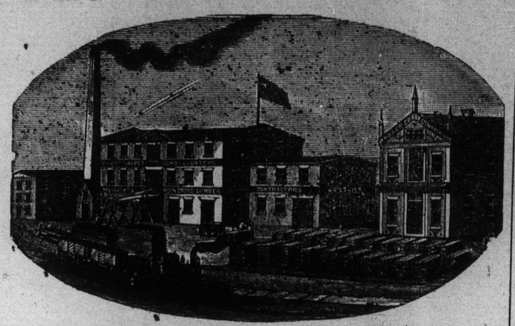
RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

Manufacturers and Builders



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material

Send for Estimates.



FEATHERBONE

Corsets are now recognized to be the Standard Corset of Canada.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

ASK YOUR DRY GOODS DEALER FOR THEM.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of the late Thompson Estabrooks, Sackville, N. B., are requested to pay same to the undersigned administratrix within three months from the date hereof, and all persons having claims against said estate are also requested to hand in the same to the said administratrix, properly attested to, within the like time.

Dated this 18th day of April, A.D. 1894.

[Signed] MARY R ESTABROOK.

NOTICE TO LOBSTER FISHERS.

BE IT KNOWN:

That Edward A. Wheeler of the Parish of Botsford, in the County of Westmorland, Lobster Fisher, hath invented certain new and useful improvements in Lobster Traps, to wit: double chambers and heads with funnel-shaped entrances in each head, second being smaller than first, and hath through me, his attorney and legal adviser, applied for a Patent on same to the Commissioner of Patents, Ottawa, and hath complied with all the requirements of the said "The Patent Act," having paid the stated sum of money, and in every other way and manner fulfilled all the conditions entitling him to a Patent upon the same. Therefore

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That all persons infringing on his rights in respect to the improvement or invention in respect to Said Lobster Traps will be prosecuted as the law directs, of which all persons will take due notice.

3m ALLAN W. CHAPMAN,

Dorchester, Mar. 15, 94. Barrister, etc.

WE SELL

Fish,
Eggs,
Potatoes,
Lumber, Cordwood,
Spiling, Canned Lobsters.

THIRTY VESSELS

150 tons to 400 to 400 tons reg. for coal and lumber.

GREAT BARGAINS

Write us for quotations, prices. Consignments solicited.

Boston Shipping Co.

3 Central Wharf,

Commission Dealers. BOSTON.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

THE public are hereby notified that we have this fifteenth day of March, A. D., 1894, entered into co-partnership and will do business at Bayfield Botsford, in the name and style of

CRANE & DOBSON.

A full stock of goods such as are usually kept in a country store will be offered where inspection of quality and prices is kindly invited.

The business lately conducted by Mrs. F. Crane having been purchased by us, all persons indebted to Mrs. Crane will please pay the same to us.

W. Leonard Crane,
W. Harvey Dobson.

Bayfield, March 15, 1894. tf

WANTED

Wanted ENGINEER on a tug boat to commence work May 15th, Good wages will be paid to a good man, apply to

ALFRED POLLY.

Port Elgin, Mar 5th, 1894, 3m.

NOTICE OF ADMISTRATION.

All persons having any claims against the estate of the late Wellington Sprague deceased will please present the same duly attested, to the undersigned administratrix within three months from the date hereof and all persons indebted to the said estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated at Port Elgin, this 13th day of March A. D., 1894.

W. WOODBURY WELLS,
MARY SPRAGUE,
C PROCTOR, Administratrix of said estate.

A cute lad in a Lansingburg public school when asked at a recent examination in geography what Paris was noted for, said:—'Fashions and bomb throwing.' The teacher docked him eight points, but the boy still thinks he was right.

BACKGROUNDS.

She sat before an easel with her head
tipped lightly, so,
A paint-brush in her fingers, idly trailing
to and fro.
I stood quite close beside her with a wildly beating heart,
And praised with reckless ardor her proficiency in art.

How sweet she was, and dainty! How I loved her! I declare,
It seemed to me no other girl could be one half so fair,
As she sat there, leaning forward, in the gracefullest of poses,
And deftly put the background in a plaque of yellow roses.

