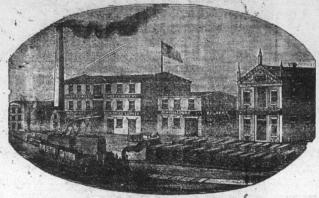
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'When er man ain't got 'nough chan

acter ter be impo'htant no udder way, remarked Uncle Eben, 'he does de bes' he kin ter 'tract 'tention ter hisse'f by

Mrs. O'Brien-'Good mornis'

Mrs. McCal-to jail for the

worries me.'

our druggist's.

NEW BRUNSWICK WESTMORLAND C OS

TO THE SHERIFF of the County Westmorland, or any Constable wit in the said County. GREETING:

Whereas, George McConnell, a creditor of the estate of William McConnell late of Sackville in the said County and Province Merchant, deseased, has by his petition prayed that administration of the goods and chattels, rights and credits which were of said deseased may be granted to him. You are therefore required to cite the said Ceorge McConnell, the heirs and next of kin, the greditors and all others interested in said goods and chattels, rights and credits to appear before me at a Court of Probate

Signed, Signed, Chas. E.K.App, Frederick W Emmers Registrar of Probates, Judge of Probat County of West. County of West.

FOR SALE!

half English and half Broadleaf, situated in Sunken Island body of Marsh and lately ocupied by Walter Cahill Esq., of Sackville N. B. For sale at once. For further particulars apply to CHAS. T. LOCAN,

or ALBERT FAWCETT.

. MT. . ALLISON . ADIES' COLLEGE

Owens Art Institution CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. The Fall Term of the 40th year begins Aug. 30th, 1894

Notice of Co-Part-

nership.

CRANE & DOBSON.

W. Leonard Crane, W. Harvey Dobson. Bayfield, March 15, 1894.

NOTICE.

Oh, now and then there comes a day.
When all ser stees are bright,
And all of He's appearted way
Is bathed in golden light;
When roses hide no thorns beneath;
When love hise no alloy;
and zephyrs full of perfume breathe
From out the hills of joy.

The present is a fleeting thing—
The pass will live for aye,
And all its store of treasures bring
Forever and a day,
And sorter shall the echoes come
From times receding shore:
Each day will glean a pleasure from
The day that are no more.

Oh, memories of such, awake!
And glad the weary now;
A wreath of recollections make
To crown the dreamer's brow.
Oh, silent wytes and vanished hand,
Bring back the golden sheaves!
The ripple of the waters and
The laughter of the leaves.
—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

A JEALOUS WIFE.

She went home. Harold was out. She sat down and wrote him a few lines.

"You accused me of being jealous," she wrote. "I don't think I was—I know I am. I have read Annie's letters to you. If I had dreamed before I married you that you cared for each other I would have done then, what I am about to do now."

It seemed a long time before the drug took effect, but at last she felt the desired sense of unponaccounters greening. roul"
That was the gist of his friend's counel, spoken or implied. They all adnitted her graces of person, heart and
nind. But the undeniable fact of her jealousy remained. alousy remained.
"A jealous woman," his aunt assured

him, "can make any man miserable."

"A jealous wife," declared his nearest friend, will make you wish you had est friend, will make you wish you had taken my advice, which is that the immortal Weller gave to his son. 'Don't marry a vidder,' he said. Go hang yourself first, an' you'll be glad on it arterward!' I am presumptuous enough to paraphrase that: 'Go hang yourself before you marry a jealous woman, and you'll be glad on it arterward!'.'

But Harold Groves had only laughed. When was a man or a woman in love ever apt to listen to anything so disagreeable as common sense? And he was in love, honestly, sincerely and passionately. So he married Norine Hale, and was most ridiculously happy for two years. Their life altogether was simply ideal. His few faults he corrected. If faults she had, they remained undiscovered by him. One day he summoned courage to tell her the remarks that had here need conversing her is altographics. greeable as common sense? And he was peen made concerning her jealous dispo

She looked up at him with grave shining eyes.
"I do love loyalty," she replied, sim-

ous if it were not for the burglary.

