

RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

Manufacturers and Builders



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material
Send for Estimates.



Corsets are now recognized to be the Standard Corset of Canada.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
ASK YOUR DRY GOODS DEALER FOR THEM.

DON'T READ THIS.

When You're Printing to be Done
Send it to Another Town

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Billboards
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Unexcelled Work
Visiting Cards
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Xpress Prepaid
You will find us
Zealous to please.

Mamma—There, Freddie, you have taken the largest pear. Do you think it very nice?
Freddie—Yes; it's the only one in the basket that is.
"The people in the front room are making an awful fuss about the meals. What will we do?"
Landlady—I'll have Robbie begin taking flutes lessons to-day.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE TRUSTEES of School district No. 11 parish of Shelburne, in the County of Westmorland, hereby give notice that they call for redemption of certain bonds, numbered eighteen, nineteen and twenty, issued by the said trustees under and by virtue of the act of the General Assembly, Chap. 52, Passed on the tenth day of April, A. D. 1872.
The Redemption will be paid at the office of the Secretary of Trustees, W. B. Deacon, Shelburne, N. B.
W. A. Ross, Clerk.
O. M. MELANSON, Trustee.
CHAS. HARPER, Trustee.

PUBLIC NOTICE

EDWIN SPENCE and Nelson W. Tucker of Bedford in the County of Westmorland and Province of New Brunswick, doing business as Lobster Packers under the name and style of Spence and Tucker have this day ASSIGNED all their property, estate, and effects to me in trust for the benefit of their creditors. The trust deed lies at the office of the Registrar of the County of Westmorland, at the City of Moncton, and all parties wishing to share in said Estate are required to execute the same within three months from this date.
Dated at Bedford this 17th day of July, A. D. 1894.
GRANT & SWEENEY, GEORGE E. OULTON, Solicitors.
Assignee
estate Spence & Tucker.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

THE public are hereby notified that we have this fifteenth day of March, A. D. 1894, entered in co-partnership and will do business at Bedford, in the name and style of
CRANE & DOBSON.
A full list of goods as are usually kept in a country store will be offered hereafter of quality and price is kindly invited.
The business formerly conducted by Mrs. F. Crane having been purchased by us, all persons indebted to Mrs. Crane will please pay the same to us.
W. Leonard Crane,
Harvey Dobson.
Bedford, March 15, 1894.

TIT FOR TAT.

"Hello, little girl! you tell me the news!"
For I haven't had time to examine the papers;
And I'm anxious to know how a tiny little news
The ubiquitous blot of political papers.
"Has anything happened that's funny or queer?"
Do you favor the party they claim is elected?
Are the words of the editor, think you, sincere?
Has the weather come around as the bureau expected?
"It is true Lobengula the king's really dead!"
Have the rogues of the 'Lib.' turned at last in contrition?
And do you not fear you must stand on your head
To read with your paper in that strange position?"
"Oh, ess, I will tell you the news," she exclaimed;
And thus from the paper inverted she read:
The weak old sparrow,
With his bow at his arrow,
Has shot at poor little Cock Robin dead.

"Anen," she continued, "the awfullest has happened; you never could guess if you'd try;
Four little Jack Horner
Heard in a corner,
An' there wasn't a plum to be found in the pie."
"An' 'tis the reason poor doggie got none?"
"Old Towser," she read, "was the victim of theft—
Tause old Muvver Hubbard
She went to the cupboard,
An' she cut, and ate, till nuffin was left."

"An' little Boy Blue went with little Bo-peep
To see the old lady that lived in a sheep
With little Miss Netticott
In her white petticoat.
An' the longer she stood, why, the shorter she grew."
"An' Daddy-down-dilly has come into town,
An' Tom, Tom, wig piggy is off on a run;
An' I'll tell you a story
About Jack and Memory;
An' now I dess, mister, my story is done."
—Lippincott's.

An Unhappy Exception.

The world is full of changes; there is nothing here abiding;
All things are transient, fleeting, transitory, gliding;
The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars—wherever the fancy ranges,
The tooth of time forever mars—all life is full of changes.

