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### Let Us Drop In On You

and get your order for the best cuts of roast meats, steaks, sausage, ham, etc. We will do the "drop in" courteously, if not gracefully, and fill your orders to a nicety. Our best reference is the multitude of our long time customers.

### Berry's Meat Market.

### IMPROVEMENTS?

Improve your education by means of the Great Standard Dictionary 1903 Edition. Improve your eyesight by "one match" Vapor Gas Lamps, best in the world. Improve your health by a regular Vapor Bath and you will have the best aids of modern civilization. All stocked and sold at wholesale rates to introduce. Address all orders to M. R. BENN, Douglastown, N. B.

### For Sale

TENDERS addressed to Hewson & Hutchinson, Solicitors, Montreal, N. B., will be received up to the first day of September A. D. 1904, for the lease of the premises situated on the fifth day of August A. D. 1902, by the number 657, Libro T. of certain lands in certain lease described as follows:

"All that certain lot or piece of land situate, lying and being in the said 'Town of Campbellton, and bounded 'as follows, viz.—Beginning on the 'Southern side of Queen's highway, where it intersects the Bye Road leading to the Sugar Loaf; these running Southerly along Western side of said 'Bye Road one hundred feet, thence 'Westerly parallel with said Highway 'sixty feet, thence Northerly parallel 'with said Bye Road one hundred feet 'thence Easterly along the Southern 'side of said Highway sixty feet to the 'place of beginning."

And the buildings and erections thereon, said buildings now occupied by James Hannell and formerly occupied by the late John Mott.

Highest or tender not necessarily accepted.

HELEN MOTT  
Administratrix of the Estate of the late John Mott, and in her own right.

### Hotel for Sale.

The Royal Hotel, situated in the Town of Dalhousie, N. B., in a most central part commanding all the travel, country and harbor trade.

This Hotel has a record second to none on the North Shore for its money making, and is now doing a most healthy business. There is in connection a well designed and licensed bar.

The Hotel will be sold as it now stands, furnished throughout, including all horses and carriages. Part of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.

Reasons for selling change of climate desired.

For further particulars apply to O. Smith, Campbellton, N. B. or H. Whipple, Dalhousie.

### NOTICE

I, undersigned Edward Levesque, Jeweller, hereby give notice to all persons having articles of jewellery in my possession to reclaim same at once and all persons having unsettled business with me are invited to settle same between 8th June to the 8th September. From 8th June 1904 I will not take in any work as I intend to be absent for few months for a rest.

Edward Levesque  
Jeweller  
Campbellton June 2nd 1904 3mos.

## Uncle Terry

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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### CHAPTER I.

"It's going to be a nasty night," said Uncle Terry, coming in from the shed and dumping an armful of wood in the box behind the kitchen stove, "and the combers is just a-bumpin' over White Horse ledge, an' the spray's flyin' halfway up the light-house."

"The Lord-a-massy help any poor soul that goes ashore tonight!" responded a portly, white haired woman beside the stove as a monster wave made the little dwelling tremble.

"Better have some warm, Silas," said the woman, taking the steaming kettle from the stove and following him. "It's more comfortin'."

"What he had washed and combed his nearly gray locks and beard at a small mirror he stood for a moment beside the stove. His weather beaten face that evinced character, so pronounced were its features, wore a smile, and his deep set gray eyes emitted a twinkle.

"Supper 'most ready, Lissy?" he asked, eyeing a pot on the stove that gave out an appetizing odor. "I'm hungry 'nough to eat a mule with the harness on."

"'Twill be in a minit," was the reply. "Better go into 'tother room where Terry's settin' the table."

Uncle Terry obeyed, and, finding a bright fire burning there, stood back to it, smiling affectionately at a young girl busy beside the table. She had an oval face, a rather thin and delicate nose, small, sweet mouth and eyes that were big, blue and appealing. A wealth of light hair was coiled on the back of her head, and her form was full and rounded.

"It's blowing hard tonight, father, isn't it?" she observed. "I can feel the waves shake the house." Then, not waiting for an answer, she stepped to a closet and, bringing a short gray coat and felt slippers, pushed an armchair to the fire and, placing the slippers beside it, held the coat ready for him to put it on.

"You might as well be comfortable," she added. "You haven't got to go out again, have you?"

The man seated himself and, drawing off his wet boots and putting on his slippers, opened his hands toward the blaze and observed, "You and Lissy's bound to cosset me, so I shan't go out 'cept the sun shines."

Silas Terry, or Uncle Terry, as everybody on Southport island called him, was and for thirty years had been the keeper of the Cape light, situated on the outermost point of the island. To this he added the daily duty of mail carrier to the head of the island, eight miles distant, and there connecting with a small steamer plying between the Maine coast islands and a shore port. He also, in common with other of the islanders, tilled a little land and kept a few traps set for lobsters. He was an honest, kind hearted and fairly well read man whose odd sayings and quaint phrases were proverbial. With his wife, whom everybody called Aunt Lissy, and adopted daughter Telly, he lived in a neat white house close to the Cape light, and, as he put it, "his latch-string was always out."

