

S. R. FOSTER & SON

MANUFACTURERS OF

Wire Nails,

Wire Brads,

STEEL AND IRON-CUT NAILS.

And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS,

SHOE-NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS etc.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Railways, &c.

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

693-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 Train

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 Sliding

before 11 o'clock A. M.

JOSIAH WOOD, President,

Sackville, Sept. 11th, 1893.

A FORTUNE!

For 50 to 100 live Agents selling a

PATENT ARTICLE

used in every house in N. B., N. S., & P. E. Island.

New and second hand

Pianos, Organs, and

Sewing Machines,

for sale at all prices. Also supplies for

same. For further information, circulars, etc., apply to

C. E. FREEMAN,

Music Room, No. 7 Eddy St., Amherst, N. S.

S. B. ANDRES,

Marble, Freestone & Granite Works

AMHERST, N. S.

Hand, a Choice Lot of Monuments, Tablets and Headstones

of New and Elegant Designs.

The subscriber has taken pains in the selection of the best quality of stock for

durability and fitness of texture, and is prepared to attend 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 W'ks

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.

Dotester, May 5th 892. 1

Pt. Elgin Woolen Mills.

Port. Elgin, N. B.

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

Tweeds, Homespuns, Blanketings, Shirtings, Etc.

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

Custom Carding done as usual.

June 23rd, 1892.

Kickapoo Indian Sagwa

"Cough Cure

"Indian Oil.

"Salve

"Worm Killer.

FOR SALE BY

M. MURRAY.

Port Elgin, Feb. 23, 1893.

OYSTER SALOON

William Megeeny

has opened an oyster saloon in Chignecto Hall block opposite Brunswick Hotel, where he will keep a choice stock in

OYSTERS,

FRUITS,

CONFECTIONARY,

CIGARS, ETC.

He will also serve Oysters, PIGS FEET, BAKED BEANS, AND HOT COFFEE

Leave your orders at this office for LETTER and NOTE Heads.

Latest Styles in WEDDING INVITATIONS

At Chignecto Post Office.

Chignecto Post.

All Description of Plain and Fancy

JOB WORK Executed with Neatness and Promptness.

VOL. 24--NO. 37.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1894.

WHOLE NO. 1,244

Medical.

J. C. BOWSER, M. D.,

L. B. C. F., London.

OFFICE over Drug Store. RESIDENCE in Dr. Inch's new house on York St. Telephone at residence.

Special attention given to testing of eyes for glasses.

O. J. McCULLY, M. D.

Mem. 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. SANGSTER

DENTIST.

MAIN ST., SACKVILLE.

Aug. 14th, 18 2.

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

"NEW WILLIAMS" SEWING MACHINES

Also Pianos and Organs.

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

June 26 17

MT. ALLISON

ACADEMY

Commercial College

SACKVILLE, N. B.

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

C. W. HARRISON

PRINCIPAL.

G. L. MOSS,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

Main St. Amherst, N. S.

Dealer in and repairer of Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles of all kinds.

C. WARMUNDE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

OPP. BRUNS WICK HOUSE.

DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

Repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry neatly Done.

Sackville, Aug. 6th, 1892.

L. W. WRIGHT, JOHN DAIS.

L. W. Wright & Co.,

Wholesale Commission Dealers in all kinds of

FISH, SMELTS

and Eels a specialty.

LOBSTERS, SOFT CRABS, TERRAPIN, ETC.

105 FULTON MARKET, N. Y.

Consignments Solicited.

Parties wishing special rates of commission or information apply to New York.

For all correspondence promptly answered.

RESTAURANT!

HORACE S. FORD,

HAS OPENED A

Restaurant and Oyster SALOON,

In Hanson's new Block where he keeps on hand a full stock of Choice Confectionery, Fruit, Cigars, and TEMPERANCE DRINKS of all kinds.

FOR CREAM, BAKED BEANS, Fresh pies, cakes, rolls, bread, etc., supplied.

BIDEN'S CONFECTIONERY fresh from Amherst every week.

Legal.

B. B. TEED, M. A.

BARRISTER, NOTARY ETC.

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

CHARLES R. SMITH,

Barrister, Notary Public, &c.,

mar 14 AMHERST, N. S.

A. D. RICHARD, LL. B.,

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

Money to Loan.

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

POWELL & BENNETT.

Sackville, July 15, 1886.

