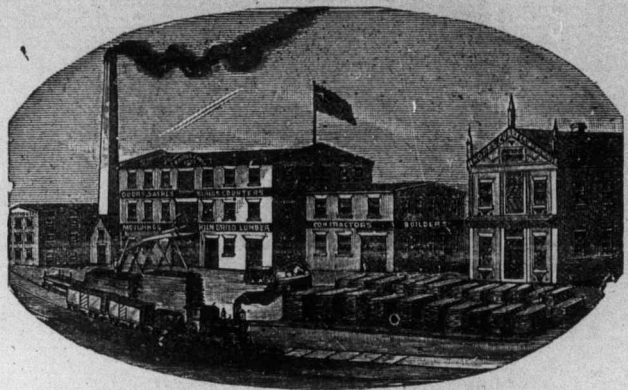


RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,
Manufacturers and Builders



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Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material
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Corsets are now recognized to be the Standard Corset of Canada.

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EACH PLUG OF THE

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None Other Genuine.

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WE SELL

Fish,

Eggs,

Potatoes,

Lumber, Cordwood,

Spilling, Canned Lobsters.

THIRTY VESSELS

150 tons to 400 to 400 tons

reg. for coal and lumber.

WE SELL

Write us for quotations,

prices. Consignments solicited.

Boston Shipping Co.

3 Central Wharf,

BOSTON.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Philip M. Casey formerly of Abouhagan in the County of Westmorland and to Oliver J. Dandrea, Pierre Breaux and Woodford A. Ward trustees of the said Philip M. Casey and to all others to whom it may or shall concern.

Notice is hereby given that there will be sold by Public Auction at or near Crane's Corner in the Parish of Sackville in the County of Westmorland on Saturday the 20th day of May next at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon in order to satisfy the principal money and interest due on a certain mortgage bearing date the fifteenth day of July 1890 and made by Philip M. Casey then or formerly of Abouhagan in said County of Westmorland and former to Joseph Wood of Sackville in said County, which said mortgage is duly recorded in the County of Westmorland records by the No. 5687, folio 62 libro 9 of said records default having been made in the payment of the principal money and interest thereon secured, and in order to obtain payment thereof the following lands and premises mentioned and contained in said Indenture of Mortgage viz: All that certain piece of land situated at Abouhagan aforesaid and bounded South by lands in the occupation of Moses Casey and on which he now resides, Easterly by lands of George Kinney, Northerly by lands of Thomas Taddy Godel and Westerly by the road from Sackville to Sackville containing fifty acres more or less. Said lot being in this day conveyed to said Philip M. Casey by deed from William Foulds together with all and singular the buildings improvements privileges and appurtenances to said premises belonging or in any else appertaining.

Dated this 20th day of March A. D. 1894.

JOSIAH WOOD.

March 22. 94. 2m. Mortgagee.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a Bill will be introduced at the next Session of the Legislature to amend chapter 29 of the Statutes of 1886 an act respecting certain marsh lands in the parish of Sackville.

ALBERT FAWCETT.

Sackville, N. B., Feb. 7th, 1894.

—Mr. B. A. Connell, one of the members in the Local Legislature for Carleton county and holding a seat in the government without office, has resigned his seat in the government and house. Mr. Albert T. Dunn, M. P. of St. John, is his successor.

THE DIVISION OF LOVERS' LABOR.

"Twas she,
Not he,
Who washed the
Dishes and
In tones so weak
United love proposed.
Twas he,
Not she,
Who with lips
Imparted first a kiss.
Twas she,
Not he,
Who asked consent
From stern and loving sire,
Not he,
Who pleased assent
And calmed paternal ire.
Twas she,
Not he,
Who named the day
When hearts as one would throb.
Twas he,
Not she,
Who led to the
The person for his job.
—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE ETHEL LYNCH.

Ira Lynch was the agent at a little station on the Silver Creek Railroad, called Halfway. Why the station was called by that name it was impossible to state, unless it was because it was located about the centre of the road. It was not much of a station either, the only building being the shed that contained the engine and pumps which pumped water to the tank that supplied the road engines with water.

Few trains ever stopped for any other purpose, unless they were flagged, as there wasn't a house within two miles of the station, with the exception of the little cabin occupied by the agent and his family, which consisted of himself, his wife, daughter and her little baby brother. Ethel, the daughter, was a sprightly little girl of perhaps twelve or thirteen years of age, and pretty enough for an artist's model, as she sat upon the grass in her milk-white pony, man fashion, her legs bare to her knees, and dressed in a gray plaid skirt, a tight fitting velvet jacket, and a train boy's cap resting jauntily upon her beautiful auburn curls. Ethel Lynch was a prime favorite with the trainmen and regular passengers on the Silver Creek road, and it was on ways on the alert to get a glimpse of the red-headed girl and the white horse.

