For Sale and To Let.

ENGINE FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale a second hand 20 H. P. Steam Engine, in good condition, which he will sell at a bargain. Terms easy on good security.

A. ALONZO DOBSON.
Jolicure, April 12, 1886. 3m

FOR SALE.

Timber & Stone.

A FEW tons of large Timber and a quantity of dimension Stone.
CHRIS. MILNER.
May 12, 1886.

Lots for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale Forty Building Lots, fronting on Union and Academy Streets, situated about midway between the Academies and the Stations of the Intercolonial and Cape Tormentine Railways. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in the Town, and only a few minutes walk from either the Station or Academies. Price moderate. Terms accommodating. Title undoubted. Apply to
W. H. HARRISON.

Mill Property for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell his MILL in Cookville; also, about 4,000 acres of Log Land, which is heavily timbered. Also there is about 3,000 Logs at mill. The Mill is in good repair and will be sold on easy terms. For particulars apply to
GEORGE W. TOWSE.
Aboushagan Road, July 14th.

Mill Property for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale a valuable Rotary Saw Mill, with full complement of Saws, a Shingle Mill with Saws, a 30 H. P. Engine, and a 25 H. P. Boiler; all of which are nearly new.
Terms easy. Part cash; balance on time, with security, to suit purchasers.
Apply to T. Magee, Baie Verte.
ROBT. ANDERSON.
Baie Verte, June 2, 1886. 9-3m

Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale that valuable FARM known as the Gammon Farm, situated near Bonnell's Corner, Lutz Mountain, about eight miles from Moncton. This is an excellent Farm, containing about fifty acres, with new House, Kitchen, Woodhouse, Hennery, Piggery, and a fine large Barn, all entirely new and very convenient. It is thoroughly fenced, and has a well cultivated garden. The soil is dry and loamy, free from stone, and well adapted for growing either early vegetables, grain, or hay, and is now in a high state of cultivation. It is convenient to church, school and mills, and admitted to be the finest Farm in that section. Plenty of good water on the premises. No outlay required outside of stock and farm implements. A rare opportunity is offered to anyone wishing to start a general market Farm.
Terms of payment:—A portion down; balance by instalments extending over a number of years. Apply to
CHARLES FAWCETT,
Sackville, N. B.
Or BORDEN & ATKINSON,
Moncton.

Notice of Sale.

To Nelson Beckwith, Senior, of the Parish of Westmorland, in the County of Westmorland, Yeoman, and Amelia, his wife, Nelson Beckwith, Junior, Joiner, formerly of the same place, and Robert Beckwith, of Moncton, in the said County, Attorney-at-Law, and to all others whom it may concern:

WHEREAS the said Nelson Beckwith, Senior, and Amelia, his wife, Nelson Beckwith, Junior, and Robert Beckwith did by a certain Indenture of Mortgage daly executed by them to Annie Read, wife of Benjamin A. Read, of Sackville, in said County, Gentleman, bearing date the ninth day of October, A. D. 1877, and recorded as No. 36,804, Folio 264, Libro Y 3, Records of Deeds, &c., in the Registry Office for the County of Westmorland, convey to the said Annie Read certain lands and premises in said Indenture of Mortgage mentioned and described for the purpose of securing to her the payment of the sum of one thousand dollars and interest in manner and form as provided for in the first proviso in said Indenture of Mortgage contained.

And whereas the said Annie and Benjamin A. Read, her husband, did by deed of assignment bearing date the second day of December, A. D. 1881, duly recorded as No. 42935, in Folio 163, Libro L 4, in the Records of Deeds for the said County, assign to me, the undersigned John Bell, of Sackville aforesaid, the said Indenture of Mortgage, the Lands and Premises thereby conveyed and the moneys, debts, bonds and interest thereby secured.

