

## A Better Appetite

is probably the least of the benefits that follow the use of

Park's Perfect Emulsion.



### Let Us Drop In On You

and get your order for the best cuts of roast meats, steaks, sausage, ham, etc. We will do the "drop in" courteously, if not gracefully, and fill your orders to a nicety. Our best reference is the multitude of our long time customers.

### Berry's Meat Market.

### Sir Charles, Jr.

Notice is hereby given to all who may be interested that Wm. McWhorter, stallion stand in Gaspe Basin and vicinity during the coming season. This horse is Sir Charles Jr. dapple grey, 16½ hands, weighing 1200 lbs., trotting under 2:40, 6 years old. His pedigree is as follows:—

Sired by Sir Charles ¼ mile in 31 seconds.  
Dam Daisy by flying Dutchman 2:35.  
Sire of flying Dutchman was Black Dutchman, who also sired the following trotters:—  
Lady Kidare, 2:28.  
Lady Fleetwood, 2:30.  
Lady Dutchman, 2:42.  
Hunter, 2:28.  
Wm. Wallace, ½ mile in 1:07½.  
Daisy Dam of Sir Charles Jr. has pedigree as follows:—  
Grand Dam of Daisy was a Kentucky mare bred to a horse called Combination, owned by Dr. Bailey of Portland, Maine.  
It being a filly was bred to Flying Dutchman. The filly was Daisy Dam of Sir Charles Jr.  
Sir Charles Sire of Sir Charles Jr. has pedigree as follows:—  
Mambrino Charta, sired Sir Charles Dam of Sir Charles was Lady Messenger, who was also Dam of Crown Prince, 2:25; and Crown Princess, 2:18.  
For price and particulars apply to the groom, Archie Gall, 33-2m. Douglastown, N. B.

### Hotel for Sale.

The Royal Hotel, situated in the Town of Dalhousie, N. B., in a most central part, commanding all the travel, country and harbor trade.

This Hotel has a record second to none on the North Shore for its money making, and is now driving a most healthy business. There is in connection a well designed and licensed bar.

The Hotel will be sold as it now stands, furnished throughout, including all horses and carriages. Part of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.

Reasons for selling change of climate desired.

For further particulars apply to O. Smith, Campbellton, N. B. or H. Whipper, Dalhousie.

### IMPROVEMENTS?

Improve your education by means of the Great Standard Dictionary 1903 Edition.  
Improve your Eyesight by "one match" Vapor Gas Lamps, best in the world.  
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M. R. BENN Douglastown, N. B.

### NOTICE

I, undersigned Edward Levesque, Jeweller, hereby give notice to all persons having articles of jewelry in my possession to reclaim same at once and all persons having unsettled business with me are invited to settle same between 8th June to the 8th September. From 8th June 1904 I will not take in any work as I intend to be absent for few months for a rest.  
Edward Levesque Jeweller  
Campbellton June 2nd 1904 3m05

## A Tangled Web

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "Beaton's Bargain," "His Perfect Trust," "By Another Name," "Her Heart's Idol," "Half a Truth," "His Rival."

"Listen to me," cried Mrs. Ruthven, not heeding him. "I want to go to London—let me see—I think I could bear the journey next week. I want you to take rooms for me at the Alexandria Hotel; I shall keep them for awhile. I like this place, and can go up to town as I like. You must secure good rooms, and have everything made comfortable and warm—above all things, warm."

Captain Shirley took her directions with profound attention, and then their talk flowed in ordinary channels. Mrs. Ruthven was quiet, and in rather a morose mood; she was not civil and friendly than usual. Yet Shirley left her with an odd impression that there was danger in the air.

The short absence which Marsden contemplated, unavoidably extended itself to nearly a week.

This, which would otherwise have been a welcome period of repose to Nora, was robbed of its restfulness by her brooding over her step-mother's communication. It was like fighting the air, this constant routine of phantom doubts, which dispersed only to reassemble in palpable battalions, while the question, did Marsden knowingly deceive her, remained unsolved. She determined to ask him. She would not again permit herself to be blinded with some half truth. She was more uneasy than she would admit; she could not apply herself to anything, and she even incurred a gentle rebuke from her step-mother, for her indecision respecting some of her preparations, which Mrs. L'Estrange complained caused unnecessary delay.