MONEY TO LOAN.

\$2000.00 on easy terms. Good Freehold security.

B. B. TEED

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 REFERENCES.

H. J. LOGAN, L. L. B. C. E. CAREY, L. L. B.

LOGAN & CASEY

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

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

Special attention given to the collection of debts.

dec 8 17

DAVID GRANT, LL. B.

FRANK J. SWEENEY

GRANT & SWEENEY.

Barristers. Attorneys, Notaries.

Conveyancers and Solicitors Collections and all kinds of legal business Promptly attended to.

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

July 28, 17

Business Cards.

ROBERT BELL,

Licensed Auctioneer,

SACKVILLE, N. B.

ARTHUR W. DIXON,

Licensed Auctioneer,

Sackville, N. B.

GOODS SOLD ON COMMISSION.

G. O. GATES

PIANOS, ORGANS,

Leading American & Canadian Instruments.

Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty years experience.

The original maker of the Gates' Piano and Organ.

Will visit Sackville twice a year.

Please address, SACKVILLE, N. S., for any orders for the County or elsewhere.

TWO PUBLICATIONS

AT PRICE OF ONE.

POST CLUBBING LIST.

REGULAR CENTS

Price \$1.00

Price \$1.00

Price \$1.00

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Price \$1.00

Price \$1.00

Price \$1.00

Price \$1.00

Price \$1.00

Price \$1.00

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Price \$1.00

"German Syrup"

For Throat and Lungs

Hemorrhage

Five Years.

"I have been ill for

"about five years,

"and I took the first

"dose in some doubt. This result-

"ed in a few hours sleep. There

"was no further hemorrhage till next

"day, when I had a slight attack

"which stopped almost immediately.

"By the effect of German Syrup,

"blood had disappeared and I had

"recovered much strength. The

"fourth day I sat up in bed and ate

"my dinner, the first solid food for

"two months. Since that time I

"have gradually gotten better and

"am now able to move about the

"house. My death was daily ex-

"pected and my recovery has been

"a great surprise to my friends and

"the doctor. There can be no doubt

"about the effect of German Syrup,

"as I had an attack just previous to

"its use. The only relief was after

"the first dose." J. R. LOUGHEED,

Adelaide, Australia.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. GEORGE MAURER refers to the chief

charm of Trilby, the heroine of his novel

now running in HARPER'S, as "Trilby's"

indefinite attractive personality.

The "Trilbyness" of the story increases in

the April installment, in which the elements

of love-making and opposition to love-making

are pitted vigorously against each other

and the illustrations, drawn by the artist,

quarrel some very Bohemian indeed.

"The Cop's Easter," by Miss J. C. C.

Cobell, is announced as an attractive

feature of HARPER'S for March 24. The

same number will contain an article on

"The Washington Season."

MR. GEORGE W. SNAPE, the New York

Tribune's London correspondent, is em-

bodying the results of his long contact with

public affairs in a series of careful articles.

A paper on the House of Lords, considered

from the contemporary standpoint as "The

English Senate," is printed in the April

HARPER'S, and only Number of that

Magazine will contain Mr. Snape's

reminiscences of Wendell Phillips. Personal

recollections of other distinguished Ameri-

cans will follow.

MR. GEORGE MAURER'S Trilby, now

running in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, is

being by the critics the strongest novel of

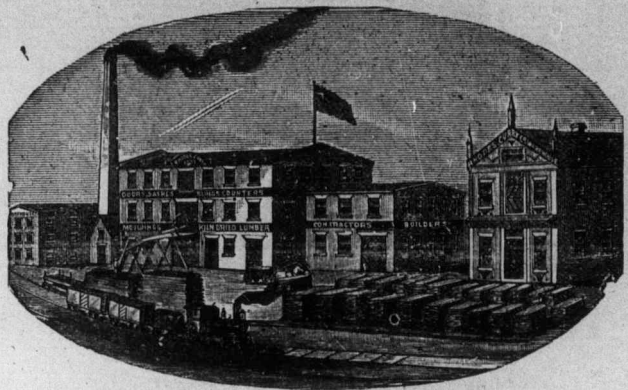
the old-fashioned sort that has been printed

for many years. To admirers of Thackeray

it recalls

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
Jan 27 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.



CAUTION.
EACH PLUG OF THE
Myrtle Navy
IS MARKED
T. & B.
IN BRONZE LETTERS.
None Other Genuine.
an. 21st, '92.

