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 ·

Pure Quills

Make a better filling for Corsets than any other known material. "Featherbone" Corsets are tougher and more elastic than any other make, as they are entirely filled with quills (Featherbone).

To be had at all Retail Dry Goods Stores.

DON'T READ THIS.

When You've Printing to be Done

Send it to Another Town

SPECIALTIES.

Advertising
Billheads
Cards
Dance Orders
Envelopes
Fancy Work
Gummed Labels
Hand Bills
Illustrated Circ's
Jar Labels
Komic kuts
Labels
Mailing Wrappers
News Letter
Our Prices Low
Pamphlets
Quick Work
Receipts
Statements
Tickets and Tags
Unexcelled Work
Visiting Cards
Wedding Cards
Xpress Prepaid
You will find us
Zealous to please.

POST P'T'G. CO.,

SACKVILLE, N. B.

Committeeman (Dugout City)—'The prisoner says he thinks he'd like shootin' better than hangin'.'

Judge Lynch—'Well, most of us would rather see a hangin.' We'll string him up first and then shoot afterwards and then we'll both be satisfied.'

DON'T FORGET Our JOB DEPARTMENT

PUBLIC NOTICE!

EDWIN SPENCE and NELSON W. TUCKER of Botsford in the County of Westmorland and Province of New Brunswick, doing business as Lobster Packers under the name and style of Spence and Tucker have this day **ASSIGNED** all their property estate, and effects to me in trust for the benefit of their creditors. The trust deed lies at the offices of Grant and Sweeney Moncton, and Malrose, N. B., and all parties wishing to share in said Estate are required to execute the same within three months from this date.

Dated at Botsford this 17th day of July, A. D. 1894.

GRANT & SWEENEY, Solicitors. } GEORGE OULTON, Assignee estate Spence & Tucker.

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,
MONCTON.

JUNE 28, 94.

Rub the Other Eye.

GOOD ADVICE OF AN ENGINEER REGARDING THE REMOVAL OF CINDERS.

Nine persons out of every ten with a cinder or any foreign substance in the eye will instantly begin to rub the eye with one hand while hunting for their handkerchief with the other. They may and sometimes do remove the offending cinder, but more frequently they rub until the eye becomes inflamed, bind a handkerchief around the head and go to bed. This is all wrong. The better way is not to rub the eye with the cinder in it at all, but rub the other eye as vigorously as you like.

A few years since I was riding on the engine of a fast express. The engineer threw open the front window and I caught a cinder that gave me the most excruciating pain. I began to rub the eye with both my hands. "Let your eye alone and rub the other eye" (this from the engineer). I thought he was chaffing me and worked the harder. "I know you doctors think you know it all, but if you will let that eye alone and rub the other one, the cinder will be out in two minutes," persisted the engineer. I began to rub the other eye, soon I felt the cinder down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out. "Let it alone and keep at the well eye," shouted the doctor pro tem. I did so for a minute longer, and looking into a small glass he gave me found the offender on my cheek. Since then I have tried it many times and have advised many others, and have never known it to fail in one instance, unless it was something sharp as a piece of steel or something that cut the ball and required an operation to remove it.—Medical Summary.

What was promised and what has happened.

The Mark Lane *Express* presents in a striking manner the contrast between Cobden's predictions concerning the effects of free trade and the actual experience of fifty years Here they are:

Prophecy.—Land would not be driven out of cultivation by the repeal of the Corn laws.

Fact.—Nearly 2,500,000 acres have been driven out.

Prophecy.—Land owners have nothing to fear from free trade in corn.

Fact.—Rents and agricultural land values have fallen from 30 to 50 per cent.

Prophecy.—In a country growing in population and advancing in prosperity, land always increases in value and without any help from the owners.

Fact.—If all the land in cultivation twenty years ago was worth £50 an acre, and has fallen 40 per cent., that is a loss of £20 an acre

Prophecy.—The land of England would produce 25,000,000 quarters of wheat per annum

Fact.—In 1862 we grew 17,000,000 quarters, in 1892 about 7,000,000.

Prophecy—We should always have a natural protection of 10s. 6d. per quarter on wheat in the shape of carriage from abroad.

