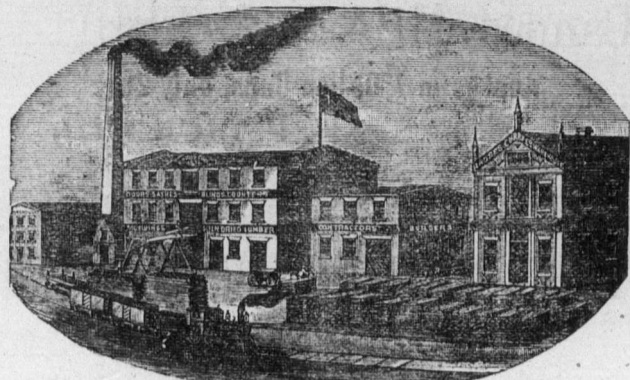


RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA, Manufacturers and Builders



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material
jan27 Send for Estimates.



NEW DISCOVERY BY ACCIDENT

It is a discovery of a new and powerful remedy for the cure of all kinds of skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and other eruptions. It is a discovery of a new and powerful remedy for the cure of all kinds of skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and other eruptions. It is a discovery of a new and powerful remedy for the cure of all kinds of skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and other eruptions.

Pt. Elgin Woolen Mills.

Port. Elgin, N. B.

The above mills are again in operation and are prepared to supply customers with a full line of

Tweeds, Homespuns, Blanketings, Shirtings, Etc.
Our facilities are better than ever for supplying Yarns at short notice.
Custom Carding done as usual.
June 23rd, 1892.

House Painting.

THE UNDERSIGNED begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.

Papering, Kalsomining, Whitewashing, Kalsomining and Decorating usually required during the spring season.
JOHN FORD,
Sackville, N. B., Mar. 24, 1892.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the cure of all kinds of consumption, such as tuberculosis, and other lung diseases. It is a discovery of a new and powerful remedy for the cure of all kinds of consumption, such as tuberculosis, and other lung diseases.

Scientific American Agency for.

PATENTS.

For information and full particulars write to the undersigned at the following address: Scientific American Agency for Patents, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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AT

W. M. Chesley's

ASSORTED LINE OF

WATCHES

and JEWELRY

ALSO:

A New Supply of

SILVERWEAR.

Repairing

of Watches and Jewelry specialty. Rivet and Stark Lathes used.

W. M. CHESLEY,

Amherst, July 7th, 1892.

CAUTION.

EAC HUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

None Other Genuine.

an. 21st, 92.

Hoing and Praying.

Said Farmer Jones in a whispering tone,

To his good old neighbor Gray,

I've won my knees through to the bone

But I ain't no use to pray.

"Your corn looks just twice as good as mine,

Though you don't pretend to be a saint

Light in the church to shine, An' tell Salvation's free.

"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times

For to make that corn grow;

And why your head is so an' climb

I'd give a great deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones,

In his quiet and easy way,

"When your prayers got mixed with lazy bones

They don't make farmin' pay.

"Your weeds, I notice are good and tall,

In spite of all your prayers;

You may pray for corn till the heavens fall,

If you don't dig up the tares.

"I mix my prayers with a little toil,

Along in every row;

An' I work 'em up to the soil,

Quite vigorous with a hoe.

"An' I've discovered, though still in sin,

As sure as you are born,

This kind of corn will be worked in,

Makes pretty decent corn.

"So, while I'm praying I use my hoe,

An' do my level best,

To keep down the weeds along each row,

An' the Lord He does the rest.

"It is well for to pray both night and morn,"

As every farmer knows;

But the place to pray for thirty corn

Is right between the rows.

"You must use your hands while pray-

ing, though,

If an answer you would get,

For prayer-work means an rusty hoe.

Never mind a big crop yet.

"An' so believe, my good old friend,

If you mean to win the day,

From ploughing, clean to the harvest's end,

You must hoe as well as pray."

—Farmer's Advocate.

MEPHISTO.

CHAPTER I.

"Remembering that were.

(CONTINUED.)

Cora meantime cowering down the

Row on her pretty chestnut, with

Jack Standish as attendant, caught

sight of a tall figure leaning negligently

over the railings, and straight-

forward Jack's frown, made direct

for it.

All her eighteen years she had

never been crossed in any fancy—

should she be so now! She laughed

at the idea of it. If it pleased her to

talk to Col. Maulever she would do

so. So the chestnut was reined in

under April foliage of the trees, and

Stuart Maulever became the cynosure

of all eyes and the object of much

jealousy and evil speaking.

