

Odds and Ends.

In some parts of Dakota a man who wipes his feet on a door mat and takes off his hat when he enters a house is called a duder.

Kalamazoo girls pronounce vase, "vase," New York girls, "vase"; Philadelphia, "vase"; Boston, "vase"; and Detroit girls, "jug."

A Detroit man was astonished the other day to find that the telephone could talk French. He said he thought it was an American invention.

There are some marriages which remind us of the fellow who said:—"She couldn't get any husband, and I couldn't get any wife, so we got married."

"I suppose," said a Clark street physician to a patient, while feeling his pulse, "that you consider me a humbug." "I think it very odd that you so accurately divine my thoughts by simply feeling my pulse," retorted the patient.

A man whose knowledge is based on actual experience says that, when calling on a fair sweethearts, young men should carry affection in their hearts, perfection in their manners, and confession in their pockets.

Upper Sackville.

NEW DEPARTURE. NEW GOODS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exodus from Upper Sackville, the subscriber offers for sale cheap, for Cash or Produce, the following New Goods:

- 1 Crate Milk-Pans, Cream and Butter Cakes, 1 and 1/2 Gal. Jugs;
- Good Assortment General Crockeryware;
- 6 Dozen Brooms, 3 Dozen Forks;
- 3 Wash-Bowls, 6 Boxes Soap;
- 6 Bags Timothy Seed;
- 200 lbs. Clover Seed; a choice assortment of Fresh Garden Seeds;
- 1 Bbl. Dried Apples;
- 20 Bags Liverpool Salt;
- 1 Bbl. Cider and White Wine Vinegar;
- 20 Bunches Cotton Warp;

And other articles usually found in a Country Store.

WANTED—Eggs and Butter, for which part Cash will be paid if required.

GEO. A. READ, m21 UPPER SACKVILLE.

HOTEL TO LET.

THE Building and Premises in Sackville, opposite the Telegraph Office, known as the International Hotel is now to let for a term of years. Possession given on first of May next. This originally large and commodious House, pleasantly situated with commanding view of the Railway Station and line, and surrounded with large trees, is two stories high with hip roof; was enlarged last autumn by a building two stories high with Mansard Roof, extending over with the front of the main Building, giving a total frontage of 75 feet, and containing large Parlors, spacious Halls, convenient Kitchen and twenty Bed Rooms, besides Pantry and Closets, Cellar, &c., and is equipped with Bams, Wood House, Well, Tank in Cellar, and a large Garden, and also "Pleasure Lawn."

With the contemplated opening of direct communication with P. E. Island by N. B. & P. E. Railway, and the growing appreciation of Sackville, its scenery, bracing atmosphere, Educational Institutions, and its certainty of enlarged commercial importance, when it shall shortly become a Railway distributing center, will commend it to any live man desiring to make money in this line.

Must be run on temperance principles. Apply to

JOSEPH L. BLACK, Sackville, 15th Feb, 1884.

N. B. & P. E. The Furniture now in the House may be purchased from the present proprietor.

Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 27th July, 1884, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, three times per week each way, between Port Elgin and Sackville, on the following route:

The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle drawn by one or more horses, subject to the approval of the Postmaster General, and to be made on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, as soon as practicable after the arrival of the morning train from Port Elgin, reaching Port Elgin in seven hours from hour of departure.

Returning to leave Port Elgin on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays in sufficient time to reach Sackville and connect with the afternoon train for Port Elgin, reaching Sackville in seven hours from hour of departure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Port Elgin and Sackville.

JNO. McMILLAN, Post Office Inspector, St. John, N. B., 12th July, 1884.

New Brunswick, County of Westmorland, S. S.

To the Sheriff of the County of Westmorland, I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original of the same, as the same appears from the records of the County of Westmorland.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said County of Westmorland, this 12th day of July, A. D. 1884.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said County of Westmorland, this 12th day of July, A. D. 1884.

CLARA KNAPP, Registrar of Probate, Co. of Westmorland, County of Westmorland.

MAIL CONTRACT!

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 27th July, 1884, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, three times per week each way, between Sackville and Port Elgin, on the following route:

The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle drawn by one or more horses subject to the approval of the Postmaster General, and to be made on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, as soon as practicable after the arrival of the morning train from Sackville, reaching Port Elgin in seven hours from hour of departure.

