

SEED OATS. 3,000 BUSHELS, P. E. I. SEED OATS, FOR SALE AT P. HENNING'S.

PROPERTY FOR SALE. To be sold at private sale the house and lot in Newcastle, adjoining the premises of Mr. Francis Bowyer situated on the highway leading down river.

PROVISIONS ETC. I have on hand a large stock which I offer at reasonable rates. My stock comprises in part Tea, Sugars, Molasses, Beef, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Barley, Peas, Soap.

FLOUR. In all the highest grades including the never failing brand "Five Roses" Baked Oats and standard oatmeal and Cornmeal in bulk and 5 lbs. Ontario and Monckton Cracked Feed.

FARM FOR SALE. The subscriber offers for sale by private bargain

The Farm owned by him situated on the highway leading to the N. W. bridge, and about ten minutes walk from the post office, Newcastle. It contains about 15 acres of cleared land, about one third of which is marsh. The farm field is well fenced and the whole is in good heart, and bears large crops.

HOUSE AND BARN on the premises, the house contains 8 rooms. Possession given at any time. For terms and particulars apply to

W. C. ANSLAW, Newcastle, April 14, 1896.

PATENTS. On sale in Newcastle, Newcastle, P. E. I. On sale in Newcastle, Newcastle, P. E. I.

DR. CATES, DENTIST. Will occupy his dental office, over Mr. Thomas Russell's store, in the "Hays" building

TAILORING. I wish to remind my patrons and the public generally that I am still

Millinery. For Spring and Summer, in all the latest styles and novelties, Military trimmings of most beautiful designs in Cashmere, Dressed, Jet and Persian effects.

MRS. J. DEMERS. Newcastle, April 21, 1896.

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Get your PRINTING done at the "ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Reported for the Dominion Government by J. F. CONNORS.

Table with columns: DATE, Hour of Observation, Barometer, Thermometer, Maximum Thermometer, Minimum Thermometer. Rows for Sun, Mon, Tues, Wed, Thu, Fri, Sat.

The maximum and minimum columns show the highest and lowest temperature in the 24 hours.

Miscellaneous. They tell the story in Dalton of a recent revival meeting in one of the rural districts of Whitefield county.

At this announcement one got down, and five more got up and began praying. The preacher saw his mistake, said nothing and let the 11 pray it out among themselves.

I cured a horse of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT. Dalhousie, Christopher Saunders.

I cured a horse, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT. St. Peter's, C. B. Edw. Linnif.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT. Bathurst, N. B. Thos. W. Payne.

At the annual meeting of the London Wesleyan mission the other day, the chairman referred to the work of the "Female sisters," and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes invited "young men and women of all ages" to attend his meetings.

Fortify yourself for the diseases peculiar to warm weather, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Little Willie—Pa, Clarence Callipers is going over to the dentist's this morning to get his teeth pulled. May I go along with him?

Pa—What do you want to go for? Little Willie—To hear him holler.

Cured of Chronic Catarrh. A remarkable cure.—W. W. Jenkinson, Clifford, spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting doctors; tried Dixon's and all other treatments but got no benefit.

Sanford—What did she say when you told her you were a tutor in Yale? Merton—Asked me if I'd told for the coaching party her friends were getting up.—New York Truth.

When Baby was sick, I gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Consumption Can be Cured by the use of Shilo's Cure. This great Cough Cure is the only known remedy for that terrible disease. For sale by N. B. Mackenzie.

Charles D. Kens said of 'Robinson's Cure', that it was 'the most popular story in the world, and yet one which never drew a smile or a tear.'

Pills Do Not Cure. Pills do not cure Constipation. They only aggravate. Kerr's Clover Root Tea gives perfect quality of the bowels. For sale by N. B. Mackenzie.

A young man had been talking to a bored editor for a quarter of an hour, and at last observed: 'There are some things in this world that go without saying.'

'Yes,' said the editor, 'and there are still more persons in the world who say a good deal without going.'

Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and do not take any other. Sold by all druggists.

Her (reading from a speech of a linguist)—Every American citizen is privileged to share the benefits of the rights of our fathers.

Ask for MINARD'S LINIMENT and take no other.

Papa—Billy, you're been a very good little boy this morning. You haven't disturbed me once.

