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Screen Windows
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We have a very large assortment of the above articles and will invite your inspection. Our prices are right.

Westman Bros. HARDWARE MERCHANTS
Opposite Bank of Montreal

LOVE'S SILENCE.

Why am I mute, you ask,
As at my feet I look
Under slow and silent moon?
Is it that love has flown?
Have I of you, sweet, grown
Weary so soon?

Why are the crickets mute?
Why are the birds and the
Where is the song of the bird?
Drooping each brook and rill;
Nature is silent, still,
Sighing for words.

When soul and heart are full,
Words are but pale and dull;
Earth teaches silence to us
Beneath the lips, sweetheart,
Let my soul speak, in part,
Thus—love—and thus!

—Town Topics.

A CANNIBAL KING.

Jim threw another log on the campfire, and the blazing circle of light grew to its old dimensions. We could see the stars dodging back and forth behind the tops of the pines, and the lone coyote which had a monopoly of noises down the gulch was indulging us with a temporary rest. The patriarch occupied the seat of honor, and the rest of us were ranged on a tree trunk.

The patriarch looked at me. "I'll do you the favor," he said, "of filling my pipe with your tobacco. Speak in sea yarns, that story of Jim's about the iceberg that hunted in pairs, keeps a keen lookout, and makes me think of without a browse, while the polar bears sit by and laughed, was too good, and the one you told about the thing that could stand on its head on the floor of the ocean and flap the face of heaven with its tail was purty fair—yes, purty fair. But they were just yarns, plain yarns, neatly untraveled, and that makes me think of what old Absalom Briggs used to say, 'Always tell the truth, my lad, if you're a master smart hand at it.'"

"Absalom had a distant relative—he lived in Nantucket, and his brother was anchored in Jamaica Bay, who brought him a message from queer shells to queer money. His brother was a smart man, nigh as smart as Absalom himself, and he might have lived to be a great one if they had given him plenty of rope. As it was he was a little too high strung to make a success of life. It's queer how the furriners acquire all of our improvements, even the art of lynchin' and the art of hanging. Absalom was master and sole proprietor of the good old tradin' brig Keep Mum. They were two of a kind, Absalom and the brig. Absalom wore a suit of sea cloth, that hung on him like a sail wrapped around a windmill, and the brig was all right if she was only as black as she was painted, for she needed spruce up badly. But they were both hard to beat in their deceptive lines. I reckon. The Keep Mum was one of the best of her kind that ever faded out of sight of a revenue cutter, and Absalom was a little right on the right on the tricks of his trade. He was a quiet kind of man, though he had a good command of language, resulting from hard study of circus posters when he was a lad, and the Keep Mum sailed so stilly that the wind couldn't whistle through her rigging even.

Now, Absalom was a temperance man from principle and interest, though he wasn't particularly religious, and worshiped nothing, so far as I know, except sayin' in his banks. Never taste the intoxicatin' cup, young man, he used to say. "You might miss a chance to make a dollar." But just the same, after his brother came aboard at the end of my first trip to Kingston, bringin' with him a mysterious air, kind of strongly scented—Absalom loaded the Keep Mum with the rum. And such rum! In barrels, with rusted hoops and corkscrews clung to his ribs, and when it came on board, the pirates that hid it a century before stored nothing weak, and every year added to its strength. Our second mate, who was a smart, nigh as smart as Absalom himself, and he might have lived to be a great one if they had given him plenty of rope. As it was he was a little too high strung to make a success of life. It's queer how the furriners acquire all of our improvements, even the art of lynchin' and the art of hanging. Absalom was master and sole proprietor of the good old tradin' brig Keep Mum. They were two of a kind, Absalom and the brig. Absalom wore a suit of sea cloth, that hung on him like a sail wrapped around a windmill, and the brig was all right if she was only as black as she was painted, for she needed spruce up badly. But they were both hard to beat in their deceptive lines. I reckon. The Keep Mum was one of the best of her kind that ever faded out of sight of a revenue cutter, and Absalom was a little right on the right on the tricks of his trade. He was a quiet kind of man, though he had a good command of language, resulting from hard study of circus posters when he was a lad, and the Keep Mum sailed so stilly that the wind couldn't whistle through her rigging even.

"Absalom was a man who glanced over newspapers from curiosity and read true journals for profit. So I knew something extremely uncommon was up when he spent a whole forenoon porin over a newspaper, with his elbows on the table and his fingers clutched in his hair, and when I heard him chuckle I was interested. Absalom Briggs never wasted a chuckle. I heard him say as he went out of the cabin, 'They're strong in the body, but weak in the head.'"

"Of course I picked up the paper. It told the story of an awful tribe of cannibals who resided on the west coast of Africa. It seemed they were the English boat bunks stevedores, for all the missionaries who went there were invariably taken in. Then the queen of England sent down a gunboat, and the captain of the English boat that went sailing by to see them savages a-sittin on the rocks and sunnin themselves, dressed in British naval uniforms and saracenic smiles. And the foreign secretary had taken to his bed, so the paper said.

