A torpid, inactive liver goes hand in hand with constipation. Such a chronic condition requires a systematic effort to overcome it and establish good health and perfect body drainage. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, containing the two needed elements to increase liver activity and muscular action go accurately to the sluggish liver and bowels, restoring them completely.

rately to the sluggish liver and bowels, restoring them completely.

Suppose your bowels failed to move for a week or ten days. Don't you know you would be quickly prostrated? It is just the same, differing in degree, when your bowels do not move at least once a day. You know you soon become languid and tired, your blood gets bad and you feel mean and sick all over. You should have a full, healthy passage daily. Don't let serious conditions develop. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills will drive bowel poison out of your system and establish regularity. They are purely vegetable, and cure in one night. We will send you a grnerous sample of these pills Absolutely Free, sealed and postpaid, that will convince you beyond doubt of their wonderful curative properties. Address, W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

Smith's Pineapple and Butternut

Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache in one night. All dealers 25 cents. A Cure at the People's Price.

Notice of Sale

bounded and described as follows- a long breath to get the elusive odor Bounded and described as follows:
Bounded on the north by land owned and occupied by James Lanteigne, on the east by land occupied by Frederick Doucet on the south by the 'King's addressing the wide silence complaining twenty acres more or less.

tilier, in a lot of land and marsh or The persistent tourist who seeks for iginally granted to Edward LeBouttl | signs of man in this sad expanse per-

tract of land situate at the north side | there man himself, incurious, patient, of St Simon Inlet bounded as follows slow, looking up from the fields apaviz: southerly by the north branch of thetically as the limited flies by. Now St Simon Inlet east by land belong- and then the train passes a village ing to the heirs of the late Vital Du ballt scatteringly about a courthouse, guay, north by the rear line of the or- with a mill or two humming near the ginal grant, and west by land belong ing to Thomas Chiasson, containing

fifty acres more or less. Together with a!l and singular alt buildings, erections and improvements capital of Carlow county. The social on said lots of land standing and being and business energy of the town conand all easements, privileges and ap- centrated on the square, and here in purtenances to the same belonging. The lots will be sold separately; to lounge from store to store in their Terms of sale CASH Dated this twenty-eight day of Jan-

D. D. Landry Assignee, Joseph N. LeBoutilier

uary A. D, 1905

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We are the Local Agents for MACK'S

Celebrated Rubber Stamps. All kinds of Dies and

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CAMPBELLTON

The Gentleman From Indiana By BOOTH TARKINGTON Copyright, 1899, by Doubleday & McClure Co. Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

HEN the rusty hands of the office clock marked half past 4, the editor in chief of the Carlow County Herald took his hand out of his hair, wiped his pen on his last notice from the White Caps, put on his coat, swept out the close little entry and left the sanctum for the bright June afternoon. He chose the way to the west, stroll-

ing thoughtfully out of town by the

white, hot, deserted Main street and thence onward by the country road into which its proud half mile of old brick store buildings, tumbledown frame shops and thinly painted cottages degenerated. The sun was in his face. where the road ran between the summer fields, lying waveless, low, gracious in promise; but, coming to a wood of hickory and beech and walnut that stood beyond, he might turn his down-bent hat brim up and hold his head erect. Here the shade fell deep and cool on the green tangle of rag and iron weed and long grass in the corners of the snake fence, al-Notice is hereby given, that there will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, in close beside. There was no movement front of Caraquet Railway Station in of the crisp young leaves overhead. the Parish of Caraquet in the County High in the boughs there was a quick of Gloucester, on SATURDAY the firt of crimson where two robins hop-ELEVENTH day of MARCH next at ped moiselessly. The late afternoon, TWELVE O'CLOCK NOON, the when the air is quite still, had come, following described lands and prem- yet there rested somewhere on the day a faint, pleasant, woody FIRST. All that lot of land and smell. It came to the editor of the premises situate, lying and being in Herald as he climbed to the top rail the Parish of Caraquet aforesaid, of the fence for a seat, and he drew

Highway, and on the west by land oc-cupied by Desire Doiron and contain-finished, gazing solemnly upon the shining little town down the road. SECOND. All that certain piece, It was a place of which its inhabitparcel or tract of land and marsh sit- ants sometimes remarked easily that ate on the west side of Pokesudie Is their city had a population of from land in the Parish of Caraquet afore- 5,000 to 6,000 souls, but it should be said, to-wit- One undivided half part | easy to forgive them for such stateshare or interest of and in lot number ments. Civic pride is a virtue. The one hundred and thirty-one originally town lay in the heart of that fertile granted to Eustebe Hache, that is to-say one undivided halt part of Marsh eastern travelers, glancing from car and one undivided half part of upland windows, shudder and return their eyes f said lot No 131.