Harold Groves was a lawyer. He transacted much of his business at home, and had in his study a large desk, in which he kept papers of importance, deeds and memoranda relating to the affairs of his clients. The desk looked sadly untidy, and, in the opinion of Norine, was a decided blot in the ex-

Norine, was a decided blot in the exquisitely neat little room, where some of their pleasantest hours were spent.

"Harold," she said to him one evening, as she leaned over his chair, and smeothed back his dark locks caressingly with her pretty white fingers, "I really shall tidy up that desk one of these days. The litter of dusty papers, books and pires is positively disgraceful."

No other medicine has won approval, book at home, equal to Ayer's Sarsaparilla in Lowell. He gave her a glance of alarm. Mrs. know now where to put my hand on overything I want—don't!"

But the fear that she might do so in-McCabe. An' phwat make ..., Mrs.

bate to jail for Sure, Dennis was sent duced him to lock his desk, and keep it locked thereafter. Norine noticed it and laughed.

The worry Six months will soon pass.

Mrs. McCabe—'Share that's phwat property of sight, and laughed.

"At least you have shut the disorder out of sight," she avoired to be a sight of sight, and laughed. "At least you have shut the disorder out of sight," she avowed gayly. "My threat was efficacious to that extent. Indeed, dear, how you can ever tell one of those tiresome documents of yours from another is a mystery to me."

A certain blue, starlit March night they went upstairs, leaving the cozy apartment in dainty order. During the night Norine was awakened by what seconded like a click. She ast bolt up. You would give thousands to get rid of

that bad case of catarrh, and still you are loathe to invest twenty-five cents in a box of Hawker's catarrh cure, which will cure and save your thousands. Mattie Johnny—Aunt Julia, what makes those funny spots on your face! Aunt Julia (who is very freckled)—I believe it's because I have so much iron in my blood; it is only when I have been set to be the set between the content of the set between the set betw

"It is a very cold night," he said at Dickie Doddles," said one length. "You merely heard the frost cracking on the window pane. To to "I don't find him so interesting as all out in wet weather, though, that they are noticeable.

Little Johnny—Oh, yes; I know. You go out in the weather and the iron in your blood gets rusted.

Think of the consequences of a neglect-d cough or cold. Do not court them, but get it once a bottle of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry, a sure cough sleep, love. Reassure

Think of the consequences of a neglected cough or cold. Do not court them, but some a bottle of Hawker's balsam tolu and wild cherry, a sure cough or cold. Mrs. Spatters is a good were small.

Miss Bellefield – Mr. Spatters is a good consumant.

an evident search for valuables.

"My ruby ring!" cried Mrs. Groves.

"I left it on the mantel last night. And any watch was in the Chinese cabinet—where I put my pocketbook. Send for the police, Harold! They have all been stellar nemedy, the universal pain cure.

Why is it Dixon had to pawn his overcoat?"

"So that he started off on a run.

For several moments Norine stood staring around in bewilderment. Then,

where. Large bottle, 25 cents.

Jack Plunger—'Congratulate me. old man; I've won her love at last,' Tom Tucker—'Has she accepted you?'

Jack Plunger—'Congratulate me. old man; I've won her love at last,' Tom Tucker—'Has she accepted you?'

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Jack Plunger—'Congratulate me. old man; I've won her love at last,' Tom Tucker—'Has she accepted you?'

