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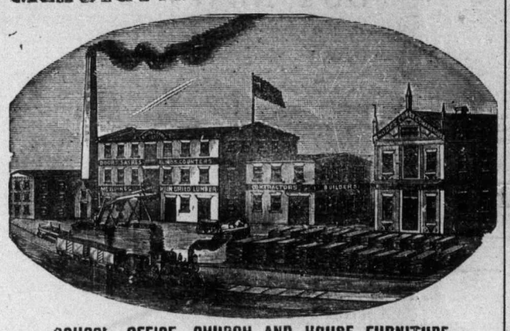

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PUTTNER'S EMULSION

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NOTICE.

There is at subscribers place in Gouldville. Three head of young cattle, two with ear marks, the same one half crop on right ear, one a hefer and the other a steer, about three or four years old, color of steer red with a little white on forehead, heifer also red. The other heifer spotted white and red, with halfpenny under the right ear about three years old.

The owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

ANDREW D. DUPUIS.

THE.....

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The Fall Term of the 40th year begins Aug. 30th, 1894

Courses of study are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree of B. A. The staff consists of 16 teachers in addition to the University Professoriate. Piano, Pipe Organ, Violin, Vocal Culture, Harmony, Elocution, Physical Culture, Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping and Commercial courses are all taught after the latest and most improved methods.

The Owens Art Institution which with its magnificient gallery has been transferred to the Ladies' College is still in charge of Prof. Hammond, R.C.A. an exhibitor in the Paris Salon the Royal Academy London, etc.

The Conservatory of Music employs eight instructors, at the head of whom is an experienced teacher from the staff of the N. Y. College of Music, who has studied in Berlin, under Von Bulow and Joseffy After 4 years successful study under some of the greatest masters in Germany, Mr. C. L. Chisholm returns to take charge of the Violin department.

Voice Culture is taught by an accomplished Swedish vocalist, who is a graduate of the Munich Conservatory.

Every care is taken to make the school a refined Christian home, where lady-like manners and nobility of character shall be cultivated.

For Calendar apply to

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Sackville, N. B., Aug. 2nd

Notice of Co-Partnership.

THE public are hereby notified that we have this fifteenth day of March, A. D., 1894, entered into co-partnership and will do business at Bayfield Botsford, in the name and style of

CRANE & DOBSON.

A full stock of goods such as are usually kept in a country store will be offered where inspection of quality and prices is kindly invited.

The business lately conducted by Mrs. F. Crane having been purchased by us, all persons indebted to Mrs. Crane will please pay the same to us.

W. Leonard Crane,
W. Harvey Dobson.

Bayfield, March 15, 1894. tf

NOTICE.

Persons endebted to the estate of the late G. Chappell Fawcett are requestd to make payment to the undersigned executors at once and all persons having claimes against said estate are requested to hand the same in properly attested to the said executors within three months from the date hereof.

Dated Nov. 19th, 1894

W. B. FAWCETT, A. W. BENNETT, } Executors

All Sorts.

He came and stood beside the types writer. 'I am greatly interested in you,' he said tenderly; 'will you be my wife?' The girl wrote four words before replying. 'No,' she remarked, finally, 'I prefer to have you interested in me.'

A soothing, healing and perfect cure, Hawker's pile cure.

Hawker's balsam, a sure cough cure.

'What did the critics think of your play?' enquired one author of another. 'Think about it? They did not think about it at all. They merely wrote about it.'

Rub your rheumatic joints with Dr. Manning's German Remedy. The universal pain cure.

Employer—How did you break that vase.

Officer boy—I had it my hand when I heard your bell ring, and I dropped it because you told me yesterday to drop everything and answer your bell whenever you rang.

For your throat when hoarse or husky use Hawker's balsam and tolu and wild cherry. It affords prompt relief and leaves the voice clear and distinct.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN THIRTY MINUTES.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by A. Dixon.

The maid—No, sir; my mistress is not at home.

The cellar (savagely)—Well, tell her not to sit before the front window with the curtains open, then.

Plankington—'I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you. Have you a smart lawyer?' Von Bloomer—'You bet I have. He owns the property now.'

A cheap and sure cure for cold in the head or catarrh; a twenty-five cent box of Hawker's catarrh cure.

