Land Sales, Etc.

Property for Sale.

The farm lately owned by the late Silas Estabrooks at Midgic Sackville N. B. and now in the occupation of Wesley Estabrooks is for sale. One half of Purchase money can remain on mortgage at six per cent if desired. The farm is one of the most centrally located in Midgic and is contiguous to the valuable marsh lands now being made up in that section of the Parish. It contains about 50 a cres of cultivated lands and the soil is good.

Apply to
A. W. BENNETT.

Sackville, N. B. July 17th 1895.

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his dwelling house and premises at Four Corners so called, Upper Sackville, N. B. The dwelling house is a good commodious one and there are two good sized barns on the place and three acres of land. The house is heated by furnace and buildings are all in a good state of repair. The location is a very desirable one being but a short distance from the Superior School, and N. B. & P. E. Ry. Terms made known on application. Dated Dec. 9th, '95.

GEO. W. TOWSE.

Notice of Sale.

To Maxwell Tower and Margaret A. Tower his wife.

Take notice that the subscriber will sell at Public Auction at Crane's Corner, Sackville on THURSDAY 5th day of FEBRUARY 1896 at 11 a. m. the following lands and premises situate at Midgic in the parish of Sackville, bounded southerly by the main road leading through Midgic, Westerly by lands of Joseph L. Black, Northerly by lands of Thomas Patterson and James Hicks and Easterly by lands of Martin Estabrooks and containing fifty acres more or less.

The above property is sold by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage given by the said Maxwell Tower and Margaret Tower to the subscriber, dated 25th day of June 1894 and duly registered in the Registry office for the County of Westmorland on 5th November 1894, No 63598, Book G, No 6 page 133, by reason of default having been made in the payment of the interest.

Dated at Sackville N. B. this 28th day of October A D 1895.

WILLIAM C. MILNER

For Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale the property now occupied by himself in Pt de Bute consisting of a good house and other buildings and over four acres of land. Will sell at a great bargain if bought within the next three months, Apply personally or by letter to

A. SCRIMGEOUR.
July 25 Amherst, N. S.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of the late Martin Lowerison of Mount Whatley in the Parish of Westmorland deceased, will please file the same duly attested with the undersigned within three months from date and all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to me.

Mount Whatley. Dec. 4th, '95.

ANNETTA LOWERISON.
3m Administratix.

TO LET.

The house and premises situate opposite Western Union Telegraph Office, Sackville, now occupied by F. McDougall. Possession can be had by 15th November next.

The house may be examined at any time by those wishing to lease it, The house is heated by furnace. Water tank in cellar and well good water at door.

JOS L BLACK,
Oct. 10th '9 .

Harper's Weekly.

IN 1896.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is a Journal for the whole country. It deals with the events of the world that are important to Americans.

In carrying out this policy, in 1895, JULIAN RALPH visited China and Japan, and journeyed through the West; RICHARD HARDING DAVIS took a trip through the Caribbean Sea; the the evolutions of the new navy was described and illustrated by RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM; FREDERIC REMINGTON presented studies of Army and Frontier life; POULTNEY BIGELOW attended the opening of the Kiel Canal.

In 1896 like attention will be given to every notably happening. The chief events in art, literature, and music and the drama will be artistically presented. W. D. HOWELLS, in the new department, LIFE AND LETTERS, will discuss in his interesting way books and the social questions of the time. E. L. MARTIN'S sprightly gossip of the BUSY WORLD will be continued. The progress of the Transportation Commission around the world will be followed, and CASPAR W. WHITNEY will conduct the department of AMATEUR SPORT.

In 1896 will occur a Presidential election. In its editorials and through its political cartoons the WEEKLY will continue to be an independent advocate of good government and sound money.

In fiction the WEEKLY will be especially strong. It will publish the only novel of the year by W. D. HOWELLS, and a stirring serial of a Scotch, by S. R. CROCKETT. The short stories selected are of unusual excellence and interest. In every respect HARPER'S WEEKLY will maintain its leading place in the illustrated journalism of the world.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY begin with the first Number for January of next year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of Order.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	one year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	"	4 00
HARPER'S ROUND TABLE	"	4 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States Canada, and Mexico

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
P. O. Box 958, N. Y. City.

Harper's Bazar.

IN 1896.

The twenty-ninth year of HARPER'S BAZAR, beginning in January, 1896, finds it maintaining its deserved reputation both as a Fashion Journal and a weekly periodical for home reading.

