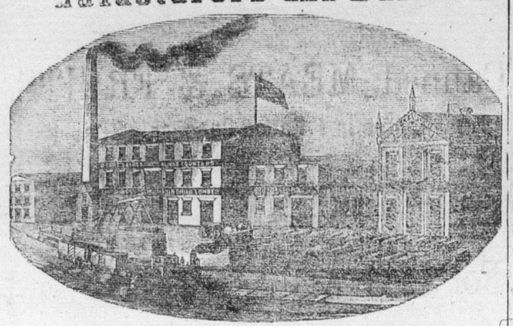
RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,

Manufacturers and Builders



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materia

jan27 Send for Estimates.

NEW DISCOVERY by ACCIDENT

In compounding a solution a part was accidently spilled on the hair and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now distributing it throughout the world under the name of Queen's Anti-Hairine.

IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT.

Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACE, NECK and ARMS attest its merits.

GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate a beard or hair on their neck, find a priceless boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with Shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility.

Price of Queen's Anti-Hairine $1. per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely sealed from observation). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and send to-day. Address QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., 174 Race Street, CINCINNATI, O. You can register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay $500 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed.

SPECIAL—To ladies who introduce and sell among their friends 25 Bottles of Queen's Anti-Hairine, we will present with a SILK DRESS, 10 yards best silk. Extra Large Bottle and samples of silk to select from sent with order. Good Salary or Commission to Agents.

Pt. Elgin Woolen Mills.

Port. Elgin, N. B.

The above mills are again in operation and are prepared to supply customers with a full line of

Tweeds, Homespuns, Blanketings, Shirtings, Etc.

Our facilities are better than ever for supplying Yarns at short notice.

Custom Carding done as usual.

June 23rd, 1892.

House Painting.

THE UNDERSIGNED begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,

Papering, Kalsomining, Whitewashing Kalsomining and Decorating

usually required during the spring season.

JOHN FORD,

Sackvil e, Mar. 24, '92.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

AT

W. M. Chesley's

A FULL AND ASSORTED LINE OF

WATCHES and JEWELRY

ALSO:

A New Supply of

SILVERWEAR.

Repairing

of Watches and Jewelry a specialty. Rivett and Stark Lathes used.

W. M. CHESLEY,

Amherst, July 7th, 1892.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS,

None Other Genuine.

an. 21st, '92.

Executor's Notice.

Whereas letters of probate of the last will and testament of late George N. Allen, of Bayside, in the county of Westmorland, have been granted to the undersigned, this is to notify all parties owing said estate to make payment within three months, and all parties having claims against said estate to present the same duly attested within three months from this date.

DORCAS ALLEN, Executrix,
GIDEON ALLEN, Executor.

F. J. SWEENEY, Proctor.
Bayside, N. B., July 28th, 1892.

Toilet Soap

Just Received:

5 cases Choice Toilet Soap

For Sale Low to the Trade.

A. J. RAGANG & CO.,

AGENTS WANTED

To introduce a new article indispensable in every household. Good agents can easily make $100 a week. Write to HIGH GRADE ART CO., 122 Quincy St. Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.

Recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of 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 4 three cent Canada postage stamps in letter, and we will send, sealed by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope to ladies only 2 stamps. Address Pond Lily Co. No. 3, Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit Mich. $2 Sold in Sackville by A. Dixon, and by all responsible druggists everywhere.

Nov 12th ly

Dunkenness—Liquor Habit—In all the World there is but one cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge and to-day believe they quit drinking by their own free will. No harmful effects results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street Cincinnati, Ohio.

— Soon there is to be begun all over the United States, one of the most remarkable tasks ever attempted by the government—that of officially photographing every Chinaman in the country under the authority of the Federal Government. When this unprecedented undertaking is done, the Government will be in possession of the photographs of the whole of the 130,000 or 140,000 Chinese residents of the country.

A Hacking Cough disturbes rest.—Use Baird,s Balsam of Hoarhound.

—A fire insurance company in Hartford recently received a letter from an anonymous person in New Hampshire, enclosing $100. He confessed that he had received more insurance on some property he had lost by fire than he was entitled to. The writing is said to be identical with that of two previous communications received by the company, inclosing respectively, $50 and $100, making a total of $250 already received from this one source. It is said that several thousand dollars have been received by the same company under similar circumstances.

