

## ARE YOUR KIDNEYS SICK?

Let your morning urine stand for 24 hours in a glass or vessel, and then if it is milky or cloudy, or contains a reddish brick-dust sediment, or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased. If the kidneys are well they filter just so much blood, but if they are sick or weak from any cause, they leave the poison in the blood, and this poison affects the entire system.

It is natural to pass urine three times a day, but many who regard themselves as healthy are obliged to pass water six to ten times daily and are obliged to get up frequently during the night. They have sick kidneys and bladder and don't know it. Smith's Buchu Lithia Pills cure Rheumatism and all Kidney and Bladder diseases, and make new, rich blood.

We will send you a generous sample post paid free, together with our large book on the above mentioned diseases. Address, W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

**SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS**  
A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS.  
AT ALL DEALERS—25 CENTS.  
A CURE AT THE PEOPLE'S PRICE.

## Notice of Sale.

Notice is hereby given, that there will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, in front of Caraquez Railway Station in the Parish of Caraquez in the County of Gloucester, on SATURDAY the ELEVENTH day of MARCH next at TWELVE O'CLOCK NOON, the following described lands and premises, that is to say:

FIRST. All that lot of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Parish of Caraquez aforesaid, bounded and described as follows—Bounded on the north by land owned and occupied by James Lantier, on the east by land occupied by Frederick Doucet, on the south by the King's Highway, and on the west by land occupied by Desire Doin and containing twenty acres more or less.

SECOND. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land and marsh situate on the west side of Fokesside in the Parish of Caraquez aforesaid, said to wit: One undivided half part share or interest of and in lot number one hundred and thirty-one originally granted to Etienne HATE, that is to say one undivided half part of Marsh and one undivided half part of upland of said Lot No. 131.

THIRD. A certain piece or lot of marsh and land situate, lying and being in a Little Pass (so called) in the Parish of Caraquez, County and Province aforesaid, being one undivided third share of inheritance from the father of the late Narcisse LeBoutillier, in a lot of land and marsh originally granted to Edward LeBoutillier.

FOURTH. All that certain lot or tract of land situate at the north side of St Simon Inlet bounded as follows viz: southerly by the north branch of St Simon Inlet east by land belonging to the heirs of the late Vital Duquay, north by the rear line of the original grant, and west by land belonging to Thomas Chission, containing fifty acres more or less.

Together with all and singular art buildings, erections and improvements and all basements, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging. The lots will be sold separately. Terms of sale CASH.

Dated this twenty-eighth day of January A. D. 1905

D. D. Landry  
Assignee, Joseph N. LeBoutillier

18-6

New Announcement  
Fredericton Business College.

A complete new outfit of Typewriters. Seating capacity increased by one-third. Largest attendance yet in history of the College.  
Offer by the United Types Writer Co. of a handsome GOLD WATCH to the Shortland Student making highest mark.  
YOU may enter at any time. Send for Catalogue. Address

W. J. OSBORNE.  
Fredericton, N. B.

## Handy Rubber Stamps.

We are the Local Agents for  
**MACK'S**  
Celebrated Rubber Stamps.  
All kinds of Dies and Stencils made to order

**Anslow Bros.,**  
Publishers,  
CAMPELLTON

## The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Copyright, 1899, by Doubleday & McClure Co.  
Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

The editor of the Herald kept steadily at his work, and as time went on the bitterness his predecessor's attitude had left in him passed away. But his loneliness and a sense of defeat grew and deepened. When the vistas of the world had opened to his first youth he had not thought to spend his life in such a place as Plattville, but he found himself doing it, and it was no great happiness to him that the Hon. Kedge Hallaway of Anso, whom the Herald's opposition to McCune had sent to Washington, came to depend on his influence for re-nomination, nor did the realization that the editor of the Carlow County Herald had come to be McCune's successor as political dictator produce a perceptibly enervating effect upon the young man. The years drifted very slowly, and to him it seemed that they went by while he stood far aside and could not even see them move. He did not consider the life he led an exciting one, the other citizens of Carlow did. He undertook a war against the White Caps, denizens of Six Crossroads, seven miles west of Plattville. The natives were much more afraid of the White Caps than he was. They knew more about them and understood them better than he did.