The day before Marsden rejoined her, the post brought Mrs. L'Estrange two letters of some importance to this true history. The first she opened was from Winton. It was written in a depressed though friendly tone, and gave some particulars respecting his uncle's death, and the amount of property bequeathed by deceased. There was, he said, a good deal of business to be settled. His mother's only daughter was dead, but he found she had left a son in indifferent circumstances; and Winton went on to say that he felt it his duty to divide the bequest with this boy, whose guardian he would undertake to be, finally he expected to be in town after Christmas, when he would have the pleasure of calling on Mrs. L'Estrange.

"I am sure Mark Winton does not write like a man who had inherited money," she said, when she had finished the letter; "and I don't suppose he is in comfortable for the loss of his uncle—they did not love each other much in old times."

"Dear Helen, do read this letter," interrupted Nora; "it is, I see, from Lady Dorrington. I know it will be unpleasant, but do not try to hide anything from me."

"It looks formidable," said Mrs. L'Estrange, "perhaps you had better read it with me." Nora came behind her step-mother, and read as follows:—

"Dear Mrs. L'Estrange—I address myself to you rather than Nora, because I naturally consider you the more responsible of the two for the present disastrous state of affairs."

"I can scarcely say how deeply hurt, and I may say exasperated, I feel by you, and Nora's want of consideration and good faith toward both Clifford and myself."

"I am fully aware (at least I made no effort to conceal it) of my wish that Clifford should marry Mrs. Ruthven—a woman whom I like personally, and whose fortune was of the last importance to my brother. He, too—so far as I could see—was pleased with the idea, and quite sufficiently attached to the lady to make things smooth and feasible."

"With this admirable arrangement Nora chose, for the indulgence of idle vanity in the first place, I believe, to flatter up a foolish flirtation with her cousin, and drawing him on in the most deliberate manner, and with your knowledge, till my brother—the most reckless of men—was fully committed, and is now unable to extricate himself. Had Nora any true sense of honor and duty, she would have checked Clifford, have consulted me, have done anything rather than drag us all into a position of such difficulty and disgrace, for I see that Mrs. Ruthven is determined to take some steps, which will, no doubt, cover us with confusion."

"I shall only add, that if you and Miss L'Estrange think for a moment her union with Clifford Marsden will secure her happiness, you are profoundly mistaken. He will never make a good husband to any one; he will never be true to any woman. Mrs. Ruthven knows the world, she

knows men; she could and ought to be in the substantial advantages of her position; but Nora, if at all the girl I believed her to be, would fret herself to death. However, I am probably giving her credit for more feeling than she possesses. Young and old seem alike indurated by the greed for material things, which grasps at wealth and luxury by any means, however unworthy. She may accomplish this marriage, but she will never be acknowledged as a sister-in-law by me."

Nora, white as a sheet, took the offensive letter and reperused it in silence.

"Lady Dorrington must have been out of her mind when she wrote that," cried Mrs. L'Estrange indignantly. "She little knows the true state of the case."

"It is very cruel and unjust," said Nora, in low, unsteady tones. "It is too bad to be accused of dishonorable scheming to win a man from whom I would give the world to be free."

"My dear Nora, do not allow your anger against Lady Dorrington to make you unjust to poor Clifford," exclaimed Mrs. L'Estrange, startled by the suppressed passion in her voice. "There is no reason to doubt him."

"It is neither doubt nor anger, Helen. I am averse to marry Mr. Marsden. It was instinct at first—it is—I don't know what it is now."

"My dear child, this is dreadful! I never anticipated anything half so bad," said Mrs. L'Estrange, aghast at this revelation. "What can you do? You can not break with him now, and yet to marry with such a feeling is horrible. What can you do?"

"I don't know," Nora's lip trembled as she spoke. "I am so sorry for Clifford, he deserves better treatment from me. I will show him this letter. I will point out the folly of marrying me. Why did he ever take a fancy to me?"

"It is more than a fancy, Nora. I am very, very sorry for Clifford," Nora's only reply was a burst of tears.