Jack Plunger—'Congratulate me. old man; I've won her love at last,' Tom Tucker—'Has she accepted a terrible quarrel last night and she said a terrible quarrel last night and she said and a terrible quarrel last night and she said and other in this gentle hand away and over in the said executors the from the date hereof. He met love at last,' Tom Tucker—'Has she accepted and a terrible quarrel last night and she said and a terrible quarrel last night and she said and over in the time she was going over and over in the met was going over and over in the details of her inustant's acquaintance with Annie Hubbard. He had known her from childhood—forg before he met Norins.

a wounded soldies, pressing my thumb on the orifice of his bullet wound that he should not bleed to death, he and I were for some unjuntes the mark for the fire of the Afridi picket from the top of the over-hanging rock? Was it, again, She recollected his telling her they had gone to dearcing school together, but she had never dreamed that he was in love with Annie, or she with him. Now she knew that it was so, since he treasured her letters, her picture. She understood why he had locked his desk. He had married her for her money—loving Annie Hubbard all the time. That fact was natent and plain.

on my long, lonely night ride over the Zululand veldt from the battlefield of Ulundi, through a country rife with hostile natives, when I followed a track on which an officer and his escort were butchered the same night? I put aside altogether the casual risks of battle. The escapes in action are naturally frequent and narrow, but one is conscious of but a very small proportion of them. I have had a man killed immediately behind me, and the bullet that slew him must have passed between my left arm and my side. That might be called a narrow escape, but I did not know of it until after it happened. Then the axiom that "a miss is as good as a mile" came into force. After the attack on Le Bourget, by the Prussian Guards, I Bourget by the Prussian Guards, I counted fourteen bullet holes in the greatcoat of Major von Altrock, of the Queen Elizabeth regiment; but that gallant and burly soldier, who had shown the way over the barricade, was not in the least impressed by those evidences of the narrowness of his surprising immunthe narrowness of his surprising immunity from scathe, because his escape was over and past before he knew how close it had been. In that he differed from the weak narved Scottish farmer, who, going home drunk one dark night, rode across a crazy footbridge overhanging a precipitous cataract. Returning next day to look at the place, he was so scared by the danger he had escaped that he died on the spot! Perhaps I may best fulfil the tenor of our editor's requisition, by narrating an experience, throughout which I quite realized my imminent danger, and in which, toward its close, I had resigned hope of escaping took effect, but at last she felt the desired sense of unconsciousness creeping upon her.

It was almost eleven o'clock when Harold, who had been on a wild-goose chase after the burglars, reached his own door. A voice out of the shadows spoke to him.

"Mr. Groves, I've been waiting for you. I'm Jim Dinand."

"Oh, yee—of course. Wait, and I'll get this door open."

"No—I only wish to speak to you a moment. You did me a good turn last

imminent danger, and in which, toward its close, I had resigned hope of escaping with life. After the capitulation of Paris, Biamarck insisted that part of Paris should be temporarily occupied by German troops. The entry was fixed for the first of March, and the force of eccupation was to consist of 20,000 mea.

Example of Eloxantin Bayasing corrections and Eloxantin Bayasing corrections. "No—I only wish to speak to you a moment. You did me a good turn last year, when I was miles deep in that lawsuit, and couldn't pay you. I think I've done you one now. Your wife came into my drug store to night. She didn't know me, but I knew her. She asked for morphine—an amount that would be a fatal dose. She looked wild sian and Eleventh Bavarian corps. When about to enter the French capital, When about to enter the French capital, those troops were reviewed by the venerable German emperor. From their siege quarters on the Seine's left bank the regiments of the chosen contingent, since early morning, had been streaming on to the Longchamps racecourse, on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne. They ware men with the memories of the

but I don't think so."

"My God!" murmured Groves.

"Thank you, Jim," he said then.

He let himself in, went quietly upstairs, noiselessly entered the room.

Norine lay asleep; the note she had written was on a small table beside the bed. He took up the sheet—read a few calm, desperate words. Then he dropped the note on the floor between the table and the bed. It was late next morning when Nerine lifted her heavy. morning when Nerine lifted her heavy eyelids, 'Well, you lazy girl!" cried a dear "Well, you lazy girl!" cried a dear, familiar voice, 'Tm tired waiting break fast for you. I never knew you to sleep, so late. I hear they've caught our intruders. I hope so—although they didn't get very much. I suppose they thought they had a great find when they broke open the locked box which Dave Harding gave me to keep for him, when his folks broke up the engagement between him and Annie Hubbard, and sout him out west. However, is a letter I got from him only this morning, he writes me that the

ever is a letter I got from him only this morning, he writes me that the course of true love is running smooth ly again, and that he is coming back to marry Annie next month. Make haste, dear. The chops will be like leather."