Baird's Balsam of Hoarhound is not an experiment; established over 50 years.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints after having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering I will send free of charge, to all who desire it this receipe, in German French or English, with directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail addressing with stamp, naming this paper W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

—Mr. Billey, conservative was elected over Mr. Savard, independent conservatives as Chicoutimi, Quebec on Wednesday. Mr. Billey was Sir Adolphe Caron's candidate and the victory is significant as Mr. Savard has been on the political fence and waiting for a chance to jump to the highest bidder.

LIFE AND DEATH.

A sick girl lay on her couch of pain,
With closed white-lidded eyes,
While the sunset gilded the azure main
And crimsoned the western skies.
whilst over her head in silent strife
Strove the angel of death and the angel of life.

And in and out of the chamber crept
The watchers with noiseless tread.
They feared to disturb the one who slept,
For they knew how frail the thread
That held her faint and wavering breath,
And balanced her soul between life and death.

Then a gentle voice the stillness broke,
And they gathered around the bed:
In low, sweet accents the sick girl spoke,
And these were the words she said:
"Hearken to me and cease this strife,
O angel of death and angel of life!

I am weary watching the bitter strife,
And to end it I am fain.
So cease to struggle, oh death and life,
And I'll choose between ye twain."
Then turning to life she wearily sighed:
"Tell me, what hast though to give thy bride?"

Then eager and swift his answer came:
"Oh maiden! I'll give the health
And hope and joy and deathless fame,
And treasures of golden wealth."
And his voice grew soft as the note of the dove:
"But best of all I'll give thee love."

But she wearily turned her head aside
As he named love's fatal name;
"Thou dost mock my sorrow, oh life," she cried,
"For what to me is fame?
And health and wealth prove worthless too,
Since hope is dead and my love untrue.

"Oh angel! I spurn thy gifts and thee."
And she turned to his rival, death:
"And thou! what hast thou in store for me?"
She whispered beneath her breath;
Acool, soft kiss on her brow he pressed,
And murmured: "Oblivion, peace and rest."

And the maiden's face grew strangely calm
At the sound of the angel's voice,
And she laid her hand in his pale, cold palm—
Oh, wise was this maiden's choice!
And the watchers in silence held their breath
As her soul went out to the arms of death.

MARIE JOUSSAYE.

MEPHISTO.

CHAPTER I.

'Remembering days that were.'

"And so Maulrever is back?" drawled young Standish of the Guards to a brother officer as they stood watching the circle of dancers in Lady Fortescue's ballroom.

"Yes; queer thing, wasn't it, his disappearing like that? Thought that marriage didn't suit his book. Family and everyone cut up rough, you know. Couldn't stand her. Pretty girl too, but bad style—awful bad style. Just a second-rate actress, with a good voice; no great genius or anything. But he simply went wild about her. Remember when he used to go every night to the Folly to see her. Only some trumpery little business she had, too."

"He hadn't the best reputation in the world," said Jack Standish thoughtfully. And yet at the bottom he was an awfully good fellow. We used to see a lot of him at one time, and Cora looks upon him to this day as a sort of Admirable Crichton.

"Your cousin knows him?"

"Oh, yes: but they haven't met for years. She was only a child when he went away."

"And now she's the beauty of the season?"

"Who owns that enviable nomenclature?" asked a pleasant voice near the young men,

Jack started.

"Ah, Maulrever, is it you? We were speaking of my cousin. You remember Cora, I suppose?"

"Yes," he said briefly. "Has fashion enthroned her as its presiding goddess?"

"It seems so. Ah, the dance is over. You can judge whether the dictum is deserved. Shall I introduce you?"

"Certainly not. I will trust to her memory. I suppose I have not grown out of recognition, though, upon my soul, she has!"

He looked at the beautiful girl standing like a young Queen among her courtiers at the end of the room. His eyes, dark as night, but with a softened gleam in their sombre depths rested half-tenderly, half-regretfully on her face. His thoughts wandered from the brilliant scene around him to a child running wild about the sunny Devon lanes, with a heart as light and a soul as clear as her eyes.

"The beauty of the season." The title haunted him like a refrain that one hears long after the song has ceased. He moved along and in and out of the maze of silk and lace and black coats and trailing satins that filled the ballroom. Many eyes followed the stately figure with its easy grace of movement and soldierly bearing. Jack Standish turned abruptly.