"Oh! I must tell him," she said. "I will show him this letter, and tell him. I do not deserve that he should quarrel with his only sister for my sake."

Mrs. L'Estrange did not reply. She was too puzzled and distressed to see the fair fabric of joy and happiness that she had seen grow up crumble to dust at a touch.

Nora dried her tears. "I am weak and selfish, Helen. I do want to act rightly. Do you think that Clifford is quite true, or that he is imposture?"

"I don't quite understand you. But I am sure Clifford Marsden is an honorable gentleman, who would never knowingly deceive any one."

"Oh! I suppose so—I suppose so," despondingly.

"How shall I answer this horrible letter?" asked Mrs. L'Estrange. "Do not answer it for a day or two, not till I have shown it to Clifford. It is possible things may arise themselves."

Angry though she was at the unwarrantable assertions in Lady Dorrington's hasty, ill-judged letter, it gave Nora a gleam of hope, or rather it stored her with an opportunity of suggesting to Marsden the expediency of breaking off her engagement. This would be to her an infinite relief. It is true that her freedom might secure peace, but not happiness. She would probably never see Winton again, and she would have to bid a brief formal farewell; but, at least, she would not be forced into a marriage which she dreaded more and more as the days rolled by. It was only now that Marsden's integrity! Was he really under the impression that Mark Winton, the Mark she knew, had been Helen's lover, or had he misrepresented the facts?

Time was flying fast. In less than six weeks—unless her intended effort to extricate herself succeeded—she would be Marsden's wife. It was extraordinary—it was terrible—the reluctance with which she contemplated what many would consider so fair a prospect.

It was the second day after the receipt of Lady Dorrington's letter that Marsden returned from Evelsleigh.

He was charmed to find Nora alone as she usually did her best to include her step-mother in their interviews. Marsden looked bright and joyous, as became a bridegroom elect. He had had a prosperous journey, and all things were coming round to his favor.

"I shall only add, that if you and Miss L'Estrange think for a moment her union with Clifford Marsden will secure her happiness, you are profoundly mistaken. He will never make a good husband to any one; he will never be true to any woman. Mrs. Ruthven knows the world, she

his wishes. Fortune smiled upon him; he had but to play boldly, and he would break the bank of ill-luck which had hitherto raked in all his stakes.

After he had greeted Nora with his usual warmth, he noticed that she was white and cold and tremulous, and he drew her to the light, looking into her face with eager questioning eyes, while he held her hands firmly though gently.

"You have something unpleasant, some bad news for me, Nora?" he said. "Out with it, dearest. I am not afraid."

"Well, there is nothing very unpleasant, a very unjust letter from Lady Dorrington; if you will let my hands go, I will give it to you."

"Is that all?" in a tone of relief, as he released her, "I fully expected Isabel would be about as disagreeable as could be managed."

Nora took the letter from her pocket, and gave it to him. She could hardly stand, so deep was her agitation. She sunk into the chair near which she stood, and watched Marsden while he read.

His face expressed no great emotion; a slightly contemptuous look, an occasional frown, that was all.

"Well, there is nothing very tremendous in this," he cried, turning to his fiancée and leaning his arms on the back of a high chair opposite her.

"It is a most improper letter, and I shall insist on Lady Dorrington making the fullest apology to Mrs. L'Estrange and yourself. But she can not forbid the bans, or interfere in any way, so you need not trouble about her preposterous nonsense."

"But, Clifford, I can not help troubling! I am distressed about it, and I am sure you are too. You are very little about her, or how you stand with her, but I did think that you, my darling, is it possible that your honor me by being jealous?"

"No, Clifford, I am not jealous—but—but—I wish—you could, without too much pain, gratify Lady Dorrington and give me up."

"I see, naughtiness, not jealousy, is your line."

He kept his light tone, but his eyes darkened, and his face grew hard.

"I want—I want you to listen quietly, Clifford," she returned, feeling her mouth parched and scarcely able to utter the words she forced herself to speak. "You will be angry but I feel I ought to tell you that is in my mind."

"I am always glad to listen to you," said Marsden, giving her the look of the lion and throwing himself on the sofa.