* * * * * * *

Ah, that was many years ago; dear girl,
I love her still,
I love her smiles and dimples, and admire the wondrous skill
Of her dainty, snowy, fingers—I've been watching them to night
Move to and fro above the work she's holding to the light,
And, thinking of that other day, I doze a bit, perchance,
As she deftly puts a background into Jimmy's other pants." —Judge.

WOMAN'S WILES.

A sailor landed on a cannibal isle,
In the far off southern sea,
And he said to himself, with a snicker and a smile,
"I'm glad that the Boweree

Was where I was born and where I was raised,
For these niggers are up to snuff,
And they won't eat me, either boiled or braised.
For they'll know that I'm too tough."

So up the shore, with a confident air,
He went, those folks to meet,
And they sized him up right then and there,
As much too tough to eat.

Then the old king's daughter, up spake she,
In the tongue of her native land,
And said, "Dear pa, you'd better let me
Take this tough young man in han d.'

So around Jack's neck her arms she flung
And cooed like a springtime dove,
And the sailorman who, though tough, was young,
Soon found himself much in love.

Oh, alack, and alas for a woman's wiles.
For he saw not her aim,
And under the influence of her smiles,
Quite tender he became.

So they cooked him up in the highest art,
Down there on the sea-washed shore,
And the maiden of course received the heart,
Which the same he had given her before. —Indianapolis Journal.

GREATNESS.

"What makes a great man great?" you ask;
The answer comes at call;
He isn't great so much as that
The other men are small.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty profit on
Sugar o'er the land.

OVERWORKED STUDENT.

Student, and especially those of weak constitution run a terrible risk in "burning the midnight oil." In how many cases health is permanently undermined in this very manner. Nature exhausted by overwork and no pains taken to restore the lost energy Its great value as a nerve and brain invigorator and health restorer has won for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic the name of the student's friend. It is sold by all druggists.

Donahoe's for June.

The discussion of popular government based on universal suffrage which was begun in the May number of Donahoe's and which has created such widespread interest, is continued with vigor in the June number, the significants of certain resent public utterences being dweit upon. Two radically different articles are "The Blessings of Monopoly," and "Oasis of Siwah." In the former, Rev. T. A. Hendrick, a Catholic clergyman, presents the strongest possible argument fot the competitive system and for moropoly, its inevitable result and in the latter article a German writer shows, in the form of an allegory, the meaning of rent and interest. The halo surrounding the name of John Brown is somewhrt ruthlessly dispelled in a most charming article by Cotherine Francis Cavanagh on Harper's Ferry and the man who made it famous." Rev. Dr Shahan continues his scholarly and fascinating study of "The Ancient Schools of Ireland," and Mary Elizabeth Blake has a remarkable strong Spanish story. The illustrations of the number and the shorter articles are up to the magazine's usual high standard.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

The photographer had got his victim impaled to his satisfaction, with the latter's chin elevated at the right angle. Then he dived under the black cloth and aimed the camera at the sitter and finally said:

"Now look pleasant, please!"

'Look pleasant," echoed the victim angrily, "while I'm having a photograph taken! Do you take me for a hypocrite or a freak?

HE LOVED good bread, pie, and pastry, but his stomach was delicate.

SHE LOVED to cook, but was tired and sick of the taste and smell of lard.

She bought Cottolene, (the new shortening) and

THEY LOVED more than ever, because she made better food, and he could eat it without any unpleasant after effect. Now

THEY ARE HAPPY in having found the BEST, and most healthful shortening ever made—

COTTOLENE.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

THE BAR LIGHTHOUSE.

Government had for several years been sadly neglecting a job of mending, in the case of the Bar Lighthouse bridge. Here and there boards had begun to spring suspiciously beneath unwary footsteps; then the wind had begun to tear them off, and the rain to rot and moulder them down. What was every man's business was nobody's, and no individual was disposed to interfere with the province of that abstract millionaire, the United States government. To be sure, the keeper of the Bar Light, Jackson Reed, who was naturally more solicitous concerning the holding-out of the structure than any one else, had wildly and fruitlessly patched some of the worst places, off and on, after a hard "north-easter," when he awoke more keenly to the exigencies of the case, and the hopeless dilatoriness of his task-master. But it had amounted to very little. Long neglect had made something more than mere patching necessary. Now the quarter-mile bridge leading to the Bar Lighthouse, if not in an absolutely unsafe condition, was not calculated to inspire with any degree of confidence the unaccustomed crosser at least. It was not quite so bad at low tide, or on a mild, still day. There was not much to fear then beyond a little fall and a ducking; that is, if one cleared one of those ragged apertures successfully. But on a dark night, with the winds howling over it, and the ocean thundering beneath it, it was the sort of a bridge that only a disembodied spirit could be supposed to cross with any degree of nonchalance.