Returning to leave Port Elgin on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays in sufficient time to reach Sackville and connect with the afternoon train for Port Elgin, reaching Sackville in seven hours from hour of departure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Sackville.

JNO. McMILLAN, Post Office Inspector, St. John, N. B., 12th July, 1884.

DOWN TOWN VARIETY STORE.

NEW GOODS!

DRY GOODS

Crockeryware, Glassware, Earthenware.

Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, &c.

FULL STOCK OF

Choice Groceries, Flour and Meal,

Choice Confectionery, &c.

Bargains! Bargains!

C. W. KNAPP.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

MONOTON, WAREHOUSES, N. B.

Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings

Chignecto Hall Block

SPRING, 1884, SPRING.

Cheap. Cheap.

Just Received, a Prime Lot of

WOODENWARE,

Nests of Tubs, Wash Boards, Brooms, Pails,

Nests of Measures, &c.

—ALSO—

Goldie's Flour,

SHORTS, FOR CATTLE FEED.

Full Stock of Groceries on hand. Call and see.

BLAIR ESTABROOKS.

SOUTHAMPTON WOOLLEN MILLS!

THESE FIRST-CLASS MILLS are now in full blast, and to fully meet the requirements of the trade and to prevent delay that have heretofore occurred in filling orders and supplying the wants of customers, we are here to run the Factory extra time, which with some improvements contemplated will double our producing capacity.

In order to supply the demand of our constantly increasing patronage we have manufactured and have on hand a great variety and different styles of

Homespuns, Twines, Flannels, Women's Dress Goods, &c.,

Among which are many of the Latest and most Attractive Patterns. We also keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Yarns, our Blankets, &c., of which we make a specialty, are acknowledged to be superior to any other manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. Wool taken in exchange for Goods and the highest rates allowed therefor. Special attention given to country customers.

SOUTHAMPTON M'F'G COMPANY, Southampton, Cumberland Co., N. S. July 2nd

NEW MUSIC BOOKS.

The Most Popular Series Ever Issued.

The Gleanings. This book contains the most popular songs from the best authors that have ever been published in book form. It is printed on fine paper, has an illuminated title page, and is a handsome volume. Price, in paper, 75c.

The Casino Collection. Popular songs for the parlor or concert-room, including several splendid songs. Price, in paper, 75c.

Harvest of Minstrel Songs. The most popular book ever issued, containing all the best songs of the day, but these songs, by far the best of the kind, are here in a handsome volume. Price, in paper, 75c.

The Floral Offering. Songs selected from the latest and most popular successes, with accompaniment for the piano. Price 75c.

The Bijou Collection. Containing a selection of the most popular piano music of the day. Price 75c.

Each of the above books contains several pictures of musical celebrities, the books are Full Sheet Music, and will average 75c. each, each additional to any part of Canada.

C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King Street, - St. John, N. B.

SACKVILLE'S

Drug Store

JUST RECEIVED:

A STOCK of Burdock Blood Bitters; Haggard's Yellow Oil; Haggard's Strawberry; Warner's Safe Cure; Warner's Safe Diabetic Cure; Warner's Safe Nerve; Hop Bitters; Mrs. Pinkham's Compound; Swaine's All-Healing Ointment;

TO ARRIVE:

6 doz. Celebrated Shaker Blood Syrup; 1/2 doz. A. DIXON.

Flour, Meal, &c.

JUST RECEIVED:

125 BBL. FOREST City Queen Superior;

125 BBL. Edin. Superior;

125 BBL. Edin. Choice Patent;

125 BBL. Golden Star;

125 BBL. Ruby Choice Patent;

125 BBL. Jersey Lily Choice Patent;

125 BBL. York Mills Choice Superior;

125 BBL. Forest City Queen, do;

125 BBL. Golden Star, do;

125 BBL. Choice K. D. Yellow Meal;

125 BBL. Granulated Monarch Sugar;

125 BBL. Yellow Ex. C. do;

150 Cases Choice Barbados Molasses;

100 BBL. English Portland Cement.

For Sale Low by

A. J. BARAGAN & CO.,

Moncton, July 16, 1884.