He left the room. She looked wildly around for her note, picked it up.

All the princes of the German empire followed the pair—a great mass of followed the pair—a great mass of followed the pair—a great mass of followed the pair—a great mass of

ing Annie Hubbard all the time. That fact was patent and plain.
All day long she went around like a woman in a dream. She was very pale, and her lips were rigidly set. Her changed appearance and demeanor her husband attributed to the fright she had had. And the whole time one terrible thought was beating itself in upon her brain, "You love them both. You stand in their aunshine. Move out of it!" Toward evening she left the house, walked to a drug store, entered, asked for a certain powder, at once caressing and deadly.

The clerk looked at her curiously, she fancied, as he gave her the package and her change.

She went home. Harold was out.

and strange. I gave her a harmless sedative powder. I may have been mistaken in regard to her evident intention but I don't think so."

that," replied another,
"It takes an emergency to develop character. We went rowing together the other evening—he employed a man to handle the oars—and do you know he

never attempted to reck the boat."

"Is there anything puzzling about that?"

"Certainly. I don't know whether to attribute it to intelligence or in-

He placed his hand upon his heart.
"You cannot imagine," he protested,
what a derrible load I carry, and yet

bling good. I limit, the next averaged by a free application of Dr. Manning's grown nemotically is trought of the place of

and were close up to me when Vitzhum momentarily blocked the sidewalk. Down the Champa Elysees they kept dogging my heels, and at length, near the Rond Point, one of their number, which had considerably increased, came to to me. He civilly enough made the request that I should accompany them to a police office in the Faubourg St. Honore, for the purpose of giving an account of myself; since, although in civilian attire, I had been marked as being in suspicious familiarity with "the civilian attire, I had been marked as being in suspicious familiarity with "the enemy." The request struck me as opportune, because I had been apprehending some difficulty in getting out of the quarter in German occupation, since all the egresses were barred by French troops under arms. As my passport and journalistic authentication were quite in order, I did not anticipate any bother at the hands of the police. Telling the French person what I was, and showing him my passport, I replied that I should be glad to accompany him, but that I could not do so until I had seen the German infantry now marching down the could not do so until I had seen the German infantry now marching down the Champs Elysees, in the full occupation of the Place de la Concorde, and the garden of the Tuilleries. He bowed and joined his friends, who, leaving a couple in close observation of myself, strolled a little way apart to where a group of very sinister looking Frenchmen stood about a German officer in Cuirassier uniform, who was sitting quietly in the saddle under the shadow of the crapecovered statue of Strasburg. I knew the man, and they knew him, too. Their lurid upward glances at the massive form on the great war horse were aive form on the great war horse were changed with baleful meaning. Bis-marck, with a little receptive gesture of his gauntleted hand, bent over his saddle-bow and requested 'Monsieur' to oblige him with a light for his cigar. The man writhed as he compelled himself to comply. I felt sure that in his heart he wished that the lucifer were a heart he wished that the lucifer were a dagger, and that he had the courage to use it. Fresently I informed my friends that I was at their service, and they escorted me toward the Rue Boissy d'Anglais, across the neck of which extended a line of French soldiers with a seething mob behind it. My escort and the officer had a brief parley; a gap was made, and I behind the line and in the very heart of the frowsy mob. My escort either abandoned me of was hustled away, I never knew which