'Does he know anything about art?' 'Not a thing. Why he doesn't even know enough about it to lecture on it.'

Blanche—Do you think Mr Waters that hanging is a painful death?

Waters—Well, ladies, it is generally allowed that there is nothing so painful as suspense.

She held herself so still to catch what he was muttering in his dreams that she hardly breathed. 'Mary——' 'That's me,' she thought to herself, as there was no occasion for her to think of any one else. 'Mary must have that new wrap, even though I do have to take it out of the book keeper's salary. It is too bad, too. He is the only support of a widowed mother.' All was still again. She lay there and thought some more. 'He's just as mean as he can be,' she murmured. 'I don't believe he was asleep at all.'

Ayer's Sarsaparilla braces up the system; purifies and invigorates. Invalids need it.

Missionary, disconsolately—If the favorite wife of the chief could be converted, all would be easy. But she says she can find nothing attractive in Christian civilization.

That distressing disease, the piles, is speedily relieved and cured by Ayer's Pills.

A Christmas Carol.

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream.

—*Dryden.*

The people's prayer is heard; with joyful songs,
All hail, the glad diviner's theme, our own;
The young men's vision, now our joy prolongs,
The old men's dream is o'er; the truth is known:
Let all now sing the praise of PRUSSIAN OIL,
That wonder working balm for Human Pain
May all be happy this glad Christmas Yule
Till pain, nor death, nor night be the refrain.
If you have never tried PRUSSIAN OIL, try it now!
Sold everywhere. 25c. only. Large bottle.

WHERE GROWS THE CHRISTMAS TREE?

Where grows the Christmas tree—
The green, deep-rooted Christmas tree?
By what brave toil, in which rich soil,
Can spring the blooming Christmas tree?
Is it from prairies broad and deep,
Where future harvests softly sleep,
And flocks of acres, far and free,
Lie level as a waveless sea?
Or is it where a breeze-skein twines
Between the lofty-plumaged pines?
Or where sweet stealthy Languor roves
Among the Southland orange groves?
Or blooms it best 'mid city homes
With Wealth's unnumbered spires and domes?
Or is it where, through changeful day,
The mountain shadows creep and play,
And swift a gleaming sun-flood rides
Along the tall cliff's dappled sides?
High grows the Christmas tree,
The sweet, love-planted Christmas tree—
Where'er extends the hand of friends;
Wherever heart-caressings be.

What bears the Christmas tree—
The bright, rich-fruited Christmas tree?
What gather they, expectant gay,
Who throng around the Christmas tree?
Leaves picked by love-instructed art
From off the branches of the heart;
Fruits culled from every tree and vine
Where zephyrs fly and sunbeams shine.
Whate'er can brighten to our gaze
The trembling dawn of childhood days;
Whate'er can feed more clear and high
The flame of youth's expectant eye;
Whate'er can make more richly good
The blood of man or womanhood,
Or bid old age look smiling round
At gleams of earth-joy newly found;
Whatever can say, "While strength endures,
My life has love and help for yours."
Rich glows the Christmas tree—
The heart-protected Christmas tree—
With tokens dear that bring more near
God's earth-lent love to you and me.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

It is at once painful and perplexing to be answered by a heavy sigh where one expects an exclamation of pleasure and admiration; so it was not wonderful that Mrs. Austin, under these exact conditions, looked anxiously into her husband's face. She was holding up for his inspection a large wax doll, one of the treasures for Madge, the blue-eyed darling of four years, who was counting the days until Santa Claus should come. Every stitch of Miss Dollie's elaborate costume was the work of Mrs. Austin's busy fingers in hours when Madge was dreaming of full stockings and Christmas trees, and the last stitch set, the result was displayed for "papa's" approval.

Now papa was quite as devoted a parent to Madge and two-year-old Harold as mamma, and took deep interest in all nursery matters. It may be that the memory of two other curly heads and baby faces that had brightened the nursery for a few brief months and then been hidden by coffin-lids deepened the love for the children who came later to comfort the aching hearts. But it is very certain that the little Austins were as much loved and petted as children could be, and did not dream more hopefully of Christmas treasures than their parents did lovingly of supplying them.

So it was with some alarm, too, that Mrs. Austin put aside her last triumph of needlework and threw her arm around her husband's neck.