Notice is hereby given to the said Nelson Beckwith, senior, and Amelia, his wife, Nelson Beckwith, junior, and Robert Beckwith, and all others claiming under them or either of them, that, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in said Indenture of Mortgage, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the principal, money and interest thereby secured, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Post Office, in Lower Sackville, on FRIDAY, THE SIXTEENTH DAY OF JULY next, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, the LANDS and PREMISES conveyed by said Indenture of Mortgage, which said Land and Premises are therein described as follows:—

"All that Farm on which the said Nelson Beckwith, senior, and Amelia, his wife, now reside, situate on the Bay Verte Road (so called), in the Parish of Westmorland aforesaid, and bounded and described as follows, that is to say: On the north-west by the said Bay Verte Road, on the north-east by lands owned by James Brennan, Gustavus Hamilton and Titus Knapp Gooden, on the south-east by the rear of lot which is the continuation of the Fort Lawrence Road, and on the south-west by lands owned by Cyrus Wood, and containing two hundred and twenty-two acres, more or less.

Dated this 13th day of April, A. D. 1886.
JOHN BELL.

GARDEN SEEDS.

GARDEN SEEDS.

Just received from one of the most reliable Seed Houses of the Dominion, a Full Stock of

Fresh Garden Seeds,

CONSISTING OF

Beet, Carrot, Beans, Peas, Cabbage, Cucumber, Corn, Pumpkin, Squash, Celery, Cress, Parsnip, Lettuce, Sage, Savory, Tomato, etc,

The Champion Swede Turnip, (The best variety for field culture.) Also an assortment of

FLOWER SEEDS.

A. DIXON,
apl28 DRUGGIST.

C. E. LUND,
Deputy Land Surveyor,
SACKVILLE, N. B.
Deeds, &c., written, Plans prepared, &c., &c.

NEW SPRING CLOTHS.

We have just received and are now opening our

Spring Importation of Cloths

From the leading Scotch and English Manufacturers.

Leave Your Orders Early,

And thereby secure first choice from the

Largest and Best Selected Stock

Of these Goods to be seen in the Maritime Provinces. Our

Tailoring Department

Is always under the most skilful management to be found within the same limits.

Now opening: A fine assortment of

English and American HATS.

Dunlap, McDonald & Co.
Amherst, N. S., Mar. 10, 1885.

Cottons. Cottons.

Received for Early Spring Trade:

293 Pkgs. of White and Grey Cottons; White Cottons, all grades;
Pillow Cottons and Sheetings;
Grey Cottons, all prices and widths, from the best mills in the Dominion, but chiefly Gibson's;
1500 Pieces Checked Shirtings, from Parks' and other mills,
150 Pieces Shaker Cotton Flannels, White and Colored;
200 Pieces Cotton Flannels;
100 Pieces Col'd Canton Flannels;
750 Pieces Checked Ginghams;
200 Pieces Bed Tickings.
Ducks, Silesias, Jeans, Linings, Pocketing, in fact all and every class of Cotton Goods, suitable to the trade.

☞Cotton quotations were never known as low as at the present time.

A. EVERITT,
Wholesale Dry Goods Warehouse,
94 and 96 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

DR. C. WEST'S
FOR THE LIVER BLOOD STOMACH AND KIDNEYS
DANDELION
Infallible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic
Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, all Kidney Diseases, Scrofula, Diseases peculiar to Females, Salt Rheum, Eczema and all Skin Diseases, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach and Heart Burn. Purely Vegetable.
JOHN C. WEST & Co., Toronto Ont
For sale by Charles G. Hart, Druggist.

Spring Goods.

WE are now receiving and opening a choice assortment of WALL PAPER at prices from 5c. upwards; also Boots, Shoes, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats and Caps, and other varieties of Dry Goods, together with a stock of Boat Nails, Tar, Pitch and Oakum, and an assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE, consisting of Parlor and Dining Chairs, Bedroom Suits, &c., &c., all of which we will sell at lowest prices.

E. C. GOODEN & CO.
Baie Verte, Mar. 15th, 1886.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,
DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of diseases arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

HACYARD'S YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

To Advertisers
A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce street, New York.

J. L. BENT,
Licensed Auctioneer,
SACKVILLE, N. B. feb4tf

Fortune Telling.

