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Berry's Meat Market.

Sir Charles, Jr.

Notice is hereby given to all who may be interested, that Wm McWhirter of New Richmond will have a trotting stallion stand in Gaspe Basin and vicinity during the coming season. This horse is Sir Charles Jr. dapple grey, 16½ hands, weighing 1140 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 Du thman 2.35 Sire of flying Dutchman is Black Dutchman, who also sired the following trotters—Lady Kildare, 2.28 Lady Fleetwood, 2.30 Lady Dutchman, 2.42 Hunter, 2.28 Wm Wallace, ½ mile in 1.03½.

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—Mantling Charta, sired Sir Charles Dam of Sir Charles was Lady Messenger, who was also Dam of Crown Prince, 2.15; and Crown Princess, 2.18.

For prices and particulars apply to the groom, Archie Gall 33-2m. Douglastown, P. Q.

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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 unsold 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 a few months for a rest.

Edward Levesque Jeweller Campbellton June 2nd 1904 3mos.

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."

At length she tried to think what she had better do to hide herself from the kindly inquiring eyes of her step-mother. She could think of nothing more original than the in-exhaustible excuse—headache, but it would not do to lie down in the safe solitude of her own room. No, she dared not so indulge herself. She would go out and shop. There was plenty to do in that way. She rang, and called for the ever-ready Watson, and explained that she thought the air would do her good, and sallied forth, leaving a message for Mrs. L'Estrange to the effect that Mr. Winton had called and could not come to tea.

It was dusk when she returned, feeling utterly worn out. "My dear Nora," cried her step-mother, "here is a letter from Mr. Marsden. I wonder what he would say if he knew that you had let the beautiful ring he gave you drop and had not taken the trouble to pick it up?"

"Did I?" with a bewildered look. "Yes! Dear Ned said as she came in. It is fortunate she is so light."

"Ah! my fraulein, it is not a good omen!" cried the little German governess. "Oh! we must not talk of omens! How did Bea behave at the dentist's, Helen?"

"Like a little heroine!" cried Mrs. L'Estrange proudly. "And she has chosen a proportionate reward—a monstrous Noah's ark, with the most accurately correct animals ever made out of wool, and fur and papier-mache. But, Nora, were you wise to go out?"

"Yes, quite. My head ached fearfully, now it is better."

"It may be, but you look wretched. I do not know what Mr. Marsden will say to me when he comes back. I wish you would read his letter. I am anxious to hear what Lady Dorrington says."

"Nothing very pleasant, I fear," said Nora, with a sigh. "Why couldn't Mr. Winton come this afternoon?"

"Oh! he was obliged to go somewhere else. I imagine he is going away to see his uncle to-morrow."

Marsden had braced himself up for a stormy interview with his sister. After carefully reviewing his position, and assuring himself there was no flaw in his armor, that the accounts of his trusteeship were in perfect order, he determined to announce his intended marriage to the world.

The first person to be informed was Lady Dorrington. That done, there was nothing more to fear. He did not reach Chelworth till just in time to dress for dinner. There were one or two country neighbors to share the repast, and the conversation Lady Dorrington wished to have with her brother was postponed till the next morning.

Marsden observed that his sister looked very grave and portentous; but that in no way dampened his spirit or lessened his efforts to amuse and interest his sister's guests, which were peculiarly successful. He listened with lively attention to the details Lady Dorrington poured forth respecting Mrs. Ruthven's sufferings and tedious recovery. She feared that the poor invalid would scarcely be able to see him. Marsden begged she might not be asked to do anything not quite agreeable to her.

"It is no question of what is agreeable," said Lady Dorrington severely. "It is of what will be safest for Mrs. Ruthven. You cannot imagine the weakness to which she is reduced. Any relapse now would be fatal. She is anxious to go away to the south of France, or the Riviera, but I trust she will not go alone."

