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Weekly Dominion

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There is not a medicine in use today which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment...

Do You Want Furniture? If you do, call at the old stand of J. B. REED & SONS, where you can inspect an immense and comprehensive stock of Furniture...

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My Fall Stock of Cloths and Trimmings are now in. They are the finest I have ever shown and at prices that defy competition for the quality.

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Is Infallibly the Cure for Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys.

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Contracting and Building, INCLUDING THE MANUFACTURE OF Doors, Sashes, Frames, Stair Work, Mouldings, Clapboards, Sheathing, Flooring, Shingles, Laths, etc.

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MIXED PICKLES Prepared and put up at the ANNAPOLIS VALLEY VINEGAR AND PICKLE FACTORY

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Poetry.

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?" There's a storm abroad on land and sea...

Peace loath heart—sleep my doves. Safe in your snowy coats—sleep my loves.

The storm is sobbing and shuddering round. The snow lies deep on the loamy ground...

Will the angel of death heed the sign and send me to my rest—

Peace loath heart—sleep my doves. Safe in your snowy coats—sleep my loves.

Will the angel of death heed the sign and send me to my rest—

Peace loath heart—sleep my doves. Safe in your snowy coats—sleep my loves.

Select Literature.

The Mystery of Sarah Brice. BY FLORENCE HALLOWELL HOYT.

CHAPTER I. It was a bitterly cold afternoon, the day before Christmas...

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell it," said Mattie, defiantly.

"You're a little girl," said Ann, speaking for the first time, "you better keep quiet."

"I don't care," said Mattie, defiantly. "I'll tell you something mighty curious, and you'll see that I'm not a liar."

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"Yes, it is a risk," she said, in a low voice. "The Governor's wife!"

"Not this year," answered Sarah, just as she had answered Reuben Turner.

"Seems like 'most everybody in Rockford got com'plized this Christmas," Ann Starr hastened to say.

"The Governor's wife!" This would come to make a call on Mrs. Shaw. Her name was Eliza Lucas, and she lived in the city.

"Born to the purple"—whom my right? "It is on my list," said Ann, smiling.

"Will the angel of death heed the sign and send me to my rest—"

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"The window where old Ezra sat opened, and the heard him call to her in a shrill, quavering voice."

"You get back in time to get my turpentine cooked," he said.

"Sarah nodded and went on again. She met several people who spoke to her, but she looked at them with vacant eyes and made no response."

"Mr. Corey's house stood alone, almost at the end of the street. It was built of red brick and was large and substantial."

"The great, square front yard was full of smooth snow. There was not a track anywhere, but the brick walk from the front porch to the gate had been cleared."

"The servant was an airy creature from the city; she had blue ribbons on her cap and her white lawn apron was trimmed with lace."

"The Governor's wife repeated the girl's name. Then she passed a moment to recover from her surprise."

"Sarah sighed heavily, her lips quivered; she half turned away, hesitated, and then looked with an air of timid appeal at the smart servant."

"I thought I ought to be back by this time," she said. "I put off coming till now a purpose. Can—can I wait for her?"

"Well, I don't know, I'll see. The girl walked back to the door of the room from which the music came."

"The music stopped with a final bang on the piano keys, and a tall young fellow of forty years of age came out into the hall."

"Sarah's face changed as she looked at him, and her eyes filled with sad tears. He reminded her of Jim. Jim had curled in just that way, and he, too, had dark blue eyes."

"Why, of course you can wait if you want to," the young fellow said, in the cordial, kindly way that had won him many friends.

"Here, go into the library, opening a door on his left. 'When the Governor's wife comes in I'll let her know you are here, unless,' he smiled a little, 'I can attend to what you want.'"

"Sarah shook her head. 'You couldn't,' she said, 'but I'm obliged to you all the same.'"

"The library was warm and pleasant, and the four walls were well-filled bookcases. There were books on the shelves, high brackets. The furniture was of leather."