Stephens & Figgures

ARE NOW LANDING:

150 Half-Chests TEA,

Of Superior Quality;

100 Boxes TEA, 12 lbs. each; For Family Use;

50 Boxes TEA, 20 lbs. each; For Family Use;

8 Cases MUSTARD, Colman's;

12 Cases HARRIS PICKLES, Lewis';

10 Cases ROYAL BAKING POWDER;

70 Cases MORTON'S PICKLES;

100 Half-Chests TEA, Cheap and Good;

Wholesale Grocers,

61 Dock Street, - St. John, N. B.

BRANDRAM'S

White and Colored Paints.

Raw and Boiled Oil.

A full Stock just received, and for sale very low by

M. Wood & Sons,

June 25th

Plant a Home.

Young beginners in life's morning, Don't forget the rainy day; Sunshine cannot last forever, Or the heart be always gay. Save the time and then the dollar, Lay up something as you roam— Choose your blooming spot of beauty, Some fair lot, and "plant a home."

You, too, who have babes around you, Coming up to take your place; Give them something to remember, Homestead memories let them trace. Would you feel the pride of manhood, Let the sun your dwelling greet, Breathe the blessed air of freedom, Own the soil beneath your feet.

You, too, who perhaps have squandered Life's fair morn—"is not too late! Start at once to woo bright Fortune, Build no more at so-called Fate. Sow the golden seeds of saving, In the rich and quickening loan, Spend your last days not with strangers, Enter Heaven's gate from home."

The Turn of an Accident.

(Harper's Bazar.)

CONCLUDED.

"It's mighty queer," she remarked, as she sat the last dish on the table. "I don't feel as if we had got to the bottom of it yet. Why didn't Lucy deny more stoutly?"

"But she did," said John, between two mouthfuls; "she said she hadn't got it."

"Why, of course, she said as much as that. You didn't expect her to say that she'd got it, did you?"

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Nash, with a shake of her head. "It's a queer business."

"Now look here," shouted John, roused by this persistent injustice; "what is there queer about it, I should like to know? Here's my wallet,"—slapping his pocket—"and I told you where I found it. A dog, you know as well as I do that I never put it under the pillow, and that girl of yours had no more to do with it than a babe unborn. It's her pardon that I ought to beg and you too. So I hope, ma'am, you'll drop the subject, and just make it up to the poor fellow by being extra kind as it were, for the bad day we've made her spend."

Mrs. Nash seemed by no means mollified by this not over judicious appeal, and as soon as her duties as a hostess would permit, left the room muttering something that John did not catch. He was too sleepy to care particularly about the matter, and presently went to bed, when dreamless slumber drew her veil over the day's vicissitudes.

Hurrying out to the barn next morning in the best of spirits, a low whistling note called his attention to a bench outside the kitchen door, where sat a figure crumpled up into a form little like, in which he recognized the pretty maid of the day before. She wore her bonnet, and a bundle lay beside her. Her face was hidden on her arms, which were crossed on the back of the bench.

"Why, what's the matter?" said John, turning back.

"I beg your pardon," she faltered, "I'm just going. I didn't mean to stay so long."

"Going? Where?"

"I don't know where," she said, dejectedly. "I'd try for another place, only there doesn't seem much chance of getting one without a recommendation."

"Do you mean to say that they are sending you away from here?"

"Yes."

"But in the name of goodness, why?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Nash says she does like to have servants, and she says she's suspected of stealing. The blue eyes flared again as she spoke, and she hid her face."

"By George! I never heard of such injustice in my life," shouted John. "Now, Lucy, if that's your name, you just sit where you are. Don't you stir or move till I come back. I'll see Mrs. Nash. I'll put things right."

To put things right seemed easy enough to a strong, hearty man, with justice and argument on his side, but that because he does not calculate properly on those queer hitches and crochets of human nature, especially women nature, which have no relation to justice and fair dealing, and are unaffected by argument. Mrs. Nash proved impervious to John's chosen appeal. Her mind was made up, she "didn't want to hear no more on the subject," finally, her temper rising, "what business was it of his," she demanded, "what help she kept, or if she kept any at all? He'd got his pocket book back; no account, you just sit where you are. There was no further call, so far as she could see, why he should meddle with her concerns. The upshot of the interview was that John flew out of the kitchen with his face as red as fire, tacked his horse, threw valves and feed-bags into the wagon, flung the amount of his reckoning on the table, and addressed Lucy, who, pale and terrified, stood, bundle in hand, prepared for flight, calling out:

"Now, then, my good girl, you've lost one place by my fault, and I'm durned if I don't find you another. Will you jump into my wagon and go home with me? My old woman's been talking this long piece back of getting a smart girl to help her along when she's laid up with rheumatism."