"What is it, Charlie?" she asked.

He drew her into a loving embrace before he said, sadly:

"I met my father again to-day. Margaret, it will kill me to have things go on so. He was downright shabby, feeble and broken; looking so old and so sick that I could not keep the tears out of my eyes. But he would not speak to me. I said all I could say in the street, and tried to follow him home; but he stopped short and said, 'I do not know you, sir! You will cease to annoy me!' And I could not make a scene in the street."

There was a choking sound in Charles Austin's voice as he ceased speaking, but, being a man, he kept back the sob that would have followed. Mrs. Austin's tears were falling fast.

"At Christmas time, too," she said. 'It seems useless to send presents, Charlie; he has sent them back every year."

The story this conversation referred to was an old one, a true love marriage made in the face of disinheritance and paternal displeasure. Mrs. Austin had been a poor girl, employed in the factory of Simon Austin, then a man of great wealth and good social position; a man purse-proud, arrogant, and full of his own importance. When his only child, his idolized, indulged son and heir, told him of his love for pretty Margaret Hay, a factory-girl, living in the factory boarding-house, wearing calico dresses, and earning a mere living, the old man was a maniac in his fury.

He would not see that the girl was pleasing in manner, refined in taste, well educated and sweet-tempered, one to brighten any home, and make any good man thoroughly happy. He gave a fierce command that the matter should end then and there. Charles Austin, utterly unaccustomed to be crossed in any fancy, refused obedience, never before exacted, and the conversation ended in a stormy quarrel and the young man's expulsion from home.

But with a good fortune that does not often follow disobedient sons, Charles was at once taken into the employ and favor of his mother's brother, an eccentric old bachelor, who gave the young couple a home in his own luxurious house. It was a new life to the old gentleman, and he took the keenest interest in all the household affairs as Margaret managed them, loved and mourned the older children, and dying, when Madge was but a year old, left his entire large estate to his "beloved nephew, Charles Austin."

And while the sunshine of prosperity had no clouds for his wayward son, the father's fortunes had gone all awry. Some commercial panic was the first blow to Simon Austin, and an effort to repair the loss by speculation only added to disaster. He missed the cool, clear head of the son who had of late years been his active timber, the judgment he had first trained and then trusted to guide his large business. He was angry, and his angry impulses led him into dire blunders, until he grew so involved that there was no escape, and he failed for more than his entire fortune.

At once Charles hastened to him, offering his entire wealth to save him, only to be met by a proud, fierce refusal to be under any obligation to a disobedient child or his beggar-wife.

Over and over again, as poverty became more and more bitter to the man broken and aged, did his son implore him to allow him to help him, offer him a home, love, care, obedience even, only to be thrown back with angry scorn.

A proud man always, Simon Austin cherished his wrath as the last remnant of the old arrogance, and would not bend one inch. He found letters telling him anonymous sums of money were in the bank in his name, and wrote back refusing to claim them. He mistrusted every offer of service, as dictated by his son, and returned to Charles every scrap of aid sent to him, often perplexing his son by sending what had not come from him, though he always refused to believe this.

And being old and broken in health, he sank lower and lower, unable to fill lucrative positions, and taking the work that gave him barely food and the poorest clothing.

Very sadly the son and his wife talked of the impossibility of helping one who would not let any appeal touch him, until suddenly Margaret cried:

"Charles, I have an idea! Let me try to win your father over. I will send him a Christmas card."

"My dear, he would not open the envelope."

"But it will not go in an envelope. Don't ask any questions. Let me try, and see if your father will not dine with us to-merrow."

"Dine with us! Margaret, you must be crazy!"

"Not a bit of it. Just let me have my own way, dear."

"Do you ever fail to get that?" was the laughing query, for something in his wife's face gave a fresh hope to Charles Austin's heart.

* * * * * *

It was a very mean room in a very poor house where the sun of a bright Christmas morning wakened Simon Austin. Everything in the shabby place told of the lack of woman's care and love. Dust hung upon everything; disorder reigned. There were no dainty trifles of needlework; the curtains were dingy and crooked; the carpet torn and dirty.

