For Sale and To Let.

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.

Real Estate for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the valuable corner lot, known as the Chas. Smith property, comprising 1 acre of Land, House, Shop and Barn, in fair state of repair. Also 3 lots with Tenement Houses thereupon, fronting on Charlotte street, in the rear of the Smith property. These houses are all occupied and bring in good rents.

BLAIR ESTABROOKS.

oct21-tf

Marsh to Let.

FOR a term of years, two lots of MARSH in the Cole's Island Body, 38 and 8 acres respectively, belonging to the corporation of St. Ann's. For terms, &c., apply to the Rector or Wardens.

The leases are to take effect at once, to enable a portion of the rent to be expended in improvements.

W. C. MILNER,
V. Clerk.

Sackville, Oct. 1, 1885. oc7

Real Estate For Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale nine and one-half acres of LAND, part of the Wilmot Property, adjoining the Baptist parsonage, fronting on Main street, opposite the residence of John Ford, Esq. This lot is a most desirable property, being centrally situated, within ten minutes walk of the academies, post office, railway stations and manufacturing establishments. The Land is in a good state of cultivation. There is thereon a good Barn.

BLAIR ESTABROOKS.

dec23 tf

Valuable Property for Sale.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises hereinafter described, at Port Elgin, in the Parish of Westmorland and County of Westmorland, on the SECOND DAY OF JANUARY NEXT, at three o'clock in the afternoon, under and by virtue of a License out of the Probate Court of the County of Westmorland, all the LANDS and PREMISES belonging to the Estate of Frank Gooden, late of Baie Verte, in said County of Westmorland, and being "All that piece or parcel of Land and Premises situate at Port Elgin aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Northerly by the Post road through Port Elgin, easterly by lands of E. C. Gooden, southerly by the Gaspereaux River, and westerly by land of Miss Clark, containing about one-tenth of an acre, more or less, together with the Buildings, Improvements and Appurtenances thereto belonging.

For terms of sale apply to the undersigned, or to W. W. Wells, Solicitor for Administratrix.

ADELINE GOODEN,
Administratrix of the Estate of the late Frank Gooden, deceased.

W. W. WELLS,
Solicitor for Administratrix. dec3 5i

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, A. D., 1885, at the Court House, in Dorchester, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the Right, Title, Interest, Property, Claim and demand of JOSEPH TARRIS, his possessory right and right of entry, both at law and in equity of, in and to the LANDS and PREMISES situate in Dover, so called, in the Parish of Dorchester, and bounded as follows, viz: on the north by lands in possession of Alexander McFarlane, on the east by lands of Daniel L. Dannington, on the south by lands of William A. Steeves, and on the west by the main public highway, containing sixty acres, more or less, together with all buildings and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining. Also all other real estate of the said Joseph Tarris wheresoever situate or howsoever described within my bailiwick, the same having been held by Memorial of Judgment registered in the Westmorland Records and to be sold under and by virtue of Execution issued thereon out of the Supreme Court at the suit of Helen Stubs versus the said Arthur W. D. Knapp.

Dorchester, N. B., November 5th, A. D. 1885.

ROBERT A. CHAPMAN,
Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, THE 27TH DAY OF FEBRUARY NEXT, A. D. 1886, at the Court House, in Dorchester, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the Right, Title, Interest, Property, Claim and Demand, both at law and in equity, which Arthur W. D. Knapp had on the twenty-fifth day of March, in the year A. D. 1884, in, to or out of the following pieces and parcels of Land with appurtenances, that is to say: All that piece or parcel of Land situate in Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, bounded southerly by Bridge street, westerly by the property formerly owned by the late Dr. Titus W. Knapp, northerly by Christopher Milner's marsh, and easterly by lands formerly occupied by Timothy Outhouse and by the piece of land hereinafter next described, purchased from him by the said Arthur W. D. Knapp and conveyed to his wife by the said Timothy Outhouse, and containing one acre, more or less; also another piece or parcel of Land adjoining and lying on the easterly side of and bounded westerly by the before described lands, northerly by the said Christopher Milner's marsh, and on all other sides by the lands formerly owned by the late Timothy Outhouse, and containing two acres, more or less; also that piece or parcel of Marshland situate in the Parish of Westmorland, bounded easterly by marsh formerly owned by the late Thomas King and now occupied by his family, southerly by Tongues Island, so called, westerly by marsh of Colpitts Fillmore, and northerly by the upland, containing eighty acres, more or less; also all other Real Estate of the said Arthur W. D. Knapp, wheresoever situate or howsoever described within my bailiwick, the same having been held by Memorial of Judgment registered in the Westmorland Records and to be sold under and by virtue of Execution issued thereon out of the Supreme Court at the suit of Helen Stubs versus the said Arthur W. D. Knapp.

