

SHORT'S
Dyspepticure
 AGES LIKE MAGIC
 TREATS STOMACH TROUBLE

FAST BECOMING FAMOUS as a Positive Cure for CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA and all forms of INDIGESTION.

"DYSPEPTICURE" is sold by Druggists at 35c and \$1. Large Bottles by mail free, on receipt of \$1.

CHARLES E. SHORT, 51 Garden St., St. John, N. B. or 71 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

FAST BECOMING FAMOUS as a quick and sure relief for HEADACHE, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUSNESS, and all other troubles resulting from indigestion.

FOR SALE AT SHORT'S FAMILY MEDICINE STORE, RICHIBUCTO.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR—

WOODEN BUTTER DISHES
 —AND—
EGG CASES.

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SCHOFIELD BROS.,
 IMPORTERS & WHOLESALE PAPER DEALERS,
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J. & T. Jardine,
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 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
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SLEIGH ROBE,
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was precisely what had not been expected. "But it is about the children that I mind most," Rosamund confided to her aunt. "I did so hope to do better for my poor little sisters and brothers than was—was done for me. I may say that to you, may I not? You will understand. But this Mademoiselle Forestier is not the right person for them at all; and yet she is so backed up by papa and Catherine that I can do nothing. They are too strong for me," and Rosamund's lip trembled.

"Too strong for my Rosamund," said her aunt gaily. "Nay, my darling be patient, and do your best. These trials often pass quickly. And you are the eldest daughter—mistress of your father's house—"

"—Neither of these now," said Rosamund, sadly. "I have forfeited my claim to everything, I think. My father almost tells me so. Catherine openly shows it. Even the little Frenchwoman follows their lead. As Catherine engaged her and received her, she all but declines to take so much as a message from any one else. The other day, when I spoke about something I wished to have altered, she looked at me calmly, and said, 'Et Mademoiselle Catherine?'"

"You should speak to your father."

"I have. I did no good."

She did not add that it had done harm—that Mr. Liscard had testily rejoined that really it was a pity she had come home to disturb everyone, and that, as she had been so happy with her aunt, he should recommend her continuing to make the Abbey her home, and leaving them to their own quiet ways.

The cruel taunt had pierced deeply, and could be breathed to no one.

Her place, whether for good or ill, was now, Rosamund felt, beneath her parent's roof; and though many, if not most, of her days were spent with Lady Julia, she made a rule of carefully returning every night, and pursuing her quiet round, as though settling down at King's Common for years to come.

This had gone on for some weeks, when one fine September morning Hartland, bronzed, reddened, big, bright, and hearty reappeared like a great sun rising on the neighbourhood.

Rosamund had been sitting a little apart; the day was warm, and there was but a faint tint in her cheeks. He thought she did not look as well as he had expected, and that the little hand which rested for a moment in his felt small and thin. He told his aunt afterwards, that in his opinion, his cousin had a great deal of leeway yet to make up, ere she could regain what she had lost. He told himself that he had done very well; got over the sight of her bravely; and could feel confidence in his hold over his heart for the future.

Foolhardy mortal! Lady Julia needed not to have sighed so dolefully as he left the room—nor Catherine to have simpered and bridled, and been sure that Hartland had come home more delightful than ever because he had addressed to her the chief part of his travel-talk. The old spell was at work again before any of them knew—before he knew himself.

His voice would be low and soft; he would halt before her name—and yet the name would be oftener on his lips than perhaps it should have been. He did not talk to Rosamund about his travels, and his new friends, and new experiences, as he did to Catherine or to Dolly; it seemed as if he had nothing to say about them to this other auditor—as if for her he had her own topics.

And when the long, dreamy, desultory tête-à-tête would at last be rudely broken in upon by the return of the driving party noisy and merry, the Hartland who rose and straightened himself up at their approach, would be quite another person than Rosamund's companion in the low chair during the past hour or two.

For some weeks after Gilbert's departure while Rosamund still lay hovering between life and death, Stoney had conscientiously fulfilled his promise of letting her former lover know her state, and had duly received a few words of thanks in reply to each communication. From these he had learned that Major Gilbert had exchanged into a regiment ordered to Burnah, and the last note received from him had been from the frontier there.

"I wish he could see some action," said Jack to himself, as he folded up the latest missive—"it would do Gilbert more good than anything; and perhaps if that were to intervene between him and his past disappointment, what with activity and hard work, and all the things he would have to think of and to do, he would learn to judge more kindly of poor Hartland, and be able to send him a message. The worst of it is, that I fear the whole thing will slip from his memory. These sort of affairs take so little hold of a man engaged in active life; and he will naturally not care to recall this more than he can help. He may have got somebody else by this time," added the young man, with a little nod to himself—and he went and paid a visit to his "somebody else," that very afternoon.