Very wearily and slowly the old man dressed himself, lit a fire in the grate and rang for the poor breakfast his landlady provided. Dinner and tea he was supposed to buy outside, but very often his muddy coffee, stale bread and tough chop or steak were the sole repast of the twenty-four hours.

It was Christmas Day, and no business took the old man abroad; so, after the untempting tray was removed, he took a newspaper and drew shiveringly to the fire. But before he had read one column there came a knock at the door, and then it opened wide and closed again behind a child—a little girl in a quaint Mother Hubbard cloak and hat, with large blue eyes and clustering golden curls, and holding a large flat basket full of fresh, beautiful flowers. While the old man gazed at her in silent amazement, she said, in a sweet, childish voice;

"If you please, dear grandpaps, I am your Christmas card!"

"You—you are what?" he said, utterly bewildered.

"If you please, dear grandpaps, I am your Christmas card!"

"Who sent you here? What is your name?"

"Mamma brought me here! I am Madge Austin, dear grandpapa—", and then, half frightened at the strange face and the poor room, the child's eyes filled and her lips trembled. "I want to go home!" she whispered.

"Don't cry!" Mr. Austin said, finding his senses, and taking her into his arms, very tenderly, too. "Don't cry, dear, I will take you home."

"Oh, if you please, because my big doll is there and all the toys Santa Claus brought, and brother Harry. What did Santa Claus bring you?"

"Nothing!"

"Oh!" with a very deep-drawn sigh, "was it because you are up so many stairs? But he always comes to our house, and mamma said, perhaps, today, he would bring us our grandpapa! We haven't got any now, you know, and mamma said if he did come, we would [illegible] the same as papa, and he [illegible] us. And please, grandpapa, we will." And here the child put her little arms round the head bent low before her, and lifted the face quivering and tear-stained.

"Oh, don't cry! Oh, please, men don't cry; only naughty girls and boys! Oh!" and again the terror found voice in the plea: "I want to go home!"

"Yes, yes! I will take you home. Bring your flowers, child. This is no place for flowers or—or—Christmas cards!"

Down the crazy old stairs the old man led the child, tenderly watchful that the little feet did not slip nor stumble. Through the sunny streets, unheeding the cold, she walked beside him, prattling of her home, and of the dear grandpapa that she had been taught to love.

That was the crowning amazement. No child in a few short hours could have been taught to talk of the estranged parent as this child talked. She told the old man of the prayer she said night and morning, "Please, dear Lord, send my grandpapa home!" of the talks with her mother about the unknown relative whom she was to reverence and love, should he ever come home, opening to the hardened but, oh, such a lonely heart a hope of rest and affection, that he felt it would be bitter as death to thrust aside now.

There was no need to pull the door-bell of the stately mansion to which Simon Austin led his grandchild. Eager hands were waiting to open its portals wide; eager eyes were watching for the coming of the pair. Tender arms and strong hands led Simon Austin into the parlor; Margaret's kisses fell warm and caressing upon his wrinkled cheeks; Charlie's hands removed the shabby overcoat; baby Harold clung to his knee, shouting:

"Dandpa's tum! Santa Claus bringed dandpa!"

There was no pride could stand against this loving, sincere welcome, so pride collapsed.

"You really want me, Charlie?" the old man faltered. "It is not mere charity?"

"Hush!" whispered Margaret. "Do not grieve him by such a word. He will never be happy until you come home, dear father."

And so Christmas once again gathered up the tangled threads of estrangement and knit them into strong bands of home-love.

No Use for It.

Yale—Are you going to study political economy?

Harvard—Horrors, no. Why, my father's worth at least three millions.

To Be No Hustling.

Delcice—What shall you wear this winter?

Daubette—Oh, clothes, I suppose, seeing there will be no grand opera!

A Narrow Escape.

Cholly—I was nearly blind yesterday, Geowge—Weally?

Cholly—Yes; got a monocle in my eyes at once, b' Jove!

Some Simple Rules.

There are a few simple rules in the care of live stock of all kinds, which if observed will nearly always make stock growing profitable:

1. Start with good animals. It costs but little more to do this than to start with scrubs. The service of thoroughbred males costs, in modern times, so little, and in most localities they are so easily accessible, that no farmer can afford to use a scrub. The farmer who persistently breeds from thoroughbred sires, will improve his stock continually.

