RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,

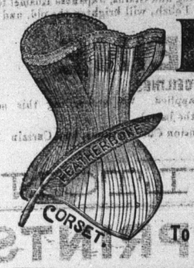
Manufacturers and Builders



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material

Send for Estimates.



PureQuills

Make a better filling for Corsets than any other known material. "Featherbone" Corsets are tougher and more elastic than any other make, as they are entirely filled with quills (Featherbone).

To be had at all Retail Dry Goods Stores.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

FOR RENT.

—oxo—

That pleasantly situated

COTTAGE

on Main St. within five minutes walk of the Colleges. Possession given at once,

Apply to

MRS. D. CASEY.

March 22. '94, or A. T. Fawcett.

NOTICE TO LOBSTER FISHERS.

—x—

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.

—o

Boston Shipping Co.

3 Central Wharf,

Commission Dealers. BOSTON.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Philip M. Casey formerly of Aboushagan in the County of Westmorland and to Oliver Jaundreau, Pierre Breau and Woodford Avard trustees of the said Philip M. Casey and to all others to whom it may or shall concern.—

Notice is hereby given that there will be sold by Public Auction at or near Crane's Corner in the Parish of Sackville in the County of Westmorland on Saturday the 26th day of May next at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon in order to satisfy the principal money and interest due on a certain mortgage bearing date the fifteenth day of July 1890 and made by Philip M. Casey then or formerly of Aboushagan in said County of Westmorland farmer to Josiah Wood of Sackville in said County, which said mortgage is duly recorded in the Westmorland County records by the No. 50617, folio 621 libro Q 5 of said records default having been made in the payment of the principal money and interest thereby secured, and in order to obtain payment thereof the following lands and premises mentioned and contained in said Indenture of Mortgage viz:—All that certain piece or parcel of land situated at Aboushagan aforesaid and bounded Southerly by lands in the occupation of Moses Casey and on which he now resides, Easterly by lands of George Kinnear, Northerly by lands of Thomas Taddy Godet and Westerly by the road from Shediac to Sackville and containing fifty acres more or less. Said lot being this day conveyed to said Philip M. Casey by deed from William Faulds together with all and singular the buildings improvements privileges and appurtenances to said premises belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Dated this 20th day of March A. D. 1894.

JOSIAH WOOD.

March 22. 94 2m. Mortgagee.

—English Spavin Liniment removes all all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemises from horses, Blood Spaven, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Cought, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by A. Dixon.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT TAKE THEBEST 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 sister 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 Inhector for the successful treatment is furnished free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.



Weakness Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early error or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

—The Stanley was stuck in the ice a few hours over a week. She reached Pictou about 3 p. m., Wednesday and left on her return trip to Georgetown Friday morning.

HEART DISEASE 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.

—The C. P. R. will build a grand hotel in St. John at an early date, probably on the sight of the Dufferin Hotel.

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 surprise 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. Sold by A. Dixon.

—The Scott Act has been readopted in Charlottetown by a majority of two—714 for the act and 712 against it. The act was def eated in 1891 by a majority of 16.

—Halifax is to have a new weekly paper. It will be called "The Saturday Night."

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completly 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 calloused lumps blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains. George Robb, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by A. Dixon

Poet—I hope you have received the little volume of poems I ventured to send you.

Baroness—Indeed I have—it is charming—I wonder where I have put it.

Little Karl—Under the leg of the table, mamma, to make it steady.

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."

LOW'S WORM SYRUP is the standard of excellence. Mothers recommend it. Children cry for it. Worms fly from it.

SPRING.

As sometime after deathlike swound
The life, that in the inmost cell
Of Being keeps her citadel,
Flows out upon the death around,

Flows out and slowly wins again
Along the nerve-way's tangled track,
Each after inch her kingdom back
To sense of subtly joyous pain;

Till he that in the silent room
With hot hands chafes her finger-tips,
And lays his warm lips on the lips
Whose cold hath quenched his life in gloom,

Feels all at once a fluttering breath,
And in her hand an answering heat,
Feels the faint, far-off pulses beat,
And knows that this is life from death—

So in the arterial, profound
Mysterious pathways of the earth,
New life is yearning to its birth,
New pulses beat along the ground.

