RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

Manufacturers and Builders

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material

Send for Estimates.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION · IS · THE · BEST · TAKE · NO · OTHER ·

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Thompson Estabrooks, Sackville, N. B., are requested to pay same to the undersigned administratrix within three months from the date hereof, and all persons having claims against said estate are also requested to hand in the same to the said administratrix, properly attested to, within he like time.

Dated this 18th day of April, A.D. 1894.

[Signed] MARY R. ESTABROOK.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

THE public are hereby notified that we have this fifteenth day of March, A. D., 1894, entered into co-partnership and will do business at Bayfield Botsford, in the name and style of

CRANE & DOBSON.

A full stock of goods such as are usually kept in a country store will be offered where inspection of quality and prices is kindly invited.

The business lately conducted by Mrs. F. Crane having been purchased by us, all persons indebted to Mrs. Crane will please pay the same to us.

W. Leonard Crane,
W. Harvey Dobson.

Bayfield, March 15, 1894. tf

NEW BRUNSWICK REGISTRATION ACT WESTMORLAND COUNTY.

Persons required by said act to report births and deaths to the Division Registrar will please forward all returns for half year ending 30th June at once to the undersigned.

All returns so marked pass through the mails free—Blanks are gratuitously furnished on application by post cards or otherwise to undersigned.

Physicians who have not forwarded the required returns as provided by recent amendment to said act for half year ending June 30, are requested to send in the same at once.

F. A. McCULLY
Div. Registrar,
Moncton.

JUNE 28, 94.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE!

The subscriber will sell his residence on Main St. This is one of the most desireable properties in Sackville, conveniently situated within a short distance of the different institutions of learning and the business part of the town, also of the Railway Station. The house is comparatively new thoroughly finished throughout. A fine large lot with garden and ornamental trees, also an excellent barn on the premises there is a perfectly dry cellar, with tank holding fifteen hundred gallons of water, and a good furnace. Any person wishing to purchase would do well to embrace this opportunity.

It can be had on easy terms.

DAVID G. DICKSON.

Sackville June 20th 1894 tf.

Executor's Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Charles N. Raworth will please make payment to the executrix immediately, and all persons having any claims against said estate will please file the same duly attested with the executrix within three months from the date of this notice.

MARY ELIZABETH RAWORTH
Potsford May 7th 1894 3m.

—It seems hardly credible that Ouida, one of the most noted and prolific of writers, should be nearly destitute. Such is the fact, however, and at the present time she is in a pitiable condition. Her house and all her personal property in Italy has been sold to pay her debts, and she is getting too old to start afresh.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

EXTREME DEBILITY AFTER THE GRIP.

Mr. Peter Lingley, Councillor, Petersville, Queens Co., N. B., says:

"Oct. 31, 1892.—Last winter I had a very severe attack of the Grip, which left me *very feeble and reduced in flesh.* I had no appetite, and was *so nervous I could not sleep.* I was under Doctors' treatment for months, but received no benefit. My friends thought I had consumption and I got so low that they were *expecting my death* at any day. As a last resort they decided to try

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,

3 bottles of which

Rapidly Restored Me To Health.

I slept well, my appetite was restored and I soon became *stronger, stouter and more vigorous* than I had been for years. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, as I feel that

I Owe My Life to its Virtues.

Mr. Isaac G. Stevens, Gate Keeper I. C. R. Depot, St. John, N. B. says: I was with Mr. Lingley during his severe illness and was daily expecting to have to notify his relatives of his death.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers for 50 cts, per bottle. 3 bottles $1.25.

Manufactured by the

HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited, St. John, N. B.

"HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure all Stomach Ills."

DON'T FORGET Our JOB DEPARTMENT

—Queen Victoria's will is engrossed on vellum, and is bound as a volume and secured by a private lock.

—Two shots per minute can be fired with the Krupp 130-ton gun, and each discharge of the machine costs $1,500.

—In Persia the women of fashion ornament their faces by painting upon them figures of bugs and small animals.

Local vs. City Trade.