Will he come this year—will he come the next?
Will he come to-day? She lightly blew
With sweet red lips the thistle-down,
Whispering, tell me—oh, tell me true?

Does he love me well—does he love me well?
No doubt in her heart the maiden knew;
But in whispers soft she said again,
Thistle-down, thistle-down, tell me true!

For every maid in the wide world knows
That sweet, pure prophecy. Dolly drew
Her little mouth into rose-bud shape,
Saying, oh, thistle-down, tell me true!

Yes, he loves you well. Oh, he loves you well!
When will he come? He will come to-day!
This is the answer the thistle-down
Gives to her heart, as it flies away.

And Dolly that night, at the garden gate,
And Harry, the farmer, brave and brown,
Look into each other's eyes and say,
"A prophet true is the thistle-down."
—Carlotta Perry.

LITTLE BEL'S SUPPLEMENT.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Concluded.

When the time came she found out. If she had chosen the arrangement of her music with full knowledge of Sandy Bruce's preferences, and with the express determination to rouse him to a climax of enthusiasm, she could not have done better.

When the end of the simple programme of recitations and exhibitions had been reached, she came forward to the edge of the platform—her cheeks were deep pink now, and her eyes shone with excitement—and said, turning to the trustees and spectators,

"We have finished now all we have to show for our year's work, and we will close our entertainment by singing, 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'"

"Ay, ay! that wi' we!" shouted Sandy Bruce, again leaping to his feet, and as the first of the grand chords of that grand old tune rang out full and loud under Little Bel's firm touch, he strode forward to the piano, and, with a kindly nod to her, struck in with the full force of his deep bass, like violoncello notes, gathering up all the others and fusing them into a pealing strain. It was electrifying. Everybody sang. Old voices that had not sung for a quarter of a century or more joined in. It was a furor. Dalgetty swung his tartan cap; Sandy his hat; handkerchiefs were waved; staffs rang on the floor. The children, half frightened in spite of their pleasure, were quieter than their elders.

"Eh, but it was good fun to see the old folks gone crazy for once," said Archie McLeod, in recounting the scene. "Now if they'd get that way oftener, they'd not be so hard down on us youngsters."

At the conclusion of the song, the first thing Little Bel heard was Dalgetty's piping voice behind her:

"And guineas it is, Miss McDonald. Ye've won it fair an' square! Guineas it is!"

"Eh?—what? Guineas? What is't ye're sayin'?" asked Sandy Bruce, his eyes steady glowing like coals, gazing at Little Bel.

"The supplement, sir," answered Little Bel, lifting her eyes roguishly to his. "Mr. Dalgetty thought I was too young for the school, an' he'd promise me no supplement till he saw if I'd be equal to 't."

This was the sly Bel's little revenge on Dalgetty, who began confusedly to explain that it was not he any more than the other trustees, and he only wished that they had all been here to see, as he had seen, how finely the school had been managed; but nobody heard what he said, for above all the humming and buzzing and laughing there came up from the centre of the school-room a reiterated call of "Sirs! Trustees! Mr. Trustee! Board!"

It was Archie McLeod, standing up on the backs of two seats, waving a white paper, and trying frantically to make himself heard. The face of a man galloping for life and death, coming up at the last second with a reprieve for one about to be shot, could hardly be fuller of intense anxiety than was Archie's as he waved his paper and shouted.

Little Bel gazed bewilderingly at him. This was not down on her programme of the exercises. What could it be?

As soon as partial silence enabled him to speak, Archie proceeded to read a petition, setting forth to the respected Board of Trustees, that the undersigned boys and girls of Wissan Bridge school did hereby unanimously request that they might have no other teacher than Miss McDonald, "as long as she lived."