"What was the origin of that sobriquet?" he asked with some curiosity.

"What—Mephisto? Well, I hardly know. He was supposed to be very bad, and he had the devil's own luck at everything."

"But was there nothing special—nothing more than just an ordinary reputation for badness and luck?"

"Not that I ever heard of. I was only a youngster at the time, you see. He looks like a regular fireeater, doesn't he?"

"By Jove—yes! But a splendid fellow all the same. I don't wonder at the women spoiling him. How they must have gone on about his marriage!"

"They did."

"I wonder what Cora will think of him?" muttered Jack. "But he's quite an old fogy to her. Reminds one of the fellow in that thing of the Lancreate's, 'I played with her when a child.'

"Which didn't prevent him falling in love with her as a woman."

"Falling in love," said Jack uneasily. "Oh, no fear of that! Cora not sentimental, and Maulrever's married—at least we never heard of his wife's death."

"Besides, somebody else "played with her as a child,'" laughed his companion. "Eh, Jack?"

"Oh, I'm very fond of Cora, and our people want us to hit it off; and I suppose we shall—some day. But there's plenty of time to think of that"

They passed on to seek respective partners, and at the same moment Cora Tresillian turned from the group surrounding her and found herself face to face with Col. Maulrever

No need to ask if she remembered—no need for formal questions or reply. Fan, flowers, programme all fluttered unheeded to the ground—her eager hands went out in eager greeting, and into her eyes came such a light of gladness and of welcome as might have flattered a man far less vain than Steuart Maulrever.

He looked in unconcealed wonder at the girl. It was not so much her beauty that struck him as the bright, happy, sunny look that told of the innocent girlish soul, unspoiled and unsoiled by the world that had crowned her its queen. A fair young queen indeed and one whose life was only a rose path, its thorns still hidden under leaves and blossoms.

Looking at Cora Tresillian's face it was impossible to associate it with any thought that was not fair and pure and hopeful as herself.

Now it was perfectly radiant.

"Is it really—really—you?" she cried. "To think we should meet like this—in a London ballroom—and after all these years."

"It is really—me," Maulrever said laughing. "How well you remember me!"

"Have you seen Jack? How long have you been home? Why didn't you come to see us?" she went on rapidly.

"What a string of questions! Am I to answer them all at once—here?"

His glance seemed to call her to the exigencies of the occasion. People were looking at her, and at him; her flowers lay at her feet unheeded. He stooped and picked them up, and gave them to her. "May I have a dance?" he said quietly.

"With pleasure," she said. "The next—it belongs to Jack, but cousins don't count."

Jack appeared to think they did, as he saw her walk off on the arm of Stuart Maulrever. "This is our waltz, Cora," he said reproachfully.

"I can't dance it," she said coaxingly. "Don't be cross, Jack. You shall have two to-morrow night instead. I want to talk to Col. Maulrever. Think of the ages since I have seen him."

Jack could only succumb, but he felt piqued at being thrown over so coolly. He felt still more annoyed presently when he passed a group of men, and heard one say to the other: "Mephisto at his old game again; its to be hoped he won't go in for the beauty. She's no end to good for him!"

"If he does go in for her," laughed another, "we may as well throw up the sponge."

* * * * * *

Meanwhile Maulrever and his companion skirted the crowd of dancers and took their way to a small room leading out of the ballroom.

It was quite deserted now—a cool, dimly-lit chamber with seats scattered here and there, and tall plants and ferns everywhere about.

Cora took the chair he offered her, and looked closely at him as he seated himself beside her. "How changed you are!" she said abruptly.

"Changed! in what way?"

His eyes did not reach the frank girlish gaze.

"In many ways," she said softly. "It is so long since I saw you," she went on as she opened her fan and waved it slowly to and fro. "I remember so well the last time—the day you came to bid good-bye. We were in the garden—"

"Perfectly; but it seems possible to think I should ever have had the presumption to lecture you; or that the belle of the season could ever have been guilty of—"

"The torn frocks,' &c.,' she interrupted, smiling. "It is true, though, however much your memory may try to flatter into any other belief. And so you have really come back from India at last! I am so glad—so very glad!'