Many merchants in towns and villages feel very much chagrined and disappointed when they see their fellow townsmen sending daily to "the city" for dry goods, books, etc., instead of patronizing the men who are the mainstay of their town. It is exceedingly lamentable to see a conscientious, upright merchant in a small town doing his best to give the people in his vicinity a chance to inspect a full range of the season's novelties, and then when they have fully inspected his stock, got a general idea of what they ought to buy, they send for samples from "the city" and finally order from there.

We do not proclaim that "to the local victor belong the spoils," but we do maintain that the people of a town are following their own best interests when they patronize their home trade. Every store in a town pays a certain amount of rent, taxes, gas bills, etc., and the wages of employer and employee will amount to a snug sum every year. Another store occupied increases the price of real estate. Another store and one or two houses occupied means less taxes on other property. Another store occupied and competing for trade means an increased number of visitors, rural and civic, and an increased circulation of money in this and a dozen different ways.

SHE WOULD NOT BE PATIENT.

SHE SICKED FOR HEALTH.

Found it in Paine's Celery Compound.

There is no virtue in patience when pain and disease Torment the body. It is a crime against Heaven and our fellow mortals to allow disease to gain the mastery when help and cure is at our very doors.

A Kingston, Ont lady, the mother of a large, family, suffered for many years from kidney trouble and neuralgia. Medical aid and numberless medicines failed to remove her troubles. She became very impatient with medical efforts; she chafed and fretted because her little ones could not receive the attention from her that they needed.

The suffering wife and mother providentially had placed in her hands a record of cures and wonderful restorations to health effected by Paine's Celery Compound. That very day she procured two bottles of the marvellous medicine, and in three weeks time she felt that she had at least found the way to health. After using seven bottles she was made hale and strong; every trace of disease had been banished, and to use her own words "she felt as if a life had been given to her." Paine's Celery Compound can and will do the same good work for all who suffer. It is a conqueror of disease wherever used.

SICK HEADACHE and Constipation are promptly cured by Burdock Pills. Easy to take, sure in effect.

LORENZO PULISTON.

SPOTS AND BLEMISHES, CAUSED BY BAD BLOOD, CURED BY B.B.B.

DEAR SIRS,—I am thankful to B.B.B. because I am to-day strong and well through its wonderful blood cleansing powers. I was troubled with scrofulous spots and blemishes all over my body and was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I took one bottle, with great benefit, and can positively say that before I had taken half of the second bottle I was

PERFECTLY CURED.

I am so pleased to be strong and healthy again by the use of B.B.B. and I can strongly recommend it to everybody. LORENZO PULISTON, Sydney Mines, C.B.

NERVOUS MEN!

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

The errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Lost Manhood, and all Diseases and Weaknesses of Man, from whatever cause, permanently and privately cured at home. EXPERT TREATMENT. NO EXPOSURE. Consultation and advice in person or by letter free.

Address or call on PROVIDENT MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 16 Hanover Street, Montreal, Canada. Prospectus and descriptive pamphlet, closely sealed, mailed free to all. Beware!

TO BE A BRAKEMAN.

I want to be a brakeman,
Dog gone!
Legs hanging over the edge of a flat car,
Train goin' 'bout twenty-five mil'n hour
Kickin' the dog fennel 'long the track—
That's what a brakeman does.

I want to be a brakeman,
I jing!
Makin' the boys git off the platform,
Cussin' the drayman if the skids is lost.
Hollers, "Back 'er length," and the engineer has to—
That's a brakeman for ye!

No conductor for me, just a breakman,
By hen!
Can make a couplin' on dead run,
Has spring-bottom pants and braid on his clothes,
Carries a lantern at night 'n cap over his ears—
That's a brakeman, I'll tell ye!

I want to be a brakeman,
Geeminently!
Stand in with the agents and op'rators,
Gits to Peru every night 'n sees the show,
Knows the numbers of the trains, chaws terbacker—
He's a regular one, you bet!

'N I want to be head brakeman,
Gol-lee!
Twistin'er hard smoke rollin' aound ye,
Country people stoppin' work to look,
Girls wavin' at ye all the way to Peru;
I'll be one, too, some day.