The lighthouse itself was only an ordinary dwelling-house, strongly built, with a tower for the light. It stood on a massive pile of rocks, with little tufts of coarse vegetation in the clifts. Jackson Reed, who had an unfortunate love and longing for a garden spot, had actually wheeled enough earth over from the mainland for a little patch a few yards square, and when he was not engaged in a fruitless struggle with the bridge, he was engaged in a fruitless struggle with his garden. A pottering old man was Jackson Reed, lacking in nervous force and quickness of intellect; but he had never let the light go out, and the only thing that is absolutely required of a lighthouse-keeper is to keep the light burning for the sailors who steer by it.

The wonder was that his wife Sarah should have been his wife. She was a person not of a different mould merely, but of a different kind; not of a different species, but of a different genus. Nervous and alert, what her husband accepted in patient silence she received with shrill remonstrance and questioning. Her husband patched the bridge, crawling over its long reach on his old knees; she railed, as she watched him, at the neglect of the government. He uncomplainingly brushed the sand from his little, puny, struggling plants, and she set her thin face against the wind that cast it there.

In both the religious element or cast of mind was strongly predominant, but Jackson Reed simply looked out on nature and into his own soul, and took in as plain incontrovertible facts the broken bridge, the tossing sea, his little wind-swept, sand-strewn garden patch, and God in heaven. Neither proved the other or nullified the other; they were simply there. But Sarah Reed, looking out on the frail, unsafe bridge which connected them with the mainland, and the mighty, senseless sea which had swallowed up her father and a brother whom she had idolized, and the poor little tender green things trying to to live under her window, had seen in them so many denials of either God's love and mercy, or his existence. She was a rheumatic old woman now, almost helpless, in fact, unable to step without the help of her husband. And she sat, day in and day out, at one of the sea-windows of her sitting-room, knitting, and holding her defiant old heart persistently against the pricks.

The minister at Rye, a zealous young man with an innocent confidence in his powers of holy argument, had visitedly her repeatedly, with the view of improving her state of mind. She had joined the church over which he presided in her youth; indeed it was the church nearest to the lighthouse, and that was three miles distant. The minister had heard from one of his parishioners, who was a connection of hers, that Mis' Reed had lost her faith, and straightway he was fired with holy ardour to do something for her spiritual benefit. But even his tongue-y confidence and ingenuousness could glean but little satisfaction from his interviews with the rheumatic and unbelieving old woman.

"No, Mr. Pendleton," she used to say, shaking a thin rheumatic hand with an impressiveness which her hearer might have copied advantageously in the pulpit, "it ain't no use, You kin talk about seein' with the spirit; and anybody needs a little somethin' to catch hold on with the flesh; when it's all spirit it's too much for a mortal bein' to comprehend, an' the Lord knows I ain't never had any evidence, so to speak; I ain't never had a prayer answered in my life. If I have, I'd jest like to know how. You say, mebbe, they've been answered jest the same, only in a different way from I asked for. Ef you call it answerin' prayer to give one thing when you ask for another, I don't. An' I'd ruther not believe thar was any God than to believe he'd do a thing like that. That's jest contrary to what he said about himself an' the bread an' the stone in the New Testament. It's worse to think he'd cheat anybody like that than to think he ain't anywhar' accordin' to my mind. No, Mr. Pendleton, a human bein' needs a little human evidence once in a while to keep up their faith, an' I ain't never had ary. I'll jest let you know how it's been a leetle. Here I am, an old woman, an' me an' Jackson's lived here on this rock for forty year An' there's been things I've wanted different, but I ain't never had 'em—things that I've cried an' groaned an' prayed to the Lord for—big things an' little things—but I never got one. Ef the Lord had give me one of the little things; it seems to me that I might have got a feeling that He was here.

'Forty years ago, when Jackson an' me was jest married an' set up housekeepin' here, thar was an awful storm one night, an' my father an' my brother was out yonder in it. I stayed on my knees all night prayin'. The next mornin' their two darlin' bodies was washed ashore. My brother had only been married a few months—the sweetest, lovingest little thing she was. She began to pine. I prayed to hev her spared. She died an' left her little baby.'

