

No Need of Catching Cold.

Speaking of colds, I have a theory that no one need ever have one unless he chooses; in other words, that it is quite possible so to train the skin, that wonderful organ which is generally looked upon as the paper wrapper to our human bundle, as to render it non-susceptible to sudden changes of temperature or atmospheric moisture, whence colds come.

And as this is exactly the season to commence such a system of pellar education, as it has proved effective in many instances within my own knowledge, and as it is within easy reach of every one, I write it here. The theory is that no skin that has been exposed freely for half an hour at the beginning of a day to a temperature lower than it will encounter through the day, will note small changes or be affected thereby.

A cold is simply a nervous shock, received by the myriads of minute nerves terminals that bristle over the surface of the human body, transmitted to the centers and so back again to the muscular membrane, the peculiar seat of this special irritation. Let us then so train these sensitive fibers that they will pass by, unnoticed, changes of atmospheric condition, and the matter is accomplished.—From *The American Magazine* for Sept.

In one of our suburbs is a family that is afflicted with faith-cure. Every member has an ailment which is being cured by faith. They seem a tolerably hearty family, too; but as each of them declares he or she has been a martyr for years until they tried the faith-cure, this must be set down as one of the instances where appearances are deceptive.

This family has a dog which, though able to chase eighteen carriages in succession, is declared by its proprietors to be of very delicate constitution. One of the young ladies of the family said the other day:

"Fido is better than he was. The faith-cure did us all so much good that we thought we'd try it on Fido, and it's done him a world of good."

Where that important factor, Fido's faith, came in was not apparent.—*Boston Transcript*.

Magistrate: "It's ten dollars or thirty days, Uncle Rastus. You can take your choice." *Uncle Rastus* (after some contemplation): "Well, yo' kfn gimme de money, sah."

It is claimed that the Episcopal Church of Ireland has 640,000 members, while the Presbyterian has 471,000 and the Methodist 439,000.

For Sale and To Let.

For Sale at a Bargain.
THE Steam Tannery and Machinery owned by the Frederick Leather Company, King St., Fredericton. Terms easy. Apply to M. RICHY, May 18, if Fredericton.

Valuable Farm and Marsh For Sale.
THE subscriber offers for sale his Farm at Second Valley, containing about 300 acres of land, a part in a good state of cultivation, on which is a well-finished House, two good Barns and other Buildings. Also, 7 acres of Marsh, part English and part Broadleaf, situated on West Marsh. aug24/87 CHARLES DOO.

FOR SALE.

THE PREMISES occupied by the subscriber in St. John's, consisting of House, with Outbuildings attached. The Buildings are all in good repair. Good Tank in Cellar, well fenced, and Shade Trees around the Grounds. Location one of the best in Town, being within a few minutes' walk of Railway Depot, Post Office and Institutions. For further particulars apply to CLARA PURDY, Sackville, August 28, 1887.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of the late Reuben Chase, Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a vegetable garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good barn and outbuildings. Also a number of good hens for sale. Possession given immediately. Apply to MRS. REUBEN CHASE, Sackville, April 13th, 1887.

House and Lot

THE desirable Property formerly owned by Alex. Johnston, is situated at Upper Sackville, convenient to School, Church, Store and Post Office, and is a very pleasant locality. The House is new and very convenient; Outbuildings are in good repair. There is also a Blacksmith Shop and Carpenter Shop on the premises, and plenty of good water. Terms very favorable. Apply to CHARLES FAWCETT, May 11th, 1887. Sackville, N. B.

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in Baie Verte, consisting of a Dwelling House, Shop, Office, Outbuildings and Wharf. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in town, and only a few minutes' walk from Churches, School House or Station.

If not sold within a short time, the Shop, with Office, suitable for any kind of business, can be let separately. Title unobscured. Apply to T. A. WELLING, Baie Verte, May 25th, 1887.

STOCK & BUSINESS

FOR SALE.
THE health of the subscriber is such that she has resolved on disposing of her Stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods and the business which she has built up during the past six years. The Stock is in excellent order, the Stand central, and the Business in a prosperous condition, offering an opportunity seldom presented to any one wishing to engage in this business.