Every week the BAZAR presents beautiful toilettes for various occasions. SANDOZ, BAUDE and CHAPUIS illustrate and engrave the newest designs from the finest models in Paris and Berlin. NEW YORK FASHIONS summarizes current styles in New York. A fortnightly pattern-sheet supplement with diagrams and directions enables women to cut and make their own gowns, and is of great value to the professional modiste as well as to the amateur dressmaker. Children's Clothing receives constant attention. Fashions for Men are described in full detail by a man-about-town. OUR PARIS LETTER, by KATHARINE DE FOREST, is a sprightly weekly recital of fashion, gossip, and social doings in Paris, given by a clever woman in an entertaining way.

Both the serials for 1896 are the work of American women. MRS. GERALD, by MARIA LOUISE POOL, is a striking story of New England life. MARY F. WILKINS, in JEROME, A POOR MAN discusses the always interesting problems of the relations between labor and capital. Short stories will be written by the best authors.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS. Music, The Out-door Woman, Personals, What We Are Doing, Women and Men, report and discuss themes of immediate interest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. Questions receive the personal attention of the editor, and are answered at the earliest practicable date after their receipt.

The Volumes of the BAZAR begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

Remittances should be made by Post office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this Advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	one year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	"	4 00
HARPER'S ROUND TABLE	"	4 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States Canada and Mexico

Address HARPER & BROTHERS
P. O. Box 950. N. Y. City.

SHERIDAN'S



Condition POWDER

KEEPS CHICKENS STRONG

and healthy; it gets your pullets to laying early; it is worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting; it prevents all disease, Cholera, Roup, Diarrhœa, Leg-Weakness, Liver Complaint and Gapes.

It is a powerful Blood Digestive.

Large Cans are Most Economical to Buy.

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

therefore, no matter what kind of feed you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce health and form eggs. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated, in quantity costs less than a tenth of a cent a day. No other kind is like it.

If you can't get it send to us. Ask First

Samples for 25 cts. Five $1. Large two-lb. can $1.20. Six cans, $5. Exp' paid. Sample "Hint Poultry Paper" free. Farm Poultry one year (50 c.) and large can, both $1.50 L.S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

NEW BRUNSWICK REGISTRATION ACT.

FINAL NOTICE.

All persons required by said act to report BIRTHS, DEATHS, MARRIAGES; to the Division Registrar for Westmorland County, are requested to do so WITHOUT DELAY. All returns for the last twelve months should be sent in at once.

Returns pass throught mails FREE.

Persons neglecting to comply with the law will incur penalties as follows:

Sec. 22 If any householder, head of a family, clergyman, physician or any other person or persons required by this Act to report BIRTHS, MARRIAGES or DEATHS, refuses or wilfully neglects to do so within the time named, such person shall for each and every offence forfeit and pay a sum not less than one dollar nor more than twenty dollars and costs, in the discretion of the presiding justice before whom the case is ... shall be the duty of the Division Registrar to prosecute all such persons so neglecting or refusing to make the required report.

F. A. McCULLY,
Division Registrar, Moncton, N. B.
nov8 &w2m.

PROVINCE of New Brunswick County of Westmorland, S S.

(L. S.) To the Sheriff of the County of Westmorland or any Constable within the said (copy.) County.

GREETING:

Whereas Clara J. Wilbur Administratrix of the Estate and effects which were of Thomas B. Wilbur late of Dorchester in the said County and Province, Merchant, deceased, has filed an account of her administration of the said Estate and effects and prayed that said account may be passed and allowed in due form of law. You are therefore required to cite the said Clara J. Wilbur as such administratrix and all others interested in said Estate and effects to appear before me at a Court of Probates to be held in and for the said County at the office of the Registrar of Probates in Dorchester in said County on the tenth day of December next at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon to attend the passing of said account.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court this fifth day of November, A. D. 1895.

(s'd) CHAS. E. KNAPP,
(s'd) FREDERICK W. EMMERSON.
Registrar of Probates, Judge of Probates,
County of Westmorland, County of Westmorland.

Latest Styles in

WEDDING INVITATIONS

At Chignecto Post Office

WANTED.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

or older ones if still young in spirit, of undoubted character, good talkers, ambitious, and industrious, can find employment in a good cause, with $60. per month and upwards, according to ability.

REV T S LINSCOTT, Brantford, C

CHEAP GOODS.

I will sell for the next 60 days any line of goods in my store at 12 per cent added to Invoice prices for Cash only. Bring along your cash and get Bargains.

M. MURRAY.
Port Elgin, 18

Harper's Magazine.

