

# S. B. FOSTER & SON

MANUFACTURERS OF

Wire Nails, Wire Brads,

STEEL AND IRON-OUT NAILS.

And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS,

SHOE-NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS etc.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Railways, &c.

N. B. & P. E. I. Railway.

893-WINTER ARRANGEMENT-1894

EFFECT MONDAY, SEPT. 11, 1893.

Train Run by Eastern Standard Time.

On and after Monday, Sept. 11th 1893,

Trains will run as follows:

Leave Sackville daily (Sundays excepted)

at 12.15 P. M. Arriving at Cape Tormentine at 2.55.

Returning, will leave Cape Tormentine at 3.15

and arrive at Sackville at 5.40, connecting with Evening Express Trains

both East and West.

Every Monday Morning a Special Passenger Train will leave Sackville for Cape Tormentine.

Returning, will leave Cape Tormentine at 7 A. M.

All Freight for the Eastward, to insure being taken on day of delivery, must be at Sackville Station or Wood's Sidling before 11 o'clock A. M.

JOSIAH WOOD, President.

Sackville, Sept. 11th, 1893.

## \$1000.00 REWARD.

offered for any Sewing Machine that will best the

Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine

I am bound to sell the best. Also in

PIANOS, ORGANS, VIOLINS, ACCORDIONS, MOUTHORGANS

Needles and parts for all kinds of Sewing Machines. Great Bargains for one month

C. E. FREEMAN, Amherst, N. S. Oct. 2nd 1893

## The St. John Bolt and Nut Comp'y.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Track Bolts, Car Bolts,

Machine Bolts, Bridge Bolts, Split Shoe Bolts,

Turnbolts, Lagbolts, Fishplates, Washers, Carriage Bolts, Split Bolts, Washers.

Hot Poured and Pressed Square and Hexagon Nuts.

ALL KINDS OF

Railway, Mining and Builders Supplies.

Factory ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Oct. 1st

## S. B. ANDRES,

carle, Freestone & Granite Works

AMHERST, N. S.

Hand, a Choice Lot of Monuments, Tablets and Head-Stones of New and Elegant Design.

The subscriber has taken pains in the selection of the best Quality of Stone for Durability and Fineness of Texture, and is prepared to attend to orders to the satisfaction of all who may favor him with their patronage.

Designs furnished on application free of charge

S. B. ANDRES.

## H. J. McGrath & Co.,

DORCHESTER

Marble & Granite Works

The Subscriber begs to notify his old patrons and the public generally that he has re-opened his monument works at the old stand.

Red and Gray Granites a Specialty.

All kinds of Cemetery work executed in the best style, and at prices to suit the times.

Dorchester, May 5th 1892. 1

## BOOK STORE!

I have a few lines of Good

WALL PAPERS

that I will sell at LESS THAN COST TO CLOSE OUT.

A few CURTAIN POLES and TRIMMINGS

Will be sold Very Low to close.

Specially low prices in PAPER and ENVELOPES by the box and ream.

PAPERIES and fancy at cost. GOOD NOVELS at half price.

Bibles, Hymnals, Albums and Fancy Goods as usual.

CHAS. MOORE.

## FOR SALE!

THE PROPERTY and premises formerly belonging to the late Capt. Eliza Towse situate in Sackville. The property consists of about

4 ACRES OF LAND,

which is a good

HOUSE & SUBSTANTIAL BARN.

Half of the purchase money can remain on mortgage at purchaser's desire.

For further particulars apply to

MISS HATTIE TOWSE,

or to A. W. DEWEY,

Sackville, N. B., August 3rd, 1893.

## PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of Jeremiah Hennessy, late of Sackville in the County of Westmorland, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned to whom letters of administration have been granted by the Probate Court of said County of Westmorland, and any persons having any claims against the said estate are requested to file the same duly attested with either of the undersigned administrators within three months from the date hereof.

Dated at Sackville this 21st day of August, A. D. 1893.

ADAM HENNESSY, Administrator of the Estate of Jeremiah Hennessy, deceased.

FRANK J. SWENNEY, Administrator of the Estate of Jeremiah Hennessy, deceased.

August 18th

# Chignecto Post.

Reserve Success and you shall Command it.

VOL. 24.-NO. 17.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1893.

WHOLE NO. 1,224

## THE CHIGNECTO POST.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

AT

\$1.50 per Annum; or \$1.00 in Advance

PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS

PROMPTLY EXECUTED LOWEST RATES

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L. R. C. P., London.

