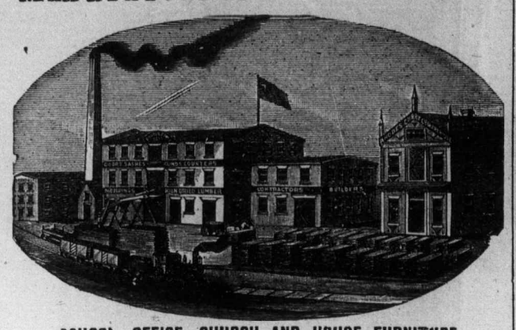
RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

Manufacturers and Builders



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material

Send for Estimates.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

· IS · THE · BEST · TAKE · NO · OTHER ·

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Thompson Estabrooks, Sackville, N. B., are requested to pay same to the undersigned administratrix within three months from the date hereof, and all persons having claims against said estate are also requested to hand in the same to the said administratrix, properly attested to, within the like time.

Dated this 18th day of April, A.D. 1894.

[Signed] MARY R ESTABROOK.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

THE public are hereby notified that we have this fifteenth day of March, A. D., 1894, entered into co-partnership and will do business at Bayfield Botsford, in the name and style of

CRANE & DOBSON.

A full stock of goods such as are usually kept in a country store will be offered where inspection of quality and prices is kindly invited.

The business lately conducted by Mrs. F. Crane having been purchased by us, all persons indebted to Mrs. Crane will please pay the same to us.

W. Leonard Crane,
W. Harvey Dobson.

Bayfield, March 15. 1894. tf

NEW BRUNSWICK REGISTRATION ACT WESTMORLAND COUNTY.

Persons required by said act to report births and deaths to the Division Registrar will please forward all returns for half year ending 30th June at once to the undersigned.

All returns so marked pass through the mails free—Blanks are gratuitously furnished on application by post cards or otherwise to undersigned.

Physicians who have not forwarded the required returns as provided by recent amendment to said act for half year ending June 30, are requested to send in the same at once.

F. A. McCULLY
Div. Registrar,
JUNE 28, 93. MONCTON.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE!

The subscriber will sell his residence on Main St. This is one of the most desireable properties in Sackville, conveniently situated within a short distance of the different institutions of learning and the business part of the town, also of the Railway Station. The house is comparatively new thoroughly finished throughout. A fine large lot with garden and ornamental trees, also an excellent barn on the premises there is a perfectly dry cellar, with tank holding fifteen hundred gallons of water, and a good furnace. Any person wishing to purchase would do well to embrace this opportunity.

It can be had on easy terms.

DAVID G. DICKSON.
Sackville June 20th 1894 tf.

Executor's Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Charles N. Raworth will please make payment to the executrix immediately, and all persons having any claims against said estate will please file the same duly attested with the executrix within three months from the date of this notice.

MARY ELIZABETH RAWORTH
Botsford May 7th 1894 3m.

Mrs. McPhiz—'Tell me, doctor, is there any danger of becoming insane by using complexion bleaches?' Dr. Blunt—'None at all. When a woman begins to use them she is about as crazy as it is ever possible for her to be.'

NO HOPE OF RECOVERY.

WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS.

A WONDERFUL CURE.

MR. VAIL, the well-known Checke of the I. C. R. Freight Dep't., St. John N. B., makes the following statement

"Oct. 12, 1892.—Last spring I was completely run down from the *effects of overwork* and an *attack of the Grip*. I was *weak* and *nervous* and *had no appetite*. COULD NOT SLEEP and felt *tired* and *depressed*. I tried Doctors and various remedies but got no better, and *had to give up work*. I became so *weak* and *exhausted* that I had GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF RECOVERY, when I was advised to try

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC.

I purchased 6 bottles and in a *month's time* after taking 4 of them, had *gained 21 lbs. in weight*. My appetite returned, I slept well grew STRONG and VIGOROUS and am

Entirely Cured of Nervousness.