Mr. Lynch was formerly engineer on the engine that pulled the train known as the Thunderbolt—a limited express upon the main line of which the Silver Creek road was a branch. But one night train-robbers removed a rail from the track, and Ira Lynch (who saved the lives of the passengers entrusted to his care by standing faithfully at his post of duty) was dragged under the pile of lumber, and twisted iron and steel that once formed a part of his beloved engine, a burned and bleeding mass. Of all the many people who witnessed the terrible sight, not one thought it possible for him to live; but by careful nursing and a strong medicine on his part to live for his wife and his little daughter's sake, he so far recovered as to be able to take charge of the little station at Halfway.

At the time our story opens, Mr. Lynch was standing at the open window of the pump house, gazing intently at the sea, where a ship was seen at some object in the direction of his cabin.

It was at the close of a lovely day in June; the rays of the setting sun (for it lacked but an hour of sunset) shone full in his face. Shading his eyes with his hand, he looked long and earnestly.

"Well, I declare," he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, "it's our Ethel! Ma must be feeling better, or she wouldn't leave her alone!"

Being satisfied that everything was all right, he again gave his attention to his work, so to have things in shape to leave for the night. By the time the task was completed, Ethel had approached to within speaking distance. The pony was walking along very leisurely, under a loose rein, "so as not to scare pa," Ethel had said to herself, as she checked the pony down to a walk.

"Well, how's ma and the baby been to day?" enquired Mr. Lynch, as Ethel slid from the pony's back to the ground.

"Water to 41's engine, and signal No. 9."

"All right, Ethel, if you think that she will feel any better for seeing me. Now she says, 'Now he's here and don't stay longer than is necessary, for it will be dark long before you reach home.'"

"Yes, pa, I'll do just as you say, only do haste so that ma won't worry. Good-by."

Kissing her father, she waited patiently until he had taken his leave.

"A girl of whom any man might well be proud," soliloquized Mr. Lynch as he paused to look back and wave his hand to Ethel. Resuming his work he continued:

"Why, I don't take the best mine in Colorado for that red-headed girl and her white pony. Ethel is a girl that can be trusted. I feel perfectly safe to go home and leave her there, for I know that she will do her duty."

For oftentimes while sitting the engine, he would see her, and he would say, "Pshaw, Ethel, you don't care very much for your old, crippled-up pa, do you?"

Then she'd throw her dainty head back as proud as any queen and say, "I do too love you, Pa Lynch. I had rather be with you than anywhere else, for I get hurt while doing my duty, as you did, than to have a king for my father, if he were a coward."

"Well, she don't think any more of me than I do of her, so it's an even thing all around."

Looking at her tiny watch, a present from her father, she added:

"Six miles and only twenty-two minutes, in which to take it. Now 'Snowflake' is off!"

Loosing a rawhide from the pomel of the saddle, she lashed the pony into a run. One, two, three, four miles have passed. The tender-hearted girl, who under ordinary circumstances would not think of beating her pony, used the lash without mercy, urging him to his utmost speed.

Finally exhausted, her hand raised to her side, and when she again raised it she saw that it was covered with blood.

"Why?" she exclaimed. "I must have been hit after all. Yes, my skirt is soaked with blood, and, come to think of it, I did feel a stinging pain in my thigh when the men fired; but what of it? We must reach Placer City in time, should it kill us both!"

As the station was in sight. Only one short half-mile and she would be at the end of her journey. But, alas! The wind bore a sound to her ear that fairly froze the blood in her veins, a long, shrill whistle, the express calling for a clear track.

"Faster, 'Snowflake,' faster, faster! Oh! Heaven help us!" she exclaimed. The pony groaned at every jump, yet she urged him to go faster. Already she could see the headlights on the rapid approaching engine. It glowed in the gathering twilight like the eye of a fiery demon. Would she be too late!

On came the fiery monster. The race was an unequal one—an iron horse, propelled by steam as hot as fire and water could make, and an Indian, racing upon which depended many lives. On came the iron steed, its grim driver all unconscious of the fact that he was carrying the unsuspecting passengers and the half million dollars, which the express men carried in the baggage car, straight into the hands of a band of train robbers.

Would she be too late!

Made desperate by the thought, Ethel leaned forward and buried her white teeth deep into the neck of the pony. Made more by the pain, the almost exhausted animal leaped forward, staggering as he ran. A moment more, and they were at the station. Without waiting to stop, Ethel slid from the pony's back; then her leg gave way beneath her, and she sank to the ground.

A freeman on a freight engine recognized Ethel and ran to her assistance.

"Oh, don't mind me, but flag No. 9!" she gasped, and none too soon, for she could hear the roar of the ponderous train, and the clacking sound on the rails, caused by the driving wheels passing over the rail junctions, each tick plainly telling her that the train was at least two rods nearer destruction.

Then the engineer whistled for brakes, and she knew that the train was saved.

When the train had stopped, Ethel told her story to the wondering people who had gathered about her, after which the conductor ordered her carried to the baggage car, but she refused, saying:

"No, I will not go without 'Snowflake.'"