OFFICE over Drug Store. RESIDENCE in Geo. T. Bowser's house on York St. opposite Ladies' College. Telephone at residence.

Special attention given to testing of eyes for glasses.

O. J. McCULLY, M. D.

Membr. Roy. Col. Surgeons, London.

Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

MONCTON, N. B. Jan. 21-17

DR. E. T. GAUDET, Physician and Surgeon.

Office: Opposite St. Joseph's College, MEMRAMCOOK, N. B.

Special attention given to Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

DR. J. W. SANCSTER DENTIST.

MAIN ST., SACKVILLE.

Aug. 14th, 1892.

Business Cards.

C. D. TRUEMAN,

Produce and Commission Merchant,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Provisions, Groceries & General Merchandise.

Prompt Returns on Consigned Goods.

No. 2 South Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.

J. A. SIMPSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER

PORT ELGIN.

GOODS SOLD ON COMMISSION.

July 23.

JAMES CURRIE,

AMHERST, Nova Scotia,

General Agent for the

"NEW WILLIAMS" SEWING MACHINES

Also Pianos and Organs.

Machine Needles, Oil, and Parts, always on hand.

June 26 17

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, Blanketing, Shirtings, Etc.

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

Custom Carding done as usual.

June 23rd, 1892.

MT. ALLISON ACADEMY

Commercial College

SACKVILLE, N. B.

will reopen Aug. 31st. For calendar with full information apply to

C. W. HARRISON, PRINCIPAL.

House Painting!

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

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING,

Papering, Kalsomining, Whitewashing, usually equaled during the spring season

JOHN FORD, Sackville, 6 Mar. 24, '92.

Kickapoo Indian Sagwa

" Cough Cure

" Indian Oil.

" "Salve

" Worm Killer.

FOR SALE BY

M. MURRAY.

Port Elgin, Feb. 23, 1893.

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Adam Copp of Bristol in the County of Westmorland, merchant, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned to whom letters of administration have been granted by the Probate Court of said County of Westmorland, and any persons having any claims against the said estate are requested to file the same duly attested with either of the undersigned administrators within three months from the date hereof.

Dated this eleventh day of October, A. D. 1893.

SARAH J. COPE, Administrator of the Estate of Adam Copp, deceased.

ASBESTH & OULTON, Administrators of the Estate of Adam Copp, deceased.

August 18th

## Legal.

B. B. TEED, M. A.

BARRISTER, NOTARY ETC.

Office Opp. Allison Block, SACKVILLE, N. B.

CHARLES R. SMITH,

Barrister, Notary Public, &c.,

AMHERST, N. S.

A. D. RICHARD, LL. B.,

Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, &c.,

DORCHESTER, N. B.

Special attention given to the collection of accounts in all parts of the United States and Canada.

POWELL & BENNETT,

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.,

SACKVILLE, N. B.

H. A. POWELL. A. W. BENNETT.

CHANDLER & ROBINSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.

W. B. CHANDLER. C. W. ROBINSON.

OFFICE: Main St., Moncton, N. B., front of Church St.

W. F. CAMPBELL, B. E.

B. S. C.

CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER.

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES.

Address-DORCHESTER.

aug 29 89 REFERENCES.

WELLS & WELCH,

Barristers and Solicitors,

Moncton, N. B.

Special attention given to collection of debts and settlement of estates. Mr. Wells will be present permanently at Moncton, but will be at his office in Sackville on Monday of each week, where a reliable correspondent will be in attendance.

W. WILKINSON WELLS, Q. C. DAVID I. WELCH.

A. L. ROBINSON, A. M., LL. B. MCGRATH.

Robinson & McGrath,

Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries,

Conveyancers and Solicitors, Collections and all kinds of Legal Business.

Promptly attended to.

Main St., Moncton, and Melrose, Bedford.

Mr. Swenney will be at the Melrose branch on Saturday and Monday of each week for the transaction of business.

July 28, 17

LOGAN & CASEY

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

Office: Black's Stone Block, AMHERST, N. S.

Special attention given to the collection of debts.

dec 8 17

Business Cards.

ROBERT BELL,

Licensed Auctioneer,

SACKVILLE, N. B.

ARTHUR W. DIXON,

Licensed Auctioneer,

Sackville, N. B.