Fact.—Freights for wheat are now below 2s. a quarter, and it has been carried free as ballast.

Prophecy.—We might as well doubt that the sun would rise on the morrow as doubt that in ten years every civilized nation on earth would have followed our free trade example.

Fact—Not a single nation on earth has followed our example, and all are heavily taxing our goods in return for a free market here.

—A Cambridge, Queens county, story is that two young sons of A. W. Carpenter, of that place, and a companion, found a large bear in a trap. One of the party went back for a gun, and while he was away the other two boys killed the animal with a jack-knife.

LADIES AS YACHT SAILORS.

Mrs. J. J. Astor, a New York millionaire's wife, won a boat race the other day in Newport, all the boats being sailed by ladies. Several English ladies are celebrated as yacht skippers, and their number is steadily increasing. There is no reason why ladies should not engage in this sport. The poet of Town Topics seems to think that yacht sailing will give them masculine habits, but he has not warrant for the supposition. The wretch writes of 'The Future Yacht Skippers' as follows:

O my lady's a beautiful skipper bold,
And she stands on the curving deck,
With a speaking tube in her lily-white hand
And a rope's end round her neck.
'Avast and belay,' I can hear her say,
'You lubbers, luff up the sheet!
Look alive there,' she rants, 'or the south of your pants
I will sting with the toes of my feet!'

She can splice the main brace, take a reef in the gaff,
And with grog by the quart get away,
And shin up the mast in the teeth of the gale.
And swear like a pirate gay.
When she spits on her hands, the tiller expands,
In a way to make you gape;
And the thrice happy crew it has nothing to do
But sit still and get mashed on her shape.

PRINCE AND PAUPER.

The Prince passed by. A careless boy,
As he watched him ride away,
Thought, "Oh, for a taste of the boundless joy
Where the prince must feast each day."
And a great hope burned in his youthful heart
To sometime play a Prince's part.

The Prince past by; his heart was sad
With a thousand cares oppressed:
"To be once more like that happy lad
And freed from this deep unrest:
I'd give all the sorry hopes of men;
Alas! that youth comes not again."
—Nixon Waterman in Chicago Journal.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

The garden gate swung to and fro.
Then came a whisper soft and low,
And said the lily to the rose:
"That is her lover, I suppose."
Says rose: "He comes here every day,
I wonder what they have to say?"
"They don't see us," the jasmine sighs,
"Each looks into the other's eyes!"

"He loves her so," the rose replied.
"Oh!—here they come," the violet cried.
"He holds her hand," the pansy said,
"And like the rose she blushes red."
The rose remarked: "it is not right
For us to listen—nor polite—
To all their vows—and tender sighs—
Oh! dear—he kissed her—shut yours eyes!"

—Godey's Magazine.

SHADOWING CUPID.

'Here is a chance for you to do some detective work, Sutton,' exclaimed one of a party of commuters on the Jersey ferry-boat. 'That pretty girl over there has been crossing with us every morning and evening for the past week. Now get your Lecoq acuteness to work and tell us something about her.'

Sutton a wholesale grocer, who has an idea that Nature intended him to be a great detective, though Fate willed otherwise, looked critically at the girl before replying:

'She is a type-writer,' he said, 'in some office where she is kept very busy.'

'Prove it.'

'That is easy. There is a stain of purple ink, such as is used for type-writing, on the corner of her handkerchief that peeps from under her belt. Besides, she has one hand clasped in the other, after the manner of people who are nervous, though her bearing and complexion shows that she is not of a nervous temperament. She claps them in that way because her fingers are very tired with work.

The usual laugh greeted this, for Sutton's hobby has long been a source of amusement to his friends. He bore it good-naturedly as is his wont though he felt certain that this time at least his theorizing was correct.

That the girl crossed with them every morning and evening will not be wondered at by any punctual business man. Though it is possible to wander through New York for months without seeing the same person twice, men who keep regular hours soon find themselves surrounded by familiar faces. Others who keep the same hours cross the ferry with them morning and evening, day after day, or go to and from business on the same trains. In this way they get to know by sight all who pass along the same route regularly, and can pick out strangers at a glance.

