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Let Us Drop In On You

and get your order for the best cuts of roast meats, steaks, sausage, ham, etc. We will do the "drop in" courteously, if not gracefully, and fill your orders to a nicety. Our best reference is the multitude of our long time customers.

Berry's Meat Market.

WAVERLY HOTEL

REFURNISHED AND IMPROVED.

The Waverly Hotel has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished throughout under the management of the new proprietor, Mr. R. Flanagan. Mr. Flanagan is also proprietor of the Bower House at Chatham, which has become so popular of late with commercial men and travelling public generally which fact is a guarantee that the Waverly is being conducted on up-to-date lines. The sample rooms in connection are large and airy and in the business centre of the town, and with best cuisine and every attention given to the comfort of guests this hotel will be found one of the most comfortable and pleasant in the province.

Royal for Sale.

The Royal Hotel, situated in the Town of Dalhousie, N. B., in a most central spot commanding all the travel, country and harbor trade. This Hotel has a record second to none on the North Shore for its money making, and is now doing a most healthy business. There is in connection a well designed and licensed bar.

The Hotel will be sold as it now stands, furnished throughout, including all horses and carriages. Part of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.

Reasons for selling change of climate desired. For further particulars apply to O. Smith, Campbellton, N. B. or H. Whipper, Dalhousie.

K. SHIVES
Lumber of All Kinds.

Hay
Recleaned white
Oats

Just received one car containing

Asbestos Cement
Asbestos
Wall Plaster.

In rough and finish.

Kiln Dried Spruce
Kindling.

Uncle Terry

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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"It's evident, young man, you have much to learn in your profession. Laws are made for lawyers and are the tools of our trade. If the world does not see fit to use these tools, it is our business to make them, and, as for justice, that is an allegory, useful in satisfying a jury, but considered a fable by the judge. Laws are useful to oppose others."



"What do you know about law?"

"er laws with, and various decisions are only good in so far as they help your case and hinder your opponent's."

"You seem an honest appearing young man, which is well so far as our relations go, but no further. I want an assistant, one who is ready and willing to do just as I direct and to ask no questions. Do you think you can fill the bill?"

"I can try," replied Albert quietly, "and as soon as I get used to your methods of procedure here I think I can succeed."

He was a little startled at the peculiar character of his employer and in a way slightly disgusted, but he was not in a position to cavil or feel squeamish. Over apparent lack of honesty and resolved at once to ignore it.

"What do you wish me to do?" he continued after a moment. "I will do the best I can for you and am ready to go to work now."

"You are to be at the office at 9 o'clock sharp," replied Frye, "take one hour for lunch and remain till 5. Then he added by way of a spur to his slave's fidelity: 'I am paying you \$75 a month on the recommendation of an important client of mine who wants to have this young friend of yours and his slave's fidelity. He is a spendthrift, of course, but that is no matter and all the better for you.'"

Take my advice and cultivate him all you can. If you have the means of bringing us more business. What I say to you I shall expect you to consider a professional secret, and I hope you will make good use of your time when with this young friend of yours and heed well what I have said to you."

That ended the interview, and Albert was set at work copying legal documents and at the same time trying to reconcile himself to his new surroundings. That night he wrote to Alice:

"I have hired out to a most unmitigated old scoundrel and yet one of the sharpest lawyers I ever met. He assured me I must lay aside my conscience if I mean to succeed, and hissed that he might use me later on as a sort of spy, upon Frank, I imagine. He employs a stenographer of uncertain age, who comes in and takes dictation and does her work outside. The only stupid thing he has said was to warn me not to flirt with her."

Then he wrote to his friend Frank, telling him where he was located, thanking him for his assistance and begging him to call at an early date.

"Are you personally well acquainted with Mr. Frye?" asked Albert, having an object in mind.

