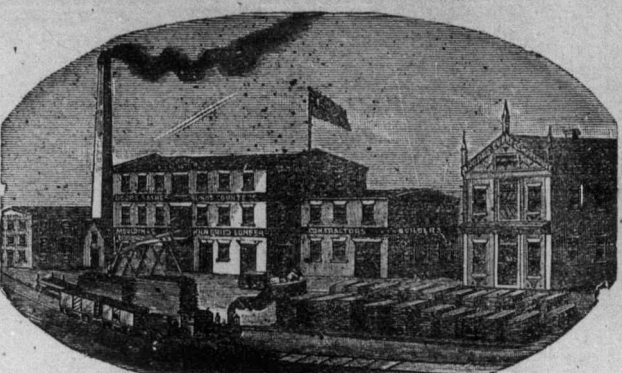


## RHODES, CURRY & Co.

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.



Corsets are now recognized to be the Standard Corset of Canada.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

ASK YOUR DRY GOODS DEALER FOR THEM.



### FOR RENT.

That pleasantly situated  
**COTTAGE**  
on Main St., within five minutes walk of the  
Colleges. Possession given at once.  
Apply to  
MRS. D. CASEY,  
March 22, '94, or A. T. Fawcett.

### NOTICE TO LOBSTER FISHERS.

BE IT KNOWN:  
That Edward A. Wheeler of the Parish of  
Botsford, in the County of Westmorland,  
Lobster Fisher, hath invented certain new  
and useful improvements in Lobster Traps,  
to wit: double chambers and heads with  
funnel-shaped entrances in each head, second  
being smaller than first, and both through  
his attorney and legal adviser, applied  
for a Patent on same to the Commissioner of  
Patents, Ottawa, and hath complied with  
all the requirements of the said "Patent  
Act," having paid the stated sum of  
money, and in every other way since  
fulfilled all the conditions entitling him  
to a Patent upon the same. Therefore  
**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN**  
That all persons infringing on his rights in  
respect to the improvement or invention in  
respect to Lobster Traps will be prosecuted  
in respect to the said rights, of which all persons  
will take due notice.  
3m  
ALLAN W. CHAPMAN,  
Dorchester, Mar. 15, '94, Barrister, etc.

**WE SELL**  
Fish,  
Eggs,  
Potatoes,  
Lumber, Cordwood,  
Spilling, Canned Lobsters.

**THIRTY VESSELS**  
150 tons to 400 to 400 tons  
reg. for coal and lumber.  
**GREAT BARGAINS**  
Write us for quotations,  
prices, Consignments solicited.

**Boston Shipping Co.**  
3 Central Wharf,  
Commission Dealers, BOSTON.

### NOTICE OF SALE.

To Philip M. Casey formerly of Abou-  
hughan in the County of Westmorland,  
and to Oliver James, Pierre Broad  
and Woodford A. Ward trustees of the  
said Philip M. Casey and on which he now  
owns to whom it may or shall concern.  
Notice is hereby given that there will  
be sold by Public Auction at or near  
Crane's Corner in the Parish of Sackville  
in the County of Westmorland on Satur-  
day the 20th day of May next at the hour  
of two o'clock in the afternoon in order  
to satisfy the principal money and interest  
due on a certain mortgage bearing  
date the fifteenth day of July 1890 and  
made by Philip M. Casey then or former-  
ly of Abouhughan in said County of  
Westmorland in said County of  
Sackville is duly recorded in the West-  
morland County records by the No.  
56617, folio 621 libro 3 of said records  
default having been made in the pay-  
ment of the principal money and interest  
thereby secured, and in order to obtain  
payment thereof the following goods and  
premises mentioned and contained in  
said Indenture of Mortgage viz:—All  
that certain piece or parcel of land sit-  
uated at Abouhughan aforesaid and bound-  
ed Southerly by lands in the occupation  
of Moses Casey and on which he now  
resides, Easterly by lands of George  
Kinney, Northerly by lands of Thomas  
Tadde Godet and Westerly by the road  
from Shediac to Sackville and contain-  
ing fifty acres more or less. Said lot be-  
ing this day conveyed to said Philip M.  
Casey by deed from William Pauls to  
said Philip M. Casey and his heirs and  
assigns and said premises belonging or  
in any way appertaining.  
Dated this 20th day of March A. D.  
1894.  
JOSIAH WOOD,  
March 22, '94. 2m. Mortgagee.

