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Dimension Lumber cut to order, selling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce.

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**Fashionable Tailor,**

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Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. To-day, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alterative extirpates "the evil" by thoroughly eliminating all the strumous poison from the blood. Consumption, catarrh, and various other physical as well as mental maladies, have their origin in

### SCROFULA

When hereditary, this disease manifests itself in childhood by glandular swellings, running sores, swollen joints, and general feebleness of body. Administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla on appearance of the first symptoms. "My little girl was troubled with a painful scrofulous swelling under one of her arms. The physician being unable to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of

## Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."—W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va.  
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### Sarsaparilla

and was cured."—H. Hinkins, Riverton, Neb.

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**W. R. GOULD,**  
Chatham, N. B.

## Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, on Saturday, the 20th day of August next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

All the right, title, and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situated, lying and being in the town of Richibucto, in the County of Kent. Bounded on the east by Queen Street, on the north by the McDermott property, on the west by land deeded to Robert Richardson, on the south by the Carey property, being the lot of land occupied by Thomas G. Richardson, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent at the suit of Dosithe Richard against the said Caleb Richardson.

WM. WHITEN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Richibucto.  
April 20th, 1892.

**WESTMORLAND**  
**Marble Works,**

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Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones.

Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.

MONCTON, N. B. (aug31ui)

### MR. BOWSER AND THE MOWER.

It Was an Unlucky Day When He Worked the Machine on the Lawn.

"Did that lawn mower come up this afternoon?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he came home an hour ahead of time the other evening.

"Was that a lawn mower?" queried Mrs. Bowser in reply. "What on earth possessed you to buy such a thing?"

"For two very good reasons," Mrs. Bowser. I propose to save about fifteen dollars on lawn mowing this summer, and I want the exercise. I could have got a health lift, but I thought I would combine business with pleasure. Always kill two birds with one stone when chance offers. I'll work up a muscle in a couple of weeks to astonish you. The doctor says it's exactly what I need."

"But I wish you hadn't bought it."

"That's you to a dot! Always in opposition to everything I do! That's why we take so much comfort as a family! The only thing you wouldn't oppose is my dying!"

Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and after dinner Mr. Bowser made ready for his exercise. He got into an old suit of clothes, dragged the lawn mower into the back yard and oiled it up, and was presently ready to make a start. He looked up at the back windows, and seeing nothing of Mrs. Bowser, spat on his hands and said:

"Ha! This is what'll give a man muscle. Only cost \$9, and I'll get \$100 benefit out of it. I suppose I might as well make a start."

He made one. He had gone about ten feet when the machine stopped suddenly. So did Mr. Bowser. He stopped so suddenly that his feet left the ground and the handle of the mower just missed his chin on an upper cut.

"Struck a post, eh?" he muttered, as he investigated and found one rising about six inches out of the earth. "That's all right, however. I don't expect to mow down posts as well as grass. Seems as if my muscle was working up a little already."

He dodged the post and headed for the back fence, and his countenance had just begun to beam again when there was a great clattering and the machine stopped. "Oyster cans!" he growled, as he kicked two or three out on the grass. "She's probably watching me and she's probably tickled half to death, but I'd mow this yard if it was full of deadly torpedoes."

He reached the fence without further mishap, leaving a trail behind him as crooked as a serpent's, but on the first dash he made on the return journey something happened again. The machine stopped with a bump, and Mr. Bowser pitched forward over the handle and brought up in a heap on the ground.

"Now, I hope never to draw another breath if I don't slaughter somebody for this!" he yelled as soon as he could get his breath.

He was going to jump up and kick somebody or something but it occurred to him that Mrs. Bowser might be looking and he sat up and looked around and pretended to rest.

Nothing could be seen of Mrs. Bowser, however, and after a couple of minutes he got up and moistened his hands for a fresh start. Everything went as smooth as grease for the next twenty feet. Then the mower picked up a hundred feet of stove pipe wire and waited for results.

"That woman's hand again!" hoarsely whispered Mr. Bowser, as he saw what was the matter; "but I wouldn't give in now if I knew death was two rods off!"

It took ten minutes to clear away the wire. When this had been accomplished he pulled off his coat and vest, glanced up at all the back windows, and there was a dangerous light in his eye as he gripped the handle, drew a long breath, and went ahead. At the fifth step Mr. Bowser's right foot found a post hole, and followed it up until he fell forward on his stomach and plunged among the grass. His first thought was to get up and kick both line fences down and make a bonfire of the splinters, but as he slowly reached his feet a better idea occurred to him. He picked up the mower by the handle and raised it over his head and pounded the earth with it until nothing but the handle was left. Then he gathered up wheels, cogs, hatchets, flues, pulleys, cylinder heads, and low-water indicators and tossed them over the back fence and walked into the house. Mrs. Bowser sat reading, and looking very innocent and humble, but he was not to be deceived. Standing before her in his sternest attitude, he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, there is an easier way!"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Kill me off! If you are so bent and determined to get rid of me, why don't you poison my food or cut my throat while I'm asleep? No explanation, not a word! I understand the situation perfectly, and nothing you can say will excuse your dastardly machinations."

"But didn't I say I was—?"

