

All of Them.

A dark brunette with flashing eyes,
Peeping long curving lashes through
Two rosy lips not everted in sight;
I like that sort of girl—don't you?

A gentle blonde with flowing hair,
Two eyes of heaven's tender blue;
Soft cheeks with dimples rosy there,
I like that sort of girl—don't you?

Wild lasses brimming o'er with fun,
Sweet, modest maidens—brave and true!
And pleasing each and every one,
I like all sorts of girls—don't you?

What am I to do.

The symptoms of Biliouness are un-
nappily but too well known. They differ
in different individuals to some extent. A
Biliou man is seldom a breakfast eater.
Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent
appetite for liquids but none for solids of
a morning. His tongue will hardly bear
inspection at any time; it is not white and
furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of
order and Diarrhoea or Constipation may
be a symptom of the trouble. In the latter
There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss
of blood. There may be giddiness and
often headache and acidity or flatulence
and tenderness in the pit of the stomach.
To correct all this if not effect a cure try
Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle
and thousands attest its efficacy.

—Mr. A. W. Archibald, Melrose, N. S.,
writes: "I find Green's August Flower
the best medicine I have ever had in
my store. Everybody seems to want it,
and the demand has quadrupled itself
within the last year. I have used it my-
self and know it to be an article of merit."
—Send me another gross of Simon's Liniment,
it sells first rate.

—"How is the earth divided asked
a pompous examiner, who had already
worn out the patience of his class.
"By earthquakes," replied one boy,
after which the examiner found that
he had had enough of that class

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—An old bachelor says: "It is all
nonsense to pretend that love is blind.
I never yet knew a man in love that
did not see ten times as much in his
sweetheart as I could."

For Sale and To Let.

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber will sell the VALU-
ABLE PROPERTY formerly owned
by the late Oliver Boutwellhouse, Esq.,
CAPT. E. S. TOWSE.
Sackville, Nov. 23rd, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will sell that valuable
Property, in Upper Point de Bute,
formerly owned by the late Howard Chap-
man. The Farm contains forty acres,
with good buildings thereon. Only a few
minutes walk to Church, Post Office and
School House. Terms easy. Apply to
G. R. DIXON, J. P.
Upper Point de Bute, Jan. 11, 1888. Im

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the
residence of the late Reuben Chase,
Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a vege-
table garden and flower garden. The
house is commodious and comfortable,
with good barn and outbuildings. Also a
number of good beds for sale. Possession
given immediately. Apply to
MRS. REUBEN CHASE,
Upper Sackville.
Sackville, April 18th, 1887.

House and Lot

For Sale or to Let.

THIS desirable Property formerly owned
by Alex. Johnston, is situated at
Upper Sackville, convenient to School,
Church, Store and Post Office, and is a
very pleasant locality. The House is
new and very convenient; Outbuildings
are in good repair. There is also a Black-
smith Shop and Carpenter Shop on the
premises, and plenty of good water.
Terms very favorable. Apply to
CHARLES FAWCETT,
May 11th, 1887. Sackville, N. B.

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in
Baie Verte, consisting of a Dwelling
House, Shop, Office, Outbuildings and Wharf.
The location is one of the most convenient
and desirable in town, and only a few min-
utes' walk from Church, School House
or Station.
If not sold within a short time, the Shop,
with Office, suitable for any kind of busi-
ness, can be let separately.
Title undoubted. Apply to
T. A. WELLING.
Baie Verte, May 25th, 1887

The Sun

FOR 1888.

THE year 1888 promises to be a year of
splendid political developments, one
and all redounding to the glory and
triumph of a

UNITED DEMOCRACY.

THE SUN,

Fresh from its magnificent victory over
the combined forces of Democracy in
own State, true to its convictions, truthful
before all else, and fearless in the cause
of truth and right.

This Six has six, eight, twelve, and
sixteen pages, as occasion requires, and
is ahead of all competition in everything
that makes a newspaper.

Daily.....\$6 00
Daily and Sunday.....7 50
Sunday (16 and 20 pages).....1 50
Weekly.....1 00

Address THE SUN, New York.