I am stronger now than I have been for year and can do my work *without fatigue or exhaustion*. To anyone suffering from weakness or exhaustion I heartily commend it as a most valuable *Restorative Tonic*, as it *restored me to health and strength*, after all other remedies had failed."

We endorse the above statement of Mr. Vail's case, as we have had a personal knowledge of it and hereby do affirm his statement to be in every particular.

W. G. Robertson, Station Master, I. C. R. } St. John.
Fred E. Hannington, Ticket Agent, I. C. R. } N. B.

For sale by all Druggists and general dealers at 50c. a bottle. 3 bottles $1.25.

Manufactured by the
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited, St. John, N. B.

"HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure Bilious ills."

His Dyspepsia Cured.

MR. GEO. READ.

DEAR SIRS,—I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my general business. I thereupon decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking two bottles I found I was quite another man, for

B. B. B. CURED ME.

I have also used it for my wife and family, and have found it the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B. B. B. to all my friends.

I write you because I think that it should be generally known what B.B.B. can accomplish in cases of indigestion.

GEORGE READ, Sherbrooke, Que.

—The earth worm has the power of reproducing a portion of its body that has been removed.

—The 124 largest cities in the United States show a steady and tolerable uniform decrease in the average size of family,

—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is 82 years old. She keeps her physical vigor remarkably well, and is in much better health than she was during the winter.

—The Russians are the most religious persons on the face of the globe, never touching food or drink without making the sign of the cross, and never starting upon or returning from a journey without giving thanks.

—Jean Ingelow spends her summers in the south of France, where she has a cottage overlooking the Mediterranean. Her London house is in Kensington and stands with its crown of ivy in the midst of a spacious garden half hidden among the trees.

—The Italian torpedo boat Aquila has lately been concerned with some pigeon flying experiments, distances up to 170 miles having been successfully covered by groups of birds without either mishap or delay. The average rate of flight observed has been almost exactly a mile a minute.

Mr. E. Cononie—'Did you write to that man who advertises to show people how to make desserts without milk, and have them richer?' Mrs. E. Cononie—'Yes, and sent him the dollar.' 'What did he reply?' 'Use cream.'

The Prize May BE Yours.

DYSPEPSIA AND DEBILITY EASILY BANISHED.

Paine's Celery Compound Does the Good Work.

No troubles are more common and prevalent in our midst than Dyspepsia and nervous debility. These horrid ailments make life miserable for thousands, and many die every year because they have received improper treatment and bad care.

Hundreds of lives during the past year have been saved by Paine's Celery Compound that wonderful medicine that copies so successful with dyspepsia, indigestion and all nervous affections.

Mr. H G Poirier, merchant, of Belledune, N. B., writes as follows.

"It gives me very great pleasure to say something in favor of your wonderful remedy Paine's Celery Compound. My object is to let others know what a valuable medicine it is for those who are afflicted with dyspepsia and nervous debility. For I have been a victim of these dreadful troubles, and have suffered terribly from time to time I have to get relief and cure by using various advertised medicines, but all failed to give the desired results. I fortunately gave your medicine a trial some time ago, and found I had got hold of a valuable honest agent. It soon commenced to do me good, and after using it for a time it has cured me.

I know of nothing I can so strongly recommend to the suffering dyspeptic; if it is faithfully used it will give him a new and enjoyable life instead of misery and woe. cannot say too much in its favor, and would give it a trial at once.

DON'T FORGET Our JOB DEPARTMENT

TOOTHACHE!
HEADACHE!
NEURALGIA!

INSTANTLY CURED BY ONE APPLICATION OF

NERVOL.

25 cents per Bottle, at all Druggists.

My Wife's Brother.

My wife's brother's been vis'tin us,
An he's th' excit'nest little cuss
'At ever drawed the breath of life
Er whittled my desk with a big jacknife.

Fust day he kim he tuk the cat
An' hitched 'er to my ol' silk hat;
He bored a hole right through the brim
To make a hoss an' cart fer him.