GOODS SOLD ON COMMISSION.

Money to Loan.

THE undersigned are prepared to loan Money on good security at reasonable rates.

POWELL & BENNETT, Sackville, July 15, 1893.

G. L. MOSS,

PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

Main St., Amherst, N. S.

Dealer in and repairer of Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware, Specimens of all kinds.

C. WARMUNDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

OPP. BRUNSWICK HOUSE.

DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

Repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewellery neatly done.

Sackville, Aug 20th, 1892.

## "August Flower"

What is it for?

It is a remedy for the

menstrual troubles of

girls and women.

It is a remedy for the

menstrual troubles of

girls and women.

It is a remedy for the

menstrual troubles of

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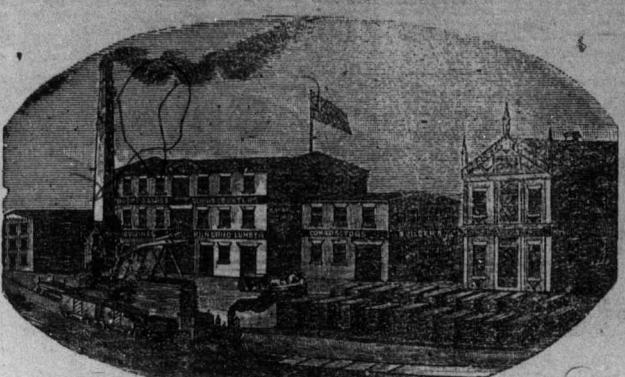






# RHODES, CURRY & Co.

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.

## PURE COFFEE.



CHASE & SANBORN,  
BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

## WANTED PILING. NOTICE OF SALE.

PULPWOOD, KILNWOOD, SPARS,  
STAGE POLES AND  
PIT PROPS

delivered at any safe shipping point,  
according to results of thirteen feet  
The advertiser is prepared to make con-  
tract for any of the above. Cash on  
completion of contract. Advances made on  
reasonable parties.

S. LESLIE CHAPMAN,  
DORCHESTER, N. B.  
Feb. 2nd, 1893.

## CAUTION

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.  
None Other Genuine.

21st, 192.

New Brunswick  
Registration Act.  
WESTMORELAND COUNTY.

To Parents Physicians and others  
whom it may concern.—Please take  
notice of the following section of said  
act.

Sec. 22.—If any householder, head of a  
family, clergyman, physician, or other  
person or persons required by this Act  
to report births, marriages and deaths,  
refuses or wilfully neglects to do so with-  
in the time named (one year) such per-  
son shall for each and every offence  
be liable to a fine of not less than one  
dollar nor more than twenty dollars and  
costs, in the discretion of the presiding  
Justice before whom the case is heard;  
and it shall be the duty of the Division  
Registrar to prosecute all such persons  
who neglect or refuse to make the re-  
quired reports. Blank schedules and  
stamp on envelopes are supplied free of  
charge on application to the undersigned.  
Such reports pass through the mails  
free and for Westmoreland County should  
be forwarded without delay to  
F. A. McCULLY,  
Div. Registrar,  
Moncton.



POWELL & BENNETT,  
Solicitors for Alice Freeman  
Executrix and William Freeman  
her husband.

Dunkness—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 cof-  
fee, without the knowledge of the per-  
son taking it, effecting a speedy and  
permanent cure, whether the patient is  
moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck.  
Thousands of drunkards have been cured  
by their own free will. No harmful effects  
have taken the Golden Specific in their  
coffee without their knowledge and to-day  
believe they quit drinking of their  
own free will. No harmful effects result  
from its administration. Cures guaran-  
teed. Send for circular and full  
particulars. Address in confidence  
GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 187 Race Street  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

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incurred. Address in confidence to  
M. J. & Co., 20 Broadway, New York City.

## FIDGETY NAN.

A queer old wife was Fidgety Nan,  
A fanny old wife was she,  
A wondrous wife for a sailor man,  
As the sailor man told me,  
He never could make her understand  
When a storm raged fiercely on the land,  
It might not rage at sea.  
She hung in a dangle, dangerous place,  
Where the wind could sweep it free,  
The old brass kettle had served her race  
Full well for a century.  
And whenever a terrible storm took  
place,  
She hurriedly climbed the tree:  
"I thank the powers that gave me grace,  
For saving in this kettle," said she;  
"For how could I stay in a safer place  
And my man in peril be?"  
But the funniest fact of this curious  
case,  
As the sailor man told me,  
Was when she swung in that dangerous  
place  
It was dead calm at sea.  
—October St. Nicholas.

