

If Your Liver is Wrong You are Wrong all Over

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 so accurately 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 genuine 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 Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache in one night. 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 Carquet Railway Station in the Parish of Carquet in the County of Gloucester, on SATURDAY the ELEVENTH day of MARCH, at TWELVE O'CLOCK NOON, the following described lands and premises, that is to say:

FIRST. All that lot of land and premises situated, lying and being in the Parish of Carquet 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 Dorion and containing twenty acres more or less.

SECOND. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land and marsh situated on the west side of Pokesudie in the Parish of Carquet aforesaid, said, to-wit: One undivided half part share or interest of and in lot number one hundred and thirty-one originally granted to Eustache Hache, 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 situated lying and being in a Little Pass (so called) in the Parish of Carquet, County and Province aforesaid, being one undivided third share of inheritance from the father of the late Vital Duboultier, in a lot of land and marsh originally granted to Edward LeBoutillier.

FOURTH. All that certain lot or tract of land situated 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 Duboultier, north by the rear line of the original grant, and west by land belonging to Thomas Chasson, containing fifty acres more or less.

Together with all and singular all buildings, erections and improvements on said lots of land standing and being and all easements, 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

Assignee, Joseph N. LeBoutillier

18-6

New Announcements from Fredericton Business College.

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

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Celebrated Rubber Stamps.

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Anslov Bros.,
Publishers,
CAMPELLTON

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARRINGTON

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CHAPTER I
WHEN 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, strolling 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, tumble-down frame shops and thinly painted cottages degenerated. The sun was in his face where the road ran between the summer fields, lying waveless, low, grassy in promise, but coming to a wood of hickory and beech and walnut that stood beyond, he might turn his head back and see the sun in his face.

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The King of Terrors Is Consumption.

And Consumption is caused by neglecting to cure the dangerous Coughs and Colds.

The balsamic odor of the newly cut pine buds and invigorates the lungs, and even consumptives improve 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 remedy, the best we have ever used. A number of people here have great faith in it as it cures every time.

Price 25 cents per bottle.

governed by a limited number of gentlemen whose wealth was ever on the increase, and honesty in politics was a startling conception to the minds of the passive and resigned voters, who talked the editorial over on the street corners and in the stores. The next 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 enjoyed 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 curious 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. He had been told that politics after he is dead.

Everybody read the campaign editorials and found them interesting, although there was no one who did not perceive the utter absurdity of a young stranger dropping into Carlow and involving himself in a party fight against the boss of the district. It was entirely a party fight, for by force of the last gerrymandering the nomination carried with it the certainty of election.

A week before the convention there came a provincial earthquake. The news passed from man to man in awe struck whispers—McCune had withdrawn his name, making the shallowness of excuses to his cohorts. Nothing was known of the real reason for his disordered retreat beyond the fact that he had been in Plattsville on the morning before his withdrawal and had issued from a visit to the Herald office in a state of palsy. Mr. Parker, the Rouen printer, had been present at the close of the interview, but he held his peace at the command of his employer. He had been called into the sanctum and had found McCune, white and shaking, leaning on the desk.

"Parker," said the editor, exhibiting a bundle of papers he held in his hand, "I want you to witness a verbal contract."

Mr. Rodney McCune found the note, a tract of paper, with his name on it. 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 him 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 the note, 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 unpleasantly. "Why should there be anything personal in all this? I don't recognize you as my private enemy—not 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," growled 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 McCune, "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 haven't meant to be too hard on you. I hope things will seem easier and gay to you before long, and if—if anything should turn up that I can do for you in any way, I'll be very glad, you know. Goodbye."

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 in Amos and Gaines county people subscribed. Carlow held up their heads when journalism was mentioned. Presently the Herald announced a new connection with Rouen, and with that and the aid of "patent insiders" began an era of three issues a week, appearing on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The Plattsville brass band celebrated 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 burrow hoisters 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 yeg way, Mr. Fiebee," remarked the journalist, hooking his arm into the old man's. "Suppose we leave our friends here and go home."

Mr. Fiebee was the one inhabitant of the town possessing an unknown past, and a glamour of romance was thrown about him by the gossip, who agreed that there was a dark, portentous secret in his life, an opinion set 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. At the first glance one guessed that his dreams would never be practicable in their application, and some such impression of him was probably what caused the editor of the Herald to nickname him, in his own mind, "The White Knight."

Mr. Fiebee, coming to Plattsville from nobody knew where, had taught in the high school for ten years, but he proved quite unable to lecture to the damfoolish pupils on archeology, neglecting more and more the ordinary courses of instruction, growing year by year more forgetful and absent. In his few books and his own recollections, until at last he had been discharged for incompetency. The dazed old man had no money and no way to make any. One day he dropped in at the hotel bar, where Wilkeson, the professional drunkard, favored him with his society. The old man understood. He knew it was the beginning of the end. He said his books had been repurchased and he had come to the Palace bar, and once or twice, unable to proceed to his own dwelling, spent the night in a lumber yard, plotted thither by the harder retainer Wilkeson.

The morning after the editor took him home Fiebee 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 come to the Palace bar, and once or twice, unable to proceed to his own dwelling, spent the night in a lumber yard, plotted thither by the harder retainer Wilkeson.

(To be continued.)

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.

Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart, Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the system. Price 50 cents per box, or 8 for \$1.25.

WEAK SPELLS CURED.

Mrs. L. Dorey, Hemford, N.S., writes us as follows:—"I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good in just two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

A Coiled Spring Wire Fence
With large, stiff stay wires, makes a perfect fence.
Not one pound of soft wire enters into the construction of THE FROST. The uprights are immovably locked to the running wire with THE FROST WEDGE-LOCK, making an absolutely Stock-proof Fence. The Locks bind without kinking or crimping either the stays or lateral wires. Will not slip, and our new method of enamelling and baking prevents rust, which adds greatly to the appearance of the fence. Make no mistake. Buy THE FROST. It is the heaviest and the best. For sale by
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When your feet get cold and wet,
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and you will have the best that care and skill can turn out. Our office is specially equipped for this class of work.
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