"Sarah walked gingerly to a chair by the register, anxious to dry her wet shoes. She kept looking back to see if she made any tracks on the rich carpet. She felt relieved to see none. But her eyes were very dry."

"She held her feet over the register; the warm air which came rushing up seemed to make her a little sick. She was nervous, and started at the least sound. Once she leaned her head against the back of her chair and moaned a little. But she straightened herself and tried to alter her expression to one of cheerfulness as she heard the sound of voices outside and the opening and closing of the hall door."

"She shook her head to find when someone brushed against the door of the library. Was it the Governor's wife coming in? Would she have courage to tell her why she had called to see her? And would it do any good?"

"She sat watching the door, the poor little face sharp and pallid with anxiety. But the moments passed and no one came. Presently came the sound of voices and footsteps in the adjoining room; chairs were moved, there was a clatter of china, the rattle of knives and forks. Evidently the Coreys and their guests had begun their Christmas dinner."

"She don't want to see me, I guess," thought the poor old woman, waiting in the library; "she she thinks it would be long for long I'm kept here."

"How they all laughed and talked! How happy they all were! And she—the one who had once known Christmas joys too, sat there alone, hungry, unhappy, forgotten!"

"It seemed a long time to Sarah before the meal was over, but at last she heard those who had partaken of it leaving the dining-room, then merry voices in the hall."

"She waited, still no one came into the library; still the talking went on in the hall. She stood it as long as she could. Then in a sort of desperation she crossed the room and almost flung open the door leading into the hall."

"The lady with the sweet face and gray hair was standing at the foot of the stairway talking to the young man with the dark blue eyes. They both looked around as they heard the door open. Geoffrey said: 'By George! I meant to tell you—' Then he stopped suddenly, for the girl appeared in that haggard old face, the dumb agony of those fixed and staring eyes, appalled him."

"He stepped forward, but too late; old Sarah threw her hands out before her as if fighting against some strange darkness which encompassed her—the next moment she fell to the floor like a stone."

"The girl with the blue ribbons in her cap ran out from the dining-room, shrieked and threw her apron over her face; Mr. Corey came hastily from his little study next the conservatory, and he and Geoffrey knelt down beside the prostrate figure. 'She's dead!' cried Mr. Corey. 'Poor soul! Who was that? And how did she come here?'"

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER, AND SOLICITOR.

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"She can't be dead!" he said, with a sort of groan. "If she is, I will never forgive myself. Somebody bring the brandy. Mark's stop that screaming and call mother; she'll know what to do."

CHAPTER III. Sarah Brice was conscious of movement about her, of the sound of voices, of being rubbed; of having some hot liquid forced into her mouth. She heard someone say: "She's coming to," and someone else answered: "I told you she wasn't dead." Then came silence, oblivion.

"When she regained full consciousness she discovered that she was lying on a soft bed in a pleasant room; there was lace on the pillow case which surrounded the pillow on which she had rested; over her was a pale pink satin quilt, and a white cloth worked in pink flowers covered the little stand by her bedside."

"She felt dazed and bewildered; she didn't remember what had happened until her eyes fell upon a crayon portrait which hung just opposite the bed. It was that of the young man with the dark blue eyes. Then Sarah knew where she was, and she started up weakly, frightened at the thought of all the trouble she must have given."

"Ah, so you are awake," said the girl with the blue ribbons in her cap, coming forward from the window. "I've been feeling all right now, ain't you?" "I guess so," answered Sarah, turning down with a reverent hand the pretty pink quilt. "I hope I ain't worried you much."

"The girl yawned. "I've all thought you was dead," she rejoined. "I guess it was only being hungry made you fall over."

"About two hours. It's five o'clock."

"Yes, I guess you'd better have some tea. I'll get you some. Mrs. Corey said I was to let her know, too, when you waked up."

"No, I don't want to see Mrs. Corey; I want to see the Governor's wife."