There was no thought of the people of the Crossroads in his mind as he sat on the make fence staring at the little smoky shadow dance on the white road in the June sunshine. On the contrary, he was occupied with the realization that there had been a man in his class at Carlow whose ambition needed no restraint, his promise was so great—in the strong belief of the university, a belief he could not help knowing—and that seven years to a day from his commencement this man was sitting on a fence in Indiana.

Dowa the pike a buggy came creaking toward him, gray with dust, old and frayed like the fat, shaggy mare that drew it, her unchecked, despondent head lowering before her, while her incongruous tail waved incessantly, like the banner of a storming party. The editor did not hear the flop of the mare's hoofs nor the sound of the wheels, so deep was his reverie, all the while he was nearly opposite him. The red faced and perspiring driver drew rein, and the journalist looked up and waved a long white hand to him in greeting.

"Howdy do, Mr. Harkless?" called the man in the buggy. "Soakin' in the weather?" He spoke in shouts, though neither was hard of hearing.

"Yes, just soakin'," answered Harkless. "It's such a spysy day. How is Mr. Bowlder?"

"I'm givin' good satisfaction, thank you, and all at home. She's in town."

"Give Mrs. Bowlder my regards," said the journalist, comprehending the symbolism. "How is Hartley?"

The farmer's honest face shaded over for a second. "He's been steady ever since the night you brought him home, six weeks straight. I'm kind of bothered about tomorrow—he wants to come in for show day, and seems if I hadn't have said to say no. I reckon he'll have to take his chance—and us too. Seems more like we'd have to let him, long as we got him not to come in last night for Kedge Hallaway's lecture at the courthouse. Say, how'd that lecture strike you? You give Kedge a mighty fine send-off to the audience in your introduction, but I noticed you spoke of him as a 'thinker,' without sayin' what kind. I didn't know you was as cautious a man as that! Of course I know Kedge is honest."

Harkless sighed. "Oh, he's the best we've got, Bowlder."

"I presume so, but"—Mr. Bowlder broke off suddenly as his eyes opened in surprise, and he exclaimed: "Law, I'd never expected to see you settin' here today! Why ain't you out at Judge Briscoe's?" This speech seemed to be intended with some humor, for Bowlder accompanied it with the loud laughter of sylvan timidity risking a joke.

"Only a Trifling Cold"  
Has been the Lullaby Song of Many a Victim to their Last Long Sleep.  
A cough should be loosened as speedily as possible, and all irritation allayed before it settles in the lungs. Once settled there Bronchitis and Consumption may follow.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP  
is just the remedy you require.  
The virtues of the Norway Pine and Wild Cherry Barks, with other standard pectoral Herbs and Balsams, are skillfully combined to produce a reliable, safe and effectual remedy for all forms of Coughs and Colds.

Mr. N. D. Macdonald, Whycoomagh, N.S., writes: "I think my duty to let people know what great good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for me. I had a bad cold, which settled in my chest, and I could get nothing to cure it till I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The first bottle helped me wonderfully, and the third one cured me."  
Price 25 cents per bottle.

"Why? What's going on at the Judge's?"  
"Goin' on! Didn't you see that strange lady at the lecture with Minnie Briscoe and the judge and old Fiske?"  
"I'm afraid not, Bowlder."

"They couldn't talk about anything else at the postoffice this mornin' and at Tom Martin's. She come yesterday on the afternoon accommodation. You ought to know all about it because when Minnie and her father went to the depot they had old Fiske with 'em, and when the buckboard come through town he was settin' on the back seat with her. That's what stirred me up. Nobody could figure it out any way, and nobody got much of a good look at her except Judd Bennett. He said she had kind of a new look to her. That's all any of 'em could get out of Judd. He was in a sort of a dreamy state. But Mildy Up-ton—You know Mildy? She works out at Briscoe's—"

"Yes, I know Mildy."

