

RHODES, CURRY & CO.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

Manufacturers and Builders



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material
Send for Estimates.



Corsets are now recognized
to be the Standard Corset
of Canada.
Satisfaction guaranteed or
money refunded.

ASK YOUR DRY GOODS DEALER FOR THEM.



ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Thompson Estabrook, Sackville, N. B., are requested to pay same to the undersigned administrator within three months from the date hereof, and all persons having claims against said estate are also requested to hand in the same to the said administrator, properly attested, within the like time.

Dated this 18th day of April, A.D. 1894.
(Signed) MARY R. ESTABROOK.

NOTICE TO LOBSTER FISHERS.

BE IT KNOWN: That Edward A. Wheeler of the Parish of Bedford, in the County of Westmorland, Lobster Fisher, hath invented certain new and useful improvements in Lobster Traps, to wit: double chambers and heads with funnel-shaped entrances in each head, second being smaller than first, and hath through me, his attorney and legal adviser, applied for a Patent on same to the Commissioner of Patents, Ottawa, and hath complied with all the requirements of the said "Patent Act," having paid the stated sum of money, and in every other way and manner fulfilled all the conditions entitling him to a Patent upon the same.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That all persons infringing on his rights in respect to the improvement or invention in respect to Lobster Traps will be prosecuted in the law courts, of which all persons will take due notice.

ALAN W. CHAPMAN,
Dorchester, Mar. 15, 94. Barrister, etc.

WE SELL

Fish,
Eggs,
Potatoes,
Lumber, Cordwood,
Spilling, Canned Lobsters.

THIRTY VESSELS

150 tons to 400 to 400 tons
reg. for coal and lumber.

GREAT BARGAINS

Write us for quotations,
prices. Consignments solicited.

Boston Shipping Co.
3 Central Wharf,
Commission Dealers,
CHIGNECTO, N.S.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

THE public are hereby notified that we have this fifteenth day of May, 1894, entered into a partnership with Mr. W. H. Crane, of Chignecto, N.S., and will do business at Chignecto, N.S., under the name and style of
CRANE & DOBSON.
A full stock of goods such as are usually kept in a country store will be offered under inspection of quality and price 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.

WANTED

Wanted ENGINEER on a tug boat to commence work May 15th. Good wages will be paid to a good man, apply to
ALFRED POLLY,
Port Elgin, Mar. 5th, 1894, 3m.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

All persons having any claims against the estate of the late Wellington Sprague deceased will please present the same duly attested, to the undersigned administrator, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated at Port Elgin, this 13th day of March, A.D. 1894.
W. WOODBURY WELLS,
C. PROCTOR, Administrators of said estate.

A cute lad in a Lansburg public school when asked at a recent examination in geography what Paris was noted for, said:—"Fashions and bomb throwing." The teacher docked him eight points, but the boy still thinks he is right.

BACKGROUNDS.

She sat before an easel with her head tipped lightly so,
A pale flush in her fingers, idly trailing to and fro.
I stood quite close beside her with a wild, leading heart,
And praised with reckless ardor her proficiency in art.

How sweet she was, and dainty! How I loved her! I declare,
It seemed to me no other girl could be one half so fair,
As she sat there, leaning forward in the gracefulst of poses,
And deftly put the background in a plaque of yellow roses.

Ah, what was many a year ago; dear girl, I love her still,
I love her smiles and dimples, and admire the wondrous eyelids,
Of her dainty, snowy fingers—I've been watching them to night
Move to and fro above the work she's holding to the light.

And, thinking of that other day, I doze a bit, perchance,
As she deftly puts a background into Jimmy's other pants."—Judge.

WOMAN'S WILES.

A sailor landed on a cannibal isle,
In the far off southern sea,
And he said to himself, with a snicker,
"I'm glad that the flowerer
Was where I was born and where I was raised,
For these niggers are up to snuff,
And they're not my kind, either boiled or braised.
For they'll know that I'm too tough."

So up the shore, with a confident air,
He went, those folks to meet,
And they sized him up right then and there,
As much too tough to eat.
Then the old king's daughter, up spoke she,
In the tongue of her native land,
And said, "Dear son, you'd better let me
Take this tough young man in hand."