IN 1896

BRISEIS, a new novel by WILLIAM BLACK, written with all the author's well-known charm of manner, will begin in the December Number, 1895, and continue until May. A new novel by GEORGE DU MAURIER, entitled THE MARTIN, will also begin during the year. It is not to be much to say that no novel has ever been awaited with such great expectation as the successor to TRILBY. THE PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC will continue and will relate the story of the failure and martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans. Other important fiction of the year will be a novelette by MARK TWAIN, under the title, TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE; a humorous three-part tale called TWO MORMONS FROM MUDDLETY, by LAURDON ELWYS MITCHELL; and short stories by OCTAVE THANET, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, MARY E. WILKINS, JULIAN RALPH, BRANDER MATTHEWS, OWEN WISTER, and other well known writers.

PROF WOODROW WILSON will contribute six papers on George Washington and his times, with illustrations by HOWARD PYLE. POULTNEY BIGELOW'S history of the GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY, illustrated by R CATON WOODVILLE, will be continued through the winter. Two papers on St. Clair's defeat and Mad Anthony Wane's victory, by THEODORE ROOSEVELT, with graphic illustrations will be printed during the year.

A noteworthy feature of the MAGAZINE during 1896 will be a series of articles by CASPAR W WHITNEY, describing his trip of 2000 miles on snow shoes and with dog-sledge trains into the unexplored Barren Grounds of British North America in pursuit of wood-bison and musk-oxen. MR. WHITNEY'S series will have the added interest of being illustrated from photographs taken by himself.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance or loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	one year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	"	4 00
HARPER'S ROUND TABLE	"	4 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States Canada and Mexico.

Address HARPER'S & BROTHERS
P. O. Box 959, N. Y. City.

Not the Same Girl.

"Do you remember, dear," he wrote,
"'Twas just one year ago,
When I kissed you so fervently
Beneath the mistletoe?

"I wonder if you've quite forgot;
Or if it is a bore
To now recall, that on that spot
I took—well, several more.

"Since then I have not seen you dear;
You know I've been away;
And other loves, maybe, have come
And velled from you that day.

"But your sweet face is just as fresh
As when I saw you last,
I hear your voice, it thrills me still
As in that hour long past.

"Say, sweetheart, are you just the same
Since time has taken flight
And we stood heart to heart? If so,
Then bid me come to-night."

"Dear sir," she wrote, "I'm in receipt
Of yours of even date,
It would be quite impossible
To see you as you state.

"I am engaged to-night. But if
Some striking truths you'd hear;
I send with this two tickets to
My talk on 'Woman's Sphere.'"

—Tom Masson in Life.

A TANGLED ELOPEMENT.

"No," roared Squire Benner; "I tell you, no, no"

Now Squire Benner was a big man, with a big voice and a very emphatic way of using it, and it was no wonder that Maggie, his little blue-eyed daughter, shrunk away from the awful sounds of the negative. She had conned a small speech, explanatory of the various good qualities of Carl Fairlie, and an expression of her own unalterable devotion to him; but she could no more have spoken it, in the echoing reverbefations of those awful monosyllables, than she could have recited the Greek alphabet. So she turned red and white and fled away from her father's wrath, into the more sympathetic atmosphere of her mother's room.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Benner, looking over the top of her gold spectacles, "what is the matter?"

"Oh mother," sobbed Maggie, "I am very miserable, and Carl will feel so bad! Oh, why is father so prejudiced?"

Mrs. Benner took Maggie's little golden head into her motherly lap.

"My dear," said Mrs. Benner, "your father's a man."

Volumes could not have expressed more subtle philosophy than this one curt speech.

"He's a man," said the plump matron, "and Carl Fairlie is poor, and somebody else we know of is rich; and he has forgotten that when he married me we had $45 between us! Just wait; it will all come right in time"

"Oh, no, mother, it never will," said Maggie. "If you could only have heard him!"

"Then, my dear," said Mrs. Benner, "we must just take the matter in our own hand."

"Mamma, you wouldn't——"

"Yes, I would," said Mrs. Benner, stoutly. "I'd slip away to Aunt Frazee's some night, and get married quietly."

There was a vein of romance still in Mrs. Benner's sunshiny heart, and she sympathized in the untoward loves of her daughter and Carl Fairlie.

Then Maggie took heart of hope, and told her mother how Carl had had the audacity to propose the very same thing; and they discussed plans, preliminaries and possibilities in a low murmur of voices, until a sharp knock at the door made them both start like guilty creatures.