2. Never keep more stock than you are sure that you can feed well. The farmer who overstocks his pastures, damages his land, and is at the mercy of the weather, for every drouth brings his cattle to a starvation diet, and often makes them breachy, and the farmer who attempts to winter more stock than his feed is sufficient for, is sure to find stock-growing unprofitable.

3. Feed all meat animals for early maturity. One farmer will attain a weight of 200 pounds on his spring pigs at six or seven months old, and get the top price for them, and he will make cheap meat, for there will be no check in growth from birth to maturity, and no cold-weather feeding. Another will neglect his pigs until they become unthrifty and feed them till mid-winter, and then sell fifty pound lighter than his wise neighbor.

One farmer sells his steers at two years old for more money than his neighbor gets at three years old. To develope an animal early requires a well-balanced ration, regular feeding, a comfortable bed, shelter in winter, and conscientious care, and the farmer who gives this will find that it pays. We learn slowly, but when I remember how, in my boyhood, live-stock was neglected almost universally, and every spring many cattle and hogs died from neglect and starvation, I can see that there has been great improvement, and I feel encouraged to preach the gospel of good farming, and I also try to practice what I preach.—Zeke Dobbs, in Country Gentleman.

THE HONEY BEE.

Now the honey bee is flying
Where the daisy blows,
And he's murmurously prying
In the wayside rose.

Happy little golden rover,
Busy all the day
In the aromatic clover,
Billowy and gay.

That we may, when through these bowers
Fly the silver flakes,
Four the dainty souls of flowers
On our buckwheat cakes.

A RAINMAKING RUSE.

There had been no rain on Dancing Branch for nearly two months.

Capt. Twitchell was greatly concerned about his corn and also his cotton. The corn would not ear well nor the cotton make good bolls, unless water were forthcoming in some shape before many days. He was likewise at this time greatly troubled about his only daughter. He hardly knew which of his worries was the greater. Yet there was a difference. He knew just then of no way by which he could control Jupiter Pluvius, yet he could—or thought he could—control his daughter, Nisby. Nisby, it may be said, was the local interpretation of Sophonisba.

"If the cussed crops do go up," he soliloquized, "I reckon we'll have to stand the racket somehow. But, by mighty!"—this was the captain's favorite oath—"by mighty, sir! If John Henry Padget marries Nisby Twitchell 'thout my consent he'll get up airlier and stay up longer than most fools of his heft usually do."

But, in the nature of things, there were sundry protests and plottings against the parental fiat.

"I declare!" said Nisby, during one of the stolen interviews down at the captain's spring house, which the persistency of John Henry had brought about when his adored one went after water, "I don't know what we'd better do. Paw'd as soon see me marry the Old Feller himself as you, John Henry. I reely can't see what makes him so set against ye."

"I'll tell you why, Nisby, It's pure, derned mulishness, if he is your paw. But don't you worry. I've studied it all over and I've thought up a scheme worth two of his yet. If ever'thing works out well, your father may possibly save his cotton, but he's bound to lose his girl, sure as God made little apples!"

"I always know'd you was smart, John Henry," and Nisby, under the glow of this confession, allower her lover to kiss her without boxing his ears, after the most approved Dancing Branch manner. "Tell me what you're up to, anyhow."

"Now, Nisby, never you mind. All you've got to do is to stay right at home until you hear from me again."

"Y-o-u, Nisby!" now came in shrill feminine tones from the direction of the captain's house. "Where be you?"

"Now, John Henry, you skip," said Nisby, submitting to another Dancing Branch caress. "That's maw. She'll be down here soon's I answer."

"I'm a comin', maw."

A few days later on the news flew up and down Dancing Branch that Prof. Drydapper, the famous government expert, was about to visit that region in order to test some of his peculiar theories in regard to producing rain by artificial means. The professor, it was said, had recently been deluging the people of southern and western Taxes, and now proposed to show the folks in middle Georgia how to bamboozle nature into tears with a few chemicals artistically applied.

"By mighty, sir!" quoth the captain, "I don't believe the man can construct a decent sprinkle."

But the more he looked at his shriveling corn and cotton, the less skeptical he grew. Presently it was announced that Prof. Drydapper would make his first bow—so to speak—before a Dancing Branch audience on Capt. Twitchell's farm.