"Oh, she's gone," said Mattie, cheerfully. "She had to take the four o'clock train. Mr. Geoffrey drove her home; he's just got back," and then, as she saw how sad and haggard the old face grew in an instant, she added: "Won't Mrs. Corey just come in?"

"Sarah shook her head; she couldn't trust herself to speak just then. She had slipped off the bed and was pinning around her the rusty old shawl. She had already put on her shoes."

"When she descended to the lower hall she met Mrs. Corey. "Are you going?" asked the lawyer's wife. "Do you feel able to walk? I fear you are not in your good luck."

"I'm not to be about, generally, ma'am. I thank you kindly for all you've done for me. I didn't go to faint 'n'—"

"You haven't given me the little trouble in the world," Mrs. Corey interrupted. "Geoffrey—my son—was with you, either to blame. He forgot entirely that you were in the library. It was a shame to keep you waiting so long; no wonder you feel faint. You must let me give you a cup of tea and some Christmas dinner before you go."

"I don't want any dinner, ma'am. I'm obliged to you all the same, but I'm hungry to get home. I've left my father there all alone, 'n' he frets when I'm long away. I ain't had a Christmas dinner—what you'll call Christmas—for nine years. I won't miss it."

"Would you like me when I'm writing to the Governor's wife to send any message for you?"

"No'm. I ain't s'ning' I'd want see down in writin'; I'm obliged to you, though."

"Mrs. Corey had to let her go. She watched her as she walked to the front gate, a poor, drooping, shabby little figure. She walked weakly; she staggered a little, but she went on."

"I believe the poor old creature is half starved," Mrs. Corey said to Geoffrey, who had come behind her and was looking over her shoulder. "Why didn't you make her eat something then?"

"She wouldn't." "I wonder what she wanted. Did she say?"

"No, and I didn't like to press her confidence. Poor old soul! there is something about her that commands respect, she must have better days."

"She has. I asked about her at Curd's store on the way home from the depot just now. Curd says she lives in a little house at the other end of Main Street, with an old father who is childish. Her husband went away for some years, and she was left alone, and it was found that he was insolvent. She has had to support herself and the old man by working at anything she could get. Curd says she has a son who is doing well in the city, but he never even writes her. Of course he doesn't help her, it's an everlasting shame!"

"Mrs. Corey smiled up at his handsome son. "You have a good heart, Geoffrey," she said, tenderly. "Not many young men would take an interest in a forlorn old woman with an imbecile father."

To be continued.

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Long before it was placed before the public at large it became a household treasure in the houses of the citizens of St. John. This remedy soothes and heals the irritated organs of the throat and chest and effects a complete cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza and like affections. It removes looseness of stool, and is therefore a great boon to public speakers and singers. Children love it and many an anxious mother has it as a private pill when the little ones are racked with a distressing cough. Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry is made up of all drugs and dealers at 25 and 50 cent bottles, and is manufactured only by H. W. Crocker, M.D., St. John, N.S., and New York City.

Three times as many American horses have been sold in England since we were called for in 1894, and their average price at the ports of shipment has been \$155. They are used chiefly for draft in London. There is a future for horses that are fine sires and are fitted to commercial and military uses. Had I secured the remedy which I have contracted, it would have saved me months of pain and suffering. If you suffer from rheumatism or neuralgia, do not delay, but get Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry now. It will relieve in a few hours and cure radically in a few days. Sold everywhere.

A New Hamburg Citizen Released From Four Months Imprisonment. Mr. John Koch, hotel keeper, New Hamburg, Ont.: "I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. The last attack commenced last October, and kept me in the hospital four months, when two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure completely cured me. Had I secured the remedy which I have contracted, it would have saved me months of pain and suffering. If you suffer from rheumatism or neuralgia, do not delay, but get Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry now. It will relieve in a few hours and cure radically in a few days. Sold everywhere."