This last clause had been the cause of bitter disputing between Archie and Sandy, Sandy insisting upon having it in, Archie insisting that it was absurd, because they would not go to school as long as Miss McDonald lived. "But there's the little ones, and the babies that'll be growin' up," retorted Sandy; "an' there'll never be another like her: I say, 'as long as she lives';" and as long as she lives it was; and when Archie, with an unnecessary emphasis, delivered this closing clause of the petition, it was received with a roar of laughter from the platform, which made him flush angrily, and say, with a vicious punch in Sandy's ribs, "There; I told ye; it spoiled it a'. They're fit to die over it; an' sma' blame to 'em, ye silly!"

But he was re-assured when he heard Sandy Bruce's voice overtopping the tumult with "a very sensible request, my lad, an' I, for one, am o' yer way o' thinkin'."

In which speech was a deeper significance than anybody at the time dreamed. In that hurly-burly and hilarious confusion no one had time to weigh words or note meanings; but there was some one who recalled it a few months later, when they were bidden to a wedding at the house of John McDonald—a wedding at which Sandy Bruce was groom, and Little Bel the brightest, most winsome of brides.

It was an odd way that Sandy went to work to win her; his ways had been odd all his life—so odd that it had long ago been accepted in the minds of the Charlottetown people that he would never find a woman to wed him; only now and then an unusually perspicacious person divined the reason of his bachelorhood was not at all that women did not wish to wed him, spite of his odd ways, but that he himself found no woman exactly to his taste.

True it was that Sandy Bruce, aged forty, had never yet desired any woman for his wife till he looked into the face of Little Bel in the Wissan Bridge school-house. And equally true was it that before the last strains of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" had died away on that memorable afternoon of her exhibition of her school, he had determined that his wife she should be.

This was the way he took to win her. No one can deny that it was odd.

There was some talk between him and his temporary colleague on the School Board, old Dalgetty, as they drove home together behind the Norwegian ponies, and the result of this conversation was that the next morning early—in fact, before Little Bel was dressed, so late had she been indulged, for once, in sleeping, after her hard labors in the exhibition the day before—the Norwegian ponies were jingling their bells at John McDonald's door; and John himself might have been seen with a seriously puzzled face, listening to words earnestly spoken by Sandy, as he shook off the snow and blanketed the ponies.

As the talk progressed, John glanced up involuntarily at Little Bel's window. Could it be that he sighed? At any rate, there was no regret in his heart as he shook Sandy's hand warmly, and said, "Ye've my free consent to try; but I doubt she's not easy won. She's her head now, an' her ain way; but she's a good lass, an' a sweet one."

"An' I need no man to tell me that," said the dauntless Sandy, as he gave back the hearty hand-grip of his friend; "an' she'll never repent it, the longest day o' her life, if she'll hae me for her man;" and he strode into the house bearing in his hand the five golden guineas which his friend Dalgetty had at his request, commissioned him to pay.

"Into her own hand, mind ye, mon," chuckled Dalgetty mischievously. "Ye'll not be leavin' it wi' the mither." To which sly satire Sandy's only reply was a soft laugh and a nod of his head.

As soon as Little Bell crossed the threshold of the room where Sandy Bruce stood waiting for her, she knew the errand on which he had come. It was written in his face. Neither could it be truthfully said to be a surprise to Little Bel, for she had not been woman had she failed to recognize on the previous day that the rugged Scotchman's whole nature had gone out toward her in a sudden and overmastering attraction.

Sandy looked at her keenly. "Eh, ye know't a'ready," he said—"the thing I came to say t' ye;" and he paused, still eying her more like a judge than a lover.

Little Bel turned scarlet. This was not her ideal of a wooer. "Know what, Mr. Bruce?" she said, resentfully. "How should I know what ye came to say!"

"Tush, tush, lass! dinna prevaricate." Sandy began, his eyes gloating on her lovely confusion; "dinna preteend—" But the sweet blue eyes were too much for him. Breaking down utterly, he tossed the guineas to one side on the table, and stretching out both hands toward Bel, he exclained.