When he got out, fust thing he did,
He licked our next door neigbor's kid;
An' bled his nose an' blacked his eyes—
An' then I had ter 'poligize.

Nex' day et rained. He tuk his ball
An' played a game in our front hall;
He used the hat-rack fer first base
An' smashed the hall clock in the face.

Then, yesterday, he went ter play,
An' first we knowed, he runned away;
A p'liceman found 'im arter dark
Up with the monkeys in the park.

For seven days he's been our guest,
An' each day's been the excitinest;
To-morrow he's a-goin' hum,
An' nex' time—we won't hev no room!

-Philadelphia Times.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

He wrote his name
On the sands of Fame
And dreamed 'twould perish never;
But Time's gray wave
Those shores did lave,
And the name was gone forever.

With tender guile
She bound a while
Young Love in a fetter of flowers;
But e'en as she dreamed
He was true as he seemed,
He had flown to rosier bowers.

Now youth and maid,
In the church-yard laid,
Know neither of love nor glory;
But many a youth
And maid in sooth
Tell over and over the story.

—Zoe D. Underhill, in July Lippincott's.

The Goldsmith of Antwerp.

It was in the beginning of the sixteenth century. A wonderfully fine Sunday morning in winter had dawned; the clear, cold winter sun was sparkling on the snow covered roofs of Antwerp. The sunbeams climbed and glided merrily along the houses, gilding the glittering stained-glass window-panes. Then they jumped gleefully over the smooth fields of ice formed by the frozen canals which encircle the city.

At the north end of the town, a small, well-frozen lake had been formed by the outlets of the smaller canals. Church was just over; the last sounds of the bells were still trembling on the crisp air, as they died away. A merry throng was on the lake; a delightful picture of youthful gayety presented itself to the visitor. The slender forms of youths and maidens, with their glittering skates, seemed to skim along as if driven by the wind. Two by two, the older ones skated by, followed by boys and girls, forming long chains.

Every now and then, a pretty girl swept by all the other skaters, who bowed to her respectfully and watched her with admiration. But, like a proud swan, she went on farther and farther. Her elegant dress betrayed the wealthy patrician. A blue velvet gown, falling in rich folds, and trimmed with fine fur, enveloped her form and under the turban which she wore and which was trimmed with flowing red plumes, gleamed a mass of golden hair which fell in two heavy braids to the edge of her gown. The wonderful, dreamy eyes in her beautiful aristocratic face often looked searchingly among the young patricians, but only to turn away in disappointment and with intense longing.

Finally the form of a young man, coming from the other end of the lake, came gliding toward the pretty skater. Her eyes sparkled with joy, he bowed to her reverently—but then he confidently grasped the little hands which she stretched towards him They glided on in silence for some time.

'Why did you remain all alone, Antje?' he asked suddenly, 'the young patricians will think it haughtiness on your part.'

Antje drew up her rosy lips in scorn. 'That just suits me, cousin Adrain!' she laughed; 'I wanted to wait for you undisturbed!'

'Oh! Antje, you must not do it; as grateful as your cousin is to you for your friendship, you must never forget what a deep, immeasurable abyss separates the wealthy Anna Van Der Solst from the poor goldsmith, Adrian Van Benschotten!' The handsome man spoke earnestly and mildly, but not without a painful twitch of his finely curved lips.

'Oh!' pouted Antje, 'but suppose I do not like any one else as well as poor Adrian!' and with a proud, loving look she scanned his noble, stalwart form in its plain brown doublet.

'Adrian! do you know who you resemble—in comparison with the gaudy patricians? You are like the falcon among the bullfinches!'

'Sweet child, it is well that you can jest; I feel as if I should like to die—for I come to you to-day for the last time—to bid you farewell—I am going to England!'

'Go!' she said icily. She pushed him from her, but only to draw herself up again, closer and more confidingly to him. It seemed as if they were made one for the other, for they were the most distinguished looking couple among the crowd of young people.

