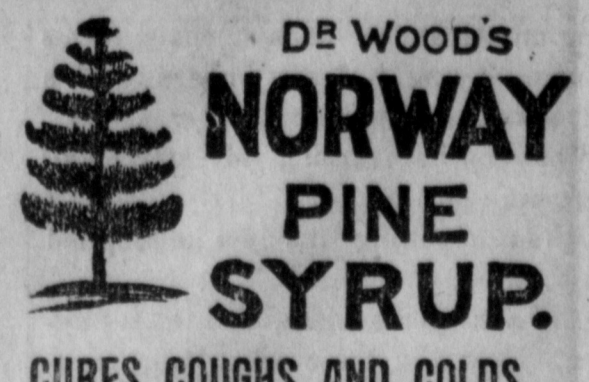




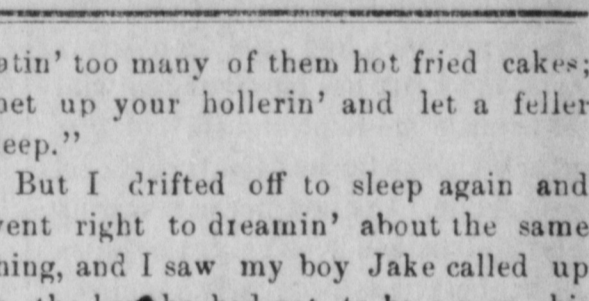
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. WORTH \$50 A BOTTLE To This Man. It may be worth a like sum or even more to you....

bar, and was asked why he had not tried to prevent the death and ruin of so many mortals. He said that it was not his business; he was paid for preachin' the gospel by folks of all shades of opinions and if he said anything much about temperance some of 'em would git mad; but he had prayed that all the evils should be banished from the land, and of course intemperance was one of those evils.



DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Mrs. Alonzo H. Thurber, Freeport, N.S., says: "I had a severe attack of Grippe and a bad cough, with great difficulty in breathing. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was completely cured."



LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation, and make you feel better in the morning.

SONG OF THE TRAIN GANG. The brakeman sat in the dim caboose, Nor smiled at a careless joke. His heart was breaking because, alas, The brakeman had gone dead broke!

A BURGLAR PROOF SAFE. The Scheme Which Made Secure Against Assault by Thieves. "I've been in the fire and burglar proof safe business for 20 years," remarked the veteran drummer.

THE DELINEATOR. Within the year the beautiful love story of Mr. and Mrs. Browning has become public property and endeared these two poets to all who believe in the uplifting power of human affection.

Still Barred From Decollete. The South Side girl who has the physique of Sarah Bernhardt has been following the directions of a beauty oracle and, when she met a friend in the foyer of the Auditorium, said:

MOTHERS KNOW. How serious a thing it is to have their little ones suffering from worms. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is a pleasant remedy to take and quickly rids the system of these dangerous parasites.

The D. & L. EMULSION. The D. & L. EMULSION is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs.

FARM FOR SALE. That well-known farm with comfortable dwelling house and barn situate on the Buctouche Road, formerly owned and occupied by John Stevenson, and more recently by Thomas Vanston, Jr. Possession given immediately. Apply to J. D. PHINNEY.

Droppings in the Throat. A Symptom of Catarrh Permanently Cured by Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. The hawking and spitting which the catarrh sufferer goes through in the morning to clear the throat of the droppings is a marked symptom of this distressing disease.

ADAMS HOUSE, CHATHAM, N. B. Sample Rooms and Livery Stable in connection. THOS. FLANAGAN, Proprietor. VICTORIA HOTEL, King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. O. W. McCORMICK, PROPRIETOR.

KENT HOTEL, Richibucto, N. B. GEO. A. IRVING, Proprietor. CENTRALLY SITUATED. Good Sample Rooms. Newly Furnished. Free hack attends all trains.

Waverly Hotel! NEWCASTLE, N. B. The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKean house, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests.

NEW KENT HOTEL, QUEEN ST., RICHIBUCTO, N.B. FURNISHED SAMPLE ROOMS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN. Livery Stable in Connection. S. O'DONNELL, - - - PROPRIETOR.

TERRACE HOTEL, AMHERST, N. S. Large and well Lighted Sample Rooms in centre of Town formerly occupied by Lamy Hotel. FREE COACH TO AND FROM ALL TRAINS. W. and W. CALHOUN, - - Proprietors.

WESTMORLAND Marble Works, T. F. SHERARD & SON, Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones. Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled. MONCTON, N. B. (ang31ui)

HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES. We want a number of families to do work for us at home, whole or spare time. The work we send our workers is quickly and easily done, and returned by parcel post as finished. Good money made at home. For particulars ready to commence send name and address. THE STANDARD SUPPLY Co., Dept B., London, Ont.

