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REDUCED PRICES.
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Cramps and Cholera,
Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dys-
entery and Summer Com-
plaints, Cuts, Burns, and
Bruises, Bites, Stings, and
Sunburn can all be prompt-
ly relieved by
PERRY DAVIS'
Pain Killer.

ONE THING
IS
CERTAIN,
PAIN KILLER
KILLS PAIN.

Dose—One teaspoonful in a half glass of water or milk (warmed if convenient).

A Description on Yachting.
To the yachtsman says the Globe there is no sound on land or sea so sweet as the flop and ripple of water along the clinker landings of the punt that takes him to the cutter. What sort of cutter she may be matters very little; she may be a racing machine like Valkyrie III, with as little upholstery as will stuff the head of a crutch or a broad-beamed, flat-bottomed, weatherly antique for family purposes, with many cushions, and lockers of ale and wine, and plenty of head room below when the mists are trailing down from the hills. A cutter, however, it must be, for to churn some waters by steam propellers is little short of desecration, and a schooner, while not without advantages when Boreas rages, and there is sail to shorten, involves too many responsibilities for one who would be homing while roaming, as tinkers dwell on wheels, and would share in the watches of Sandy, and Dugald Dhu, and the boy who breaks the crockery and drops it over the rail to avoid unpleasant inquiry. Only with a small ship's crew can one get to the heart of the mystery of yatching in Scotch waters. You will learn that Sandy, who is skipper, is a rabbit trapper in the winter months, though he "takes to the yats" in summer, that Dugald Dhu has a little credit of his own on the slope of the Moidart hills, and that the boy, as might be expected of a Campbell, is "sib" to his Grace of Argyll—God bless him!—and can sing very weird, wonderful songs in the Gaelic about Clan Diarmid and the dual children of the boar's head.

If you are a Sassenach, they will treat you at the first with polite aloofness, saying "sir" with the accent on the "r" and a finger to bonnet-peak, and they will confide to you nothing of their curious weather lore and the traditions of their coast. But a dram of native strong waters, now and again adroitly administered, and an obvious willingness to learn things will finally make you free and fraternal without your caste being lost a pennyworth.

With such a craft and such a crew you can sail for the Fortunate Isles, and come as near discovering them, as is possible in this world, and all in a few weeks of mixed Scots weather.

The Thames as a yatching ground is not bad, and the Solent is good, and the Mediterranean has a charm incomparable for big tonnage and millionaires, but—let a Scot swear it on the hilt of his dirk—there is no place so suited for the sports of kings, who are only little kings with not too much leisure, as the Caledonian Lochs, that bite deep into the Argyllshire hills from Clyde to Corpach, or the salter waters that make tumult and spume in the Sounds of Mull and Sleat, or lap the Hebride Isles that stud the Western main like gems on a brooch.

If you are a racer, well and good, put up your "R. N. Y. C." or your "R. C. Y. C." burgee, and loaf round Hunter's Quay and Rothesay; there are pots to sail for, and there is fun to be had at the game.

At this moment the Clyde—the sweet, clean, azure Clyde, swept of Glasgow's noisomeness at its estuary, is spotted with white wings, and in this present summer it shall bear the swiftest sailing craft in the world.

You will find yourself, in such company, among the most jovial of sportsmen—fellows with brass-bound blue cloth habitations of great bagginess and faces like boiled lobsters, who know every wave of the Firth by sight, and hail solan geese and kittiwakes familiarly by their first names. You will find on the quays and at the hotels at nightfall hundreds of blue-jerseyed, red-cowled "hands" with blonde beards and a barbaric language, like Vikings reincarnate.

But should you not be a racer, but a seeker after more placid recreation, you will leave the quiet waters of the Clyde and work up Lock Gail, Lock Long, or Lock Fyne.

Better still, lie for a night, if the airs are beneficent, under bare Ailsa, to feel what it is to have the loneliness of nature sit heavy on the heart, and at morning, when the sapphire loom of the Ayrshire uplands breaks the silver bars of the morning, reach for the "Moyle" of Cantyre, and round it into the open sea.

Up to the north is a coast cut in a thousand scallops, little bays and big, where you can drop anchor as you will, and float in odour of heather and bog-myrtle from the hill-sides.

It is possible that in some of them Sandy may be seen setting a splash-net at the mouth of the river for salmon for his breakfast, a reprehensible practise, but what can you do?

There are calms oppressive, but never for long; there are heavy drenching rains that slant down on the dock to rebound in a sort of smoke, but who that has a good suit of oilskins need care for that? And as the yacht gets north, she gets into an archipelago of romance, mist, and glorious uncertainties. The Murch may be a sea of glass broken only by flopping divers and guillemots, or the wheeling backs of "pellocks" and porpoises, when suddenly a wind comes over from the Lews ere the crew are ready for it.

"Up helm and run for it," says Sandy, and off you go under topsail, hearing down the wind, with the breeze stiffening at every mile. The topmast begins to

tend like a whip-shaft, but Dugald cannot unlace the jib-header, and at last the topmast goes with a crash, while you lose your helm in a foolish fright. The yacht will luff herself right round into the wind, gulping the sea over her skylights, and you see fresh slammers coming tearing off the land. "Reef" is the word, and while points are tying, the cutter falls off and fills, tearing great holes in her mainsail.