"No; she had much better get some pleasant companion. You will find her one, I dare say. You always have such a supply of admirable persons of hand fitted to fill every possible position."

Lady Dorrington darted an angry, warning glance at her brother, and addressed him no more that evening.

When breakfast was over next morning, as the frost was too hard for hunting, Marsden sauntered into the billiard-room, and was knocking the billiard-balls about by himself, when the inevitable message reached him:

"My lady would be glad to see you, sir, in the boudoir."

"I have been waiting for you this half hour, Clifford," said the lady, sitting up in bed. "So sorry, I did not like to intrude on you till you sent for me. I have returned, coming up to the billiard room, and leaning easily against the mantelpiece. Do you know you are looking wonderfully well, in spite of your nursing worries?"

"My looks are of small consequence," said Lady Dorrington, sternly. "I want some serious conversation with you, Clifford; your conduct is very unaccountable and unfeeling. What, may I ask, is your motive for staying in town all this time?"

"Oh, because—because I like it."

"There is something more than that—or rather there is some strong attraction—which I do not understand, to keep you in London! Pray, has it anything to do with Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora?"

"They are very agreeable relatives, and I see a good deal of them," returned Marsden, in a lazy, indifferent way, most irritating to his sister.

"Why, Clifford, you surely would not be so unprincipled as to delude Nora, your own cousin, with the notion that you are in love with her, and you could not be so insane as to think of marrying her? I shall certainly warn Mrs. L'Estrange against you; you are too regardless of everything except your own amusement."

"In this case, I have thought more of my own happiness."

"What do you mean?" in a tone of alarm. "Do you mean to say you have taken one of your wild fancies to poor, dear Nora?"

"I do; and what is more, I have persuaded 'poor, dear Nora' to take me for this purpose."

"Good God!" cried Lady Dorrington. She sat a moment staring at him in silence, as if dazed. Marsden was quite unmoved. Clifford, gasped Lady Dorrington at last. "Your conduct is most dishonorable toward Mrs. Ruthven."

"How do you make that out?" "When she was at Evesleigh, every one thought, judging from your manner—your attentions—that you were engaged."

"Then every one was mistaken."

"I, myself, believed that you were determined to marry Mrs. Ruthven."

"Why? Because I flirted with her?"

"Don't you understand that she is the sort of a woman to whom the end and aim of existence is to flirt?"

"You will be sick of her, and wonder how she could have been so foolish, however true, for service, however kindly, if you did not offer her homage of overt flirtation. I never intend to marry Mrs. Ruthven."

"Then you have behaved abominably, and just the sort of your own interests. Nora L'Estrange has nothing, or next to nothing."

"She has nothing you really want; she is a mere distant relative, a nobody, before six months are over, you will be sick of her, and wonder how she could have been so foolish, however true, for service, however kindly, if you did not offer her homage of overt flirtation. I never intend to marry Mrs. Ruthven."

"Do be advised by me, Clifford! Break off with Nora L'Estrange; she can not care much about you in so short a time; she is reasonable and unselfish; she would not like to condemn you and herself to the horrible fate of becoming pauper gentry."

"I protest you drive me to my wit's end; you will disgrace yourself forever you do. I assure you you have contrived to impress Mrs. Ruthven with a conviction that you intended to marry her."

"I cannot help her being highly imaginative, can I?" asked Clifford quite unmoved. "I never said and certainly never meant to do so."

"Hesitation! Good heavens!" ejaculated Lady Dorrington. "As to poverty, 'well, we shall not starve. I have almost come to an arrangement to let Evesleigh, with the shooting, etc., for five hundred per annum; that will help to keep the wolf from the door, eh? sister mine? Then, after a few years' wandering in pleasant places, I shall return a free man, and hold high revels in the hall of my fathers."

"Let Evesleigh!" said Lady Dorrington, aghast, as if this was the lowest depth.