English Spain Liniment removes all  
all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and  
Blisters from Horns, Blood Spavens,  
Curbs, Splints, Ring Bones, Sweeney,  
Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat,  
Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one  
bottle. Warranted the most wonder-  
ful Blisters Cure ever known. Sold by  
A. Dixon.

### A Kiss in a Canoe.

The maiden sat in a light canoe,  
Adrift on a mountain lake;  
And a mad idea came wildly through  
The brain of her lover (who sat there too),  
That he in that self-same light canoe  
A stolen kiss would take.

Now, the maiden sat there, unaware  
Of the plot that he had hatched;  
And the mountain breezes played with  
her hair,  
And fanned her cheek and her brow so fair  
As she sat there still, quite unaware  
Of the kiss soon to be snatched.

Then the lover waited a good chance  
To capture the longest of kisses,  
When, watching the winking wavelets  
dance,  
She turned her head with a quick  
glance,  
And leaning back she gave him a chance  
That was really too good to miss.

So he bent to meet her, and tried to steal  
The kiss that he turned to get;  
But he bent so quick in his ardent zeal,  
That the crafty plot like a whirling wheel  
And he missed his kiss that he tried to  
steal,  
And they both got very wet.

### In Deep Water.

SOMETHING struck the Vicar in  
his daughter's appearance that  
day. He was a grim man, and gen-  
erally he remarked little that did not  
concern his work. Her eyes sparkled,  
and she was full of some mystery.  
He was reminded of her childish days,  
when she used to prepare "surprises,"  
and he thought at the moment that  
after all she was not much changed  
by lengthening her frocks and twist-  
ing her hair up.

Then he retreated once more to him-  
self. She had no remarkable beauty  
from any classical point of view. Her  
features were not regular, and an an-  
alysis of her claim to even prettiness  
would have shown it to be slender.  
Yet Sybil North was pretty, and she  
had that nameless charm that is more  
potent than perfection. Her mouth  
was good, and so were her teeth, and  
she was always laughing you saw  
them well and knew how white and  
even they were. Her eyes were not  
large, nor was their color in any way  
noticeable; but they danced with mis-  
chievous merriment. Her hair was  
brown and curly. It was long, too,  
and she was very proud of it.

She had the happy temperament that  
is not ruffled by the thousand and one  
small worries of life. She was not  
sparing any of these, I suppose; but  
she rode buoyantly over them like a  
craft so light that the waves carry  
her safely above the rocks against which  
a heavier vessel would be broken. She  
was splendidly healthy, and this per-  
haps made it easy to be light-hearted.

Mr. North was a widower with a  
family of six, of whom Sybil was the  
eldest. She kept the house for him,  
and she helped the governess with the  
children's lessons. She played cricket  
with the boys in the field behind the  
house in the holidays. She mended  
stockings, she patched youthful knees,  
she knitted and she read to her father.  
She had always a lap or a bosom to  
be cried on by the six yearlings, and  
the five-year-old little sister, and she  
could comfort either and turn tears  
into smiles. She packed for the broth-  
ers when they went to school, and she  
had a cake somewhere among their home-  
sickness.

Mr. North was a silent man who  
had given himself up to books. He  
was short in his manner, and his  
children regarded him with awe. Sybil  
was looked upon as mediator, but  
mediation was little necessary, since  
all authority was vested in her  
self and the governess. To Sybil only  
did he show the warmer side of his  
nature. He liked to have her with  
him; her voice soothed him when she  
read to him. He put into her willing  
hands much that was precious — and  
tedious, too — of his work, and she  
copied for him, and made copious ex-  
tracts. He seldom praised her in  
words. It was not his way.

"I should like a picture of you," he  
said one day, suddenly.

Sybil looked up in surprise.

"A picture, father?"

He was silent for a few moments.

"Well, a photograph," he said pre-  
sently, and speaking slowly. "As a  
family this has been neglected. Your  
mother died and I have no likeness of  
her."

He said nothing more, and the sub-  
ject dropped. Sybil went on with  
her work of correcting proofs. A  
smile curved the corners of her mouth  
and her eyes kindled. Her thoughts  
wandered.