Like sands upon the ocean's shore that are forever drifting,
So all the fading scenes of earth incessantly are shifting.
Change rules the mortal universe—there is no power can block it.
There's change in everything, alas! except a fellow's pocket.



(CONCLUDED.)

"If the breakfast had been a 'st uninn' basket, that dinner in the great pavilion, with the melodious rattle and clatter about them, the band playing the most enlivening music, and the soft breezes stealing up in the sea, was entirely beyond the powers of Mame and Sal and Chub to fathom. But when done, Aunt Mirandy kept her word in other notable respects. She rode with them the ragging toboggan. She had their pictures taken with her grinning charges hovering open-mouthed above and behind her. She raced with them upon scraggy donkeys' backs. She penetrated with them the lairs of the stuffed serpents, the dens of the stuffy freaks and the stuffer fortune tellers. They tossed ballast impossible targets. They swayed in chariots of the mighty revolving wheel. They made starting rushes on over-head wire railways. They repeatedly paid homage to that most perennial and most entertaining of all trifles, the mythical tragedy of Punch and Judy. It seemed they would never finish with the merry-go-rounds. In fact, they indulged unceasingly in every grotesque diversion of the seaside Babel; and as the light began to flare out along this gayest and most cosmopolitan coast the world can show, they clambered back with the noisy throng upon the steamer's deck; and, still stirred and enlivened by the music, the songs, the dancing, the alien revelries of the pleasure seekers about them, found the return sail all too short, and the white disks in the pines and towers pointing the hour of ten, when they again set feet upon the streets of the great city.

Babbling and chattering along together, or they at last came to a building, throughfare, dazzlingly glaring in its innumerable lights, chokingly thronged with people of strange faces and manner and attire, and in its pandemonium of sights and uncouth sounds, almost an exact night picture, only in greater magnitude, of the disgusting aggregation of tattered dens they had left beside the sea.
"Holly gee!" sighed Chub, "home's do best place after all!"
"Day ain't no hunkier one dan dis!" murmured Sal in sympathy.
"You're dead right, chums," chimed in Mame, "de ol' low'ry gits over an' all!"
"Why, is this the Bowerly?" stammered Aunt Mirandy, experiencing her first sense of trepidation of the day.
"Taint no udder!" replied Chub proudly and pettishly. "Sav, Aunt Mirandy, ye can't see de Bowerly de nobs, 'bout settin' up de well!"
"Without settin' up de well!" horrified replied the old lady.
"Yes, yes, yes!" they importuned with eggy and threatening persistence, pushing "Aunt Mirandy toward a dark alleyway. "No Bowerly ladies, parson, 'bout de lucky!"
The instant the waifs had reached the famous and infamous thoroughfare, the glare of the lights, the sight of their companions, the fumes from liquor dens, and all that subtle influence which reaches to the devilish clutch on the realms of virtue, familiar association, had rehabilitated these associates of the night with their savage natures, and Aunt Mirandy suddenly felt the tables of power and authority all turned.

Overcome with dread and fear, she dares not resist. With a rush they carried her into a dimly-lighted grotto. Scarcely knowing what she did, she

let the ravens have their way. They recounted the adventures of the day uproariously to the grinning frequenters of the place. They drank and sang, and pressed drink upon their now terrorized companion. It had scarcely touched her lips before everything seemed to whirl about her and her veins were on fire. She tried to speak; to plead; but she could not. She saw dimly and darkly, retaining only some sort of consciousness that impish forms were dancing and cavorting about her, embracing her in grotesque glee.

Those of the ravens' ilk who suddenly saw the rest saw a helpless old woman bundled along the loathsome alleys where she had that morning come with such pride and sturdy purpose, by three savage and relentless ravens that plucked and picked and plucked, until every article of value and shred of attire about her was gone, when the pitiful old creature, bare as a huddled into a dark hallway and grotesquely robed in fluttering rags. Then they pushed and shoved and carried her to the corner of a respectable street where the ravens waited until they espied an officer and hailed him jocularly at a safe distance with, "Hi, copsey—you de ol' jay's name is Aunt Mirandy Tridgity. Dore's card pinned on 'er evenin' gown, dat tells whar de angel de angel de angel de angel. She'll be wort a dozen bouter ye, copsey!"