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,
BOSTON.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Philip M. Casey formerly of Abouhagan in the County of Westmorland and to Oliver Jaundreau, Pierre Breaux and Woodford A. Ward trustees of said Philip M. Casey and to all others 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 Saturday 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 formerly of Abouhagan in said County of Westmorland and former to Joseph Wood of Sackville in said County, which said mortgage is duly recorded in the County of Westmorland records by the No. 5687, folio 62 libro Q a of said records default having been made in the payment of the principal money and interest thereby secured, and in order to obtain payment thereof the following lands and premises mentioned and contained in said Indenture of Mortgage viz:—All that certain piece of land situated at Abouhagan aforesaid and bounded Southward 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 Taddy Godel and Westerly by the road from Sackville to Sackville containing fifty acres more or less. Said lot being in this day conveyed to said Philip M. Casey by deed from William Foulds together with all and singular the buildings improvements privileges and appurtenances to said premises belonging or in any else appertaining.
Dated this 20th day of March A. D. 1894.
JOSIAH WOOD.
March 22. 94. 2m. Mortgagee.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a Bill will be introduced at the next Session of the Legislature to amend chapter 29 of the Statutes of 1886 an act respecting certain marsh lands in the parish of Sackville.
ALBERT FAWCETT.
Sackville, N. B., Feb. 7th, 1894.
—Mr. B. A. Connell, one of the members in the Local Legislature for Carleton county and holding a seat in the government without office, has resigned his seat in the government and house. Mr. Albert T. Dunn, M. P. P. of St. John, is his successor.

THE DIVISION OF LOVERS' LABOR.

'Twas she,
Not he,
Who sweet heart's love disclosed
'Twas he,
Not she,
In tones so weak
United love proposed.
'Twas he,
Not she,
With lips aflow
Imparted first a kiss.
'Twas she,
Not he,
As you must know
Reciprocated this.
'Twas he,
Not she,
Who asked consent
From stern and loving sire,
'Twas she,
Not he,
Who pleased assent
And calmed paternal ire.
'Twas she,
Not he,
Who named the day
When hearts as one would throb.
'Twas he,
Not she,
Who led to the place
The person for his job.
—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE ETHEL LYNCH.

Ira Lynch was the agent at a little station on the Silver Creek Railroad, called Halfway. Why the station was called by that name it was impossible to state, unless it was because it was located about the centre of the road. It was not much of a station either, the only building being the shed that contained the engine and pumps which pumped water to the tank that supplied the road engines with water.
Few trains ever stopped for any other purpose, unless they were flagged, as there wasn't a house within two miles of the station, with the exception of the little cabin occupied by the agent and his family, which consisted of himself, his wife, daughter and her little baby brother. Ethel, the daughter, was a sprightly little girl of perhaps twelve or thirteen years of age, and pretty enough for an artist's model, as she sat upon the grass upon the main line of which, dressed in a gray plaid skirt, a tight fitting velvet jacket, and a train boy's cap resting jauntily upon her beautiful auburn curls. Ethel Lynch was a prime favorite with the trainmen and regular passengers on the Silver Creek road, and it was on ways on the alert to get a glimpse of the red-headed girl and the white horse.

Mr. Lynch was formerly engineer on the engine that pulled the train known as the Thunderbolt—a limited express upon the main line of which the Silver Creek road was a branch. But one night train-robbers removed a rail from the track, and Ira Lynch (who saved the lives of the passengers entrusted to his care by standing faithfully at his post of duty) was dragged under the pile of lumber, and twisted iron and steel that once formed a part of his beloved engine, a burned and bleeding mass. Of all the many people who witnessed the terrible sight, not one thought it possible for him to live; but by careful nursing and a strong medicine on his part to live for his wife and his little daughter's sake, he so far recovered as to be able to take charge of the little station at Halfway.

At the time our story opens, Mr. Lynch was standing at the open window of the pump house, gazing intently at the sea, with his hands on his hips, and his head bowed in a gloomy way.

It was at the close of a lovely day in June; the rays of the setting sun (for it lacked but an hour of sunset) shone full in his face. Shading his eyes with his hand, he looked long and earnestly.