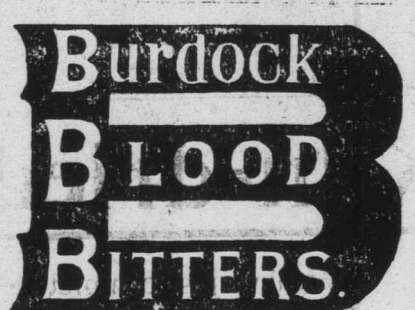
"Dear you, think, Clifford, there is some truth in what your sister says. If you need Mrs. Ruthven's fortune so much, and I suppose Lady Dorrington knows it, why not let her increase your difficulties—to vex your only near relative, who loves you as much as I do?"

"It is the magnanimous trick, that is it, I suppose," said Marsden bitterly.

"Clifford," said Nora, determined to be brave and honest, feeling her courage reviving with the sincerity of her resolution. "I will be true, though it hurts me horribly to speak the truth to you. You ought not to throw away every consideration of prudence, perhaps duty, for the sake of a girl who does not, can not, love you as you ought to be loved for making such sacrifices. I ought not to have ever forgiven me, if I beg of you to give up the lady, and to let me be with your friends."

"I should disappoint you, I fear I should."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



### Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

This spring you will need something to take away that tired, listless feeling brought on by the system being clogged with impurities which have accumulated during the winter.

Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy you require. It has no equal as a spring medicine. It has been used by thousands for a quarter of a century with unequalled success.

HERE IS PROOF.

Mrs. J. T. Skine of Shigawake, One, writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for the past four years and don't think there is its equal. When I feel drowsy, tired and have no desire to eat I get a bottle of B.B.B. It purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

ALL DRUGGISTS, 25¢ a bottle. Sample and Burdock Bitters. THE HERALD REMEDY CO. Montreal.

### FONTENELLE.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, the 2nd, at the Gaspe Basin church, when Mr. Alphonse Blouin, Provincial Land Surveyor, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mademoiselle Anna Fortin. Rev. Father Gauthier tied the nuptial knot in the presence of a large number of friends. Mr. Sutton LeBoutillier, Manager of the Petroleum Oil Trust played the wedding march. The bride wore a splendid dress of crepe de chene trimmed with white satin, and her bouquet was Lilies of the Valley. The bridesmaid was Miss Eva Joncas of Gaspe Basin, and the groomsmen Mr. Cesaire Fortin.

After the marriage the party went to Morin's Hotel where breakfast was served to them, after which they passed to the parlor, where Mrs. de St. Croix played a wedding march. At half past nine the party went to the ferry boat, being accompanied by Miss Ida Veit, Milner, Misses Marign Veit, Eliza Davis, Henriette, Gertrude and Sadie LeBoutillier, Eva Lindsay, Messrs. B. Baker, Moroney, Brayley, Chas. Davis, and a large number of others, who showered rice upon the happy couple until the steamer had left the wharf.

Mr. E. Deroy, gunner, was busy all morning firing the cannon in honor of the newly married couple. Dinner was taken at the bride's home and at five o'clock the party left for Gaspe Basin where they spent the evening at Coroner Joncas'. Music and singing until the S. S. Admiral arrived.

The bride received a large number of costly presents, including a gold bracelet from the groom.

The happy couple have gone to the West Indies for their wedding tour. They will stop at Quebec for a few days.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

The uniform success of this remedy has made it the most popular preparation in use for bowel complaints. It is everywhere recognized as the one remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant to take. It is especially valuable for summer diarrhoea in children and is undoubtedly the means of saving the lives of a great many children each year. For sale by A. McG. McDonald.

POKEMOUCHE NOTES.

I am happy to say that Archie McConnell of Six Roads, who quit himself again, after his severe illness of a month ago.

Mr. Albert Sewell's health, I am sorry to say, is improving very slowly.

Miss Mary Fitzgerald has returned from a trip up the Miramichi.

Mr. J. Robinson registered at the R. R. Hotel recently.

Some of the boys were tired after farming and are gone to have a rest. Among them are John and Joseph Hennessey.