Offers will be received for the whole, and should be sent without delay. In the meantime the Goods will be sold at COST, and those wanting bargains will find them here. MRS. DOUGLAS, Amherst, Aug. 2, 1887.

SUMMER GOODS!

WE HAVE NOW THE
Best Assortment of Dress Muslins

PRINTED INDIA LINENS, NEW LAMA CLOTHS, CASHMERE FINISHES, PRINTS, WORKED SPOTTED MUSLINS, FRENCH MUSLINS, FRENCH SATENS, CHAMBRAYS, ZEPHYRS.

EMBROIDERED DRESSES.
Special Reductions in PRINT COTTONS For Next Thirty Days.

300 Pieces to Select From.
Silk and Lisle Gloves, Dents' Kid Gloves.

Children's and Ladies' Hosiery.

The Largest Stock and LOWEST Prices in Amherst.

F. A. WILSON.

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CHAPMAN BROTHERS,

5 Cases London and New York Hats and Helmets,

4 Cases Cloths and Tweeds,

Half a Car Load of Trunks and Valises.

1 Case Rubber Coats and Umbrellas.

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New Goods in all Departments.

5,000 PIECES of newest styles in English Prints, and all the latest and printed especially to my order.

These prints are expected to arrive during this month.

Every attention paid to orders by mail.

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AND THE KING BUILDING.

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E. C. GOODEN & CO.

Baie Verte, April 12th, 1887.

TELEPHONES!

HAVING entered upon the manufacture of all forms of TELEPHONE APPARATUS we are prepared to make arrangements for installing Telephone Exchanges. We will also furnish instruments for private lines.

Our new Telephone embodies improvements never before introduced (all of which are thoroughly protected), and articulates with a power and distinctness never before attained. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

A. R. BLISS, Manuf. of all forms of Electrical Apparatus.

Money to Loan.

THE subscribers are prepared to loan Money on good security at reasonable rates. POWELL & BENNETT, Sackville, July 15, 1886.

PER JUST RECEIVED

1 1/2 Ton Genuine White Lead; 1 1/2 Ton Zinc Lead, 5 Casks Lined Oil. For sale low for cash. MARTIN LOWRIERSON, Mount Wartin, July 12th, 1887. 2m

(Continued from first page.)

typical," he thought, smiling to himself, as he watched the shop-woman enveloping this treasure in paper. "Typical of the love which blooms in life's winter as well as its spring. Very good. I must remember to say that to my sweet Renee."

After a stroll through the brilliantly lighted arcades of the Palais, he turned towards home, which he reached shortly before four o'clock. "The ladies are in the salon," Marthe told him, giving him an odd look which he did not notice; "there is a visitor with them, a friend of mademoiselle, who has just arrived."

"Very good," he answered absently, scarcely hearing her in his preoccupation. The old bachelor's cheeks were flushed, and his heart beat fast, as he approached the door of the sitting-room. It was partly open, and as he paused, furtively adjusting his collar and cravat, he heard a sound like laughter within; Renee's musical voice mingling with the deeper tones of a man. Surprised, he cautiously opened the door a little and looked in.

On the hearth, opposite to him, Renee, flushed and radiant, was looking up into the handsome bronzed face of a tall, dark-eyed young fellow of three or four and twenty, who had imprisoned both her hands in his own, while his other arm, from which she was laughing and endeavoring to disengage herself, encircled her waist.

"Let me go, sir; don't you see that Madame Evrard looks quite scandalized?" she exclaimed, glancing at Madame Evrard, whose face expressed the most unqualified disapproval.

"It is at you then, not at me!" he declared. "Madame is naturally astonished that you should object to be respectfully saluted by your fiancé—so!" and suiting the action to the word, he bent and kissed her. The watcher started as if he had been struck, and hastily drawing back, before any one had perceived his presence, turned from the door. Marthe, hearing his returning footsteps, came out from her little kitchen and looked on in surprise.

