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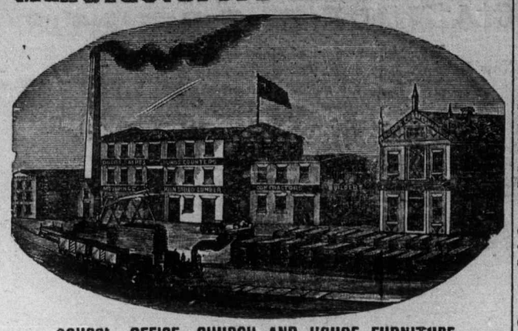

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RUTTNER'S · IS · THE · BEST · TAKE · NO · OTHER · EMULSION

INSIST

Upon having Featherbone Corsets.
Refuse all substitutes.

See they are stamped thus:

PATENTED SEPT. 3rd, 1884. No. 20110.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS SO STAMPED.

A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.

This child has a mother, whose picture is combined in the above portrait.

The publishers of the Ladies' Monthly Gem will give $100.00 to the person who first can find the face of the child's mother, to the second a Gold Watch valued at $65.00, to the third $40.00 in cash, to the fourth a Solid Silver Watch, to the fifth a Silk Dress Pattern, any color, and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer this picture rebus correctly, until one hundred prizes have been awarded, if there should be that number answering correctly.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the head of the mother and send same to us with ten three-cent postage stamps for three months trial subscription of the Ladies' Monthly Gem, our popular magazine.

The envelope which contains correct answer bearing first post-mark will receive first reward and the balance in order as received. Every prize will be faithfully awarded.

Answer to-day and enclose 50 cents, and you may win one of the leading prizes. Address

(F) LADIES' MONTHLY GEM, CLEVELAND, O.

MT. ALLISON

LADIES' COLLEGE,

Owens Art Institution
—AND—
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The Fall Term of the 40th year begins Aug. 30th, 1894

Courses of study are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree of B. A. The staff consists of 16 teachers in addition to the University Professoriate. Piano, Pipe Organ, Violin, Vocal Culture, Harmony, Elocution, Physical Culture, Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping and Commercial courses are all taught after the latest and most improved methods.

The Owens Art Institution which with its magnificient gallery has been transferred to the Ladies' College is still in charge of Prof. Hammond, R.C.A. an exhibitor in the Paris Salon the Royal Academy London, etc.

The Conservatory of Music employs eight instructors, at the head of whom is an experienced teacher from the staff of the N. Y. College of Music, who has studied in Berlin, under Von Bulow and Joseffy After 4 years successful study under some of the greatest masters in Germany, Mr. C. L. Chisholm returns to take charge of the Violin department.

Voice Culture is taught by an accomplished Swedish vocalist, who is a graduate of the Munich Conservatory.

Every care is taken to make the school a refined Christian home, where lady-like manners and cobility of character shall be cultivated.

For Calendar apply to

REV. B. C BORDEN, D. D.

Sackville, N. B., Aug. 2nd.

ALMOST A NEW YORK DAILY.

That Democratic wonder, The New York Weekly World, has just changed its weekly into a twice-a-week paper and you can now get the two papers a week for the same old price—$1.00 a year.

Think of it! The news from New York right at your door fresh every three days—104 papers a year.

We have made arrangements by which we can furnish this paper and the twice-a-week New York World all for only $1.50 a year. Here is the opportunity to get your own local paper and The New York World twice every week at extraordinarily low rates.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, an the disease immediately disappears. The first does greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by A. Dixon.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarhœa, regulates the stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurse in the United States. Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

DR. TAFT'S *Asthmalene* **ASTHMA CURES** Give a Night's Sweet Sleep so that you need not sit up all Night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. On receipt of name and P. O. address will mail Trial Bottle **FREE**

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Rochester, N. Y.
Toronto Branch - 186 Adelaide St., W.
Use Dr. Taft's White Pine Syrup for *CONSUMPTION.*

NEW BRUNSWICK

WESTMORLAND Co., S S

L. S. / C.P.C. TO THE SHERIFF of the County of Westmorland, or any Constable with in the said County. GREETING:

Whereas, Jeremiah Sweeney, administrator of the estate and effects which were of Dennis Sweeney, late of Botsford in the said County and Province, farmer, deceased, has presented and filed the account of his administration of said estate and effects, and prayed that a citation may issue for the passing of the said account, and that the residue of said estate, if any, may be ordered to be destributed. You are therefore required to cite the said Jeremiah Sweeney as administrator, and all others interested to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at the office of the registrar of Probates in Dorchester within and for the said County on the twenty second day of October next at two o'clock, standard time, in the afternoon to attend the passing of said account, and making the decree or order for the distribution of the balance, if any, found in the hands of said administrator.