"You see, Antje—I must go, hard as it is for me to do so. My honor demands it. It is my duty. Shall I notice, Antje how my little cousin's affections grow stronger, day by day? To say nothing of my heartache! And to know that we may never come together. It is better that I go while my Antje is yet young, so that she may more easily forget the poor goldsmith. You will know and love a better man, but I shall remain true to my first love!"

"Adrian! I shall never love any one else but you!"

'Poor Antje! It is in vain; the proud Mynheer Van Der Solst will never give his only child in marriage to a poor apprentice——"

'You are an artist, Adrian," Antje answered vivaciously. 'Even to-day I will be the wooer for you at my father's feet!'

Adrian shook his head. 'You don't understand Mynheer's patrician pride He tore himself away violently. Farewell, Antje!'

'Soon I will send you good news Antje called after him

He smiled sadly, waved one final farewell and disappeared.

* * * * * *

The finest house on the Schelde quay belonged to Myndeer Van Der Solst.

A stately repose reigned in the reception hall, covered with rugs and decorated with large chests, mirrors, weapons and shields, which led to a suite of richly furnished apartments. This last one was Antje's own, a charming and dainty room.

Rare tropical plants adorned it. Costly silver covered the toilet table Heavy red silk draperies fell from the golden crown of the tester of her bed. Gobelin tapestries from Brabant showed scenes from the Bible. In the midst of this splender Antje sat, in the cosy, upholstered bay window, and gazed sadly out upon the dead winter landscape. Her eyes were red from weeping; now and then a soft sob escaped her half-opened lips. There had been a terrific scene. Mynheer—her father, who had always been so kind and lenient—now swore high and low that only a wealthy merchant should become the husband of his only daughter 'I will never give you to that poor beggar!' was his last word.

It was not on account of the difference in rank, for the goldsmith's art was greatly honored in the sixteenth century, but Mynheer considered Adrian an idle dreamer.

'Profession has no golden bottom with that fellow!' grumbled the excited man. 'I shall never entrust my greatest blessing to a man who will never be prosperous.

Time crept by slowly and weighed heavily on Antje; finally she found some diversion in her embroidery-frame. The beautiful lace collar upon which she was at work had been intended for a bridal gift for Adrian.

"Now the collar shall ornament my shroud!' thought Antje, and gave way to sombre thoughts She did not even notice that she had repeatedly picked her middle finger until the drops of blood from it had already made a large red spot; the fine Brussels cambric was spoiled. Antje angrily threw the frame into a corner. Just then Greta, her maid, entered and handed Antje a small package bearing Adrian's hand-writing.

Quickly Antje broke the seal; a small silver article, set with a blue stone, fell out and rolled down to Antje's feet. Inquisitively, Antje picked it up, and looked at the strange trinket in astonishment; then put it down indifferently, took up the parchment and read:

"My dear, sweet Antje, I knew very well that you would not send me a good message. Now I am on my way to England; believe me, I act only from motives of pure, disinterested love. But you, my dear child, must obey your noble father, who is anxious for your welfare only.

"Farewell, my darling! Be happy and try to forget.

"Ever your loving.

"ADRIAN:

"P. S.—perhaps I may give you just a little souvenir! The silver trinket is a little cap which I thought of for the protection of your delicate finger, when I noticed how often you pricked it at your embroidery."

Then Antje alternately pressed the letter and the little finger-cap to her lips, and held up her hand as she made the vow: "Adrian, I will wait until you return to take your Antje with you!"

* * * * * *

Three years have passed; a long magnificent wedding-procession is moving to the grand Jacob's cathedral at Antwerp.

The pretty bride, who smiles so happily under her lace veil, is Antje Van Der Solst. She has not lost any of the freshness of youth, but has blossomed out even more beautiful and queenly, a full-blown fragrant rose The bridegroom is a wealthy, stately-looking man from Sheffield. He looks his best in his costly velvet waistcoat, decorated with a wide golden necklace of honor—altogether a distinguished figure among the patricians following the bridal pair.