J. F. BLACK & SON, RICHIBUCTO, KENT CO. MANUFACTURERS OF CARRIAGES TRUCK WAGONS, SLEIGHS, ETC. Single Seated Sleighs from \$25.00 to \$40.00. Double Seated Sleighs from \$28.00 to \$40.00. TERMS EASY. Repairing in all its branches. Furniture of all kinds in stock. A full line of Coffins and Caskets always on hand.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

"And let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Galatians 6: 9.

AUNT LUCINDA'S DREAM.

BY EVA KIMBALL FICKES.

'Twas evenin', me and my old man Josh had just ber. readin' that grand temperance sermon of Talmadge's; I spect some of you red it too. The text was, "Who slew all these?" Well you remember that 60,000 people die every year, victims of the liquor traffic; or cause somebody is to blame for it. Josh a-d me had never thought of that before, and so while he was parin' his corns with the butcher knife and I was rubbin' some of Ward's liniment on my bunion we got to argu'ing somethin' after this fashion. Said he:

"I believe the mothers are to blame for all this drunkenness, they orter learn their young ones to touch not, taste not, handle not, and then they never would."

"But," said I, "how about the boys that don't have a maw to learn them nothin', and how about the fellers that won't heed their maw's advice?"

"Oh well shet up; its your turn to warm the bed to-night and its time you was thar."

Well I couldn't get to sleep for quite a spell after Josh was snorm' till the window panes rattled, and when I did drop off to sleep I had a nawful dream. I dremp that I was in a large space somewhere, and there I saw the millions of dead bodies that liquor has killed; it was a terrible sight. There were bloated purple faces and forms encircled with slimy serps of delirium tremens and train loads of dead folks that were hurled to destruction by drunken engineers or conductors, and boat loads that had been wrecked by drunken captains, and there were little children that had been butchered by drunken parents and whole families that had died of cold and hunger because the money that should have bought the necessities of life was spent in the saloons. Oh, it was dreadful to look at. Off at one side was a high platform and a judgment bar, and people were called up one by one to give an account to some one for their share of responsibility in the death of so many people every year. Massy land! how I did tremble for I remembered that I had never done nothin' to help stop the liquor business. I had turned up my nose at all temperance societies.

I saw a preacher marched up before that

bar, and was asked why he had not tried to prevent the death and ruin of so many mortals. He said that it was not his business; he was paid for preachin' the gospel by folks of all shades of opinions and if he said anything much about temperance some of 'em would git mad; but he had prayed that all the evils should be banished from the land, and of course intemperance was one of those evils.

"Did you use your vote to help answer your prayers, or did you help the prominent revenue parties?" asked the voice behind the bar.

"Oh, dear! I thought it was not time to vote against it yet," said the tremblin' parson.

"Not time to save 60,000 people a year? Guilty," said the voice; and then a slidin' door opened on the left of the judgment bar and the preacher had to go through there, although it looked darker than a brace of black cats and smelled strong of brimstone.

Next a saloon keeper was called up and he was asked what he had to say in defence. He said he went into that business to make money easy and git his own drinks cheap, and stayed in that business because saloon keepers were so much sought after by politicians, especially party managers.

"Guilty," came the verdict, and again I saw the great door on the left open, and that time I seed old Satan bob his head out and grin and snatch the saloon keeper in by the shirt collar.

Then I saw a man go up who Josh and me had often called a soft-headed crank. He had been rotten egged for holdin' temperance meetin's. I did not hear the first words, but I heard that voice say, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and then a door on the right slid open, and oh my! the bright light that streamed out there fairly stunned me, and the strains of music that floated out on the air was beautiful beyond description. I saw a lovely lady place a dazillin' crown on his head, all glitterin' with stars, and then the door closed.

Next a woman went primpin' up to the bar. I knew her; all she ever cared for was to cut a swell. She served wine when she had company and alus dressed in the latest style. When she was asked why she had never tried to save those fellow creatures, she gasped out:

"Oh, I did not have time, I was so busy fixing my clothes and going and havin' company."

"Guilty," answered the solemn voice; then she went through the dark door.

Then a Dr. was called. He made all sorts of excuses, said he hadn't time for temperance work, and some of his patients liked to have him prescribe whisky sling, brandy, wine and sich, so he did.

"You have sent a host to perdition, now you must follow them," and sure enough he went through the dark door.

Then I see a poor, bony, little woman go up to the bar; Josh and me had often said hard things about her, because she used to leave her young ones and go to the W. C. T. U. meetings. To be sure, I often left mine to go a gossipin' with the neighbors, but that was different. I could see that white ribbon a flutterin' as she stood at the bar, and I heard the voice say: "Your opportunities were few but you have done what you could, receive your reward," and with a beamin' face she went through the bright door.

Then I seed my Josh go up to the bar and I was more scart than ever, all the excuse he could give was, "I've bin waitin' for my party to git ready to do somethin' for temperance."