Chicago Record.

An Ocean Interference.

By M. D. Hatch.

(Concluded.)

Stuart had gone to his office on leaving the steamer and tried to work but finding it impossible, had gone up town home to his rooms, a studio in the Sherwood sent away his man for the night, and keeping his dog for a companion, had given himself a holiday for grief. The end of his dream had come, and after to-day he would put it away forever. For hours he sat abandoning himself to the bitter thoughts that at last he allowed to overwhelm him. His dog, an Irish setter lay almost motionless at his feet. When the daylight faded out of the studio and the big north window grew black with a stormy twilight, his master rose and lighted a lamp, while the dog followed at his heels, and stood close to him when he stopped, rubbing his nose affectionately against him. Stuart patted the brute's head gratefully and went and fetched him something to eat; he could eat nothing himself, but drank to overcome the weakness he felt creeping over him. Then he threw himself down on the pillowed lounge, while the the dog came and rested his head against his master's arm and looked up inquiringly with his large soft eyes into his face, something was wrong he knew well enough and then he slipped down again with a thump on the polished floor and lay still at his master's feet. Once the silence was broken by some one knocking at the door; the dog sprang up eagerly, barking, but Stuart made no response.

'Hello, Jeff, there! are you keeping house alone?' Stuart recognized the voice of one of the artists in the building but made no answer, and the caller went away, believing him out.

At last the reaction came. He would cease this childishness of blaming some one else for his own wretchedness and weakness. She had gone without giving him the one word he had asked for; with a kindly, good-by of course, but she did not want the love he had always given her too freely, and from this time he would be man enough to put the thought of what might have been away from him He jumped up (Jeff ecstatically responded to his new mood) and followed by his dog, he started on one of those long tramps that had helped him before.

He walked over to the river and up the driveway. The night was black and starless, but the cold air refreshed him; he walked until he was so weary it was an effort for him to reach the studio again, and then he slept without a dream.

The next day he worked unceasingly, but felt shaken and exhausted; nerves, he thought, and despising a man with nerves, paid no attention to it. When Sunday came it was a dreaded respite from the work which he thanked God for; and the day following found him almost ill, but still unyielding.

Late that afternoon Evans, for whom he was putting up a new stable on his Litchfield farm came in, and noticing how ill he looked, had the inspiration of carrying him off to the farm that very night, making the stable an excuse, though it was not at all in need of his presence. He meant to keep Stuart with him for several days. The farm was five miles from the town, with a comfortable old house upon it, which was always kept in readiness for Evan's erratic descents upon it; and the isolation and stillness of the place, with its dry bracing air, he was sure would be a a tonic to his overworked friend. It had that effect at first—just that next day Evans drove him for miles about the country, which is always beautiful at any season of the year, and then let him wander about as he pleased. The peace of the place stole over his tired senses, and he felt that he would be content never to see the city, a letter, a newspaper, or to hear the rattle of the cars again. That was the first day, and the next morning these views were but slightly modified; but as the day wore on a new fever of restlessness seized upon him, the stillness became oppressive, it weighed him down, and he felt he could not bear it. After luncheon, which the two men partook of rather silently, he carelessly mentioned to his host that he had decided he ought not to stay away from his office another day, although even this short visit, he felt had benefited him.

He put his determination as courteously as he could, for he thoroughly appreciated Evans's thoughtfulness and hospitality, but there was a twinkle in his host's eye as he waited for him to finish.

'I am delighted to hear that my boy he answered, slapping Stuart's shoulder approvingly. 'I don't believe I could have stood another day of it myself.' So they went down on the afternoon train, and parted cordially at the station.

Stuart dined at his rooms and afterwards tried to settle himself with a book. He had sent Jeff off with his man and the studio seemed lonelier than ever, so he shut the book and went out, with no definite idea where he would go—only somewhere.

He wandered aimlessly down town, and then crossed over to the Opera-house, which occurred to him as the most soothing place he could choose, if he could only be left alone.