Given under my hand, and the seal of the said Court, this seventeenth day of September, A. D. 1894.

Signed, CHAS. E. KNAPP, Registrar of Probates, County of West.
Signed, FREDERICK W. EMMERSON. Judge of Probates. County of West.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE TRUSTEES of School district No. 11 parish of Shediac, in the County of Westmorland, hereby give notice that they call in for redemption debentures, numbers 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. 1875.

The Debentures will be paid at the office of the secretary of Trustees, W. B. Deacon, Shediac, N. B.

Dated this 10th day of July, 1894.

W. A. RUSSELL, O. M. MELANSON, CHAS. HARPER. } TRUSTEES.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

—OXO—

THE public are hereby notified that we have this fifteenth day of March, A. D., 1894, entered into a co-partnership and will do business at Bayfield Botsford, in the name and style of

CRANE & DOBSON.

A full stock of goods such as are usually kept in a country store will be offered where inspection of quality and prices is kindly invited.

The business lately 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,
W. Harvey Dobson.

Bayfield, March 15, 1894. tf.

Their New Home.

'Secord, I say we give it up; I'm played out.'

The man spoken to gave no reply, but sat motionless for some minutes; then he essayed to make the edge of a ragged trouser-leg cover the space of gleaming skin between it and a broken shoe. The endeavor was futile, and he resumed his comtemplation of the hills across the lake. The other man threw a pebble into the water, which sang the monotonous underbreath song of dead calm along the beach at his feet, and spoke again:

'That damned ranch could not be cleared off with less than ten thousand oxen. Wilkins has the check for it; and we're here.'

Still the other man did not speak, but, as before, shifted his position.

'Secord, I say! Are you gone dumb? Can't you say anything?'

'No, because the fountains of speech are dried up within me. Come home.'

In a silence not broken even by Garth's bitter tones, they walked along the waggon road, until, with a sudded turn to the left, they breasted the hill, scorning the loggers' trail and bruising their already worn-out bodies by impetuous struggles with the thick undergrowth. After half an hour's climb, Secord stopped to look back at the lake below them and the purple tinged range beyond.

'Garth, that lying devil told some truths. This is as fair a spot as there is on God's earth. Give me some land that can be worked and I, for one, won't chuck it up.'

'Now, you're foolish, for you know we have neither capital nor credit.'

'No; but I've health and two hands and I mean to make good the living the world owes me.'

By this time they had reached the place the man had spoken of as 'home' It was a two-roomed 'board' cabin, containing little besides the sawed lengths of logs used as seats, and a few tin plates and cooking necessaries. In the second room were two rough beds, a layer of aromatic brush under the sacks and coarse bedding, whereon the occupants refreshed minds and bodies alike spent. In choosing their site they had had woodman craft enough to build near the one spring to be found on that sunny hillside; but as that their skill stopped. Without skill or muscle, and without money these two city-bred Englishmen were too proud to complain of their bargain. The smooth-tongued land agent who met them on arrival in Vancouver had, within two days of the meeting, made them the possessors of one of the most unavailable tracks in British Columbia. On the third day, with their check in his pocket, the agent shook the dust of the town from his shoes and his place knew him no more.

The journey to the newly-acquired land was spent in alternately building castles in the air and in looking through the car windows at the quick succession of mountains and river, gorge and bush-lands. The young man's color came and went fitfully as he speculated on the good thing they were going to make of it; in a year's time they would have cleared many hundreds from the timber alone, and the grapes already set out ought to yield a handsome return. Secord looked at him and said nothing; but his thought was that perhaps, after all, the boy's eye was too clear, and his temples too blue, for a life of steady toil. But their hand was to the plow, and even had they so desired there was no turning back. Presently, when Secord's cap was pulled over his eyes, the conductor touched his shoulder, saying 'This is your place; your things are being put off.'

They looked at the pile of traps, at the receding train, at the grass-grown tracks, and then they looked for a sign of human habitation. There was none. Secord pulled a memorandum from his pocket.

'That brute said a fellow lived a mile down the road who would tell us all we want to know. Carry what you can and come on.'