Uncle Terry had a history, and not the least interesting episode in it was the entrance into his life of this same fair and blue eyed girl. Perhaps his own graphic description will best tell the tale:

"It was 'bout the last of March, more than eighteen year ago an' durin' one of the worst blizzards I ever recollect since I kep' the light, that one mornin' I spied a vessel hard an' fast on White Horse ledge, 'bout half a mile off the pint. It had been snowin' for some an' froze on the windows of the light, so mebbe she didn't see it 'fore she fetched up all standin'. The seas was pound-

in' her like great guns, an' in her riggin' I could see the poor devil half hid in snow an' ice. That wa'n't no hope for 'em, for no dory could 'a' lived a moment in that awful gale, an' that wa'n't no lifeboat here. Lissy an' me made haste to build a fire on the pint to show the poor critters we had feelin' for 'em, an' then we just stood an' waited an' watched for 'em to go down. It might 'a' been an hour—there's no tellin'—when I saw a big bundle tossin' light an' comin' ashore. I ran over to the cove where I kep' my boat an' grabbed a piece of rope an' boat hook an' made ready. The Lord must 'a' steered that bundle, for it kep' workin' along, headin' for a bit of beach just by the pint. I had a rope round my waist, an' Lissy held on to the end, an' when the bundle struck I made fast with the boat hook an' the next comin' er tumbled me end over, bundle an' all, up on to the sand. I grabbed at it an' 'fore the next one come had it high an' dry out of the way.

"It's allus been a puzzle to me just why I did it, for I was wet through an' most froze, an' what I pulled out looked like a feather bed fied round with a cord, but I cut with my knife an' cut the cords, an' 'thar in the middle o' two feather beds was a box an' in the box a baby alive an' squallin'."

"I didn't stop to take the rope off my waist, but grabbed the box an' ran for the house, with Lissy after me. We had a fire in the stove, an' Lissy warmed a blanket an' wrapped the poor thing up an' hold it over the stove an' kissed it an' took on just as wimmin will. When I see it was safe I cut for the pint, thinkin' to wave my hat an' show 'em we had saved the baby, but a squall o' snow had struck in, an' when it let up the vessel was gone. That was bits o' wreck com' ashore, pieces of spars, a boat all stove in, the like an' a wooden shoe. In the box the baby was in two little blankets, an' tied in a bit of cloth two rings an' a lock of white hair in it, an' a paper was pinned to the baby's clothes with furrin writin' on it. It said the baby's name was Etelka Peterson an', 'To God I commend my child,' an' signed, 'A Despairin' Mother.' From bits of the wreck we learned the vessel was from Stockholm an' named 'Peterson'."

"The paper was such a heart techin' appen, an' we'd just furied our only child, a six-year-old gal, we was glad to adopt this 'un an' bring her up. In the course of 'er I made a report of the wreck to the lighthouse board an' that we had saved one life, a gal baby, an' give all the facts. Nothin' ever came on 't, though, an' we was glad that was that. We kep' the little gal, an' she wa'n't long in growin' into our feelin', an' the older she grewed the more we thought o' her."

Of course the history of Uncle Terry's protegee was known to every resident of the island, and as she grew into girlhood and attended school at the Cape, as the little village of these shops, and there are only 350 in the whole country, Stockholm, with a population of 300,000, having only twenty-two.

Swallows in Palestine. In Palestine the swallows are allowed not only the freedom of the houses and living rooms, but of the mosques and tombs, where they build their nests and rear their young.

had floated ashore. How many times she had looked at those two pictured faces, one a reflection of her own; how many tears she had shed in secret over them, and how, year after year, she wondered if ever in her life some rela-



"An' ran for the house." The poor thing up an' hold it over the stove an' kissed it an' took on just as wimmin will. When I see it was safe I cut for the pint, thinkin' to wave my hat an' show 'em we had saved the baby, but a squall o' snow had struck in, an' when it let up the vessel was gone. That was bits o' wreck com' ashore, pieces of spars, a boat all stove in, the like an' a wooden shoe. In the box the baby was in two little blankets, an' tied in a bit of cloth two rings an' a lock of white hair in it, an' a paper was pinned to the baby's clothes with furrin writin' on it. It said the baby's name was Etelka Peterson an', 'To God I commend my child,' an' signed, 'A Despairin' Mother.' From bits of the wreck we learned the vessel was from Stockholm an' named 'Peterson'."

The poetical Greek name for cradle is the same as the name of the winnowing fan or basket, the traditional cradle of the infant Bacchus.