A few evenings after it was remarked that the pretty girl was a regular passenger, Sutton announced to his friends—who had ceased to pay attention to her when her face had become familiar—that she was in love.

'With whom?' he was asked.

'I don't know yet; but I know she is in love, for I saw her kiss a girl friend as we were crossing the ferry After kissing, she laid her cheek against her friend's for a moment, and only a girl who is accustomed to being kissed by a lover would do that. Moreover, she is happy in her love, or she would not do it, because the loverlike action would recall unpleasant memories.'

Although this information was jeered at, the romantic touch reawakened interest in the girl, and they all began to notice her again. A few mornings later, a young man accompanied her across the ferry, and returned with her in the evening.

'Anyone can see at a glance that they are lovers,' exclaimed Sutton triumphantly; 'but he is out of work and hunting for a position. That is shown by the fact that he was waiting for her in the ferry-house this evening. If he were regularly employed, it is not likely he would have time to do that; and besides, he has his pockets full of the advertising columns of the daily papers. For the last couple of mornings, when crossing the ferry, she has been studying the 'want ads,' in the papers, as they did together this morning and I thought at first she was looking for another position; but it is now clear that she was simply looking for something to call his attention to. He was not successful to day, for he looks dejected, though he was quite hopeful in the morning.

This programme was repeated on several consecutive days, and the prospects of the young man's getting a job were beginning to look gloomy. One evening, however they found him waiting in the ferry house manifestly very happy, and impatient for her arrival. When she came, he ran up to her and said something in an excited manner. She shook hands with him, as if in congratulation, and they passed on into the ferry-boat

'She'll have an engagement ring in a few weeks,' said Sutton, and none of his friends disputed the prediction. They all hoped she would, and began to feel as much interest in the match as if they were helping to make it

To the complete satisfaction of the commuters, the lovers began to cross the ferry together both morning and evening, though they went no further than Jersey City, where they evidently lived.

A few weeks later she began to carry her left glove in her hand, and a bright little diamond set in a plain loop of gold sparkled on her finger. Their unknown and undreamed of friends felt like offering their congratulations, but restrained themselves.

During the next few months nothing of importance happened except a rather brisk lovers' quarrel. They failed to meet at the ferry-boat several times, and the glove was once more worn on her left hand. When they did meet one morning they simply nodded coldly to each other.

'Confound him! It is his fault!' said Sutton angrily. 'That redness about her eyes, which a little touch of powder does not hide, shows that she has been crying over it, and the set, determined expression of his face shows that he is in the wrong and knows it. It is probable that he is jealous, for nothing brings such a look of determined despair to a man's face as jealousy, especially when there are but slight grounds for it.'

The others agreed in this opinion, and the young man did not know that there were half a dozen respectable commuters on the boat who felt an intense longing to kick him. When the breach was healed, a short time afterwards, they agreed that he was being treated better than he deserved, but at the same time almost lost a train by stopping to have a drink to the success and happiness of their heroine.

Near Christmas the young man began to ask for a raise of salary. The amateur detectives were sure of this because of his fits of despondence and exhilaration. He was evidently trying to decide from the treatment he received from his superiors whether he would get the raise or not. When the great men had been affable to him he was very happy when crossing the ferry, but when they had been grumpy he was in the depths of despair.

Sutton was so anxious he should get the increase he wanted and be able to marry that he could hardly be restrained from offering him a position in his store with a good salary attached. But at the first of the year the young man became cheerful again, and the unusual air of importance he began to cultivate made it certain that success had attended his efforts.

A change immediately took place in the attitude of the lovers to each other. Instead of merely being happy in each other's company, they were evidently discussing something constantly, exchanging opinions and arguing. Their watching friends knew they were discussing the details af the approaching wedding.

Presently she stopped coming, and they knew the wedding day must be near, for the young man did not show any signs of worrying, as he would if she were ill, or if they had quarreled, or she had lost her position. And he had a way of smiling to himself that told the story. There is nothing so blissful as the reminiscent smile of a lover, and it is unmistakable.