Antje is following the man from Sheffield to the altar, with her father's blessing—and still she has kept her vow, for the bridegroom is Adrian Van Benschotten, the inventor of the thimble.

The practical Englishmen had soon appreciated the value of the invention, and through it Ardian had attained riches and honors.

The renowned goldsmith of Antwerp lived a long, happy life with his faithful Antje. At their golden wedding, however, the venerable couple still showed to their great-grandchildren the origin of their fortune—the first thimble.

Romance of a Deck Chair

(Concluded.)

I caught her to my breast like a child—she was a very full-grown woman, and must have weighed eleven stone,—I kissed her cheek, her eyes, her lips, and she never murmurd. I strode with unswerving steps to the companion-way with that lovely burden soft and supple in my arms. I sprang up the stairs with a confidence I had not possessed in the calmest of weather, and presently stood with her on deck, the wind tearing at us like a legion of devils, and the rushing masses of water dashing over us from head to foot. It would have been too much for me exposed to the full force of it, had not a handy sailor coiled a rope about us and hitched us up securely. He bound us heart to heart, and I stood with her so through the flying hours that dragged so tediously with most people. There and then and thus I told my love to her—and she listened to me. She made me swear that if the ship's company had to take to the boats I would go with her. If that could not be, she begged me to let her stay and drown with me.

Oh, what a glorious time that was with the storm beating me almost senseless, the ship a furnace beneath my feet, the utter hopelessness of boats living in such a sea, should the fire break through the battened-down hatches and drive us from the vessel!

Never shall I forget the dawn of that day; the clouds glaring spitefully as they fled away before the sun; the waves cowering into sullenness; the storm wind screeching in baffled passions and my deck chair gone!

They had found the fire and extinguished it; and with the morning light came the cry of 'Land ahead!' from the lookout.

We should get through it all safely, then; and beyond lay—paradise! Not the same paradise that we had contemplated in the dark hours, but still paradise; such a one as I would be contented with for all the rest of my life.

* * * * * * *

A pilot joined us, We steamed into Sandy Hook. They steered the battered hulk of the Atlantic into the grand harbor of New York under as goodly a sun as ever smiled on lovers.

Millicent Bradley once again stood by my side and spoke no word. Her dark eyes surveyed the shore and took stock of the monster excursion steamers, the statue of Liberty, and the Brooklyn bridge; but she made no comment. She had not referred to that sweet night of terrors since I found her standing on the promenade deck neatly dressed for going ashore.

We passed the battery and drew near to the company's landing stage. Presently we were being hauled into the dock. In five minutes the gangways would be run up, and we should have to go ashore And up to this time, although I had told her all about myself, my family, my position, and my prospects in life, all unimpeachable she had not confided to me any of her own affairs, not even her destination. But now she turned to me and looked me squarely in the eyes. "You were very kind to me last night, Mr. Franklin," she said in tones that I fancied trembled a little.

"Mister?" I stammered aghast at her coldness.

"I am very grateful—I shall always be. Don't think badly of me for being so weak and foolish. I could not bear"—she hesitated, and shook back a tear that seemed about to sparkle in her eye as she corrected herself: "I should not like you to—to despise me."

'Oh, Miss—Millicent!' I began.

But she went on firmly: 'Of course we must not take seriously anything which circumstances—so exceptional—so very dreadful, indeed—we must not bind ourselves by what such circumstances forced upon us. We will say 'Good-bye' now; and—and if—if we never meet again——'

'Millicent!' I cried, catching both her hands, quite heedless of onlookers don't coquette with me after what we have both gone through! You can say calmly to me, 'If we never meet again I say to you 'Must we ever, ever part?

'Yes, we must part—Horace.' The words came slowly, and she did not disengage her hands.

'Why? Where are you going?'