He was not in evening dress, but did not hesitate in his choice for that reason. 'What is the Opera?' he asked of one of the speculators, still hovering about the entrance. '*Semiramide*-aisle seat, half-way down the centre,' said the man. Stuart took the ticket and sauntered in. He did not like the opera, but consoled himself with thinking that its music would be more agreeable to him than some that he really cared for. It would appeal to him less, and his nervous condition was such just then that he shrank from the slightest touch; he did not want to experience any feeling at all, and certain music had the power to move him to actual suffering at times.

The curtain was just going up on the second act when he entered. The queen was seated in a rosy bower—for all the world like a lady in a valentine thought Stuart; Melba was singing the part of the queen, and he did not like to see her belittled by her surroundings, so he shut his eyes till she began to sing. He loved her clear flutelike tones, and that night she was in exquisite voice, but the frequent runs and trills worried him; and then Scalchi came in and ran and trilled with her, while their voices blended and parted and syncopated each other in a marvellous net-work of tones; but he was so ill it wearied him.

He sat perfectly still during the change of scene, and did not look around, for he did not want to have to go and talk to any one. He let his mind wander on about the opera; there were lovely bits in it, he knew, but it did not interest him, and he objected to the many brilliant finales to the solos and duets, which he considered positively indelicate in their evident bids for applause.

The curtain went up again, and the queen and the populace were thrilled with horror at the shade of Ninus. The queen had shared in the killing of her husband. Was there no remorse for those who kill the heart?

Another change; he still sat unmoved, but lulled somewhat by the flow of the music; and then came the final duet; the guilty queen, having twittered out her emotions, at last rippled into its noble sweetness, and he felt it was worth having waited all that time to hear, so perfectly did the low notes of the daring contralto blend with Melba's marvellous purity of tone. He had not wanted to be moved, but it vibrated through him and a sense of exquisite delight and peace came over his soul. He turned and looked around as if to catch some sympathetic glance in his pleasure and his heart stood still. In one of the boxes, so near him it seemed as if he could touch it by reaching out his hand, she was sitting, looking at him with imploring eyes. His senses reeled; it had come he thought—he had worked just a little too much. She seemed to be smiling at him now. He drew his hand wearily across his forehead. The applause for the duet was deafening, and it confused him still more. 'If only the dead could find out when to come back and be forgiven.' The old line that he had not seen since he was a boy came back to him. Had she been lost at sea? No he did not believe she was dead; trouble was in himself and his overworked brain. A sudden faintness came upon him, and he put his hand over his eyes a moment. When he took it away the dazzling lights were turned on full again, and she was not there. The applause still kept on, and few people noticed him, as, with all the color gone out of his face he made his way slowly up the aisle. He reached the lobby, and leaned heavily against one of the doors. He could not understand what had happened to him; it was a physical impossibility that she could have been there, and he could have sworn that she had looked into his eyes and smiled.

The men came rushing out, and the air from the opening doors revived him; he had sent a boy for his hat and coat, and was waiting for them when a man came up behind him and laid a hand gently on his shoulder.

'Edith wants you to go home with us, Stuart, if you will.'

It was George Eccleston.

Stuart looked at him in amazement 'Then it was she?' he whispered, quite overcome. 'But how—what has happened to bring you back?'

'Don't you read the papers, man?' George asked laughing though Stuart's white face somewhat startled him'

'Of course I do, but I have been out of town for a day or two.

'Well, if you hadn't, you would have seen that we shipped one of the biggest storm waves on record, a perfect monster, and were so badly smashed we came back,' George explained. 'Deuced nuisance, but it's better than going to the bottom, anyhow. Come along.'

She had sent for him! Hope sprang up undaunted it his heart, though he tried to crush it back; he could not go through all that suffering again. But she had sent for him. In a moment he was beside her in the little anteroom of the box, and they wanted to take him home with them.

She was with the Caryls, who always left before the last act to avoid the crush, which made both the elderly Caryls fidgedy— a practice, however which exasperated all of the young Caryls, who fortunately were not there that evening. There was no trouble in getting their carriages at once on the Thirty-ninth Street side, and it all happened so quickly that Stuart still felt somewhat dazed as they rattled to the Eccleston home.