From the study window she could  
see the waves beating on the shore.  
The vicarage stood on the Cornish  
coast. It was on the outskirts of a  
fishing village, and four miles from a  
town. The smell of the sea and the  
taste of the brine were in the air,  
when presently Sybil put down her  
work and went out.

William North opened the window  
and looked after her. He noted, too,  
the smell of the sea. The air seemed  
full of spray, and the waves broke  
themselves on the shore with resist-  
ance. It was on the next day that  
Sybil wore her air of mystery. Mr.  
North's birthday was approaching,  
and the children were getting up a  
play. Instinctively he connected with  
this her sparkling eyes, that seemed of  
themselves to be chucking over some-  
thing, and a mysterious visit to the  
town. He remembered afterward her  
look upon that day.

The play progressed. William North  
unbent somewhat and quizzed the  
children as to the surprise they were  
getting up for him.

"But Sybil's got a real surprise,"  
said Maly, the youngest girl, blurt-  
ing out in an access of affectionate  
confidence part of the secret of her  
sister.

"Hush! said Sybil.

"You little blab! cried the boys.  
"One can't tell you anything!"

"The mysterious visit to the town,"  
said Mr. North.

"Be quiet, father, you're not to  
know," said Sybil. "Maly, I told you  
not to say a word about it."

"Yes, Maly said, 'You little blab!'  
cried one of the boys.

"You little tale-tale," said the other  
and Maly subsided into tears in Sybil's  
lap.

Mr. North watched her as she soothed  
the little thing's distress. How  
gentle she was.

"Oh, my girl!" he said to himself  
suddenly. Her goodness seemed re-  
vealed to him in that moment.

"There's a spring tide to-night," said  
Arthur. "Jack and I are going to To-  
ther's Point to see it. Old Tremlin  
says it will be one of the highest ever  
known, and there is a splendid sea on  
already."

The young children clamored to be  
allowed to go.

"No," said Sybil; "you, Willy and  
Maly must stay with me. Tether's  
Point is too far for you to walk; be-  
sides it is too far. Maly, be good,  
and stay in bed. Elsie, you can go with  
them if you like, but you must put on  
your strong boots, and tell nurse to tie  
my woolen scarf across your chest."

Willy and Maly began to protest.  
Mr. North returned to his severe  
manner, and silenced them.

"Sybil says no, and that is enough,"  
he said. "Not another word."

"I think they might come down to  
the beach, sir," said Sybil, seeing their  
disappointment. "It is only Tether's  
Point that is too far. Maly, be good,  
and stay in bed. Elsie, you can go with  
them if you like, but you must put on  
your strong boots, and tell nurse to tie  
my woolen scarf across your chest."

"But Sybil meant to go to Tether's  
Point that is too far. Maly, be good,  
and stay in bed. Elsie, you can go with  
them if you like, but you must put on  
your strong boots, and tell nurse to tie  
my woolen scarf across your chest."

"I can see them just as well on the  
shore here," said Sybil.

"Why should you sacrifice yourself  
to these children?" said Mr. North,  
testily. "Why can't their governess take  
them?"

"She is lying down with a headache  
and she has a cold," said Sybil. "I  
send one of the other servants out to-  
night. Besides, I like to go with the  
children."

"Well, just as you like," said Mr.  
North, crossly. He went to his study.  
The wind was always laughing you saw  
them well and knew how white and  
even they were. Her eyes were not  
large, nor was their color in any way  
noticeable; but they danced with mis-  
chievous merriment. Her hair was  
brown and curly. It was long, too,  
and she was very proud of it.

He dipped his pen in the ink and looked  
at the ruled paper before him. He  
dipped his pen in the ink again, and  
yet again. He wrote a sentence, read  
it over, altered a word, and finally  
cancelled the whole with a line. Then  
he began once more. The house shook  
in the fierceness of the gale. A draught  
came from the chimney.

Later on he heard the boys and  
Elsie starting. He heard their boots  
in the hall, and Elsie's "strong pair"  
that made his house shake.

North smiled drily as he heard Elsie  
retort that they had been Arthur's be-  
fore they were hers, and that they  
would be still only that they had  
ceased to fit him.