A rosy mist is o'er the trees,
The first faint flush of life's return,
The firm blanched fingers of the fern
Unclasp beneath the vernal breeze.

Where late the plough with coulter keen,
Tossed the grey scubbles into foam,
The upland's robe of russet loam
Is shot with woof of tender green.

And here and there a dow-ret lifts
A milk-white crest, a sudden spear,
Through those dead leaves of yesteryear
That nicker in the hedgerow drifts.

And as I gaze on earth and skies
Now waking from their winter sleep,
Strange thrills into my being creep
From that great life that never dies.

Low voices of the cosmic soul
Breathe softly on my spirit's ear,
And through earth's chaos whisper clear
The meaning of her tangled whole.

That deep beneath that seeming strife
Where all things ever deathward draw
There lives and works the larger law,
Whose secret is not death, but life!

The Cost of a Vote.

BY ENDA C. JACKSON-HOUK.

"It was the timber, boys. I told the boss it 'was rotten Maybe he forgot. There was the blow av the pick, the crackin' av the timber, the slate came down on me head an' here's wakes av lay off. It would av mint death but for Mavourneen, saints love her.

Across the clean room a pair of long ashed, sweet gray eyes met and answered the look of tenderness turned upon them. Then the brown head with its smooth braids drooped over the dimpled baby in the woman's arm and the soft voice went on crooning a low lullaby Only a lingering rose flush on the cheeks told of the pleasure given by her husband's praise.

There came a rap at the open door. Without waiting for an answer the visitor stepped in, as the two miners who had called to see their injured associate went out.

The new-comer was a well dressed man, with a brisk, important air.

"And how are you now, my man? Better, I see; glad of it. No, don't up!" The host had started to rise respectfully, and made a quick move as if to lift his hat, blushing through his sickness-bleached skin to find it was not there.

"Be out to vote for our man, McGlaskie, next week, of course? He veiled a keen, searching glance under a condescending laugh.

'I—I had thought av votin' for Gregg, sorr,' replied Dennis, his embarrassment emphasizing his slight brogue.

"Tut, tut! Go back on the man who has served you so well, for one you know nothing of! McGlaskie's the workingman's friend—you know that McCarty.'

McCarty moved uneasily in his chair.

'That's it, sorr," he said hesitatingly, 'he promises, but, savin' your prisince he sames to spind the time betwane elections, fergittin' the same. Wages be gettin' lower an' livin' higher aich day.'

'Give us time, give us time, man!' replied the other rising. 'Oh, by the way, I met McGlaskie, just back here, and he was asking about you. 'Splendid, fine fellow, that McCarty,' says he—yes he did—said just that,' added the adroit flatterar, his keen eye noting the glow of pride on the wife's upraised face.

'We must try to give him a better job' says he.' Then he takes this out of his pocket and says, 'Here, give this to him; sorry he was hurt, but this is the rale old stuff, out of my own cellar brace him up in no time; real good of McGlaskie, I say. Smell that.'

'As the penetrating odor from the bottle filled the room, the visitor stopped talking in astonishment at the change in the hitherto quiet man. In all the four years that Dennis, McCarty had worked in the mines he had never heard of him entering a saloon, or tasting a drop of liquor. Now he had risen to his feet clutching the bottle eagerly, an almost insane light in his eyes.

'Give it to me, sorr!' he panted, I am wake an' sick an'——

There was a soft, quick movement across the room, two lightly compelling hands clasped the bottle, and in some mysterious way it disappeared, while Dennis, sank back in his chair, quivering and white as one stricken with fear, Mavourneen laid a cool hand upon his brow and turned her calm, grey eyes upon the visitor.