'To Manitoba—to my brother's ranch. I am going to settle there. If you would like to call——'

Manitoba is some three thousand miles from New York, and the Bradley ranch is eighty miles from the railway. But I did 'call;' and it came to pass that I settled there too.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The New President.

The Perier family, like that of Carnot, came to the front at the time of the Revolution, though in a quieter way The present is the third Casimir. The original came to Paris from a Lyons college when the Revolution broke out and, with his father and elder brother founded a banking company, which is known throughout the commercial world today as the Bank of France. Drafted into the army in 1798, Casimir served in the Engineers for three years, when he returned to the financial world. Under the Empire the house of Perier prospered greatly, and also under the succeeding Monarchy. Casimir was elected to Parliament, became president of the Chamber of Deputies, was called to the ministry, became a leader in public life directed the country's foreign policy with much skill and home affairs with great energy, died in 1832 from an attack of cholera, gotten while working to suppress the disease, which was then raging violently in Paris. A monument erected by public subscription was raised to his memory in Pere la Chaise, and one writer says, "no public man was ever so generally and sincerely lamented." The second Casimir also sat in Parliament. The third was born in 1847, and was elected to Parliament in 1874. He has been chairman of the Budget committee and president of the Chamber, and was Premier from November to May last, when he accepted defeat rather than acquiesce in the proposals of his Radical supporters. At the early age of 47 he finds himself the executive head of his country, one of the foremost in Europe.

When Travelling.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fever, headache and other forms of sickness. For sale in 75c. bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

'Aw—as I understand it,' said the traveling foreigner, 'your office-holders here are the servants of the people. Am I right?' 'You have become a little mixed,' said the citizen. 'It must be the office-seekers you are thinking of.'

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup cures and removes worms of all kinds in Children or adults' Price 25c. Sold by all dealers.

Paterfamilias—'So that scientific textbook of yours says nothing ever remains exactly the same, does it? Everything is progressing either in one direction or the other?' His son—'Yes, sir.' Paterfamilias—'Bosh! The author of that book never heard of the United States senate.'

NORWAY PINE SYRUP cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc.

All Sorts

THE UMBRELLA MAN.

He (without umbrella)—'Why don't you put up that umbrella? It's raining.'

He (with umbrella)—'I don't always put up my umbrella when it rains.'

He (w. o. u.)—'Neither do I some other fellow usually puts mine up.'

A person is prematurely old when baldness occurs before the forty-fifth year. Use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep the scalp healthy and prevent baldness.

Doctor Futtnett (reaching for his pocket case—'Your case is serious, sir. first necessity will be a little antimony; and while I get the drop——'

Lariat Luke—'Hands up, thar, Doc! I've got th' drop, an' yer don't git no 'antemoney' outer me tell your finishes yer dioxnoses an' I gets yer prescripshun. Savvy?'

Its concentrated curative power, make Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier.

FEMININE EXTRAVANCE.

Wife—'I have earned my vacation and now I want to spend it.'

Husband—'That's just like a woman; always extravagant.'

Ayer's Ague Cure is a warranted specific for all malarial diseases and biliary derangements.

GENTLEMAN—For a number of years I suffered from deafness, and last winter I could scarcely hear at all. Applied Yellow Oil and I can hear as well as anyone now. MRS. Tuttle Cook, Weymouth, N. S.

TIME TO BUILD THE FIRE.

Mrs. Striker—'Don't you believe in the union of labor?'

Mr. S.—'Of course I do. Why, my dear, if there were no union of labor, the greed of capital with its iron heel would——'

Mrs. S (interrupting)—'That's all right; suppose you get up and build the fire, and I'll cook breakfast.'

BAD BLOOD causes Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Abscesses, Ulcers, Scrofula, etc. B. B. B cures Bad Blood in any form from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofula Sore.

The women are rapidly getting their rights. A man and his wife had a fight yesterday, and the woman was fined in the police court this morning, and the man discharged as the innocent party.—Ex.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused umps bood spavin, aplints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains. George Robb, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by A. Dixon

Mrs. Kingsley—Wasn't your husband out late last night?