Dorchester, N. B., November 5th, A. D. 1885.

ROBERT A. CHAPMAN,
Sheriff.

Intercolonial Railway.

Tenders for Picton Town Branch.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Picton Town Branch" will be received until SATURDAY, 30TH JANUARY, 1886.

The work to be let is the construction of about nine miles of railway from the connection with the Black Diamond Railway, near Westville, to Pictou Town.

Plans, profile and specification may be seen on and after the first of January, at the Office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, and at the Assistant Engineer's Office, Pictou, and forms of tender may be obtained at either place.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit of seven thousand five hundred dollars (7,500.00). This deposit may consist of cash, or of an accepted bank cheque, and it will be forfeited if the person tendering neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if after entering into a contract he fails to complete the work satisfactorily, according to the plans, profile and specification.

If the tender is not accepted, the deposit will be returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed form supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
December 24th, 1885. dec31-5i

Welland Canal Enlargement.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on MONDAY, the 25th day of JANUARY next (1886), for raising the walls of the locks, weirs, &c., and increasing the height of the banks of that part of the Welland Canal between Port Dalhousie and Thorold, and for deepening the Summit Level between Thorold and Ramey's Bend, near Humberston.

The works, throughout, will be let in Sections.

Maps of the several localities, together with plans and descriptive specifications, can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 11th day of JANUARY next (1886), where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works north of Allanburg will be furnished at the Resident Engineer's Office, *Thorold*, and for works south of Allanburg, plans, specifications, &c., may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, *Welland*.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of *Two Thousand Dollars* or more—according to the extent of the work on the section—must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The amount required in each case will be stated on the form of tender.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 9th December, 1885. 23-5

LOOK AT THIS!

Prices Way Down
—AT—
T. H. Griffin's.

An Immense Stock
—OF—
NEW GOODS
JUST OPENING.

Everything Nice
—FOR—
XMAS
—IN—
Watches, Jewellery, and Silverware.

Fine Watch and Jewellery Repairing by skilled workmen a Specialty.

T. H. GRIFFIN,
AMHERST, N. S.

We Guarantee all our Goods to be as Represented. Nice Line of Xmas Cards, very low.

KNOWS

He has at last secured the Right Article.

KENTVILLE, Dec. 3rd, 1885.

Please forward another case of

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

Never had such Pastry before.

JAMES MCINTOSH,
American House.

W. M. D. Pearman, Trustee,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Dorchester Drug Store.

THE subscriber has opened a Drug Store in Hickman's New Building, next door to Merchants' Bank, and will keep on hand a Choice Stock of

Pure Drugs,
Patent Medicines,
Fancy Goods,
Toilet Requisites, &c.

J. W. McKAY.

Dorchester, June 10, 1885.

CELEBRATED COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER.

Best value in the market. Has taken first prizes wherever exhibited. Holds six Medals and many Diplomas. Dont be fooled into buying a high priced powder for the sake of its so-called purity.

The COOK'S FRIEND is made of as pure material as money can buy. It possesses more raising strength in proportion to cost than any other. Sold by storekeepers generally and made only by

W. D. McLAREN, MONTREAL.

Buy it, try it and be convinced.

Tallow Wanted.

I WILL pay highest price in cash for good Beef Tallow.

JAMES R. AYER.

June 11, 1885.

"The Current" CHICAGO, U. S. A. The great Literary and Family Journal of our time. Clean, perfect, grand! Over 600 brilliant contributors. $4.50 yearly; 6 months, $3.00. Buy it at your newsdealer's. Send 10 cents for sample copy. THE CURRENT and Post, one year, only $4.50. 1m28

New Goods
RECEIVED AT
SACKVILLE
Drug Store

HAIR Brushes, Cloth Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Nail Brushes, Dressing and Fine Combs in variety. A good assortment of

Perfumes and Toilet Soaps,

Razors and Razor Strops, Thermometers, a good stock of Nursing Bottles and Fittings, and India Rubber Enemas.