Mrs. Benner was the first to recover her presence of mind. She rose and went to the door.

A tall female, dressed in black and closely veiled, was there.

"Is Squire Benner at home?"

"Well, yes; I believe he's in the little office Do you want to see him?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Benner was nearly distracted with the utter uselessness of her efforts to peep round the corner of the veil or to identify the tall figure

"Who shall I say wants to see him?"

"No name, I will go directly to his office, if you will show me the way."

Baffled once more, Mrs. Benner slowly led the client to her husband's office, lingering a little ere she closed the door, in hopes that some name would be spoken. But the mysterious female sat down on one of the stiff office chairs, opposite the stout squire, in total silence; and Mrs. Benner returned to Maggie.

"It's very strange," she said, "I wonder who she can possibly be?"

And she moved her chair up by the window, that she might see the incognita depart

Once again, however, she was doomed to be disappointed. At the expiration of two mortal hours, Squire Benner came out of his office alone, gloved and hatted!

"Why, what has become of that woman?" asked his wife in surprise.

"She has gone."

"I did not see her go"

"She went out of the back garden gate."

"Who was she; and what did she want?"

"She came on strictly private business," said the squire dryly. Mrs. Benner colored and bit her lip—this atmosphere of mystery did not please her!

"I am glad Carl Fairlie is not a lawyer," she thought, mentally rejoicing that she, too, had her little bit of secrecy, that the squire would have been raving only to suspect! "Anything but a lawyer for a husband!"

Mrs. Benner dreamed of her husband's mysterious client that night; and mixing her oddly up with the contemplated elopement, fancied she rushed in just in time to see the fat squire standing before the altar rails with the tall, veiled woman. She woke with a scream, and found herself clutching her husband's arm with both hands.

"Well, of all restless creatures, I do think you're the most restless! There, there, don't pinch so!" said the squire, soothingly. "I knew you'd have the nightmare if you eat that lobster for supper."

Mrs. Benner groaned slightly; It wasn't the lobster, it was the tall woman with the black veil.

"Mother, what's that on the mantel?" said Maggie the next afternoon.

"A letter. Is it for me?"

"It's for your father, and it's directed in a woman's handwriting," said Mrs Benner, compressing her lips firmly.

"But father has no lady correspondents, mother."

"He never has had any, but matters seem to be different now. I shall ask no more questions," said Mrs. Benner, rigidly.

But Maggie felt herself under no such restraint, and so, when she carried the epistle to her father in his office she asked boldly:

"Who is it from, father?"

The squire broke the seal, glanced over the contents and locked the letter up in his private drawer, before he answered:

"From a client."

And Maggie departed, pouting.

"It's from that woman with the veil you may depend, my dear," said Mrs. Benner.

"The mother of mischief is no larger than a midge's wing," says the old proverb, and so it proved in Mrs. Benner's case. She had been married 25 years and never knew a domestic grief heavier than burned puddings. Now the veiled woman had expanded into a vast cloud which shut out all the sunshine of her life.

Maggie was sitting in the twilight, that evening, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, thinking, when her mother came in from the garden.

"Why, mother, how flushed you look! What is the matter?"

"Matter! He's down there at the foot of the garden now—that's the matter!"

"Who, mother? Carl?"

"Carl! No; your father!"

Maggie stood abashed.

"Yes, it's the squire, and talking to that—that creature in the black dress and veil, for all the world like a galvanized nun. I heard their voices, and stole along under the hedges, but I was only just in time to hear him say, 'I will be ready to go with you at any time you come for me.' And said she, 'It must be soon, and it had better be after dark, lest we should be seen.' And then she stalked away like a ghost, and I had to run, for, as ill luck would have it, your father stumbled right into the very path where I was hiding. Now, what do you think of your father's fine client?"

And Mrs. Benner began to cry hysterically—the idea of the squire's running off with another woman at his mature age was altogether too much for her equanimity.

In vain Maggie endeavored to soothe her mother; Mrs. Benner retired to her apartment in such low spirits, that she had not even courage to tell her that she and Carl had settled on the very next evening for their elopement, and that Carl was to have a carriage in the lane at the foot of the garden at 9 o'clock precisely! Poor Maggie! it was hard not to have one single confidante!

The squire slept like a top that night—if tops do sleep soundly, which is the general fallacy—and Mrs. Benner lay awake and listened to his stertorous breathing.