"Well, I declare," he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, "it's our Ethel! Ma must be feeling better, or she wouldn't leave her alone!"
Being satisfied that everything was all right, he again gave his attention to his work, so to have things in shape to leave for the night. By the time the task was completed, Ethel had approached to within speaking distance. The pony was walking along very leisurely, under a loose rein, "so as not to scare pa," Ethel had said to herself, as she checked the pony down to a walk.

"Well, how's ma and the baby been to day?" enquired Mr. Lynch, as Ethel slid from the pony's back to the ground.
"Mamma wanted to get up, she felt so well."

"I'm glad to hear that, for I don't seem very much like home when ma is sick. Does it?"
"No indeed; but do you want to know what I came over for?"
"Why, yes, to see ma."

"Well, listen, and I'll tell you. This afternoon mamma fell asleep, and she had an awful dream. I worried her so that she told it to me, and I came over to be sure it wasn't so; but you couldn't make mamma believe it wasn't so, for she said she never could until she had seen you with her own eyes."

"Why! it must have been something terrible to frighten you. She isn't a very timid woman. But tell me, and then I'll know for myself."

"Well, mamma said that she saw five men walking up the track. They all wore bushy whiskers and carried guns. She said she didn't think anything strange about it, but thought they were hunters, until one of them said: 'It must be that he is in the pump house.' So she just watched them, and sure enough, they came directly here, the big man that spoke being in the lead. They approached the window very cautiously; the big man put his gun through the window and fired. Then she saw you throw up your hands and fall to the ground, dead!"

"That was quite a dream, and it's no wonder it frightened her. But you go right back and tell her that I am well and will be home soon, and she will be satisfied."

"No she won't either, pa, for she said that she could never believe that it was only a dream, until she had seen you with her own eyes. You must go home. I'll stay and give

water to d's engine, and signal No. 9."

"All right, Ethel, if you think that she will feel any better for seeing me. Now she says, 'Now he has come and don't stay longer than is necessary, for it will be dark long before you reach home.'"

"Yes, pa, I'll do just as you say, only do haste so that ma won't worry. Good-by."

Kissing her father, she waited patiently until he had taken his leave.

"A girl of whom any man might well be proud," soliloquized Mr. Lynch as he paused to look back and wave his hand to Ethel. Resuming his walk he continued:

"Why, I don't think it takes the best mine in Colorado for that red-headed girl and her white pony. Ethel is a girl that can be trusted. I feel perfectly safe to go home and leave her there, for I know that she will do her duty."

For oftentimes while sitting the engine, he would think of her, and said: "Pshaw, Ethel, you don't care very much for your old, crippled-up pa, do you?"

Then she'd throw her dainty head back as proud as any queen and say: "I do too love you, Pa Lynch. I had rather have you than any other man, for if he got hurt while doing his duty, as you did, than to have a king for my father, if he were a coward."

"Well, she don't think any more of me than I do of her, so it's an even thing all around."

Mr. Lynch mused as he walked home, and he was sure his invalid wife he was all right.

"I guess I had better let Snowflake behind the pump house," said little Ethel, as her father disappeared from view, "because the soot from the engine makes him all speckled!"

That done, she went to examine the switch, to see that it was thrown right for No. 41, the through freight, which was already due.

She had but just returned when the whistle sounded for the station, and a moment later the huge monster engine came puffing and blowing, the white flag, to signal all right, the engineer answered with two short, sharp whistles, and an instant later called for brakes, in order to stop at the station for water.

Why there are two sections on run 41, tonight? Ethel exclaimed, as she saw the two red flags on the engine.

Then the train drew up at the station, the engine was out loose and switched over to the tank for water, after which the train proceeded on its way to Placer City, six miles distant, to sidetrack for No. 9, the fast limited express.

After the second section had gone through the same operation as the first, Ethel entered the pump-house to make sure that the fire under the boiler was properly banked for the night.

She desired to start for home as soon as No. 9 passed, so as not to alarm her parents by any unnecessary delay. She had been inside but a moment or two, when her attention was attracted by a slight noise at the window.

Imagine her surprise, upon turning around, to see a man standing at the open window, with his gun, which was resting upon the window-sill, aimed directly at her.

"It's mother's dream!" she said to herself, but a muscle moved to show that she was surprised.

"Say, little girl," said the man at the window, "where is the station agent?"
"He is not here, sir. He went away some time ago."

"Where to?" demanded the man gruffly.
"He went to Keeley's Bar, with supplies for the company's men," replied Ethel, and added, in an undertone, "But that was a long time ago."