It was a mild, showery day, almost too warm for the time of year, and with no suggestion of the blistering autumn winds yet in store.

Rosamund, wandering about among the late roses in the old, unfashionable rosery at the bottom of the garden, was hidden from view between the tall briery hedges, and somewhat sharply taxed for being so

by Catherine, who at four o'clock came to seek her, post-bag in hand.

"You knew the afternoon post would be coming in," she said. "It is too bad of you to give me all this run after you."

"I never asked you to run after me;" and the speaker's tone added, "nor did I want you to do it."

"I supposed you would like to have your letters?"

"You supposed you would like to know what was in them." Rosamund could yet turn the tables in a neat retort, and, truth to tell, she did not allow herself to get altogether out of practice. She did not care in the slightest degree about her letters that day, and she did care about being left to her rose-garden solitude, and perhaps just a little also about another interruption to it which had now and again happened before, and which might as likely as not happen again—but which Catherine's presence would inevitably mar. "I don't suppose they are of any consequence," she added, holding out an ungracious hand.

"Oh, but they are—at least they are very interesting to look at from the outside," said Catherine, prudently waiving further discussion, and the risk of a quarrel for the sake of gratifying her curiosity. "They look like invitations."

They were invitations. The October shooting dinner-parties were now being arranged, and people generally were beginning to think that King's Common had done its part in the way of mourning and retirement, and that the widower was ready to be consoled, or at any rate to be beguiled, by the seductions of a little neighbourhood society.

One and all had concluded that at any rate he might be tried; and that Rosamund also might be tried.

It was said that she did not mean to go out—that would be ridiculous. Every one knew that the poor girl had suffered enough; and she was so young, and had been so neglected—(poor Lady Caroline!)—that it would be cruel to visit her sins heavily on her head.

And undoubtedly there would be also something interesting in Rosamund Liscard just now, which would add to her attractions in the eyes of all who heard her story,—something to whisper about and nod about,—something to make a hostess grateful for. So that, considering how seldom it is that a poor country lady, buried in respectability and domestic interests, has even the faintest flavour of spice to throw into her ingredients for a shooting dinner-party, the writers of the several gilt-edged notes which Catherine now eagerly produced, may be pardoned if they were a little early in the day in sending them, and a little anxious about their acceptance.

"Mr. and Miss Liscard," read out she, enviously, as they were opened one by one. "I suppose you will go? I could hardly go till next spring, unless—I shall be seventeen, you know, directly; so that if you—"

"There, take them! They are all of the same order," cried her sister, hastily thrusting the packet back upon her. "You can ask papa about them. Ask him now, if you like. He is at home—"

"No, he is not; he is gone for his walk."

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"Do you really mean that? May I consult with papa—?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prevention Is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. You can rely upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism and catarrh, also for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other diseases caused by impure blood. It tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Hood's Pills are easy and gentle in effect.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

UNLOCKS ALL THE CLOGGED SECRETIONS OF THE BOWELS, KIDNEYS AND LIVER, CARRYING OFF GRADUALLY, WITHOUT WEAKENING THE SYSTEM, ALL IMPURITIES AND FOUL HUMORS. AT THE SAME TIME CORRECTING ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, CURING BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEAD-ACHES, DIZZINESS, HEARTBURN, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, SKIN DISEASES, JAUNDICE, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, NERVOUSNESS, AND GENERAL DEBILITY. THESE AND ALL SIMILAR COMPLAINTS QUICKLY YIELD TO THE CURATIVE INFLUENCE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

FOR SALE AT SHORTS DRUG STORE.

"I feel like a new man."
 "It will cure any case."

These are the enthusiastic words of the gentleman whose portrait appears with these lines. His own statement is free from any wordiness or "writing up."



G. W. COX.

For the past five or six years I have been troubled with DYSPEPSIA. In the winter of '92 I was completely "used up," so much so that I tried three doctors without receiving any benefit from their treatment. I tried other dyspepsia medicines without success.

During that period of trial and experiment I was so poorly that I could not work steadily for one half hour at a time without going to my house and lying down.

At last I went to W. E. Thistle's drug store to get something to relieve me, and he recommended GRODEK'S SYRUP. I have taken two bottles and am now COMPLETELY CURED. I feel like a new man; I can eat or drink anything and enjoy my food. I have recommended your remedy to others. I cannot say too much in its favor.

Yours truly,
 G. W. COX.

P. S.—I am confident that Grodek's Syrup will cure any case of Dyspepsia if it is properly used. Others who suffer as I did should know of the intrinsic merit of your remedy. For some time I have felt it my duty to write you and let you know just what two bottles of your medicine have done for me. This statement is to be used as you think best. It is true in every particular, as my friends can testify.—G. W. C.

Mr. Cox is a well known carpenter and joiner of Hartland.
 Hartland, Carleton Co., 7 20, 1893.