"Why?" he asked, laughing. "The days of my self appointed guardianship are over. My little wild rose is transformed into a hothouse blossom"

"No, not a bit of it," she said decidedly. "She is just the same; but but you—"

"Aye! there's the rub," he answered bitterly. "I am—not. My dear child, it is no use saying we will remain the same as we never can. The years bring changes to ourselves, to others, try as we may to prevent their doing so It is the law of nature and of human lives—nothing never remains unchanged for long.

"I feel just the same," she answered quietly.

The white feathers of the fan fluttered close to her cheek, toughing its faint rose flush. He looked up and sighed.

"You are to be envied then," he said gravely. "Will the world leave you that feeling long, I wonder?"

"I do not trouble myself about the world," she said petulantly. "It is pleasant to be admired and have plenty of fun and pleasure and amusement; pleasant—for a time *Apres.*—

"*Apres!*" he questioned, as she left the sentence unfinished after meeting his eyes.

"There are so many other things," she said, the color waverling fitfully in her delicate cheeks. "One cannot be blind—one must see the sin and the sorrow and the suffering. It seems to me sometimes as if I were heartless to enjoy life as I do; to feel so happy; to have so many to minister to my whims and fancies."

"My dear child," cried her companion in mock astonishment, "has not your first reason taught you that the supreme essence of happinness is selfishness? Trust me the dark days will come soon enough. Don't anticipate them by fancied sorrows or sentimental regrets.

"You misjudge me!" she said indignantly. "I am not given to morbid or sentimental fancies. What I said I meant. I thought you at least would know me better—"

Her voice broke. The fan fluttered quickly, the sweet red lips were tremulous with emotion. Maulrever noted the signs of agitation with a feeling of genuine surprise. His hand touched the small gloved fingers and stayed the movement of the snowy feathers that they held.

"Pardon me," he said gently; "I did not mean to offend you. The world is a bad school for faith."

"In man or women," she asked quickly. "Ah, do not answer. I know what you will say—but I am not of your world, Col. Maulrever. You might judge me differently, if only for the sake of the child you were so good to in years gone by; the child who has never forgotten—you—"

"And whom I can never forget."

The words were very low, but she heard them and looked up with such gladness as might well have repaid a memory more faithful than his own.

They were both silent.

Something of his own youth came back to his memory; some remembrance of higher, purer, better things To him Cora was not "the beauty" of the season, but only a lovely, wayward child, with all the future unmapped before her careless feet—a child who had pelted him with rose blossoms in the sunny Devon lanes—a child who looked at him now with a woman's soul dawning in the wistfull, tender eyes.

And how could he guess he was the hero of her life?

CHAPTER II

Cora Tresillian sat in the pretty morning room of their town house lazily sipping her chocolate and chatting to her mother of the last night's ball.

She was a spoiled child. Her parents had never crossed her wish or within of her life. It said much for Cora's sweet nature and sterling good sense that neither flattery nor love nor indulgence had in any way marred her perfect temper, or that honesty of thought and speech which were so characteristic of "the beauty."

This morning she seemed a little more thoughtful than usual. Her description of the partners of the previous night lacked the good-humored mimicry with which she generally reproduced them for her mother's benefit

Mrs. Tresillian was extremely delicate, and the duties of a chaperon were too arduous for her. She had therefore given her daughter into the care of Lady Fortescue, at whose house Cora had been the night before. It was her greatest delight, however, to hear of the admirations her child excited. Not that Cora was vain of that admiration. She took it as lightly and graciously as a young Queen takes the homage of her subjects, and, though she did an infinite deal of mischief in her way, it was not intentional mischief. She was too frank and gay—she enjoyed life too thoroughly for any serious thought of the future to trouble her.

"And you wish to know why Col. Maulrever went away?" said her mother in answer to the eager question that followed the girl's description of that meeting the previous night.

"Yes, mother. Tell me all about it He is so changed — he looks so unhappy. Young as I was, I remember hearing about some mistake or folly—something that had spoiled his life.

"It was simply this," she replied. "He made a foolish marriage. The girl was a dancer, or actres, or something of the sort. Her father had been a private in Maulrever's regiment and was shot in some hair-brained exploit that Maulrever had led. He promised the man to look after his child, and when he came back to England he found that she had gone on the stage. He fell in love with her and married her. They were not happy, I believe, and no one would receive the girl, of course. What they quarrelled about I don't know, only he went suddenly off to India again."

"And—she?" Cora's voice was very low and troubled as she put the question

"She remained behind, I suppose. I never could hear anything definite, and I did not like to question Maulrever."