'But you had him for your own, did you not?' interrupted Mr. Pendleton desperately. 'He has been a comfort to you. God has displayed his love and mercy in this case in sparing him to you.'

'Mr. Pendleton'—and the rheumatic hand went up again—'I ain't never asked to hev him spared to me; ef I had it would hev been different. I ain't got through yet. That's been lots of other things, big ones, that I might jest as well not speak of, and little ones. Look at that bridge! I'll ventur' to say that you shook in your shoes when you came over it, an' wouldn't be sorry this minute ef you was safe back. Whenever, Jackson goes over it my heart is still an' cold till he comes back, for fear he's fell through. I've prayed to the Lord about that. Then—you may think this a little thing—but thar is Jackson's garden. He set out a rose-bush in it fifteen year ago. Well, it ain't died. Thar ain't even been a rose on it, though. An' it seems to me sometimes that if thar should be jest one rose on that bush that I should believe that the Lord had been thar. You wouldn't think I'd been silly enough to pray about that, I hev. It's fifteen year, and thar ain't never been a rose thar. No, Mr. Pendleton it ain't no use. You mean well, but it lays with God, ef he's anywhar, to show himself to me in a way I can get hold on.'

So the pretty, rosy-faced young minister would go away, picking his way cautiously over the unstable bridge, after a somewhat nonplussed prayer, to which Mrs. Reid incapacitated from kneeling by her rheumatic knee, sat and listened grimly.

The Bar Lighthouse was three miles from Rye. A sandy desolate road almost as billowy as the sea stretched between. The only house in the whole distance was a little brown one just at the other side of the bridge. The Weavers lived there, a mother and daughter. They supported themselves by sewing for a shop in Rye. Jackson Reid's nephew, William Barstow, had been engaged to marry the daughter—Abby her name was; but a month ago he had brought a wife home from the city. He had rented a pretty little tenement over in Rye, and gone to housekeeping. Abby Weaver had tied up a few little notes and keepsakes in a neat parcel, and put them away out of sight Then she went on with her work She was a plain, trust-worthy-looking girl, with no show about her, as different as possible from the one her rescreant lover had married. She was pretty with an entrancing little air of style about everything she wore. Abby had seen her go by a few times in a jaunty velvet jacket and kilted petticoat, with the fair, round face with its fringe of fluffy blonde hair smiling up at her husband out of a bewitching little poke. Then she had gone and looked at herself in her poor glass, taking in the old black alpaca, the plain common face with the dull hair combed back from her forehead.

'No wonder,' said she, an' I'm glad its so, for I don't think the Lord can blame him.'

Sarah Reid had found a double trial in the breaking off of the engagement. In the first place, she had liked Abby. In the second place, this new matrimonial arrangement had taken the darling of her heart from under her immediate supervision. If he had married Abby Weaver, he would have lived either in the lighthouse, as he had done all his life, or in her mother's cottage. Nothing could suit his pretty city lady but to live in Rye. The bare idea of the lighthouse terrified her.

Sarah Reid's frame of mind had not improved since the marriage.

One afternoon, a few weeks after the young couple had set up housekeeping, an unexpected deficiency in some household stores sent Jackson Reid to Rye, where the nearest markets were. It was the middle of the afternoon when he went, and there was a storm coming.

'Don't worry, Sarah,' his last words were, 'an' I'll be back by five to light the lamp. It'll be pretty near dark enough for it then, I reckon, ef it keeps on this way, ef it is June."

She sat at her window with her knitting after he had gone, and watched the storm roll up. She had taken a fancy lately to a landward window and one with the poor little garden patch under it, and the rose-bush which never blossomed. The bush really looked wonderfully thrifty, considering its many drawbacks to growth But it was in the sheltered corner, and had all the warmth and mildness that could be had in the bleak place. It was three feet high or so, a hardy little Scotch rose. There certainly seemed no reason in nature why it should not blossom, but blossoms it never had. Mrs. Reed never looked out at it now for buds. She never even glanced at it to-day; she only looked out uneasily at the darkening sky, and knit on her stocking. She was always knitting stockings; in fact it was all the kind of work she could do, and she had never been an idle woman with her brain or fingers. So she knit stout woollen stockings for her husband and William Barstow from morning till night. Her husband kept the house tidy and did the cooking, and he was as faithful at it as a woman. No one looking at the room in which Mrs. Reed sat would have dreamed that it was not the field of action of a tidy housewife. It was a plain, rather cheerless kind of a room. There was a large-figured, dull-colored ingrain carpet on the floor, there was a shiny table, and some flag-bottomed chairs, and a stiff hair-cloth sofa. A few shells on the mantle-shelf a lamp-mat that Abby Weaver had made and a framed wreath which had lain on William Barstow's father's coffin were all the ornaments. Take a room like that and set it on a rock in the ocean with the wind and the wave howling around it and there is not anything especially enlivening about it