At last he was alone with her in the drawing-room, which, although he was quite oblivious to it, was grewsome enough, with brown holland over the furniture the pictures misty with white tarlatan, and ghastly outlines of statuary swathed in cheesecloth, which had been done preparatory to a long absence from home.

'I thought I had suddenly gone insane,' he told her, 'when I saw you looking at me there to-night. You see'—Edith was looking at him now with eyes that he vainly tried to believe were only friendly, and it disturbed his calm utterence—'I had been—I have been working very hard since you left, and—'

'You looked ill,' she said. 'I had been watching you almost from the time you came in. I went there tonight hoping you would be there. I asked Mrs. Caryl if she would have room for me with her. We only got off the steamer this morning, you know; but I have been so excited I could not settle down to anything.

'Tell me about it,' he said. 'I have heard nothing about it at all. Was there danger.

She could not answer for a moment but nodded an assent, while the tears stood in her eyes. He thought it was because of the strain she had been under, but it was really for the sudden anguish of his face. 'Would you have cared?' She did not want to hurt him more, but she wished to be quite sure.

'How can you ask it?' he cried. He went near to her and caught her in his two hands. She had provoked him again, he felt, and she must take the consequences. 'Have you no pity for me?' he went on, his eyes flashing ominously with the coming storm. 'Ever since you left I have been utterly wretched I have suffered so that my heart has been full of bitterness for you, and then you come back and hold out your hand a little way to me, and like a fool, I come to you to begin the pain all over again.' He dropped her hands, and went over to the fireplace and leaned against it, his head turned from her.

'You are quite right to feel as you do,' she said standing still where he had left her; 'but I am not altogether to blame. I did not know you still cared in the old way.' He turned and looked at her incredulously. 'Wait' she said, as if afraid he was going to interrupt her. 'When we were but a little way out I threw away the violets you gave me, because I did not want to see them wither as I thought your love had withered; and then I found the card you sent with them, with a message on it that I had not seen before, and I would have given worlds to have the flowers back.' He made a step towards her, as if he would have taken her in his arms, but she kept him back for a moment. 'When the wave struck us,' she went on, 'I was half asleep, but with the awful crash I sprang out of bed to find the water up to my knees in the stateroom. Oh, Archie!'—she held him back no longer—'I only thought of you then, and that you would never know. And then the boat was turned, and soon every one knew we were coming back. It was terrible to think what it might have been, and of those that were hurt, and the loss and everything. But all those three days on the way home I just kept thinking the ship was coming back to you, and perhaps it meant the saving of two lives' happiness I will never go again now, unless—'

'Stuart,' called George from the hall below, 'have you a spare cigar about you! Mine were all water-soaked in my trunk.' But this was only one of the myriad results of the storm wave.

A Parable.

A certain man was hanged, that he died. And he left two sons, honest men.

Now one of the sons was a blacksmith. But the other became a physician.

And after that their father had been taken from them, these brothers made their homes in other lands.

And the blacksmith would have prospered. But it befell that one asked him how his father made end. And the blacksmith, looking angrily upon him, answered. "He was hung." For the blacksmith was an honest man.

Howbeit, presently, when a horse was missing, men gathered and hanged the blacksmith, saying: "This man must take after his father." So the blacksmith did take after his father; but whether he caught up with him the tale telleth not.

And at the same time, in his own city, one inquired of the physician by what means his father died. And the physician covered his face and wept.

But whilst he wept he considered, saying within himself: "If I say, 'He was hanged.' then shall I shock this man and give him pain; and it is my office to relieve pain. Nevertheless I must tell the truth."

He said, therefore: "My father died of heart failure." And again he wept, the questioner weeping with him.

Then, this being told, men said; "Doubtless, since his father died of heart-failure, this good physician and loving son hath made study of kindred diseases." So they resorted unto him.

And the physician became a specialist. And he looked at them who came coughed once and sneezed twice and demanded $100. And they gave gladly. For the physician was an honest man.