On morning they missed him, and suspected he was away being married. They speculated much as to whether they would start house-keeping in some part of the city that would make it necessary for him to cross the ferry at a different hour or to cross a different ferry. They felt it would be unkind, almost unjust, of him not to continue crossing with them as usual, considering the interest they were taking in his affairs. They wanted to be sure that their unconscious *proteges* were married and happy.

About a week later he reappeared. There was a flower in his button-hole, and they decided he was married.

'Let us go and congratulate him,' said Sutton

'All right,' said the others.

'But,' suggested a wary one, 'what if he is not married? A flower in his button-hole is not much to convict a man on.'

Sutton hesitated a moment. His reputation as a heaven-born detective rested to some extent on his conclusion, but after another look at the young man he said confidently:

'It's all right. Come along.'

They went over to where the young man was standing, and Sutton acted as spokesman.

'Pardon me,' he said, 'but we have been very much interested in you and your affairs for the last couple of years and wish to offer our congratulations on your recent marriage.'

'Eh—er—er—oh?' stammered the young man, blushing and looking embarrassed.

'You were married last week, were you not?'

'Yes, sir!'

'To the young lady with whom you have been in the habit of crossing the ferry for the last couple of years.

'Yes.'

'Then I hope you will allow us to congratulate you. We have had an eye on you both every day during that time'

There was much laughter and exchanging of cards, until the boat reached the wharf at New York, and the happy but very much confused bridegroom was enabled to escape.

'I say, Sutton, what convinced you so suddenly that he was married?' asked the man who had previously been doubtful.

'Why,' replied Sutton, with the the bored air of a Sherlock Holmes, 'a child might have seen it. His wife had asked him to buy something in the city, and to make him remember it had tied a string around his thumb.' *Pete McArthur in Harper's Weekly.*

In Clipper Gap.

'These hounds must be driven out,' said the general, lowering his field glasses and turning a pair of cold gray eyes upon a staff officer who was standing near.

'If we could get a battery into Clipper Gap,' responded the officer addressed, 'the question might soon be settled, and at close range. The configuration of the land and the bore of our guns combine, it seems to me, to make any other solution impossible.'

'Clipper Gap,' echoed the general rising visibly in his saddle, and then settling back with a sarcastic smile.

'Clipper Gap, did you say, colonel? White, you are talking at random. Surely your suggestion is not feasible. You ought to know that a battery could not live to unlimber there, but even if it got into action—why, good God, man you must be dreaming.'

Col. White looked hurt, and instead of meeting the sharp glance of his commander, he allowed his eyes to wander down to the left, and in the direction of an old plantation dwelling, where a masked mortar battery had, an hour before, opened on the federal lines with terrible effect.

'I merely mentioned the matter, general,' replied the staff officer, after a few moments of silence. 'I shall be glad to execute any orders that you may have in the consummation of a better plan.'

'But, my good man,' returned the general, 'a gunner could not live five minutes at the gap. It would be downright murder to order a battery in there. Col. White would you lead a battery into Clipper Gap?'

'What a question,' replied the other. 'What a question for a soldier. To be sure I would lead a battery into the Gap, or into hell, for that matter—if ordered to do so. By the way, general, this would be a great opportunity for your brave Capt. Langhorne.'

Gen. Colby laughed heartily.

'Can't you forgive me, White, for saying that Langhorne is the bravest man in the Third Corps? You grow sarcastic every time you refer to the conversation of last evening. Langhorne is brave—brave as a lion I know him under fire. Southerner, is he not? Col. Williams told me that he had two brothers in the rebel army. Did you know him before the war?'

'Yes,' answered the other, looking again in the direction of the house. 'I knew him very well. We were in the same class at the University of Virginia. Rivals first for class leadership, and later for the hand of the fairest woman in the old commonwealth. Langhorne got the girl who, by the way, was of northern birth. Perhaps that accounts for his fighting sympathies His people are all on the other side. He lives in this section somewhere. I believe. As to his bravery, I never considered him brave at all. You will say at once, general that this is a prejudice arising from our early relations. Not so. I am not inclined to depreciate Langhorne's war record, which we all admit is splendid. I say simply that he is not a man of great physical courage.'