Mrs Reed had been rather good-looking in her youth, and was even rather good-looking now. She had bright alert blue eyes, and pretty soft gray hair. But there was an air of keen unrest about her which could jar on nerves like a strident saw. In repose she would have been a sweet old woman. Now she looked and was, as people say, hard to get along with. Jackson Read's light burning meant more to the Lord, perh aps than it did to the sailors.

At five o'clock the storm was fairly there and the old lighthouse-keeper had not come home. A heavy tempest twilight was settling down, and it was almost time the lamp was lighted.

Six o'clock came, and it was darker yet, and still she sat there alone, her knitting dropped in her lap. Seven o'clock and her old husband had not come. It was quite dark now, and a terrible night hot and pitchy and full of mighty electric winds and fires and thunders. A conglomerate roar came from the ocean as from a den of wild beasts. Suddenly an awful thought struck the wretched old woman at the lighthouse window, and swift on its track rushed another still more awful. The first was her husband had had a "turn" somewhere on the lonely road from Rye. "Turns" as she called them Jackson Read had had once or twice before, but they had never interfered with his duty. He had fallen down insensible and lain so for two or three hours This was what had happened to him now. And the second thought was—her darling. William Barstow was out on that sea and there was no light to guide him to port. Strange that she had not thought before. Yes, it was Tuesday. Was it Tuesday? Yes, the very day he was going down to Lockport with Jonny Sower. He was ont on that sea somewhere in a boat, which could not live in it a minute Yes, it was to-day he was going. He and his pretty little wife were talking it over Sunday night. She was lamenting, half in sport and half in earnest, over the lonesome day she would have, and he promised to bring her home a new bonnet to console her. Yes, it was Tuesday and Jackson Read had told Abby Weaver about it yesterday—that Monday. He had forgotten that she was no longer so interested in Willie Barstow's movements. And when he told his wife what he had done she scolded him for his thoughtlessness.

Yes, it was Tuesday, and he was out on that sea and there was no lamp lighted. Nothing to keep him off those terrible rocks that the light had been set there to show. In the morning he would be thrown dumb and cold where she could almost see him from her window. It would be with him as it had been with his father and grandfather and may be with his wife as it had been with his poor young mother. All the strong, baffled, but not suppressed nature of the woman asserted itself with terrible force.

"O my darling! my darling! my darling!" she shrieked, in a voice which was in itself both a prayer and a curse "You out thar, an' all the love in your mother's heart can't light ye home. O! the black water rollin' over the beautiful face, an' those laughin' blue eyes that looked at me when you was a baby, an' those black curls I've bushed, an, those lips I've kissed—puttin' out that lovin' soul! O Lord! Lord! Lord!"

CONTINUED.

Husband—They say of married people that they are but one. Which one, I wonder?

Wife—The woman, of course. You are the winner, you know, consequ ently I must be the won.

All Sorts.

A FAIR ATHLETE.

She could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
She could fence and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could do some heavy bowling,
And play tennis all day long;
But she couldn't help her mother,
'Cause she wasn't very strong.

Children with weak eyes, sore ears, or any form of scrofula cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"So you are mad at your husband. Are you going home to your mother?"

"No. I shan't do anything to please him again as long as I live."

Leading medical authorities indorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood medicine.

It is a time of progress!
Such changes vast are made!
They'll soon be putting lemons
In the circus lemonade.

BAD BLOOD causes Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Abscesses, Ulcers, Scrofula etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cures bad blood in any form from a common pimple to the worst scrofula sore.