With which, and with wild yells of glee, they disappeared in the darkness whence they came; and an hour later the perspiring policeman deposited the limp form of Aunt Mirandy in the arms of the horrified Triplebob Tridgity who, while his good wife moaned, "Has it come to this? glared in contemptuous incredulity at the honest officer's tale and rewarded him for his meritorious pains by slamming the door in his face.

It might have been the loss of blood, for few will admit it could have been a twinge of quibbled conscience which, a few hours later, brought Chub Silvers, partially sobered, to a sitting posture beside her prostrate companions where, over division of their spoils, in their drunken frenzy, they had tigerishly fought and fell.

"Taint de dead hunk'ting—no, 'taint so!" she sniffed hoarsely.
She staggered, her feet and began fumbling about the pockets, breasts and clenched hands of Mame and Sal. Then she cleared her own pockets, and with deft touches went over each article, identifying it and calling it by name in her own strange jargon.

"She done de gran' act—so she did!" muttered Chub with a trace of indignation in her lower tones.
Then she made a package of all the booty as best she could.

"Aunt Mirandy gits de traps," she said fiercely, shaking her swollen fists defiantly at her snoring companions, "if Chub Silvers has de time!"
When she had arrived at the fine Tridgity mansion, she hovered about it until the policeman on that beat had disappeared on his rounds. Then she rang the bell stoutly and Triplebob Tridgity himself, wakeful from already experienced calamity and closely followed by his timid and apprehensive helpmate, showed his head cautiously at crack of the door.

"Murder!" he cried, shutting the door fast as he caught sight of Chub Silvers' disheveled clothing, portentous package and gashed and bloody face.
The bell rang again with more insistent clamour. As he once more hurriedly opened the door for a cautious distance he heard a window above him go up with a slam. A gray and scraggy head protruded.
"Who's there?" its voice huskily demanded.

"It's me—Chub Silvers, mum!—one o' de mugses as giv ye de knock-out drops an' done ye hunk!" Aunt Mirandy, "I come wid my traps!"
"Triplebob, you there?"
"Ye-ess, Mirandy."
"Bring the girl up to my room in-stanter, or 'I'll cut you off with a penny!"

In a moment more the amazed Tridgity, his wife and the raven stood before Aunt Mirandy, who sat bolt upright in bed.
"Fetch the Doctor! Bring my lawyer, too!" she shouted after her nimble departing brother.
"I said I'd bring de duds," said the girl doggedly, "if I had ter do time; an' here dey is!"

"Boss! Put 'em down an' set down your traps!"
A physician was soon stitching and patching the ugly gashes on Chub Silvers' hands, neck and face; and Aunt Mirandy's lawyer was beside her directing unquestioningly obeying her imperative behests.
"Write a cheque for five thousand pounds, in the order of Mrs. Chub Tridgity. Extension paid. I'll sign it in the morning!"
The cheque was drawn as she directed.

"Now, Triplebob, she said sternly; 'I'm going to cut you off!'"
Mr. Tridgity turned pale and his wife wore the first hopeful smile her face had known for years.
"With only one-half of my property for Clara; for she's the one you've let stand my dominion!" all her married life.

"Oh, sister! and 'Oh, Mirandy!" came chokingly from the door.
"Oh, brother!" she returned stoutly. "That's 'er way 'I'll keep the rest. Now, every body get out—but Chub Silvers. She and I'll go to bed on the morrow. You, Chub, go to bed on the morrow. I've had one day at reformin', by my so's, and rather like it. One out of three ain't bad! Chub, look dat door!"
And as the astonished group stole whispering in the hallway and Chub Silvers turned the key in the lock and strolled to the sofa, as bidden, the sturdy old soldier of the Queen turned from the realms of virtue, familiar association, had rehabilitated these associates of the night with their savage natures, and Aunt Mirandy suddenly felt the tables of power and authority all turned.