"It's the foe of his race, sir,' she said, gravely, of his father and his father's father before him. He dare not go where it is.'

'For God's sake don't bring it near me, Sorr,' pleaded the convalescent, "it makes a demon av me—Mary knows, poor Mary!'

Ah, did she not know! Those awful bast days of darkness and terror. But the smiling lips never quivered, the steady hand caressed his brow with a soothing, masmeric touch.

'There, dear heart! It is past. Rest now!'

Then with light step she went into the other room and buised herself about her work.

The visitor smiled, a peculiar smile and rose.

'Ah, inherited taste! Down you if it gets a grip on you—ha, ha! Quite right to give it the go by.' His voice took on a tone of friendly comradery. 'Well good-bye my man! Be out in time to vote for McGlaskie', and with a careless nod he was gone.

Further down the dingy street of the coal-mining town, he stepped into the open door of a one-story saloon, with a low ceiling, leaned familiarly over the bar.

'How's election, Bob? Close run for Mac, hey?'

'Close! Shu'd say so! McGlaskie's operators' man, don't yer see; they're all down on him. Mac ain't in it see? Have suthin?'

'Not now, thanks!' said the other. He laid a greenback on the counter.

'Mac must be in it! Don't stint the boys. Set 'em up liberally. Holler for McGlaskie, workingman's hope—see?'

'I see!' replied the bar-keeper, gravely, sweeping the money into the till. 'Rah for McGlaskie! Workingman's hope! Mac is in it.'

The mine boss nodded approvingly and went out.

* * * * * * *

Denis turned in the door for another look at the home nest. He had been at work a week now, and the glow of health was beginning to mingle again with the coal grime on his face. A sturdy frank fellow he was looking with home affection upon his sweet-eyed wife and cooking baby. Mary held the child up to kiss him and laughed to see the chubby fists grasp at the paternal moustache.

"He will be growing up a man and needing the schooling before we dream it, Dennis,' laughed the mother, with pride in her voice.

On election day, at five o'clock, Dennis's companion, working the shift with him shouldered his pick

'Coom, mon, coom! Is it a vote for the operators' mon an' half a loaf, or for Gregg an' no loaf at all?'

'I was thinking of Gregg,' replied Dennis, slowly, also shouldering his pick.

'An' get the pinch? Hoot, lad, dinna ye do it!' exclaimed the Scotchman, leading the way through the dripping gloom.

Dennis well knew what a 'pinch' was. A low place in the mine, where the miner was often obliged to lie almost prostrate to work, and where the impossibility of 'earning his salt' compelled the worker to throw up the job This fate, the men averred, was reserved for the miner who would not do the bidding of the bosses.

Dennis did not incline pinchward. The long illness had left obligations. Mary's pale, patient face rose up before him. It is easy to prate of principle. Dennis's principle began where every true man's principle should begin, in the care for dependent loved ones.

The voting place was in a room adjoining the bar. Dennis took a Gregg ticket and passed on.

'Oh, McCarty, just step in here a moment! I want a word with you; plenty of time to vote afterward.'

Dennis shrank back as he saw where his visitor of the previous week was taking him.

'Not there, sorr!'

'Nonsense, man!' said his companion sharply. 'The bar is closed. Don't be childish!'

Half ashamed and fearing to offend the man who could 'give the pinch' if he chose to do so, Dennis followed. His companion stepped in and locked the door. The bar was closed truly, but from a small back room came the clink of glasses. The odor of alcohol filled the air. The keen glance resting on Dennis noted the flushing of his face and the eager light that came into his eyes.

'You know, Mr. McCarty,' began the boss, argumentatively, "you ought to vote for McGlaskie. He is the best man for the—'

'Whist!' The door of the little back room opened and the red-faced bartender came in, a glass of steaming toddy in his hand He was walking on tiptoe with a playful mockery of caution.