So around Jack's neck her arms she flung
And cooed like a springtime dove,
And the sailorman, who, though tough,
Was young,
Soon found himself much in love.

Oh, alack, and alas for a woman's wiles,
For he say not her aim,
And under the influence of her smiles,
Quite tender he became.
They cooed him up in the highest art,
Down there on the southern shore,
And the maiden of course received her heart,
Which the same she had given her before.
—Indianapolis Journal.

THE BAR LIGHTHOUSE.

Government has for several years been sadly neglecting a job of mending, in the case of the Bar Lighthouse bridge. Here and there boards had begun to spring suspiciously beneath unwary footsteps; then the wind had begun to tear them off, and the rain had begun to rot and mould them down.

What was every man's business was nobody's, and no individual was disposed to interfere with the province of that abstract millionaire, the United States government. To be sure, the keeper of the Bar Light, Mr. Reed, who was naturally more solicitous concerning the holding-out of the structure than any one else, had wisely and fruitlessly patched some of the worst places, off and on, after a hard "north-east," when he broke more keenly to the exigency of the case, and the hopeless dilatoriness of his task-master. But it had amounted to very little. Long neglect had made something more than mere patching necessary. Now the quarter-mile bridge, leading to the Bar Lighthouse, if not in an absolutely unsafe condition, was not calculated to inspire with any degree of confidence the unaccustomed crosser at least. It was not quite so bad as low tide, or on a mild, still day. There was not much to fear, then, beyond a little fall of a ducking; that is, if one cleared one of those ragged apertures successfully. But on a dark night, with the winds howling overhead, and the ocean thundering beneath it, it was the sort of a bridge that only a disembodied spirit could be supposed to cross with any degree of nonchalance.

The lighthouse itself was only an ordinary dwelling-house, strongly built, with a tower for the light. It stood on a massive pile of rocks, with little tufts of coarse vegetation in the cracks. Jackson Reed, who had an unfortunate love and longing for a garden spot, had actually wheeled enough earth over from the mainland for a little patch a few yards square, and when he was not engaged in his fruitless struggle with the bridge, he was engaged in a fruitless struggle with his garden. A pottering old man was Jackson Reed, lacking in nervous force and quickness of intellect; but he had never let the light go out, and the only thing that is absolutely required of a lighthouse-keeper is to keep the light burning for the sailors who steer by it.

The wonder was that his wife Sarah should have been his wife. She was a person not of a different mould, merely, but of a different kind; not of a different species, but of a different genus. Nervous and alert, what her husband accepted in patient silence she received with shrill remonstrance and questioning. Her husband patched the bridge, crawling over its long reach on his old knees; she, when he was watching him, at the neglect of the government. He uncomplainingly brushed the sand from his little, puny, struggling plants, and she set her thin face against the wind that cut it there.

In both the religious element of cast of mind was strongly predominant, but Jackson Reed simply looked out on nature and into his own soul, and took in as plain incontrovertible facts the broken bridge, the tossing sea, his little wind-swept, garden patch, and the light in heaven. Neither proved the other or nullified the other; they were simply there. But Sarah Reed, looking out on the frail, unsafe bridge which connected them with the mainland, and the mighty, senseless sea which had swallowed up her father and a brother whom she had idolized, and the poor little tender green things trying to live under her window, had seen in them so many denials of either God's love and mercy, or her own womanhood, that she had been, in fact, unable to step without the help of her husband. And she sat, day in and day out, at one of the sea-windows of her sitting-room, knitting, and hold-

ing her defiant old heart persistently against the prick.

The minister at Rye, a zealous young man with an innocent confidence in his powers of holy argument, had visited her repeatedly, with the view of improving her state of mind. She had joined the church over which he presided in her youth; indeed it was the church nearest to the lighthouse, and that was three miles distant. The minister had heard from one of his parishioners, who was in connection of hers, that Miss Reed had lost her faith, and straightway he was fired with holy ardour to do something for her spiritual benefit. But even his tongue confidence and ingenuously could gain but little satisfaction from his interviews with the rheumatic and unbelieving old woman.