Deacon Puffer and the School Ma'am.

"I've got to git married agin, there's no two ways about that," said old Deacon Puffer to himself one morning, as he stood leaning against the road fence. "Everything about the house has been goin' to rack and ruin since Betsy Jane died. Them two gals of mine ain't worth their salt. Two lazier critters never breathed. They don't do nothin' but dawdle about from mornin' till night. They won't chop a woman's work. They won't carry out the sour milk and empty it into the swill-barrel—'ain't a woman's work. They won't weed the garden—'tain't a woman's work. I'd like to know what a woman's work is if it ain't to tend to things in and around the house, and then agin, they're just as wasteful as they can be. They use twice as much sugar and coffee and flour as there's any need of. They don't seem to have any idea of savin' anything to 'em. Just as quick as I begin to pick out their faults to 'em they git up on their high heels and to sass me. Yes, I've got to git married agin. I've got to have somebody in charge of the house that'll pay some attention to what I say, or I'll end up in the poor house. And now who shall I git? That's the question!"

Producing a huge pipe of tobacco, the deacon gnawed at a liberal amount and chewed it meditatively.
"There's that young gal I let the school to," he continued presently. "I don't know as I can do any better than to git her. She's big enough and stout enough to do a pile of work, and she's got to cut out their faults to 'em. They git up on their high heels and to sass me. Yes, I've got to git married agin. I've got to have somebody in charge of the house that'll pay some attention to what I say, or I'll end up in the poor house. And now who shall I git? That's the question!"

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Pellow then) but to Mrs. Puffer, and of course I shall take charge of 'em for her, for I don't believe in a woman—that is a married woman—a carrying-a-pocketbook. There's somethin' kinder small and mean about such a proceeding. It looks just as if she wasn't willing to trust her husband to support her. And it's contrary to scripture, too, as I explained to Betsy Jane. The Bible says that they twain shall be one flesh, they oughtn't to have but one pocketbook, and of course the man should carry that because he's the head of the family."

Shortly after 4 o'clock that afternoon Deacon Puffer left his house and seated himself on a pile of boards by the roadside. Presently the teacher came along.
"Good afternoon, Miss Pellow," said the deacon.
"Good afternoon, Deacon Puffer," replied the teacher.
"Miss Pellow, I want to have a little talk with you," the girl came to a halt.
The false statements made in connection with the case of the deacon's wife, were being discussed in the school.

FALSE STATEMENTS.
Away With Them.
IT IS ONLY THE LEVER OF TRUTH THAT MOVES THE GREAT WORLD.

Statements Made in Favor of Paine's Celery Compound Always Ring With Honesty.

A MARVELOUS CURE IN VIRIDEN, MANITOBA.
A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL CAN ENDURE THE TEST.

False statements, like counterfeit coin, for a time will pass current and undetected.
The deacon gnawed at a liberal amount and chewed it meditatively.

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The leaves are turning on the trees, The autumn is here, There's frost upon the morning breeze, The autumn time is here; The song-bird to the southward flies; No more is heard the hum of bees; We all catch cold and sneeze and sneeze, The autumn time is here.

Tailor (to his apprentice, whom he has sent with a bill to a dilatory customer)—Well, I guess he won't be pleased at the sight of you!
Apprentice—On the contrary, he invited me to call again.

If you must draw the line at Lard.

and have, like thousands of other people, to avoid all food prepared with it, this is to remind you that there is a clean, delicate and healthful vegetable shortening, which can be used in its place. If you will

USE COTTOLINE instead of lard, you can eat pie, pastry and the other "good things" which other folks enjoy, without fear of dyspeptic consequences. Delicacy from lard has come.

Buy a pail, try it in your own kitchen, and be convinced.
Cottoline is sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers.
Made only by The N. K. Fairbank Company, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

WOOD'S PHOSPHORINE. The Great English Remedy. Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Exhaustion, Spasmodic, Rheumatic, and all other effects of Abuse or Excess, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants.