'I say,' said Garth, 'if we weren't weighted this would be jolly—springy turf under your boots is better than eight days in a railroad car, followed by beastly wooden sidewalks in Vancouver; never know when you are going to bow too suddenly to a board that sits up to look at you. I like this air—it feels the walls of you all the way down. How high up did that land agent say we were? A good many hundred above wasn't it? And that mountain over there must be the 7,000-feet one. Little chap, after Mount Baker and the others. But I say—the lake will be in full view when we get into that opening and I call this not half bad. But there's a house, and that must be the fellow we ought to talk to.'

A few questions elicited enough information to send them three miles further on. 'Then turn t' yer right where y' see th' trees blazed, and keep right on till y' strike the clearin'; there's a sort o' shack there'll do ye until y' can build. Me an' my boy'll give v' a hand with yer things at th' track to-morra'.

After a week's discomfort of body and misery of mind to Garth, and the same length of time spent in furious smoking by Secord, they had put up or rather their neighbor had put up, with assistance from them, the shanty designated by Secord as "home" when he and Garth turned their steps inland. The story of acres set out in grapes had proven as much a myth as the rest of the agent's specious tale, and their ranch consisted of tracks of neck-high fern-brake alternating with bush. Too poor to spend many of their remaining dollars in necessaries which might be procured at the nearest town, and too proud to seek assistance from their only neighbor, they subsisted as best they might, killing what game came within reach, in season and out of season, varied by fish from the lake below.

As the months dragged wearily on Garth's cheek thinned and the blue temples were still more prominent. And then there came a time when only one ax woke the echoes of the hillside. When Secord spoke to the other his stones were gentle, but the sentences short; he could not trust himself, and, like the man, grew still more silent. But the other knew. These two needed few words, and the hourly intercourse of the last four years had riveted the tie which bound them.

The portmanteaus and boxes with which, like Englishmen, they had encumbered themselves, had been laboriously transported to their dwelling. Some were still unopened. The suits of clothing unworn were left in careful folds, because they would be needed next winter when their wearers went to Vancouver. To see a physician there was the one aim of Scord's life, but to Garth, to whom a doctor's care meant a possible cheating of death, the matter was indifferent.

As the summer days drew on, Garth left the hill to lie by the water's edge in a spot where the dews were early dried away, one arm under his head and the other hand usually holding two letters, which he seldom unfolded. In the manner common to lonely people he often talked aloud, his chief confident being the trunk of a blasted fir. Or, sitting with his back against a bowlder, he would apostrophize the highest peak across the water, lazily following with his eye the varying tints cast by sun and cloud on the range which stretched its purple length in crescent shape about the lake.

"Lucky thing, you know, that she didn't come with me. Glad I didn't write that day I meant to in Vancouver, when Beelzebub told such yarns about the grapes. I wonder if she remembers the plans we used to make, in which a vineyard always figured. She thought I was delicate! And that kind of a life would be the very thing! Poor little soul, I'm glad she can't see the piles of fir Secord gets off the grapery site. And to think that I'd touch her money. Just as soon as I can see a doctor and take some of his messes I'll be all right again; and then we'll make another start. This sort of thing is terrible hard on the poor old man, but he only says it develops his muscle. But then, he never does say anything. And it's awfully pretty here, you know; the dear little girl thinks there's no spot in the world like 'Elysian' but put a good roomy cottage, with plenty of veranda, on the sloping side of our clearing where you can see the lake and those old hills away beyond, and I'd ask nothing better. I'll have to learn how to describe scenery, and write her a regular screed. Good heavens! To think of letting her join us here! Secord says he will be able to leave this ghastly hole in October, and when we get out of it I'll be all right. Wonder what it is I have got. Good thing there's nobody about to see me muff that hill; but here goes, anyway.

When Secord returned from his chopping one evening he found Garth idly lying on the ground, and no attempt made to prepare their meal

'Oh, I say! I'm so sorry; but upon my word I forgot all about it. By the rule that the man who works ought to eat, I certainly ought not to eat if I can't work.'

'Never mind tea,' said Secord, shortly; 'where have you been? Your shirt's damp; wet, in fact.'

'Oh, I daresay,' returned the other carelessly. 'I got writing letters, and it was a bit tiring. I suppose you'll swear if I tell you I lay down in the 'Hollow.' It must have been there I got wet, but it'll dry in a minute. Come on and light up

Secord, always grave, grew graver, and busied himself that night in preparation of such comforts for the lad as their meager stores allowed. Next day Garth made light of his ailments, but the brightened eye and flaming cheeks spoke for themselves.