"Yes! Nora quite approves," continued Marsden solemnly. "She is prudent, and very resolute for so youthful and charming a wood nymph. She will reform me, and my estate, depend upon it."

"And what—what am I to say to Mrs. Ruthven?" cried Lady Dorrington, pressing her large white hands together.

"Whatever occurs to you," said Marsden politely. "Only that you require no hints from me, I would suggest your telling the story, as fact, as a matter of ordinary gossip."

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"now can you be so unfeeling, so shameless?" exclaimed his sister, her eyes sparkling with indignation. "I would not answer for the consequences, were she told too suddenly of your treachery. I dare not face her with the knowledge of your base desertion in my heart. Do you know that she is worth two hundred thousand pounds, if not more?"

"Two hundred thousand!" repeated Marsden, slowly. "What a delightful rhythm there is in those words. Yes, my dear sister, no one knows better than myself her financial position. She is not quite so rich as that, but I confess, I wish her fortune were Nora's; still, I dare say we shall manage an immense amount of enjoyment without it."

"Clifford!" exclaimed Lady Dorrington, rising in her wrath. "You have not the ordinary gentleman's sense of honor, you have not the faintest regard for duty or justice, you are a slave to the grossest selfishness, regardless of everything except your own pleasure and self-indulgence; you are weak beyond what I should have expected, for you must have yielded your better judgment to Nora's wish, for I never will believe that she did not try to attract you."

Marsden laughed. "You can take what view you like of the matter," he said, watching her with quiet eyes.

"Dorrington will be disgusted with you, and I quite give you up. As to Nora and Mrs. L'Estrange, I never wish to see them again. I did believe they were well-bred gentlewomen."

"Do well-bred gentlewomen never scheme?" asked Marsden innocently. "If you had any honorable instincts, I would hope to move you, continued Lady Dorrington. "As it is, I give you up, and I beg you will leave my house, where you will never again be a welcome guest."

"Very well," looking at his watch. "There is a train at three-thirty, which will suit me. I will leave hunchon and bid you very heartily farewell."

Lady Dorrington took up some letters that lay on the table before her, darted an angry, scornful look at her brother, and left the room without further speech.

Marsden's face grew graver and softer when he was alone.

"A man can't help his nature, I suppose?" he muttered to himself. "I can not look on the cant and shibboleths of society as constraining truths, and I certainly am a better man than most of my fellows. How I hate unpleasant faces! The worst of this storm in a teacup is, that Isabel will not do the civil to Nora, and Nora will worry herself about it. At any rate, I have a promise, and I feel I can trust her."

He rose, drew the writing materials to him, and quickly traced these words: "Dear Mrs. Ruthven—May I hope to see you for a few moments, as I am obliged to run to town to-morrow. I should like to see with my own eyes how you are, and shall be most desirous."

To this verbal answer was returned. "Mrs. Ruthven's compliments. She is sorry she did not feel equal to see any one but would write when able."

"Is luncheon ready?" asked Marsden, when the footman had delivered this message.

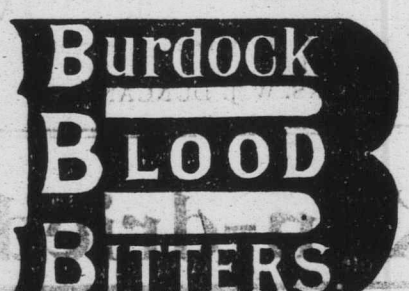
"Not yet, sir. It will not be ready for quite half an hour."

"Then you must give me something to eat first, and tell them to bring round a trap. I want to catch the three-thirty up-train at Rockingham. Send my man to me."

Lady Dorrington was in Mrs. Ruthven's room, and Lord Dorrington had gone down to the Home Farm, when Marsden set forth. So he left without leaving-taking, save from the stately butler and his satellite footmen, with whom the easy-going, open-handed, affable squire was a prime favorite.