Also just received, a stock of

Confectionery for Christmas Trade.

Vaccine Points, fresh from the most reliable firms.

A. DIXON,
DRUGGIST.

dec9

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

FRESH ARRIVALS!

Ex Australian, Sarmatian, Peruvian, Manitoban, Polynesian, Parisian, &c.:

120—PACKAGES—120

Comprising a Varied Assortment in most Departments:

LINEN TABLINGS AND HOLLANDS, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, TURKEY REDS, CRETONNES, REGATTAS, HANDKERCHIEFS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, RIBBONS, LACES, &c.

20—CASES—20

GLOVES, LACES, LACE CURTAINS, COUNTERPANES, TOILET COVERS, PIQUETS, &c, &c.

A. EVERITT,

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

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

SICK HEADACHE and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEADACHE, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD ACHE they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO.,
New York City.

NOTICE!

N. B. & P. E. RY.

THE OFFICE of the Company has been removed to the Music Hall Block, immediately in the rear of the Halifax Banking Company's office.

W. C. MILNER,
Secretary.

Oct. 11, 1885.

HAGYARD'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 Child or Adult.

CARD.

THE subscriber is preparing to furnish his old friends and as many others as possible with Car Loads of Ground Grain for Feed. Will not have any spurious seeds, or dirt or salt, only the best, at the lowest possible price.

DAVID CORBETT.

Florence, Ontario, Oct. 21, 1885.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

WANTED—Ladies and gentlemen in city or country to take light work at their own homes. $3 to $4 a day can be easily made; work sent by mail; no canvassing. We have good demand for our work and furnish steady employment. Address, with stamp, CROWN M'F'G COMPANY, 294 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

In Advance.

(*Century "Bric-a-Brac."*)

Now Winter is fighting his battles
With many an icicle lance,
But I'm writing a "gentle spring" poem
Which the editors wish "in advance."

It is full, as is usual, of "violets,"
It alludes to the "robin's first peep,"
Though a blizzard's a daily occurrence
And the snow-drifts are seven feet deep.

But the editors—singular creatures,
To whom I am bound hand and foot—
Grasp at Father Time's typical forelock,
Till it's nearly pulled out by the root.

For they get 'way ahead of the season,
In a manner most wily and arch;
So that while you are reading December
They finish the number for March.

And he who would hope for acceptance
Must strike up betimes with his tune,
And sing Harvest Home in Mid-Winter
And jingle his sleigh-bells in June.

So when my spring poem is finished,
No rest does my weary pen get;
I must write a review of a novel
Which isn't itself written yet!

Bessie Chandler.

DAVID AND HANNAH.

"Come, Hanner, I hear the cocks crowing!"

"Yes, David, but I do feel awful bad!"

"Pooh! Probably laid on your back and had the night-mare. You hurry up the breakfast while I go'n feed them horses."

It was not yet daylight. Farmer Sloan pulled on his clothes as if the house was on fire, lighted the lantern with nervous hand, and hurried off to the barn to give the half-rested horses their morning feed.

When he had gone, the wife got out of bed with a great effort. Her throat was parched, her head throbbing, and, as she tried to dress herself, she had to clutch a chair to keep on her feet. When she had finally donned her apparel she staggered out to the kitchen and began to prepare the morning meal.

David Sloan was a driver. He made his boast that he was never tired, and it was but natural that he was disgusted with any one else who was. He was a Hercules in build, a gruff, unfeeling man in sentiment, and the horse which faltered before the plow might expect the lash sooner than a kind word.

Mrs. Sloan was also a driver. She had to be. In her case she must drive herself from daylight 'till far into evening to accomplish the amount of work laid out for her. Hers was a slave's life, but she had neither murmurs nor complaints. David's gruff and unfeeling ways had completely humbled her. It was work! work! work!—never a rest—never a hope that the night would come when her bones would not ache from heavy toil. Once or twice during the last year she had been compelled to give up, and what a storm David raised! While he did not abuse her, he abused at her. Sick? It must be her own carelessness! She ought to have known better! He was just getting out of debt, and now everything would go to smash! No earthly need of a doctor, but he must call one or the neighbors would talk. Some folks ought to have a guardian to look after 'em, and so forth and so forth, until the wife left her sick bed and took up her old labors, actually frightened into new strength.