"And I'm not surprised," she added,  
"though they're miles to big for me."  
The door slammed on the angry wind.  
Then he heard the patter of Maly  
and Willy and their excited voices  
calling for Sybil.

"Coming, coming, coming!" sounded  
in her voice from upstairs. He heard  
her bounding lightly down, with a  
jump at the last step. Then he  
struck him that he had spoken crossly  
to her — even though it had been on  
her own behalf — and as she passed the  
study door he called her.

"What is it, father?"

"Nothing. I want to kiss you, that's  
all."

"Dear old father,"

"I am a bear sometimes,"

"Never, father. Never a bear to me,"

"Sybil."

"Yes, dear."

"Do the children love me?"

"Yes, father. You are a little sharp  
with them sometimes."

"She laid her face against his."

"Try to be gentle with them. They  
are children. They don't under-  
stand."

"How good you are, Sybil!"

After that he moved as if he  
would go on with his work. The  
children had opened the hall door and  
they had admitted the four winds of  
heaven.

"Now I must be off," she said.

He never knew what impulse moved  
him, but he followed her to the  
door, and there he kissed her again.

When he went back to his writing  
table there were tears in his eyes.

Half an hour passed. It was filled  
in the study by the sound of the  
scratching of a pen. The vicar wrote  
that night a sermon that he never  
preached. The text was taken from  
the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs  
and the twentieth verse.

"Many daughters have done virtu-  
ously, but thou excellest them all,"  
he heard the children come in and  
be called to them.

"Where is your sister, dear?" he asked  
of Maly.

"She went up in because it was time  
for us to go to bed and she was tired  
because she wanted to see the sea."

"And, oh, the sea's so rough!" said  
Willy, "and there are great, big, enor-  
mous waves as big as — oh, ever so  
big! And Maly's hat nearly blew  
away, and our coats are quite wet."

"Go and take them off, then, my  
boys. Good night, little man. Good  
night, Maly. Run along."

Sybil stood on the beach and watch-  
ed the dark shadows of the night  
around her by the gate, and her hair  
had been blown loose and was slapp-  
ing her face and flapping like ribbon.  
Every wave seemed to dig into the  
shore as it broke with the noise of a  
thousand guns, and then rushed up  
the sloping shingle. It tore the  
stones back with a grinding sound in  
its receding. Spray stood in drops  
on Sybil's face and on the up of her  
rough coat. Foam lay like snow in a  
long line that was washed higher  
and higher. How the wind roared  
and how the sea thundered. Sybil  
breathed a prayer for all who were at  
the mercy of the waters. What a  
free and superb curve was that of a  
breaking wave. There must be for a  
moment a hollow, she thought, under  
each as the hollow under the falls of  
Niagara, where you can stand un-  
wet in the heart of the cataract.

In the wild evening the glamour of  
the storm took possession of her.  
She was buffeted by the wind and  
wet by the spray till it seemed to her  
that the tempest woke a kindred  
spirit within her. She would like to  
dash into those angry waves and help  
in the havoc of the night. How rap-  
turous to be a mermaid, to dive  
through those monstrous breakers, to  
ride upon the crest of them, to throw  
yourself backward thence without  
stretching a muscle, to tumble and  
dance till you churned them to  
foam.

She stood looking at the sea with a  
further fascination that made her  
heedless of all but her fancies. Then  
her heart stood still. A black moun-  
tain was advancing toward her. Had  
the whole sea leaped itself to one stu-  
pendous wave!

There was the noise of the crushing  
of a world.

In his study the vicar looked up  
from his sermon.

"What was that?" he asked aloud.  
There was silence in the house and  
then a screaming. The women rushed  
from their quarters.

"The water's coming up the garden,"  
the maid who spoke was white to  
the lips. Mr. North went to the door  
and looked out. There was a sea in the  
garden that had never been heard  
before. It was the rushing  
back of the water. It flowed down  
in a flat sheet to the basin of the  
sea.

"A tidal wave," said the vicar, "it  
will not occur again."

"I thought it was the end of the  
world," said the nurse. "It's a mercy  
the children were in. But where's  
the boys and Miss Elsie?"

"Sybil!" he said. "Sybil! Where is  
Sybil? My God, don't tell me she  
isn't with you!"

The servants looked at each other  
in black fright. No one had seen  
her. No one had heard her come in.