Mrs. Van Blumer (sweetly)—Yes, But I felt sure he would be. He told me he was going to meet your husband. —*Detroit Free Press.*

HEART DISEAE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—All cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relieved in 30 minutes and quickly cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose convinces Sold by A. Dixon.

Mrs. McNiven—Since he got the garbage contrac', Oi'm tould ye think yer husban' is a big mon.

Mrs. O'Toole—Mike do be doin' purty well.

Mrs. McNiven—Is it true he be tryin' to buy the Ferris wheel fer a bicycle?

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great suprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is you remedy Sold by A. DIXON.

Papa—"Are you sure that you and mamma thought of me while you were away?'

Little Grace—'Yes; we heard a man just scolding awful about his breakfast, and mamma said 'That's just like papa.'"

"When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou. *Scott.*

May well be said of PRUSSIAN OIL.
That tyrant Headache it will foil.
Rheumatics and Lumbago, too,
With other Demons not a few
Will fly before it in a trice.
Invest a quarter, that's the price.

"Well, Willie, how did your like it' asked the fond mother when her angel child returned from the first day at the public school. "Oh, ripping!" ejaculated the cherub, with a new light in his eyes. 'But ma, don't call me 'Willie'; my name's Bill.'

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawbery cures Diarrhœa, Dysentery. Cramps, Colic, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 25c.

A friend of mine has just had a most unpleasant experience. He has married a widow, and by some coincidence took her to the same hotel where she stopped with her first spouse. At the table she said to Charles the bridegroom. "Will you kindly pass the butter John?' A vision of "John" his predecessor, flitted before the bridegroom, who indignantly replied: "My name is not John; it is Charles.". "Excuse my mistake, Charles." she said; and then, tasting the butter, added, reflectively, "but it is the same butter."—Boston Home Journal.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Reumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by A. Dixon

A HINDRANCE.

Harry—'Oh, dear, it is 11 o'clock! How time flies in your company!'

Harriet—'You don't mean it, Harry!'

Harry—'Yes, I do, darling. Some girls, they say, are so homely as to stop a clock, but you are so lovely that you make the clock gallop along at a tremendous rate. Sometimes I wish you were homely enough to stop that cons found clock.'

B. B. B. cures all diseases of the blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofula Sores or Ulcers Skin diseases, Boils, Blotches, and all Blood Humors cannot resist its healing powers.

'I am all at sea over this thing,' he exclaimed, throwing his work aside, and am thoroughly sick of it.'

'Seasick?' she twittered softly, and it gave him courage to try again.

FOR CHOLERA MORBUS, Cholera Infantum Cramps, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for over 40 years

Wiser and Weaker.

When men compare the people to day physically, with those of the past say the present generation is weaker. When they compare achievements the conclusion is that that the present generation is wiser. And so they say each generation grows wiser and weaker than the last. If you are weak and run down try that great nerve and brain invigorator Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. It will build you up and make you strong. Sold by all druggists, fifty cents a bottle six bottles 2.50.

At Death's Door from nervous prostration Cured by Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic.

Not so Daft After All.

A short time ago a man who was considered to be insane, was sent to a lunatic asylum. Some time after his brother visited him, and was surprised to find him in a ward with a number of other men pushing his wheelbarrow. His brother, he noticed, wheeled his barrow the wrong side up. "Nay, Bill what does tha want wheeling this barrow that way for?" asked the visitor. Tha wants to wheel it like this." taking hold of the barrow and showing him how to do it.

"Hold on" cried the supposed mad man, "tha mun not put it like that! we've had it that way before, and they filled it full o' bricks."

HE DIDN'T GET IT.

When the tramp banged away at the kitchen door he thought of course a woman would open it, and he was ready for her. His spirit underwent a change, however, when the door opened and a strapping big man appeared.

'What are you doing here?' asked the man without any preliminary politeness.

'Nothing,' replied the tramp humbly.