"You have waited in vain, you are guilty," then I rushed up and grabbed Josh—but just then Josh shook me and said, "Wake up Cinda, what on arth are you dreamin' about? I telled ye ye was

estin' too many of them hot fried cakes; shet up your hollerin' and let a feller sleep."

But I drifted off to sleep again and went right to dreamin' about the same thing, and I saw my boy Jake called up to the bar he had got to be a man, his nose was red, his eyes was watery and he said he couldn't do nothin' to help save anybody, for he liked liquor so well himself, his folks had alus kept it in the house for medicine and his maw gave him whiskey sling for colds and for pains in the stomach, when he ate green apples and sich, and he got to likin' it so well that he couldn't let it alone. Then I jumped so hard that I woke myself up awake this time and I set up in bed an sez to myself sez I, "Lucinda Ann Crabtree you have had a warnin, sure as you are born," and sez I to myself, "I'll begin this minute to mend my ways."

Josh was still snorin', I went into the buttery and got that whisky bottle that was kept for medicine and took it rite out doors in the frost and cold, and smashed it on the grindstone. "There," sez I, "O'd whisky bottle you'll never make a drunkard out of my boy." Then I went down sullen and got my jar of alcohol pickles and heaved them over the fence in the blackberry patch. Then I dipped two pails full of warm water out of the stove tank and carried them down and poured into the cider barrel. "Now," sez I, "you can jist turn to vinegar as quick as you are a mind to." Then I went back into the bed room soft like, and picked up Josh's pants and hunted in his pockets and found fifty cents, which I tucked in the back of my night cap to jine the W. C. T. U. with. Then I grabbed a flat iron off from the stove that was still warm, and put it down to my feet in bed. "There," sez I, "Lucinda Ann Crabtree, you have made a good beginnin', and you can say that short prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and go to sleep."

In the mornin' I told Josh all about it, 'even to the fifty cents hid in my night cap, and he looked solemn and said:

"Cinda, I believe that air dream was a warnin'. I don't want to go through that black door, nor have Joshy go through either, you needn't say anything about it, but I guess I'll vote against the saloon after this." So I promised to keep the secret and you needn't say anything about it to nobody.

Adolphe Martin, editor in chief of the Journal, the new French morning newspaper in Montreal, died suddenly of hemorrhage of the brain.

Most Miraculous Heart Cures.

Mr Thos. Cooke, of Kingston, After Suffering Intensest Pain and Distress of the Heart for Seven Years--Is Cured Almost Miraculously by

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart --A Remedy Which Saves Lives Every day that Have Been Proclaimed

By Physicians Beyond Human Aid--It is a Powerful, Harmless, Heart Specific and Can Work Wonders in Half-an-Hour.

Kingston, April 26, 1899.—Mr. Thos Cooke, 260 Johnston street, Kingston, tells this wonderful story of his sickness from heart disease, and what he considers his almost miraculous recovery

by the aid of that good angel of modern medical science—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart. He says: "I suffered seven years from a very acute form of heart disease. I experienced great weakness; had smothering sensations; palpitation so badly that one in the same room could hear the heart thumps. I had great nervousness and depression at times, suffered excruciating shooting pains. Could not stand the slightest exertion or excitement. I tried many remedies recommended to me, and con-

sulted best physicians on my ailments, and nobody gave me any hope of permanent recovery. But one day I read of a cure by this wonderful remedy which seemed just to be my own case repeated. I got a trial bottle and derived great benefit from it. I concluded to continue, and it promised a complete and permanent cure, and when I had used six bottles not a vestige of the trouble remained, and although that is a year and a half ago there has never been the slightest symptom of a return of the trouble."

You can readily verify this or any other testimony of the curative powers of Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart, for the commendations for it come spontaneously and unsolicited, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are given out of the "fullness of the heart" in being snatched from the snare of so dis-

treasing an ailment as heart disease in any form.

If modern medical science has given to the world a remedy—a cure—that thousands have used and have tested the curative powers of after having suffered for years, and had been pronounced a hopeless case—if, as a last resort, even it has proved such a boon, what an amount of suffering would be spared if when the slightest uneasiness of the heart is experienced Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart were used! It has never failed to do what it promises. It gives relief in the most acute forms of the disease in less than 30 minutes. It not only stimulates a healthy heart action, but it heals the diseased organs, gives vitality, tones the whole system, and it's not claiming too much to say "IT MOST WORKS MIRACLES."

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves cold in the head in ten minutes—it will cure the most acute and disgusting forms of Catarrh, no matter how long standing.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment acts like magic on Itching, Irritating Skin Troubles, such as Eczema, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, and will cure Piles in from 3 to 5 nights—35 cts.

Dr. Agnew's little Pills for Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness—20 cts, for 40 doses.