"All right, little girl," replied the conductor, "the pony shall go, too." So they took both horse and rider into the baggage-car, where a bale of mattresses was hastily broken open, and the pony procured for the little sufferer to lie upon, and a roll of blankets, belonging to one David Carson, of Dead Man's Gulch, but more commonly known as "Dare Devil Dave," was brought forward to serve as a pillow.

The cover of the blankets was, there in person, kneeling on the floor beside her.

"Poor little girl," he said, as he wiped the tears from his eyes with the black of his hand. "This is more than I can stand." His huge frame shook with sobs, as he picked up her cap, and turning to the bystanders, said, "Follow-citizens, let us do some thing."

The miners gave liberally. Both bills and coin were tossed into the cap. One miner contributed a small leather bag, containing a couple of ounces of gold dust. Nor was David Carson the only one that went for the uncomplaining little sufferer. Tears coursed down many a sun-browned cheek unused to such a visitor, and not one of them, rough as they were, but would willingly have taken her place and borne the pain in her head, were she in that position.

For women's later, the war from the gulch again knelt beside Ethel, and as he placed her cap upon the floor beside her, said: "Here, little girl, this may make you feel better. It's to buy you a new gown, which remark plainly went to show his ignorance of the value of dress goods. He had collected enough money to purchase a fair-sized dry goods store."

When the doctor that had been sent for arrived, the train proceeded on its way. Half a dozen miners, armed with Winchester rifles, were stationed in the cab of the engine, under the command of "Dare Devil Dave," and the only order that that individual gave was this:

"Follow-citizens, I hope you know your business. Don't shoot unless you get the word then shoot to kill." The train approached the station at Halfway at a very high speed, all on board seemingly unconscious of any impending danger.

A light was swung across the track signaling the train to stop. The train obeyed promptly, and the train was brought to a standstill less than a hundred feet from where the robbers stood with guns leveled at the train. "Hands up!" demanded the leader. There was a flash of fire from the cab windows, followed by the report of a half-dozen rifles, and it was all over.

It was a sorrowful little procession which wended its way down the bridge-path that led to the station agent's humble home. Nearly all the passengers were there. The conductor, accompanied by the doctor, had gone on in advance to prepare Ethel's parents for her homecoming. The patient sufferer, who was reclining on a car seat, borne by two stalwart miners, while David Carson brought up the rear, leading the badly used-up pony.

We may, perhaps, never know just what took place at the agent's cabin. The only remark was made by the big-hearted giant from the gulch. When the party had returned to the train he drew a sigh of relief as he exclaimed:

"Follow-citizens, I feel better."

The trainmen soon replaced the rail which the robbers had removed, and No. 9 went on her way, an hour and twenty minutes late.



Mr. James Shand, the well-known Auctioneer, says: "I had a considerable experience and disengaged cough. Physician recommended Putnam's Emulsion. Took six bottles—cough vanished. Am convinced your preparation brought about my speedy convalescence."

"Dear me," cried the nurse, "the baby has swallowed my railway ticket. What shall I do? Go and buy another right away, returned the mother. 'I'm not going to have the baby punished.'"

This "My Navy" brand of smoking tobacco has stood the test for over twenty years, and during that time it has had no friends and gained scores of thousands. This long experience shows that it is no mere passing fashion which has gained the approval of the public, but its superiority in the essential qualities which make a first-class tobacco.

For the cure of all female disorders and irregularities, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal.

Clara—Now, remember, you have but a box of gloves, and, if I win, you must buy me just the kind I like.

George—Yes; and if I win—Clara—If you win, you have the privilege of buying me a cheaper sort—if you are mean enough to do it.

Thin or gray hair and bald heads, so displeasing to many people as marks of age, may be averted for a long time by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

"Have you found a publisher for your book?"

"Yes. A celebrated firm, too."

"Of course they expect you to bear a part of the expense."

"No. They merely require me to buy the whole edition."

He Wanted More.

In enclosing an order for three bottles of Dr. Manning's German Remedy, E. W. Barlow, of Montreal, a well-known commercial man, writes to The Hawker Medicine Co.: "When in Summerside, P. E. I., I received from your Mr. Chestnut a bottle of Dr. Manning's German Remedy, and have used it for Neuralgia, and found great benefit from it. I cannot speak too highly of your Remedy for I believe it is a good one."

Dr. Manning's German Remedy is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Colic, Chills, Croup, and all pains and aches, either internal or external. An invaluable household remedy. Sold everywhere. Price 50 cents.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures blood diseases, eradicates impurities, and renews the vital forces.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children, with the best results. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering with pain from colic, wind, or other ailment, your remedy is at hand. It is a safe and reliable remedy for children of all ages. It is a safe and reliable remedy for children of all ages. It is a safe and reliable remedy for children of all ages.

Read the Proof.

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Write your name on this card and send it to the publisher of this paper, and you will receive a copy of the book "The Science of the Human Mind" free of charge.

Yours faithfully,

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