"But now," persisted Cora impatiently, "where is she now? Is she alive, or what?"

"I cannot tell, my dear," said her mother, somewhat surprised at the petulant tone. "Perhaps Jack would know. Ask him when he comes to take you for your ride."

"He looked unhappy," Cora said dreamily. "I wonder if he cared for her very much? I wonder if — she cared for him?"

"How this story interests you Cora!" exclaimed her mother. "But then you were always so fond of Stuart Maulrever—even as a child. But my dear, he must be quite old now. Let me see—"

"Old!" interrupted Cora impatiently. "He isn't a bit old! He is worth a hundred of the young fops I see every day. He at least looks like a man."

"Not a good man, my dear," said her mother gently. "Not a man to trust in or to love."

She looked after the girl wistfully as she walked off to prepare for her ride." "I do hope they won't meet often," she murmured. "If Cora should take a fancy to him of all people in the world—it would be terrible And then there is Jack. * * *"

(To be continued)

People who give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial realize its great merit and are glad to say a good word for it. Have you tried it?

—A Boston paper says the Buffalo strike is affecting all New England, and the manufacturers are shipping goods west by Canadian lines.

GRANGEVILLE, April 24th, 1892.

DR. A. L. SMITH & CO.:

DEAR SIRS,—Anti Dandruff is evidently giving satisfaction. I have sold about half of the gross I bought from you on the 23rd of January last. I use it in my own family and like it well. Can recommend it to all who are troubled with dandruff. Yours truly,

Thos. Stevenson.

ALL SORTS.

The latest transformation in the theatrical world is that of of the name of Miss Brown, an actress; into Mme. Broughne.—Boston Herald.

Are you troubled with sour stomach, nausea, nightmare? Take K. D. C. the King of Dyspepsia Cures. It is guaranteed to cure you.

Wooden: You don't seem to smile at my joke. What's the matter, don't you understand it? Wagg: Yes, I understand it, but I was brought up never to laugh at old age.—Jester.

A sample package of the Wonderworking K. D. C., the King of Dyspepsia Cures, mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

When a man is in love he thinks his girls name is the sweetest in the world, but when they are married he thinks it is too old-fashioned to give the children.—Atchison Globe.

Are you troubled with headache, heart-burn, acidity? Take K. D. C. the King of Dyspepsia Cures. It is guaranteed to cure you.

"No," said Miss Ferula, "I'm not much of a speller myself, I must admit, but then, you know, I've been a teacher nearly all my life, and I've never had any time to teach myself.—Boston Transcript.

K. D. C. cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath. Try it! Try it!! Free sample, testimonials and guarantee sent to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

"How are you going to spend your vacation, Mudge?" "Same as I did last year, I guess. I suppose I'll put in two weeks trying to borrow enough money to go away for two or three days."—Indianapolis Journal.

REV. W. A. NEWCOMB, Thomaston, Maine: "Suffering from indigestion when in Nova Scotia a year ago, a package of K. D. C. was procured for me, and I cheerfully acknowledge that the remedy in question was very marked and prompt and lasting.

"Did you go on your trout fishing excursion?" "I did." "Did you fish with flies?" "Yes, we fished with them, camped with them, dined with them, slept with them—why, man, they almost ate us alive."

RELY ON THIS.—Gentlemen,—We six children, and have relied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the past twelve years in all cases of diarrœa and summer complaints, and it never fails to cure.

MRS. ANNA ALLEN, Harley, Ont.

Persevering widower—It was she who drove me to drink.

Miss A. (a little weary)—What could she have driven you to that you would have liked better?—Life.

GOLD NOT SO PRECIOUS.—Sirs,—For several seasons we have relied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for all summer complaints. A few does always give relief and it never fails to cure. We think it a very valuable medicine; as precious as gold.

MRS. F. C. WINGER,
Font Hill, Ont.

"What made Cutely marry, and get a divorce so soon?"

"Why, his employer always gives his clerks a raise in their salaries when they get married, and that was the only way Cutely could get his raised."

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.—Dear Sirs,—I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters for Billiousness and sick headache and never neglect to praise it. It brings the flush of health to one's cheeks, and I recommend it highly.

ANNIE BEACH, STEVENSVIDLE, ONT.