With the topsail gear, main rigging, and halyards in a desperate mix, blocks jammed, cloth thrashing, sheets flying, and sea churning, it may look like a "close call" but Sandy will certainly pull you through, or he is no good specimen of his race and calling.

The Sting Within.
It is said there is a rankling in every heart, and yet none would exchange their own for that of another. Be as it may, the sting arising from the heart of a corn is real enough, and in this land of tight boots a very common complaint also. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a never failing remedy for this kind of headache, as you can easily prove if afflicted. Cheap, sure, painless. Try the genuine and use no other.

Growing Precious Stones.
A pearl is the result of an oyster's effort to remove a source of irritation. If a grain of sand or some other hard substance finds its way into the shell the oyster begins coating with naere, which gives the irritating intruder a smooth exterior. The oyster deposits over the offending object as long as it remains a source of irritation, and the Chinese have taken advantage of this peculiarity of the solitary mollusk. They make little pellets of earth which have been dried and powdered with the juice of camphor seeds, and during May and June plant these in the oyster. The shell is opened with a mother-of-pearl knife care being taken not to injure the oyster and the earth pins are laid under the oyster's beard. The treated mollusks are then placed in canals and pools, and left undisturbed until November, when they are dredged up opened and the naere-covered pellets removed with sharp knives. The pellets are usually found fastened to the inner surface of the shells.

The Chinese pearl farmer than turns jeweler. He drills a little hole into the pearl at the place where it was fastened to the shell and removes the dirt. The cavity is filled with yellow resin, and the opening sealed neatly with a tiny bit of mother-of-pearl.

But a Frenchman has improved on this method. He found that the Chinese killed many oysters by forcing the shell open to deposit the earth pellets. The ingenious Frenchman bored holes in the shells of pearl oysters with a small drill and then introduced through the opening little globules of glass. He plugged the holes with corks and then left the oyster alone to manufacture pearls. In six months the glass nucleus was covered with a pearly deposit, and the Frenchman reaped a bountiful harvest of pearls. He did not have to bore holes in the pearls to remove the center, and the pearls brought higher prices than the pearls man by the Chinese.

These artificial pearls have much of the luster and beauty of the real gems, but are sold at a much lower rate by honest jewelers. Experts can color pearls black, pink, gray and other colors by the use of chemicals. For instance, a pearl put in nitrate of silver turns black. But pearl raisers know a trick worth two of that. Certain kinds of fresh water mussels bear pink pearls, according to the part of the oyster which is irritated by the foreign substance. The artificial pearl producer knows this and plants his seed accordingly.

In Washington is an artificial pink pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, and its heart is a bit of beeswax.

Perfectly round pearls which weigh over twenty-five grains each are scarce and command large prices but such pearls are natural. Artificial pearls are usually flat on one side.—Chicago Record.

C. Donnelly, prop. of the popular and well-known Windsor Hotel, Alliston, Ont., was troubled for years with Itching piles. He was persuaded by Jas. McCarvey, Alliston, livery man, to use Chase's Ointment, which he did, was cured, has never had return of them and highly recommends this Ointment as a sovereign cure for piles.

The Force of Habit.
One of our poets, who buys his gloves at a store where a very chic girl fits them on the trembling hands of callow youths, sends the following effusion for After Dinner.
She was a pretty salesgirl—
He asked her for a kiss,
For he was the accepted
Of the fair and blushing miss.
She gave him one, and as she drew
Her rosy lips away,
"Is there," she asked, in trembling tones
"Anything else to-day?"

Hot weather proves distressing to those whose blood is poor. Such people should enrich their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lane Sida, Back or Chest Shiloh's Famous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.
Mrs. T. S. Leitch, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer SAVED MY LIFE. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble is excels. Price 75c.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will positively relieve and Cure you. Price 50c. This Injector for the successful treatment furnished free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedy are sold on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

LUMBER!
I have on hand at my Mill, situated within a few yards of the Intercolonial Railway, a quantity of
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Dimension Lumber cut to order, selling cheap for Cash, or in exchange for Produce. THOMAS ATKINSON
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FARMINGALLOWAY, RICHIBUCTO PARISH.
I offer for sale lots 72 and 73, in Galloway settlement, formerly occupied by one Henry McGachey. There is a dwelling house, and several acres cleared and under cultivation. The lots include some of the best hay land in the district.
Terms to suit purchaser.
J. D. PHINNEY.
Richibucto, Sept. 17th, 1894.

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That valuable farm at Bass River, Kent Co., known as the Robert Brown farm, is offered for sale or rent.
The farm contains about 186 acres of the best land in the County, over 100 acres of which are cleared and under a high state of cultivation.
There is a large first-class, two-story dwelling house, two large barns, one stage house, grainery and stable combined, and other out buildings. It is situated in the most thriving and popular part of Kent County, within two minutes walk of the post-office, where a daily mail is received, and quite close to the superior school and within half a mile of Mr. E. Walker's lumber and grist mills.
For further information and particulars address the undersigned at Harcourt Station.
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Cure Backache, Dropsy, Lumbago, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism and all other forms of Kidney Troubles, we are backed by the testimony of all who have used them.
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