"Make my compliments to the ladies, and say that as they have a visitor I will not intrude this evening," he said, and walked away. Safely looked into his own rooms, he stood for a moment looking vaguely round like one waking from a dream, then, becoming conscious of the roses in his hand, he flung them from him with a passionate ejaculation, and sitting down at the table, let his head fall on his folded arms, and cried like a child.

His emotion subsided, but he was still sitting in the same dejected attitude, when there was a gentle summons at the outer door. He allowed it to be twice repeated before he roused himself to answer it. At length, with a gasp, he unlocked the door, and started when he found that the visitor was Renee.

"I am come to see you," Monsieur Silvain," she began, with her sweet smile. "Marthe tells us that you read to come in because you are a visitor. Surely you did not think you would be intruding? Monsieur Delaunay wishes to be introduced. I ought to tell you," she added shyly, "that we—that we are engaged, though our engagement has not the sanction of his family, and—"

She checked herself, noticing for the first time his unusual pallor and gravity. "You are not ill, Monsieur Silvain?"

He shook his head, smiling contentedly. "No, not ill, only in the low-spirited, and therefore not likely to be good company this evening, so I will beg you to excuse me."

"I am very sorry," she said gently, putting her hand to his forehead. He took it in both his own, looking at it with an expression of tender earnestness, which she had never seen on his face before.

"We have all our troubles—you have yours also, my child, have you not? and you are young! In youth, though sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh with the morning."

"My 'morning' seems still far off," she answered, with a smile and a sigh.

"Have patience, it will come—sooner perhaps than you expect," was his reply. "Thanks for your sympathy, my sweet friend. Good-night."

"Until to-morrow," she cried.

He waited her out of sight, then stood for a moment on the landing, looking down, deep in thought. When he raised his face, it had recovered its usual serenity, and there was a look of resolution which gave it a new dignity.

"Yes," he muttered, "I will do it; she shall be happy. And as for me—well, I shall be no worse off than I was formerly. Alone!"

And rousing himself from his abstraction, he turned into his solitary room, and more and more closed the door.

The New Year began auspiciously with brilliant sunshine and a cloudless sky. The domes and spires of Paris, lightly powdered with new-fallen snow, looked fairy-like and aerial, and when a light breeze stirred the river, every ripple flashed back the sunbeams.

On this great festival of the year, all Paris seemed to be out of doors. The boulevards, with their long lines of stalls, were thronged with promenaders; the shops and cafes crowded with customers, while merry family parties hurried along on foot, or in carriages, to pay the round of calls which French etiquette prescribes on the jour de l'an.

Renee and her fiancé spent the whole sunny afternoon drifting with the stream along the Boulevards. Infected by the universal gaiety, they had put aside for a time all doubts of the future, giving themselves up to the happiness of the present. To-morrow they would be parted again—who could say for how long? But to-day was theirs, and they would enjoy its sweetness to the utmost.

Daylight was waning when at last they turned their faces homeward. Half-way across the Pont-Neuf, Renee paused, with a regretful exclamation.

"I quite forgot Pere Joyeux!"

"Who is he?" her companion demanded.

"An old pensioner of mine; a crippled fiddler who always plays on the bridge. There he is, on the other side. Let us cross over."

"Never mind now, Renee; it is getting dark, and beginning to snow again. Give him something to-morrow."

"But this is New Year's day, and it seems unkind to neglect him when I am so happy. Look, he has seen me—he is looking so wistfully! Stay here, I shall not be a moment."

"Wait—wait till this railway van has gone past!" he exclaimed; but she had already darted from his side.

The road was slippery with fresh-fallen snow, and when half-way across, the girl's foot slipped. She made a vain effort to recover herself, and fell just in the track of the heavy vehicle, which came thundering along, drawn by two powerful horses.

The driver, on his knees, perceived what had happened till the bystanders uttered a warning shout, which was echoed by a cry of alarm from Maurice, as he hurried to her assistance.

