

"I heartily recommend Patten's Emulsion to all who are suffering from Affections of the Throat and Lungs, and I am certain that for Wanting Diseases Nothing Superior to it can be obtained."

"I have been suffering from Pulmonary Disease for the last five years. About two years ago, during an acute period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try Patten's Emulsion. I did so with the most gratifying results. My sufferings were speedily alleviated, my cough diminished, my appetite improved. I sold several pounds to my weight in a short time and began to recover strength. This process continued until I felt, which had been a misery to me, become more a pleasure. Since then Patten's Emulsion has been my only medicine. As one who has fully tested its worth, I hereby recommend it to all who are suffering from affections of the Lungs and Throat, and I am certain that for any form of wasting disease, nothing superior can be obtained."—Robert H. J. Emerson.

Sackville, N. S., Aug. 1889.
Barnes Bros. & Co., Halifax, N. S.

"The numbers of *The Living Age* for the week ending November 10, and which contain The Triple Alliance, and Italy's Place in it, *Contemporary Review*; Mrs. F. H. F. a Sketch, by W. E. Norris, Part III.; *London Magazine*; A. J. C. in Fiji, *Corall Magazine*; Sir Philip Francis, *Penguin*; Some Reminiscences of the Author of 'Jane Eyre', *Contemporary Review*; Russian Characteristics, Part II.; *Fortnightly Review*; Gibraltar a Hundred Years Ago, *Chambers Journal*; A Scholastic Island, *Newman's Magazine*; Bede-Peeth, *Saturday Review*; The Life of a Giron Stunt, *Contemporary Review*; In 1889, *Newman's Magazine*; Sir Charles Danvers, Part X.; *Temple Bar*; In the Forests of Savarre and Aragon, by the Rev. John Venn, *Fortnightly Review*; The Imperial Bank of Persia, *Contemporary Review*; The Latest Life of Steele, *Contemporary Review*; Wild Ducks and Duck Decaying, *National Review*; Madame Recamier, *Temple Bar*; Reminiscences of Jean Garat, *Newman's Magazine*; Among the Boulders, *Spectator*; and poetry and miscellany. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than \$300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$5) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Little & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

A Corrupt System.
BAD blood may corrupt the entire system and cause scrofulous sores, swellings, ulcers, salt rheum, erysipelas, sore eyes and skin diseases, as shingles, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood and cleanses, tones and strengthens the entire system.

Found at Last.
FOR many years I suffered from croup but at last found a remedy for it in Hays's Yellow Oil. I am now free from croup entirely, and recommend Yellow Oil to all others who suffer from the same disease.

MAGGIE McLEOD,
Severn Bridge, Ont.

"When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria."

FOR SALE.
EIGHT (8) Good Milk Cows at my Farm in Brimley, Ont. Apply to
LEWIS AYER,
Ship Railway Dock,
Port L'Anse-au-Loup.

FOR SALE.
THAT VALUABLE FARM AND WOOD LOT in Shomogony, formerly owned by John Ayer, with large dwelling and barn, etc. Terms easy. Possession given immediately. Apply to
D. L. HANINGTON,
Dorchester, 29th October, 1889.

Valuable Marsh for Sale.
THE Subscribers offer for Sale his Marsh Land, situated in No. 1 Body, in the Parish of Westwood, containing about eight and one-half acres of land. It is the lot of Marsh Land lying in the possession of John Freeman. For further particulars and Terms of Sale, apply to
JAMES HAWKINS, or to
MISS M. W. WATSON,
Mt. Waddy, Oct. 18, 1889.

Mill Property for Sale.
I WILL SELL my Mill Property and Farm at Cookville and about 2,000 acres of land, well timbered. The Mill is in good repair and will be sold at a Bargain. Payments easy and possession given immediately. Apply to
GEO. W. TOWSE,
Cookville, July 31, 1889.

House for Sale.
THE property on Salem Street occupied by a subscriber, consisting of a very neat and comfortable Cottage with iron roof, cellar, a never-failing well of soft water, barn, etc., and about one acre of land in good state of cultivation. Terms easy. A large portion of purchase money may remain on mortgage. Apply to
J. W. SANGSTER,
March 7th, 1889.

Public Notice.
THE Subscribers offer for Sale all that valuable Lot of New Marsh lying between the Old Dyke and the North River, enclosing the Au Lac Body and the No. 1 River. The Lot contains upwards of 35 Acres.