'Whist! Keep it dark, me boy, but if you don't believe that Mac's the man, let this convince ye! Come in!' He pushed the two men toward the open door. A wave of alcoholic fumes met them. Dennis drew the back of his hand across his dry lips. The insane longing grew upon him.

'I—I must be goin', boys!' he faltered, huskily.

'Goin!' cried the barkeeper. in shiny-faced indignation. 'Without a drap! Look at this! 'Rah fer McGlaskie!' He held the toddy nearer.

'Take it away Bob!' pleaded Dennis backing away slowly.

'Take it away! Put it away, says I!' shouted the tempter, derisively. 'Here, put it down ye and warm yer lungs to holler fer McGlaskie!'

He thrust the stuff into McCarty's trembling hands. The fumes mounted to his brain. He was still weak from his long illness, and the foe of his race conquered him. All the strong abstinence and struggle was as naught.

A few minutes later another vote was registered for McGlaskie. Hours after they turned him out, a raging demon, furious, crazy.

Who would not be a demon, with brain on fire and this mocking fiend before him. leering, bending its hideous, grinning face to his until he could feel its hot breath on his cheek! It meant him mischief, it threatened him! Everyone he passed on the shadowy homeward way took on those distorted mocking features. He screamed aloud and struck at them with his pick. But they were still there, closer and more threatening. He fled along the dark street, but the fiend followed him Now it was before him, turning with flaming eyes and skeleton hands to clutch and threaten him. His rage grew more insane. He cursed the thing, and the whole dark night seemed to be full of taunting laughter, leering faces and skeleton hands. They had filled his head full of fire; they were reaching for him to tare him in pieces.

Once he cowered back, trembling and panting, then in a sudden fury he sprang out among them striking to right and left. There! They had vanished. He ran along the street, instinctively homeward.

Mavourneen, sitting crooning a sweet, low song to the baby, heard his step. The supper table still waited, set for two, lamplight and fire light mingling over it. His favourite dish was waiting. It had cost some self-denial; but he had been ill, poor fellow. He needed some home petting. A pleasant light came into the grey eyes as Mavourneen rose to greet him, What was this that entered? A raging lunatic, with bloodshot, glaring eyes and distorted visage. The serene eyes watching turned dark with agony, the cheeks whitened. The old enemy had come again; Hope was dead!

Mary laid the baby on the bed and approached him quietly.

'Come, Dennis,' she said, laying steady hands on his and speaking softly. 'Supper waits, you are tired, poor one.

An instant that voice calmed him. But, see! The fiend was there in her place. It had stolen her away! Mary—Mavourneen! It was leering in devilish triumph! What had it done with her? It bent nearer, it clutched at his throat! He lifted his pick and brought it down on a white, upturned face.

It had fallen. Gone at last! He was very weak and weary. He staggered to a chair, and soon slid stupidly to the floor, dragging the cloth partly from the table as he fell.

After a while the other figure on the floor stirred. There was a long fluttering from under the mass of wet, matted hair dreadfully wet and matted. The eyelids fluttered, shut, then slightly opened again. The fire died down, The lamp flickered and went out. There were late noises and shouts on the street, but after a while even those ceased.

At sunrise a heavy, uncertain step passed the house. A loud, cheerful voice shouted with confidence of one who asserts a well-known fact and defies contradiction: 'What's the matter with McGlaskie? He's—all—right!'

A soft flutter came from the bed in the silent room, then a low gurgle, something between a dove's coo and a fairy's laugh. A ray of sun ight had fallen across the baby's hand. He tried to hold it in his dimpled fingers. The sunbeam faded. The child gave a shrill, petulant cry. Perhaps he missed the kiss and the smiling eyes that had always greeted his first awaking He cried again, louder than before.

The sound awakened the man sleeping stupidly on the floor. He sat up and gazed dully around. A vague wonder stirred within him at his position the disordered room and the crying baby. His glance fell on his pick; it was stained red. He sprang to his feet with clinched hands and mad staring eyes. A motionless figure with dreadfully matted hair.