"Your time has come," grimly remarked the jeweller's errand boy, as he delivered a clock at a customer's residence.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the blood from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sores or ulcers. Skin diseases, Boils, Blotches and all blood humors cannot resist its healing powers.

Tommy—Uncle, what's prohibition?

Uncle (who comes from Maine)—A law that prevents men from getting good liquor, Tommy.

FOR CHOLERA MORBUS, Cholera Infantum Cramps, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint. Dr Fowler's extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for over 40 years.

He—"If I could say as mean, sarcastic things as you can, do you know what I would do?"

She (expecting a compliment)—"No, what?"

"I'd ask the Lord to give me strength not to."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhœa, Dysentry. Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 35c.

Young lady (in music store)—Have you "A Heart That Beats With Love?"

Clerk (blushingly)—No, miss; I would consider it highly imprudent at a salary of 2 dollars a week.

GENTLEMEN.—I have used your Yellow Oil and have found it unequalled for burns, sprains, scalds, rheumatism, croop and colds All who use it recommend it. Mrs. Higat Montreal, Que.

Hobbs—Dosen't it give you a kind of humble feeling to meet a girl you used to be engaged to long ago.

Nobbs—Yep. Always make me wonder whether her taste used to be as bad as mine was.

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup cures and remove worms of all kinds in children or adults Price 25. Sold by all dealers.

To restore gray hair to its natural color as in youth, cause it to grow abundant and strong, there is no better preparation than Hall's Hair Renewer

One bright pupil who hopes to pass a Regents' examination in history next month told her teacher not long ago that the colonies rebelled because England tried to impose a tea tax on whiskey.

The torturing pangs of neuralgia are speedily overcome by a free application of Dr. Manning's german remedy the universal pain cure, sold by all druggists.

Sick Headache is quickly cured by Hawker's liver pills.

Domestic—"How much do you pay, mum?"

Mrs. Hiram Daly—"I'll pay you what you are worth."

Domestic—I don't work for no starvation wages. Good day, mum!"

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great suprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately If you want quick relief and cure this is you remedy. Sold by A. DIXON.

"Is Spooneys wife a nice housekeeper?"

"Well, I should say so. Why, he has to keep a private detective to watch his clothes so as he can tell where to find them. She's so tidy.

HEART DISEAE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—All cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relieved in 30 minutes and quickly cured, by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose convinces Sold by A. DIXON.

Police Turnkey—Well, what is your name?

Dejected Wanderer—Ain't got none. Jist call me No. 2.

"No. 2?"

"Yes. I'm my wife's second husband."

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. Dixon.

The part of the Buctouche and Moncton railway bridge through which the engine went recently is to be thoroughly rebuilt The engine was not greatly damaged, but the bridge will be impassible for some months. In the meantime regular trips on the railway have been resumed to the Moncton side of the river.

NO HOPE OF RECOVERY.

WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS.

A WONDERFUL CURE.

MR. VAIL, the well-known Checker of the I. C. R. Freight Dep't., St. John N. B., makes the following statement,

"Oct. 12, 1892.—Last spring I was completely run down from the *effects of overwork* and an *attack of the Grip*. I was *weak* and *nervous* and *had no appetite*. COULD NOT SLEEP and felt *tired* and *depressed*. I tried Doctors and various remedies but got no better, and *had to give up work*. I became so *weak* and *exhausted* that I had GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF RECOVERY, when I was advised to try

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC.

I purchased 6 bottles and in a *month's time* after taking 4 of them, had *gained 21 lbs in weight*. My appetite returned, I slept well grew STRONG and VIGOROUS and am

Entirely Cured of Nervousness.

I am stronger now than I have been for year and can do my work *without fatigue or exhaustion*. To anyone suffering from weakness or exhaustion I heartily commend it as a most valuable *Restorative Tonic*, as it *restored me to health and strength*, after al other remedies had failed."

We endorse the above statement of Mr. Vail's case, as we have had a personal knowledge of it and hereby do affirm his statement to be to every particular.

W. G. Robertson, Station Master, I. C. R. } St. John.
Fred E. Hannington, Ticket Agent, I. C. R. } N. B.

For sale by all Druggists and general dealers at 50c. a bottle. 3 bottles $1.25.

Manufactured by the

HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited, St. John, N. B.

"HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure Billous Ills."

OUR DAILY RECKONING.

