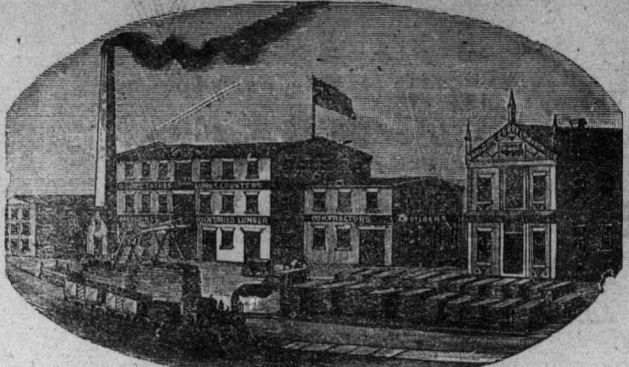


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AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA, Manufacturers and Builders



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Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material.
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THIS IS THE
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THAT WON
THE GREAT
WORLD'S FAIR
CONTRACT.

GUARANTEED
ABSOLUTELY
PURE.
BEWARE
OF IMITATIONS.

CHASE & SANBORN,
BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

Groder's Syrup

Positively CURES DYSPEPSIA

CAUTION.
EACH PLUG OF THE
Myrtle Navy
IS MARKED
T. & B.
IN BRONZE LETTERS,
None Other Genuine.
an. 21st, '92.

SCHOONER FOR SALE.
The Schooner **OLIO** capacity 130 M.
number, 12 years old, will be sold cheap at
the owners are about to build. Apply to
BEDFORD TOWER.
Sept. 14, Westcock, N. Y.

Kickapoo Indian Sagwa
" Cough Cure
" Indian Oil.
" Salve
" Worm Killer.

FOR SALE BY
M. MURRAY.
Port Egin, Nov. 23, 1893.

Tinware & Hardware.
Stoves, Furnaces, and all
kinds of Repairs for
same.

Watches
and jewelry kept on hand.

WATCH REPAIRING
neatly and promptly at-
tended to by a competent
Watch Maker with 10 years experience
in Canada and United States.

M. C. SIDDALL,
Port Egin, Nov. 23, 1893.

**L. W. WRIGHT, JOHN DAVIS,
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Wholesale Commission Dealers in all kinds
of

FISH, SMELTS
and Eels a specialty.

**LOBSTERS, SOFT CRABS, TERRAPIN,
ETC.**
105 FULTON MARKET, N. Y.
Consignments Solicited. Prompt Returns.

Parties wishing special rates of commis-
on or information apply to New York.
All correspondence promptly answered.

Editor—What do you mean by saying
that Clouston's life was one of singular
generosity?
Spacery?—He was good to him-
self.

Influence of Good Roads on Coun- try Life.

(A Canadian Tribute.)
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her with a pitying glance. Her lips
quivered, then she realized what was
said. In her blue eyes
there was a pleading, staring look,
which he likened to that of some
dying beast. A violent shudder passed
through her slender frame, her head
sank lowly forward, her eyes closed,
she tottered, and in a moment
she would have fallen. But in that
instant the young man, regardless of
all propriety and decorum due the
court, vaulted over the low railing
and supported her reeling figure, al-
lowing her to sink gently upon the
hard bench.

"Clear the court room!" commanded
the judge at last.

And while the brawny policemen
were hustling the spectators into the
corridors, the hospital attendants were
called from below, and under the
direction of the matron the un-
known girl was removed to the prison
ward and placed under the care of a
physician.

When at last order had been re-
stored, the judge turned toward Mr.
Synton with a smile of recognition.

"Come into my chambers, Dal," he
said and he led the young man to-
ward a small door behind the railing.

"Say my lord," began Mr. Synton,
familiarily, as they seated themselves
in the little room, "I'll match you for
that yellow boy—40 or nothing!"

"Did Dal, I did!" replied the
judge, and there was a humorous
twinkle in his eye. Possibly he was
thinking of how much he would have
saved, had the loss been only \$20 on
each game. But what brings you
down here, my boy? I thought you
were wedded to your mountains," he
continued.

"I'm wedded to James Dablgren
Synton of Blue Gravel Gap, Nevada,
just at present," returned that gen-
tle, unobtrusive blunderer.

"Did you, D. S., being in need of some
machinery for his mine, dropped into
Frisco last night, and a few hours
later he was tendered the freedom
of the city—prison—as a mark of
appreciation. But confidentially,
you would have saved the officers con-
siderable trouble—busted the ranch
and closed it up. I mean, but, be-
fore I forget it, come up to dinner
with me tonight; I'll guarantee that
Mrs. Barnard hasn't forgotten you."

Mr. Synton, who had been leaning
back in his chair, wait his long legs
were comfortably stretched up to the
window ledge, smiled retrospectively,
he felt certain that Mrs. Barnard
had not forgotten him, but had she
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