'Mavourneen! Mavourneen! O God!'

Outside there was a rush of feet on the broad walk A score of voices, triumphant rejoicing.

'Rah for McGlaskie He's all right!'

Within, the baby wailed unheeded. A madman knelt on the floor, clasping, caressing and pleading for a word from a rigid form that would not answer.—*The Voice.*

All Sorts.

THE KING'S FOOL.

The fool kept by the King
Was quite a stupid bore.
Although, at everything,
His Majesty would roar—
"There's nothing in his chaff,
Said he, "to cause me mirth,
But still I have to laugh
To get my money's worth."

BAD BLOOD cures blotches, boils, pimples abscesses, ulcers, scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cures bad blood in any form from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

"Here," said the farmer;" just split up some of that railroad timber and I'll give you a good meal."

'Alas? I cannot," said the tramp; the greater part of my life has been passed walking on such as those. It is too much like breaking up home ties."

Burdock Blood Bitters cure Dyspepsia.
Burdock Blood Bitters cure Constipation
Burdock Blood Bitters cure Biliousness
Burdock Blood Bitters cure headache
Burdock Blood Bitters unlock all the clogged secretions of the Bowels thus curing Headaches and similiar complaints.

I HAVE BEEN greatly troubled with headache and bad blood for ten or twelve years. I started to take Burdock Blood Bitters in July, 1892, and now (Jan. 1893), I am perfectly cured.

HUGH DRAIN, Norwood, Ont.

Johnnie—Mister Hayrick, kin Sam cum an' go a-fishin' wid me!

Mr. Hayrick—All right, Johnnie; jes' as soon as he waters ther hoss an' feeds ther pigs and drives ther cows to pasture an' takes er bag o' corn ter the mill an' cleans ther waggon an' splits some wood.

DO NOT NEGLECT coughs, colds, asthma, and Bronchitis, but cure them by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mr. James Shand, the well-known Auctioneer, says: "Had considerable expectoration and disagreeable cough. Physician recommended *Puttner's Emulsion*. Took six boteles—cough vanished Am convinced your preparation brought about my speedy convalescence."

Parent (wielding hair brush)—To be obliged to chastise you in this way, Johnnie, is painful in the extreme. Johnnie (between sobs) Yes; my extreme.

NORWAY PINE SYRUP is the safest and best cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c. and 50c.

"I must," said she, have an Easter bonnet;
Don't tell me no, for I'm bent upon it."
He lazily blew some rings of some,
And said: "Bent, eh? Well I'm broke."

I CAN highly praise Burdock Blood Bitter because it had a fair trial in my case with wonderful success. My symptoms were dropsy, backache and sleeplessness, and all these disappeared after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I cannot praise its healing powers to highly.

GEORGINA HOLMES,

Wood Point. Sackville, N. B.

If two men who are mortal enemies meet in society, they ignore each other; if two female enemies meet, they kiss each other.

SEVERE HEADACHES are instantly relieved by laying on the forehead a piece of brown paper wetted with Dr. Manning's german remedy, the universal pain cure. all druggists sell it.

A BAD MORNING TASTE indicates biliousness Hawker's liver pills are a certain cure and mild in their action.

Press agent—'What! You don't like my new farce-comedy soubrette? I tell you man, you're bilious! Why, she dances and sings like a bird!"

Country critic.—"I'll admit that she dances like a bird—but she can't sing!"

(*Continued from Page 1.*)

W. Webster, the proud father, "you are to be graduated in June. What are your ideas as to selecting your profession?" 'I think I'll be a lawyer, father. I am fond of ease.' "Ease? Do you consider the lawyer's profession one of ease? 'It certainly is at the start. Young lawyers never have much to do."

The reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as a blood medicine, is maintained by daily cures.