"No, not at all, except by sight," was the answer. "I believe he is considered a very sharp lawyer and almost invariably wins his cases. But sure he has won out many times when the law was all against him and is not over-scrupulous how he does it. They say he is rich and a skindivert. He always reminds me of a hungry buzzard."

Albert thought of Burns' apt cynicism just then and wished that Frye might for one moment be himself as others saw him. He felt tempted to tell Frank just what Frye had said and what his opinion of him was, but wisely kept it to himself.

"Well, I must be going," said Frank at last. "I've got a date for the next day, so to speak. I'll call round some day, at your room and take you up to the club."

When his friend had departed, Albert resumed his rather monotonous copying the gist of a lot of decisions bearing upon a case that Frye had pending just then, and when he went out to lunch it was, as usual, alone and to a cheap restaurant.

"It's nice to have a rich father, a yacht, plenty of money and nothing to do but spend it," he said to himself rue-

fully that night as he sat in his cheerless room smoking and dwelling upon the picture of a gay life as disclosed by his friend. "But we are not all born to fortune, and, perhaps, after all, I might be worse off," which, to say the least, is the best way to look at it.

CHAPTER V.

When, a few days after Frank had called upon Page, the latter changed to mention it to Frye, he made a note of it.

"I am glad," he said cordially, "that your friend has hunted you up. I knew he was away on his yacht when you came and was going to suggest that you call on him as soon as I knew he was at home. As I told you, cultivate him all you can. He will serve as a door to get you into good society. When did he call?"

"It was one day while you were out," answered Page, "and he invited me to lunch with him at his club."

"Which, of course, you did?" said Frye.

"No, sir. I knew I shouldn't have time for it during my one hour, and, then, you had given me a lot of work to do that day."

A shade of annoyance came over Frye's face.

"Wait, that's all right, of course," he said, "but when he calls again take all the time you need if he asks you out, and," with a scrutinizing look at Page, "as I said, cultivate him. It's business."

His father is my most valued client, and the more intimate you become with him the sooner you will have an acquaintance that will be of use to you."

Page could not quite fathom all this, but the more he thought of what Frye had said the more certain he became

that kindly regard for his own welfare did not enter into that shrewd schemer's calculations. He was more and more disgusted each day with his employer's cynical indifference to all sense of honor and honesty, coming to the conclusion that he was no better than a scoundrel.

Beneath Albert's disposition to adapt himself to those he mingled with lay a vein of sterling good sense, fine honor and the energy of self success, if necessary, and Frye's attributes were so obnoxious to him as to be simply repulsive. At college he had never indulged in much "faking," and just now the bond of friendship between himself and the good natured, self-indulgent, happy-go-lucky classmate, Frank Nason, had been cemented in a hard way.

When, a few days later, that young man appeared at the office just before closing time and suggested they "go out for a night's racket," as he phrased it, Albert was not inclined to accept.

"What are you up to?" he said as they walked away from the office, "and what do you mean by a racket? If it's likely to be expensive, count me out; I can't afford it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CRAMPS,
Pain in the
Stomach,
Diarrhoea,
Dysentery,
Colic,
Cholera,
Morbidity,
Cholera Infantum, Seasickness,
and all kinds of Summer Complaint are quickly cured by taking

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Extract of
Wild Strawberry.

It has been used by thousands for nearly sixty years—and we have yet to hear a complaint about its action. A few doses have often cured when all other remedies have failed. Its action is Pleasant, Rapid, Reliable and Effective.

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Chicago Montreal

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CROWDED THE HOUSE.

The Successful Scheme of a Theatrical Press Agent.

