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VOL 9.-NO.2.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 418.

LITERATURE.

AN ODD FIX.

When it came at last to asking Samuel Rowley's consent to pay my address to his ward, I knew it was all over with me. I felt that it was all over directly I was shown into the library, where Samuel Rowley sat, looking at his gavel and reading his Times newspaper. It felt it was so completely all over with me, that I would very gladly have backed out of the room without entering into any particulars as to the object of my visit. I would have cheerfully informed him that I was an agent for Boshier's Hair Restorer, and had called with a sample, which might be returned if not approved after one day's rubbing. But he knew me and I knew him. He understood very well why I had solicited the honor of an interview with him at 12 a. m.; and he was a smart old fellow, who had had his eye on me for several months, and was not to be imposed upon.

He said: "Take a seat, Mr. — I forget your name," and then he fumbled with his glasses, and looked at my polite epistle, which lay on a table near him.

I took a seat and nursed my hat. I perspired a little. I had a tremendous motion of my knees come on, which made me look ridiculous. I waited for him to begin, but he did not. I began myself, after one or two secret encounters in my throat with a something that felt like a cork of a soda water bottle.

"You are not aware—that is, you can not be aware—that I have long regarded your ward Clara with—did you speak, sir?"

"No, sir, I did not speak."

He had given an awful cough of a double-knock character, that was all. He kept his glasses on, and focused me, and the operation was unpleasant. He was not pleasant in the reception of my statement either; he was decidedly unpleasant, even desperately disagreeable. But then he was a cross, ill-grained old fellow; every body knew it in Wolveston, and I have no particular reason to disguise it here.

I recommended my statement; I poured forth the best feelings of my heart, and with an eloquence that might have melted adamant I confessed to him that Clara was my one ambition. As I said before I knew it was all over with me, but I was poetic even in the midst of my great grief.

Mr. Rowley laid aside his paper, drew his chair an inch or two closer to me, put his great hands—rather disposed to be good—like a knight upon his knees, and surveyed me contemptuously.

"May I ask your age, young man?" he said.

"This was my weak point, but I told him."

"Seven years."

"And how did you first become acquainted with my Clara, who is a young lady, the hussey?"

"Well, Mr. Rowley, it has been a long attachment. My finishing school at Beechboro' was opposite here; and we saw each other at church, and I think—"

"I think that you both ought to be horse-whipped!" he said fiercely, interrupting me; "and as for my consent to Clara's engagement to a boy like you—I will even go so far as to say a whipper-snapper like you!"

"Whipper-snapper, sir?"

"I repeat it, a whipper-snapper!" cried old Rowley, becoming very red and appoplectic in appearance. "And I decline to listen to your proposal for one instant. Clara is but sixteen, and does not know her own mind—she is a mere child."

"But we shall both grow older, Mr. Rowley."

"Ah, and more sensible, I trust. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

I did not wait to tell him of my expectations from my grandfather, or to reason with him on his want of justice and consideration. I dashed from the library in despair, and brought my forehead against that of my beloved with a concussion that was nearly the means of stretching our senseless forms outside of the tyrant's den, the victims of his cruel obduracy. Clara, naturally interested in the result of my interview with her guardian, had forced her pure but anxious soul to listen at the keyhole. I had retired in haste and floundered her.

"Oh, my gracious!" she sobbed forth; "I did not know you were coming out like that! Oh, my poor head! Oh, how dreadful! Oh, we must part forever, Alphonse!"

She rested her head on my bosom, and shed many tears. I kissed away her tears; I patted her head fondly, keeping her out of her damp hair, and raised her, could scarcely see her golden head for tears myself—the water had arisen into my eyes immediately we met each other. I sought to calm her emotion. I bade her be firm, and recommended vinegar and brown paper for her damaged brow. I said that I should try to save myself when I got home. I told her that I would die rather than give her up; she said the same thing in a burst of uncontrollable emotion; we renewed our vows of eternal fidelity, and tore ourselves from each other's arms, crushed in spirit, but strong yet to resist unjust oppression.

