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IN WELDFORD PARISH
FOR SALE!

I offer for sale the lot of land and pre-
mises in the Parish of Weldford, on the
north side of the Richibucto River, con-
taining one hundred and three acres,
known as the Scotch Graham lot, adjoin-
ing the James Pine and Perkins' lots, and
fronting on the River and the Post Road
leading to Harcourt Station. The lot was
formerly owned and occupied by the late
Malcolm M. Kendrick, and by him con-
veyed to the late Robert Lawson. It is
well situated and embraces a quantity of
very fine land. A good title will be given.
J. D. PHINNEY,
Richibucto, July 21, 1893.

Waverly Hotel!
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up
and newly furnished the rooms of the well
known McKee house, Newcastle, and is
prepared to receive and accommodate
transient guests. A good table and pleas-
ant rooms provided. Sample rooms if
required.
R. H. Grenley's teams will attend all
trains and boats in connection with this
house.
JOHN MCKEE.

FOR SALE!

My Dwelling House and Premises on
Queen Street, now occupied by J. P. Cain
and adjoining the residence of Henry
O'Leary. The lot has a large frontage on
the street, and affords room for the erec-
tion of a store or office.
J. D. PHINNEY,
Richibucto, July 21, 1893.

**HOUSE AND LOT
IN RICHIBUCTO
FOR SALE.**

The subscriber offers for sale the House
and Lot situated on Pagan Street, Richi-
bucto, adjoining the residence of J. F.
Black, and known as "the Mudge prop-
erty." Apply without delay.
J. D. PHINNEY,
Richibucto, July 21, 1893.

When you feel all tired out and broken
up generally, you need a good tonic.
Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best. Try it.

ALMOST A MIRACLE!

(The truth of which is certified to by MARK CUREY,
of Windsor, one of the best known men
in Nova Scotia.)

**Ferocious Anemia, Hemor-
rhage of Bowels, with Com-
plete Nervous Prostration,
and Heart Trouble, Cured
by Skoda's Remedies.**

"For 15 or 20 years I have suffered from
Hemorrhage of the Bowels.
Some days would have 15 Hemorrhages,
and have passed 1-2 pint of fresh blood in
4 Hemorrhages, and a portion of my
Bowels would protrude while at stool.
For the last two years have been worse.
Several physicians advised an operation.



GEORGE H. DEWOLF,
Of Windsor, N. S., a prominent man, having been a mem-
ber of the County Council, J. P., &c.

I was also emaciated, extremely nervous,
feet and legs swelled badly, and the least
exertion set my heart beating so rapidly, I
would have to rest. Wished myself dead
rather than alive. Four months' use of
Skoda's Remedies has made a new
man of me. Have gained 25 lbs. in flesh.
Hemorrhage all stopped, Heart beats
regularly, I can sleep like a child, and am
better than I have been for 20 years."

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

**FIRST-CLASS
Livery Stable!**

I am prepared to furnish

FIRST-CLASS TEAMS
to accommodate the travelling public, at
short notice to any part of the
country.

ISAAC TRENHOLM,
Buctouche, June 16 1892. (6m)

**MIRAMICHI
MARBLE, FREESTONE
& GRANITE WORKS,**

Cut Stone of all descriptions furnished
to order.

All orders from a distance promptly
attended to.

Correspondence solicited.

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CHATHAM, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1892 -- WINTER ARRANGEMENT -- 1893
On and after Monday 17th October
1892 the trains will run daily (Sunday ex-
cepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.

Accommodation for Moncton, St.

John and Halifax, 12.23

Accommodation for Campbellton, 13.12

WILL LEAVE HARCOURT.

Through express for St. John and

Halifax, (Monday excepted), 5.25

Accommodation for Campbellton, 12.45

Accommodation for Moncton, St.

John and Halifax, 13.05

Through Express for Campbellton,

Quebec, Montreal and Chicago, 21.00

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. PUTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 20th Oct., 1892.

C. R. McLELLAN,

Manufacturer of

CARRIAGES,

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Repairing done expeditiously, promptly
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Satisfaction guaranteed. Factory on
the premises lately occupied by the Messrs.
Bustard.

HARCOURT, KENT CO., N. B.

Apollo!

The stallion Apollo will travel the
following routes in the County of Kent
every week alternately during the season.

Monday morning, 29th instant, he will
leave the Royal Hotel stable, Kingston,
and proceed to Buctouche, where he will
remain from Monday night till Wednesday
morning at Haugan's Hotel stable;

thence to McKee's, at Little River, and
Wednesday night at James McNair's, St.
Mary; Thursday, noon, he will be at
Wm. McNair's, Mill Creek, and Thurs-
day night at Charles McDonald's, South
Branch; Friday at Kingston, remaining
there till Monday morning. The follow-
ing week he will leave Kingston Monday
morning, and be at Alex. Robertson's at
noon; Monday night at Matthew Whit-
ney's, West Branch; at Thomas Irving's
Coal Branch at noon Tuesday, and at
Joseph Calk's, Ford's Mills, Tuesday night;
Wednesday through Trout Brook to Har-
court, where he will be at the Eureka
Hotel stable at noon; Wednesday night
at Clark's, Bass River; Thursday, noon,
at Robert Clark's, Bass River, and Thurs-
day night at Doct. Babineau's, St. Louis,
remaining there till Friday afternoon;
leaving there he will return to Kingston.
Terms made known on application to
groom.