Mrs. Potts—'You have just been thrown out of work, eh?' Everett Wrest—"'Scuse me, I didn't say I'd been t'rown out of work. I said I had been trun out of de works—workhouse, see?'

When Travelling.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business. take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fever, headache and other forms of sickness. For sale in 75c. bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

NORWAY PINE SYRUP cures Coughs, Colds, and all throat and Lung Troubles. Price 25 and 50c.

All Sorts.

THE FISHING OF IT.

For the fun we'd long been wishin'—
(Honey melts in every cup.)
Molly said she'd go a-fishin'—
Haul the finny fellers up!

DEAR SIRS.—I have been using Burdock Bitters for Boils and skin diseases, and I find it very good for a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have also found it unequalled. Mrs. Sarah Hamilton, Montreal, Que.

"Oh, Harold," she murmured, as she clung to him. "I have such a supreme confidence in you that I would believe you if you lied to me."

'Darling,' he exclaimed convulsively, 'don't tempt me that way.'

Skin Diseases are more or less occasioned by bad blood. B. B. B. cures the following Skin Diseases: Shingles, Erysipelas Itching Rashes, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eruptions Pimples, and Blotches, by removing all impurities from the blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofula Sore.

But when came a trout all bleeding—
Splashing shoreward through the foam,
Molly's eyes wept tears of pity—
Wound her tackle and—went home!

I WAS ATTACKED severely last winter with Diarhœa, Cramps, and Colic and thought I was going to die, but fortunately I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and now I can thank this excellent remedy for saving my life Mrs S Kellett, Minden Ont.

Young wife (at telephone)—'Is that the office of the telephone company? I want to talk with Cyrus Winterbottom. I'm his wife, and——'

Telephone girl—'Number?'

Young wife—'Number? I'm his first and only, you insulting creature.'

Dear Sirs—I was suffering very much from diarrhœa, and could get nothing to cure me. A friend told me of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and a few doses completely cured me. Thos L Graham. Melita Man.

'Your highness,' said the menial, 'the man with a bullet-proof skirt is in waiting in the ante-room.'

'Show him in.'

Meekly the inventor entered.

'Has this garment been subjected to every possible test?' inquired the potentate.

'It has, please your majesty.'

'Er—has it been to the steam laundry?'

The inventor fell to the floor in a swoon. 'Foiled again,' said he as he fell.

GENTLEMAN—I have used your Yellow Oil and have found it unequalled for burns, sprains, scalds, rheumatism, croup and colds. All who use it recommend it. Mrs. Hight. Montreal, Que.

'Look here, old man, oughtn't you to keep that boy of yours a little more in check?' 'My friend, I do my best, this is the fourth one I've sent him this month.'

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup cures and removes worms of all kinds in children or adult. Price 25c. Sold by all dealers

'You spoke to him in French, I noticed. Why was it?' I wanted to discover if he was an American.' And he was?' 'Of course, or he'd never have understood my French.'

USE IT AND PROVE IT.

For curative effects, one bottle Ayer's Sarsaparilla is worth three of any other name.

'Yoh's gotter git right down an' hustle fur r'al success,' said Uncle Eben. 'Er young man's boun' ter spile 'is silk hat ef he tries ter w'ah it while he's puttin' on de wreath ob laurel.'

Ayer's Hair Vigor gives vitality, gloss, and freshness to the hair, and restores its beauty.

'Hasn't she wonderful dreamy eyes?'

'Y-a-a-s,' replied Willie Wibbles, 'she has, indeed. Lawst evening when I called on her she could hardly keep from goin to sleep wight in my pwesence.'

Suppose you try it.

You would have some difficulty in convincing Mr. James Thompson, of St. John, that Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is not a remarkable remedy, for three bottles of it cured him of a six months illness, that nothing else seemed able to effect His symptoms were weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, and loss of appetite. He was run down. Are you?

The merchant said to his office boy,
'Publicity, I scoff it!'
'But a little ad,' said the little lad,
'Will a little ad to your profit.'