During this brief recital the general's face wore a smile of innocent raillery, but as White concluded, a stern expression stole over his countenance. He thrust his field glasses into a silver-bound case, and almost fiercely beat the long leg of his cavalry boot with a pair of heavy gaunt ets which he had taken off a few moments before. He was a man of imperious disposition and violent temper with little liking for opposition from any source. White was a distant relative and trusted adviser, but it was evident that he had gone too far.

When the first flush of his wrath had been beaten out upon his boot, he was enabled to speak, with some degree of moderation, the thoughts that had sent a wicked expression to his face.

'Col. White,' he began deliberately, 'you impugn the courage of one of the bravest men in the service—a man whom I have learned to love and respect. I tell you he is as brave as a lion, and his courage is always tempered with the coolest judgment—the very highest ferm of courage. Do you remember the day at—'

'Here the general broke of abruptly and drawing out the field glasses, fixed his sight upon the house that stood on a long stretch of level ground below, whence rose at frequent intervals white puffs of smoke, telling of the cannonade still furiously waged from mortars of the rebel battery. In a moment he broke off his inspection, and turning to Col. White, said:

'Perhaps your suggestion of the Gap as a point of action is not so bad after all. I really do not see any way out of it, and just to prove that I am right, I shall order Cap. Langhorne in there. Some one has to go, and I am convinced that Langhorne has the right kind of stuff in him. He can wipe away the arrogant conceit of military prowess in three or four hundred hearts, and, at the same time, wipe away the arrogant conceit of snap judgment in the heart of a brother officer,' and Gen. Colby again smiled good-naturedly upon his staff officer.

Whether this sudden change in opinion came from an honest conviction of military necessity, or from the motive of vindicating an insolent judgment that was wont to consider itself infallible, we are not to judge. Men have been slaughtered before, and will be again, with no apparent motives of any kind.

Calling his orderly and pointing to a group of mounted officers that rested on a little knoll three or four hundred yards away, he said:

'Tell Capt Langhorne to come here at once.'

The orderly saluted and withdrew.

Gen. Colby looked at his watch nervously slapping the neck of his black mare with the bridle rein: 'We shall now see,' he muttered half aloud, 'who is qualified to weigh the qualities of a soldier.' Col. White, who turned deadly pale, did not move a muscle or make reply. Presently there was a clatter of hoofs in the rear, and Capt. Langhorne reined up a big chestnut colt before his commander and touched his cap. His appearance was not soldierly, though he sat his horse well. His long blonde hair framed a face of delicate refinement, which was lighted up by blue eyes that might have belonged to a woman. He wore his soiled forage cap a little to one side and his blouse was open for a space of three buttons at the top, exposing a white shirt front, and a silk handkerchief of the same color bound about his throat.

Gen. Colby looked at Col. White then frigidly returned the salute of the young captain.

'Capt. Langhorne,' he began, and his voice trembled slightly, 'it is necessary that those devils at yonder house should be dislodged. Take your battery to the gorge directly in their front, known as Clipper Gap. It is narrow, and you will be able to use only one gun at a time In getting your position follow the ravine where we were this morning as far as possible. It will afford some cover.'

The captain looked straight at his commander. The commander looked straight at the captain. White looked straight at his own soul. Capt. Langhorne broke the silence.

'Pardon me, general, did you say Clipper Gap? Did I understand the order to open fire on the house opposite the gorge?'

'Capt. Langhorne is not my order clear?'

'Yes sir, quite clear, but I wanted to ask if—if—it is absolutely necessary—if—er—er—'

'Yes,' thundered the general, 'the order is imperative. Are you a coward? Have you—'but in the midst of this furious tirade, Capt. Langhorne again respectfully saluted and then galloped away to execute the order of his chief.

Soon the notes from a bugle floated over from the rear and right, and the two officers turned to see Langhorne's battery sweep at full gallop across a gentle depression directly in the rear, and then disappear behind the high hills that skirted the ravine. One more they came in sight as they left the ravine, and and debouching in the open, plunged full in the face of the enemies' guns, into the mouth of the gorge, unlimber, and go into action.