## A MEAN TRICK.

He had often tried to propose to  
her, but she was such a very flip-  
pant young person that he found it her-  
culean to reduce her to a sufficiently  
serious frame of mind. Then, too, he  
was by no means certain as to her  
feelings towards him. Some definite  
assurance either way would, he  
felt, have been grateful, although it is  
safe to affirm that had such assur-  
ance been unfavorable to his hopes he  
would none the less have been anxious  
for further information.

However, he was denied the satis-  
faction of even well grounded suspi-  
cion. She had such a baffling sort  
of manner. Never had he been able  
to surprise her into an admission of  
anything, however trifling, which  
might be taken as an indication that  
he aroused within her emotions of any  
kind whatever. It was certainly  
very difficult to know what to do.

Many times had he almost taken  
advantage of a momentary silence on  
her part. Times without number had  
he nearly clasped her in his arms as  
she pinnotted past him, but she was  
too quick for him. The boldest ef-  
fort on his part had been made, one  
evening after he had brought a friend  
to call upon her. Minna, Bob and  
the friend had all sat in the kitchen  
and pulled taut. Next evening Bob  
said sheepishly:

"Do you know, Minna, what Ikey  
was telling me last night?"  
"How could I know without you  
told me?" returned Minna with spirit.  
She was turning dishes, and she  
clattered them in the pan.  
"He was asking me if I was going  
to marry you."

"And what did you tell him?"  
"Told him I didn't know."  
"That was right," said Minna, swirl-  
ing the dishcloth around.  
"And he—he said I was a durned  
fool if I didn't."

Minna went off into peals of laugh-  
ter. Then she sobered up.  
"Didn't what?"  
"Didn't marry you."  
"So you would be—if you got the  
chance?" was the prompt reply.  
"That's what I told him—if I got  
the chance, but I can't get the  
chance," she said.

"What right had you to tell him  
you couldn't get the chance?"  
"Cause you ain't ever given it to  
me."  
"No, an I never will," returned  
Minna with emphasis.  
"Well, I thought," said Bob dis-  
mally. "Guess I'll better go."

"Guess you had," remarked his host-  
ess hospitably. As she spoke she  
wiped out the dishpan and hung it up  
on a nail behind. "If I was you, I'd  
learn a few things before I came  
courtin'."

"But you're a big right cleverer  
me," answered Bob meekly.  
"That's so," said Minna laconically  
as Bob passed dejectedly out of the  
kitchen door.

On thinking over the interview on  
the way home, Bob thought that the  
whole he had not made much  
progress.  
A few days later hope returned,  
bright eye and smiling, and Bob  
determined to make another attempt  
to secure the elusive Minna. In the  
soft dusk of the early summer even-  
ing he went thoughtfully across the  
field towards her father's cottage, now  
softened of its daytime angularities and  
to Bob's imagination nestling  
coquishly in the trees.

"House ain't much like Minna," he  
reflected sadly. "What I could think on  
some way to catch her."  
As he walked, crushing down the  
moist grass, he revolved a dozen  
schemes in his mind, all of which had  
sooner or later to be dismissed as im-  
practicable in view of the uncertain  
nature of the damsel in question. If  
he could only be sure of how Minna  
would take anything, but he never  
could be. She was as wayward as the  
summer breeze.

Suddenly, in the midst of his  
pondering, an idea came to him—a  
heaven sent inspiration, so beautiful,  
so clever, that the cunning little girl  
himself must have been hiding in a  
bluebell along his path. Bob gave an  
emphatic clap to his leg, and the  
listening Cupid might have heard a  
short chuckle, followed by a delighted  
exclamation.  
"Goah! But that'll do it!" as the  
wicker sped along his path. Minna  
herself met Bob at the door and gave  
him a chair outside under a fragrant  
honeysuckle. She sat down near him  
on the doorstep and leaned her head  
against the casement. She looked  
very pretty, her black eyes darkening  
the lids and her face pale in the  
dusky twilight, her hair curling in  
most little ends around her small  
face. Bob looked at her, and he re-  
membered a certain Thomas Anderson,  
who reported that he had loitered be-  
neath the honeysuckle for the last few nights,  
and brought back his oozing courage.  
"They was talkin about you last  
night down at the pump," he remark-  
ed, with assumed cheerfulness.  
"Talkin about me?" said Minna  
angrily. "How dared they?"  
"Oh, Lord!" gasped Bob to himself.  
"If she gets mad before I begin!"  
They was sayin—sayin—  
"Well, sharply, 'what was they  
sayin'?"  
"They was sayin how as you'd never  
marry any one—you was that uncer-  
tainlike and flightylike."