AGENTS WANTED TO CANVAS

For Advertising Patronage. A small
amount of work done with tact and intelli-
gence may produce a considerable income.
Agents can several hundred dollars in
commissions in a single season and incur
no personal responsibility. Acquire at
the nearest newspaper office and learn
that ours is the best known and best
equipped establishment for placing adver-
tisements in newspapers and conveying to
advertisers the information which they re-
quire in order to make their investments
wise and profitable. Men of good ad-
dress, or women, if well informed and
practical, may obtain authority to solicit
advertising patronage for us. Apply by
letter to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New-
paper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St.,
New York, and full particulars will be
sent by return mail.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
known to me." H. A. AARON, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

RHODES, CURRY & Co.,
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,
Manufacturers and Builders.

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials

Send for Estimates.

jan27

GREAT
Dry Goods Sale
At Cost, for Cash.

The Subscribers offer their entire Stock of
DRY GOODS, valued at FIFTY
THOUSAND DOLLARS,
AT COST!

A GREAT OFFER

Which Embraces all Their

New Season's Importations.

This is a Bona Fide Sale

To be accounted for by two facts:

1st. Our Business has assumed such

large proportions that we are unable to

give proper attention to the requirements

of so many Departments. 2nd. It is the experience of all the

largest towns that a General Business is

neither so profitable nor so satisfactory to

the Merchant or his Customer as when the

whole capital and attention is devoted to

one Department.

The Subscribers recognize in the rapid

growth and progress of their Town that

the day of General Business is passed, and

propose to devote their capital and labor

more exclusively to the

Hardware & Grocery Business,

And hope, by giving these Branches their

SPECIAL AND UNDIVIDED ATTENTION, that

the result will prove mutually profitable

and satisfactory both to their Customers

and themselves. In the meantime we

have decided to CLEAR our WHOLE

Dry Goods Stock at Cost, for Cash,

To do so at a Time when

The People want the Goods,

And to include Alike

Old and New, Good and Bad.

Cottons, Woollens, Silks & Linens,

ALL AT COST.

Carpets, Curtains, Dress Goods,

Silks, Satins, Towels, Sheet-

ings, Flannels, Cloths, Hos-

iery, Gloves, Ribbons,

Velvets, Pinuses,

Buttons, Thread.

SMALL WARES.

The above Great Sale will begin on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10th,

AND CONTINUE UNTIL

Entire Stock is Disposed of.

Please note that those who come

early will secure the selection of the

CREAM OF THE STOCK.

DOUGLAS & CO.,

AMHERST, N. S.

NOTICE.

HAVING received the Warrant of Ap-

pointment on the Parish of Sackville

for the current year, all persons liable to

be rated are requested to hand in to us or

either of us, within thirty days from date,

true Statements of their Property and In-

come liable to be assessed.

Trustees of School Districts are re-

quested to furnish us with such informa-

tion as the law directs.

The Valuation List, when completed,

will be posted in the Post Office, Upper

Sackville.

JAMES D. DIXON,
GEORGE CAMPBELL, Assessors.

Sackville, N. B., Feb'y 1, 1888. 51

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the

undersigned, and marked on the out-

side "Tender for Fencing," will be re-

ceived until TUESDAY, 14th FEBRU-

ARY, for the erection of all or any part

of the fencing referred to in a specification

dated 2nd January, 1888, and which can

be obtained at all Booking Stations.

All the conditions of specification must

be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., }
28th January, 1888. 51

Roses and Thorns.

(For the Post.)

Shall there be roses bright as the light
Over my pathway strewn;
Garlands of roses, wherever I stray,
At morning, evening or noon.

Or shall there be thorns, upon which I
Shall tread my way;
As each step of life's journey I take,
Thorns which shall pierce my weary feet,
And of thorns my pillow make.

I cannot tell whether roses or thorns
Shall the most in my future appear;
But I know that He who is leading me
Will make it all plain and clear.

So I will not doubt, for His hand will
Guide,
His word shall my counsel be;
The future I'll safely trust to Him,
And He'll make it all right for me.

And at last when He calls me across the
river,
To the beautiful, golden shore,
This life with its thorns will be a dream,
There heavenly roses will bloom ever-

more.
—By A. F.