For Price and Terms of Sale, apply to FRANK PALMER, Solicitor.
Sackville, N. B., April 25th, 1889.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
TO be sold by Public Auction on FRI. DAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1889, in front of the Court House at Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon, and five o'clock in the afternoon:

All the Right, Title, Interest, Property, Claim and Demand of EDWARD LERETT, his personal right and right of entry, both in law and in equity, of, and in certain Lands and Premises situate in the Parish of Sheldale, in the County of Westmorland, and bounded as follows: On the North by Lands of Frank Goring, on the West by Lands of Josiah Wood, M. P., on the South by Lands of the said Josiah Wood, and on the East by Lands of Hazen Lowther, and containing one hundred and fifty acres, more or less, being the same Lot of Land conveyed to and Deed by one Eli Lerett and Fennies, his wife, to the said Edward Lerett, bearing date the thirtieth day of March, A. D. 1889, and Registered in the Westmorland County Records on the third day of April, A. D. 1889, by Number 54, and on the said M. P., as reference to the said Records will more fully appear.

Also all other Real Estate of the said Edward Lerett, whose name or name of his estate is described within my bailiwick—the County of Westmorland—the same having been seized under and to be sold by virtue of an Execution issued out of the County Court of Westmorland at the suit of Harris Chapman against the said Edward Lerett and Jacob Lerett.

Dated at Dorchester, in the County of Westmorland, August 15, 1889.

ANGUS McQUEEN,
Sheriff.

Choice Winter Apples, COARSE SALT
20 Bbls. No. 1 Labrador Herring.
Our Customers can be supplied at our Stores at Baie Verte or Port Elgin.

E. C. GOODEN & CO.
Baie Verte, Dec. 8th, 1888.

JUST RECEIVED AT T. H. GRIFINS, Amherst, N. S.

SCALES,
CONTAINING
\$800 Worth of High-Class Silverware, ALL ELEGANT GOODS.

Remember Special Sale
—AND—
Discount of 20 per Cent.
DURING THIS MONTH.

White Rose Kerosene Oil

150 CASES of this favorite Brand of Oil, received by Sch. Mary C. from New York, and for Sale by

M. WOOD & SONS,
Nov. 20th, 1888.

RAISINS.
Choice New Fruit, received & for sale by

M. WOOD & SONS,
Nov. 22nd, 88

CHILDREN Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

RHODES, CURRY & Co.,
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,
Manufacturers and Builders.

Doors, SASHES, BLINDS, WOOD, Mantels, MOULDINGS, etc.

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Materials

Send for Estimates.

Boots and Shoes!

FALL AND WINTER!

AMHERST BOOT & SHOE CO. (Retail),
MOFFAT'S BLOCK.

WE have now on exhibition a Complete Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which will be sold at prices which cannot fail to please. The Stock includes

Ladies' Skating Boots, from \$1.50 upwards,
Walking Boots, in Button and Lace,
Felt Boots and Shoes,
and Gents' Solid Comfort German Felt Slippers, sure cure for cold feet,
Ladies' and Gents' American Rubbers, 1st quality.

Also a Fine Assortment of GENTS' ENGLISH BOOTS, including the Celebrated "K" WATERPROOF BOOT. Every Pair Warranted. Do not fail to see these Goods.

Custom Work a Specialty.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY & NEATLY DONE.

Flour & Sugar. BETTER THAN EVER.

I OFFER LOW FOR CASH: Flour, Sugar, Tea, Kerosene Oil, Lard, Raisins, Currants, Soap, etc. Also, Cheese, Apples, Lobsters, and other Goods usually kept in a GROCERY STORE.

Also, another shipment just to hand of China & Crockery Ware

TEA SETS, In Great Variety.

CHAMBER SETS, In all the Latest Styles.

TEA CUPS, In Col. and Plate to match, by doz.

Dinner Plates, Soup Plates, Breakfast Plates, Tea Plates, Meat Plates, Vegetable do., and a good supply of separate pieces.

GLASS SETS, I have 10 Different Styles to select from.

China Gift Cups & Mugs. The Best and Cheapest that I ever offered. Also,

Breakfast Casters, In Silver and Majolica, Silver Teapots and Tablespoons, Knives and Forks, Kitchen Furnishing Goods of all kinds, Brushes—in Scrub, Store, Shoe & Horse, Wisp & Brooms, and lots of other articles. Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, and be convinced that I sell the Cheapest of any in Sackville.

dec. C. W. KNAPP.

APPLES, SALT, &c.

Choice Winter Apples, COARSE SALT

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(Continued from first page.)