"Ye're the sweetest thing the eyes o' a'man ever rested on, lass, an' I'm goin' to win ye if ye'll let me;" and as Bell opened her mouth to speak, he laid one hand, quietly, as a mother might, across her lips, and continued: "Na, na! I'll not let ye speak yet. Im not a silly to look for ye to be ready to say yes at this quick askin'; but I'll not let ye say me nay neither. Ye'll not refuse me the only thing I'm askin' the day, an' that's that ye'll let me try to make ye love me. Ye'll not say nay to that, lass. I'll gie my life to it;" and now he waited for an answer.

None came. Tears were in Bel's eyes as she looked up in his face. Twice she opened her lips to speak, and twice her heart and the words failed her. The tears became drops and rolled down her cheeks. Sandy was dismayed.

"Ye're not afraid o' me, ye sweet thing, are ye?" he gasped out. I'd not vex ye for the world. If ye bid me to go, I'd go."

"No, I'm not afraid o' ye, Mr. Bruce," sobbed Bel. "I don't know what it is that makes me so silly. I'm not afraid o' ye though. But I was for a few minutes yesterday," she added archly with a little glint of a roguish smile, which broke through the tears like an April sun through rain, and turned Sandy's head in the twinkling of an eye

"Ay, ay," he said; "I minded it weel, an' I said to myself then in that first sight I had o' yer face, that I'd not harm a hair o' yer head. Oh, my little lass, would ye na gie me a kiss—just one—to show you're not afraid, and to gie me leave to try and win ye out o' likin' into lovin'?" he continued drawing closer and bending toward her.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Little Bel, who, although she was twenty years old, and had by no means been without her admirers, had never kissed any men but her father and brothers, put up her lips as confidently as a little child, to be kissed by this strange wooer, who wooed only for leave to woo.

"And if he'd only known it, he might ha' asked a' he wanted then as well as later," said Little Bel, honestly avowing the whole to her mother. "As soon as he put his hands on me the very heart in me said he was my man for a' my life. An' there's no shame in it that I can see. If a man may love that way in the lighting of an eye, why may not a girl do the same? There's not one kind o' heart i' the breast of a man an' another kind i' the breast of a woman, as ever I heard." In which little Bel, in her innocence, was wiser than people wiser than she.

And after this there is no need of telling more—only a picture or two which are perhaps worth sketching in few words. One is the expression which was seen on Sandy Bruce's face one day, not many weeks after his first interview with Little Bel, when in reply to his question, "An' now, my own lass, what'll ye have for your weddin' gift of me? Tell me the thing ye want most i' a' the earth, an' if it's in my means ye shall have it the day ye gie me the thing I want most i' a' the earth."

"I've got it a'ready, Sandy," said Little Bel, taking his face in her hands and making a feint at kissing him, then withdrawing coquettishly. Wise, innocent Bel! Sandy understood.

"Ay, my lass; but next to me. What's the next thing ye'd have?" Bel hesitated. Even to her wooer's generosity it might seem a daring request, the thing she craved.

"Tell me, lass," said Sandy, sternly. "I've mair money than ye think. There's no lady in a' Charlottetown can go finer than ye if ye've a mind."

"For shame, Sandy!" cried Bel. "An' you think it's was fine apparel I'd be askin'! Its a—a"—the word refused to leave her tongue—"a piano, Sandy," and she gazed anxiously at him. "I'll never ask ye for another thing till the day o' my death, Sandy, if ye'll gie me that."

Sandy shouted in delight. For a brief space a fear had seized him—of which he now felt shame indeed—that his sweet lassie might be about to ask for jewels or rich attire, and it would sorely have hurt Sandy's pride in her had this been so.

"A piano!" he shouted. "An' did ye not think I'd that a'ready in my mind! O' coorse, a piano, an' every other instrument under the skies that ye'll wish, my lass, ye shall have. The more music ye make, the gladder the house 'll be. Is there nothin' else ye want, lass—nothin'?"

"Nothing in all the world, Sandy, but you and a piano," replied Little Bel.

