Correspondents' Corner.

ST. ANDREWS

Fred. M. Graham returned from a visit to Boston on Monday.
Mr. S. Mason and Mr. H. McMullin

Mr. S. Mason and Mr. A. McMullin were passengers to St. Stephen on Thursday's boat. A little daughter, (Edith Cavell) ar-rived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tracy on Tuesday, April 4th.

MIDDLE SACKVILLE

Steeves, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Ernest Estabrooks, has returned to her home in Stoney Creek, Albert Co.

Master Bob Black, who has been visiting his grandparents, Judge and Mrs. Borden, Moncton, returned home this week

Mrs. Borden, Moncton, returned nome this week.

Mrs. Will Campbell was hostess at a delightful tea-party, on Wednesday afternoon. Among those present were the Misses Dell McAuley, Helen Smith, Annie Armstrong, Fannie Barnes, Alice Ayer, Alice Thistle, and Mrs. G. Bildake.

Allice Ayer, Alice Thistle, and Mrs. G. Bidlake.

Private Frank Amos, of the 85th Battalion, Hallfax, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Amos.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Faucett returned on Tuesday from Fort Fairfield, Me., where they enjoyed a pleasant visit with their daughter, Mrs. Freeman Plilbuck.

Mrs. Faucett, who has been spending the winter in California, comes home much improved in health.

A call has been extended to the Rev. Milton Addison, of Petitcodiac, to become pastor of the United Baptist church, in this place. It is not known whether Mr. Addison will accept or not.

not.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wheaton have announced the engagement of their daughter, Dora Araminta, to Baxter B. Barnes, of Fredericton, the wedding will take piace this month.

On Tuesday afternoon, Col. F. B. Black spoke to the members of the Red Cross Society, on his work in the trenches in Flauders, in a manner which was much appreciated by all present, after which a dainty lunch was served by the Vice-President, Miss Helen Smith.

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WELSFORD

Children Cry for Fletcher's

the Hind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 80 years, has been made under his personal supervision since its inlanes, all Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are bus Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of infants and Children—Experience against Experiments.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Off, Para-gorio, Drops and Scothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Marcotta substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverianness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatniancy, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhosa. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep, The Children's Panasco—The Mother's Friend.

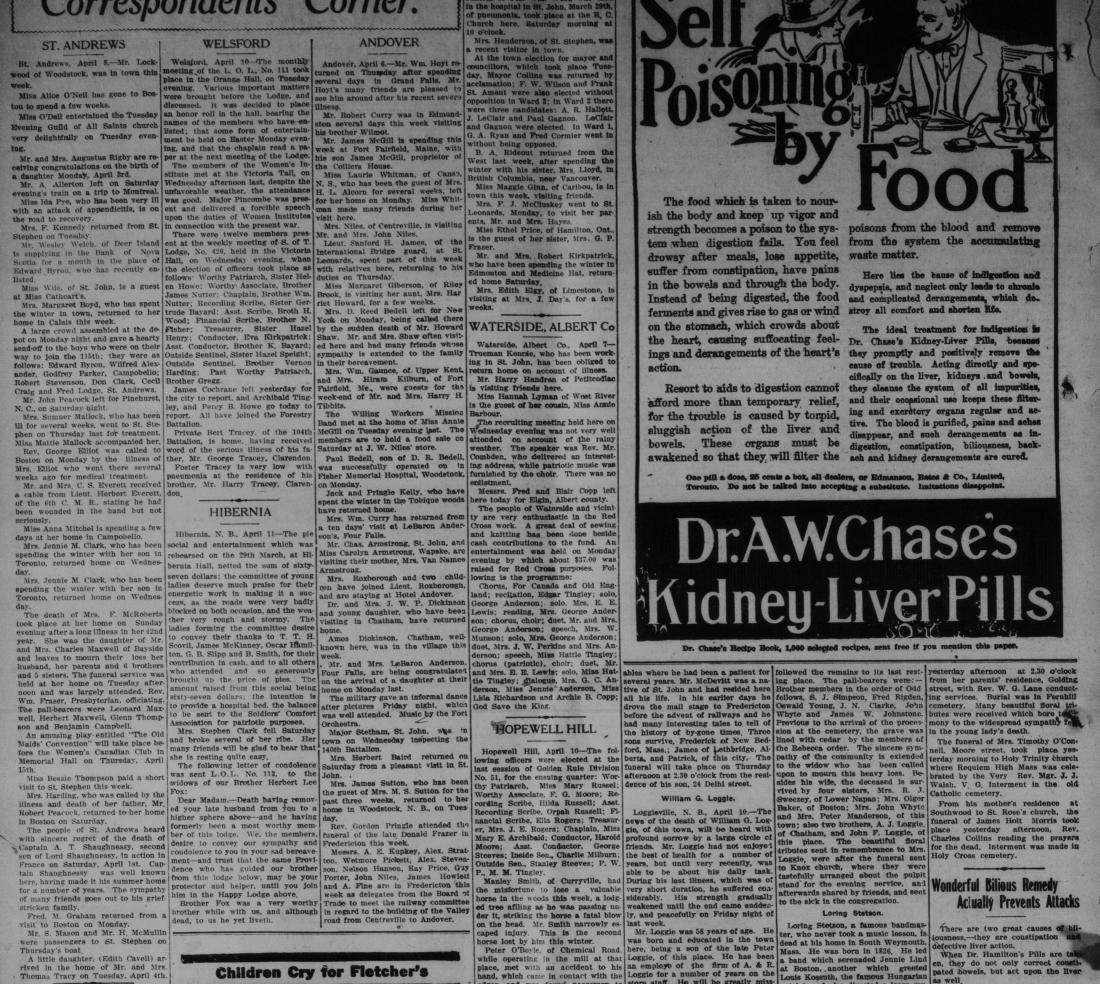
BENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