Samson went off to report unusual delay in the kitchen. Presently the maid returned with the reply that Miss Nellie said she had a headache, and would Mr. Butterby excuse her from appearing at lunch.

Nellie with a headache! Samson stood aghast for a minute, and then coughed a little, respectful disbeliever sort of a cough. An old family "Treasure" knows a good deal, and is not easily imposed upon.

"It is impossible!" said Mr. Butterby. "Miss Nellie never has a headache. She has far too much common sense to permit any such folly."

Still, his looks were not as assured as were his words, and he rumpled his hair as was his wont in moments of perplexity. And then he stole away upstairs to Nellie's door, and turned. The door was ajar, and he heard sounds of such woe that poor Uncle Sam grew pale with dismay. What had happened? Was it possible that she had accepted Roger and that she was now wishing that she had not done so? He stooped down and spoke through the key-hole.

"Nellie," he said, "what is the matter, my pet?"

Back came the half-choked answer: "Oh, do go away, please."

He could hardly believe his ears. "This beats everything," he muttered and he returned to his luncheon in greater perplexity than before.

At last Nellie ceased to cry, and rang the bell for her maid to fetch her a cup of tea. She was worn out, and had arrived at that stage of exhaustion when her only wish was to be left alone. Her head throbbed, and her eyes were swollen and half-closed. So the news that her uncle had persuaded a friend, Mr. Capel, to remain the night with them, was not very welcome.

Presently a knock came, and the maid had left the room, she crept to the glass to see what sort of a spectacle she presented. And perhaps, though she did not know it, it was a sign of returning vigor that she should be so shame-stricken at the sight of her own face.

"What would Roger think if I saw me looking such a fright as this?" And then her lip quivered. "He would not care any longer. If I had a red nose for ever and ever, it would be all the same to him."

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"I have got a much better hand, this time. Three aces, a king, and three, four, five—oh! did you speak?"

By this time his guest was dumb with rage.

Lesbia bent over her work and tried to conceal her amusement. And Nellie, whose thoughts were far away, continued her aimless play, when there was a ring at the front door bell—her hands grew cold and her face crimson—footsteps in the hall—her hands were shaking now, and her face had grown pitifully white again. She heard her uncle and Mr. Capel wrangling over some point in the game—the footsteps approached the door—who was the butler speaking to in the corridor?—the door opened and some one came up the room until he stood behind her uncle, and opposite her, self. She heard Mr. Capel's slow, irritated:

"Surely, Butterby—"

And her uncle's triumphant rejoinder:

"I told you so, Capel, I told you so. Hearts are Trumps."

She heard Roger's quiet tones: "Yes. Hearts are Trumps."

And she looked up to find his eyes fixed upon her.

"Lesbia!" she cried, "Take my place. I am tired. I cannot play any longer." Without waiting for a reply, she sprang up and rushed from the room. Where should she go? Where hide herself? She did not care. Anywhere to be alone. The drawing room was open, and she dashed in; then fancying that she heard pursuing footsteps, she opened the window and stepped out upon the lawn.

The moonlight flooded the open spaces, while, like a dark belt, the first and beeches encircled the lawn with massive blackness. From meadow and paddock rose the shrill chirrup of countless grasshoppers; and on every side, from bush and flower, there floated forth the sweet and heavy scents of night. She stole on tiptoe across the lawn. The cool air refreshed her, and the stillness of night filled her with a sense of rest unaccustomed with wonder.

Presently, the drawing-room window was again flung open. She shrank into the shade of a fir. But, though love is said to be blind, Roger could see what he wished to see, and a few quick strides brought him to her side. She raised her head, and with a quivering, imploring gesture, and then buried her face in them.

"Nellie," he said, "are you angry that I have come back to you again?" She shook her head vehemently, but made no reply. He drew a step nearer.

"Are you going to send me away again, as you sent me away this morning?"

"No—no," her tone was so low that he could scarcely hear a word.

"Nellie," his arm crept round her waist, "Nellie, my darling! only one more question—and—don't say 'No' to this one, Nellie."

"Roger," she said shyly: "will you always be kind to me? always good to me?"

"I will do my best," he answered gravely. "A man can do no more than his best." Then a smile stole into his eyes, and he added: "Perhaps I had better say one thing now. And that is, that even if we do not always quite agree, still I cannot possibly allow my wife to dine on the deck-steps."

And Nellie said: "Oh—oh! Roger!"

The Empress who Cooks.

HOW THE FIRST LADY OF AUSTRIA RUNS A KITCHEN.