"Give a dog a bad name," says the

proverb, and Maulever had had a bad

name for years past. It had troubled

him very little then—it troubled him

less now. Cora was only to him his

little pet and plaything of old, the

child with her gay spirits and en-

chanting ways, who had amused and

been patted by him in the beautiful

old house by the bright Dart water,

where he had spent most of his leisure

time in England.

He looked at Cora's side while

the sunshine poured through the

softly-stirring boughs, and these eyes

of horses' hoofs and the babble of

voices and laughter sounded pleasantly

in the morning air. The scene had

something of novelty to him after

all these years of absence and

hardship and bitter memories. He

chattered gaily to the beautiful girl

who looked even more beautiful in

the morning radiance than in the

satins and laces of the previous night.

And she, feeling too content for any

thought to disturb her, talked as gaily

as himself.

"I must not detain you any longer,"

he said at last, for he saw what she

did not—the covert sneers and im-

patient glances of passers-by. "If

you are unconvinced one must always

suffer for it," he thought regretfully,

for the girl's face clouded over at his

words.

"Will you come to lunch?" he

asked. "Mamma and papa will be

delighted to see you. Do say yes.

It is quite time you paid your respects

to them."

"For an instant he hesitated. His

hand lay on his—the sunlight played

over his hair, turning its rich brown

tints to gold, and his eyes looked

lower than ever with that soft

pleading in their dark-blue depths.

Stuart Maulever dropped the hand

he held. That look had vanished

from his face.

"Yes," he said, "I will come."

"What is love worth, pray?"

Worth a tear.—Swinburne.

After that day Stuart Maulever

and Cora Tresilian were almost al-

ways together.

They drifted into that frank, care-

less intimacy into which people, who

drift who suit each other, and find

each other too well to think of con-

sequences. Jack Standish had been

right when he said Cora had made a

hero of Maulever in her childhood-

days, and that fact is a measure ac-

counted for her predilection in his

favor now.

"It is refreshing to find some one

who can talk sense," she would say

if Jack ventured to hint that Maulever

monopolized all her attention, and

her cousin took himself and his

wounded amour propre to the side.

She never for one moment

attributed it to herself. Her parents

had never hinted at their wishes, and

Jack himself had always felt sure

that when he felt inclined he had

only to ask and to have. Perhaps

it is the fear that had come to him

of late had done him good—had

aroused some genuine feeling, on his

part in place of that serene indiffer-

ence with which he had looked to the

future that was his cousin's

lot.

For some time he was seriously ag-

grieved, and the change soon made it

self known to Stuart Maulever. He

had always liked the young fellow,

and he knew that Cora had been des-

tined for him. He did not consider

himself worthy of her, but then, as he

looked at her, he knew no one else

who was, and, after all, if a

woman's life was safe and placid, it

was infinitely better for her than if

she indulged in romantic fancies.

He began to allude to Cora's future

as a thing assured, and to praise

Jack's good qualities and she listened

to him with a strange pain at her

heart and wondered sometimes what

he meant.

Cora and Col. Maulever sat to-

gether at a morning concert in the

drawing room of the Tresilian's

house in Grosvenor Square. The

blinds had not been drawn and a

shaded lamp that stood on a stand

near one of the windows was its only

light. He found Cora there alone.

He could not help seeing now white

not face was, but he put that down to

the headache of the afternoon.

"You see I have come," he said

smiling, as he took her hands in his.

"But I thought I should find you

arrayed for the fray. Don't you go

to the Grosvenor hall?"

"No," she said as she seated her-

self again on the low chair by the

window; "I don't feel inclined to go

to-night."

There was a pause. He was study-

ing the delicate face and marvelling

at the change in it. Her voice broke

across his thoughts.

"Don't think me impertinent," she

said hurriedly. "I know, I mean, of

course, like everyone else—I heard of

your marriage. Wasn't Mrs. Vivian

very well?"

"My wife?" he asked quickly, as

she stammered over the words.

"Yes," she had found her voice

again.

"She was—or rather, I should say,

she is—very well."

"You—would you mind telling me

why you parted?"

"I don't like to speak of it. The

story has been sealed up in my heart

for five long years. If, in all these

years, I have not known one happy

hour, I have but my own curse for

it."

There was a long silence. Then

with a heavy sigh he suddenly re-

solved himself.

"After all," he said, "why should

I not tell you? I wanted you to

think well of me, child, but it is bet-

ter you should not—far, far better."

She said