DRS. SOMERS & DOHERTY,

DENTISTS.
 Office—Y. M. C. A. building, Moncton. References—New York College of Dental Surgery, and University of Pennsylvania.

Visits will be made to Kent County every month. Welford on 16th, 17th and 18th. Kingston on 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd. Richibucto on 23rd and 24th. Buctouche 26th and 27th.

WESTMORLAND Marble Works,
T. F. SHERARD & SON,
 Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones. Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.
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 DEALER IN
Lumber, Railway Ties, Hemlock Bark, Dry Goods, and General Groceries, Flour, etc.
 Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones. Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.
 MONCTON, N. B. (ang316)

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 KING STREET,
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W. C. PITFIELD & CO.
 IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
BRITISH, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC

Dry Goods, TEAS, &c.,
 CANTERBURY STREET. ST. JOHN, N. B.

NOTICE!

Having refitted the old stand lately occupied by James Wry, Kingston, I am prepared to attend to all kinds of carriage work.

Painting a speciality.
 GEO. W. WILSON.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,
 MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE NAILS, STEEL AND IRON CUT NAILS,
 And Spikes, Tacks, Brads, Shoe Nails, Hungarian Nails, &c.,
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

Fire Insurance Agency.

I am Agent for the following Standard Fire Insurance Companies:

IMPERIAL,
 OF LONDON, ENGLAND.
ÆTNA AND HARTFORD,
 OF HARTFORD, CONN.

J. D. PHINNEY

Since Last September I have not spent one day without intense suffering until I obtained a bottle of

SCOTT'S CURE
 —FOR—
RHEUMATISM.

I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the best remedy for RHEUMATISM ever discovered. I would recommend any one to try it who suffers as I did—I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years.

Yours truly,
 E. B. GREEN,
 Ony Road, St. John.

Scott's Cure is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,
 Chemist and Druggist,
 King Street (West), St. John, N. B.
 For sale by all Retail Druggists.

Price 50 cents a bottle; 4 bottles \$2.50
 Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B. Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simon Bros. & Co., Forsythe, Sneliffe & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry, Watson & Co., Montreal; F. Milburn & Co., Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto; London Drug Co., London, Ont.

Daily Mail

And Passenger Stage leaves Welford Station, I. C. R., for Richibucto, via Bass River and Kingston, on arrival of the St. John, Halifax and Quebec express trains, Sundays excepted.

Returning—leaves Richibucto at 4:00 p. m., local, and arrives at Welford Station in time to connect with night express trains going North and South.

Fare, \$1.50.
 Good Livestock in connection.
 L. J. WATSON,
 King St., Welford, I. C. R., Kent County

FOR SALE or TO LET.

I am prepared to sell or to let my house and property on Main Street, Richibucto. The house is large and comfortable, and would make a desirable residence for any one wishing the same.

Terms given on application.
 C. RICHARDSON.

WILLIS H. ROGERS,

WHOLESALE COMMISSION FISH DEALER.
 106 FULTON MARKET,
 NEW YORK.

Bank Reference furnished when desired. Consignments solicited. Stencils furnished at a moment's notice.

LUMBER!

I have on hand at my Mill, situated within a few yards of the Intercolonial Railway, a quantity of

Pine, Spruce and Hemlock
 BOARDS AND SCANTLING,
 SHINGLES.

Dimension Lumber on order, selling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce.
 THOMAS ATKINSON,
 Mortimore, Kent County, N. B.

Thos. L. Bourke,
 IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE

WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANT,
 11, 13 AND 25 WATER STREET,
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned non-resident ratepayer of School District No. 1, Parish of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, is hereby notified to pay District School Tax as set opposite the name, together with the cost of advertising—\$3.00—to the undersigned at his office in the town of Richibucto, within two months from the date thereof, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same from the administrator of the estate.

Estate of Peter Loggie, District School Tax for 1893,\$12.00.
 Dated at Richibucto, Kent County, November 28th, 1893.

JAMES McDUGALL,
 Secretary to School Trustees.

FOR SALE!

My Dwelling House and Premises on Queen Street, now occupied by J. P. Cate and adjoining the residence of Henry O'Leary. The lot has a large frontage on the street, and affords room for the erection of a store or office.

J. D. PHINNEY,
 Richibucto, July 31, 1893.

A. E. LANDRY,
 SAINT LOUIS, N. B.
 DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes
 Rubber Goods, etc.

Selling Cheap for Cash
 Watchmaker and Photographic
 Clocks and Watches repaired at shoemaker and satisfaction guaranteed.
 Agent for the celebrated Lorraine Spectacles.

Fire Insurance Agency.

I am Agent for the following Standard Fire Insurance Companies:

IMPERIAL,
 OF LONDON, ENGLAND.
ÆTNA AND HARTFORD,
 OF HARTFORD, CONN.

J. D. PHINNEY