were men with the memories of the hand-grapple in the woods of Worth, of the ravine of Gravelotte, of the bloody plateau over against Sedan. They were men with recollections of the fathom less mud and the appalling mortality of the siege of Metz. They had met Ducrot's fierce battle on yonder slope of Fort Champigny, and Vinoy's last despairing sortie from the shoulder of Fort Valerien. Yet they were men brisk, hearty and healthy now as if fresh from their home quarters. From the top of the mill of Longchamps near the Cast cade, I looked down on the gradual formation of the long, glittering line facing toward the Seine, with St. Cloud and Mount Valerien in the farther distance. blows from the sticks. I made a wrench to one side and got my back against a street door. Now, for what it was worth, my enemies were in my front. In a rough way I could box a bit: and I believe I spoiled aundry of the nearest faces. I know I cut my own knuckles to the bone. But the thick sticks kept hammering on my head; bottles began to fly; and at last either a stick or a bottle felled me to the ground. Then my legs were clutched with shouts and yells of triumph, and I found myself being dragged along the gutter on my back by dragged along the gutter on my back by genial enthusiasts, who loudly pro-claimed their intention of dragging me to an adjacent fountain and drowning He left the room. She looked wildly around for her note, picked it up.

"The draught from the window must have blown it off the table. Was ever anything so fortunate? But how did that young druggist happen to make such a mistaket Oh! I have been wicked — wicked! Forgive me, dear God, my jealousy, my rash attempt, both dark sins! I will never again doubt your love, nor his!"

And, in the sweet humility of her happiness, she never did.—Kate Cleary, in N. Y. Weekly.

"Tame very much puzzled about Dickle Doddles," said one young with man.

"Tame very much puzzled about the policy of the sweet humility of her happiness, and one young with man.

"Tame very much puzzled about the pair—a great mass of gorgeousness. The infantry marched past to the music of the massed bands; the cavalry charged with flashing of said then the heads of columns struck through the allees of the Bois de Boylogne in the direction of the Porte Maiftot, the gate of entry. Traveling swiftly and by a more direct route, I reached the Arch of Triumph in advance of the heads of the marching columns. Staying to witness the review had thrown me much toolate to see a historic feat. It was that of a young Bavarian, who, with six troopers, had headed the first entering detachment. He leaved his horse over the chains surrounding the arch, and the chains surrounding the arch, and for my note book, in which I had writ-ten out in full a description of the Long-champs review. To my horror it was gone, along with the coat tail in the pocket of which it had been. While I ing so many French victories! Hours ago the quartermasters had quietly come in with their escorts, and by this time had finished the task of chalking was internally bewailing myself, a citizen in a fine glow of triumph rushed into the post. "Here is evidence that the villain is a spy! Here are his notes the lise he has been writing." on the doors of the quarter to be occu-pled the specific detail of men which each house was to accomo-date. Ahead down the Champs Elysees were long lines of ca-valry horses standing at their picket lines still saddled, while the troopers, the best has been writing about our unhappy Paris!" I could have embraced the man, frowsy as he was. His sword on thigh, lounged about or sat on the doorsteps, taking in Paris accord-ing to their sedate, unemotional wont. The windows of the houses in the

sword on thigh, lounged about or sat on the doorsteps, taking in Paris according to their sedate, unemotional wont. The windows of the houses in the Champs Elysees were fairly occupied, though scarcely any respectably dressed Fronchmen were abroad, and no ladies. But on the broad sidewalks swarmed tatterdemaloin gamins in wild profusion—young rascals of extraordinary pantonimic faculty, yelling like demons, and emitting from time to time a concerted shrill whistle that killed or discorded the music of the Teuton bands. Already the versatile rogues had learned to mimit the harsh words of command, and the somewhat clumsy gestures of the soldiers. The impudent varlets had thus early gauged the temper of the hussars who kept the ground, whom they mocked without cessing, in apparent assurance of impunity. As I sauntered down the main avenue of the Champs Elysees in advance of the German infantry. I met the Crown Prince of Saxony, the commander in chief of the Army of the Meuse, riding at a walk toward the Arch of Triumpk, During the last three months of the siege of Paris I had for the most part lived in the Prince's headquarters, and had experienced kindnesses at his hands.