"Tant mieux," said Marsden to himself, as he stepped up the stairs and drove off sharply. "I wonder if Mrs. Ruthven sends the battle from afar? Her message sounded warlike."

(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.

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Miguasha

The work at the wharf is advancing well and it already presents quite an attractive appearance.

Messrs Ed and William Greue, Joe Gaissey and E. Guite returned home from the drive this week well pleased with their spring's work.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence O'Neill of Mulgrave N. S. are the guests of Mrs. Jeremiah Norton at present. Mrs. Henry Quinn and Miss Buckley of Cross Point are in Miguasha.

Mr. Leo Stewart in company with his sister Miss Edith Stewart and Miss Troy of Dalhousie spent Sunday among friends in Miguasha.

The salmon fishermen have their nets out. As yet they have not caught many salmon.

We are glad to hear that Mr. James Caissey who sprained his arm lately is improving rapidly.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists. Price 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Nouvelle

very muddy in our vicinity are the roads and the farmers are all backward putting in their crops on account of the heavy rain which we have had of late.

Mr. James Furlotte of Caplin, agent for the Singer Manufacturing Co is among friends here.

Quite a number of young men arrived home this week from the drive.

Mr. Octave LeBlanc and son of Carleton are employed by the Rev. Father Drapeau in the erection of a verandah to his Presbytery.

Mr. Alexis Levesque of Eel River Crossing spent Sunday among friends here.

Dr. DuChene left by train Saturday for a short visit among friends in Fscuminae.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lavoie are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a boy stranger to their home.

Mr. E. Loubert left Monday for some time visiting her daughters.

Salmon Beach

We had two dry days and the third promises fair and the farmers have taken fresh courage and they think there may yet be a seed time for them.

Mr. Hela Buttmer spent Friday in Jacques River.

Mr. Ross a resident of Youghall for a number of years has sold his estate and is now living with his daughter Mrs. Wallace Ronalds of Bass River.

The Deer Island Notes were very interesting. Write again Richard your many friends here will be pleased to see more notes.

Grand Pabos

Mrs. Goulet left last Thursday for Bonaventure called by the serious illness of her daughter Mrs. Poirier.

Mrs. Daniel Murray of Campbellton is visiting friends and relatives in town. Her many friends are pleased to see her again.

Miss Fliza McKinney was home from Gaston last week.

Mr. Pat and Jenni Pauley of Newport are in town calling on friends.

What is the matter with our Port Daniel Correspondent is he sick or busy gardening.

Nellie McKinney was home from New Port last Sunday.

Mr. James Dea of Port Daniel passed through here enroute for Gaspe this week.

Mr. G. Myles and sisters intends moving to the river side week where they will open their pretty home for summer tourists.

Inkerman

Farmers can do nothing but scratch their head and hope for fine weather.

Mr. Gustave L. Robichaud has been appointed assistant to Fishery Overseer, Mr. W. C. Robichaud and rumor says he is on duty each night.

Although the water must be very cold for digging clams we notice quite a few being hauled to A. & R. Loggie's.

Herring have been a good catch as usual.

Salmon and lobsters are as yet very scarce.

Mr. M. Boudreau is finishing up his job on the bridge and it is looking fine.

Mr. Wm Walsh of Pokemouche has been appointed supervisor and I am told is doing some very timely work in bad places.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.



The Granger Condition Powders

The only Powder that has stood the test of quality.

Cure Stoppage, Swelled Legs, Bad Blood, Horse Ail, Cough, Thick Water, A Blood Tonic and Purifier. At all dealers. Price 25 cts.

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A trial order will convince you.

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LOOK AT OUR NEW STOCK

We want every man who owns a horse to examine our Collars. Give us a Call

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FROST & WOOD CO.

Just arrived one car-load Buggies, either rubber or steel tires, Truck wagons, single and double; Cart wheels and axles, Express Wagons, Farm implements of every description from a Harrow to a Binder or Thresher. Prices right. Terms to suit the purchaser