Maggie was unusually nervous the next day; she turned pale if one did but look at her, and there were unshed tears perpetually making her blue eyes more luminous, as she moved softly about her household duties. Mrs. Benner sat in a corner, with her lips screwed together, as she grimly stitched the button-holes in her husband's new shirts. The squire thought his womankind unusually "queer," but after one or two efforts at sociability had been repelled, he took the newspaper and retreated philosophically into his office.

"Tantrums," said the squire laconically to himself. "They'll come round when they get ready."

So he dismissed all perplexities from his mind and went calmly to sleep behind the newspaper.

There was no moon that night, only a wilderness of stars that glowed like dots of gold in the purpling sky, when Maggie Benner stole, at half past 8 o'clock, down to the lilac hedge where the little wicket gate admitted you into the lane outside.

Was Carl as punctual as she?

Yes, the carriage was there, darkly outlined against the side of the hedge, the driver half asleep on his box, and the horses impatiently pawing up the green turf. Silently the door swung open—silently Maggie stepped in, and away they rolled, the wheels muffled in the velvet softness of the turf.

But Maggie, sitting on the front seat with beating heart, and eyes that could see nothing in the thick dakness of the close carriage, thought it very strange that Carl did not receive her with something like a lover's welcome,

"I suppose he dares not until we are safe out of call and hearing," she thought, and nestled back on the seat, slyer than ever.

The wheels of this equipage had scarcely vanished down the turnpike road, when another closed carriage drove slowly and softly into the lane, close under the boughs of the nodding lilac hedge, and Mr. Fairlie sprang out and noiselessly opened the wicket gate. In the gloom of the shrubberies he could just discern a figure wrapped in a black cloak, waiting close by the gate.

"Are you ready?" he whispered,

"Yes."

"Come, then, there is not an instant to lose."

What a creaking the carriage step made as the mantled figure entered it! Truly, vanity might be light, thought the astounded Carl, but love was not!

"Drive on," said he, in a low voice, and once more the soft grass buried all obnoxious sound, as the coachman whipped out of the lane into the high road then Mr. Carl, abandoning the solitude of the back seat, promptly changed to the other side.

To his surprise he found considerable difficulty, as his companion occupied fully two-thirds of the seat, and showed no intention of making way. He gently put out his hand and secured the palm of his companion.

By all the probabilities! If that was Maggie's hand it had swelled fearfully of late. He dropped it again with a bewildered feeling, as if he were under the spell of some malicious enchanter's wand.

"Maggie," he said, in a low, tremulous voice, "Maggie, my love!"

"What the mischief are you talking about?" growled a coarse voice—the voice of Squire Benner's self. "There's no Maggie here! Who are you? and what do you mean by making such a fool of yourself?"

The truth flashed in unwelcome distinctness on Carl's mind; he had taken in the wrong passenger! He pulled the strap vehemently.

"Driver!" he cried, "stop!" There's some mistake!"

"Driver!" roared Squire Benner, "go straight on to 'The Oaks,' on the Hartford road, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

The driver, wiser in his generation than Mr. Fairlie, obeyed the bigger voice of the two, and made straight for the dilapidated old country place Squire Benner had mentioned.

"So you thought I was Maggie, eh?" said the squire; "and I thought you were Betsey Higgins' old Martin's skin-and-bone housekeeper. Well, it would appear like a misunderstanding all round."

Carl did not answer; his vexation and mortification were too acute to admit of any escape-valve through speech. To be thwarted, and now! So they drove on in silence.

"See here, young man," said the squire, rousing up as they approached the dimly-lighted window of "The Oaks," "I am going to confide in you. My errand here is one of the strictest secrecy. Did the nephews and nieces of old Martin know that he intended, on his dying bed, to alter his will, they would be down on him like a brood of harpies. His housekeeper has been twice to see me about the appointment for to-night and I believe no one suspects her errand, or even who she was. Can I trust you?"

"You can," said Carl, sullenly.

What was old Martin or his will to the disappointed lover who had been cheated out of Maggie?

On the doorstep of "The Oaks" stood the tall, spectral housekeeper, awaiting the lawyer. She turned and went in with him at once. Carl alighted also, and began to pace up and down in front of the door mentally gnashing his teeth, and wondering how he could ever have mistaken Squire Benner for Maggie.

Suddenly a shadow obscured the doorway. A light hand fell on his arm.

"Oh, Carl! Carl!"

"Maggie, how came you here?"

"I got into the wrong carriage, Carl—one sent by Mr. Martin for my father—and I never discovered my mistake until I was almost at the door; and—and the horrid old woman would not let me go until my father came for me, and—"

"Maggie," said Carl, "it's not too late, even now. Jump into the carriage; we'll be married yet."