"Your husband, said the caller, sympathizingly, "was a man of excellent qualities.' "Yes,' sighed the widow; 'he was a good man. Everybody says so. I wasn't much acquainted with him myself. He belonged to six lodges."

To retain an abundant head of hair of a natural color to a good old age, the hygiene of the scalp must be observed. Apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

—A St. John merchant received an invoice the other day, made out in dollars and cents, from Huntley and Palmers, the world-renowned English biscuit manufacturers, a concern that employs 5,000 hands. Truly 'the world do move.'

—The mails came over to Cape Tormentine Monday night for the last time. They will go by steamer Northumberland from Pt. de Chene this season.

Advance agent (in Oklahama)—What. Only one dressing room in this theater You surely don't expect a dramatic company of eighteen ladies and gentleman to dress in that one room, do you?

Manager Dinks (of the spread Eagle Theater)—What's the matter? Hain't they on speakin' term s?

HOAST is the old Scotch name for a cough. The English name for the best cure for coughs is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

COTTOLENE

What is it

?

It is the new shortening taking the place of lard or cooking butter, or both. Costs less, goes farther, and is easily digested by anyone.

★

AT ALL GROCERS.

★

Made only by

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,

Wellington and Ann Sts.,

MONTREAL.

St. John, N. B.

MAYOR PETERS WILL SEEK A FOURTH TERM—AN INTERESTING STATEMENT.

ST. JOHN, N. B., April 2nd.—The approaching civic contest, when the new Tax Reduction Association will have a full ticket in the field, promises to be the most exciting held for many years. Mayor T. W. Peters, who has occupied the civic chair for three years with marked ability and dignity, devoted much time and effort to the advancement of the city's interests, especially in the matter of improved trade facilities along the harbour front, will again be a candidate for the majority, though not the candidate of the T. R. A. He is personally very popular, as proved by his election for three successful terms. Mayor Peters has written the following letter to the Hawker Medicine Co: "I consider Hawker's nerve and stomach has no equal as a nerve invigorator, blood builder and appetizer, having had beneficial results from its use." In making this statement Mayor Peters simply emphasizes what every person who has tried any of Hawker standard remedies says about them all. They have no equal. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure condition of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache sleeplessness, neuralgia, loss of appetite dyspepsia, hysteria, and the prostrating effects of la grippe or any nerve weakness of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body or excesses of any nature. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic can be obtained from all druggists and dealers. Price fifty cents a bottle or six bottles for $2.50.

WEAKNESS, DEBILITY PALENESS, ANAEMIA, etc. are cured by Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA SOLD ALL AROUND THE WORLD

FOR THE CURE OF

Catarrh, Scrofula, Boils, Eczema, Carbuncles, Sores, And all Other Skin Diseases.

EQUALLY EFFECTIVE IN

Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, and all complaints originating in

Impure Blood.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Has cured others, will cure you.

SCROFULA

CURED BY

B.B.B.



MRS. JAS. CHASE.

Worst Kind of Scrofula.

DEAR SIRS.—I had an abscess on my breast and scrofula of the very worst kind, the doctors said. I got so weak that I could not walk around the house without taking hold of chairs to support me. The doctors treated me for three years, and at last said there was no hope for me. I asked if I might take B.B.B. and they said it would do me no harm, so I began to take it, and before three bottles were used I felt great benefit. I have now taken six bottles and am nearly well. I find Burdock Blood Bitters a grand blood purifier and very good for children as a spring medicine.

MRS. JAMES CHASE,

Frankford, Ont.

'Binks has written a remarkable novel.'

'You'd hardly expect it.'

'No; you wouldn't. But the scene is laid on a steamer; and he dosen't even hint that the engines pulsated like the throb of a mighty heart.'

Executor's Notice.

All persons having any claim against the estate of William Appleby late of Midgic in the parish of Sackville, deceased, will present the same to the executors duly attested to within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned. COREY ANDERSON,

CHARLES SEARS,

J. E. BENNETT, Executors,

Sol. of said estate.