THIRD. A certain piece or lot of the swaying caparisons of a Pullman to marsh and land situate lying and the monotony without. The landscape teing in a Little Pass (so called) in the Parish of Caraquet, County and in winter, a desolate plain of mud and Province atoresaid, being one undiv- snow; hot and dusty in summer, miles ided third share of inheritance from on miles of flat lonesomeness, with not the father of the late Narcisse LeBou one cool hall slope away from the sun.

ceives a reckless amount of rail fence. FOURTH. All that certain lot or at intervals a large barn, and here and tracks. This is a county seat, and the inhabitants and the local papers refer to it confidently as "our city."

Such a county seat was Plattville,

summer time the gentlemen were wont shirt sleeves, and in the center of the square stood the old red brick courthouse, loosely fenced in a shady grove of maple and elm-"slipp'ry ellum"-called the "courthouse yard." When the sun grew too hot for the dry goods box whittlers in front of the stores around the square and the occupants of the chairs in front of the Palace hotel on the corner they would go across and drape themselves over the fence and carve their initials on the top board. From the position of the sun the editor of the Herald judged that these operations were now in progress, and he was not deeply elated by the knowledge that whatever desultory conversation might pass from man to man on the fence would probably be inspired by his own convictions expressed editorially in the Herald.

The King of Terrors Is Consumption. And Consumption is caused by neglect-ing to cure the dangerous Coughs

and Colds. The balsamic odor of the newly cut pine heals and invigorates the lungs, and even consumptives im-prove and revive amid the perfume of the pines. This fact has long been known to physicians, but the essential healing principle of the pine has never before been separated and refined as it is in

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It combines the life-giving lung-healing virtue of the Norway Pine with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing Herbs and Balsams. It cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarse-ness, Bronchitis, and all affections of the bronchial tubes and air passages. Mrs. M. B. Lisle, Eagle Head, N.S., writes:—I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and think it is a fine remedy, the best we have ever used. A number of people here have great faith

Price 25 cents per bottle.

Signification control of the control

He drew a faded tobacco hag and a brier pipe from his pocket and, after filling and lighting the pipe, twirled the pouch mechanically about his finger, then, suddenly regarding it, patted it caressingly. It had been a giddy little bag long ago, gay with embroidery in the colors of the editor's university, and, although now it was frayed to the verge of tatters, it still bore an air of pristine jauntiness, an air of which its owner in nowise partook. He looked from it toward the village in the clear distance and sighed softly as he put the pouch back in his pocket and, resting his arm on his knee and his chin on his hand, sat blowing clouds of smoke out of the shade into the sunshine, absently watching the ghostly shadow on the white dust of the road.

A little garter snake crept under the fence beneath him and disappeared in the underbrush; a rabbit, progressing on its travels by a series of brilliant dashes and terror smitten halts, came within a few yards of him, sat up with quivering nose and eyes alight with fearful imaginings and vanished, a flash of fluffy brown and white. Shadows grew longer; a cricket chirped and heard answers; there was a woodland stir of breezes, and the pair of robins left the branches overhead in eager flight, vacating perore the arrival of a flock of blackbirds hastening thither ere the eventide should be upon them. The quarreled and beat each other with their wings above the smoker sitting

on the top fence rail. But he had remembered. A thousand miles to the east it was commencement day, seven years to a day from his

Five years ago, on another June afternoon, a young man from the east had alighted on the platform of the station north of Plattville and, entering the rickety omnibus that lingered there seeking whom it might rattle to deafness, demanded to be driven to the Herald building. It did not strike the driver that the newcomer was precisely a gay young man when he climbed into the omnibus, but an hour later, as he stood in the doorway of the edifice he had indicated as his destination. depression seemed to have settled into the marrow of his bones.