'Look here, old man, why don't you go up the hill—no need to stay bothering about me I'm all right, and I'll finish my letters. You'll get your tea to-night, never fear.'

The smile which accompanied the last words made Secord turn on his heel and walk off. Returning, he said:

'Smale's men are coming to-day for the pile that's ready, so I'll take a day off I shall write letters, too.'

Before resuming his, Garth took from his pocket the one of newest date to read, and re-read:

Elysian, Riversleigh, Berks.

Dearest—Just a few lines to catch this mail, for your last letter just received has made me so unhappy. I do not wonder about your dismay at all. You have lost in this unlucky purchase, but do not take it so much to heart. Remember, you have still something left, and I have plenty—and, oh, do remember above everything that I am here and only waiting that one word, 'come,' whenever you choose to say it. It has been quite a gay week, and when I write my long letter to-morrow I will give you an account of everything—papa's new hunter, and a dear new red cocker pup, and of course all about Amy's wedding, the church all ferns and marguerites, and the countess too magnificent for unspectacled eyes to look at. They have gone north for the honeymoon, and papa has lent them the 'Larches.' George had a letter by the same mail that brought yours from Tom Secord, but he has not given it to me to read—I suppose, like yourself, he grudges so much capital gone, and I know from George's manner the letter is a melancholy one. It must be such an uncomfortable place, and I do wish you were out of it. George attended to both your commissions, and you will be getting your packages soon. I hope you will like the docks, and the wee parcel that is all for your very self, and to be opened, do you hear, when you are quite alone. Papa wants me to drive him in the dog cart and he has been waiting for five minutes, so good-bye. And oh, do take care of yourself in that horrid place. Did you get that mixture, and are you wearing all the things your mother sent? God bless you, dearest, and bring me to you soon.

Ever yours fondly,
HELEN.

By the end of the week pneumonia had done its work, and there were few hours left until the labored breath should be spent.

'I say, old man,' came the well-known words, 'what's the whole—of—that thing—about passing—the—love—of women. You know—Helen—chaffed about—it—the day—we left. Tell her—I—lived long—enough—to find it—true.'

Secord walked slowly to the door, and then came as slowly back to his place at the other's side.

The failing voice went on. 'I wish—you would—write—to them both. My mother—I mean. And—get out—of this. It's confounded—pride—that's kept you—here—so long I'm twice—as glad—Helen—didn't come. Can't I—sit—straighter—there's a—thing in—my chest—'

A few more gasping struggles and Secord laid on the bed, all that was left of what he had loved best in the world.

Leaning on his pick, he stood a moment to look at the result of his last hour's work; then shouldered his tools, and went toward the house. On the doorstep he paused, and went back again.

'I'm out of boards, and they must be got. I can get them at Wilson's, and be back by daybreak.'

Softly closing the door as he passed it, he struck into the trail, walking as if nothing but speed could elude the thoughts which pursued him The unlocked door of the shack reached, heavy breathing guided him to where its owner lay. Secord stirred him with his foot, and the man sat up.

'I want some boards. As many as I can carry. And paint. Have you any white?'

'Why, now, that's lucky,' was the goodnatured reply, after Wilson had relieved himself of a prodigious yawn. 'I was in the town last Tuesday, and me and my boy brought back a heap of things. How's the young fellow? You don't say! By the sound of you I guess it's ended. Here's yer paint, and I'll give y' hand with the lumber. Bein' neighbors, it's only fair I'd see y' through th' business.'

'Thanks; I will be glad of your help for a couple of miles, but you need not come all the way. Don't think I am ungrateful.'

'Oh, it's all right. I know you were that set on each other.'

In silence they shouldered their loads, and, still silent, parted two hours later. With his unlighted pipe in his mouth, Secord measured and sawed, fitted and hammered, until his work was done. Grimly surveying it for a moment, he turned to two boards which he made into a rude cross, and, seated on the doorstep, began to cut into the cross piece the legend:

'Gerald Garth, of London, died August 189—, aged 26.'

He stopped to pick up his pipe from the ground: the mouth piece snapped by his teeth.

'Perhaps South Kensington won't be satisfied with these decorations. Curse them! Why did they leave him here?'

Planting his cross at the western end of the hole and heavily stamping the soft earth at its base, he took the paint pot and reverently, gently, as if it were a living thing, coated it with the white paint, except where the letters were cut. Then he turned once more to the house, entered it quickly, as if afraid of his own resolution. An hour later his drawn face and bloodshot eyes stooped over a fresh-covered grave, the sun now overhead fast drying the new coat of paint.