The Dreaded after affects of la grippe are permanently removed by a course of Hawker nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills.

'Say,' shouted the exasperated passenger, 'I have had enough of your impudence and inefficiency. I am going to see that you loose your job.'

'I ain't afeard of losin' no job,' retorted the porter. 'I dun owes the company $25 in fines.

Sugar Coated and easy to take—Hawker liver pills.

The Vigilant is still behind,
And as she stays that same,
How would it do for her to change
And get another name?

Mr R L Allan, of Ottawa, writes. "Having been troubled with weakness of the lung and general debility the past two years, I concluded to give *Puttner's Emulsion* a fair trial I have taken seven bottles, and find my health much improved, my lungs, stronger, my weight increased 12 pounds.'

'Pass me the Sandow,' remarked the boarder on the far side of the table to the boarder on the near side.

The landlady glanced up sharply, and the boarder on the near side never let on. Then the landlady's attention was called to something else, and the boarder on the near side passed the butter to the boarder on the far side.

When the scalp is atrophied, or shinybald, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

AT A SUMMER RESORT.

What's in a glass of lemonade,
For, which a quarter may be paid?
We do not know the composition of it,
Excepting that the largest part is profit.

Now, by St. Paul! the Work goes bravely on."—*Colley Cibber.*

It is less than two years since Prussian Oil was placed on the market in this country, and now 1590 merchants are selling it.

READ WHAT SOME OF THEM SAY ABOUT THE DEMAND FOR IT.

"Send more first train. we find it a good thing.'—Dr Middlemas, Berwick, N. S.

'We have quite a call for it, and our people think it good.'—N W Eaton, Spencers Island, N S.

'It is the best medicine ever I sold yet.'—S D Lombard, Little Brook, Digby Co.

'Send more at once. I am out, and have calls for it every day.'—T F Burke Weymouth, N. S.

'As people become acquainted with it the sales increase'—J A Hill Londonderry N S.

'There is a growing demand for it.'—G. A Cowell, Port La Tour, N S.

'People are finding out the benefit for it, and it is selling well.'—W F Copp, Fugwash, N S.

'The best thing ever I saw for frost bites and burns.'—R P Soley Economy, N S.

'It gives great relief in cases of Rheumatism.'—Dr E W Filmore, Spencers Island N S.

'We continue to hear good reports of it: and the sales and demand for it are second to no new Liniment that has recently been put upon the market.'—From testimonial signed by all the leading Druggists of Halifax, N S.

AFTER HIS VACATION.

Merchant—'Hello. are you back again?'

Clerk—'No, sir.'

Merchant (surprised)—'What do you mean?'

Clerk—'Just what you did by asking me such a question.'

TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM

Effectually yet gently, when cositive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers use Syrup of Figs.

VEGETABLE NASALITY.

Her lips are two red cherries,
Her cheeks are peaches, pink.
But her nose, it is a turn-up,
Which is not so nice, I think.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Reumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by A. Dixon

Mrs. Newitt—'I discovered this morning that we need a doormat for the hallway very badly.' Mr. Newitt—'Is there any particular necessity for it?' Mrs. Newitt—'Why certainly! I've got to have some place to hide the key when I go out, haven't I.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps bood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stiffes and sprains. George Robb, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by A. Dixon.

Mrs. Quickleigh—'The first man who ever proposed to me said that if I would not marry him he would blow his brains out.' Miss Wonder—'Good gracious! He must have been crazy. Why didn't you have him put under restraint?' Mrs. Quickleigh—'I married him.'

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great suprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately If you want quick relief and cure this is you remedy Sold by A. DIXON.

What is it speaks to us in dreams?
Is it a voice from Evermore?
Or is it something that we ate
The night before?

For Over Fifty Years,

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, 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. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

'These is terrible hard times,' said Meandering Mike. 'You bet they is,' replied Pledding Pete. 'A feller can't go nowhere lookin' fur work nowadays without hevin' some offered him.'