"No, Mr. Pendleton," she used to say, shaking a thin rheumatic hand with an impressiveness which her hearer might have copied advantageously in the pulpit, "I ain't no use. You kin talk about assen' with the spirit; and anybody needs a little somethin' to catch hold on with the flesh; when it's all spirit it's too much for a mortal bein' to comprehend, and I ain't knowin' as I never had any evidence, so to speak; I ain't never had a prayer answered in my life. If I have, I'd just like to know how. You say, maybe, they've been answered just the same, only in a different way I asked for. If you call it answerin' prayer, I'll give you one thing when you ask for another, I don't. An' I'd rather not believe that was any God than to believe he'd do a thing like that. That's just contrary to what he said about himself on the bread an' the stone in the New Testament. It's worse to think he'd cheat anybody like that than to think he ain't anywhar' accordin' to my mind. No, Mr. Pendleton, a human bein' needs a little human evidence once in a while to keep up their faith; I ain't never had it. I've just let you know how it's been with me. Here I am, an old woman, an' me an' Jackson's lived here on this rock for forty year. An' there's been things I've wanted different, but I ain't never had 'em—things that I've cried and groaned and begged for. The Lord for—big things, an' little things—but I never got one. Ef the Lord had give me one of the little things; it seems to me that I might have got a feeling that He was here."

"Forty years ago, when Jackson an' me was just married an' set up house-keepin' here, there was an awful storm one night, an' my father an' my brother was out yonder in it. I stayed on my knees all night prayin'. The next mornin' the two darlin' bodies was washed ashore. My brother had only been married a few months—the sweetest, loveliest little thing she was. She began to pine. I prayed for her, she said. She died an' left her little baby."

"But you had him for your own, did you not?" interrupted Mr. Pendleton. "He has been a comfort to you, God has displayed his love and mercy in this case in sparing him to you."

"Mr. Pendleton—and the rheumatic hand went up again—I ain't never asked to have him spared to me; ef I had I would have been different. I ain't got through yet. That's been lots of other things, big ones, that I might just as well not speak of, and little ones. Look at that bridge! I'll venture to say that you shook in your shoes when you stepped on it. It was quite dark now, and a terrible night and pitchy and full of mighty electric winds and fires and thunders. A conglomerate roar came from the ocean as from a den of wild beasts. Suddenly an awful thought struck the wretched old woman at the lighthouse window, and swift on its track rushed another still more awful. The first was her husband had had a 'turn' somewhere on the lonely road from Rye. 'Turns' as she called them Jackson Reed had had once or twice before, but they had never interfered with his duty. He had fallen down insensibly and lain so for two or three hours. This was what had happened to him now. And the second thought was—her darling, William Barstow was out on that sea and there was no light to guide him to port. Strange that she had not thought before! Yes, it was Tuesday. Was it Tuesday? Yes, the very day he was going down to Lockport with Jonny Sower. He was out on that sea somewhere in a boat, which could not live in it a minute. Yes, it was to-day he was going. He and his pretty little wife were talking it over Sunday night. She was lamenting, half in sport and half in earnest, over the lonesome day she would have, and he promised to bring her home a new bonnet to console her. Yes, it was Tuesday and Jackson Reed had told Abby Weaver about it yesterday—that Monday. He had forgotten that she was no longer so interested in Willie Barstow's movements. And when he told his wife what he had done since he scolded him for his thoughtlessness."

Yes, it was Tuesday, and he was out on that sea and there was no lamp lighted. Nothing to keep him off those terrible rocks that the light had been set there to guide. In the morning he would be thrown dumb and cold where she could almost see him from her window. It would be with him as it had been with his father and grandfather and may be with his wife as it had been with his poor young mother. All the strong, baffled, but not suppressed nature of the woman asserted itself with terrible force.

"O my darling! my darling! my darling!" she shrieked, in a voice which was in itself both a prayer and a curse. You out there, an' all the love in your mother's heart can't light ye home! O the black water rollin' over the beautiful face, an' those laughin' blue eyes that looked at me when you was a baby, an' those black curls I've bushed, an' those lips I've kissed—puttin' out her lovin' soul! O Lord! Lord! Lord!