Dated the 3rd day of February, A.D., 1894

Executor's Notice.

All persons having claims against estate of the late Honorable Amos Edwin Botsford will please hand in the same properly attested to the undersigned executors or either of them within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment within said time to said executors, or to J. F. Allison, acting executor at Sackville, N. B.

Dated this 10th day of April, A. D., 1894.

J. F. ALLISON,

1m E. B. BUSTEED, Executors.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

—oxo—

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

NOTICE OF SALE.

To William C. Carter of the Parish of Botsford in the County of Westmorland in said County Kate D. Oulton and Martin Lane as administrators of A. E. Oulton deceased and all others to whom it may or shall concern.

Notice is hereby given that there will be sold by public auction at or near Crane's Corner in the Parish of Sackville in the County of Westmorland on

MONDAY MAY FOURTEENTH

next at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon All that lot and tract of land situate in the Parish of Westmorland in said County and in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty second day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand and eight hundred and seventy nine and made between the said William C. Carter of the one part and Josiah Wood of the Parish of Sackville merchant of the other part bounded and described as follows:— Southeasterly by the road leading to Bale Vert, Northeasterly by lands formerly owned by Nelson Oulton now occupied by Fraser Allen Northwesterly by wilderness lands, and Southwesterly by lands of Henry Oulton, being the property on which the said William C. Carter now resides and containing two hundred acres more or less. Together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in anywise appertaining. The above sale is held under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in the Indenture of Mortgage above mentioned, which said mortgage is duly recorded in the office of the registrar of deeds in and for the county of Westmorland by the No. 38049 folio 456 libro Y 3 of said records, and because default has been made in the payment of the principal money and int rest secured in and by said mortgage, and in order to obtain payment of the same.

Dated this thirty first day of March A. D. 1894.

JOSIAH WOOD

Mortgagee

—Canadian Pacific steamers are to be subsidized by the British government for war purposes.

SICK HEADACHE!

The Bane of Millions of Lives

ITS CAUSE!



Sick Headache is a malady which makes its appearance most frequently in women. The attack often begins in the morning, upon awakening, after a night of restlessness or heavy sleep; though it is especially wont to occur in connection with emotional disturbances, such as excitement, fright or mental strain. The pain is usually localized, being in one or the other, more frequently the left side of the head. It is generally accompanied by great disturbance of the stomach, when light pains the eyes; noises otherwise unnoticed inflict punishment; odors excite nausea. From the fact that people with strong nerves are never troubled with Sick Headache, it is generally conceded by the most eminent physicians that it is dependent upon weak nerves or nervous debility, and can only be permanently cured by strengthening the nervous system.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic is the only remedy manufactured which is prepared especially and expressly for the nerves. It acts directly on the nerve centres at the base of the brain, correcting any derangement there may be, greatly increasing the supply of nervous energy or nerve force, giving great tone to the whole body, and thus by enabling a system subject to Sick Headache to withstand future attacks. It gives relief in one day and speedily effects a permanent cure.

Mrs. Isabella S. Graham, of Friendswood, Indiana, writes: "For a number of years I have suffered intensely with Nervous and Sick Headache; had hot flashes, was sleepless and became despondent. Dr. Faris, of Bloomington, Indiana, spoke so highly of South American Nervine that I was induced to buy a bottle. That purchase led to a few others, and now I sleep soundly, feel buoyant, strong and vigorous. I would not be back in the condition I was in when I began taking this medicine for any sum you could name."

Mrs. J. H. Prouty, of La Grange, Indiana, writes: "Your South American Nervine worked a marvellous cure with me last year. I began taking it last April about the 20th. The first week I made a gain of 16 lbs. and from that time on I made a steady gain until I reached my normal weight, making in all a total gain of 80 lbs. After taking it three or four months I found myself a well woman."

For Sale by AMASA DIXON, Sackville, N. B.