About that time Nisby received a letter by special messenger and furitively conveyed, that seemed to put her in high good humor. She would explain nothing to anybody, but went about the house as chirripy and frisky as a squirrel in nutting time. Previously she had been rather moody and preoccupied.

"Can't see what's come over the girl," said her father "If that John Henry was about, I should say he was responsible."

But, though Mr. Pudget had not been seen on Dancing Branch for, as some expressed it, "a month of Sundays," his absence was more than replaced to the captain's mind by an agent of the great Drydapper. By the time the latter had finished explaining and persuading, Capt. Twitchell had agreed to give up his big barn down in the Branch bottom for the purpose of furthering the professor's cloud-compelling operations.

"Mind you, though," stipulated the prudent captain, "if the rain don't come, that feller has got to pay me for the use of my barn."

Late one afternoon the great Drydapper arrived with a negro, a mule, a covered wagon tightly closed and a tremendous air of mystery and importance. He drove straight to the big barn in the bottom and instructed his darky to close the doors. Shortly he came out and took a sage survey of the heavens, with the air of a Solomon who held the clerk of the weather continually at his beck and call. He was small of stature, yet of great—not to say terrible—dignity. In fact his dignity was so overpowering that Capt. Twitchell completely neglected to let the professor know of his intentions regarding the rent.

His professional preparations were to be made in secret down at the big barn that night. All that he could be got to say was:

"By morning look out for signs of rain. You had all better go to bed; but if you will hang around that barn it might be safer to bring your umbrellas. There is no knowing what may happen—see?"

And he withdrew, magnificent in his impenetrability. But, when relieved of the oppressiveness of the professor's presence, the captain's natural skepticism asserted itself for a moment.

"I half believe he is a large sized humbug," said he.

But later on, when they told him that half the population of Dancing Branch was squatting, sitting and standing around his barn, curiosity got the better of prudence.

"Old woman," he said, "you keep an eye on Nisby here, and I'll just run down there and see what that fool is up to, anyhow."

So the captain disappeared, but did not return. Mrs. Twitchell, feeling likewise the itch of an unsatisfied desire, finally grew ungovernably restless.

"Dear suzz!" she complained. "What can be a-keepin' the captain so? He generally, he never stays out later than sight o'clock. Put on your bonnet and shawl, Nisby, and we'll jest step down there and fetch your paw back."

The girl obeyed and the two hurried toward the bottom. On the way Nisby complained that her head was hurting her worse. She had invented a prudent headache previously. She was allowed to return on condition of her going immediately to bed. Sundry blue and red flashes through the cracks in the barn completely conquered the old lady. She determined to witness Drydapper's combat with nature if she sat up all night.

This she did; while, unconscious of the vicinity of his wife, the captain watched and nodded at a little distance amid the crowd. The hours passed slowly, yet the people remained.

The professor had forbidden lights or fires, as being inimical to his success. The captain and his wife stayed on, however, risking rheumatism, and whetting their tempers with delay.

When morning at last peeped over the eastern hills upon this sleepy and peevish audience, there was neither any sign of rain in the sky nor life inside the barn.

"I said he was a humbug," exclaimed the captain, as he wrathfully burst open the barn doors.

The crowd poured in, to find only the mule and wagon. Inside the last were some empty boxes. But there was no Drydapper and likewise no negro.

"I believe that's Bras Newman's mule and wagin," said one man from over about Three Forks.

"Bras is own cousin to John Henry," thought the captain, growing suspicious at once. "Hello, old woman!" he added, noticing his wife at last. "Where's Nisby?"

But the old lady was making double-quick tracks for the house. The captain followed. A couple met them smilingly at the door. It was Sophonisba and John Henry.

"Nisby Twitchell?" cried the mother. "If you don't—"

"Egscuse me, marm," interrupted John Henry, "Sophonisby Padget is her name now. Parson Green, he married us 'long about three hour and a half ago."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Twitchell, but she was too overcome to say more just then.

"Swindled out'n rain and daughter, too," groaned the captain, while the neighbors behind him began to grin and chuckle.

"Well," argued John Henry, "you fo'ced me to study up some plan to get Nisby, so I got Cousin Bras and his hired nigger man to fix up like Bras was Drydapper; the scheme took better'n I egspected, owin' to the drought. I had ever'thing ready, so while you alls was down to the barn, me and Nisby, we slipped off'n got married."