"She come in to the postoffice with the news this lady's name was Sherwood and she lives at Rouen. Miss Tibbs says that wasn't no news—you could tell she was a city lady with both your eyes shut. But Mildy says Fiske was goin' to stay for supper, and he come to the lecture with 'em and drove off with 'em afterwards. Sol Tibbs says he reckoned it was because Fiske was the only man in Carlow that Briscoe thought had read enough books to be smart enough to talk to her, but Miss Selby says if that was so they'd have got you instead, and so they had to all just about give it up. Of course everybody got a good look at her at the lecture—they set on the platform right behind you and Hallaway, and she did look smart. What got me, though, was the way she wore a kind of a little dagger stuck straight through her head. Seemed a good deal of a secret to me to make sure your hat was on right. You never see her at all."

"I'm afraid not," answered Harkless absently. "Miss Briscoe stopped me on the way out and told me she had a visitor."

"Young man," said Bowlder, "you better go out there right away." He raised the reins and clicked to the gray mare. "Well, she'll be mad! I ain't in town for her long ago. Ride in with me."

"No, thank you. I'll walk in for the sake of my appetite of a secret to me to make sure your hat was on right. You never see her at all."

"Wouldn't encourage it too much, livin' at the Palace hotel," observed Bowlder. "Sorry you won't ride." He gathered the loose ends of the reins in his hands, heaved far over the dashboard and struck the mare a hearty thwack. The tattered banner of tall jerked indignantly, but she consented to move on a good deal of a secret to me to make sure your hat was on right. You never see her at all."

"See the White Caps ain't got you yet?"

"No, not yet," Harkless laughed. "Reckon the boys'druther you stayed in town after dark. The other called back. 'Well, come out and see us if you got any spare time from the Judge's.' He laughed loudly again in farewell, and the editor waved his hand as Bowlder finally turned his attention forward to the mare. When the flop, flop of her hoofs had died out, Harkless realized that the day was silent no longer; it was verging into evening.

He dropped from the fence and turned his face toward town and supper. He felt the life and light about him, heard the clatter of the blackbirds above him, heard the homing bees hum by, saw the vista of white road and level landscape framed on two sides by the branches of the grove, a vista of infinitely stretching fields of green, lined here and there with woodlands and flat to the horizon line, the village lying in their lap. No roll of meadow, no rise of pasture land, relieved their serenity nor shouldered up from them to be called a hill.

A farm bell rang in the distance, a tinkling coming small and mellow from far away, and at the loneliness of that sound he heaved a long, mournful sigh. The next instant he broke into laughter, for another bell rang over the

fields, the courthouse bell in the square. The first four strokes were given with mechanical regularity, the pride of the custodian who operated the bell being proved the effect of a clockwork bell, such as he had once heard in the courthouse at Rouen, but the fifth and sixth strokes were halting achievements, as, after 4 o'clock he often lost count in the strain of the effort for precise imitation. There was a pause after the sixth; then a dubious and reluctant stroke, seven; a longer pause, followed by a final ring with desperate decision—eight! Harkless looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes of 6.

As he crossed the courthouse yard to the Palace hotel on his way to supper he stopped to exchange a word with

the bell ringer, who, seated on the steps, was mopping his brow with an air of hard earned satisfaction.

"Good evening, Schofield," he said. "You came in strong on the last stroke tonight."

"What we need here," responded the bell ringer, "is more public spirited men. I ain't kickin' on you, Mr. Harkless—no, sir; but we want more men like they got in Rouen. We want men that'll git Main street paved with block or cobble; men that'll put in factories; men that'll act—not set round like that old fool Martin and laugh and pollywaggle along and make fun of public spirit, day in, day out. I reckon I do my best for the city."