"When is the lightning express due?"
"In thirty minutes," said Ethel, as she glanced at the clock above her father's rude desk.

"Well, we want to board her. Can we do so?"
"No, sir; they do not stop here for water."

"Can't you flag her?"
"No, sir."

"We have orders not to flag No. 9 unless there is danger ahead."

"Then there will be danger ahead to Ethel, and addressing the men, said: 'Go to work, lively men, and bring up a couple of rails; the express is going to stop here to-night, and don't you forget it!'"

Ethel glanced through the window, and, sure enough, there were four men besides the spokesman, making five in all, as her mother had dreamed. Quick as thought she turned and sprang through the open door; there was a clatter of a horse's feet upon the hard ground, and an instant later the white pony dashed around the corner of the pump-house and was off with the speed of a deer.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" rang the report of the firearms in rapid succession. The men had discovered her flight, but in their haste had shot wide of the mark.

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Looking at her tiny watch, a present from her father, she added:

"Six miles and only twenty-two minutes, in which to make it. Now 'Snowflake' fly!"

Loosing a rawhide from the pomel of the saddle, she lashed the pony into a run. One, two, three, four miles have passed. The tender-hearted girl, who under ordinary circumstances would not think of beating her pony, used the lash without mercy, urging him to his utmost speed.

Finally exhausted, her hand raised to her side, and when she again raised it she saw that it was covered with blood.

"Why?" she exclaimed. "I must have been hit after all. Yes, my skirt is soaked with blood, and, come to think of it, I did feel a stinging pain in my thigh when the men fired; but what of it? We must reach Placer City in time, should it kill us both!"

As the station was in sight. Only one short half-mile and she would be at the end of her journey. But, alas! The wind bore a sound to her ear that fairly froze the blood in her veins, a long, shrill whistle, the express calling for a clear track.

"Faster, 'Snowflake' faster, faster! Oh! Heaven help us!" she exclaimed. The pony groaned at every jump, yet she urged him to go faster. Already she could see the headlight on the rapid approaching engine. It glowed in the gathering twilight like the eye of a fiery demon. Would she be too late!

On came the fiery monster. The race was an unequal one—an iron horse, propelled by steam as hot as fire and water could make, and an Indian pony, reared on the prairie, race upon which depended many lives. On came the iron steed, its grim driver all unconscious of the fact that he was carrying the unsuspecting passengers and the half million dollars, which the express men carried in the gathering twilight, straight into the hands of a band of train robbers.

Would she be too late! Made desperate by the thought, Ethel leaned forward and buried her white teeth deep into the neck of the pony. Made prior by the train, the almost exhausted animal leaped forward, staggering as he ran. A moment more, and they were at the station. Without waiting to stop, Ethel slid from the pony's back; then her leg gave way beneath her, and she sank to the ground.

A freeman on a freight engine recognized Ethel and ran to her assistance.

"Oh, don't mind me, but flag No. 9!" she gasped, and none too soon, for she could hear the roar of the ponderous train, and the clacking of the driving wheels, caused by the rail junctions, each tick plainly telling her that the train was at least two rods nearer destruction.

Then the engineer whistled for brakes, and she knew that the train was saved.

When the train had stopped, Ethel told her story to the wondering people who had gathered about her, after which the conductor ordered her carried to the baggage car; but she refused, saying:

"No, I will not go without 'Snowflake.'"

"All right, little girl," replied the conductor, "the pony shall go, too."

So they took both horse and rider into the baggage-car, where a bale of mattresses was hastily broken open, and the pony procured for the little sufferer to lie upon, and a roll of blankets, belonging to one David Carson, of Dead Man's Gulch, but more commonly known as "Dare Devil Dave," was brought forward to serve as a pillow.

The cover of the blankets was, there in person, kneeling on the floor beside her.

"Poor little girl," he said, as he wiped the tears from his eyes with the black of his hand. "This is more than I can stand." His huge frame shook with sobs, as he picked up her cap, and turning to the bystanders, said: "Fellow-citizens, let us do some thing."

The miners gave liberally. Both bills and coin were tossed into the cap. One miner contributed a small leather bag, containing a couple of ounces of gold dust. Nor was David Carson the only one that went for the uncomplaining little sufferer. Tears coursed down many a sun-browned cheek unused to such a visitor, and not one of them, rough as they were, but would willingly have taken her place and borne the pain in her head.