Quick as he was, however, some one else anticipated him. Pere Joyeux, who had been watching her movements, flung his violin aside, and before Maurice could reach the spot, he had snatched her literally from under the horses' hoofs.

The startled animals shied and reared, backing the van against the parapet, and there was a moment of wild confusion and alarm before the driver succeeded in quieting them.

Renee, bruised and giddy, leaned half-fainting on the arm of her lover, whose face was scarcely less white than hers.

"What an escape!" he gasped. "Are you hurt, Renee?"

"No, no; but where is Pere Joyeux who has saved my life?" she asked, anxiously looking round.

"I saw a cry—oh, what has happened?" she broke off, noticing that an excited crowd had gathered on the pavement. The compassionate faces of the group answered her before she made her way through them to the figure of her old friend stretched insensible upon the asphalt.

There was no sign of external injury, but his face looked white and pinched, and there was a bluish shadow under his closed eyes.

When Maurice uttered an exclamation of pity, Renee knelt at his side and raised his head on to her knee.

"He couldn't get out of the way quickly enough, and the horses knocked him down," some one explained, and other voices in the crowd echoed the words with a murmur of regret and compassion.

The next moment a policeman approached, and after a few brief enquiries, which Maurice answered, peremptorily dispersed the lookers-on, and hailed a passing carriage, giving the order, "To the Hotel Dieu."

The injured man having been carefully lifted in, Renee and Maurice followed, and the carriage drove rapidly along the Quai de l'Horloge to the ancient hospital which looks down upon the Seine.

Pere Joyeux, still unconscious, was at once carried to the accident ward, while Maurice and Renee waited to learn the surgeon's opinion of his injuries. After what seemed an interminable interval, one of the hospital sisters appeared and beckoned to Renee.

"He has regained consciousness and asks for you," she said. "Pardon, monsieur," she added, as Maurice stepped forward, "he wishes to speak to mademoiselle alone."

The girl's heart beat fast with some vague expectation which she could not define, as she followed her guide along an echoing stone corridor to the accident ward, a long, narrow apartment lighted by high-blocked windows high in the wall, which admitted the last pale gleam of daylight. A tall stove stood in the middle of the ward, and on each side was a row of pallet beds, most of which were occupied. The latest arrival had been placed in one near the door, sheltered by a screen.

The surgeon, who was bending over him, straightened himself as they approached, and looked at Renee.

"Is he seriously hurt?" she asked, in a voice which was almost a cry.

"He is dying," was the grave reply. "He has sustained internal injuries which leave no hope of recovery."

He drew back as he spoke, to allow her to approach the bed, but after one glance at its occupant she recoiled with a stifled cry of astonishment. The face on the pillow, though familiar to her, was not that of Pere Joyeux.

"You are surprised at the change in his appearance?" the surgeon remarked in an undertone; "he had been wearing a false beard, and without it he looks quite a different man. It is possible that he—"

"He left the sentence unfinished, as his patient moved uneasily, attempting to raise himself from the pillows."

"Is she there?" the latter asked faintly.

"When Renee advanced, a sudden light irradiated his face; he put out his hand to her with a smile. "A happy New Year, my little lady!"

The girl mechanically gave him her hand, looking at him as one in a dream. "Monsieur Silvain," she breathed in a low tone of questioning wonder.

He glanced significantly at the doctor, who, understanding the scene, gave him a kindly nod and vanished behind the screen.

"Yes! Monsieur Silvain to you," her old friend and when they were alone; "but your father knew me as Silvain Mathieu."

She started and colored, then turned pale.

"What! it was you whom my father wronged?" she faltered.

"Dear child, you have repaired the wrong, and left me your debtor," he gently replied. "If I had known at the time what it cost you, I would never have accepted your generous reparation. Sit down; I have a story to tell you, Renee—not a long one, fortunately," he added, with a serious smile, "or I might not have time to finish it. You know what was formerly my profession? I was a dancing-master; the most fashionable in Paris during the second empire, but having met with an accident, which crippled me for life, I was compelled to retire in the height of my success. However, I had saved enough to live upon, and should have passed the rest of my days in comfort, if—I had not been so foolish as to risk my small capital in the hope of increasing it. I lost it, as you know, and after some years of struggle and privation, which I do not care to recall, all other resources having failed me, I began life afresh, on a lower level, as a street musician, who has since been known to fame by the name of Pere Joyeux. Don't look distressed! I assure you that the life suited me; I earned myself sufficient for my wants, and had grown perfectly reconciled to my lot, when one day, three years ago, I chanced to see your advertisement, and found myself once more independent."