"Oh, nobody minds old Tom Martin," observed Harkless. "It's only half the time he means anything by what he says."

"That's just what I hate about him," returned the bell ringer in a tone of high complaint. "You can't never tell what half it is. Look at him now!" The gentleman, who was standing over in front of the hotel talking to a row of coatless loungers, who sat with their chairs tilted back against the props of the wooden awning that projected over the sidewalk. Their faces were turned toward the courthouse, and even those lost in meditation whittling had looked up to laugh. Mr. Martin, one of his hands thrust in a pocket of his alpaca coat and the other softly caressing his wiry, gray chin beard, his rusty silk hat tilted forward till the brim almost rested on the bridge of his nose, was addressing them in a one key voice, the melancholy whine of which, though not the words, penetrated to the courthouse steps.

As Mr. Martin's eye fell upon the editor, who, having bade the bell ringer good night, was approaching the hotel, he left his languid companions and crossed the street to meet him.

"It was only oratin' on bow round the city ought to be of Schofield's," he said mournfully to his stout hands; "but he looks kind of put out with me. He looked his arm in that of the young man and detained him for a moment as the supper gong sounded from within the hotel. "Call on the judge to-night," he asked.

"No, why?"

"I reckon you didn't see that lady with Minnie last night."

"Well, I guess you better go out there, young man. She might not stay here long."

CHAPTER II.  
THE BRISCOE buckboard rattled along the clastic country road, the reins striding a sharp pace as they turned eastward on the pile toward home.

"They'll make the eight miles in three-quarters of an hour," said Judge Briscoe proudly. He turned from his daughter at his side to Miss Sherwood, who sat with Mr. Fiske behind them, and pointed ahead with his whip.

"Just beyond that bend we pass through Six Crossroads."

Miss Sherwood leaned forward eagerly. "What did you mean last night after the lecture," she said to Fiske, "when you asked Mr. Martin who was to be with Mr. Harkless?"

"Who was watching him," he answered. "Watching him? I don't understand."

"Yes, they have shot at him from the woods at night."

"But who watches him?"

"The young men of the town. He has a habit of taking long walks after dark, and he is heedless of all remonstrance, so the young men have organized a guard for him, and every evening one of them follows him until he goes to the office to work for the night."

"What did you mean last night, it is a different young man each night, and the watcher follows at a distance, so that he does not suspect."

"But how many people know of this arrangement?"

"Nearly every one in the county except the Crossroads people, though it is not improbable that they have discovered it."

"And has no one told him?"

"No; he would not allow it to continue. He will not even arm himself."

"They follow and watch him night after night, and every one knows. And no one tells him? Oh, I must say," cried the girl, "I think these are good people!"

The buckboard turned the bend in the road, and they entered a squallid settlement built raggedly about a blacksmith shop and a saloon. "I'd hate to have a breakdown here," Briscoe remarked quietly.

Half a dozen shanties clustered near the forge, a few roofs scattered through the shiftlessly cultivated fields, four or five barns propped by fence rails, some sheds with gaping apertures through which the light glanced from side to side, a squad of thin razorback hogs, now and then worried by gaunt hounds, and some abused looking bees groping about disconsolately in the mud, a broken topped buggy with a twisted wheel, tottering into the mud of the middle of the road (there was always abundant mud here in the driest season); a dim face sneering from a broken window—Six Crossroads was for bidding and forlorn enough by day. The thought of what might issue from it by night was unpleasant, and the legends of the Crossroads, together with an unshapen threat easily fancied in the atmosphere of the place, made Miss Sherwood shiver as though a cold draft had crossed her.

"It is so sinister!" she exclaimed. "And so unspeakably mean! This is where they live, the people that hate him, is it? The White Caps?"

"They call themselves that," replied Briscoe. "Usually White Caps are a vigilance committee in a region where the law isn't enforced. These fellows aren't that kind. They got together to wipe out grudges, and sometimes didn't need any grudge—just made their raids for pure devilment. There's a feud between us and them that goes back into pioneer days, and only a few of us old folks know much about it."