Quick as thought she turned and sprang through the open door; there was a clatter of a horse's feet upon the hard ground, and an instant later the white pony dashed around the corner of the pump-house and was off with the speed of a deer.

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engers were there. The conductor, accompanied by the doctor, had gone on in advance to prepare Ethel's parents for her home coming. The patient suffered, and was reclining on a car seat, borne by two stalwart miners, while David Carson brought up the rear, leading the badly used-up pony.

We may, perhaps, never know just what took place at the agent's cabin. The only remark was made by the big-hearted giant from the gulch. When the party had returned to the train he drew a sigh of relief as he exclaimed:

"Fellow-citizens, I feel better."

The trainmen soon replaced the rail which the robbers had removed, and No. 9 went on her way, an hour and twenty minutes late.

It was several months before Ethel was able to again ride "Snowflake." But one day her father told her that there would be a new engine on the lightning express, and he would like very much to have her see it. So she rode over to the station and sat gracefully upon her pony as the train approached.

The first thing that attracted her attention was a beautiful, miniature milk-white pony, standing upon the front of the engine, one foot in air, nostrils dilated and neck proudly arched, for all the world like her own beloved Snowflake, and seated upon its back was very small girl, that dressed and looked very much like herself.

Then her eyes fell upon the name of the new engine, painted in gold letters beneath the cab window. There could be no mistake, for the letters were very plain and look like this:

THE ETHEL LYNCH.

Then, as the train swept past, the passengers, who had been informed of Ethel's ride, cheered heartily in honor of the little mountain heroine.

Surely, it is not to be wondered at that the trainmen on the Silver Creek Road have a warm place in their hearts for the little girl out in Colorado, or that the president of the road has hanging in his private office an oil painting of "A red-headed girl and a white horse."

All Sorts.

A lawsuit between two Byron traps over a bear bounty has been settled by the lawyers dividing the bounty and calling it square.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. Dixon.

NORWAY PINE SYRUP is the safest and best cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat and lung troubles. Price 25c and 50c.

"Do you believe that something about your head upon the water and having it returned?" "Well, it wouldn't hurt with any wife's bread. That would sink!"

BAD BLOOD causes blotches, pimples, abscesses, ulcers, scrofula, etc. to the face and is the precursor of one of the most 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 get "Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup."

Why was their engagement broken off? Did they quarrel? No; that was the trouble. They were both so amiable that they got tired of each other.

TWO YEARS AGO I had a bad attack of biliousness and took one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and had a true recovery. Mrs. Chas. Brown, Toronto.

Downer—"I am glad it is a good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit." Upper—"Why? Downer—Because I never have my watch and my dress suit at the same time."

I CAN highly praise Burdock Blood Bitters because it had a fair trial in my case with wonderful success. My symptoms were drowsy, backache and sleeplessness, and all these disappeared after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I cannot praise its healing powers too highly. Georgia Holmes, Woodville, Sackville, N. B.

Mrs. Gumpke—"What do you think of this? Prof. Scraper says women make better violinists than men." Mr. Gumpke—"Of course. They can't make so much noise."

DO NOT NEGLECT coughs, colds, asthma and bronchitis, but cure them by using Dr. W.C. Hooper's Norway Pine Syrup. You should have a church wedding? Yes. "I'm in a church wedding as you are." "No—they're not half so expensive as having to buy new furniture for a home wedding."

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 numerous 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 Nervous 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 Depression, 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.



Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
THE BEST REMEDY MEDICINE
FOR THE CURE OF
Croup, Whooping Cough,
LaGrippe, Colds,
Coughs, Bronchitis,
Hoarseness, Loss of Voice,
AND THE VARIOUS
Throat and Lung Troubles
Threatening Every Household.
Prompt to act, sure to cure

—Mr. H. H. Pitts, member for York in the House of Assembly has prepared an act respecting the law of libel for submission at the present session of the Legislature.

DYSPEPSIA CURED B.B.B.



Read the Proof.

DR. H. H. PITTS—I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my general business. I thereupon decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking two bottles I found I was quite another man, for B. B. B. entirely cured me. I have also used it for my wife and family and have found it the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B. B. B. to all my friends.
I write you because I think that it should be generally known what B. B. B. can accomplish in cases of indigestion.
Yours faithfully,
GEORGE READ,
Sharnbrook, Que.

NATURE YIELDS ANOTHER SECRET.



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