He half led, half lifted her into the carriage, whispered a few directions to the bewildered driver, and the next moment there was only one quippage standing in front of "The Oaks."

When the squire came home, not far from midnight, he found Mrs. Benner in hysterics; and nothing short of the whole story, including a not very complimentary description of the personnelle of the old housekeeper, could console her wounded feelings.

And then the squire told her of the contretempts that had occurred to Maggie and Carl, with many a burst of laughter.

"But they proved too much for me after all," he concluded, "for they're off and away—married by this time, I'll bet!"

"And you won't be hard upon them, father," said Mrs. Benner, coaxingly. "Remember, we were young once ourselves."

"No, I'll not be hard on them," said the squire, good-humoredly. "Mag is all I've got."

And Maggie never had any cause to regret her elopement.—New York News.

THE SEVEN MYSTERIES.

"Will I give you a good story of the days when I was in the 'know' of nearly all that concerned the inner workings of the department? That's rather a tall order, Graham," said my friend, ex-Detective Inspector Nichols, with a good-humored smile. "However, the excellent dinner you've regaled us with has put me in a talkative mood. As to a good story, the gentlemen present must judge; but I can spin a yarn which will, I think, interest you all while cigars are being consumed."

"Just what we want," I returned, well aware that none of my acquaintances could tell a better tale than the retired detective. "So fire away, Nichols; we're all attention." "Have you ever heard of that affair commonly called 'The seven mysteries,' which so occupied public attention some years ago ?" the detective asked, leaning back and looking reflectively before him. "It concerned the extraordinary disappearances—for a time at least—of several men, one after the other, in the east end. What I shall tell you about more particularly, though, will be the very narrow shave I had of making the eighth mystery, with the one serious drawback that my disappearance would have been forever!

"It was no exaggeration to term these disappearances mysteries; besides which there was so much in common with each as to warrant connecting them together. The police were able to follow every man of the seven up to a certain point, but there every trace of what had really happened was lost as completely as if the solid ground had opened and swallowed up the victims.

"The men mostly belonged to the fairly well-to-do class. Three were respectable tradesmen, two were sailors who had just been paid off and the other two were officers in the mercantile marine, and it was clear that robbery was the motive at the bottom of every case. But the strongest part of each fresh affair was the fact that after about two or three weeks every man turned up again safe and sound; each, too, with the same improbable story, for all had but the vaguest notion of where they had been or how they had been robbed.

"Each man, it seemed, had been kept in durance vile, half starved, in some damp, noisome cellar; and finally, after what must have seemed an age, awakened one night to the joyful fact that he had been conveyed, while in a state of stupor, to a lonely place near the river, and there left to his own resources once more. In another important thing, too, all were agreed, and that was that the last clear recollection they had of anything, prior to finding themselves prisoners, was being in a public house, and there, as they put it, going off to sleep.

"Four of the victims were not certain as to the precise public house, which was no wonder, as there were several close around the implicated one; but the remaining three men were capable, or asserted that they were, of taking the police straight to it, and you may be sure that they were speedily given the opportunity.

"Curiously enough, in these three instances, the same public house was the one pointed out, which was suspicious enough; but it was there that every atempt at further investigation seemed doomed to failure.

"The house, which was known as 'The Dragon,' was situated close to the docks, and so far as the police were aware, there was no particular allegations against it. Of course we confronted the landlord with all seven of the unlucky men in turn; but he readily admitted having seen two of them before; but these, so he declared, had been at his house in the company of other men, and had to the best of his recollection been led away apparently in a state which required friends at their side.

"The statement appeared feasible, but the two men strongly denied the imputation, and the landlord, on his part, stoutly denied all further knowledge of them or their misfortunes; so there the matter promised to end, except that by this time the affair had got to be popularly styled 'The Seven Mysteries.'

"It was at this juncture, in view, no doubt, of the risk of the number being added to, and thus increasing the public alarm already felt in the neighborhood, that I was called upon the scene by my chiefs and instructed with the difficult matter of unraveling the threads of this remarkable puzzle.

"Dubious as I felt of the result, I put all my energies into the case, my wits being not a little sharpened by the fact that success meant certain promotion, and the handling of a fair share of the nice little reward which had been offered for the elucidation of the mystery. And the carying off of three prizes, too, meant yet a third, and the best of all; for the first two would enable me to offer a comfortable home to a certain sweet little woman who was waiting patiently to share it with me.