Plattville was instantly alert to the stranger's presence, and interesting conjectures were hazarded all day long at the back door of Martin's Dry Goods Emporium (this was the club during the day), and at supper the new arrival and his probable purposes were discussed over every table in the town. Upon inquiry he had informed Judd Bennett, the driver of the omnibus, that he had come to stay. Naturally such a declaration caused a sensation, as people did not come to Plattville to live except through the inadvertency of being born there. In addition the young man's appearance and attire were reported to be extraordinary. Many of the curious, among them most of the marriageable females of the place, took occasion to pass and repass the sign of the Carlow County Herald during the

Meanwhile the stranger was seated in the dingy office upstairs with his head bowed low on his arms. Twilight stole through the dirty window panes and faded into darkness. Night filled the room. He did not move. The young man from the east had bought the Herald from an agent-had bought it without ever having been within a hundred miles of Plattville. The Herald was an alleged weekly which had sometimes appeared within five days of its declared date of publication and sometimes missed fire altogether. It was a thorn in the side of every patriot of Carlow county, and Carlow people, after supporting the paper loyally and long, had at last given it up and sub-scribed for the Gazette, published in the neighboring county of Amo. The former proprietor of the Herald, a surreptitious gentleman with a goatee, had taken the precaution of leaving Plattville forever on the afternoon preceding his successor's arrival. The young man from the east had wastly overpaid for his purchase. Moreover, the price he had paid for it was all the money he had in the world.

The next morning he went bitterly to work. He hired a compositor from Rouen, a young man named Parker, who set type all night long and helped him pursue advertisements all day. The citizens shook their heads pessimistically. They had about given up the idea that the Herald could ever amount to anything, and they betrayed an innocent but caustic doubt of ability in any stranger.

One day the new editor left a note on his door: "Will return in fifteen min-

Mr. Rodney McCune, a politician from the neighboring county of Gaines, happening to be in Plattville on an errand to his henchmen, found the note and wrote beneath the message the scathing inquiry, "Why?"

When he discovered this addendum, the editor smiled for the first time since his advent and reported the incident in his next issue, using the rubric "Why district to which Carlow belonged was you know. Goodby."

governed by a limited number of genincrease, and houesty in politics was a startling conception to the minds of the passive and resigned voters, who talked the editorial over on the street week there was another editorial, personal and local in its application, and thereby it became evident that the new proprietor of the Herald was a theorist who believed in general that a politician's honor should not be merely of that middling healthy species known as "honor among politicians," and in particular that Rodney McCune should not receive the nomination of his party for congress. Now, Mr. McCune was the undoubted dictator of the district, and his followers laughed at the stranger's fantastic onset; but the editor was not content with the word of print. He hired a horse and rode about the country and (to his own surprise) proved to be an adaptable young man who enjewed exercise with a pitchfork to the farmer's profit while the farmer talked. He talked little himself, but after listening an hour or so he would drop a word from the saddle as he left, and then, by some surprising wizardry, the farmer, thinking over the interview, decided there was some sense in what that young fellow said and grew curlous to see what the young fellow had further to say in the Herald.

Politics is the one subject that goes to the vitals of every rural American, and a Hoosier will talk politics after he is dead.

Everybody read the campaign editorials and found them interesting, alentirely a party fight, for by grace of the last gerrymander the nomination | Knight." carried with it the certainty of elec-

A week before the convention there est of excuses to his cohorts. Nothing was known of the real reason for his and had found McCune, white and shaking, leaning on the desk.

"Parker," said the editor, exhibiting



Mr. Rodney McCune found the note. tract between Mr. McCune and myself. These papers are an affidavit and copies of some records of a street car company which obtained a charter while Mr. McCune was in the legislature. They were sent to me by a man I do not know, an anonymous friend of Mr. McCune-in fact, a friend he seems to have lost. On consideration of our not printing these papers Mr. McCune agrees to retire from politics for good. You understand, if he ever lifts his head again politically we publish them, and the courts will do the rest. Now, in case anything should happen to me"-

"Something will happen to you all right!" broke out McCune. "You can

bank on that, you black"-"Come," the editor interrupted not unpleasantly. "Why should there be anything personal in all this? I don't recognize you as my private enemynot at all-and I think you are getting off rather easily, aren't you? You keep out of politics and everything will be comfortable. You ought never to have been in it, you see. It's a mistake not to go square, because in the long run somebody is sure to give you away, like the fellow who sent me these. You promise to hold to a strictly private life?"