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that hour well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay:
If, through it all,
You've nothing done, that you can trace,
That brought the sunshine to one face;
No act most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

Talkum—Prof. Garner says that monkeys do not actually converse, but confine themselves to simple remarks on matters of importance.

Thinkum—Dear me! How man has degenerated.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or callouned maps bood s pavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains George Robb. Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by A. Dixon

The non-advertising merchant goes forth to his liar at the rising of the sun and lo! no man interfereth. He standeth around all day like unto a bottle of castor oil, and the people with shekels come not unto his shanty. He advertiseth not his ware and his face is forgotton on the face of the earth. Who has dried apples? Who hath soiled gingbams? Who hath calicoes before the war? Who hath stale baking powder without end? He that knoweth not the way to the printers.—Ex.

Tidnish N. S.

David Amos, postmaster at Tidnish N. S. writing to the Hawker Medicine Co. says: Last spring I suffered greatly with neuralgic rheumatism and could get nothing to help me. I began using Dr. Manning's german remedy and received relief at once Every application gave me great benefit and I have now no need to use it. He further adds, I cannot speak too highly of this remedy. Dr. Mannings german remedy is sold by all druggists and dealers.

The Best Dressing



AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Prevents the hair from becoming thin, faded, gray, or wiry, and preserves its richness, luxuriance, and color to an advanced period of life. It cures itching humors, and keeps the scalp cool, moist, and healthy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, 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 it excels. Price 75 cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will positively relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cts. This Injector for its successful treatment is furnished free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee to give satisfaction.



LORENZO PULISTON.

SPOTS AND BLEMISHES, CAUSED BY BAD BLOOD, CURED BY B.B.B.

DEAR SIRS,—I am thankful to B.B.B. because I am to-day strong and well through its wonderful blood cleansing powers. I was troubled with scrofulous spots and blemishes all over my body and was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I took one bottle, with great benefit, and can positively say that before I had taken half of the second bottle I was

PERFECTLY CURED.

I am so pleased to be strong and healthy again by the use of B.B.B. and I can strongly recommend it to everybody. LORENZO PULISTON.

Sydney Mines, C.B.

DR FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES COLIC CHOLERA CHOLERA-MORBUS DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN OR ADULTS Price 35 CTS BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

AN EMINENT MINISTER

REV. W. S. BARKER

OF PETERBORO.



Mr. W. S. Barker is a young minister of Peterboro who has by his great earnestness and able exposition of the doctrines of the Bible earned for himself a place amongst the foremost ministers of Canada. He, with his most estimable wife, believe in looking after the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of mankind, hence the following statement for publication:

"I have much pleasure in recommending the Great South American Nervine Tonic to all who are afflicted as I have been with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found very great relief from the very first bottle, which was strongly recommended to me by my druggist. I also induced my wife to use it. who, I must say, was completely run down and was suffering very much from general debility. She found great relief from South American Nervine and also cheerfully recommends it to her fellow-sufferers.

"REV. W. S. BARKER."

It is now a scientific fact that certain nerve centres located near the base of the brain have entire control over the stomach, liver, heart, lungs and indeed all internal organs; that is, they furnish these organs with the necessary nerve force to enable them to perform their respective work. When the nerve centres are weakened or deranged the nerve force is diminished, and as a result the stomach will not digest the food, the liver becomes torpid, the kidneys will not act properly, the heart and lungs suffer, and in fact the whole system becomes weakened and sinks on account of the lack of nerve force.

South American Nervine is based on the foregoing scientific discovery and is so prepared that it acts directly on the nerve centres. It immediately increases the nervous energy of the whole system, thereby enabling the different organs of the body to perform their work perfectly, when disease at once disappears. It greatly benefits in one day.

Mr. Solomon Bond, a member of the Society of Friends, of Darlington, Ind., writes: "I have used six bottles of South American Nervine and I consider that every bottle did for me one hundred dollars worth of good, because I have not had a good night's sleep for twenty years on account of irritation, pain, horrible dreams, and general nervous prostration, which has been caused by chronic indigestion and dyspepsia of the stomach, and by a broken down condition of my nervous system. But now I can lie down and sleep all night as sweetly as a baby, and I feel like a sound man. I do not think there has ever been a medicine introduced into this country, which will at all compare with this as a cure for the stomach and nerves."

For Sale by Amasa Dixon, Sackville, N. B.