The other picture was on a New-Year's Day, just a twelvemonth from the day of Little Bel's exhibition in the Wissan school house. It is a bright day; the sleighing is superb all over the island, and the Charlottetown streets are full gay sleighs and jingling bells: none so gay, however, as Sandy Bruce's, and no bells so merry as the silver ones on the fierce little Norwegian ponies that curvet and prance, and are all their driver can hold. Rolled up in furs to her chin, how rosy and handsome looks Little Bel by her husband's side, and how full of proud content is his face as he sees the people all turning to look, and to look, at her beauty! And who is this driving the Norwegian ponies? Who but Archie—Archie McLeod, who has followed his new teacher to her new home, and is to grow up, under Sandy Bruce's teachings, into a sharp and successful man of the shipping business.

And as they turn the corner they come near running into another furpiled, swift-gliding sleigh, with a grizzled old head looking out of a tartan hood, and eyes like hawks'—Dalgetty himself; and as they pass, the head nods and the eyes laugh, and a sharp voice cries, "Guineas it is!"

"Better than guineas!" answered back Mrs. Sandy Bruce, quick as a flash; and in the same second cries Archie, from the front seat, with a saucy laugh, "And as long as she lives, Mr. Dalgetty!"

—The manner of calling swine is as varied as the number of States. The Pennsylvanian requests the presence of his herd with "Pig—Pig, Pig, Pig-gie, Pig-gie." The North Carolinian hallooes, "Pig-i, Pig-i," dwelling on the "i" each time. The Hoosier yells, "Who-ee who-ee," and his pigs come on the jump from every direction. A Buckeye farmer reasons with his dig, easy-going, well-fed porker, and coaxingly cries, "Soo, soo, soo, soo." The Kentucky farmer causes the hills to reverberate with his heavy bass voice—"Poobe, Poobe." A Dakotian brings his pigs with a shrill whistle. The Yankee, with his pigs all in a pen, calls them up with a knock of the pail over the trough. And thus each State has its own peculiar manner of calling the swine.—*Maine Farmer.*

—The story goes that a manufacturer in a Massachusetts town paid to his army of employees 700 bright, crisp $10 bills. Each man got one with his pay. They were all marked so as to be recognized. By Tuesday, 410 of them had been deposited in the banks of the city by saloon-keepers. When the facts became known to the workmen they organized a temperance society.

—Physician (with his ear to patient's chest): "There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once." Patient (anxiously): "That 'swelling' is my pocket-book, doctor; please don't reduce it too much."

—Husband: "That fence wants painting badly. I think I'll do it myself." Wife: "Yes, do it yourself, if you think it wants to be done badly."

—The losses by fire during the month of May in the United States and Canada was $7,000,000.

—Dr. Sunderland received a $100 fee for marrying the President.

His Veto Lost.

From the Washington Critic.

"Daniel," said the Presidet sternly, as he looked up from an unofficial paper he had found on his desk.

"Yes, sire," responded the secretary, with some trepidation.

"What is this?"

"It is a bill, sire, for some articles Mrs. C. has been purchasing."

"Um-um," hesitated the President; "is it? Well, it's the first thing of the kind that has ever come before my notice."

"Yes, sire," said Daniel, because he had nothing else to say just then.

Then the hard look came into the President's face again, and his voice was cold.

"Daniel," he said, laying the bill down in front of him.

"Yes, sire."

"Where is my veto?"

"Your wife has it, sire."

"Um um. Daniel, will you be kind enough to fill up a check for the amount?"

And Daniel took the bill.

—A Californian farmer sent $5 to a man in the east in exchange for six gourd seeds warranted to produce gourds of a capacity of forty gallons. After waiting long for the seeds to sprout, he investigated and found that they were artistically carved out of bass-wood.

—Customer—"I can't pay you to-day. You see, the shoemaker has just been here, and—" Tailor—"Yes; I met him on my way up, and he said you'd put him off because you'd got to pay the tailor to-day. So here's your bill, sir."

—The Indians of the Crooked Lake reserve have put in a crop of about 1,000 bushels of potatoes and 1,850 bushels of grain, chiefly wheat. The fields are well fenced, the work of seeding was well done, and the crops look splendid.

