

THE SACKVILLE POST.

Reserve Success and you shall Command it.
SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1879.
WHOLE NO. 467.

LITERATURE.

Her Blue-Eyed Boy.

From Harper's Weekly.

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy,
For thee I sigh, for thee I weep,
When others tread the merry dance,
Or smile in happy dreams and sleep,
Torn from these loving arms away.
By those who recked not that my prayer,
Who thought I speak thy mother's name,
My tiny bud, my babe-like fair.

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy,
Could I within thy bright eyes gaze,
Or have an hour to kiss thy cheek,
'T would light up many weary days,
But thou art far away from me.
Between us Ocean's billows beat,
And I can but thy picture kiss
My fairy rose, my babe-like sweet."

As Miss Isabella Spooner finished reading these verses and proceeded to cut them out of the paper they had graciously, with a pair of scissors, that in company with a bunch of keys hung from her generous girdle, murmured admiration and sympathy from her audience. This audience consisted of Mrs. Spooner, Isabella's mother, a tall, thin, pale woman with a great deal of forehead—that in regard to height—and very white, well-shaped hands, which looked as though they had been moulded out of ivory; Mrs. Dusenberry, a lady who looked about fifty-and-forty but who, according to her own calculations, grew young as fast as she aged; and a young girl, who came to breakfast in diamond earrings, and talked a great deal about "style," and two or three elderly men and three or four young men, who, being mere nobodies, can, of course, only expect mere mention.

It was a lovely day in the last week of July, and these people were gathered together on the broad veranda of the Spooner household (Mrs. Spooner took a few summer boarders for company), and, truth to tell, they could not have been in a pleasanter place. The house, with its stately built of gray stone and draped with beautiful wisterias that climbed to the very roof, faced the Delaware River, and the gleam of the water through the branches of the caplaine trees that stood just outside the garden gate, looked with its showy flowers, among which the bees were having rare sport, was a pleasant sight to see.

Miss Isabella Spooner, the real mistress of the household—her mother's extreme lassitude rendering her but the nominal one—was comfortable, sentimental old-maid, with an obtrusive figure (in which respect she formed a great contrast to her friend Mrs. Dusenberry), light, very light blue eyes, and a nose-ache. She wore her hair brushed back from her forehead—forehead much like her mamma's—and falling in a curly curl in the back of her neck. In evening dress these curls were always tied with a bit of bright ribbon, which imparted to them quite a juvenile appearance and charm.

Miss Isabella doted on poetry, and looked upon all rhymes as an "heaven-born." In fact, she had an intense respect for and admiration for all persons connected with literature, and was wont to say, "Could I have been pen-pitied, I would have asked no other boon."

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry, in a soft, too soft voice, as Miss Spooner, after reading the verses quoted above, took her seat in a hand. "They remind me of some lines I introduced in my first letter to Professor Ganz at the time I became so interested in the habits of the birds of North America. He said afterward, by-the-by, that the brightness of that letter absolutely dazzled him." Mrs. Dusenberry prided herself on her letter-writing, and, anxious that her talent should not be "hid under a bushel," wrote on the subject which she thought would be most interesting to him.

"With a hint as to the impression he had made on her with some of the verses in contact, as soon as possible after forming his acquaintance."

"And when do you expect her, Isabella?" asked Mrs. Spooner, lifting her hands, which she was prouder of, from her lap, to regard more closely, and then listlessly dropping them toward evening.

"This afternoon, toward evening," answered Miss Spooner, faking a letter from her pocket and referring to it. "She writes: 'I hope to arrive just as the sun is beginning to drive in your beautiful river, and the evening star peeps forth as bright—as bright alas! as the eyes of my blue-eyed boy.'"

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry. "It reminds me of a note I received the other day from Dr. Drake, in answer to one I sent him begging him for a copy of his lecture on the 'Human Skeleton.'"