ANTHONY MCNAIR, JR.,

JOHN ROBERTSON,

MANAGER.

A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION!

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Now for it," said Gilbert, setting his
teeth, and striking out for the spot—for
hitherto he had kept as far aloof as he
dared up-stream, and had, as the event
proved, calculated admirably on the cast
of the current in fixing on the place where
it would throw up its victim for the se-
cond time.

He now made for the opposite bank, a
little lower down, and had scarce reached
it ere a formless mass, undistinguishable,
yet unmistakably him—or it—he sought,
slowly floated to the surface, within a
couple of yards from him.

It was long ere Gilbert could recall with-
out a shudder the touch of a forked bough,
which struck him sharply at that moment,
and, to his excited imagination, seemed to
seize and grip him in its hold.

He had pursued a course of action re-
quiring an amount of resolution and self-
restraint beyond the power of most men
to put into force. He had held himself
in check as only a man accustomed to
emergencies and self-control could have
done; and he had faced an awful danger
and an awful death with deliberate and
therefore double courage.

But the touch of that moss-grown branch
sent a stab to his heart, and his blood ran
cold for many a day afterwards when he
thought of it.

It needed but a moment, however, to
reassure his startled nerves. It was al-
most instantly obvious that the uncon-
scious object by his side was powerless as
last to compass his own and his deliverer's
destruction; and the only fear now en-
tertained by the bold swimmer was lest
life itself might be extinct ere remedial
measures could be taken.

He seized the child by his clothing—a
stout shirt—got one arm well round his
waist, and with the other struck a few
powerful strokes, reached the bank, and
was but dimly aware of what next took
place.

The strain was over—no more was re-
quired of him.

A mouthful of brandy, however, sent
down by some one's forethought, and a
dozen respirations lying extended on the
warm grass, and the brave fellow sat up
again, none the worse for it all.

He had been in time, the rescued boy
still breathed, and under vigorous rub-
bing and chafing was giving satisfactory
symptoms of returning animation.

"But it was a near thing for the little
chap, my lord; another five minutes, and
no one could have done nothing for him,"
observed one of those who had been busi-
est, but who now gave way to others, and
finding himself by Lord Hartland's side,
respectfully anticipated his sympathy.
"Only one of a thousand could have man-
aged as well as that there gentleman did."

Hartland assented by a mute move-
ment.

"The water's powerful strong just at
this bit," continued the speaker, "and
then little rascals, they knows that as well
as any one. Many's the time they've
been warned off it, they have. Says I
myself to some of them not a week ago,
says I, 'You'll wait till some of you're
drowned, that's what you'll do afore you'll
leave off meddling with that 'ere dam.'
And drowned that boy there, that son of
Barley's, would he' been, sure as fate, but
for this gentleman. You see, my lord,
none of us can swim."

"Neither can I," said Hartland, in a
low voice. The confession was very bit-
ter to him. He could not have told why,
but he felt degraded by it.

From the first moment when intelli-
gence had been brought of the accident,
he had known that no assistance was to be
had from him, except such as he could
hardly hope could be of any use; but on
the chance he had run for a rope, while
Gilbert was hurrying straight to the dam.
He had only now arrived, and even his
rope had been too late to haul the rescuer
and the rescued out of the water. He
had not been able to procure one sooner.

With mingled feelings of envy and ad-
miration he now hung over the man who
had so unhesitatingly and deliberately
risked his life—and who had been able to
do it.

"He is a noble fellow. How paltry,
how unworthy in the light of this, seems
all our prejudice against any slight tricks
of manner or of speech! How unutter-
ably trivial his offences! He hears of a
poor yokel's child, as insignificant a
human being as can well be, in the jaws
of death, and throws himself into the same
jaws as readily as he would pluck a daisy.
What a head he must have to have kept
cool in that horrid place!" glancing with
a shiver at the dull, deadly current in the
hollow; "one false move, one bit of a
bungle, would have lost all—and he knew
it. Well," after a pause, "well, if his
heart is equal to his head, Rosamund has
not chosen ill after all."

Yet he said it with a sort of sigh.

CHAPTER XIII.

"IS HE A FIT HUSBAND FOR YOUR DAUGHTER
THEODORE?"

Gilbert was now the hero of the hour.

His clear, quick tones, his brevity and
conciseness, and, above all, the evident ex-
pectation of prompt and unquestioning
obedience made him so completely another
man from the Gilbert Hartland had hither-
to known, the restless, ill-bred, and ill-at-
ease Gilbert of the drawing-room, that it
seemed as if a film had fallen from his
companion's eyes.