The wagon road here lying along the water's edge stretched its shadowed length each way as far as eye could reach. The sinking sun caught on its rays the spots of fleece which hung above the lake; and across and far beyond lay purple range and shining peak. Where the road curved the clearing on the side of the knoll came into full view, but the man who, with small pack slung across his shoulder, strode on through the dust, did not turn his head.

He prays, 'Come over'—I may not follow
I cry 'Return'—but he cannot come.

Vancouver, September 10, 189—.

Dear George—After my last you will expect to hear what I have to tell you now. Gerald died three weeks ago. I left him there. Our neighbor, who is a very decent sort, has since had all belongings forwarded to me here, and I now inclose you a letter he had begun a few days before his illness; also some other letters which he always carried about with him. You must tell his mother and your sister. I find that I shall be able to reach England before the end of November, when I shall at once go to see Helen The rest of his things I shall have with me, and if the South Kensington people want to see me, they will have to come to me.

Yours,
T. R. SECORD.

At Elysian a girl whose sapphire eyes have taken on a graver look goes about among her poor with greater regularity than before The evenings not devoted to her father are given to night classes, the number of her charities has increased, and her Friendless Girls have found a truer friend. On her bedroom table is a case containing half a dozen letters; two of them in her own handwriting, strapped together with a worn rubber band, and looking as if they had long been carried in a pocket

And Elysian has ceased to have its meaning.

Dyspepsia, the root of innumerable evils, is readily cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Judge (abruptly) One dollar. Vargrant (philosophically)—Ye'll never know yer honer, de real value uv a dollar till yer try ter get it out uv me.

Arouse the faculties, stimulate the circulation, purify the blood, with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

First Fair One—Congratulate me dear Mr Spootkins proposed to me and I have accepted him. Second Fair One—Congratulate me, dear. Mr. Spootkins proposed to me and I refused him.

Word comes from all quarters that the neatest and most satisfactory dye for coloring the beard a brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Congressman (repairing his fences)—And don't forget, my friends, that during the last session of Congress I was always on the move trying to save the country.

Voice—What did yer move?

Congressman—I moved to adjournsir, ninety-seven distinct times.

Magistrate (to witness)—I understand that you overheard the quarrel between this defendent and his wife?

Witness—Yis, sor.

Magistrate—Tell the court, if you can what he seemed to be doing.

Witness—He seemed to be doin' the listenin'.

Niece—Did you see the obelisk in Central park?

Uncle Abner—Yes. I seen all the animals.

Good Things to eat are still better when made with COTTOLENE for they are FREE from GREASE and are easily digested. For Frying, Shortening, and all cooking purposes COTTOLENE is better and purer than lard.

Made only by The N. K. Fairbank Company, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.

A recent discovery by an old physician. *Successfully used monthly by thousands of Ladies.* Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for **Cook's Cotton Root Compound**, *take no substitute*, or inclose $1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address **The Cook Company,** Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Sackville by Amasa Dixon and in Amherst by R. C. Fuller & Co., Druggists.

VERY FEW OF THEM LEFT.

Old-Time Plantation Darkies Almost as Rare as Black Swans.

One sees but little of the old-time southern plantation darkies nowadays. The reason is a good one—there are but few to be seen. The passing of the old southern body servant might serve as a theme for an interesting volume, so mysterious and so silent the march of the great throng of them to that bourne from whence no traveler ever returns. Nothing is said of them. They are not creatures of importance one would think, and their obituaries are never left after them in the public prints to tell people of the great work-a-day world that the poor old slaves of the past are dead and gone. Thus for more than twenty five years the race of genuine old-fashioned plantation darkies has been playing out in Dixie, and they have been "layin' down de shovel and de hoe" in very truth.

Few of them are left—just a few—and they are to be found only on the large wilderness plantations of the extreme south. Here and there throughout the State of Georgia they can be found—right where they were left after the storm of civil war had spent itself, and they had stood there around the "big 'ouse" like sentinels on the watch tower to guard the mother and little one while the father slept far away on some battle hill. The fidelity displayed in this entitles the darkies of the '60s to endless praise. There was a war going on involving their freedom, and yet they stood like a firm phalanx around the homes of the southern soldiers while they were out at war, and these black-faced knights braved death at the hands of northern hosts to save the families of the men who had gone to the front to fight for a result contrary to the darky's emancipation.