"You're a traitor to the party," groaned the other; "but you only wait"-The editor smiled sadly. "Wait nothing! Don't threaten, man. Go home to your wife. I'll give you three to one she'll be glad you are out of it." "I'll give you three to one," said Mc-

Cune, "that the White Caps will get you if you stay in Carlow. You want to look out for yourself, I tell you, my smart boy."

"Good day, Mr. McCune," was the answer. "Let me have your note of withdrawal before you leave town this afternoon." The young man paused a moment, then extended his hand as he said: "Shake hands, won't you? I-I haven't meant to be too hard on you. Has the Herald Returned to Life?" as I hope things will seem easier and gaya text for a rousing editorial on honesty in politics, a subject of which he already knew something. The political you in a private way I'll be very glad,

The sound of the Herald's victory went over the state. The paper came out regularly. The townsfolk bought it, and the farmers drove in for it. Old subscribers came back. Old advertisers renewed. The Herald began to sell corners and in the stores. The next in Amo, and Gaines county people subscribed. Carlow folk held up their heads when journalism was mentioned. Presently the Herald announced a news connection with Rouen, and with that and the aid of "patent insides" began an era of three issues a week, appearing on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The Plattville brass band serenaded the editor. During the second month of the new

regime of the Herald the working force of the paper received an addition. One night the editor found some barroom loafers tormenting a patriarchal old man who had a magnificent head and a grand white beard. He had been thrown out of a saloon, and he was drunk with the drunkenness of three weeks' steady pouring. He propped himself against a wall and reproved his tormentors in Latin. "I'm walking your way, Mr. Fisbee," remarked the journalist, hooking his arm into the old man's. "Suppose we leave our friends here and go home." Mr. Fisbee was the one inhabitant of

the town possessing an unknown past, and a glamour of romance was thrown about him by the gossips, who agreed that there was a dark, portentous secret in his life, an opinion not too well confirmed by the old man's appearance. His fine eyes had a habit of wandering to the horizon, and his expression was mild, vague and sad, lost in dreams though there was no one who did not At the first glance one guessed that perceive the utter absurdity of a young | his dreams would never be practicable stranger dropping into Carlow and in their application, and some such im-involving himself in a party fight pression of him was probably what against the boss of the district. It was | caused the editor of the Herald to nickname him, in his own mind, "the White

Mr. Fisbee, coming to Plattville from nobody knew where, had taught in the high school for ten years, but he proved came a provincial earthquake. The quite unable to refrain from lecturing news passed from man to man in awe to the dumfounded pupils on archæstruck whispers-McCune had with- ology, neglecting more and more the drawn his name, making the shallow- ordinary courses of instruction, growabsent, lost in his few books and his disordered retreat beyond the fact that own reflections, until at last he had he had been in Plattville on the morn- been discharged for incompetency. The ing before his withdrawal and had is, dazed old man had no money and no sued from a visit to the Herald office in | way to make any. One day he dropped a state of palsy. Mr. Parker, the in at the hotel bar, where Wilkerson, Rouen printer, had been present at the | the professional drunkard, favored him close of the interview, but he held his with his society. The old man underpeace at the command of his employer. stood. He knew it was the beginning He had been called into the sanctum of the end. He sold his books in order to continue his credit at the Palace bar, and once or twice, unable to proceed to his own dwelling, spent the a bundle of papers he held in his hand, night in a lumber yard, piloted thither

The morning after the editor took him home Fishee appeared at the Herald office in a new hat and a decent suit of black. He had received his salary in advance, his books had been repurchased and he had become the reportorial staff of the Carlow County Herald; also he was to write various treatises for the paper. For the first few evenings when he started home from the office his chief walked with him, chatting cheerfully, until they had passed the Palace bar. But Fisbee's redemption was complete.

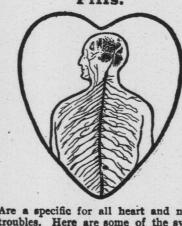
(To be continued.)

His Standard of Measurement. "I thought you claimed this was a good restaurant," he grumbled as they passed from the room of the big dry goods store. "Well, isn't it?"

"Bah! I know of a place over on Madison street where you can get three times as much as we've had for a quar-

Not a Bit Accommodating. "Meanest folks I ever saw in the city," growled the man from the wayback district. "Why, when you find a feller goin' right your way with one o' them big cars he won't give you a lift without chargin' you a nickel for it"-

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