"Fooled!" grumbled the captain sitting down and looking about disconsolately.

"Never mind, paw," said Nisby encouragingly. "The real, all-wool Drydapper is coming to-morrow. Let's go in to breakfast. Gettin' married is hard work, and I'm hongry, too."

So matters were gradually smoothed out, and when the genuine Drydapper did finally arrive he brought a veritable cloudburst in his wake. Dancing Branch bottoms were overflowed, and, at last accounts, the captain had striven to negotiate with the professor for a spell of dry weather.

Some people are never satisfied.

Future of Polite Society.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a late paper, thinks that polite society, in the exclusive sense, is hardly destined to sustain itself. His reason is that wealth is superseding birth as its basis. In this respect, however, his inference is doubtful, while the facts are true. He says that "some communities, like Boston, New York and Philadelphia, make a brave attempt to maintain a respect for old families; but this is an inheritance from colonial days, and visibly wanes." He might have gone farther and have said that in only one of these three cities—Philadelphia—has the "smart set" any particular connection with old families or gives itself any concern about them. The utmost that it does is to draw a feeble line at the recognized occupations of fathers, while the occupation or social position of the grandfather is pretty thoroughly ignored. Given a fortune, with a reasonable amount of tact, and one generation, or at most two, can accomplish the rest. There is a lingering rumor that at Newport a rich dealer in patent medicines was for years successfully kept from buying land on the fashionable avenue; but if so, the exclusion was in itself an absurdity, like those attempted distinctions between wholesale and retail trade. Surely it is absurd to assume it as plebian to sell tape by the piece, and not plebeian to sell it by the thousand pieces; to call it discreditable when a fortune is made by a medicine, and not when it is made by hotel-keeping or laying water pipes or carrying on the express business. All these vocations, and a thousand others equally modest and respectable, have contributed to the gliding of our jeunese doroe and no one need be ashamed of any one of them, except when it tempts him to sneer at some other.

Stole the Monument.

According to the Natal Times, the monument sent out by Queen Victoria to Zululand as a token of her sympathy with the bereaved mother of the late Prince Louis Napoleon has been stolen. A reward of £50 has been offered. The monument took the form of a memorial cross of plain marble, and was erected on the exact spot upon which the Prince fell when surprised and attacked by a party of Zulus who had been lying in ambush. The memorial bore the following inscription: "This cross is erected by Queen Victoria in affectionate remembrance of Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, Prince Imperial, to mark the spot where her while assisting in a reconnaissance with the British troops, on the 1st of June, 1879, was attacked by a party of Zulus, and fell with face to the foe." It was surrounded by a dwarf wall of rough stones, which also enclosed the graves of the two troopers who were killed at the same time as the Prince. Shrubs and violets (the Napoleonic emblem) were planted about the place, which thus became a kind of miniature cemetery. It is interesting to recall that after the erection of the cross the Zulu chief Geboodo and the chief men of his tribe, to which the party who attacked the Prince belonged, assembled at the place, and, standing with their right hand uplifted, solemnly declared that the memorial and the graves should never be desecrated. The stealing of the cross is, therefore, all the more remarkable, especially as the Zulus entertain a deeply-felt superstition regarding the spirits of the dead.

Grease-Proof Parchment.

A new grease-proof parchment, called "glasine," has been introduced in England. Being transparent, as its name implies, it may be used to protect the covers of a book and at the same time reveal its artistic binding, its title, etc.

Mrs. Slimdiet—Jane, Mr Starboarded was explaining the new tariff law to me last evening, and I find some of the changes are very important.

Cook,—Are they, mum?

Mrs. Slimdiet—Vitally. Hereafter you must put less sugar in the pudding; but you can make up for it by putting more salt in the soup. Salt is free now.

Coughing Yet?

BEWARE! Take heed before too late. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE has cured many. Why not try it? It is recommended by doctors as a modern scientific combination of several powerful curatives. A trial bottle will soothe, a regular treatment will cure your cough.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

K. CAMPBELL & CO., Montreal.

FATHY'S PROPOSAL.