"Never! Never said a word! That will do, Mrs. Bowser! We will not discuss the subject further. In the morning we will seek an amicable adjustment of difficulties, and I will go to the train with you. There are two trains a day by which you can reach your mother, and I will telegraph her of your coming. Our child, of course, will remain with me. Good night Mrs. Bowser. Any suggestion you have to make had best be put in writing and submitted first thing in the morning."

### THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.

No Unbeliever is allowed to Join a Mohammedan Caravan.

The pilgrimage to Mecca which occurs every year in the holy month which the Mohammedans call Ramadan, is, from a religious as well as a sanitary point of view, one of the problems with which the civilized world will eventually have to deal. Every year it adds new fuel to the fanaticism that seeks by the conquest of the interior of the African continent to maintain the slave trade, and it is a means of infection by which is disseminated that most deadly epidemic scourge, the cholera. The faithful in all parts of the Mohammedan world sustain it, and the two principal Mussulman rulers—the Khedive of Egypt and the Sultan of Turkey—lend it countenance in order to maintain their authority over their subjects and their moral supremacy among the followers of the Prophet in general. The Khedive sends annually, with imposing ceremony, a consecrated carpet, and the Sultan a quantity of valuable presents, accompanied by magnificent cortege.

Access to the holy city is easier than at former times. Mecca is six-fifty miles from Jeddah, its port on the Red Sea, and is most easily approached by this route. The Mohammedans of Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Tripoli, and the north of Egypt go to Jeddah by steamer when they can afford it, or find their way to the Red Sea by a caravan. Those from the oasis of Sarah, from the Soudan, or from the interior of Africa, follow generally the caravan routes to Suakim, Massowa, or the other ports on the western Shore of the Red Sea, whence they come to Jeddah in dhows. The Mohammedans from India come by the French, English or German steamers that connect Europe with the far East, bringing the germs of the cholera in their filthy garments. There are four other principal routes besides that of Jeddah which are entirely overland. These lead from Yemen, in southwestern Arabia, from Nejd on the Persian Gulf, from Persia and from the north of Nejd. The gifts of the Sultan start from Damascus and pass south through Palestine into Arabia, where the caravan has the protection of several subsidized tribes. To this caravan are generally joined the Kurds, Turks, Albanians, and Syrians. The Yemen caravan sets out from the city of Sana.

The pilgrim of means travels with camels and horses, and go well provided for the journey, but there are always with the caravans a great number of persons in such a state of destitution that they are obliged to live entirely on the alms given by their fellow-travellers with more or less willingness while their own stores last. These poor wretches are the most frantic believers. Even under the most favorable circumstances their bones strew the desert for the entire length of the course. An unbeliever who had the audacity to unite himself to a caravan would be detected and assassinated long before reaching Mecca, unless, like Burton, he were thoroughly acquainted with the language of some Mohammedan country, and with Mohammedan customs and religious rites. When the multitudes brought by all these caravans have converged at Mecca, a city badly provisioned, whose water naturally bad, is polluted by the presence of filthy hordes subjected to no sanitary regulations, where the heat during the Ramadan month is always intolerable, the misery is indescribable and the mortality excessive even in the seasons considered healthy. When the cholera prevails Mecca is simply a charnel house, and what passes is only known to the christian world by reports of more intelligent pilgrims which find their way into European papers.

When all the rites and ceremonies exacted of every faithful pilgrim have been conscientiously performed at the holy city those who have not succumbed to the heat, fatigue or disease, turn their faces homeward, carrying with them usually the germs of some disagreeable or dangerous disorders, and invariably in their hearts a more ferocious hatred of the infidel. In Persia this fanaticism finds vent in revolts directed against the Shah, who is accused of being too favorable to the Christians; in Turkey by a general opposition to foreign influence; in Algeria by threatened insurrection against the authority of the French; in the Soudan by maintenance of the Mahdi, and everywhere in Central Africa in that conquest of native tribes which means hostility to the extension of European influence and the maintenance of the slave trade. It is on this traffic that Christianity and Mohammedanism will have to join issue. It is only Mohammedanism that maintains slavery. Its strongholds are Morocco and Arabia, to supply whose harems Tippu Tib and other traders of Arab descent, or natives converted by the Mohammedan invasion, make their razzies decimate the negro tribes. This question of interest renders the problems arising from the relation of Christianity to the followers of Mohammed much more difficult of solution. The Mecca pilgrimage bids fair to play its part this year as usual in spreading the cholera, which has appeared in violent epidemic form in several localities in India and Central Asia.

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75 Boxes Choices New Cut Lemons. 20 Boxes Peaches.  
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Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale.  
Skins tanned and made into mats.  
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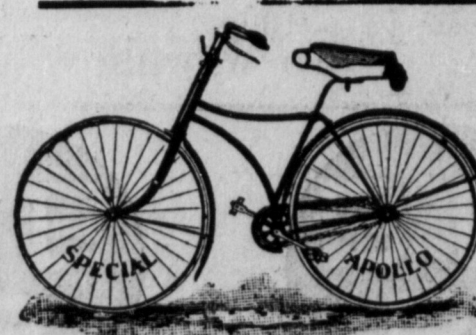
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