"And he was the first to try to stop them?"

"Well, you see, our folks are pretty long suffering," said Briscoe apologetically. "We'd sort of got used to the meanness of the Crossroads. It took a stranger to stir things up, and he did. He sent eight of them to the penitentiary, some for twenty years."

As they passed the saloon a man stepped into the doorway and looked at them. He was coatless and clad in garments worn to the color of dust. His bare head was curiously malformed, higher on one side than on the other, and though the buckboard passed rapidly and at a distance this singular lopsidedness was plainly visible to the occupants, lending an ugly significance to his meager, yellow face. He was tall, lean, hard, powerfully built. He eyed the strangers with affected languor and then, when they had gone by, broke into sudden loud laughter.

"That was Bob Skillet, the worst of the lot," said the judge. "Harkless sent his son and one brother to prison, and it nearly broke his heart that he couldn't swear to Bob."

When they were beyond the village and in the open road again Miss Sherwood took a deep breath. "I think I breathe more freely. That was a hideous laugh he sent after us."

The judge glanced at his guest's face and chuckled. "I guess we don't frighten you much," he said. "Young lady, I don't believe you'd be afraid of many things, would you? You don't look like it. Besides, the Crossroads ain't Plattville, and the White Caps have been too scared to do anything more except try to get even with the Herald for the last two years—ever since it went for them. They're laying for Harkless partly for revenge and partly because they don't do anything until he's out of the way."

The girl gave a low cry with a sharp intake of breath. "Ah, one grows tired of this everlasting American patience! Why don't the Plattville people do something before they—"

"It's just as I say," Briscoe answered. "Our folks are sort of used to them. I expect we do about all we can. The boys look after him nights, but the main trouble is that we can't make him understand he ought to be more afraid of them. If he'd lived here his life would be. If they get him there'll be trouble of an illegal nature. He broke off suddenly and nodded to a little old man in a buckboard turning off from the road into a farm lane which led up to a trim cottage with a honeysuckle vine by the door. "That's Mrs. Wimby's husband," said the judge in an undertone.

(To be continued.)

mer); a dim face sneering from a broken window—Six Crossroads was for bidding and forlorn enough by day. The thought of what might issue from it by night was unpleasant, and the legends of the Crossroads, together with an unshapen threat easily fancied in the atmosphere of the place, made Miss Sherwood shiver as though a cold draft had crossed her.

"It is so sinister!" she exclaimed. "And so unspeakably mean! This is where they live, the people that hate him, is it? The White Caps?"

"They call themselves that," replied Briscoe. "Usually White Caps are a vigilance committee in a region where the law isn't enforced. These fellows aren't that kind. They got together to wipe out grudges, and sometimes didn't need any grudge—just made their raids for pure devilment. There's a feud between us and them that goes back into pioneer days, and only a few of us old folks know much about it."

"And he was the first to try to stop them?"

"Well, you see, our folks are pretty long suffering," said Briscoe apologetically. "We'd sort of got used to the meanness of the Crossroads. It took a stranger to stir things up, and he did. He sent eight of them to the penitentiary, some for twenty years."

As they passed the saloon a man stepped into the doorway and looked at them. He was coatless and clad in garments worn to the color of dust. His bare head was curiously malformed, higher on one side than on the other, and though the buckboard passed rapidly and at a distance this singular lopsidedness was plainly visible to the occupants, lending an ugly significance to his meager, yellow face. He was tall, lean, hard, powerfully built. He eyed the strangers with affected languor and then, when they had gone by, broke into sudden loud laughter.

"That was Bob Skillet, the worst of the lot," said the judge. "Harkless sent his son and one brother to prison, and it nearly broke his heart that he couldn't swear to Bob."

When they were beyond the village and in the open road again Miss Sherwood took a deep breath. "I think I breathe more freely. That was a hideous laugh he sent after us."