"Can't you answer?" said the vicar,  
turning to them with such a frenzied  
look as not one of them will ever for-  
get. They shrunk back. The nurse  
began to sob.

Mr. North ran down the garden,  
splashing through the water that had  
been left in pools upon the grass.  
The sea had fallen back to its accus-  
tomed place. There was nothing on  
the beach but high up the line of the  
yellow foam. The vicar ran hither  
and thither on the shore. He seemed  
bereft of his senses. The women fol-  
lowed him, keeping close together.

He stopped and faced them.

"What shall I do?" he said helplessly.  
"Where are the boys and Elsie?"  
asked the nurse.

"Tether's Point. They are safe.  
But Sybil! Oh, dear God, Sybil,  
Sybil!"

He began to sob. His knees shook.  
He wore no hat, and his gray hair  
was blown about by the wind. His long  
coat flapped around him. Some of  
his parishioners gathered on the shore.  
The servants ran to them. Old Tre-  
mlin said no boat could put out in  
such a sea, and if she could, what  
good?

"But, Miss Sybil," he said, "it  
can't be true. The Lord wouldn't let  
it happen."

The night was spent in search.  
Parties were quickly organized and set  
out in both directions. From Tether's  
Point came the boys and Elsie.

"It was up up within foot of  
us. Did you all come out to see it?"

"Was Sybil with you? Have you  
seen Sybil?"

"They had not. With white faces  
they joined in the search. The pit-  
iless sea fell back road by road,  
and with the dawn the wind dropped.

The vicar, a stricken man, raised  
his lined face to heaven.

"Thy way is in the sea," he said,  
"Thy path in great waters, and again:  
Hitherto shalt thou come, but no  
further, said the Lord, thy power  
shall be stayed. Is it true, O Lord!  
Is it true?"

It was many days before there was  
any morning at daybreak upon the  
beach that which had once been Sybil.  
It lay still in the gray light, and the  
ripples washed to and fro gently  
the hair that looked like seaweed. Then  
the water fell. They had done their  
worst, and they gave back their play-  
thing to the earth.

The post brought a little packet to  
the vicar on his birthday. He opened  
it without interest. But it held  
Sybil's photograph.

The Revolution.

Of medical agents is gradually relegating  
the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and  
vegetable extracts to the rear and bring-  
ing into general use the potent, effective  
and liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get  
the true remedy see that it is manufactured  
by the California Syrup Co. only. For  
all leading druggists.

Our New Laws.

To which the Lieutenant Governor gave his  
assent on Saturday.

To authorize University Mount Allison College  
to issue debentures to crown lands.

An act further to amend the law relating to  
the incorporation of municipalities.

An act to incorporate the New Brunswick  
Railway Company.

An act to incorporate the New Brunswick  
Electric Railway Company.

An act to amend an act respecting the use of  
land by municipalities.

An act to provide for the repair and improve-  
ment of roads and bridges, and other public  
works and services.

An act to provide for the defraying of certain  
expenses of the civil government of the province.

An act respecting the use of mechanics, laborers  
and others.

An act to amend an act respecting the use of  
land by municipalities.

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### All Sorts.

THE SPORTIVE TRON.  
Now darts about,  
In search of food which it requires,  
And on the bank,  
Are gathered round it,  
And ungenerous, reckless liars.  
Remove boils, pimples, and skin eruptions,  
by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Wits — "What makes you so sure old  
Skinner has no skeleton in his family  
closet?"

Watts — "Because if he had, he'd have  
sold it long ago. 'Skeletons are worth  
anywhere from \$5 up."

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray hair to  
its original color, makes it vigorous and  
abundant.

Mrs. Jack — "What's the difference  
between a pillar of salt and a mighty  
hard time?"

Mr. Jack — "Give it up; what is it?"

Mrs. Jack — "One of the wife's, and  
the other a wife's lot."

The best of all spring medicines is a  
course of Hawker's liver pills and Hawker's  
nerve and stomach tonic.

An old Scotch lady, who had no relief  
from modern church music, was express-  
ing her dislike on the singing of an  
anthem in her own church one day,  
when a neighbor said — "Why, that is a  
very old anthem. David sang that  
anthem to Saul. To this the old lady  
replied — "Well, well, I too for the first  
time understand" why Saul threw his  
armor at David when the lad sang for him.

Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is all  
that its name signifies and more. It is a  
good blood and flesh builder, restores  
healthy digestion and renovates the whole  
system.

The young lady at the piano was play-  
ing a difficult selection from Wagner.  
In the midst of it she suddenly stopped  
in confusion.

"What is the matter?" enquired one of  
the company.

"I struck a false note," she replied.

"Well, what of that?" said another.  
"Nobody but Wagner would ever know  
it, and he's dead. Go ahead with the  
music."

And she went ahead.

If you want a reliable dye that will color  
an even brown or black, and will please  
and satisfy you every time use Bucking-  
ham's dye for the Whiskers.

"She called him the star of her exist-  
ence before they were married, but now  
she's changed it to moon." "Makes  
the light dark side of her life, eh?"  
"None; is from one-quarter to entirely  
full three quarters of her time."

Mr. Henry Thackeray, Secretary Y. M.  
C. A. Halifax, says: "I have used Pater-  
noster's Emulsion for simple and obstinate  
cough and general debility. In every case  
it has given me the most satisfactory re-  
sults as a family medicine."

Philosopher — It is a little singular  
that nearly all of these anarchists are  
men of some education. Not one is  
really ignorant. All went to school.

Small boy — I guess mebbe they learned  
to make bombs so to throw them at the  
ment vot wrote the "rithmics."

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS. — Dressing  
Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in  
six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN  
KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy  
is a great surprise and delight or ac-  
cording to its exceeding promptness in re-  
lieving pain in the bladder, kidneys,  
back and every part of the urinary ap-  
paratus in male or female. It relieves re-  
tention of water and pain in passing it  
almost immediately. Sold by A. Dixon.

SKIN DISEASES are more or less directly  
occasioned by bad blood. B. B. B. cures  
the following Skin Diseases: Scabies, Ery-  
siples, Itching, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Scald  
Head, Eruptions, Pimples, Blisters, by re-  
moving all impurities from the blood from a  
common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous  
Sore.

She was a very little girl,  
Yet strong men fled in fright,  
Because, you see, that little girl,  
Was going to rectify.  
— Washington Star.

NORWAY PINK SYRUP cures coughs, colds,  
asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, sore throat  
and diseases of the throat and lungs. Price  
25 and 50c.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN 24 HOURS. — South  
American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism  
and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1  
to 3 days. Its action upon the system  
is remarkable and mysterious. It re-  
moves at once the cause and the disease  
immediately disappears. The first dose  
greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by A.  
Dixon.

HAVING SUFFERED TWENTY YEARS with  
constipation, and the doctor not having  
helped me, I concluded to try Burdock  
Blood Purifier, and before I used one bottle  
I was cured. I can also recommend it for  
sick headache.

CHANGE OF SEASONS.  
The budding forth of plant life as spring  
advances reminds one forcibly of the changes  
that are constantly going on in nature.  
Nor is man exempt from this change of the  
seasons, for with the spring, comes either  
renewed strength and vigor, or a feeling of  
lassitude and a generally enervating con-  
dition. — If you have that tired exhausted  
feeling you require a course of Hawker's  
nerve and stomach tonic, the greatest in-  
vigorator, blood builder, appetizer and  
restorative tonic of the age. All druggists  
sell it.

Mrs. Parker's Statement.

An English Lady Interviewed Her re-  
marks will interest Canadians.

Mrs. Parker, an English Lady, living in St.  
Clemens, near Southampton, England, recently  
replied to the last not been as well for some  
years as her husband, and she had been a course of  
Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, and Hawker's  
liver pills. Mrs. Parker had been a great sufferer  
from indigestion and indigestion, complicated with  
headache, and what the doctors termed heart  
trouble. Every remedy that she had tried had  
failed, and she was in a state of great distress,  
and her condition became so serious it was thought  
the only chance for her restoration to health was  
a change of climate. She could not sit down at night,  
but had to be held up in a sitting posture, and  
she could only breathe with difficulty. But after  
taking six bottles of Hawker's nerve and stomach  
tonic in conjunction with Hawker's liver pills, she  
was completely restored to health. Her symptoms  
will be recognized at once by the means of suffering  
in whose case they are present in perhaps a milder  
form, and to them also Hawker's nerve and stom-  
ach