On this morning the fear that David would scold gave her strength to prepare breakfast, but as she sat at the table with him, she could not touch food. He noticed it and said:

"Gittin' spleeny, eh?"

"I've a terrible headache, David."

"Probably ate too much supper last night. Some folks don't know when to stop eating."

"I—I——!" She was going to say she feared that a fever had got hold of her, but he looked up so sharply that she dared not finish.

"Better take some boneset," he said as he helped himself to a third slice of fat pork.

"Yes."

Nothing more was said until he was ready to go out, and then he remarked:

"Boneset beats all the doctor's remedies. If you have any left over save it for me, I don't need it in pertickler, but there's no use in wasting anything. Don't put in much sugar, the last I got was seven cents a pound—seven cents!"

Farmer Sloan went off to his work without another thought of his wife. Her case might possibly have come up again but for trouble with the old gray mare. For the last three or four days he has been "taking the laziness" out of her. He had hitched her up with a strong, quick-stepping, five-year-old, and had lashed her into keeping up. He knew that she had seen her best days, being over twenty years old, but his motto was: "Well enough to eat—well enough to work." The old mare could eat, therefore she must work. He was taxing her beyond her strength, and about ten o'clock she gave out. That is, she would have done so, but he kept the lash on her and life in her for half an hour more, when she fell dead in the furrow.

David berated his "luck" in unmeasured terms, but even his kicks against the dead body would not restore life, and he finally started for the house. On the way across the fields he felt disposed to blame his wife for the old mare's death. Yes; his wife had advised him to buy that horse fifteen years before, and she ought to be blamed! She might have known the beast wouldn't pay for her keep, and that it would drop dead some day in the busiest season. He had thought of buying Hannah a new calico dress along in the winter, but now he wouldn't do it—no sir, he wouldn't!

When David reached the house the breakfast table was as he left it, and he pushed his way on into the bedroom, to find his wife undressed and moaning and tossing about.

"This is a purty state of affairs!" he growled as he stood in the door. "So you've gone and made yourself sick!"

"David! Oh! David! I'm so sick!" she meaned, as she looked up at him.

"Hu! Did you take the boneset?"

"Oh! no! no!"

"That accounts for it! Didn't I order you to take it?"

"Yes, but—but—?"

"Folks as is obstinate must pay for it!" he said. "If I have to call a doctor you don't git any new shoes this winter! When I come up to-night I want to hear that you have taken that boneset! If you haven't I'll pour it down you!"

She called after him as he went out, but he never turned his head. Disobedient wives must be punished. He helped himself to a slice of bread and a piece of meat, and went out to catch up another horse to take the place of the old gray mare. At noon he wanted to go home, but he stayed in the field to punish Hannah. An hour before sundown he again entered the house. Nothing had been disturbed, and there was such quietness that the ticking of the old clock sounded painfully loud.

His wife must be seriously ill. The thought startled him, but he would not let her know that he had any anxiety. He helped himself to a bite from the table, went out and fed the hogs and milked the cow, and when he finally got ready to enter the bedroom it was twilight. His wife was lying there, and he growled:

"Well, the boneset helped, didn't it?"

There was no answer. Something like a chill crept over him.

"Hanner, are you feeling better?"

No answer.

He tip toed to the bed and laid his hand on her face. It was cold as ice. He seized one of her hands It was the same.

"I declar' if the woman hain't gone and died!" he shouted, as he turned to bring in a lamp.

"You murdered her, David Sloan!" A form stood in the door, barring his path. It was that of a female, and her finger pointed full at him.

"W—who are you!" gasped David, as he retreated towards the corpse on the bed.

"Justice!" was the stern answer. "David Sloan, I arraign you on charge of murder!"

"I never killed her!"

"But I have proofs!"

"I tell you I found her dead when I came in!" shrieked the frightened David.

"Listen to me! When you wedded this woman lying dead, was there a fairer, happier girl in all the country 'round?"

