

THE SUNLIGHT WAY



RUB ON SUNLIGHT SOAP



LEAVE 30 TO 60 MINUTES



RINSE WELL

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way (follow directions).

Hard rubbing and boiling are things of the past in homes where Sunlight Soap is used as directed.

Sunlight Soap will not injure even the daintiest fabric or the hands, and the clothes will be perfectly white, woollens soft and fluffy.

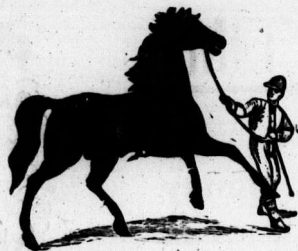
The reason for this is because Sunlight Soap is absolutely pure, contains no injurious chemicals—indeed, nothing but the active, cleansing, dirt-removing properties of soap that is nothing but soap.

5c. Buy it and follow directions 5c.

YOUR MONEY REFUNDED by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

PURE BRED CLYDESDALE STALLION



CHANCELLORS

No. 10,327, Scotch Stud Book,
No. 2,479 Can. Reg.

Foaled 5th June, 1896. Dappled brown, white stripe on face, near fore and hind legs white, stands 17 hands high, weighs 1,600 lbs., bred by Robert Davidson, of Burns Hill, Faversham, Scotland, and imported in 1900.

Chancellor is a horse of outstanding excellence, in size of feet, spring and length of pasterns, amount and quality of bone, skinness and abundance of feather, and in action and general character he embodies all that is best in Clydesdales. His weight is about 1,600 lbs., which however, is lost sight of in the ease with which he moves and the proud, dashing manner in which he carries himself. As a yearling he did not experience defeat, although exhibited in the Glasgow Agricultural Society's show and first at Aberdeen Summer Show. As will be seen, he is descended from the finest Clydesdale blood of Scotland and has proved himself one of the best and best breeding horses in the country.

Won first prize as a yearling and first as a two year old at the Highland Society before being imported.

The best judges say that he gets the best stock of any horse that was ever imported into this country, and William McPherson is one of the best judges of the best stock of any horse that was ever imported into this country. His colts have never been defeated in the ring, they got first prize at the exhibition at Fredericton in the fall of 1905. He has got the best stock of any horse that ever stood for service in this country.

CHANCELLOR, 10,327, will make the season of 1906 at the Commercial Hotel stables, York Street.

SERVICE FEES:

By the Season, \$10.00 per Sire Colt, (\$2 at time of service) \$8.00 when entire proves in foal.

BOURBON T. record 2:21; MONTROSE, record 2:23; and ISLAND SALADIN, 3:07, will stand at \$10.00 for the season. All mares at owner's risk. For further information, apply to

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Fredericton, N. B.

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Skylights, Gutters,
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Cast Iron.

Columns, Crestings, Sash
Weights, Bridge Work,
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Repairing promptly attended to by competent workmen. Estimates furnished. Satisfaction guaranteed. Correspondence solicited.

BURT'S CORNER.

BURT'S CORNER, March 6.—Mr. Wm. Banks of St. John; Mr. J. B. Akerley, of St. John; Mr. J. R. Forbes, of Annapolis, N. S., registered at the Burt's Corner Hotel on the 4th.

Mr. Harry Allen, proprietor of the Burt's Corner Hotel, contemplates opening up a butcher stall on his premises.

Mr. Elwood Burt has about installed an electric light plant in addition to his mill; the object is to do night work. He will most likely light other buildings in the town.

The parsonage in connection with the Christian Church will be erected as soon as the material is on the ground. Already quite a quantity of timber is on hand.

Mr. Geo. Boone and Mr. Charles Ingh comprise the building committee.

Fred and Frank Jones have returned to Houlton, Me., after spending a week at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Burt are receiving congratulations upon the arrival at their home of a bright little girl.

Rev. H. E. Cooke has removed to the residence of Mr. Benjamin Jones, temporarily, until the parsonage is completed.

Staples and Wilson are bustling their preparations for spring work at the brick yard.

Detective Roberts of Fredericton was in town a few days ago.

Mr. Beverley Lawrence is adding additional appliances to his new grist mill and is doing good work.

Mr. Lyman Eubar is pushing his new dwelling to completion.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fleming are also receiving congratulations upon the arrival at their home of a fine bright boy.

Mr. John R. Staples is home again after an absence of several months.

Mr. Rodley White and sons will soon commence driving on the Forks River for Mr. E. Burt.

