

It is whispered in this vicinity that L. Wisse is showing a large and complete assortment of Xmas Goods. A call will convince you.

Furs, Furs, Furs

Ladies' and Gents' Raccoon and Astrichan Coats. Also a full line of Collars, Muffs, Caps, Mitts, and Gauntlets, in the latest styles.

Call And See. Free to all. Call and get my Calendar for 1905.

L. Wisse, Gaspe. Estab 1895



While we cannot recommend cheap and weak \$3.00 and \$5.00 sets of teeth... After patients have been warned of the uselessness of this class of work and they persist in having such, we can supply them much easier than the best which in such work is none too good.

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For Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

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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 Pileosol and Bitternat Pills will drive bowels out of your system and establish regularity.

Notice of Sale. To Alexander Watt, Junior, formerly of the Parish of Dalhousie, in the County of Restigouche, and Province of New Brunswick, and Ella May Watt, his wife, now of the Province of British Columbia, and all others whom it shall or may concern:

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the 9th Day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1903, made between the said Alexander Watt, Junior, and Ella May Watt, his wife, of the one part, and Dennis A. Arsenau, of the Parish of Balmoral in the County of Restigouche, and Province of New Brunswick, Surveyor, of the other part, and which Mortgage was duly registered the 9th Day of June, A. D. 1903, as No. 6828 on pages 711, 712, 713, and 714, in Book 17 of the Records of the County of Restigouche, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the sixth day of February, A. D. 1905, at two o'clock in the afternoon, in front of the Court House, in the Town of Dalhousie, in said County of Restigouche, "All and singular the eastern half of that certain lot or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Balmoral, in the Parish of Balmoral, in the County of Restigouche, and bounded as follows to-wit: Beginning on the northern side of a reserved road at the south-east angle of Lot number seventy one (71) granted to Alexander Watt in Balmoral Settlement, thence running by the magnet north eighty chains to the southern side of a road reserved road, thence along the same east twelve chains and fifty links, thence south eighty chains to the northern side of the first aforesaid reserved road, and thence along the same twelve chains and fifty links to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred acres, more or less, and distinguished as Lot number seventy two in Balmoral Settlement."

Dated at Balmoral, in the County of Restigouche, this 29th Day of November, A. D. 1904.

DENNIS A. ARSENAU, Mortgagee.

BEATS ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS.

Since its establishment to years ago the attendance at the Fredericton Business College has been steadily on the increase.

This is the best testimonial we can place before the public. Address W. J. OSBORNE, Fredericton, N. B.

HAD TO GIVE UP ALTOGETHER AND GO TO BED.

DOCTORS DID HER NO GOOD. By the time Miss L. L. Hanson, Waterside, N. B., had taken Three Boxes of MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. She Was Completely Cured.

She writes as follows:— "Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty to express to you the benefit I have derived from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. A year ago last spring I began to have heart failure. At first I would have to stop working at the end of a while. I then got so bad that I had to give up my work and go to bed. I had several doctors to attend me, but they did not help me. I then bought a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and by the time I had taken three-quarters of it I began to get better, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was completely cured. I feel very grateful to you for what you have done for me.—Miss L. L. Hanson, Waterside, N. B. Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25. THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

Uncle Terry CHARLES CLARK MUNN Copyright, 1900, by LEE & SHEPARD

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN a letter which Frank wrote to Alice soon after his return to Boston he said: "My mother and, in fact, all my people seem to think so much more of me since I have set about fitting myself for a profession. Father says he is growing proud of me, and that pleases me best of all, for he is and always has been my best friend. Of course I think the world of Blanch, and she seems to think I am the best fellow in the world. Little do any of them know that it is you for whom I am working, and always with the hope that you will deem me worthy of the prize. How many times I recall every moment of that one short hour on the old mill pond and all that made it sacred to me no one can tell. I go out little except to escort mother and the girls to the theater once in awhile, and so anxious now to see you, that I am an examination I often go to the office and read law till midnight."