The Bull and the Leap-

ing-Pole.

(Charles G. D. Roberts, in Wide Awake.)

Out on the Tantramar Marsh, the
wind was racing with super-
fluous energy, blowing all one way
the purple timothy-tops, and rolling
up long green waves of grass that
shimmered like the sea under the
steady afternoon sun. I revelled in
the fresh and breezy loneliness, with
nevertheless at times gave me a sort
of thrill, as the bobolinks, stopping
their song for a moment, left no
sound in my ears save the confused
"swish" of the wind. Men talk at
times of the loneliness of the dark,
but to my mind there is no more
utter solitude than may be found in a
broad white glare of sunshine.

Here on the marsh, two miles from
the skirt of the upland, perhaps half
a mile from the nearest nerve of the
dyke, on a twisted, sweet-smelling bed
of purple vetch, I lay pretending to
read, and deliciously dreaming. My
bed of vetch sloping gently toward
the sun, being on the bank of a little
winding creek idling through long
grasses on its way to the Tantramar.
Once a tidal stream, the creek had
been brought into subjection by what
country people call a "dike," built
across its mouth to shut out the tides;
and now it was little more than a
rivulet at the bottom of the deep gash
which it had cut for itself through the
flats in its days of freedom. From
my resting place I could see, in the
distance, a marshy, treeless, lonely
skimming the tops of the grass, peer-
ing for field-mice; or a white gull
wandering aimlessly in from the sea.
Beyond the dyke rose the gaunt
skeletons of three or four empty net-
reels, and a little way off, toward the
upland, stood an old barn used for
storing hay.

Beside me among the vetch-blos-
soms, hummed about by the great
bumble-bees, and flickered over by
white and yellow butterflies, lay my
faithful leap-rod—a straight
young spruce trimmed and peeled,
light and white and tough. Some
years before, fired by reading in
Hervieu of the feats of "Wulfric
the Heron," I had bent myself to
learn to leap with the pole, and had
become no less skillful in the exercise
than a cat. I devoted thereto, I
gave me, indeed, a most fascinating
sense of freedom. Ditches, dykes,
and fences were of small concern to
me, and I went craning it over the
country like a hawk meadow-hen.

On this particular afternoon, which
I had chosen to forget, when I was
about to leap, I had hunched for so long
that the whispering stillness grew op-
pressive, I became ashamed of the
weird apprehension which kept steal-
ing across me; and springing to my
feet with a shout I seized my leap-
rod and went sailing over the pool
hilariously. It was a good leap, and
I contemplated the distance with
satisfaction, marred only by the fact
that I had no spectators.

Then I shouted again, from full
lungs; and turning instinctively for
applauding, I looked off upland.
I became aware that I was not so
much alone as I had fancied.

From behind the old barn, at the
sound of my voice, appeared a head
and shoulders which I recognized—
and at the sight of which my satisfac-
tion vanished. They belonged to As-
kinson's bull, a notoriously dangerous
brute, which only the week before
had gored a man fatally, and which
had thereupon been shut up and con-
demned to the knife. As was evident,
he had broken out of his pen; and
wandering hither to the marshes, had
been luxuriating in such plenty of
clover as my night had rendered him
mid-mannered. I thought of this,
for a moment; but the faint hope—
it was very faint—was at once and
emphatically dispelled.

Slowly, and with an ugly bellow,
he walked his whole black and white
length into view, took a survey of the
situation, and then, after a moment's
pawing and some insulting challenges
which I did not feel in a position to
accept, he launched himself toward
me with horrid intent.

After the first chill I had quite re-
covered my nerve, and realized at
once that my chances lay altogether
in my pole.

The creek was in many places too
wide for me to jump it, in a clear
leap, and I knew that I was well with-
in my powers. To the bull, however, I
perceived that it would be at all
points a serious obstacle, only to be
passed by clambering first down and
then up the steep sides.

With a warning cry I took a parley
with my assailant, I took a short leap,
and placed myself once more among
the vetch-blossoms where I had started.
I had but time to cast my eye along,
and notice that about a stone's
throw further down, toward the dyke,
the creek narrowed somewhat so as to
afford me an easier leap, when the
hot brute reached the edge opposite,
and unable to check himself, plunged
headlong into the gully.