Then from the house, now less than a thousand yards away, twelve hitherto silent pieces opened their brazen mouths, carrying death and desolation in to the ranks of the federal battery. In twenty minutes the horses had all been killed or disabled. Then the guns were run up by hand, discharged and by the same method returned for loading. The slaughter was fearful, and in the vortex of fire and blood and death all order was soon forgotten. There were only two things to do—load and fire. And they did that well, many dying in the doing but all believing, no doubt, that it was very glorious to die for one's flag and country.

The fire of Langhorne's men was rapid and accurate, attested by frequent changes in position of some of the rebel guns, and by the silence of others. About sunset the fire of the opposing forces ceased altogether, and ten minutes later six men (all that were left of the federal battery) dragged their weary and wounded limbs into the heavy undergrowth that covered the slopes of the gorge on the other side. Some went to rest with the hope of recovery, and others to die.

It was victory dearly bought.

Two hours later, having dined comfortably at his headquarters, after sending a detachment over to the Gap with the purpose of looking for the dead and wounded, Gen. Colby, with Col. White and another member of his staff, rode down to the house which had borne the brunt of the federal fire, and from which the rebels had hastily retreated simultaneously with the discharge of their last gun. There was ruin everywhere about the place, which was apparently deserted. Only the shell of what a few hours before had been a fine old residence of colonial architecture now remained to tell of the cruel ravages of war. All about were evidences of easy living, marking the dismanled habitation as the home of a wealthy planter. After a walk about the place for nearly half an hour, some one mentioned the cellar, and the general, who was not half a bad commander in exploring wrecked southern homes, nodded assent.

The orderly made a torch, and lighting it, led the way down to the cellar, which the visitors were much surprised to find already lighted. An oil lamp burned brightly from the top of a barrel, and in a far corner of the room, upon a heap of debris, a tallow candle threw its unsteady rays upon the dead and mangled bodies of two female figures that lay upon the floor. Close to them a man was seated upon a low camp stool. His face was black, save where a stream of blood, trickling down from an ugly gash over the temple, had washed the darker stains away. As the officers approached, Gen. Colby asked, 'Who are you, and what the devil are you doing here?'

'I have a perfect right to be here, sir,' answered the blood-stained man. 'I own the property about here. This is my home.'

'And these bodies?' questioned the commander.

'My mother and my wife, general. I am Capt. Langhorne.'—New York Evening Post.

All Sorts.

Tom—Are you sure you will never forget that it was I who gave you that locket?

Miss Bangles—Sure! I'm going to note it down in my memorandum book.

For fever and Ague, and miasmatic diseases, Ayer's Ague Cure is a positive remedy

Jinks—(on the rail)—I was talking with an eminent physician in the smoker.

Mrs. Jinks—What is his name?

"He didn't mention it, and I did not like to ask."

"Then why do you think he is an eminent physician?"

"I asked him what was the best cure for consumption, and he said he didn't know."

For Scrofula disorders, and mercurial diseases, the best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Tom—I wonder why they call this a cottage pudding?

Dick—Because it is so confounded flat, perhaps.

'That's what I call a good deal of a take off,' lamented the carriage horse, turning to look at its docked tail.

A MAN ALL OVER.

He often laughed and sneered, he did,
At woman's curiosity;
But always touched, as he went by,
The paint, to see if it was dry.

A Chill, the first symptom of taking cold is quickly cured by taking in a half cup of hot milk or water from one half to a teaspoonful of Dr. Manning's German remedy the universal pain cure. Sold by all druggists.

Uppers—Can you tell counterfeit money when you see it?

Harder—Yes.

Uppers—Just look at this bill.

Harder—Do you think there's anything wrong with it?

Upper—I don't know. I just borrowed it from Screwsboie, and he let me have it the first time I asked him.

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

Many do a heap of hard climbing in search of easy grades.

Author—That was a dog-goned mean trick you played on me the other day.

Editor—What did I do?

Author—Why you reviewed my novel in a department headed, "Books of the Weak."

Mrs. Delicateair—Dr. Hyprice has advised my husband to take me to Saratoga.

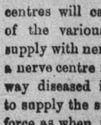
"We always fry ours in Cottolene."

Our Meat, Fish, Oysters, Saratoga Chips, Eggs, Doughnuts, Vegetables, etc.