"First, I raked together every particle of evidence I could gather, which instead of helping only baffled me the more. One conclusion, however, I had at length come to. Beyond a doubt the men had been trapped and robbed by the same party, who, I estimated, was the richer by quite $300. I also decided the men must have been drugged, then robbed, and finally, to add to the mystery and thus help to prevent suspicion from settling in the proper quarter, they must have been kept close prisoners. At any rate, I could not think of any other reason for keeping them out of sight of the world.

"Meanwhile I pondered over several plans for clearing up the mystery, all of which I flattered myself, were at least original; but which, I am afraid, looked black at this period of time, were more dramatic than practical. Anyhow, I fancy, if I had tried any of them the ending of this story would have been different to what recorded facts must make it.

"The only pleasant reflection about the whole outrageous business was the fact that no actual violence had been used. But would it be avoided towards anyone who should be found endeavoring to penetrate the mystery on the spot ?—provided, of course, that spot could be discovered. Well, that had got to be changed, and after settling all details to my satisfaction, I set out for the 'Dragon' three evenings after I had been commissioned to unearth the authors of the robberies. From this you will see that I had decided pretty clearly as to the locality where suspicion pointed most strongly, and so you won't be surprised to hear that I had determined to give the 'Dragon' a chance of swallowing me in the same disagreeable fashion as it had its previous victims. That it would actually do so was the contingency I scarcely reckoned upon.

"Picture to yourself, then, seeing me disguised as the first mate of a merchantman, wending my way through the back streets towards the sustected public house. In case of accident I had deputed two of my colleagues to follow me at a distance, with definite instructions how to act provided I came not forth at closing time; for, naturally, you will believe I had no desire to find myself, in three weeks or a month's time, in the same ignominious position of those whom, if possible, I meant to avenge.

"Entering the somewhat dingy bar parlor I called for a glass of whisky, taking care at the same time to pull out a handfull of gold and silver after the careless fashion usual with sailors when they find themselves flush of money. With secret delight I saw the landlord's eyes glisten, and his manner instantly became not only cordial, but quite fatherly toward me.

"'Look 'e, captain,' I whispered, 'take my tip, and don't show off your wealth like that in this 'ere place. Sometimes we have some mighty queer customers knocking about. Go round there to the back. You'll find a comfortable little den there, expressly reserved for gentlemen like you, where you can be safe and snug into the bargain.'

"Apparently very grateful for such wise advice, I availed myself of it, because it was just the sort of speech I might expect if my suspicions were well founded, the more so because one does not expect such advice for a man whose whole appearance seems at variance with politeness. The room he showed me into was certainly private enough to suit the most retiring customer, and the landlord was so kind that he insisted upon me taking my seat in an armchair, in front of which stood a little round table.

"After a rather long interval he brought me the drink I had ordered, and after a few commonplace remarks he left me alone once more. I took a meager sip of the stuff, and my suspicions, which were growing stronger every moment now, were not diminished. I detected a peculiar flavor, slight but unmistakable in the whisky—a taste which ought by no means to have been present. Yes, it was certain that the whisky had been drug-

(Concluded next week.)

A LAND WITHOUT TAME ANIMALS.

Japan is a land without domestic animals. There are no cows—the Japanese neither drink milk nor eat meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of foreigners The freight carts in the streets are pulled and pushed by coolies, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men. There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watch dogs, beast of burden nor in hunting, except by foreigners. There are no sheep in Japan, and wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs pork is an unknown article of diet, and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats, or mules or donkeys. Wild animals there are, however, and in particular bears of enormous size.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Almanac.

—Ingram Steeves, of Salem, Albert Co., was attacked on Sunday evening by a person with a club, but escaped with a few bruises. Ingram, it will be remembered, is the young man who lost a barn and its contents a few months ago. After the fire Ingram associated the name of William Smith with the origin of the fire, and as a result the above young man figured in the courts. When the facts became known it was found that they both had been entering and bestowing their affections upon the same young lady. Now on Sunday evening last, at a lonely point in the road, Ingram is met by a man armed with a club, and by speeding his horses escapes mutilations and possibly annihilation.—*Moncton Times.*

Do you make doughnuts this way?

Sift 1 quart flour, 1 saltspoonful salt, 1 saltspoonful ground nutmeg or cinnamon, 2 rounding teaspoonfuls baking powder, together. Beat 2 eggs; add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoonfuls melted Cottolene. Stir these into the flour, roll and cut into shape. Have kettle full of Cottolene—at just the right heat—and fry the doughnuts in it for 3 minutes.