I told all my trouble to Jack Edwards, my bosom friend and adviser. Jack and I had been school fellows together; we were going into the medical profession together shortly;

my father had resolved that I should walk the hospitals instead of the rosy path of love. Jack heard my story, and said that he would not have stood half of old Rowley's nonsense; but what he would have done under the circumstances he did not import to me at the time, and I forgot to ask him.

Clara and I met clandestinely. We were lovers; we had been lovers from our youth; the flinty heart of a man who had outlived mortal passion was not going to stand between our fresh young souls.

I met Clara in the village; I scaled the park fence, and met her in the green wood; and Jack, good fellow, kept watch on the door of the Hall and old Rowley's library windows with a telescope, lest we should be surprised at any moment. Clara and I passed much of our time in talking of what we should do when she came into her property at twenty-one, and my grandmother favored me by departing from this earthy sphere, but it was a sharp winter, and our teeth chattered over our prospects. Clara and I used to arrange our meetings in this wise. Clara and I had a confidant in the game keeper, Peter Stokes, an invaluable man, with a weakness for tobacco, and a heart all charity toward his fellow men. Peter was always getting up subscription for his fellow creatures in the village; and what with that and his tobacco—my pocket money knew but little rest. Still he had a good heart and was kind to us. He took charge of our correspondence, which was carried on by circumlocutory but sure processes. Clara gave it to her maid Selina, another confidant—who, alas! proved herself to be a perfidious snake—and Selina intrusted it to Peter, who took it to a garbled monarch of the forest—an oak tree in fact—and concealed it from all human gaze in a small hollow cavity some ten feet from the ground, and there at a later hour I found it, and deposited my answers to be conveyed by the same process into my dearest Clara's hands.

Peter was a lank old man, and very wiry; he could climb a tree like a squirrel, and I was agile myself. The whole conception was romantic, if you will, but grand I thought so. Clara thought so. Peter thought so. The idea was from Milais's picture, which we had both carefully studied; and if Peter had not generally left his small notes to myself at the same time, asking my mild consideration as a gentleman born with a warm heart to a very afflicting case in the parish, the romance would have been pure and unalloyed.

Clara defied the obdurate guardian for two months; it was February when Selina began betraying me. I was advancing in an innocent and unsuspecting manner, to the secret pettoffice in the wood, half a mile from Mr. Rowley's house, when I became conscious of the perfidy. I was close upon the tree—that brave old oak which had so many secrets—when voices in another direction filled my soul with horror. They were the voices of Samuel Rowley, Esq., J. P., and Mr. Peter Stokes, my Mercuro. I sank down in the long grass—there was a rapid dash, and the next moment I was stuck to me at once—and trembled for my love. I was not an instant too soon; their footstep were upon me. Mr. Rowley's right foot was nearly upon me, too; he shaved my features by his hair's breadth, and passed on. The harsh tones of his voice rang in my ears a moment afterward.

"You don't consider yourself an abominable old scamp, I suppose," Mr. Rowley said, "an unprincipled old vagabond, to set as a game between a silly school-girl and that idiot of a boy! You never thought of the harm of encouraging this work, did you?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," whimpered Peter.

"Teaching my ward to be deceitful for the sake of a few pence, I suppose?"

"I have never had a ha'penny, your honor, much more did I any pence."

"Neither had he. They were generally half-crown, and the damp habit of receiving from me for his work."

"You deserve to be kicked out of my service, Stokes—drummed out of the village for a wicked and deceitful old hypocrite."

"They were very fond of each other, sir, and Miss Clara used to ask me so beseeching; and when I told her there was harm in writing to Master Huskisson without her about it, she allers said it was for the last time, sir—really."

"If it was not for your age, Stokes, I'd send you about your business this very day."

"I'm very sorry, sir," Stokes said again, shuddering at his tears.

"Is this the tree?"

"And Clara's last letter is up there now, eh? In that hole? Now no more lies."

"Yes, sir, in that hole."

"How do you get at it?"

"Master Huskisson climbs up for his answers, sir. I'll go up and get Miss Clara's letter in a minute."

There was a small epistle of his own he wished to obtain as well; or his noble nature, which had suggested some scheme to save Miss Clara's misadventure from sacrilegious eyes, but Mr. Rowley suspected him.