The Best Dressing

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Prevents the hair from becoming thin, faded, gray, or wiry, and preserves its richness, luxuriance, and color to an advanced period of life. It cures itching humors, and keeps the scalp cool, moist, and healthy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Tonix—'My friend Soarer's business frequently puts his life in danger, but I've never yet known him to desert his post.' Toddies—'What's his business?' Tonix—'He's an aeronaut.'

'When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou. *Scott.*

May well be said of PRUSSIAN OIL
That tyrant Headache it will foil,
Rheumatics and Lumbago, too,
With other Demons not a few
Will fly before it in a trice.
Invest a quarter, that's the price.

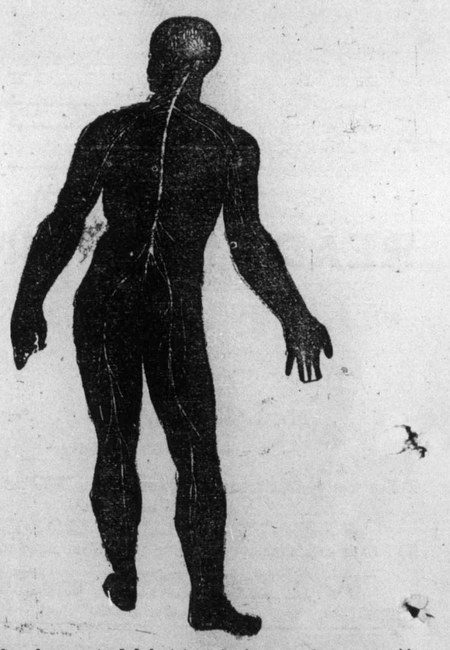
The merchants of a town are its backbone. Take them out of any town and in three months it will be as dead as the proverbial "door nail." They are the sap of the town and give it activity and life. One live merchant is worth ninety nine retired farmers. Merchants talk up the town; they draw manufacturers into it; they draw residents; they invest money in it; they help it in a thousand ways.—Dry Goods Review.

DR FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES COLIC CHOLERA CHOLERA-MORBUS DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN OR ADULTS

PRICE 35 CTS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

NATURE YIELDS ANOTHER SECRET!



It has often been contended by physiologists and men of science generally, that nervous energy or nervous impulses which pass along the nerve fibres, were only other names for electricity. This seemingly plausible statement was accepted for a time, but has been completely abandoned since it has been proved that the nerves are not good conductors of electricity, and that the velocity of a nervous impulse is but 100 feet per second—which is very much slower than that of electricity. It is now generally agreed that nervous energy, or what we are pleased to call nerve fluid, is a wondrous, a mysterious force, in which dwells life itself.

A very eminent specialist, who has studied profoundly the workings of the nervous system for the last twenty-five years, has lately demonstrated that two-thirds of all our ailments and chronic diseases are due to deranged nerve centres within or at the base of the brain.

All know that an injury to the spinal cord will cause paralysis to the body below the injured point. The reason for this is, that the nerve force is prevented by the injury from reaching the paralyzed portion.

Again, when food is taken into the stomach, it comes in contact with numberless nerve fibres in the walls of this organ, which at once send a nervous impulse to the nerve centres which control the stomach, notifying them of the presence of food; whereupon the nerve centres send down a supply of nerve force or nerve fluid, to at once begin the operation of digestion. But let the nerve centres which control the stomach be deranged and they will not be able to respond with a sufficient supply of nerve force, to properly digest the food, and, as a result, indigestion and dyspepsia make their appearance. So it is with the other organs of the body, if the nerve centres which control them and supply them with nerve force become deranged, they are also deranged.

The wonderful success of the remedy known as the Great South American Nervine Tonic is due to the fact that it is prepared by one of the most eminent physicians and specialists of the age, and is based on the foregoing scientific discovery. It possesses marvellous powers for the cure of Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Headache, Sleeplessness, Restlessness, St. Vitus's Dance, Mental Despondency, Hysteria, Heart Disease, Nervousness of Females, Hot Flashes, Sick Headache. It is also an absolute specific for all stomach troubles.

For Sale by Amasa Dixon, Sackville, N. B.