"Well, Hanner *was* a sweet girl, and that's a fact," whispered the awed farmer.

"You promised to love, cherish and protect her. How have you kept that promise?"

"David Sloan, you have been a tyrant! You have been heartless and unfeeling! Instead of being a companion to you, your wife has been a slave! Tell me when she has taken an hour of comfort since your marriage?"

"Why, I thought Hanner was all right," said David.

"You were wilfully blind!" accused the apparition. "Turn and look at that dead face! It is the pale, pinched, careworn face of a woman of fifty, and yet your wife was scarcely thirty! As a girl she was full of laughter and song. Tell me, David Sloan, when you last heard her voice breaking into song! Tell me when she was last merry?"

"I—I can't remember!"

"Ah! You can't! Slaves seldom laugh or sing! You promised before God and man to love her. How long since you placed a kiss on her cheek?"

"Why—why, I can't tell! We wasn't no great hands for love!"

"David Sloan, think over the past dozen years! Remember, if you can, when you spoke kindly! Remember one single time when you lightened her daily burdens! Remember when you planned one glad surprise for her—when you found her in tears and wiped them away—when you called up your old-time love and replanted it in her heart!"

"I—I can't—can't do it!" gasped David.

"She is dead! You murdered her! The law may not hold you guilty, but there will be an arraignment before the great white throne of God! What defense can you make there?"

David was silent.

"At that throne," whispered the apparition, as the finger was again extended, "I will be your accuser! I will charge you with wrecking a woman's life by your indifference, parsimony, avarice! You demanded more than she could give. You over-burdened and overtaxed her. In your eyes she was a slave—not a wife. Even as she lay dead you entered her presence to exhibit your selfish and unmanly spirit!"

"I—I——!"

"You have no defense!" said the voice, as he choked on his words "Go! Go out into the blackness of night—into the boundless space of earth—away from the presence of the sacred dead—away from those who know and accuse you? Go wander like some evil spirit that cannot rest! At the Great Day I will be at the judgment seat to accuse you!"

With bowed head—without a look behind him—with such feelings in his breast as were never known before, David Sloan passed from the chamber of death—out of the house—out into the gloom of night, and men saw him no more. Years after, the grass had grown upon his wife's grave and the farm had passed to strangers. A tangled swamp yielded up a skeleton one day. Men came and looked at it and whispered to each other:

"These are the bones of David Sloan!"

—The editor of a newspaper of Ohio thus appeals to his delinquent subscribers:—"To all those who are in arrears one year or more who will come forward and pay up arrearages and for one year in advance, we will give a first-rate obituary notice *gratis* in case it kills them."

Anecdote of Josh Billings.

The late Josh Billings was once on a passenger train bound for his old home at Lanesborough, Massachusetts. On the train were several commercial travellers, who, to while away the time, proposed a game of whist. A fourth man was wanted, and a gentleman sitting near was requested to take a hand.

"No; I do not play. But there is an old fellow who is a capital player; try him"—pointing to the "old fellow," who sat demurely on a seat in front.

"Good player, is he?" said the commercial man. "Then we'll have some fun with old Hayseed;" and accosting the quiet, farmer-like passenger, the young man whose cheek was his fortune, blandly said: "My venerable friend, we would like to have you take a hand in a game of cards with us, just to while away the time. Will you oblige us?"

Looking the young man in the face a moment, "old Hayseed" answered, "Ya-as' we'll be there in about three hours."

"You don't understand, my friend; we want you to take a hand—"

"Ya-as, the stand o' corn is very good—oncommon handsome."

The commercial man was annoyed. "Speak a little louder," suggested the gentleman in the seat behind; "He is somewhat hard of hearing."

"My friend!" shouted the young fellow, "will you—take—a—hand—in—a—game?"

"Ya as, game is oncommon plenty, all you want is—"

"Oh, go to the devil! You're as deaf as a post!" and the man of cheek subsided, amid the laughter of his companions.

When Lanesborough was reached, "old Hayseed" arose to depart, when he quietly handed his card to the commercial man, who sat glum in his seat, and in a particularly comical way remarked: "Young man, when you travel on your cheek, don't get hayseed in your eye. *See!*"

The young fellow glanced at the card. The superscription was—"Josh Billings."