Like most other people, our folks formerly used lard for all such purposes. When it disagreed with any of the family (which it often did) we said it was "too rich." We finally tried

Cottolene

and not one of us has had an attack of "richness" since. We further found that, unlike lard, Cottolene had no unpleasant odor when cooking, and lastly Mother's favorite and conservative cooking authority came out and gave it a big recommendation which clinched the matter. So that's why we always fry ours in Cottolene.



Sold in 3 and 5 lb. pails, by all grocers. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

The Best Dressing

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Prevents the hair from becoming thin, faded, gray, or wiry, and preserves its richness, luxuriance, and color to an advanced period of life. It cures itching humors, and keeps the scalp cool, moist, and healthy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

NERVOUS MEN!

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

The errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Lost Manhood, and all kindred ailments of Men, from whatever cause, permanently and privately cured at home. EXPENSE TREATMENT, NO PAYMENT. Consultation and advice in person or by letter free.

Address or call on PROVIDENT MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 15 Hanover Street, Montreal, Canada. Prospectus and descriptive pamphlet, closely sealed, mailed free to all. Send now.

HAWKER'S TOLU AND WILD CHERRY BALSAM WILL CURE THAT COUGH TRY IT!

IT HAS CURED HUNDREDS

of cases considered hopeless after all other remedies had failed. Do not despair, take courage be persuaded, and try this truly wonderful medicine.

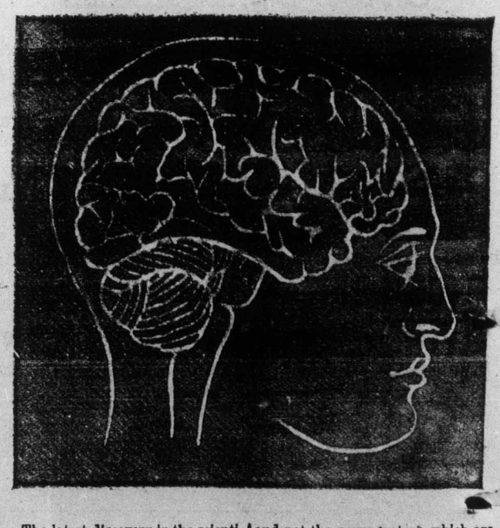
IT WILL CURE YOU.

For sale by all Druggists and general dealers. Price 25 cents and 50 cents a bottle.

Manufactured by

HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.,

Mysteries of the HUMAN BRAIN!



The latest discovery in the scientific world is that nerve centres located in or near the base of the brain control all the organs of the body, and when these nerve centres are deranged the organs which they supply with nerve fluid, or nerve force, are also deranged. When it is remembered that a serious injury to the spinal cord will cause paralysis of the body below the injured point, because the nerve force is prevented by the injury from reaching the paralyzed portion, it will be understood how the derangement of the nerve centres will cause the derangement of the various organs which they supply with nerve force; that is, when a nerve centre is deranged or in any way diseased it is impossible for it to supply the same quantity of nerve force as when in a healthful condition; hence the organs which depend upon it for nerve force suffer, and are unable to properly perform their work, and as a result disease makes its appearance.

At least two-thirds of our chronic diseases and ailments are due to the imperfect action of the nerve centres at the base of the brain, and not from a derangement primarily originating in the organ itself. The great mistake of physicians in treating these diseases is that they treat the organs and not the nerve centres, which are the cause of the trouble.

The wonderful cures wrought by the Great South American Nervine Tonic are due alone to the fact that this remedy is based upon the foregoing principle. It cures by rebuilding and strengthening the nerve centres, and thereby increasing the supply of nerve force or nervous energy.

This remedy has been found of infinite value for the cure of Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Paroxysms, Sleeplessness, Forgetfulness, Mental Despondency, Nervousness of Females, Hot Flashes, Sick Headache, Heart Disease. The first bottle will convince anyone that a cure is certain.

South American Nervine is without doubt the greatest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and all Chronic Stomach Troubles, because it acts through the nerves. It gives relief in one day, and absolutely effects a permanent cure in every instance. Do not allow your prejudices, or the prejudices of others, to keep you from using this health-giving remedy. It is based on the result of years of scientific research and study. A single bottle will convince the most incredulous.

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