It was simply because the old fellows knew their masters were really their best friends and that they ought to stand by them. It was simply because they loved their life on the great plantations of the south, protected and upheld by their white friends and owners.

Renovating Soiled Candy.

A machine has been patented "to clean and put in eatable shape" any kind of confectionery. It is doubtful if anything could have been devised which would be more appreciated by the patrons of old confectionery women on the corners. Take your antique gumdrops, for instance, and throw them into the vibrating sieve of the machine. This sieve is concave and lined with a brush that is something between a carpet sweeper and a squirrel's tail. Running lengthwise of the sieve and having a sweeping motion is a long brush made of the finest bristles. The body of this brush is hollow, and, by means of a blow fan on top, a blast of air is forced between the bristles on the goods. There is no reason why candy should not be renovated like feather beds.—Boston Transcript.

Contains No Poison.

According to Gray, Mitchelet and Dobby, three eminent botanists, there is not a single known species of marine plant containing vegetable poisons.

Corrected.

Jasper—Girls always want to marry for love, but when they grow older they look after the money.

Jumpuppe—You express yourself very ungallantly. Women never grow older. They simply grow wiser.

An Old Trades School.

One of the oldest trades schools in the world is in Rome, where it has been in operation for over 100 years. It has 140 scholars, who, once entered, must remain until they are 19 years old.

Time to Get Over It.

Mrs. Baring—Does your husband love you?

Mrs. Gay—O Lord, no. Why, we've been married almost a year now!

Most of Them Are.

Mrs. Nuwed—Bridget, why do my dishes disappear so rapidly?

Bridget—Sure, ma'am, bekase the're breakfast dishes, I'm after thinkin'.

A SLUGGISH LIVER
CAUSES
Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Nervousness,
AND DISTURBS THE SYSTEM GENERALLY.

For all such ailments, and to impart a natural, healthy tone to the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

AYER'S PILLS
Every Dose Effective

Dolly—My father thinks you are a fool.

Cholly—(tightly)—O he only thinks so because mine does—they're such old friends, you know.

Cholly—What did she mean by saying I couldn't be any bigger donk than I was? She—I suppose she meant that you had your growth.

'My dear,' said Mrs Smith, 'the first year we were married you always had plenty of small change in your pocket.'

'Yes,' replied Smith, 'but I bank it now; the habit was too expensive.'

Nerves

REGULATE and CONTROL
the Brain
the Stomach
the Heart
the Lungs
the Muscles
the Intestines
the Liver
and Kidneys.

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

It gives new strength and vigor to Nerves, Brain, Stomach, and Blood, and all weakened organs.

All Druggists sell it. 50c. a Bottle. Six for $2.50. Mfd. only by Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd. St. John, N.B.

A Truly Wonderful Statement!

Investigate it, by Writing to the Mayor, Postmaster, any Minister or Citizen of Hartford City, Indiana.

HARTFORD CITY, Blackford County, Indiana, June 8th, 1893.

South American Medicine Co.

Gentlemen: I received a letter from you May 27th, stating that you had heard of my wonderful recovery from a spell of sickness of six years duration, through the use of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE, and asking for my testimonial. I was near thirty-five years old when I took down with nervous prostration. Our family physician treated me, but without benefitting me in the least. My nervous system seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly had very severe shaking spells. In addition to this I would have vomiting spells. During the years I lay sick, my folks had an eminent physician from Dayton, Ohio, and two from Columbus, Ohio, to come and examine me. They all said I could not live. I got to having spells like spasms, and would lie cold and stiff for a time after each. At last I lost the use of my body—could not rise from my bed or walk a step, and had to be lifted like a child. Part of the time I could read a little, and one day saw an advertisement of your medicine and concluded to try one bottle. By the time I had taken one and one-half bottles I could rise up and take a step or two by being helped, and after I had taken five bottles in all I felt real well. The shaking went away gradually, and I could eat and sleep good, and my friends could scarcely believe it was I. I am sure this medicine is the best in the world. I belive it saved my life. I give my name and address, so that if anyone doubts my statement they can write me, or our postmaster or any citizen, as all are acquainted with my case. I am now forty-one years of age, and expect to live as long as the Lord has use for me and do all the good I can in helping the suffering.

MISS ELLEN STOLTZ.

Will a remedy which can effect such a marvellous cure as the above, cure you?

For Sale by Amasa Dixon, Sackville, N. B.