Billy—Yes, and I've been doing something real useful, too. I've cut all the ends off the cigars in that box over there, and now you can just go ahead and smoke them without any trouble.—Farmer's Bazar.

A Baby's Life Saved. My baby had croup and was saved by Shilo's Cure, writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Hantsville, Ala. For sale by N. B. Mackenzie.

'Did you have a good sleep, Katherine?' 'No; the road was so rough it jostled all the seats and rattled off my new hat.'

Are You Made Miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Water, or other ailments? A positive cure. For sale by N. B. Mackenzie.

Brown—I am going to challenge that man who ran off with my wife. Jones—Why, that was six months ago.

Brown—I know it, but he has sent her back.

erves on Edge. I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Kerr's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy. For sale by N. B. Mackenzie.

Mrs. E. B. WOODEN. Mr. Gasber—It appears to me, Mrs. Otter, that your husband is a man of iron will.

Mrs. Otter—Right you are, and I think I can say that it is decidedly of the pig iron order.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the house. Lucy—Mamma, may I go over there to the bridge?

Mamma—Why do you want to go over there? Lucy—Oh, I just want to gargle my feet in the brook.

A Great German Prescription. Dissolved blood, constipation and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Kerr's Clover Root Tea. For sale by N. B. Mackenzie.

An English advertisement reads:—Mr. Brown, further, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, caps, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.

Cured a Weak Back for 25 cents. For two years I was bent, pained and prostrated for weak back, neuralgia and constipation, without benefit. One box of Cassell's Kidney-Liver Pills relieved, three boxes cured. R. J. Smith, Toronto. One pill 4 cents, price 25c. Sold by E. Lee Street.

Willie—I know sister would be glad to go skating with you—Rigway—What makes you think so? 'She says she has been dying all winter to have you break the ice.'—Life.

Every man having a beard should keep it in an even and natural color, and if it is not so already, use Buckingham's Dye and appear tidy.

Madge—I'm in a awful fix. Ethel—What is it, dear? Madge—Jack insists that I shall return his engagement ring and, for the life of me, I can't tell which one it is.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by physicians. The Trials of the Profession.—Doctor—Your wife is in a critical state. I should advise you to call in some specialist to consult on the case. Husband—I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper medical advice, but she thought you would be offended.—Pick-Me-Up.

The Best Cough Cure. Is Shilo's Cure. A neglected cough is dangerous. Stop it at once with Shilo's Cure. For sale by N. B. Mackenzie.

Donahoe—When you informed your wife about her determination to resist the encroachments of her new woman, Casey, did she get to the scratch? Casey—Did she? Just yet take her look at me countenance!

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A. San Diego, Cal., says: 'Shilo's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good.' Price 50c. For sale by N. B. Mackenzie.

The Pastor—Brother, have you never felt that it was time for you to prepare for the hereafter? The Erring One—You bet; and I promptly tried another doctor.—Cleveland World.

MINARD'S LINIMENT, lumberman's friend. Hoax—Egley's proky well fixed, isn't he? Joak—Well, he's making more money than he can spend. 'You don't say?' 'Yes; he's a collier in the mine.'—Philadelphia Record.

Use Honest Man. DEAR EDITOR:—Please inform your readers, that if written to confidentially I will mail in a sealed letter, particulars of a genuine, honest home cure, by which I was permanently restored to health and many vigors, after years of suffering from nervous debility, sexual weakness, night sweats, etc. I was reduced and weakened by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and wish to make this certain means of cure known to all sufferers. I have nothing to sell, and want no money, but being a firm believer in the value of the other honest men, I can best do of helping the suffering. I request their best and kindest wishes, and I promise you I will do my best to help you. I am, my dear friend, yours truly, P. O. B. 288, London, Ont.

Selected Literature.

A LITTLE PISODE A BOWNESS.

It was morning at Bowness, and the behavior of Bowness with the sun shining on Windermere is a pattern to lake-side towns all over the world. Nothing on these occasions can exceed the amiability of Bowness. There is, perhaps, an explanation of this good humor. The scenery is so good that everybody is induced to act his best.

'I've made an uncommonly good breakfast,' said Andrew West, carefully seating himself, as a stouthead on the lawn. He lighted a cigarette and tipped a straw hat over his eyes.

'At home I usually have two pieces of toast and a small quarrel.'