—The most notable feat in modern railroading has been the change in less than two days of the gauge of 13,000 miles of track in the Southern States from five feet to the standard four feet nine.

—Engineers who have been watching the snow-slides in the Selkirks during the winter months, report that about five miles of sheeding will have to be built on the Canadian Pacific.

—Salmon fishing on the Restigouche this season has commenced nearly three weeks earlier than usual. Large catches are reported, and fishermen are jubilant.

—The aquarium at Scarborough, an English seaside resort, which cost $500,000 only a few years ago has just been sold for $22,000.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

To the Stock Raisers of Cumberland and Westmorland Counties:

GENTLEMEN,—I was often pressed by my brother, the late Rev. Edwin Mills, to travel my Stallion,

"Prince of Wales,"

in the above named counties. If nothing unforseen occurs I will accompany "Prince of Wales" with my old experienced groom.

Be at Sackville about Friday or Saturday, 1st May, thence to Midgic, Shemugie, Little Shemugie, Cape Tormentine, Emigrant Road, Port Elgin, Baie Verte, Barrale Settlement, Amherst, Point de Bute, Jolicure. N. B.—This route will be open to alteration as seems prudent.

"Prince of Wales" has taken six first prizes for the best draft and general purpose stallion. He was bred by the undersigned, also his dam, grand dam, and great grand dam. Sires all imported by P. E. Island Government. N. B.—A full pedigree will appear after first round, and stands and route will be established. "Prince of Wales" is a sure foal getter, has great style of action, heavy bone, clean legs, color beautiful spotted grey, 17 hands high, about 1700 lbs. I might state his stock is eagerly sought after by Provincial dealers and Americans at high prices. Many of "Prince's" gets are the prize teams in St. John City. I can make reference to such gentlemen as Hon. Alex. Lord, Bedeque, Hon. Peter Sinclair and Hon. James and John Yeo, Port Hill. "Prince's" gets now growing up would number a respectable yeoman cavalry regiment. Any stock owner or stock raiser requiring veterinary assistance from long practical study and experience, from the horse to the swine, will have an opportunity of receiving either advice or attendance during my stay.

WILLIAM T. MILLS,
Owner Stallion "Prince of Wales."
Mill's Point, Clermont, Lot 19, P. E. Island, 19th April, 1886. 28

Tobacco.

JUST RECEIVED:

52 Caddies Napoleon—Chewing.
25 Butts No. 1 Pilot—Smoking.

A. J. BABANG & CO.
MONCTON, N. B.

PRESSED HOPS.

Just Received—25 Cases.

For sale low by

A. J. BABANG & CO.

Coarse Salt.

JUST RECEIVED:

200 Sacks Coarse Salt.

FOR SALE LOW.

A. J. BABANG & CO.

FLOUR. FLOUR.

JUST RECEIVED:

125 Bbls.	HEXEL,	PATENT.
125 "	RIVAL,	"
125 "	GRANULATED,	"
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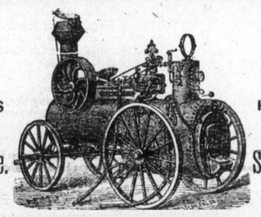

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The following analyses (made by the Dominion Analyst) of three BAKING POWDERS sold in this market should put a stop to the unjust efforts of the Royal to mislead the public into supposing that it is the only pure Powder. These impartial tests show that other Powders are as pure and wholesome:
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Royal—Contains Alkaline Carbonates—a mixture consisting mainly of Bi-Carbonate of Soda and Cream of Tartar—adulterated with about 20 per cent. of Starch.
W. F. BEST, Dom. Analyst, St. John, N. B., reports:
Pure Gold—Contains Cream of Tartar, Carbonate of Soda and Flour—fresh and pure.
Woodill's (Nov. 10, 1882—Not adulterated, same as usual. April 7, 1883—Not adulterated; same as usual. June 4, 1884—Fresh and pure; same composition as usual.)
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I am selling balance of Winter Goods at smallest advance on cost.
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