"Stop where you are, Stokes!" he roared forth; "I'll have no more of your monkey tricks here. Give us a

weight with me. I tried to keep firm but the difficulty was immense.

"Boy, you're giving. Don't shake so. Keep yourself more against the tree. Mr. Rowley called down."

"All right. I'll do it for Clara's sake, if it's possible; but if I snap—"

Then I remembered that he had called me a whipper-snapper; and so did he, too, I think, and was sorry. "Oh, you'll keep up," he said, offering me every encouragement in his power. "You're a big boy for a school-boy, and I'm only nine stone ten—not a great weight. I've seen people in a circus do this kind of thing for hours."

It was a gross exaggeration, and I felt it to be one. I was getting tired, also. I had undertaken too much; and his language at times was still violent, and he endeavored to extricate his hand.

"If I should die, sir," I said, "will you please give my love to Clara? Tell her I did all I could to keep up—and to bear you up. Oh, fear! Did you say nine stone ten?"

"I did."

"I should have thought you had been ninety," I murmured.

"You're giving!" he roared again against the tree, according to his instructions, but it was of no avail. "I can hear them coming in the distance."

Which was another falsehood; but no matter. Mr. Rowley was not a truthful man. I set myself firmly against the tree, according to his instructions, but it was of no avail. My heels, in a few more minutes, would slide gracefully away from me. I was certain, and the guardian of my Clara would be swinging about by one arm, like a naughty Christian martyr. His blood would be on my head, and so would he, if he came down with his whole weight.

"Keep up!" he cried, in a great fright now. "You shall see Clara when you like, my boy. I will not use a word against the match any more."

"Thank you, Mr. Rowley," I answered; and his words did sustain me a little, and helped me to sustain him.

"Was!" said Stokes, leaving off lughring immediately.

"I can't get my hand out of the hole!"

"The devil you can't, sir," replied Stokes, in dismay.

"It's twisted somehow, or swollen, or the wood has gripped me. Wait a moment, Stokes—Oh! it's all up with me! I can't!"

"Take it quiet, sir. Keep cool or you'll never do it—don't agitate yourself; but for God's sake look sharp. I'm cracking."

"Don't move, Stokes—as you are a great deal, I don't move. If you were to drop, I can not imagine what would become of me. It will be all right in a minute."

"Make it less, if you can," groaned Stokes; "all the blood's got into my head, orful. Oh, lor, what is to be done? Are you out, sir?"

"No, I'm not; I'm fixed, Stokes. I'm a dead man if you move; I am indeed."

Stokes burst into tears, and howled with all his might; and Mr. Rowley shouted a great deal, and swore a great deal too. Stokes would have run for it, probably, for he was succumbing fast to the dead weight above him, had not Mr. Rowley held him by the throat with his boots, and fixed him too. In another moment I had sprung to my feet, and was rushing to the rescue.

"I am really very sorry, Mr. Rowley; can I be of any assistance?"

"Assistance, you—you—young dev—! Yes, you can, my dear fellow. Run for a ladder, and a saw, or something, as quick as lightning to the house."

"Hi—hi—hollo!" shrieked Stokes, as I prepared to obey Mr. Rowley's command; "don't run; come here, and let me run, or bust up! I must! Oh, lor, Master Huskisson, don't leave me any longer—do come and take a turn. He's not so heavy when you're used to him—he is not indeed."

I saw the necessity of advancing to the rescue at once, and so did Mr. Rowley. I was tall for my age and tolerably strong, and I hastened to take the place of Mr. Stokes, which I did with great caution on all sides. Behold me at last bearing the guardian of Clara on my shoulders, and feeling terribly the weight of my responsibility as he stood with his face to the tree, still exercising his ingenuity to get his hand out of the trap.

"I hope I'm not too heavy for you, Master Huskisson," he condescended to say, politely, for the sight of me was even pleasant to witness.

"Not at all," was my cheerful reply. "You'll make yourself as light as you can to oblige me, perhaps?"

I had not quite done growing, and man is fragile during that process. Mr. Rowley was very heavy, and Stokes was wrong in his assertion—wickedly wrong.