The Allen Bros. will drive on the main Kewick.

Mr. Angus McDonald has completed a violin and it is said that it is a masterpiece of workmanship of the highest tone and reflects a deal of credit to Mr. McDonald's genius.

Lung Rest

ing themselves by hard coughing, come to their relief. Give them Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It heats, soothes, quiets. Your doctor will explain its action to you. Ask him all about it.

Your lungs have all they can do. They work night and day, and are faithful to the end. Then use them well. If they are rasping and tearing, come to their relief. Give them Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It heats, soothes, quiets. Your doctor will explain its action to you. Ask him all about it.

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Love's Sacrifice.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Guilford Berton flung himself into the chair lately occupied by Mr. Furlong, and clasped his forehead with his hands.

The revelation he had heard was so stupendous that he had scarcely realized it, or its effect upon his hopes and ambitions. How long he sat staring before him, and going over and over the pregnant words which Furlong had whispered, he did not know; but suddenly he was aroused by a sound of hammering at the door in the wall.

He started to his feet, white with fear, his over-strained nerves setting him shaking and trembling. Then he took the lantern, and with unsteady feet went down to the gate.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Is that you, sir?" came the response. "For God's sake, come up to the Court, Mr. Berton."

He opened the door, but not fully, and, holding the lantern, saw one of the grooms standing outside, holding a horse by the bridle.

"What is the matter, Marston?" he asked, with dry lips.

"Come at once, sir," replied the groom. "The earl is dying—is dead by this time, I'm afraid."

Guilford Berton went back for his coat and hat, moving like a man in a dream.

"Here, take my horse, sir," said the groom, hurriedly. "I'll run on after you."

"Who sent for me?" asked Guilford Berton, as he sprang into the saddle.

"I don't know—her ladyship, or perhaps Mrs. Harman. I was to tell you to come without loss of a moment."

Guilford Berton thrust in the spurs and tore off. A groom was in waiting and took the horse, and the butler received him at the hall door.

"I'm afraid you're too late, sir," he said, in a hushed awed voice. "The earl was taken worse soon after you went, a kind of fit, and all I can make out, and—"

Guilford Berton moved toward the stairs as Harman came down. Her eyes were red, and she supported herself by the balustrade, and he had no need to ask the momentous question.

"Yes, sir," she said, with a sob, "his lordship is dead. A quarter of an hour ago."

He stared up at her. He was not thinking of the earl, but of Norah.

"And—Lady Norah?" he said, almost inaudibly.

"My poor mistress?" was all he could say.

He looked down, to hide the sudden flash that shot into his eyes.

"Did he—was he sensible?" he asked, in a hushed voice.

Harman shook her head.

"I can't tell, sir, and yet I think he was at the last. It was a fit of some kind, and—yes, sir, I think he was sensible. He—he tried to speak."

"Yes," he broke in, with barely concealed eagerness, "and—"

He did say some words. He knew Lady Norah, and spoke her name, and he—he spoke yours. It seemed as if he were trying to say something that was on his mind, but he could not. And—and I think that killed him, he not being able to make my dear lady understand. He—he seemed frightened of something, and he wanted to warn her. Oh, I can't tell what he meant!"

Guilford Berton drew a breath of relief. It passed very well for sigh of sympathy and sorrow.

"If I had only stayed!" he murmured, and he turned away and wiped his eyes.

Then, a moment afterward, he was cool, self-reliant again.

"Will you tell Lady Norah that I am here, Harman?" he said. "And her, please, that I will see to everything that is necessary. If she would like to see me—"

Harman stole upstairs and into the silent room. Norah was kneeling beside the bed, as she had been so often for the last few weeks, her face hidden in her hands, her body shaken by her sobs. Harman knelt beside her, and laid her hand tenderly upon her arm.

"Don't—don't cry! dear mistress!" she faltered. "It's—best!"

"If he had only told me what he wanted to tell me!" dropped from Norah's quivering lips. "Oh, what was it? What was it? and she raised her head and looked with an agonized expectancy at the now placid face.

"I sent for Mr. Guilford, my lady," whispered Harman, "and he's downstairs. He will do everything; and he says if you'd like to see him—"

A shudder ran through Norah, and she turned her white face to Harman with a sudden vehemence.

"No!" she panted. "No, no!" and she dropped back into her former attitude and hid her face, as if she could not endure even Harman's loving eyes.