'Oh, anybody! Generally the dog.'

'Not with Mrs. West?' 'No. Not with Mrs. West. I never quarrel with her. In fact—the comfortable man in the striped canvas chair puffed rings of smoke—in fact there is no Mrs. West, I am a bachelor.

The girls on the lawn of the hotel glanced at each other. There had been much discussion on the point during the few days that Andrew West had been staying at the hotel. Meanwhile, they had all been rereading Mr. West's novels in order to ground themselves in facts, for it is a well-known fact that some authors object to being complimented on books which other people have written.

The horn on the coach from Windermere station sounded outside. The girls rushed to see the new arrivals.

'Not my dear friend, Andrew West, surely?' cried a lady impulsively, as she came on the lawn. She had arrived by the coach, and she was followed by a slim girl.

'Why, how do you do? This is a delight, now. Who would have dreamed of finding you here?'

'Why, aunt, dear? The slim, young person closed her parasol. 'You know that you saw Mr. West's name in the paper at Liverpool.'

'I only landed yesterday,' went on the elder lady, hastily, 'and it is simply delightful to have met you so soon. Why, it must be years since we saw each other. But—she put on her most winning expression—I've heard of you and I've read all your delightful books.'

'In spite of which, Mrs. Roller, you are looking extremely well. And this young lady here is—'

'Oh, that's only a niece of mine! Ethel Sanderson,' she whispered behind her gloved hand. 'Poor girl—just engaged here—very hard up—makes very fair company.'

'So I should guess,' said Andrew West. He turned to the tall girl. And are you new to the lake district Miss Sanderson?'

'It is my first visit,' she said. 'Windermere has a treat in store, he said, with unaccommodated gallantry. 'You must come on to-day. A party of us are going up to Ambleside on the steamer. Whilst you are having breakfast I can finish a letter.'

'You're just the same as you always were, Andrew,' said Mrs. Roller, softly; 'you were always one to have your own way.'

'It's of little use having anybody else's,' said Andrew West. 'Don't be long, if you are coming with me. They were on board the small steamer at the time for starting. Mrs. Roller's niece, standing up and looking across the lake, drew in a deep breath of delight. She looked round at Andrew West, who was at her side, and smiled contentedly.

'Is the next world like this, I wonder?' she said. 'I haven't been there yet,' said Andrew West. 'One hears so many different accounts that one will surely be interested to know the truth—some day.'

'But not yet,' said Mrs. Roller's niece. 'Quite so. Not yet. This is not a bad world sometimes.'

'I think it is a delightful world. And some of us who live in it are very happy.'

'That is because you are young,' said thoughtfully. 'In my case—she stopped suddenly. 'You haven't posted your letter.'

'I must get rid of it at Ambleside,' he said, looking at the letter in his hand. 'I dare say my nephew wouldn't mind if I forgot to post it. It's full of advice.'

'Advice is a thing,' said Mrs. Roller's niece, wisely, 'that is more agreeable to give than to receive.'

'This young scamp is going to get married, and I have written to tell him that if he does so I'll never help him on in his profession. Why he's only twenty-three.'

'A mere infant?' 'Exactly. And I've advised him to wait for ten years. In ten years' time he will know his own mind.'

'And what is to become of the young person, Mr. West?' 'Oh, there are plenty of girls in the world to choose from.'

'Perhaps he only wants one,' said Mrs. Roller's niece. Andrew West looked admiringly at the tall, pleasant girl, and with a wisp of wavy hair that the factitious air blew wantonly across her small, white ears. Mrs. Roller, to his great relief, was down below in the saloon, not having yet made up her mind whether or not to treat the calm voyage as a liberating boisterous, cross-channel trip.

Science.

Science is "knowing how." The only secret about Scott's Emulsion is years of science. When made in large quantities and by improving methods, an emulsion must be more perfect than when made in the old-time way with mortar and pestle a few ounces at a time. This is why Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil never separates, keeps sweet for years, and why every spoonful is equal to every other spoonful. An even product throughout.

In other emulsions you are liable to get an uneven quantity of cod-liver oil under dose. Get Scott's. Genuine has a salmon-colored wrapper.

Starches made by the Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd., are always reliable.

THEIR LEADING BRANDS ARE Benson's Canada Prepared Corn for COOKING. Silver Gloss Starch for LAUNDRY. Enamel Starch.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT PERRY-DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.