An elephant's sense of smell is so deli-cate that it can scent a human being at a distance of 1,000 yards.

A firm of shoemakers announces its advertisement: "Our dancing s pers for young ladies are snaply

mense."

Laura—While Jack was calling, the
other evening, he made the statement
that he would kiss me or die in the atempt.
Bell-Yes? (After a pause.) Well, did he kiss you?
Laura—You haven't read anyaccount

Modern Science

The Moral is-Try it. K. CAMPBELL & CO., Mo

'Which song would you rather hear Miss Warble sing!'
'Mariner Bold.'
'But she doesn't sing that at all.'
'I know it. That's why I perfer it.

His mother (after the sudden change)

—Jamie, dear, go and bring in some kindling. We'll have to make a fire.

Jamie (grumbling;) complying)—You had me hunbin' the ice wagon all day yesterday. Seems to me you're awful hard to suit.

'Is Jaglet addicted to the bottle row
'No! It's still to the contents.'

ARD isnot in it.

It is just because there is no lard in it, that COTTOLENE the new shortening is so wonderfully popular with housekeepers. DELICATE, HEALTH-FUL, SATISFYING-none

of the unpleasant odor necessarily connected with lard



ook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.

Ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute, or inclose \$1\$ and \$6\$ cents in postage in letter and we willisend, seeled, by return mall. Fullseeled particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, \$2\$ stamps. Address The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Sackville by Amasa Dixon, and in Amherst by R. C. Fuller & Co

Aver's Cherry Pectoral THE BEST EMERGENCY MEDICINE

FOR THE CURE OF Croup, Whooping Cough, LaGrippe, Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice,

Throat and Lung Troubles Threatening Every Household Prompt to act, sure to cure

ner at the bar, are you guilty or not guilt

the charge against you?"
"Guilty, your honor."
"Prisoner, the court, knowing that you as Prof. Warren in a work on engineering speak of the 'fatigue' of meta's. He doesn't touch the heels that are presumatically tired.



IT WILL OURS YOU.

EDITORS, CLERGYMEN, PHYSICIANS

TESTIFY.

Men and Women in all Walks of Life Tell of the Remarkable Cures Wrought by South American Nervine Tonic.

SIX DOSES WILL CONVINCE THE MOST INCREDULOUS.



EDITOR COLWELL, OF PARIS, ONT., REVIEW.

through protracted spells of sickness.

Buring his experience of nearly, a quarter of a century as a newspaper publisher in Paris, Ont., Editor Oolwell, of The Paris Review, has published hundreds of columns of paid medicine advertisements, and, no doubt, printed many a gracefully-worded puff for his patrons as a matter of business, but in only a single instance, and that one warranted by his own personal experience, has he given a testimonial over his own signature. No other remedy ever offered the public has proved such a marvellous revelation to the

Newspaper editors are almost as sceptical as the average physician on the subject of new remedies for sick people. Nothing short of a series of most remarkable and well authenticated cures will incline either an editor or a doctor to seriously consider the merits honestly claimed for a medicine.

Hundreds of testimonials of wonderful recoveries wrought with the Great South American Nervine Tonic were received from men and women all over the country betore physicians began to prescribe this great remedy in chronic cases of dyspepsia, indigestion, nervous prostration, sick headache, and as a tonic for building up systems supped of vitality through protracted apells of sickness.

Buting his experience of nearly, a quarter of a century as a newspaper which distinguishes it from the intense pains and distress of the malady. I suffered day and night. The doctors did not help the first of the malady. I suffered day and night. The doctors did not help the medicine were instantaneous. The first dose I took relieved me. I improved rapidly and grew stronger every day. Your Nervine Tonic cured me in a single week."

The South American Nervine Tonic were instantaneous. The first dose I took relieved me. I improved rapidly and grew stronger every day. Your Nervine Tonic cured me in a single week."

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Sold by Amasa Dixon, Sackvitte, N. B.