The judge glanced at his guest's face and chuckled. "I guess we don't frighten you much," he said. "Young lady, I don't believe you'd be afraid of many things, would you? You don't look like it. Besides, the Crossroads ain't Plattville, and the White Caps have been too scared to do anything more except try to get even with the Herald for the last two years—ever since it went for them. They're laying for Harkless partly for revenge and partly because they don't do anything until he's out of the way."

The girl gave a low cry with a sharp intake of breath. "Ah, one grows tired of this everlasting American patience! Why don't the Plattville people do something before they—"

"It's just as I say," Briscoe answered. "Our folks are sort of used to them. I expect we do about all we can. The boys look after him nights, but the main trouble is that we can't make him understand he ought to be more afraid of them. If he'd lived here his life would be. If they get him there'll be trouble of an illegal nature. He broke off suddenly and nodded to a little old man in a buckboard turning off from the road into a farm lane which led up to a trim cottage with a honeysuckle vine by the door. "That's Mrs. Wimby's husband," said the judge in an undertone.

(To be continued.)

To Glaze Limes.  
To glaze limes add to every pound of starch a piece of white wax about the size of a walnut. When ready for ironing, the limes should be laid upon the table, slightly moistened, and first ironed with a hot iron. After this iron is rounded at the bottom, very heavy and very bright, is used for the glossing.

Many Women Suffer  
Untold Agony From  
Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS  
at stated intervals.

Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep well, no appetite, menstruation irregular, nervous irritability, and brick-dust in my urine were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I slept well, and am effectually cured. I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.

All dealers, or DOAN KIDNEY PILLS CO., TORONTO, ONT.

**"FROST"**  
Ornamental Gates  
Light in weight. Artistic in design.  
Reasonable in price.  
Also a large line of Standard Farm Gates always on hand. Every progressive and up-to-date farmer insists on having FROST GATES. Catalog and prices on request.  
FOR SALE BY  
**W. C. HAMILTON, - Black Land**  
**EDGAR BROWN, - Escuminac**

**The GRANBY Lad**  
Is Tommy Tough, and as tough they say, As GRANBY RUBBERS in a different way. They're tough and good, I'm tough and bad, But tough or not, I'm a GRANBY lad.



Some people look almost club footed because of the ugly rubbers they wear. GRANBY RUBBERS always have a neat, clean cut appearance, and they WEAR LIKE IRON.

**WINCHESTER**  
FACTORY LOADED SMOKELESS  
POWDER SHOTGUN SHELLS  
Good shells in your gun mean a good bag in the field or a good score at the trap. Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater" Smokeless Powder Shells are good shells. Always sure-fire, always giving an even spread of shot and good penetration, their great superiority is testified to by sportsmen who use Winchester Factory Loaded Shells in preference to any other make.  
ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM

## What About It?

Don't you need  
**New Harness,  
Horse Collars,**  
LOOK AT OUR NEW STOCK  
We want every man who owns a horse to examine our Collars.  
Give us a Call

**J. H. TAYLOR**

Farming Implements  
Carriages, Etc.

**FROST & WOOD CO.**  
Just arrived one car-load Buggies, either rubber or steel tires, Truck wagons, single and double Cart wheels and axles, Express Wagons, Farm Implements of every description from a Harrow to a Binder or Thresher.  
Prices right. Terms to suit the purchaser. Write for Catalogue, but better to call and see for yourself.

**R. & T. Ellsworth**  
Hugh Miller Building, Campbellton, N. B.

## FINE OFFICE STATIONERY

is a requisite of every business man, and every business should use none but the best.  
**LET US HAVE YOUR NEXT ORDER**  
and you will have the best that care and skill can turn out. Our office is specially equipped for this class of work.  
**LETTER HEADS, NOTE-HEADS, STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES**  
**ANSLOW BROS.,**  
"EVENTS"  
Printers and Publishers, Campbellton, N. B.