IS A VERY REMARKABLE REMEDY, BOTH FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE, AND WORTH THE COST OF THE REMEDY TO RELIEVE PAIN.

PAIN-KILLER IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR ALL THE COMMON PAINS OF LIFE, AND IS THE ONLY ONE THAT DOES NOT HARM THE SYSTEM.

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her mind whether or not to treat the calm voyage as a liberating boisterous, cross-channel trip.

'You can't dictate about love to other people,' went on Mrs. Roller's niece. 'A so often thinks that B is foolish to fall in love with C, but if he says so, the only result is that B and C laugh at him. If,' said Mrs. Roller's niece, argumentatively, 'we were to fall in love with each other, for instance—you and I—and—'

'Go on, please, I am an interested party.'

'Why, folk would wonder what in the world possessed us to do it. But that wouldn't affect us, you see; so that,' concluded Mrs. Roller's niece, triumphantly and inconsequently, 'every one has to live his own life.'

'And what would you advise me to say to my foolish young nephew then?'

'I should say, Mr. West, if I were you—Bless you, youngster, make her a good husband. That would be kind at least.'

Andrew West went up to coil a rope and adjusted it, for no reason at all. The little string band was getting on with its old-fashioned selection—the violin was playing Alexis' song for the Sorcerer:—

'To love for money all the world is prone. Some love themselves and live all lonely; Give me the love that loves for love alone, I love that love, I love it only.'

'I declare,' said Andrew West, 'I have a good mind to take your advice. After all, marriage is not in itself a serious crime.'

'It is one that the best of us are liable to commit.'

'I wonder whether you have ever thought of it?'

Mrs. Roller's niece put her hand to the bunch of white flowers at her belt.

'I believe, Mr. West,' she said good-humoredly, 'that you are collecting material for your next book. That is the only reason why you ask.'

'I declare,' replied Andrew West, 'that is not—'

Mrs. Roller, her decision in regard to mal de mer having been taken in the negative, came slowly between them.

'My dear,' she said severely, 'go at once into the shade. You don't want to be ill do you?'

'I don't think I do, aunt,' she replied, and went dutifully to the side of the steamer in the shadow cast by the funnel.

'That girl has something on her mind,' said Mrs. Roller, confidentially. 'I can't find out exactly what it is, but it's something. You might help me to find it out, Andrew.'

'I have no great experience in these matters,' said Andrew looking at the young lady.

'It's high time you began, then,' said Mrs. Roller, encouragingly. 'Do you ever think of the old days that we used to spend together as boy and girl in Bloomsbury?'

'Why, no,' he replied honestly, 'I'm afraid I don't. Is that Lowwood party, aren't they who go there?'

'I think,' said Mrs. Roller, looking down at her brown shoes, 'that if I ever married again I should like to go there. What do you say, Andrew?'

'One might do worse,' he replied, and looked again at Mrs. Roller's niece. She had taken a letter from her pocket, and was reading it through attentively. He suddenly thought of the letter to his nephew 'By Jove,' he said. He looked once again at Mrs. Roller's niece. 'Will you excuse me?' he said to Mrs. Roller. 'I want to write another letter.'

He had just finished his note of congratulation (it contained a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds, which Andrew thought would be a sensible wedding present), when the steamer bumped against the pier at Ambleside. At Ambleside the party saw Windermere's cottage and Coleridge's grave, and everything that was to be seen, and then returned.

'This,' said Andrew West, as he turned out the gas in his bedroom that night, 'is the first day of my life.'

'Time passes so quickly at Bowness that what at Greenwith observatory is counted as a fortnight seems there only about three minutes and a half, and when Andrew West found that London was insistently claiming him he felt a distinct sense of injury at being interfered with. A man who is in love for the first time in his life does not pass so quickly at Bowness that what at Greenwith observatory is counted as a fortnight seems there only about three minutes and a half, and when Andrew West found that London was insistently claiming him he felt a distinct sense of injury at being interfered with. A man who is in love for the first time in his life does not pass so quickly at Bowness that what at Greenwith observatory is counted as a fortnight seems there only about three minutes and a half, and when Andrew West found that London was insistently claiming him he felt a distinct sense of injury at being interfered with. 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