"And then?" she said, as he paused.

He glanced at her with humorous gravity. "Then, you naturally suppose, that I retired into private life. So I did; but after six months of ease, I felt as if I had lost my identity. Who was Silvain Mathieu? A lonely old man whom nobody knew and nobody needed, whereas Pere Joyeux had hundreds of friends whom he could serve in his humble way. Yes, have I not seen hard faces soften and sad ones brighten as those places my old tunes touched a cord of hope or memory in many a heart?"

"They have in mine, more than once," she put in softly.

"And then the Bohemian freedom of life, its constant interest and variety, gave it a fascination which, in spite of myself, drew me back to it. So I returned to my old post. But for the last three years I have given in charity what I received from charity, and out of 'business hours' I become—Monsieur Silvain; the transformation being effected at quiet lodgings near the river, the landlord of which was in my confidence. Without my beard and wooden leg (which was replaced by an artificial one), I was unrecognizable; even you, who knew me in both characters, never guessed that Madame Evrard's friend was the old cripple to whom for a year past you have been a ministering angel. How eagerly I used to watch for your coming! You were the sunshine of my life, long before I met you; you were what I needed to live."

"Too much moved to speak, Renee laid her hand on his."

"The dear little charitable hand—how often I have longed to kiss it!" he murmured. "I may do so now, may I not?" and with the ghost of his old fond manner he raised it to his lips. "I told you I should keep your silver piece for good luck," he continued, more faintly; "see—here it is."

He showed it to her strung round his finger.

"My poor friend—it has brought you misfortune instead!" she murmured tremulously. "But for me, you would not be—"

"Hush!" he interrupted gently; "what better fortune can I have than to have you here and secure your happiness? Renee, you will find a parcel in my desk, directed to yourself. I restore your gift, dear—as I meant to have done—if I had lived. There is no obstacle now between you and your lover. God bless you both. How dark it grows—and cold! Do not be sorry for me, dear—I am quite content," he concluded, with a tranquil smile.

A sudden shiver ran through him, and there was a change in his face. Then he drew a deep, quiet breath.

"Quite content," he repeated, and with the smile on his lips he died.

A month later, when the first faint flowers of early spring were blooming on the old musician's grave, Renee and Maurice were married.

On the afternoon of their wedding day, before their journey into Normandy, they crossed the Pont Neuf once more, to pay a last visit to Pere Joyeux's old haunt, and paused for a moment in the recess where he had been used to stand.

The stream of life flowed past them, "ever changing, never ceasing," like the river beneath, which the mellow sunset light had transformed into a flood of molten gold.

"I am glad no one has taken his place," Renee said softly, after a moment; "it would seem almost like desecration. I fancy I can still hear the sound of his violin! It was like a friendly voice to me in those dark days which are past."

Maurice looked down at her tenderly.

"They were dark days indeed, my sweet wife, but now that the sunshine is come, it seems all the brighter for the shadows we have passed through."

Renee glanced upwards at the luminous primrose sky, unbecked by a cloud from zenith to horizon.

"Yes," she answered, with a happy smile. "Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy has come with the morning!"

One young lady in the West is following the profession of civil engineer; a Cincinnati woman has been licensed as stationary engineer; two women are steamboat captains; Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Colby manage a real estate addition in Lincoln, Neb., and women school superintendents, notary publics and deputy county officers have ceased to be a novelty.

Anna Dickinson's famous epigram was "The world belongs to those who take it."—*Brooklyn Times*.

Hiawatha, Kansas, has a young lady who watches over 15,000 silk worms.

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