A Cash Doctor.—First little boy—Do you go to the country every year? Second boy—No; sometimes papa don't pay the doctor's bill, and then the doctor gets mad and won't order mamma out of th' city.

A CONSIDERATION.—Gentlemen,—My brother suffered from summer complaint and was extremely weak. We tried many remedies but without effect. At last my aunt advised us to try Dr. Fowlers Extract of Wild Strawberry, and before he had taken one bottle he was cured. We consider it saved his life.

MISS ADELAIDE CRITTENDEN,
Baldwin, Ont.

Mrs. Sapmind: Well. I do declare! Them Western folks is growin' crazy. Mrs. Lisner: Why What's the matter now? Mrs. Sapmind: Matter enough. Here's an article in this paper about lynching bees out West. When folks haven't got nothin' better to do an' go around lynchin' bees, I've got my opinion of 'em.—Boston Counter.

THINK FOR YOURSELF:—Don't you think a medicine which cures others will cure you? Don't you think you need B. B. B. Blood Bitters to help you to health and happiness? We know B. B. B. cures dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache and bad blood. Don't you think it is time you tried it?

The laziest man existing within the borders of Ontario lives along the shore of Puslinch lake, and spends his time fishing. He reclines on the bank in the shade, ties the pole to the dog's tail, and when he sees the bobbler disappear he kicks the dog and the animal lands the fish.—Berlin News.

LOCAL OPTION.—This term should be applied to the choice intelligent person has between Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural and certain remedy for Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache, and bad blood, and the various imitations offered by unscrupulous parties as being "just as good." There is nothing else as good as B. B. B. It is an honest medicine and has made remarkable cures right in our own town.

"Sir," exclaimed the caller sternly, pointing to an article in the paper. "I am trying to find the man who wrote that infamous falsehood about me!"

"Try putting an 'ad' in our want column," suggested the busy editor without looking up. "Only 25 cents."—Chicago Tribune.

— THAT HACKING COUGH can be quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by A. Dixon, Sackville, and Fairweather, Dorchester.

—SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by A. Dixon, Sackville, and Fairweather, Dorchester.

In a railroad car the other day rode a Chinaman. Just in front of him sat a gentleman who was unmistakably an English clergyman. Presently he turned a little and noticed his unique neighbor. They quietly surveyed each other for a moment. Then the Englishman, evidently mistaking him for a Japanese—the pigtail not being in evidence—remarked: "Any more earthquakes in your country recently?" "My countlee? Oh, no!" exclaimed the Mongolian. "No earthquake my countlee—my countlee New York."—Boston Times.

—CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale by A. Dixon, Sackville, and Fairweather Dorchester.

THAT HACKING, PERSISTENT, DISTRESSING COUGH can be quickly cured by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

"Well," said Mrs. Braggins, after a solo by a fashionable church choir tenor, "if that ain't the rudest thing I ever sat!" "What?" enquired her niece. "Why, didn't you notice it? Just as soon as that young man began to sing every other member of the choir stopped. But he went right through with it, and I must say I admire his spunk."—Washington Star.

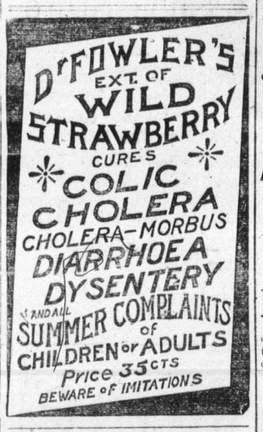
When the scalp is trophied, or shiney-bald, no preparation will restore the hair in other cases Hall's Hair Renewer will start a groth.

—Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy,—A positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria, and canker mouth. A. Dixon, Sackville; Fairweather, Dorchester.

An aged Baptist elder, who was noted for his intellectual vigor, was conversing one evening with a number of the brethren when the subject of old age was touched upon. One of his friends ventured to ask if he found that his increasing years had in any way impaired his memory. The good old man pondered for a while, and then replied: "Well, I cannot at the present moment remember anything that I have ever forgotten.—Floating.

—WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by A. Dixon, Sackville, and Fairweather, Dorchester.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentry and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and bowels cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. And is for sale by all druggists throught the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. 1yr.



DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, a TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances naturally needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from ANY and WANT OF BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing

THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. Brockville, Ont.