Before and After. Last, which soon led to Insanity, Boasting, Consumption and an early grave. This has been prescribed over 50 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggists for Wood's Phosphorine; it offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1.50; six, \$8. One will please, etc. with care. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold in Sackville by Amasa Dixon and in Amherst by R. C. Fuller & Co., Druggists.

The marvelous cure of Mr. James Leverington, of Viriden, Man. by Paine's Celery Compound, after the failure of doctors and other agencies, should be sufficient proof for all fair-minded men and women who are honestly seeking for health, strength and new life.

Mr. Leverington writes as follows about his success with the world's best medicine—
"I think it my duty, without solicitation from any one, to write in the interests of other sufferers, and give you a testimonial in favor of your (to me) almost miraculous remedy, Paine's Celery Compound. For more than a year I was suffering from the agonizing pains of sciatica; and after trying all that medical skill could devise, and using many remedies, patient and otherwise, I concluded to try the Hot Springs of Banff, under the able superintendence of Dr. Brete. I took the treatment thoroughly and carefully for six weeks, and came home at the end of that time racked with pain and weighing 43 pounds less. At this juncture, when hope had almost fled, I heard of Paine's Celery Compound. It seemed suited to my case, and I sent to my druggist, Mr. J. W. Higginbotham, of this place, and asked him to send me a bottle. He recommended it to me, and I took a bottle. I soon began to feel better and after taking a second bottle I was a cured man and threw away my crutches."

I keep a bottle on hand in case of any return of the complaint. I am now 53 years old, and I feel as spry and healthy and free from pain as I ever did in my life. I was born in Norfolk, England, and came to Canada when only three years old. I was brought up in the township of Goreville, Ontario, and came to Manitoba eight years ago. Have always been a farmer, and am as able to do hard work now as ever I was.

With a heart full of gratitude for the benefits derived from the use of your remedy, and I wish to influence others who may suffer, I gladly and freely indite this letter.
Rev. Mr. Talbot, Methodist Minister, of Elkhoron, can confirm my statements, and will do so if written to.

Mr. Higginbotham, the successful and extremely popular druggist of Viriden, vouchers for Mr. Leverington's statements, as follows:—
"I have known Mr. Leverington for two years or more, and can confirm what he says in regard to his cure by Paine's Celery Compound. Ever since his cure he has been sounding its praises and has been a perfect enthusiast on the subject of Paine's Celery Compound. I believe him to be thoroughly reliable."

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Nervine Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It moves at once the cause and the disease, immediately dissolves it. The first due benefits, 75 cents. Sold by A. Dixon.

George Kinzie, a brakeman on the Salisbury and Harvey railway, had a narrow escape from what might have been a fatal accident on Thursday morning, while crossing the Shepody river bridge. He looked out beyond the side of the car, when his head came in contact with the railing of the bridge, inflicting a deep gash in his forehead. He was taken to Hillsboro, and necessary surgical aid supplied.

Two provincial cases were on the docket in the divorce court at Boston on Wednesday last. Owen McNeil said his wife, Maria Jane, left him in Nova Scotia in 1885, and was now in Chicago. Divorce granted. Jane Carter and Theo D. were married at Yarmouth, N. S. Dec. 26, 1874, and seven years ago went to Boston. In 1881 Boston Jane started a boarding house, and the says "I have never after worked. He left her about four years ago. She was granted a divorce.

THE BEST BLOOD Purifier

AND TONIC For Old and Young TO QUICKEN THE Appetite, REMOVE THAT Tired Feeling And Make the Weak Strong.



Ayer's Sarsaparilla Cures others, will cure you.

They had wandered into the consistory. This music came to them in faint rhythmic throbs.
"I have had many men at my feet," she was saying, carefully, "but in none of them met my requirements."
He panted.
"Have you tried our plaster?" he suddenly asked. "I have known them to do the work when the most skillful chiropodist failed."

WEAK NERVES ARE MADE STRONG BY HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.