custom for successful candidates to celebrate their victory by treating the crowd, and that the mayor had been deputed to find out whether the assembled multitude were in favor of that time honored custom or not. They probably thought that the mayor being a lawyer, and naturally wishing to be impressive on such an occasion had used the Latin word for treating, and hence their eager response. Many others amongst the audience had their minds entirely occupied with matters relating to the campaign which had just ended, and scarcely took time to understand the question clearly, else the response might not have been quite so unanimous.

It is asserted by some of the friends of the bill that it did not die a natural death, as many supposed, but that unfair means were resorted to, to prevent its passage, and they are still hopeful of ultimate success. In the meantime those of our citizens who are in need of medical attendance are fain to rely on the ministrations of regularly qualified physicians, and disordered bones will have to depend for relief upon ordinary surgical methods.

A Crippled Shadow.

THE REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF JAS. DAVIS, OF VICTORIA.

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Thus I awaited the end to come,—an end of human suffering too awful to depict. As a last resort I was persuaded by my friends to try medical treatment in the General Hospital in Toronto, and after spending several weeks there came home disheartened and even worse than before. While writing in the pangs of pain, discouraged and ready to die, I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and of the marvellous cures they effected. While doubting that they would cure me I was prevailed upon to take them. The effect was marvellous. For two long years I had not enjoyed a single night's rest and I then slept a sweet sleep which seemed like heaven to me. I revived, could eat and gradually grew stronger and as I gained strength my hope of living increased. I have taken forty-one boxes, which may seem a large quantity to some, but be it remembered I had taken many times their value in other medicines and had been declared incurable by doctors. The result is I am now able to undergo hard physical exercise. All my large circle of friends and acquaintances welcomed me back in their midst and life seems real again. The fact is beyond all question that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a last and only medicine proved successful in reaching the germs of my disease and saved me from a life of misery and pain. Again I say as a grateful man that I cannot too strongly recommend this remarkable medicine to all fellow beings who are afflicted with this terrible malady.

JAMES DAVIS,
 The above testimony is signed in presence of
 ERNEST WEBSTER MAYBEE.

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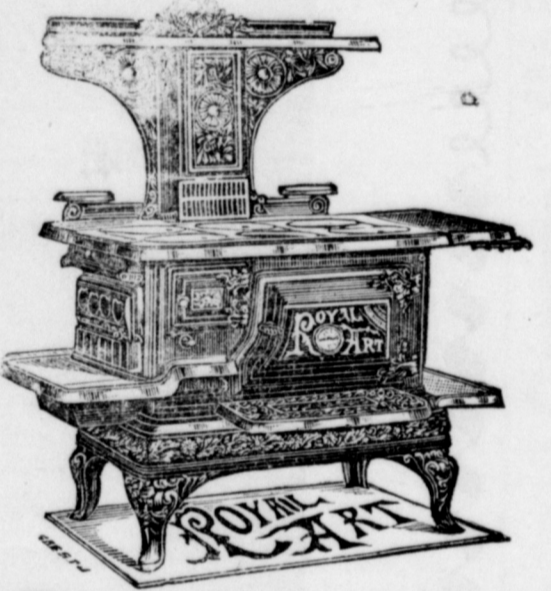
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