He now beheld the commanding officer,
cool in danger, alert in following up a
victory, wary of possible evils even in the
hour of success, quick of eye and tongue,
but thoughtful and considerate for the
same inferiors, from whom his whole de-
meanour compelled respect and subser-
vience.

Hartland had, he now owned, disliked
and despised Rosamund's friend. Despire
him he never could again, and he resolved
at once to begin to conquer the dislike.

To say nothing against Major Gilbert
had been all very well heretofore; but
now to pass by his merit, and let it be sup-
posed that want of polish could still over-
weigh sterling worth, was not to be thought
of.

Gilbert had shown himself to be a gal-
lant, intrepid fellow, inspired by a noble
humanity which it would be a crying
shame not to recognize and rate at its true
value; and what did his callousness to the
trifling proprieties and conveniences of so-
ciety signify in comparison?

The subject of these reflections should
now be viewed with another eye.

Lady Caroline was more annoyed with
Gilbert for having saved one life, than she
would have been if he had taken twenty.

"Among all our own people, do you
mean to tell me there was no one you
could have sent in after the child?" she
demanded of her husband when all was
over, and he was disposed to be carried
away, as Hartland had been, in praise of
the gallant deed.

"You can hardly 'send in' a man to
certain death, my dear," replied he,
promptly for him. "The time is gone by
when you or I could have said to a retain-
er, 'Minion, take that pool at thy peril,'
and Hodge knows it."

"Hodge!"

"Hodge in the abstract: Netley, Henry,
William, and all the rest of them. They
wisely considered their own precious car-
casses were quite as much to them as Billy
Barley's was to him; and I expect even
Barley himself would merely have brush-
ed his sleeve across his eye if Gilbert had
not been there."

"Would he have seen his own son
drowned before his face without putting
out his finger to save him?"

"Putting out his whole hand would not
have saved him, unless the man could
swim—which he can't."

"They could have thrown a rope."

"Which would have been whirled out
of reach in an instant. Besides, how can
you suppose for a moment that a child in
the agony of drowning would ever look
for a rope?"

"Well, never mind," said Lady Caro-
line, shortly. "The boy is saved, and his
parents may be thankful some one was
there, it matters not who, to save him. I
should think they will put a stop to any
one's fishing in the mill-stream after this.
I have often said how dangerous it is.
But, Theodore,"—Mr. Liscard's Christian
name was Theodore—"I do hope—I do
beg, that you will do your best to prevent
any display of silly enthusiasm on the part
of the girls when they meet Major Gilbert.
Of course they will be ready to deify him.
He is the sort of person to enjoy that; and
I am surprised he has had the good sense
to go off to his quarters, instead of staying
on here to be fêted."

"Has he had anything hot to drink?"

"Oh yes, Hartland has seen to that."

Hartland has gone with him in the bough-
am to see him home. Really Hartland
has been like a brother to that tiresome
man."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Liscard,
sharply.

Lady Caroline jumped in her chair.
She was the last woman in the world to
be "nonsensed" at.

"My dear!" she began.

"My dear!" retorted her hus-
band. His eyes were blue; he was ready
for the fray.

"Nonsense!" repeated Lady Caroline,
with a haughty frown; but she was stop-
ped again.

"I tell you it is nonsense, sheer,
ridiculous nonsense,"—declared the
doughty scholar, showing her ladyship he
could bristle as well as she,—"the way in
which you have set yourself against this
Major Gilbert from the first moment you
cast eyes upon him, for no reason at all
that I can see. For no reason that is any
reason, at all events. He does not suit
you; he is not a ladies' man; he is not—
them!—eminently a gentleman. He is
too talkative and assertive, and engrosses
too much of the conversation in the gen-
eral circle. I suppose he would be called

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Skins tanned and made into mats.
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I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

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—OF—
Cod Liver Oil.

Tasteless, Pleasant, and Efficacious. Cures Consumption, Bronchitis, and all diseases
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IN STOCK AND BOUGHT TO ARRIVE:
1 car Choice Barbados Molasses. 1 car Roller & Standard Oatmeal.
5 cars Flour—Verbena (Manitoba patent) Pearl, Sunbeam, Peoples'
and White Star.
1 car Eastern Herring. 1 car Med. & Hand-picked Beans.
1 car Salt, factory filled and coarse. 3 cars Sugar, granulated and Yel-
1 cask Cream Tartar. low.
75 Choice Cheese. 125 half chests Tea.
50 drums Bi-Carb. Soda. 10 bbls. Washing Soda.
Also, Chase & Sanborn's Coffees, Morton's, Stephen's & Lazenby's
Mixed Pickles, Soaps, Spices, Vinegars, Confectionery, etc.

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Grape. Registered at Ottawa.

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RUBBER SHOE HOUSE

IN THE PROVINCES.

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