As he rolled and snorted in the
water I could scarcely help laughing;
but my triumph was not for long.
The overthrust seemed to sting him
into tenfold fury. With a nimbleness
that appalled me he charged straight

up the bank, and barely had I taken
to my heels ere he had reached the
top and was after me. So close was
he that I failed to make the point
aimed at. I was forced to leap
desperately, and under such disadvan-
tages that only by a hairbreadth did
I gain the opposite side. Somewhat
shaken by the effort I ran on straight-
way to where I could command a less
trying jump.

The bull made no halt whatever,
but plunged right into the gully, rolled
over, and all covered with mud and
streaming weeds was up the slope
again like a cat.

But this performance delayed him,
and gave me a second or two so that
I was enabled to take my leap with
more deliberation and less effort. As
I did so I noticed with gratitude that
the banks of the creek had here be-
come much steeper. The bull noticed
it too, and paused, bellowing vindic-
tively; while as for me, I leaped on
my trusty pole to regain my breath.

With more circumspection this time
the brute attempted the crossing, but
losing his foothold he came to the
bottom, as before, all in a heap.

As he gathered himself up again
for the ascent I held my ground, re-
solved to move but a yard or two
aside, when compelled, and not lightly
to quit a position so much to my ad-
vantage. But here my foaming ad-
versary found the slope too steep for
him, and after every charge he fell
back ignominiously into the water.

It did not take him long, however, to
realize the situation, and dashed
up stream to his former crossing-place,
he was at the top in a twinkling, and
once more bearing down upon me
like a whirlwind of furies. The re-
spite had given me time to recover
my breath, and now with perfect cool-
ness I transferred myself once more
to the other side. Upon this my
pursuer wheeled round, retraced his
steps without a pause, crossed over—
and in a moment I found my position
again rendered untenable.

Of course, there was nothing else
for it but to make another jump; and
in the result there was no perceptible
change. The inevitable brute left me
no leisure to sit down and plan a
diversion. I was conscious of a burn-
ing anxiety to get home, and I tried
to calculate how much of this sort of
thing it would take to discourage my
tireless foe. Not arriving at any
satisfactory conclusion, I continued to
make a shuttle-cock of myself for some
minutes longer.

Immediately below me I saw that
the sides of the gully retained their
steepness, but so widened apart as to
make the leap a doubtful one. At a
considerable distance beyond, how-
ever, they drew together again, and at
last I convinced myself that a change
of base would be justified. By such
a change, supposing it safely accom-
plished, it was evident that I would
gain much longer breathing-spells,
while my antagonists would be forced
to such detours as would surely soon
dishearten him.

At the next change, therefore, I
broke at the top of my speed for the
new position. I had but a scant
moment to spare, for the bull was
closing upon me with his terrific
develop, and I made my jump, neverthe-
less, with deliberation. But, alas, for
"the best laid schemes o' mice an'
men!" I had planned my pole in a
spot of sticky clay, and after a slow
sprawl through the air I landed help-
lessly on my back, about half
way up the opposite bank.

Seeing my mishap the bull forgot
his late-caution, and, charging
headlong, brought up not a couple of
yards below me. Without waiting to
pull my pole out of the mud I scrambled
desperately to the top. It was a
sick moment for me, as the bull
covered my feet, and made up the
steep so impetuously that he almost
conquered it; but I threw myself flat
on my face and reached for the pole,
knowing well that without it the game
was pretty well up for me. As I
succeeded in wrenching it from the
clay, my pursuer's rush brought him
so close that I could almost touch his
snorting and miry nostrils. But this
was his best effort, and he could come
no nearer. Realizing this, he hid
just what I expected him to do—gave
his tail an extra twist of violence,
and swept up to the bed of
the creek to his former place of trans-
it. I now breathed more freely; and
having "prodded the bottom till I
found a firm foundation for my pole,
I began to feel secure.

When the bull had gained my side
of the creek, and had come so far as
to ensure his coming all the way, I
sprang across; and a moment later
saw him tearing up the soil on the
very spot my feet had just forsaken.

This time he shirked the plunge, and
stood on the bank bellowing his chal-
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