If silence gives consiet, my dear,
Whin next to mill O come,
'Twould give me thrue deloight to hear
That you were deaf an' dumb.

Man in a hurry—Is there a way of getting to the Grand Central depot sooner than by taking this car?

Urbane Conductor—Yes sir; run and catch the next car ahead.

"Spillat is an awful mean man."

"What did he do?"

"His wife's a political candidate, and he gave his vote to her for a birthday present."

"We always fry ours in Cottolene."

Our Meat, Fish, Oysters, Saratoga Chips, Eggs, Doughnuts, Vegetables, etc.

Like most other people, our folks formerly used lard for all such purposes. When it disagreed with any of the family (which it often did) we said it was "too rich." We finally tried

Cottolene

and not one of us has had an attack of "richness" since. We further found that, unlike lard, Cottolene had no unpleasant odor when cooking, and lastly Mother's favorite and conservative cooking authority came out and gave it a big recommendation which clinched the matter. So that's why we always fry ours in Cottolene.

Sold in 3 and 5 lb. pails, by all grocers. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.
The Great English Remedy.

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Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of *Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which soon lead to Infirmity, Insanity, Consumption and an early grave.* Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the *only Reliable and Honest Medicine known.* Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail Price, one package, $1; six, $5. *One will please, six will cure.* Pamphlets free to any address,

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AYER'S SARSAPARILLA SOLD ALL AROUND THE WORLD

FOR THE CURE OF
Catarrh, Scrofula, Boils, Eczema, Carbuncles, Sores,
And all Other Skin Diseases.
EQUALLY EFFECTIVE IN
Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility,
and all complaints originating in
Impure Blood.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Has cured others, will cure you.

Birdie McHennepin and her brother were at the seashore.

"O, see that," exclaimed birdie.

"See what?" enquired theatrical Jo.

"Why, see that little cloudlet just above the wavelet like a tiny leaflet dancing o'er the scene."

"O, come, you had better go out to the pumplet in the back yardlet and soak your little headlet."

Are you

WEAK ? NERVOUS?
TIRED ? SLEEPLESS?
PALE ? BLOODLESS
THIN ? DYSPEPTIC?

you need

A COURSE OF

HAWKER'S
Nerve and Stomach
TONIC.

It makes weak nerves strong, promotes sound, refreshing sleep, aids digestion, restores lost appetite, is a perfect blood and flesh builder, restores the bloom of health.

All Druggists sell it. 50c a Bottle. Six for $2.50. Mfd. only by Hawker Medicine Co Ltd. St. John, N B

The Mother Heart Touched

"I Believe SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE Saved the Lives of Two of My Children."—Puny Children Grow Fat and Strong—Tired and Ailing Women Take on the BLOOM of EARLIER YEARS.

What will touch the mother heart more deeply than the illness of her little ones? She may suffer much herself, and women are sorely afflicted with many ills, but she will endure all this, however often, without a murmur; but there can be no disguising her anxiety when the little ones of the home are stricken down with sickness. And how many puny children there are! We talk of the bloom of youth, but thousands of children know not of it. Others may romp, but they are weaklings.

Mothers, would you have your loved ones strong and healthy? Would you enjoy good health yourself? Then use South American Nervine Tonic; there is no doubting its efficacious properties. Investigate from a scientific or a common sense point of view and you will find that nearly all disease has its start in the nerve centres of the body.

The mission of South American Nervine is to at once reach the nerve centres, which are to the whole body what the mainspring of the watch is to every other part of the timepiece. Science has made perfectly clear that the troubles that affect the individual organs of the body, have their seat in these nerve centres, so, without any wasteful experimenting, South American Nervine reaches out to the seat of the difficulty, and straightening out what is wrong there heals the whole body. Listen to what Mrs. H. Russell, Wingate, writes on this point: "I have used several bottles of South American Nervine Tonic, and will say, I consider it the best medicine in the world. I believe it saved the lives of two of my children. They were down, and nothing appeared to do them any good until I procured this remedy. It was very surprising how rapidly both improved on its use. I don't allow myself to be without some of it in my house. I recommend the medicine to all my neighbors." It will certainly grant new life to all who are delicate, whether young, middle-aged, or old. Do not worry along with ill health, but dispel it, and brighten your lives by the immediate use of South American Nervine.