"Who said that?" said Minna, turn-  
ing wrathful eyes upon him.  
"I don't exactly remember," said  
Bob.

"Most likely yourself," disdainfully.  
Bob could not truthfully disown  
the remark, as he had made it fre-  
quently, in confidence to his near  
companions in the village. So, after  
this unexpected home thrust, he re-  
mained uncomfortably silent.

Minna pursued her advantage.  
"Nice doings them, fur a man?" she  
went on contemptuously. "Talking  
about girls when they can't talk back  
for themselves?"  
If the reported conversation had  
not been wholly imaginary, Bob  
would have been stricken with re-  
morse. As it was, however, although  
inwardly trembling, he saw an open-  
ing and took it.

"But I spoke back for you, Minna,  
I did!"  
"Oh, you did, did you?" was the  
discouraging comment. "Since it was  
you said the worst, seems to me it  
was all you could do."

"They said I was a fool," said Bob  
continuously, with feigning courage.  
"They said as how I needn't be hang-  
ing around here, fur y'd alius scorn  
me till the judgment and not marry  
me at all!"

"There was some truth in their  
remarks," remarked Minna snubbingly.  
"But there's wiser nor that," he  
said, with well forced gloominess. "I  
said as how I knowed you would  
marry me!"

"You made you so wise?" interrupted  
Minna sarcastically.  
"An man bet me you wouldn't  
an—aa—I bet him you would!"  
"Beast!" ejaculated the much in-  
censed Minna.

"An I bet a fearful lot, Minna.  
(Gosh)—I'm scared to think of it. If  
I got to give him all that money, the  
farm all have to go sure."

Minna looked frightened.  
"How much?" she asked faintly.  
"Wonder how much she'll stand!"  
Bob asked himself, perplexedly. Then  
he glanced at her tentatively.  
"I'm most afraid to tell you. It's  
—it's—gosh! Minna—it's \$100."

"Oh, my!" ejaculated Minna. "You  
never did!"  
"A hundred dollars!" repeated Bob  
shockingly, and overcome by the feel-  
ing he had aroused he buried his  
head in his hands. From this safe  
retreat he continued disjointed re-  
marks broken by emotion.

"Don't care for myself, (Sigh) I  
don't want to live any way, but the  
farm'll have to go sure, and poor  
mother and father. (Sob.)"  
"Oh, no, no," said Minna tearfully.  
"They're old now to start over  
agin' (a protracted sigh), but I kin  
work for 'em. I'll do it!" and Bob's  
shoulders shook with nobly suppress-  
ed emotion—"it all come hard to  
lose the place now—(sob)—after  
all these years."

"Oh, don't, don't, don't, Bob! I  
can't bear it!" gasped Minna, choking  
down the tears. "I—I—I!"  
Bob waited a moment. Then he  
went on:

"Poor sister can't go to school or  
gettin' rockin' herself in vice and  
in apparent deep grief, 'an there's no  
wood got for the winter'—here he  
wept aloud and seeing this Minna,  
too, wept aloud.

"Oh, Bob," she cried, "how could  
you—so!" and she burst again into  
tears.  
"Dunno, Minna," he said in a chok-  
ing voice, "but there ain't no help for  
it now. It's all got to go—farm and  
all."

"Never!" said Minna hysterically.  
"I won't let you!"  
"That's right to ask you," Bob said  
sadly and hypocritically. "You don't  
care nothing about me!"  
"I didn't afore," said Minna tearfully  
and shamefacedly, "but that was an  
awful lot of money to bet on me. I  
knew you'd be a fool, Bob, I do!"  
"An you will marry me!"  
She nodded.

"Thank you, Minna," Bob said  
murmuringly. "It's awfully good in  
you."

her, peeping over the top with  
solemn big eyes.