Handed—They say of married people that they are but one. Which one, I wonder? Well, the woman, of course. You are the winner, you know, consequently I must be the loser.

from under her immediate supervision. If he had married Abby Weaver, he would have lived either in the lighthouse, as he had done all his life, or in her mother's cottage. Nothing could suit his pretty city lady but to live in Rye. The bare idea of the lighthouse terrified her.

Sarah Reed's frame of mind had not improved since the marriage. One afternoon, a few weeks after the young couple had set up house-keeping, an unexpected deficiency in some household stores sent Jackson Reed to Rye, where the nearest markets were. It was the middle of the afternoon when he went, and there was a storm coming.

"Don't worry, Sarah," his last words were, "an' I'll be back by five to light the lamp. I'll be pretty near dark enough for it then, I reckon, ef it keeps on this way, ef it is June."

She sat at her window with her knitting, but he had gone, and watched the storm roll up. She had taken a fancy lately to a landward window and one with the poor little garden patch under it, and the rose-bush which never blossomed. The bush really looked wonderfully thrifty, considering its many drawbacks to growth. But it was in the sheltered corner, and had all the warmth and mildness that could be had in the black place. It was three feet high or so, a hardy little Scotch rose. There certainly seemed no reason in nature why it should not blossom, but blossoms it never had. Mrs. Reed never looked out at it now for buds. She never even glanced at it to-day; she only looked out uneasily at the darkening sky, and knit on her stocking.

She was always knitting stockings; in fact it was all the kind of work she could do, and she had never been an idle woman with her brain or fingers. So she knit stout woolen stockings for her husband and William Barstow from morning till night. Her husband kept the house tidy and did the cooking, and he was as faithful at it as a woman. No one looking at the room in which Mrs. Reed sat would have dreamed that it was not the field of action of a tidy housewife. It was a plain, rather cheerless kind of a room. There was a large, figured, dull-colored ingrain carpet on the floor, there was a shiny table, and some flag-bottomed chairs, and a stiff hair-cloth sofa. A few shells on the mantle-shelf a lamp-mat that Abby W. never had made and a framed wreath which had lain on the floor for years, and that was all the ornaments. Take a room like that and set it on a rock in the ocean with the wind and the wave howling around it and there is not anything especially enlivening about it.

Mrs. Reed had been rather good-looking in her youth, and her eyes were rather good-looking now. She had bright, alert blue eyes, and pretty soft grey hair. But there was an air of keen unrest about her which could jar on nerves like a strident saw. In repose she would have been a sweet old woman. Now she looked and was, as people say, hard to get along with. Jackson Reed's light burning meant more to the Lord, perhaps than it did to the sailors.

At five o'clock the storm was fairly there, and the old lighthouse-keeper had not come home. A heavy tempest was setting down, and it was almost twilight the lamp was lighted.

Six o'clock came, and it was darker yet, and still she sat there alone, her knitting dropped in her lap. Seven o'clock and her old husband had not come. It was quite dark now, and a terrible night and pitchy and full of mighty electric winds and fires and thunders. A conglomerate roar came from the ocean as from a den of wild beasts. Suddenly an awful thought struck the wretched old woman at the lighthouse window, and swift on its track rushed another still more awful. The first was her husband had had a 'turn' somewhere on the lonely road from Rye. 'Turns' as she called them Jackson Reed had had once or twice before, but they had never interfered with his duty. He had fallen down insensibly and lain so for two or three hours. This was what had happened to him now. And the second thought was—her darling, William Barstow was out on that sea and there was no light to guide him to port. Strange that she had not thought before! Yes, it was Tuesday. Was it Tuesday? Yes, the very day he was going down to Lockport with Jonny Sower. He was out on that sea somewhere in a boat, which could not live in it a minute. Yes, it was to-day he was going. He and his pretty little wife were talking it over Sunday night. She was lamenting, half in sport and half in earnest, over the lonesome day she would have, and he promised to bring her home a new bonnet to console her. Yes, it was Tuesday and Jackson Reed had told Abby Weaver about it yesterday—that Monday. He had forgotten that she was no longer so interested in Willie Barstow's movements. And when he told his wife what he had done since he scolded him for his thoughtlessness."