Josh got off the train, and the man of cheek had to find a seat in another car to escape the "run" on him by his companions.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, *Harper's Magazine for January.*

He Remembered.

"And you pretend to say," remarked a lawyer to a witness, "that you remember the exact words this man said to you ten years ago?"

"I do."

"Well, if my memory serves me, I met you at Saratoga about five years ago, and I should like to know if you can swear to any expression which I then made?"

"I can."

"Now, Mr. J——, I want you to remember that you are under oath. Now, under oath, you swear that you can quote with great accuracy a remark I made to you at Saratoga five years ago?"

"I can."

"Well, what was it?"

"You met me in the hotel corridor."

"Yes, quite correct."

"And you shook hands with me."

"Naturally I did."

"And you said to me: 'Let's go and take something.'"

The crier of the Court had to call silence for ten minutes, and the lawyer confessed that the witness had a remarkable memory.—*Boston Journal.*

A baby came into the world one day,
And the parents smiled in pride,
As swift to the messages flashed away
Came greeting from far and wide.

A baby went out of the world one night,
And the mother moaned aloud
For the stainless soul that had gained the light,
For the form in the pearl-white shroud.

Oh! the mystery here, the problem deep—
Philosophers pause awhile!
Why do we laugh when we ought to weep
And weep when we ought to smile?

Nellie F. O'Neill, in Boston Courier.

—Late measurements give the height of the great Mexican volcano, Popocatepetl, as 27,808 feet above the sea. The crater, which is completely obscured within by sulphurous vapor, is about 3½ miles in circuit and 1000 feet deep. The entire centre of the top of the mountain seems to be solid sulphur, which is deposited at the rate of about a ton a day.

—"Where did the prophet Elias go?" asked a Texas Sunday school teacher. "He went into the desert." "What was Elias while he was in the wilderness?" "I dunno what he was while he was in the desert, unless he was a deserter," replied the hopeful pupil.

—On Saturday, 12th inst., while a young man named McGrath, at Two Mile Lake, St. Mary's, N. S., says the Antigonish *Casket*, was handling a loaded gun, it was accidentally discharged, lodging the shot in the side of his sister who was standing near by. She died from the effects of the wound in three days.

—A country rector complained to Dr. Routh that he had received only five pounds for preaching a sermon at Oxford. "Five pounds!" ejaculated the doctor. "Why, I would not have preached that sermon for fifty!"

—A man appeared on the streets of Denver driving a spanking team of fully developed elks worth $1,500, and capable of travelling 100 miles a day. The children thought Santa Claus had come to town.

—A Chinese banker, Han Qua, of Canton, is said to be the wealthiest man in the world. He pays taxes upon an estate of $450,000,000, and is estimated to be worth $1,400,000,000.

—A reign of terror exists in Austin, Texas, where a number of murders have been perpetrated without any clue to indicate the murderers.

—The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer recently took an electrical treatment for tired brains at a New York hospital.

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New and Second Hand Sleighs and Pungs,

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Light Single Seated Sleighs,
Heavy Double Seated Sleighs,
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Several Second Hand SLEIGHS, in good running order, very low. Call and examine Stock at Shop, opposite Dining Saloon at Station.

DUNLAP BROS. & COMPANY,
AMHERST, N. S.

dec16

FALL. 1885. FALL. 1885.

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Wholesale and Retail,
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RETAIL DEPARTMENT,

It being complete in every respect for the Fall and Winter Trade. In addition to our usual stock we have lately added

Fine New Lines in American Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Etc.,

And buyers cannot fail to get suited.

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Moncton Furniture Ware-Rooms,
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2 Marble Top Walnut Suits,	$140	21 Stained Walnut Suits,	$35
2 Marble Top Walnut Suits,	95	4 Ash Walnut Trimmed Suits,	75
6 Walnut Suits,	55	12 Elm Paneled Suits,	40
10 Walnut Suits,	45	6 Rob Roy Ash Suits,	30
15 Stained Walnut Suits,	40	50 Elm Paneled Suits,	25

☞ Our $25 Elm Bedroom Suit is the Champion Low Priced Suit of Canada. Inspection invited.

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Sackville, July 15th, 1885. tf

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