"We sail for London tomorrow," said Absalom Briggs, who was standing in the doorway with his hands in his pockets. All the information you ever got out of Absalom about his business was volunteered, so I saved my breath by asking no questions. We sailed with fair weather and a good breeze. All the way over Absalom didn't do anything but walk the deck with his hands in his pockets and a commercial expression on his face. Did I tell you that we didn't unload that rum?"

"We reached London, and Absalom put on his best store suit to go up to see the foreign secretary. He put one leg of his trousers outside his belt, and one inside, and I don't know, says he, 'how the furriners acquire all of our improvements, even the art of lynchin' and the art of hanging. Absalom was master and sole proprietor of the good old tradin' brig Keep Mum. They were two of a kind, Absalom and the brig. Absalom wore a suit of sea cloth, that hung on him like a sail wrapped around a windmill, and the brig was all right if she was only as black as she was painted, for she needed spruce up badly. But they were both hard to beat in their deceptive lines. I reckon. The Keep Mum was one of the best of her kind that ever faded out of sight of a revenue cutter, and Absalom was a little right on the right on the tricks of his trade. He was a quiet kind of man, though he had a good command of language, resulting from hard study of circus posters when he was a lad, and the Keep Mum sailed so stilly that the wind couldn't whistle through her rigging even.

Grover's C. Connelly, of Richmond Corners, N. B., says of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure: "I am pleased. I used Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I had it a very severe form for nearly five years. I used several so-called cures, but got no relief. None of them did me any good." One box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure completely cured me.

Ask for Mink's and take no other.

sign secretary wears his'n. You see, Absalom Briggs could carry water on both shoulders about as well as anybody. We had to pass about 20 secretaries and assistant secretaries, and every blessed one of 'em had an objection. But Absalom out-maneuvered all of them. The foreign secretary was sittin in a chair as if it had been built up around him. 'What do you want?' said he, lookin at his watch. 'Permission,' says Absalom, 'to catch Wally Bo Logn and his cannibals.' 'You have it,' said the secretary, 'and if you are successful her majesty will be pleased to extend to you her grateful thanks and gracious commendation.' And what might that combination be worth? asked Absalom Briggs. 'Ten thousand pounds,' said the secretary shortly. When we had a note to that effect, we left.

"So we sailed down the Afriky coast with a cargo part of rum and part of water. We had no firearms. 'Amunition,' said Absalom, 'cost more than I didn't understand his plan. Once before a trader had tried to do business and Wally Bo Logn at the same time with rum. But that at old chap, out the trader's first and drank his rum afterward. 'Business before pleasure,' remarked Wally Bo Logn.

"We went inshore at night by the dark of the moon, and while the heathen war drums lightened that rum to land, and then at daybreak we stood off. There, along the beach, stood larrel after larrel of rum. And every barrel had a spigot and a bright new tin cup, chained fast, for tin cups cost money, was what Absalom said.

"The heathen came down to look at the big and splendid about the chances for breakfast. The tin cups caught their eye, and then pretty soon the rum caught them. Absalom stood on the upper deck and watched them. They're strong in the body, but weak in the head. Then he went down below and read his 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Guide to Wealth.'

"In the afternoon Absalom Briggs surveyed the scene again. He seemed kind of pleased. And finally, when Wally Bo Logn got his marine cap jammed down over his eyes and his lieutenant's sword tangled up with his hand as down to unman himself, Absalom ordered out the boats. 'Take care of all of them that can't take care of themselves,' kindly said he. By nightfall we had all the heathen carefully stowed below.

"These are your instructions: Keep the brig out of sight of land until further notice. And then Absalom went back to his Guide to Wealth.

"We sailed up, and we sailed down. We tacked this way and that and roamed about at our own free will. One more order, said Absalom, 'All you need give the savages is plenty of water and rum to play. No rum,' he added, absently, 'for rum costs money.' And then I heard him chuckle again and say, 'They're strong in the body, though weak in the head.'

"Well, we went on a sailin, and Absalom recruited me just once more. 'What do you know about 'ritical retrogression'?' he asked me. I was young in those days—almost young enough to know everything—and, havin the cannibals on my mind, I answered up smartly. 'The water is a little brackish, but the harbor is fair, and there are plenty of palms. It hadn't any inhabitants the last time I was there.' 'Never mind,' he said, 'if you take '60 and divide it in two, and then every four days cut your fingers down one-half, how long'll it be until you have only one? Bein a little weak on fingers, I said nothin' and then he fell to clippin'.