Mr. Martin O'Brien and James Ross of Tabusintac were here Sunday.

Among the recent arrivals at the Creek are Misses Mary and Annie Gildren, Boston and Miss Kate Savoy, Acobogan, Me., also Mr. F. J. Bodeau, Maine.

Mr. Jas. J. Walsh is starting a new house. We wish him success.

### NEWPORT VILLAGE.

Mr. Fraser, representing Amherst Portland Cement Co. Ltd. of Scotland, spent Monday and Tuesday at Langlois.

Mr. John Fahay, accompanied by Miss Agnes Fahay drove to Grand River on Tuesday where they will visit their friends.

School No. 1, under the direction of Miss Nellie McKinney, closed on the 15th inst. for summer vacations. We all wish Miss McKinney, as well as her pupils, pleasant vacations and hope the time will quickly pass so we may have the pleasure of seeing them back to the old task again.

Messrs. MacLaughlin and Lawrence Keene went to Port Daniel on Tuesday by boat returning on Wednesday with a load of lumber.

Rev. Father A. Audet, P. P. of Gascons was in town on Tuesday.

Among the guests at Langlois Hotel last week were Mr. and Mrs. Charles representing G. H. Begin, Messrs. Pelletier, representing Chas. Robinson, Moroney, representing Ogilvie Flour Co.

### RIVERSIDE ITEMS.

The crops are looking fairly well and some of the farmers have commenced digging their potatoes.

Salmon fishing is reported very poor.

Some of the farmers in this vicinity are complaining of the noosebird pest. These birds are of a useless species, which are often complained of by the trappers and others in the winter, but perhaps on account of the severe winters and scarcity of food that makes them keep around the villages.

As they are only a pest and useless tribe it would be a good move for the government to place a bounty on their heads if it was only one cent a beak. It might give some encouragement to get rid of some and help to pay for the ammunition as they are good for nothing.

The sports at Brandy Brook have landed the most fish and claim as good a luck as there is so far.

Mr. Wm. Horn of Tide Head is engaged running rails of ties for Mr.

Blaguere and as the drive was left at Dawson's it must make traffic difficult on this part of the river as the river is falling fast.

### JANEVILLE.

We are having very pleasant weather now, with an occasional shower which is making the crops look well.

The lobster season will close on July 10th. This has been the best year's fishing for quite a while. F. J. Comeau has about two hundred cases packed at his Janeville factory, with only one thousand traps fishing. He has had quite a number employed at his factory all spring.

The salmon fishing still continues very poor.

A pie social for the benefit of the Janeville Presbyterian Church was held in the school house here on Thursday night, June 30th. Quite a large crowd were present and a large number of pies sold. Refreshments were also sold and about forty dollars made. A large platform was erected in the school yard and dancing continued till the wee sma hours.

A very serious accident happened to the Carquet train on Thursday. The

west bound accommodation 10.30 a.m. jumped the track at Janeville presumably after a cow which was trying to escape and the train after chasing her a little piece in the woods overtook and killed her, but the engine had been seriously injured in the chase, and it was with difficulty that it could be got back to the rails again and then got to Bathurst. We will have no train for a few days. The cow which was killed belonged to Mr. John Ward of Salmon Beach.

At the school meeting several weeks ago Mr. Henry Barry was elected Secretary in place of Mr. Joseph Scott and Mr. Frank Robinson, Trustee, in place of Mr. Arthur Caie.

Mr. Wm. Daley is building a shed to the end of his barn.

A large fire at Bass River delayed the train several hours one day recently. The old dam near the railroad bridge was burned and the railroad bridge was saved with difficulty.

Mr. Clyde Caie spent last Thursday in Bathurst.

Mrs. Dan Sullivan and two daughters spent a few days of last week at Pokesha.

Mr. Freeman Jennings of Wisconsin is spending a few weeks at his home here.

## VEGETABLE SICILIAN

### HALL'S Hair Renewer

Is it true you want to look old? Then keep your gray hair. If not, then use Hall's Hair Renewer, and have all the dark, rich color of early life restored to your hair.

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A trial order will convince you.

J. B. WAGNER,

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