"This is all your fault, mind you, Huskisson. This might have been my death," he said, reproachfully.

"Yes, Mr. Rowley, if I had not been in the way," was my happy rejoinder.

"Ah! but—he looked round with difficulty, and found Stokes still there, making every human effort to straighten his back before flying on for your life!—don't stand there, you wretched lunatic, another instant!"

Stokes ran away, and I was left as the one support of Mr. Rowley. Stokes had not been gone more than a minute and a half, when I wished he had remained and shared the

weight with me. I tried to keep firm but the difficulty was immense.

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A TRUE TRAMP STORY, OF COURSE.—A story has been told us which seems to go far in corroboration of the late Boss Tweed's theory of chances. It is said that something like a year ago a tramp called at the house of a Mr. Bailey, in the township of Moos, and asked to stop all night. A little persuasion led to his request being granted, and he was also asked to supper. During the meal Mrs. Bailey called to her little daughter, but the young one paid no attention. Again calling, the mother used the full given name of the child.

"Isabella Stevens, don't you hear me?"

The tramp looked up, as if much interested, and remarked, musingly: "Isabella Stevens? Isabella Stevens? Have you got any relations of that name?"

"Yes," said the lady, "that was my mother's maiden name."

"There is," said the tramp, "an immense fortune in Cornwall, England, which has been for twenty years awaiting the child of that name who is supposed to be in this country."

He then proceeded to give all the details he could, and the result was that Mrs. Bailey wrote to her mother, who resides within a few miles of this city, and the last named secured the fortune and is now enjoying the fruits of her daughter's hospitality to the tramp.—*London (Ont.) Advertiser.*

THE Montreal *Scholastic News* says:—"It is stated by a friend of ours that the origin of the word Canada is to be attributed to the following circumstances: The Spaniards being the first Europeans to visit the country, as was usual with them, anxiously searched for traces of precious metals, and failing to find any, exclaimed repeatedly and with considerable emphasis, 'Acana nada!' 'Acana nada!' 'Here is nothing.' 'Here is nothing.' After their departure, which was gladly viewed by the Indians, the French made their appearance; the Indians, wise in their generation, and thinking to dishearten their intruders, repeated the expression made use of so liberally by their first visitors, 'Acana nada!' 'Acana nada!' The French therefore named the country Canada. We have not searched into history to prove the correctness of this idea, although it strikes us as being any thing but improbable, and savors so much of genuine romance that we cannot resist its suggestion. Anyway, we give it for what it is worth, and, if incorrect, doubtless we will be quickly informed of the fact by some of our readers."

Unfortunately for that supposition, no Spanish expedition ever did visit this country.

IRON.—Is pre-eminently useful and peculiarly fitted to improve the quality of the blood which impoverished by any cause.

The Iron in the treatment of which its most useful, are ANEMIA, or Deficiency of the Blood, Chlorosis, Hysteria, Indicated by Palpitation of the Heart, Dejection, Anxiety, and Difficult Breathing. Scrophulous Swellings of the Glands, particularly of the Neck, behind the Ear, and under the Chin, also called King's Evil, or inflammation of the Spine, peculiar to Children; Dyspepsia and Indigestion, or non-assimilation of the Food; Leucorrhoea, Catarrhus Vesiculae, Blotches, Salt Rheum, and all troubles arising from impure and thin blood.

QUININE.—Produces upon the system the same beneficial effects as PERUVIAN BARK, without being so apt to nauseate and oppress the stomach, and is most beneficial in all morbid conditions of the system, and in slow and remittent forms of MALARIA. Hence its use in SCARLATINA, MEASLES, and SMALL POX, in CARBUNCLE and GANGRENE, and in all cases of debility, which the system is exhausted under purulent discharges, and the tendency is to be recovered.

As a Tonic it is most advantageously employed in CHRONIC DISEASES with Debility, as SCROFULA, DROPSY, PARALYSIS, Hemorrhages, Catarrhus Vesiculae, AFFECTIONS, CHOLERA (also called St. Virus DANCE), ANEMIA, INDIGESTION, and all the ailments in the absence state of PROTRACTED FEVERS.