When this effusion reached Alice the mountains around Sandgate were just putting on their autumn glory of color, and that night when she sat on the porch and heard the katydids in the first thinning foliage of the elms she felt a quiet evening—no more quiet than the blue! And how lonely it was there too!

Aunt Susan, never a talkative person, sat close, but as dumb as a graven image, no sound near and only the twinkling lights of several on the other side of the valley were visible. On a knoll just below, where she knew were a few more of her kind, she saw them then her mother's, and when there was a moon she could see them plainly. It is during the lonely hours of our lives that we see ourselves best, and this quiet evening—no more quiet than many others perhaps, but seemingly so to Alice—she saw herself and her possible future as it seemed to her. Every word of her sister's letter had been an emissary of both joy and sorrow—joy that she was so devoted to her and sorrow because she felt that an impassable barrier separated them. "He will forget me in a few months," she said to herself, "and by the time he has won his coveted law degree his scheming mother will have some eligible girl to recommend for his bride."

As for me, she will never have the chance to frown at me, for even if Blanch dies, I would never set foot in her house." When her feelings had calmed her up to this point she arose and, going into the parlor, began playing. Her piano was the best and about the only companion she had and quick-ly responded to her moods. And now what did it tell? She played, but every chord was a minor one, full of the pathos of tears and sorrow. She sang, but every song that came to her lips carried the same refrain and told only of hungry hearts and unanswered love. And last, and worst of all, she could not help but remember the words of one verse only she sang, and when the last whistling line was ended she arose and, going to her aunt and kneeling, bowed her head in that good old soul's lap and burst into tears. It did not last long, however, and when the storm was over she arose and said: "There, auntie, I've been spoiling for a good cry all day, and now I've had it and feel better."

She thought of her brother, toward whom her heart had always turned when in trouble, and not in vain. Of the fact that Frank had made regarding the island girl Albert had fallen in love with she thought but little. She felt to think what a lot she would make in her life if his thoughts and affection were centered elsewhere. Then she began wondering why he had failed to write as often as usual during the past six weeks. She had known his plans for the yachting trip, and imagined his letter announcing its failure and his return to work an expression



She bowed her head.

or exasperation, since then he had written but once, telling her that he was overwhelmed with business and, inclosing a check, but failing to inclose any but the briefest expression of love. Life with Alice was at best a lonesome one, and Sunday, with its simple services in the village church, the singing in the choir and pleasant nods from all she met, was the only break in its monotony. Now, during summer vacation time, it was worse than ever, and she began counting the days until school opened again. Once, with Aunt Susan for company, she had visited the old mill pond and, rowing the boat herself, had gathered an ample supply of lilies, only to come home so depressed she did not speak once during the four mile drive. She had written Frank an account of the trip, but failed to mention that she had landed at a certain point and sat on the bank and shed a few tears while Aunt Susan waited in the boat and sorted the lilies. She had inclosed a wee little lily bud in this letter, but not a word by which she could infer that her heart was very hungry for some one.

But all things and all series of days, she filled with joy or sorrow, come to an end, and so did the lonely vacation days of Alice. When the school gathered once more and the daily round of simple recitations began, she realized as never before how blessed a thing it is in this world that we can have occupation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A WEEK after Uncle Terry's return from Boston he asked Telly to go with him on his daily drive to the head of the island. He had described the exciting incidents of his trip, both to his wife and Telly, and, feeling obliged to do so, had told them that Mr. Page had taken charge of the case and would communicate with him when anything definite was learned. Telly had seemed unusually cheerful ever since, and more affectionate, and had at once set about painting the two sketches Albert had sent him.

"The leaves is turnin' purty fast," he said to her that day, "an' I thought mebbe 'd like ter go with me an' take a look at 'em. They was 'st last year. When the two had jogged along in almost silence for a few miles Uncle Terry said, pointing to a small rock by the roadside, "That's what I first found Mr. Page, Telly."