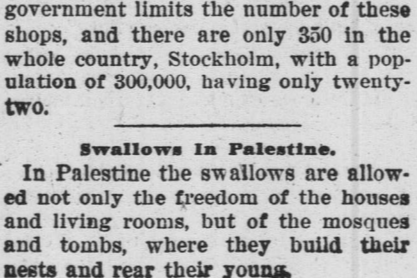
Chinese Tops. Some of the tops with which the Chinese amuse themselves are as large as barrels. It takes three men to spin one, and it emits a sound that can be heard several hundred yards away.

Japanese Ships. In Japanese the word "mikan" indicates a warship and "maru" a ship of commerce.

Drug Stores in Sweden. Patent medicines are never sold in the apothecary shops of Sweden. The government limits the number of these shops, and there are only 350 in the whole country, Stockholm, with a population of 300,000, having only twenty-two.

Swallows in Palestine. In Palestine the swallows are allowed not only the freedom of the houses and living rooms, but of the mosques and tombs, where they build their nests and rear their young.

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Its prompt use will prevent a great deal of unnecessary suffering and often save life.

Price, 50c.

The J. Millers Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

### NEW CARLISLE.

(Too late for last issue.)

In our last letter of three weeks ago we referred to the fact that the S. S. Admiral did not call at New Carlisle and we must now call attention to the fact that she has not called here for 4 or 5 weeks.

We were glad to see in one of your issues a statement that Mr. Marcell was calling the attention of the government to the matter. And also note with great pleasure the fact that \$10,000 has been voted to extend the New Carlisle wharf with the right to spend \$10,000 more.

This of course will increase our wharf accommodation next year. At the present time we are perfectly aware that on the west side of the wharf at very low tides there is not a great deal of water owing to the sand having accumulated there. But we see very little difference if any as compared with last year and last season the Restigouche seldom ever missed a trip and she drew much more water than the Admiral. And no one will dispute the fact that there is enough water for the Admiral even at lowest tides on the east side of the wharf and across the end.

I challenge anyone to show any good reason why the Admiral could not call here either at the sides or across the end of the wharf at each of her trips this season. We can of course send out all west bound freight by railroad and the railroad management has, we believe, the hearty support of every business man of New Carlisle. But when we see people hauling east bound freights to Paspébiac simply because we understand the captain of the Admiral does not wish to call here, we demand that a remedy be found. Has the captain inherited any Divine right by which he can run a boat subsidized by Government and only calling when and where it suits him?

Let us at least have the facts of the case looked into and if there is any good and sufficient reason why a boat drawing nine feet of water cannot call at our wharf we will of course have to put up with the inconvenience.

A Well Known Albany Man  
Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

About eighteen months ago Mr. W. S. Manning, of Albany, N. Y., widely known in trade circles as the representative of the Albany Chemical Co., was suffering from a protracted attack of diarrhoea. "I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," he says, "and obtained immediate relief. I cheerfully recommend this medicine to those similarly afflicted. Sold by all druggists."

### FLAT LANDS

(Too late for last issue.)

What has happened to our correspondence? We haven't noticed any items from our busy little village for some time. Wake up, boys!

For some time past base ball was the prevailing topic of conversation in this community, but we don't hear so much about it now. Guess our boys have reached the stage of perfection.

Miss Mary Murray who has been training for nurse in the Keene Hospital, N. H. has returned home for a short vacation.

Mrs. Gilker of New Carlisle who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. Ryan, has returned home.

Miss E. Dickie of Pt. La Nim is at The Elms, the guest of Miss L. Gillis.

We regret to note that Rev. E. H. Ramsey is soon to leave us. He will be very much missed by all members of his congregation.

We are pleased to see Mr. Gordon Greenhields in our midst once more after a short trip to Dalhousie.

What might have been a very serious accident occurred here on Monday while a number of our young folk were crossing the Restigouche. The canoe gave a lurch, and one of our brave young men in trying to save a hair ribbon belonging to one of the party, got a severe wetting. The young ladies were very much alarmed but think that much praise is due him for his gallant efforts.

Mr. Stafford McNeil who has been working in Quebec is once more in our midst.

Mr. Chas. Duff paid us a flying visit last week.

### Black Cape

(Too late for last issue.)

Hay making is now brisk in our little village but it is rather poor.

New potatoes are now in the market but are sorry to say they are rather small.

Mr. McWhirter left here on Saturday last for Campbellton on business.

Mr. William Cers has made a fine improvement on his house by giving it a coat of paint.

Mrs. Ed. Steel has returned from New Carlisle where she has spent the last two weeks visiting friends.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Marcell is going to visit his country shortly. He has been successful in this country in the past four years.

A government steamer was in New Richmond on Saturday last for a few hours.

Corns Grow Between the Toes

But can be cured without pain in one day by Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. This standard remedy never burns the flesh—it is entirely vegetable in composition and does not destroy the flesh. Use Putnam's. It's the best.

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If you buy a range a few dollars cheaper than a Kitchener, and it burns from 15 to 25% more fuel, what do you gain?

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Horse Collars,

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