Harman went downstairs and found Guilford Berton pacing up and down the library.

"She will not see me?" he said, before she could speak. "Yes, yes I can understand. Will you bring me some sealing wax and a candle, please. And tell Marston to go to the station with this telegram for Mr. Petherick. They will send it before the postoffice people."

Still like a man in a dream, he sealed up the drawers in the bureau and the look on the dead box which had been brought from London and placed it in its usual position in the library. He paused as he did so. Should he make a slight alteration in the will? But this hesitation only lasted a moment, and he affixed the seal without even opening the box with the duplicate key he had made.

Flushed footsteps sounded in ghostly fashion over the vast place and suddenly a sound smote upon his ear that made him start and recoil. It was the big bell, which one of the servants in accordance with a custom of the

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked.

Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold?

Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Disrupting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption?

Many a life history would read differently, on the first appearance of a cough, if it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. C. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

house, had set toiling, to announce that the Supremacy East had passed away. In all probability, of all the people who had known him, of all the great world in which he had been so notable a figure, only two persons shed a tear; the daughter, whose love he had persistently repulsed up to within the last few weeks of his life, and the serving woman, who wept more for Norah than for him.

There was not a laborer on the estate, nor a groom in the stable, who would not have had more mourners than the Right Honorable the Earl of Arundale, Baron of Skeirig, Viscount Northampton, knight of the two orders, and master of vast lands and gold.

No work was done that day in Santleigh, and knots of villagers gathered in High street, talking over the great man, who was wept less than the least of all the living.

Before noon two carriages arrived at the Court—one contained Lady Ferndale, who had hastened without a moment's delay to the side of her beloved Norah; the other brought the old lawyer, Mr. Petherick; and the same telegram which had summoned him had informed the newspapers of the death of the mighty peer.

"I had intended inserting an advertisement for the viscount—for the Earl of Arundale as he is now," said Mr. Petherick, who was a great deal shaken by the news; but it will not be necessary now; he will read the announcement of his uncle's death, and his own accession, in any of the papers."

Guilford Berton nodded. They were in the library, and he had been giving Mr. Petherick an account of the death—omitting the details Harman had related, and in their place assuring the lawyer that the earl had died quite calmly and peacefully.

"Just passed away, indeed!" he said. "He was not so old as I am," said Mr. Petherick, in a low voice, "not nearly so old. And—and Lady Norah, dear dear!" He seemed to think more of her than the departed earl. "Poor girl, poor girl! So entirely alone in the world."

(To be continued.)

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Creosote tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

JEWETT'S MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Clouse Sloat were visiting at Mr. Clouse Jewett's Thursday. Quitting is the order of the day in this village.

Mr. Cleave and Miss Helen Jewett are preparing to go to town tomorrow.

Mr. John Haines intends moving to the United States about May 1st.

Mr. Alfred Ingraham, Mr. James Grant and Mr. Clouse Sloat have each purchased a cow this spring.

Mr. Ben Reid of Scotch Settlement is moving back to his farm.

Mr. Hall has been laid up with a lame back. Mrs. Hall will soon be home.

Unused talents lose their virtue.

Liver Complaint

LOOK out for these symptoms of torpid liver and biliousness:

Coated tongue, Bitter taste in the mouth, Attacks of headache, Fickle appetite and indigestion, Feelings of weight and oppression about the stomach, Pale, muddy complexion, Depressed spirits and irritable temper, Constipation and looseness of the bowels.

The most satisfactory regulator of the liver is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This well-known medicine has a direct and specific action on the liver, enlivening it in its work of filtering the blood and aiding digestion.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 7th.

EASTER KID GLOVE SALE

9 o'clock Monday
Morning, April 9

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Good Gloves Cheap

"Dents" and "Perrins"
\$1 to \$1.35 quality for 69c.

A SPECIAL SALE of about 200 pairs of "Dents" and "Perrins" best French dressed and Suide Kid Gloves, in good shades of tans, modes and greys, also, black, sizes 5¼ to 7¼—not a pair in the lot worth less than \$1; many were \$1.25 and \$1.35—choice Monday at per pair.....69c.

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Patients living outside the city can make appointments by mail and thus do away with any unnecessary delay.

By the use of our improved electric light, appointments can be made for any evening.

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Artificial teeth inserted in gold, aluminum and ordinary rubber plates. Crown and Bridge work executed in gold and porcelain. After latest and best methods. Anesthetics, local and general, applied and administered for patient comfort.

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