"Well, I should say she was right. 'Yes,'" said the young port-

merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the lard quotations and hog-market reports myself, but I know good poetry when I see it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do, yes."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write poems by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to 'cane her pen's rich. She only does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Captain Hottop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who is the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you none?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "poem" away in her pocket-book, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. "She's Mrs. Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe."

"Babel," corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest of Miss Spooner's story had neglected to fan the rival of Madame De Sevigne, after having been captivated and dazzled for that duty only five minutes before.

"And when her husband died," continued the fair Isabella ("he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and her son away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married below him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's arms."

"And he never saw her again," quoted Mrs. Dusenberry. "But why did she let them take him?" shouted the captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd held on. Foreigners bear citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece. "That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry. "But she was left almost destitute," Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a delicate little thing, and—"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork-merchant. "Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possessed the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which are showered on her whenever she goes—she is such a favorite on the manly side of the world. I met her at Mrs. Blough's party last winter, and we took such a fancy to each other right off, and she told me her story in the conservatory. Young Chandler was there, too, but she didn't see him; he was at the other end of the room, behind some tall plants—was very attentive to her afterward, and gave her a pearl bracelet on her birthday—and I cried till my nose looked like a—"

"Cherry," suggested Mrs. Dusenberry. Adding in a sprightly manner, "Captain, if you desert me for this enchantress, I'll never forgive you, to the great astonishment of the honest captain, who had not exchanged three sentences with her until this very July afternoon."

"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."

"Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long black ostrich plume, coquettishly curled on the back of her head. Her pale yellow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the group on the veranda."

Miss Spooner, with astenishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught her friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, "we have just been reading your sweet, sweet poem, 'A Mother's Will.' Welcome to the household!"

"How beautiful it is!" said the little woman, clasping her daintily kidded hands, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river. "That glimpse of the water! the grand old trees! the fragrance of the air! and—raising her beautiful eyes—the glorious sky, so like—'with a catch of her breath—'so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!"

In less than a week every man in that house was more or less in love with Mrs. Montgomery Montague—the captain, the pork-merchant, the old clerks, and the young clerks.

"And the women—well, the women didn't like her as well as they did before she came."

"She's pretty enough and clever enough," said Mrs. Dusenberry, "but I for one am getting tired of her blue-eyed boy. As I said in a letter of mine to a distinguished literary gentleman—immediately upon reading it he enrolled himself among my band of admirers—I have lost children, lost them in the grave, but I never bring my shadows to cloud the sunshine of my friends." And, to do her justice, she never did. On the contrary, so uncomformably well did she bear her bereavements that one could scarcely believe she had ever been bereaved.

But to go back to the pretty poet's lovers. Captain Hottop was the most devoted of them all. He had never been in love before, and he was like a scorching fever, in a most serious complaint when contracted late in life. He followed Mrs. Montague around like a faithful, loving slave, carrying a heavy shawl to spread on the grass when she chose to sit beneath the trees, and a large sun umbrella to shield her from the sun when it was her pleasure to ramble along the road. He named his sail-boat Lillian after her, bought a pony and phaeton and placed them at her service, swam her for hours in the hammock which hung in the orchard, and listened, with patient, heartfelt sympathy to her longings for her blue-eyed boy.

"Blessed if it ain't too bad!" said he one day (they were sitting beneath the talpa-trees), as the little widow pressed her face handkerchief to her eyes to dry the tears that sprang to them just after she had remarked that the twittering of the dear little birds was so like a baby's voice—"darned if it ain't! Couldn't you get him away from them folks?"

"Fears to me I couldn't refuse on any thing when you clasp your hands and look at me with tears in your eyes."

"Oh, captain," sobbed the sorrowing mother, "there are very few people in the world like you—very few. You are one in a thousand—yes, a thousand. But I never had a chance to appeal to them personally. I was very ill when—when they took my darling away; and letters, with no matter how much feeling we write them, are so cold."

"Why don't you try 'personally,' then?" asked the captain, swinging her dainty parasol about, and although on the day after her wedding she was very pale, yet her appearance pleased everybody. But she would be satisfied if the bride-maidens were not so pretty that they ought to have been, on which extremely delicate point I will not venture to express an opinion.