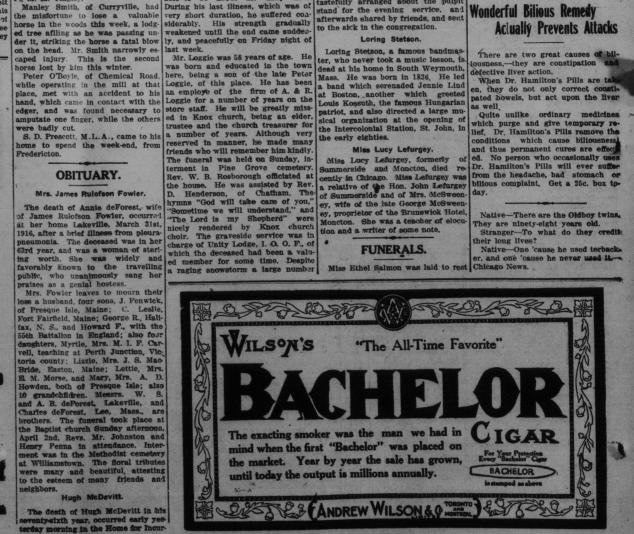
hat H. Fletchire

The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years

ANDOVER

The death of Hugh McDevitt in his seventy-sixth year, occurred early yes-tereay morning in the Home for Incur-





The Broad

sen in love."

Scores of times!"

Oh!" said I, puffing very hard at as with said I, puffing very hard at as with said I.

"No, I didn't supose you would," she answered.
"Hum!" said I, rubbing my chin.
"And why did you run away from him?"
"Because he was a villain."
"That was very illogical!" said I.
"But very sensible, sir." Here there fell a silence between us, and, as we walked, now and then her gown would brush my knee, or her shoulder touch mine, for the path was very marrow.
"And—did you—" I began suddenly, and stopped.
"Did I—what, sir?"
"Did you love him?" said I, staring straight in front of me.
"I—ran away from him."
"And—do you—love him?" said I, staring straight in front of me.
"I—ran away from him."
"And—do you—love him?" said I, staring straight in front of me.

"None!"
"Because—he is neither fierce nor wild nor masterful!"
"Because he is neither fierce nor vild," she echoed.
"Nor masterful!" said I.
"Nor masterful!" said I.
"Nor masterful!" said Uharmian, with averted head. So I opened the cor, but, even then, must needs curn lack again.
"Do you think I am very—different—from him?"
"As different as day from night, as the lamb from the wolf," said she, without looking at me. "Good night, Peter!"
"Good night!" said I, and so, going into my room, I closed the door behind me.
"A lamb!" said I, tearing off my neckcloth, and sat for some time listening to her footstep and the soft rustle of her petticoats going to and fro.
"A lamb!" said I again, and slowly drew off my coat. As I did so, a little cambric handkerchief fell to the floor, and I kicked it, forthwith, into a corner,
"A lamb!" said I, for the third time, but, at this moment, came a light tap upon the door.
"Yes?" said I, without moving.

but, at this moment, came a light tap upon the door.

"Yes?" said I, without moving.

"Oh, how is your injured thumb?"

"Thank you, it is as well as can be expected."

"Does it pain you very much?"

"It is not unbearable!" said I.

"Good night, Peter!" and I heard her move away. But presently she was back again.

"Oh, Peter?"

"Well?"

"Are you frowning?"

"Weil?"

"Are you frowning?"

"I—I think I was—why?"

"When you frown, you are very like—him, and have the same square set of the mouth and chin, when you are angry—so don't, please don't frown, Peter—Good night, Charmian!" said I, and stooping, I picked up the handkerchief and thrust it under my pillow.

CHAPTER X I Am Suspected of the Black Art.