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All Sorts.

A FAIR ATHLETE.
She could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
She could fence and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could do some heavy bowling,
And play tennis all day long;
But she couldn't help her mother,
'Cause she wasn't very strong.

Children with weak eyes, sore ears, or any form of scrofula cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
"So you are mad at your husband. Are you going home to your mother?"
"No, I shan't do anything to please him again as long as I live."

Leading medical authorities endorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood medicine.
It is a time of progress!
Such changes are made!
They'll soon be putting lemons in the circus lemonade.

Bad Bronchitis, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Asthma, Ulcers, Scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the blood from a common pimple to the worst scrofula sore.
"Four times has come," grimly remarked the jeweller's errand boy, as he delivered a clock at a customer's residence.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the blood from a common pimple to the worst scrofula sore. Skin diseases, Boils, Hives, and all blood humors cannot resist its healing power.
Tommy—Uncle, what's prohibition?
Uncle (who comes from Maine)—A law that prevents men from getting good liquor, Tommy.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cholera, Diarrhea, Dysentery, and Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 35c.
Young lady (in music store)—Have you "A Heart That Beats With Love"?
Clerk (blushing)—No, miss; I would consider it highly imprudent at a salary of 2 dollars a week.

GENTLER.—I have used your Yellow Oil and have found it unequalled for burns, sprains, scalds, rheumatism, crop and colds from all kinds of children or adults. Price 25c. Sold by all dealers.
"To restore gray hair to its natural color as in youth, cause it to grow abundant and white again by the use of B.B.B. and I can strongly recommend it to every body."
One bright pupil who hopes to pass a Regent's examination in history next month told her teacher not long ago that the histories rebelled because they had tried to impose a tax on whiskey.

The torturing pangs of neuralgia are speedily overcome by a free application of B.B.B. to the seat of the pain. Universal pain cure, sold by all druggists.
Sick Headache is quickly cured by Hawker's Liver Pills.
Domestic—"How much do you pay, mum?"
Mrs. Hiram Dool—"I'll pay you what you are worth."
Domestic—"I don't work for no starvation wages. Good day, mum!"

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this, you remedy. Sold by A. Dixon.

"Is Spooner's wife a nice housekeeper?"
"Well, I should say so. Why, he has to keep a private detective to watch his clothes as he can tell where to find them. She's so tidy."
HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—All cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relieved in 30 minutes and quickly cured by Dr. A. Dixon's Great Heart Cure. One dose convinces. Sold by A. Dixon.

Police Turnkey—Well, what is your name?
Dejected Wanderer—Ain't got none. Just call me No. 2.
"No. 2?"
"Yes, I'm my wife's second husband."

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. Dixon.
The part of the Biotecture and Moncton railway line through which the engine went recently is to be thoroughly rebuilt. The engine was not greatly damaged, but the rails will be impassable for some months. In the meantime regular trips on the railway have been resumed to the Moncton side of the river.

NO HOPE OF RECOVERY.
WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS. A WONDERFUL CURE.
MR. YAIL, the well-known Cheque of the I. C. R. Freight Dept., St. John N.B., makes the following statement, "12, 1892.—Last spring I was completely run down from the effects of overwork and was unable to do any more. I had been a long time in bed and was unable to get up. I was very weak and had no appetite. I had been told that I had given up ALL HOPE OF RECOVERY, when I was advised to try HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC."

I purchased a bottle and took it for a week and in a few days I was able to get up and do my work without suffering from weakness. To anyone suffering from weakness, I can say that I have been cured. I have been told that I have given up ALL HOPE OF RECOVERY, when I was advised to try HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC. I purchased a bottle and took it for a week and in a few days I was able to get up and do my work without suffering from weakness. To anyone suffering from weakness, I can say that I have been cured. I have been told that I have given up ALL HOPE OF RECOVERY, when I was advised to try HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC. I purchased a bottle and took it for a week and in a few days I was able to get up and do my work without suffering from weakness. To anyone suffering from weakness, I can say that I have been cured. I have been told that I have given up ALL HOPE OF RECOVERY, when I was advised to try HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC. 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