HANINGTON'S Quinine Wine and Iron is a perfect combination of IRON and QUININE, with the Finest Flavored Wine, pleasantly flavoured.

Hence its use in all cases of debility in the treatment of the above named diseases, besides countless other ailments arising from Impure blood, or a debilitated state of the system.

Price 50c. per Bottle. Six for \$2.50.

PREPARED ONLY BY HANINGTON BROS., Chemists, Foster's Corner, St. John, N. B. Our name is on the Bottle. mar 29

Enjoy Life.

What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of the people feel like giving it up, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof that Green August Flower will make them as free from disease as when born. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint is the direct cause of all the ailments of the system, such as Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Constipation, Nervous Prostration, and all the ailments of the system. Three doses of Green August Flower will make them as free from disease as when born. Try it. For sale at the Drug Store.

Very Sensible.—Horse dealers who are supposed to know what affects their horses, are in the habit of using "Dewey's Powders and Arabian Hare Remedy" by the dozen, and feed it to their horses for the purpose of improving their condition. It is a frequently sold for the latter.

Persons wishing to purchase will find it decidedly to their advantage to call and examine for themselves before buying elsewhere.

All orders promptly attended to, and finished in a workmanlike manner. Designs sent free when required.

S. B. ANDRES.

Amherst, N. S., Dec. 13, 1876.

W. D. LUND, Agent for taking orders in Sackville and vicinity.

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This is the most popular Organ manufactured in Canada.
Sales have doubled in six months.
Manufacture six per week.
Send for Circular and Price List.

DRESS-MAKING
AND
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THE SUBSCRIBER wishes to intimate to the ladies of Sackville and vicinity, that he has added to his business a Dress Making and Millinery department, each branch of which is under the supervision of a competent person, having had experience in first-class establishments in St. John. A good stock of DRESS GOODS and MILLINERY will be kept, which will be made up in Fashionable Styles and at reasonable prices.
Patrons respectfully solicited.
July 26
J. F. ALLISON.

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AND
WORKS.
H. J. McGRATH,
Dorchester, N. B.

HAVING purchased the entire Stock in Trade of Mr. PERAS HAGAR, and with his previously large Stock of
ITALIAN, SOUTHERN FALLS, AND RUTLAND MARBLES.
The Subscriber has now one of the largest and best selected stock of Monumental Marbles to be found in the Province. All Stock is guaranteed.
Prices twenty per cent. lower than any other Establishment in the Province.

AMHERST FOUNDRY
-AND-
MACHINE SHOP,
MANUFACTORY OF
Mill & other Machinery,
Ship's Castings, Stoves,
HOLLOW WARE, TIN WARE,
PLOUCHS, &c.
AMHERST, - - - NOVA SCOTIA.

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THE Subscriber having a large amount of superior ITALIAN and AMHERST MARBLE on hand, is prepared to sell at greatly reduced prices. He has also a large amount of MARBLE and first quality FREESTONE at extremely low prices. Also, Italian Marble Table and Counter Tops.
Persons are cautioned against buying Southern Falls American Marble for the Italian, as on account of their resemblance, it is frequently sold for the latter.
Persons wishing to purchase will find it decidedly to their advantage to call and examine for themselves before buying elsewhere.
All orders promptly attended to, and finished in a workmanlike manner. Designs sent free when required.

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Park Hotel,
DORCHESTER, N. B.
T. W. BELL, - - - Proprietor.

GEORGE W. SHAW, Proprietor.
Hopewell Corner, A. C.
T. W. BELL & Co.
Soap Manufacturers, - - - Sackville, N. B.
The best and cheapest Soap in the Market.

BLAKESLEE & WHITEHEAD,
DEALERS IN
Paper Hangings, White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.
22 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

T. S. SIMMS & CO.,
Manufacturers of all kinds of Brushes and Corn Brooms,
No. 208 UNION STREET,
June 14 ST. JOHN, N. B.

George Nixon,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
PAPER HANGING,
Brushes and Window Glass,
KING ST. - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

New Harness Shop.
THE Subscriber has opened a Harness Shop opposite the Lawrence House, where he intends to
Manufacture Harnesses
and do general repairing, at moderate rates.
NATHAN G. BULMER.
Sackville, Sept. 9th, 1877.