For frying, Cottolene must be *hot*, but don't let it get hot enough to smoke or it will burn. To find if it is hot enough, throw into it a single drop of water. When at just the right heat, the water will *pop*.

Genuine has trade marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cottonplant wreath—on every tin.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

Trust What Time Has Endorsed

Since A. D. 1810.

There is not a medicine in use today which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent as JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. For more than eighty years it has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it and transmitted the knowledge of its excellence to their children as a valuable inheritance. The best evidence of its value is the fact that in the state where it originated the sale of it is steadily increasing.

I. S. JOHNSON, Esq. My Dear Sir:—Fifty years ago this month your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to this. JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford, Maine, Jan., 1895.

I have used your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for more than fifty years in my family. Have used it for colds, coughs, sore throat, stings, cramps, sore stomach, rheumatism, lameness, colic, toothache, neuralgia, etc., and found it always good every way. I would not let my house be without it. I am a man 71 years old. Johnson's Liniment is my family remedy. THOMAS CLELAND, So. Robbinston, Me.

This certifies that Dr. A. Johnson, whose name is signed to every genuine bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, in the month of Jan., 1840, first let it at my store some of the same. I have supplied my customers with it ever since, (over fifty years) with increasing sales. I have used it in my family for sprains, coughs, colds, lame back, and consider it the best. JAMES KINGSTON, Newberry, Mc.

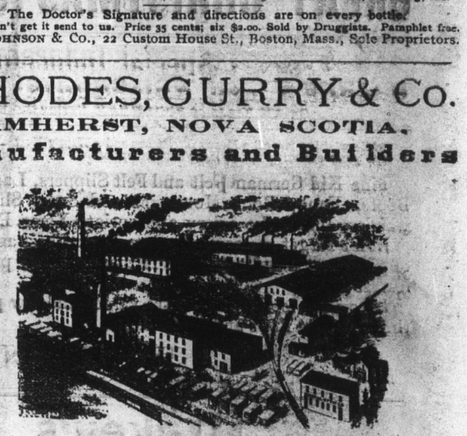
The Doctor's Signature and directions are on every bottle.

If you can't get it send to us. Price 35 cents; six $2.00. Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., Sole Proprietors.

RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

Manufacturers and Builders



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Materia

Send for Estimates.

Mt. Allison Ladies' College,

OWENS ART INSTITUTION AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The Fall Term of the 41st Year Begins August 29, 1895.

Courses of study are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree of B. A. The staff consists of 17 teachers in addition to the University Professoriate. Physical Culture, Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping and Commercial courses are all taught after the latest and most improved methods.

The Owens Art Institution with its magnificent gallery is in charge of Prof. Hammond, R. C. A., an exhibitor in the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy London, etc.

The Conservatory of Music employs eight instructors, at the head of whom is an experienced teacher from the staff of the N. Y. College of Music, who has studied in Berlin, under Von Bulow and Joseffy. Mr. C. L. Chisholm who has taken a successful four years course under some of the greatest masters in Germany, has charge of the violin department.

Voice culture is taught by an accomplished Swedish vocalist, who is a graduate of the Munich Conservatory.

Every care is taken to make the school a refined Christian home, where lady-like manners and nobility of character shall be cultivated. For Calendar apply to

REV. B. C BORDEN, D. D.

Sackville, N. B., July 10th.

Try our "Century" Linen

LETTER & NOTE HEADS.

Prices Lower than the Lowest.

The late Dr. W B Robertson, the famous Scottish divine, was once addressing a boys meeting, and had held them spellbound with some of his racy anecdotes. As he drew to a close he said:—

"Now I am going to point out the moral of all this."

"Never mind the moral," shouted a small boy, "gie's another story."

I have a thought that chair and man
Are formed upon a rival plan.
Like a good husband, if you please,
It gives a woman rest and ease.
It nurses her, like husband still,
When only cross or slighly ill.
And if she's mad or simply bored,
It never answers back a word.
As for support now who can tell
Of chair that failed to do this well?
While best of husbands talk of hat
And hem at this and haw at that,
Men talk of women, wine and song,
Bah! They grow stale, and time is long.
Now you'll agree naught can compare
With joys found in an easy chair.
Hail, Easy Chair! Of all life's charms,
I found the best within its arms.

Philosopher.—The only thing that can make any man rich or poor, perfectly happy, is love, and love costs not a penny.

Practical Man—True, but keeping a loved one in clothes costs a mint of money.

May—In what direction is the new woman tending?