"There was one lady there whose fair face attracted my never falling attraction for a long time. The Princess of Wales, as beautiful as an angel, when she stood at this same altar sixteen years ago. There were also some very handsome ladies present who were of noble though not of royal blood, and the brave display of their jewels and their dresses, they made assuredly could not be eclipsed. If I had been allowed to select a little *cadeau* from among the countless gems which made the old chapel glitter, I would not have presumed to have touched the hem of a lady's gown, but I have begged for the urban of the Maharajah Duple Singh, in which there was an emerald about the size of a William pear. I recollect seeing a still larger one in India on the robe of a boy Rajah, the said robe being so studded with jewels that if placed in the middle of the door it would have stood upright without anything inside of it. A hole had been drilled through the middle of some of these jewels to allow of their being sown on the broadest robe. One of these Maharajahs never had such a hole in his possession and does not go exclusively for gold. But I will not answer for it that he will not repeat the bargain. The Maharajah Duple Singh made as good a show of diamonds as an Indian prince need wish to do, and his wife must have been worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds to any diamond dealer. But, however, as all these compared with the Koh-i-noor, which the Queen always wore on such occasions and which you will recollect, once belonged to the present Maharajah's father, Runjeet Singh? Mr. Wilkie Collin's Moonstone never had such wonderful adventures as this Koh-i-noor, which I verily believe would make a dark room light if you stood it on the table. When the ferocious 'Lion of Lahore' wore the stone it was in its rough state, and weighed more than seven and a half times as much as it does now—900 carats against 123 carats. What it has lost in size it has gained in brilliancy. Who can say what its future destiny will be? The wearer of it has generally been the ruler of India, but Runjeet Singh did not fulfil that condition of proprietorship. Perhaps if another Colonel Blood made his appearance he would make a bold dash for the colossal prize, for it is said that nothing is so well guarded but that a clever thief during his absence would make a dash for it if you give him time enough. But it might perplex the most adventurous and successful of thieves to dispose of a diamond which is estimated to be worth about £125,000.

"Heaven grant that we may see the darling himself soon!" she said, with pious emphasis.

"But they never did. For a couple of weeks after the widow's departure, Wellington October burst in among them all as they were playing croquet on the lawn, scattering the balls in every direction."

"Sold, by gracious!" shouted he. "What?" asked Miss Spooner, dropping her mallet. "A million times of lard and twice as many pigs, I suppose," murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, leaning in an unconscious manner against the shoulder of her partner.

"She's a fraud! Yes," continued the pork-merchant, "but she's a million times of lard and twice as many pigs, I suppose," murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, leaning in an unconscious manner against the shoulder of her partner.

"Not even a blue-eyed boy, yes!" said Wellington October.

The Display of the Duke of Connaught's Wedding.

London Cor. New York World.

As to the impression which the chief ladies made on the spectators in the scene last Thursday, I am told that some little disappointment was created. The bride, indeed, has been more or less known, so all for weeks past by means of excellent photographs, and those show that she has a sweet winning face, and although on the day after her wedding she was very pale, yet her appearance pleased everybody. But she would be satisfied if the bride-maidens were not so pretty that they ought to have been, on which extremely delicate point I will not venture to express an opinion.