NEW MEAT STORE

The undersigned beg to announce to the people of Sackville that they have opened a Meat Store at Bell's Corner where they will keep in Stock a Full Suppl of

FRESH MEATS, HAMS, POULTRY, FISH, VEGETABLES.

In season, and will also continue to conduct the business at Dorchester formerly conducted by Mr. Lawrence Telephone communication

LAWRENCE & BELL.

W. E. LAWRENCE. FRED BELL

March 31st, 1892

NOTICE.

We, the undersigned merchants of Port Elgin, hereby mutually agree to close our respective stores on and after 11 inst. until further notice, at 7.30 o'clock, p. m., with the exception of Saturdays; and our customers are hereby notified to that effect

Dated at Port Elgin, N. B. July 5th, 1892.

John G. Lamb.
D. Murray.
E. C. Gooden & Co.
McLeod & Spence.

A Bad Cold

If not speedily relieved, may lead to serious issues. Where there is difficulty of breathing, expectoration, or soreness of the throat and bronchial tubes, with a constantly irritating cough, the very best remedy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It removes the phlegm, soothes irritation, stops coughing, and induces repose. As an emergency medicine, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral should be in every household.

"There is nothing better for coughs than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I use no other preparation."—Annie S. Butler, 169 Pond st., Providence, R. I.

"I suffered severely from bronchitis; but was

CURED BY

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saved my life."—Geo. B. Hunter, Goose River, N. S.

"About a year ago I took the worst cold that ever a man had, followed by a terrible cough. The best medical aid was of no avail. At last I began to spit blood, when it was supposed to be all over with me. Every remedy failed, till a neighbor recommended Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took half a teaspoonful of this medicine, three times a day, regularly, and very soon began to improve. My cough left me, my sleep was undisturbed, my appetite returned, my emaciated limbs gained flesh and strength, and to-day, thanks to the Pectoral, I am a well man."—H. A. Bean, 28 Winter st., Lawrence, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price, $1; 6 bottles, $5.

Ready - Made Clothing!

I have just Received a Large and well ASSORTED STOCK of READY-MADE CLOTHING which I am offering at

PRICES THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN ANYWHERE.

Also: Men's and Boys Flannelette Shirts from 45 cents up.

Best value in town.

T. J. HORSER,

Sackville June 23rd.

If you Have a Flyer

dress him up with a silver or Nickle Harness manufactured by Jas. R. Averand increase his appearance and your own family's pleasure by 20 per cent.

Harnesses

of all descriptions a specialty. Also

Sleigh Robes,
Horse Rugs,
String Bells for Back and Body,
Saddle Gongs,
Whips in Great variety.
For sale very low

J. R. AYER.

Sackville, Dec. 14

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS. ARE THE BEST.

Established 1860. Works, ENGLAND.

No. 1 FOR Expert Writers.
No. 2 FOR Accountants.
No. 3 FOR Correspondents.
No. 16 FOR Bold Writing.
No. 27 FOR Business.

Sold by STATIONERS Everywhere. Samples FREE on receipt of return postage 2 cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 810 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WM. DELAHUNT,

OPPOSITE DEPOT,

Amherst, N. S.,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Open and Topped

Carriages.

TOPPED PHAETONS,

Jumpseat, Concord, and Express Wagons,

Light Road Wagons & Road-carts Usually on Hand.

Repairing neatly and promptly done. You will save yourself regret by examining my stock before making purchases elsewhere.

June 2nd, 1892.

FREE FARMS

—IN THE—

CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan.

The Government give one quarter section (160 acres) free to every bona fide settler. A second quarter section can be pre empted by direct payments.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have a large quantity of the best farming lands for sale at

$3.00 PER ACRE

with easy terms of payment.

The Canadian Northwest has the most productive soil in the world. Its wheat fetches the highest price; it live cattle are admitted to the English markets, while United States cattle are not. There is a market for the farmer's every season and there are schools and churches wherever there are settlers. It is not subject to drought nor floods, to grasshoppers or to cyclones or tornadoes. Ask any agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway Agent for books and maps concerning it; ask for "Farming and Ranching in Western Canada," or the "Free Farms" map, or "Actual Experience" and read the testimony of men who have gone there from Eastern Canada. Young women are in great demand; they find occupation as domestics directly they arrive and speedily get married to prosperous young farmers. Young men or young women can start life there almost without money. They make the money there; an independence in a very few years by the thrifty