"I'll go with you," said Lucy, and she'll treat you fairly enough, I'll be bound, and you shall have whatever you were getting here. And if you believe yourself, you'll be well used, not turned out of doors for nothing. I'll engage to that; it isn't the way up in our party with a vindictive look at the landlady, who stood rigidly planted in the doorway: "We don't set up to be extra Christians, but there's a little honesty and decency left among us, which is more than can be said for all places. What do you say? Yes or no? There's my hand on it, it's true."

He held out his broad palm. Lucy hesitated, but for a moment only.

"Yes, I will," she said. "I've nowhere else to go, and you seem kind."

"Another moment, and they were driving off together down the maple-shaded road, whose yellow and crimson boughs danced overhead against "October's bright blue weather."

There was peace and calm in the fresh stillness of early day. Gradually a little color stole into Lucy's pale cheeks, and John's hot mood gave place to his wonted good humor and cheer.

"You've had no breakfast, I'll bet," he said, with a smile. "And no more have I. I was so mad with that woman that I couldn't swallow a mouthful, but now I begin to feel sharp enough. We'll stop at the next tavern, Southwick, isn't it? Five miles and a half. Can you hold out till then?"

"Oh, yes indeed," with a grateful look out of the blue eyes.

John's tone grew more and more friendly.

"We'll have something hot and hearty here," he said. "You look pale. I guess you didn't sleep any too much last night."

"Oh, I couldn't sleep at all. Mrs. Nash told me I must go the first thing in the morning, and I felt so badly."

"I shouldn't think you would want to stay with a woman like her."

"But it's so dreadful to have nowhere to go to, and besides—"

She stopped abruptly, with a look like terror in her eyes.

"Have you no friends, then?" asked John.

"No."

The tone was very reserved; but some could hardly fail to meet under so unkind a presence as John Boyd's, and before the long day's ride was done he had won her from her main fears of her story.

Lucy Dill was her name. Her mother had married for the second time when Lucy was 12 years old, and three years ago when the girl was barely 15, had died, leaving her to the protection of her step-father.

"She didn't know what kind of a man he was," said Lucy. "And he wasn't that kind of a man when she was young. I was too young to notice much, and mother always put herself between him and me when things went wrong. After she died it was dreadful. Elkins—that was his son—came home to live. He never lived there before, and—and he—"

"What did you suspect?"

It was not easy to get an answer to this question. In fact the terrified and inexperienced girl had hardly dared to formulate her own fears; but John gathered the idea that coloring of some unlawful practices were going on, and Lucy only half-comprehending, had understood enough to startle and frighten her into making her escape. She had effected this by night, six weeks before, and her great dread was of being discovered and forced to go back. John reassured her as well as he could.

"You'll be just as safe at the farm as in an iron safe," he protested.

But, in spite of his assurances, the lurking terror never left Lucy's eyes, and she was not so sure that nothing occurred to alarm her. Every sudden noise made start; the sight of a strange figure on the road blanched her roses to paleness. Except for this fearfulness she proved an excellent help in all ways—quick, neat-fingered, sweet-tempered. Old Barbara wondered how the farm had ever got along without her, and John in his secret heart wondered also. It should never be without her again—on this he was firmly resolved one day, three months after she became his intimate. "I am tired of seeing you jump and quiver, and scold upstairs whenever the pedlar or the ragman comes along. It's bad for you and it's bad for me. Now the time has come when I'll make all safe, and set your mind at ease, and that is, that you should just marry me out of hand, and give me the right to protect you. Once my wife, I shouldn't care if your step-father and all the gang in the neighborhood were to come after you; let them lay a finger on any of their peril, while I live and have a right to interfere. Will you, Lucy? It's the best thing to do, trust me word for it. I don't mean to pretend that I'm doing it for you, quite entirely," added John, with a broad smile, "for I ain't." "I want you for my own sake and the worst way, but both ways it will be a gain, so unless you have something against me, say 'yes,' Lucy and we'll have the parson over to-morrow, and make it all safe. Will you, Lucy?"

"Oh, how could I have anything against you?" replied Lucy, with the sweetest blush.

"Well, declared John, a moment after, as he raised his head from his first long kiss, "now I forgive Mrs. Nash!"

A Voice from the Press.