"After that Absalom didn't seem to take any interest in our cargo. He usually staid in the cabin and read. And the Keep Mum kept sailin, sometimes toward the tropics and sometimes toward the pole. 'It didn't seem to make any difference to Absalom whether her canvas, from sky-rails to courses, was spread to a spanking breeze or flapped idly in a dead calm.

"But finally one day, after he had held a deep consultation with the almanac, our course was laid for London. The morning we went up the Thames Absalom's interest in our cargo came to life. He lifted up the hatch, looked like, and after a bit Wally Bo Logn's black head appeared. 'Now, though I'm with you and of mission-aries, Mr. Bo Logn could speak English. 'We're goin ashore,' said Absalom. 'Yes, replied Absalom, and Wally added his head. So we disguised him with a linen duster that fitted him rather soon and added some other old clothes by way of adornment. Then up went we to the foreign secretary. Between you and me, he's a better man to do business with than the lord high admiral, not havin so many titles. The first I want to see is the foreign secretary, with his nose tilted skyward. 'We've business with the secretary,' said Absalom. 'And what might your business be?' said his highness, with considerable scorn. 'We're goin ashore,' said Absalom. 'And where are the rest of the tribe?' asked the secretary impatiently.

"Then Absalom drew himself up to his full height and made his best, best bow. 'They're strong in the body, though weak in the head. They're in him,' said Absalom Briggs.

Just then the waiter at the cookhouse scolded his chest from supper call, and the patriarch rose stiffly, scraping his pipe. 'It's supper time, boys,' he said. London Sun.

Bed Sores.
Bed sores are likely to occur in the patient who is aged, paralyzed, debilitated or suffering from fever, particularly continued fever, like typhoid. In short, their formation is liable in all cases where the blood is vitiated or its circulation retarded and the constitutional powers reduced. Pressure, uncleanliness, and moisture hasten their appearance.

To prevent them keep the patient clean and dry, changing his position whenever practicable. Keeping the feet warm secures circulation. Keep the under areas free from wrinkles and crumbs. Remove pressure from prominent parts by using air cushions or like appliances.

Soap plaster is sometimes applied to exposed portions, or bathing with bay rum, whisky, witch hazel, camphor or vinegar, etc., but the best way is to strengthen the skin's resistance by bathing with alcohol, pure, or with the addition of two grains of bichloride of mercury to each ounce. Keep the bottle handy and bathe often, whenever opportunity offers. This treatment hardens the skin and promotes circulation and should be commenced at the beginning of illness, before the skin is even reddened.—New York Ledger.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.—Jeremy Taylor.

Negligence is the rust of the soul that corrodes through all her best resources.—Folger.

Truth is a mighty instrument, what-soever hand may wield it.—Rev. J. Child.

The Fountain of Youth.



We all remember the story of Ponce de Leon seeking the fountain of eternal youth; and we all sympathize with him in his search. Youth means so much. It means more than life—for sometimes life becomes a weariness. But youth—with its bounding health and vigor, elastic step, glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes—we all covet genuine youth. The weakness or disease which ages people before their time, is not the result of accumulated years; it is the effect of wrong living and unhealthy blood. When the blood is pure and fresh the body will be full of youth.

Thousands of people who seemed to have lost their youth by disease and suffering have found it again through the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the most perfectly natural and scientific rejuvenator. It gives the blood-making organs power to make new blood, full of the life-giving red corpuscles which drive out disease, build up fresh tissue, solid muscular flesh and healthy nerve force. It does not make flabby fat like cod liver oil. On this account, it is a perfect tonic for corpulent people.

It aids digestion and the natural action of the liver, and by feeding the nerves with highly vitalized blood banishes nervousness, neuritis and insomnia. Where a constipated condition exists, the "Discovery" should be used in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are the most perfect, mild and natural laxative in the world. There is nothing else just so good. There is nothing that will do the work so thoroughly, surely and comfortably.

Aids digestion wonderfully Adams' Tutti Frutti.

Save coupons inside of wrappers for latest Books and Prizes. Some dealers try to palm off imitations on which they make more profit.

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FOR WEAK PEOPLE.

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FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

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FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

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W. PHILP.

Organist and Choirmaster Park Street Methodist Church, Director of the Chatham City Band and Philharmonic Society and McKenough School, Director of Band. Organ, piano, violin taught on modern lines. Harmony specially, also teach mandolin, guitar, banjo and all orchestral instruments. For terms apply at residence, Pitt street, N. B. Instruments for intending purchase selected without charge.

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Cures Guaranteed or No Pay

YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED MEN—You may have been the victim of self abuse when young. Later excessive or exposure to blood disease may have complicated the work. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. You dread the future. You know you are not a man mentally and sexually. Why not be cured in time and avoid the sad experience of others of these diseases. Our NEW METHOD does not fail. CURE YOU AFTER ALL ELSE FAILS.

Emissions, Varicocele and Syphilis Cured

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CURED

Before Treatment After Treatment

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