"Beast and the Beast!"  
"I read the title, and then took her  
treasure from her, wondering what  
on earth she could mean."  
"And the house and the gardens  
were always shut up quite tight. No  
one ever saw the poor Beast, because  
he was so ugly he would not come  
out. But was a very lonely and  
miserable, and all the time he was  
hoping that Beauty would come."

"That's it," cried the child delight-  
edly. "Does Beauty ever come?"  
"No, Beauty never came. It hurt  
her to look on me. She was so  
'sensitive,' you know."

I spoke very bitterly, but my new  
friend only smiled in reply.  
"That's all right," she said, comfort-  
ably.

"We don't want her, you and me.  
And now, I suppose it is time to have  
some cake, isn't it?"  
I blew the whistle for Martin, and  
enjoyed his utter amazement at the  
sight of my little visitor.

"It is little Miss Trent, one of the  
vicar's daughters."  
She then proposed clambering up  
on my couch, which was accordingly  
done.

Meanwhile she chattered on. Her  
name was Winifred; she was six  
years old; and the house was so full  
of beauty, and when the soft voice  
papa, and Jessie and Floss, and the  
boys, and the twins, and the baby.  
I revelled in her talk. That such life  
should be at a stone's throw from my  
own door seemed to bring me once again within the pale  
of humanity, and when the soft voice  
broke into little shrieks of laughter,  
as she told me how Jacky blacked  
the baby, and how Miss Rose had  
thought he was a nigger, her merri-  
ment grew so contagious that I too  
joined in the fun, and Martin return-  
ing stood agape at the sound of my  
laughter.

Martin lifted her off the couch,  
and then, without the slightest warn-  
ing, she stood on tiptoe, and kissed  
me good-by. "When you say your  
prayers to-night, you'll hold my  
kisses quite tightly," she said quaintly.

"Good-by, dear Beast!"  
"Good-by, dear Beauty," and Winifred  
was gone.  
Little Winifred Trent, or 'Beauty,'  
as I always called her, cherishing the  
pretty fancy that had first led her to  
me, came to me day by day through  
out these summer months.

What long, delicious hours we passed  
we two!  
My couch had been wheeled into  
the garden, now in the full blaze of  
its August glory, and Beauty was near  
her, digging in her own little plot of  
ground.

"Beauty, come here, darling, and  
show me the flowers!"  
I called to the child, but the in-  
dustrious little gardener did not hear  
me. She had wandered further  
down the path, and was now nearly  
out of sight.

Suddenly my couch began to move!  
Remonstrances were heeded; the  
lives, who have full control of your  
limbs, and who can guard off any  
danger that menaces you—you will  
not understand me when I say that  
my heart literally stood still with  
terror. I felt for the whistle; it had  
fallen from my hand. The couch  
started down-hill, rolling somewhat  
slowly at first, but gaining speed  
with every turn of the wheels.

"Don't be afraid. I'll stop you!"  
I'll stop you!"  
The voice, Beauty's voice, rang out  
clear and shrill.  
"Go away, darling, go away!" I  
screamed, the space between us  
rapidly lessened. "Don't touch me!  
Oh, God, save the child!"

The agony in my voice arrested  
her steps, and for one moment she  
stood motionless, beautiful as a  
guardian angel, with her hands  
outstretched, and the next—ah! how  
can I write it! She was knocked  
down, the coach stopped with a jerk  
as the wheel ground into the little  
soft body as it turned slowly over  
and I was flung out on the path.

When I awoke to consciousness  
I was in my own room. "He is all  
right," I heard some one say; and  
then another replied: "I wish the  
poor little girl was as well as he is;  
she is dying!"  
I listened and to my shame as a man  
in dream Beauty was dying.  
"Martin, take me to her!"  
"Mr. Charlie, poor lad! You  
mustn't go!"  
"Martin, I must go. You can  
carry me well enough!"  
"You'll die for me, for you, Mr.  
Charlie!"

And thus carried, in the same kind  
arms which had first held me to a  
white-robed child, I went to kiss my  
Beauty good-bye.  
She was lying in the library.  
The child was apparently asleep,  
and I waited by her. Some one (I  
suppose the doctor) was whispering to  
me, and telling me that my darling  
was free from pain, and that very  
likely she would leave us in her sleep.  
"Without one word!"  
As I spoke Beauty opened her  
eyes and looked full at me.  
"Read 'Beauty and the Beast,'"  
she whispered. "It is almost time to  
go home, isn't it?"  
"Not to night, my darling! I can't  
read to-night!" My voice choked as  
I strove to answer her, but the weak  
whisper was repeated.  
"But you always read it before I go.  
Do read it to-night!"  
Tears stood in the sweet blue eyes  
as she reiterated her request; and  
when I felt that I was fast in my  
hand, and I was told to read—the  
child must go in peace. "Yes, I will  
read it, Beauty." "Thank you, dear  
Beast!"