'What's that under your coat?'

'Nothing.'

'What do you mean by banging on the door that way?'

'Nothing.'

'What do you want?'

'Nothing.'

'Well, you don't get it,' exclaimed the big man merrily, and he gave the tramp a booting that lifted him out to the gate in two jumps.

She—'I'm going to the mountains for the summer.'

He—'Why mountains?'

She—'The doctor says I must go to some high place.'

He—'Try some of these seaside hotels; they will be high enough for you.'

—Now that fresh fruits are plentiful a delicious drink may be made my mixing two cupfuls of sugar in one of lemon juice, a pint of the juice of strawberries a small pineapple grated, two quarts of water and ice enough to make very cold. These will make three quartes of the drink. It will be found very refreshing at a garden or tennis party.

—It is estimated by one of our exchanges that there will be 300,000 fewer mares bred in the United States in 1894 than in 1893. This is a pretty tall figure.

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

THE BEST BLOOD Purifier

AND TONIC

For Old and Young

TO

QUICKEN THE Appetite,

REMOVE THAT Tired Feeling

And Make the Weak Strong.

It enriches the blood and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Cures others, will cure you

The young man—'Gracie' what is it your father sees in me to object to darling? The young woman (wiping away a tear)—'He didn't see anything, Algernon; that's why he objects.

Mrs. Yearwed (beseechingly)—'Oh, if I only knew some way to keep my husband at home nights. Can't you, from your long married experience, suggest a plan?' Mrs. Oldhand (grimly)—'Certainly; chain him.'

'Do you believe in the novel with a purpose?' said Squildig to an author friend. 'Certainly,' the latter replied. 'All the novels I ever wrote have the same purpose.' 'What is it?' 'To improve my bank account.'

'And you don't admire that new hat that young DeNoodle has on?' 'No; there is so little in it to admire.'

'That's the most loudly dressed young man I ever saw,' said one girl to another, in church. 'The one in cream-colored coat?' 'The one with vivid yellow shoes that squeak.'

BURDOCK PILLS do not gripe or sicken They cure Constipation and sick Headache

DR FOWLER'S EXT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES

COLIC
CHOLERA
CHOLERA-MORBUS
DIARRHOEA
DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN OR ADULTS

PRICE 35 CTS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

A Truly Wonderful Statement!

Investigate it, by Writing to the Mayor, Postmaster, any Minister or Citizen of Hartford City, Indiana.

HARTFORD CITY, Blackford County, Indiana, June 8th, 1893.

South American Medicine Co.

Gentlemen: I received a letter from you May 27th, stating that you had heard of my wonderful recovery from a spell of sickness of six years duration, through the use of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE, and asking for my testimonial. I was near thirty-five years old when I took down with nervous prostration. Our family physician treated me, but without benefitting me in the least. My nervous system seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly had very severe shaking spells. In addition to this I would have vomiting spells. During the years I lay sick, my folks had an eminent physician from Dayton, Ohio, and two from Columbus, Ohio, to come and examine me. They all said I could not live. I got to having spells like spasms, and would lie cold and stiff for a time after each. At last I lost the use of my body—could not rise from my bed or walk a step, and had to be lifted like a child. Part of the time I could read a little, and one day saw an advertisement of your medicine and concluded to try one bottle. By the time I had taken one and one-half bottles I could rise up and take a step or two by being helped, and after I had taken five bottles in all I felt real well. The shaking went away gradually, and I could eat and sleep good, and my friends could scarcely believe it was I. I am sure this medicine is the best in the world. I belive it saved my life. I give my name and address, so that if anyone doubts my statement they can write me, or our postmaster or any citizen, as all are acquainted with my case. I am now forty-one years of age, and expect to live as long as the Lord has use for me and do all the good I can in helping the suffering.

MISS ELLEN STOLTZ.

Will a remedy which can effect such a marvellous cure as the above, cure you?

For Sale by Amasa Dixon, Sackville, N. B.