NOTICE.
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP BUSINESS which existed between the Subscriber and his late father, THOMAS BAIRD, Esq., is now continued by the Subscriber, MILTON BAIRD, alone under the old style of Firm of
THOMAS BAIRD & SONS,
Pursuant to the provision of his father's Will.
JOHN MILTON BAIRD.
Sackville, Oct. 22nd, 1877.

NEW HARNESS SHOP
I HAVE OPENED, in connection with the old stand, a
Retail and Repair Shop,
in CHIGNECTO HALL, Lower Sackville, where all my customers will be attended to promptly and at cheap rates.—Mr. O. B. Eatabrooks in charge.

STEPHEN AYER.
HARNESSES at either establishment will be sold for prompt cash or on credit at three months, Cheaper than at any other establishment in the Province. Call and obtain prices. S. A.

U. S. Piano Co.
\$290.
YOU ask WHY we can sell First-class 7-8 Octave Rosewood Pianos for \$290. Our answer is, that it costs less than \$300 to make any \$300 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but sell direct to Families at Factory price, and warrant five years. We send our Pianos everywhere for trial, and require no payment unless they are found satisfactory. Send for Illustrated Circular, which gives full particulars, and contains the names of over 1500 Dealers, Merchants and Families that are using our Pianos in every State of the Union. Please state where you saw this notice.

ADDRESS:
U. S. PIANO CO., 310 BROADWAY
New York.

GEO. WOODS & CO.
WOULD RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of all to their
NEW STYLES OF
Parlor Organs,
Which they have recently placed upon the Market.
Their COMBINATION SOLO STOPS are still unequalled and the combined
PIPE and REED ORGAN
Is the best Instrument for
Church & Vestry.
USE EVER MANUFACTURED.
Send for Circulars and Music which will be sent free of charge.

GEO. WOODS & CO.,
Cambridgeport, Mass.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Business Cards.

CO-PARTNERSHIP CARD.
I HAVE this day associated Mr. H. R. Emerson with me in professional Co-Partnership, and the business hereafter will be conducted under the name, style and firm of
HICKMAN & EMMERSON.
Dorchester, N. B., } A. J. HICKMAN.
Nov. 2nd, 1877. }

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,
(Consulate of the Netherlands.)
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)
No. 127 WALNUT STREET,
L. WESTERGAARD, } Philadelphia.
GEO. S. TOWNSEND, } July 24

Notice of Removal.
G. H. VENNING,
Clock and Watch Maker.
WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Sackville and vicinity that he has removed his Shop to Mr. John Bell's NEW BUILDING, where he will be happy to attend to his old customers and as many new ones as will favor him with their patronage. He promises strict attention and reasonable charges. Plain Gold Rings made to order. Jewellery neatly repaired. sep28 G. H. V.

Wilson, Gilmour & Co.,
204 UNION ST.,
Capt. McLean's Brick Building
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Marbled Mantles and Grates,
PORTABLE RANGES,
STOVES.
Tinware, etc., etc.,
REFRIGERATORS,
GRANITE IRON WARE
July 19 W. G. & CO.

THE STANDARD
Life Assurance Comp'y.
ESTABLISHED 1825.
Head Office: EDINBURGH and MONTREAL.
W. M. RAMSAY, Manager for Canada.

Invested Funds,.....\$25,000,000
Annual Income,.....3,750,000

Rates Reduced!
Medical Fees settled by the Company. Loans Granted and surrender Values paid on Policies. Policies payable at death or at a certain age.

CLIFFORD B. TRUEMAN,
Agent for Sackville.

C. F. H. CAMPBELL, M. D.,
Feb 14 Medical Officer.

DR. WILLIAM T. GRAY'S
The Great British Remedy
is an unending one for Scurvy, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, Hemorrhoids, Piles, Itch of the Skin, and all the ailments of the system. It is a powerful purgative, and its use is recommended by the most eminent Physicians of the world. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which is sent free by mail. Send for it at once. W. T. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada. For sale at the Sackville Drug Store.

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information will save many lives sent free by mail. Do not delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. M. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine.

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