"And the house and gardens were  
always shut up quite tight. No one  
ever saw the poor Beast, because he  
was so ugly he would not come out.  
But he was very lonely and mis-  
erable, and all the time he was hop-  
ing that Beauty would come."

were very happy together. They  
loved each other very much."

A tiny child broke from the child's  
lips, and I stopped in sudden fear.  
"It is almost time to go home, isn't  
it, Beast?"  
"Yes, my darling, very soon."  
"I'm glad. Finish it quick!"  
"Till at last they wanted Beauty to  
go back to her father's home. And  
they sent for her, and the poor Beast  
had to let her go."

With faltering voice and bowed  
head I had read on. Now—the  
angels had flown back to Paradise,  
and the little child could no longer  
hear me.  
Beauty had gone to her Father's  
home.

A Small Boys Composition.  
I have to go to school, for Daddy  
makes me. This is the honest, down-  
right reason, but if anybody asks me  
why, I say "I love to go."  
Once I said I would rather be locked than  
go to school, but Pa heard of it and—  
well, I'll never say that again!

For the cause of headache, constipation,  
stomach and liver trouble, and all derang-  
ements of the digestive and assimilative  
organs, Ayer's Pills are invaluable. Being  
sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take,  
ways reliable, and retain their virtue in any  
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All Sorts.

If there were no men to cook for,  
what lots of hungry women there would  
be!

Baldness is either hereditary or caused by  
sickness, natural exhaustion, wearing tight  
fitting hats, and over work and trouble.  
Halt! Rescue will prevent it.

Drifts—What's that about the  
moon for women to rave over? I—  
Miss Wayback (in disgust)—Humph!  
There's the man of it.

Delicate children find a wonderful tonic  
and invigorator in Putnam's Emulsion of  
Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Its  
pleasant taste and ready digestibility espe-  
cially adapt it for their use. All the leading  
physicians prescribe it.

Teacher—John returned the book.  
In what case is book?  
Dull boy (after long thought)—Book  
case.

The wisest course in politics is to vote for  
the best man, and you cannot be mistaken.  
In the use of blood-purifiers, you can't  
be mistaken if you take Ayer's Sarsaparilla  
because all parties agree that it is the best—  
The Superior Medicine. Try it this month.

Pessimist—Don't you wish you'd  
never been born?  
Book agent—No; I let other people  
do that for me.

For the cure of headache, constipation,  
stomach and liver trouble, and all derang-  
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## INVALIDS

Gain rapidly in health and strength by the  
use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine  
substitutes rich and pure blood for the  
impure blood left in the veins after  
fever and other wasting sickness. It en-  
proves the appetite and tones up the sys-  
tem, so that convalescents soon

## Become Strong

active, and vigorous. To relieve that tired  
feeling, depression of spirits, and nervous  
debility, no other medicine produces the  
speedy and permanent effect of Ayer's Sar-  
saparilla. P. O. Loring, Boston, Mass.,  
writes: "I am confident that anyone suffer-  
ing from the effects of a general de-  
bility, want of appetite, depression of spirits,  
and lassitude, will be cured

## By Using

Ayer's Sarsaparilla; I have taken it,  
and speak from experience."  
"In the summer of 1888, I was cured of  
nervous debility by the use of Ayer's Sar-  
saparilla."—Mrs. H. B. B. of Middle St.,  
Pawtucket, R.I.  
"Several years ago I was in a debilitated  
condition. After several months of  
treatment, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was  
cured of my debility. As a spring medicine,  
I consider it invaluable."—Mrs. L. S. Win-  
chester, Holden, Mass.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle.  
Cures others, will cure you

## NO HOPE OF RECOVERY.

WEAKNESS,  
NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS,  
A WONDERFUL CURE.  
J. M. VAIL, the well-known Cheater  
of the I. C. R. Freight Dept., St. John  
N. B., makes the following statement:  
"I have been suffering from Nervous-  
ness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia  
and Indigestion, and my health was  
gone