An agent who was in despair owing to his failure to get any advertising that had not been paid for found himself in a big western city with his attraction playing to strong competition and something desperately needed to attract public attention to his show. In one scene of the play a pair of handcuffs figured. The agent had an inspiration. He had the star snap a handcuff on her wrist, and then the agent concealed the key, saying it had been lost. The star was compelled to finish the act wearing the handcuff dangling from her wrist. The audience knew it should not be there, and commotion was aroused. Between the next two acts the agent drove the actress swiftly to police headquarters, near at hand. The police captain was mysteriously called out. He was informed that the actress must have the handcuff removed at once and secretly, as she did not wish news of her predicament to get out. The chief brought out a black key, and finally the handcuff was removed, but not until a dozen alert reporters had snuffed a "story" and were plying the reluctant press agent with questions. Finally the whole story was pumped out of the agent, the star having returned to finish the play. Next morning the first page of every local paper had a fine story, descriptive of the plight of the actress who had accidentally fastened a handcuff to her wrist. The public was interested and flocked to see the play, and the resourceful agent went on to the next town wondering what new thing he could spring on the sensation lovers there.—William Loftus in Reader Magazine.

MARRIAGES IN BURMA.

Burma is unique among the countries of the east in the position accorded to women. There is no purdah there, and, gentle as she looks, the married woman is the head of her house. The girls before their ears are pierced, which is equivalent to a coming out reception, are allowed to roam about the streets playing boyish games with their brothers and their friends, and afterward there are many opportunities for young men and women to meet at festivals, boat races and other amusements. Marriages in Burma therefore are usually love matches, and the unmarried women are in no hurry to change her state. Burmese women are charming, generally slender, dainty and demurely coquettish. They wear gayly colored garments, which make them look like flower buds, and their hair, which is shining and smooth, is always uncovered and decked with flowers.

Why Your Coffee Is Bad.

Bridget is an excellent cook; but, like most women of her profession, she is opinionated and insists upon making all her dishes strictly according to her own recipe. Her mistress gives her full swing not only as to cooking, but as to the purchase of supplies. The other day her mistress said to her:

"Bridget, the coffee you are giving us is very good. What kind is it?"

"It is no kind at all, mum," said Bridget. "It's a mixture."

"How do you mix it?"

"I shake it one-quarter Mocha and one-quarter Java and one-quarter Rice."

"That's the only three-quarters. What do you put in for the other quarter?"

"I put in no other quarter at all, mum. That's where so many spoil the coffee, mum—by puttin' in another quarter."

The Japanese Bell.

The Japanese language has an equivalent for our word "bells," but has the word "jigoku" instead. Jigoku consists of, first, eight immense hot bells, ranging in size from the size of a small bell to the size of a large bell, and, second, there are eight large cold bells, each with its own ante-bells, making the same number of cold that there are of hot bells. Besides these 272 hot and cold bells for Japs there are twenty mammoth "bells of utter darkness," into which will be consigned the spirits of children who said the name of Dal Buta, or Great Buddha, in vain.

Why He Doubled the Map.

At a St. Andrew's society dinner one of the speakers told of a Scotch gardener, recently landed, who had great difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of American geography. The son of the household, failing to teach the gardener in any other way, brought out a huge, highly colored map. The Scot looked at it critically.

"Ah, yes, lad; that may be, but it's no to be trusted. It's laid out in the plaid o' the leen' MacFechtons," was his comment.

Wretch.

"George, did you ever love any other woman as well as you love me?"

"Oh, yes, my dear; several of them."

"Indeed! Why didn't you marry one of them instead of me?"

"Well, I suppose I'll be asking myself that question, too, some day."

The Real Thing.

Sportsman—A good hunting is this part of the country?

Native—Lots of it.

Sportsman—What kind of game?

Native—No game at all. Just hunting.

The Natural Part.

"She seems to be a natural flirt," he said.

"Natural?" the woman impatiently replied. "There's nothing natural about her but the framework."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Kitchener Range

Saves Fuel

It is not the first cost of a range which makes it cheap or expensive, but the amount of fuel it afterwards consumes.

If you buy a range a few dollars cheaper than a Kitchener, and it burns from 15 to 25% more fuel, what do you gain?

Nothing, but you actually lose money, besides putting up with all the inconveniences of an old-style range.

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