He watched her face closely as he spoke and noted the look of interest that came.

"I told him that day," he continued, chuckling, "that lawyers was mostly all thieves, an' the fact that he didn't take it amiss went fur to convince me he was an exception. It's a bit hard as allus flutters. From what he's done an' the way he behaves, I'm thinkin' more an' more o' him the better I know him, an' I believe him now to be as honest an' square a young man as I ever met."

Uncle Terry was silent a few moments while he flicked at the daisies with his whip as they rode along.

"I've had a couple o' letters from him sense he went back, hasn't ye?" he asked finally. "I noticed they was in his writin'." He saw a faint color come to her cheeks.

"Yes, he wrote me he was finishing a couple of sketches he made here, and wanted to have me paint them for him. They are the ones I am working on now."

"That's all right, Telly," continued Uncle Terry briskly. "I'm glad ye're doin' it for him, for he's doin' a good deal for us."

"Nothing further was said on the subject until they were on their way back from the head of the island. The sun was getting low, the sea winds that rustled among the scarlet leaved oaks or murmured through the spruce thickets had almost fallen away, and just as they came to an opening where the broad ocean was visible he said: "Did ye ever stop ter think, Telly, that Lissy an' me is gittin' purty well 'long in years? I'm over seventy now, an' in common course o' things I won't be here many years longer."

"What makes you speak like that, father? Do you want to make me blue?" "Oh, I didn't mean it that way, Telly, only I was thinkin' how fast the years go by. The leaves turnin' allus makes me think on't. It seems no time sense they first came out, an' now they're goin' ag'in! It don't seem more'n two or three years sense ye was a little baby a-pullin' my fingers an' callin' me 'dada, an' now yer a woman grown. It won't be long afore yer a-sayin' 'yes' to some man as wants ye, an' a-goin' to a home o' yer own."

"So that is what you are thinking of, father, is it? And you are imagining that some one of the name of Page is likely to take me away from you, who are and always have been all there is in life for me."

She paused, and two tears trembled on her long lashes, to be quickly brushed away. "Please do not think me so ungrateful," she continued, "as to let any man coax me away from you, for ye man can. Here I was cast ashore, here I've found a home and love, and here I shall stay as long as you and mother live, and when you two are gone I'll go to my father, and all for this trouble, here I've found a home and love, and here I shall stay as long as you and mother live, and when you two are gone I'll go to my father, and all for this trouble. I have watched you more than you think, and wished many times you had never heard of it."

When she ceased Uncle Terry looked at her a moment, suddenly dropped the reins and putting both arms around her held her for a moment and kissed her. He had not kissed her for many years.

"I hadn't bin thinkin' 'bout myself in this matter," he observed as he picked up the reins again and chirruped to the old horse, "an' only an' wantin' ter see ye provided fer, Telly. As fer Mr. Page or any other man, every woman needs a purtner in this world, an' when the right 'un comes along don't let yer feelin's or sense o' duty stand in the way o' havin' a home o' yer own."

"But you are not anxious to be rid of me, are you, father?" "Ye won't think that o' me," he replied as they rattled down the sharp inclines into the village. She noticed after that that he wanted her with him often than ever. Later, when another letter came for her in a hand that he recognized, he handed it to her with a smile and immediately left her alone to read it.

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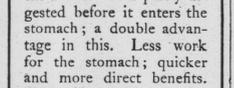
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is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits.

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What makes you speak like that, father? Do you want to make me blue?" "Oh, I didn't mean it that way, Telly, only I was thinkin' how fast the years go by. The leaves turnin' allus makes me think on't. It seems no time sense they first came out, an' now they're goin' ag'in! It don't seem more'n two or three years sense ye was a little baby a-pullin' my fingers an' callin' me 'dada, an' now yer a woman grown. It won't be long afore yer a-sayin' 'yes' to some man as wants ye, an' a-goin' to a home o' yer own."

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