There was one lady there whose fair face attracted my never falling attraction for a long time. The Princess of Wales, as beautiful as an angel, when she stood at this same altar sixteen years ago. There were also some very handsome ladies present who were of noble though not of royal blood, and the brave display of their jewels and their dresses, they made assuredly could not be eclipsed. If I had been allowed to select a little *cadeau* from among the countless gems which made the old chapel glitter, I would not have presumed to have touched the hem of a lady's gown, but I have begged for the urban of the Maharajah Duple Singh, in which there was an emerald about the size of a William pear. I recollect seeing a still larger one in India on the robe of a boy Rajah, the said robe being so studded with jewels that if placed in the middle of the door it would have stood upright without anything inside of it. A hole had been drilled through the middle of some of these jewels to allow of their being sown on the broadest robe. One of these Maharajahs never had such a hole in his possession and does not go exclusively for gold. But I will not answer for it that he will not repeat the bargain. The Maharajah Duple Singh made as good a show of diamonds as an Indian prince need wish to do, and his wife must have been worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds to any diamond dealer. But, however, as all these compared with the Koh-i-noor, which the Queen always wore on such occasions and which you will recollect, once belonged to the present Maharajah's father, Runjeet Singh? Mr. Wilkie Collin's Moonstone never had such wonderful adventures as this Koh-i-noor, which I verily believe would make a dark room light if you stood it on the table. When the ferocious 'Lion of Lahore' wore the stone it was in its rough state, and weighed more than seven and a half times as much as it does now—900 carats against 123 carats. What it has lost in size it has gained in brilliancy. Who can say what its future destiny will be? The wearer of it has generally been the ruler of India, but Runjeet Singh did not fulfil that condition of proprietorship. Perhaps if another Colonel Blood made his appearance he would make a bold dash for the colossal prize, for it is said that nothing is so well guarded but that a clever thief during his absence would make a dash for it if you give him time enough. But it might perplex the most adventurous and successful of thieves to dispose of a diamond which is estimated to be worth about £125,000.

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INVALIDS, do you wish to gather flesh, to acquire an appetite, to enjoy a regular habit of body, to obtain refreshing sleep, to feel and know that every fibre and every part of your system is being braced and renovated? If so, commence at once and use the Quinine Wine prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto. It is a well-known fact that Quinine has been acknowledged by the medical faculty for many years as the best appetizer and tonic for general debility, and this combination will be found superior to all other preparations. And combined as it is with fine honey wine, it is palatable and pleasant to the stomach and digestive organs, and seldom requires more than one or two bottles to effect a decided benefit. As it contains nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution, it is a safe and reliable medicine. Remember to ask for the "Quinine Wine prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto."

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A horse dealer residing in the vicinity of Keppock, N. J., and who buys up horses of all kinds, market, parades, and "Darley's Condition Powders and Arabian Heave Remedy" by the dozen and feeds it to his horses; he says it is superior to any other medicine he has ever used, and a condition medicine that the horses are as much more improved by its use as to sell for one and a half higher price.

Two other horse dealers, one residing at Huntington, and the other at Glen Cove, recollect to have used it by the dozen for the same purpose; these men, as well as many others similarly engaged, know too well the value and importance of this medicine to be without it. Remember the name and see that the signature of Hurd & Co. is on each package. Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont., proprietors for Canada. Sold by all medicine dealers.

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The Liver is the imperial organ of the whole human system, as it controls the life, health and happiness of man. When it is disturbed in its proper action, all the functions of the body are affected. The digestion of food, the movements of the heart and blood, the action of the brain and the system are all more or less connected with the workings of the Liver. It has been successfully proved that the medicinal properties of the medicinal plant, *Chenopodium*, in curing all persons afflicted with Dropsy or Liver Complaint, and all the numerous symptoms that result from an unhealthy condition of the Liver and Stomach. Sample bottles to try, 10 cents. Positive cure in all cases on the Western Continent. Three doses will prove that it is just what you want.

Physicians Know That functional derangement of large organs, as the stomach, liver, heart, etc., will, if neglected, be attended with the most serious complications; and while it may in many instances be put a symptom, among others, of an irritable and exhausted condition of the system, and the nutrition increased, it may prove the forerunner of serious changes in the brain or spinal cord. PHOSPHOGEN, judiciously used, will allay the perturbation of the nerves, assist their natural currents, and improve their distribution, thus insuring the generation of sufficient nervous force for the exigencies of life.

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HEALTH IS STRENGTH.—To prevent or conquer disease is one of the greatest attainments ever aimed at by man; and the most valuable of all the things that a man can possess, is a healthy body. It is not attended to sooner or later led to incurable consumption, and the strength of the strongest soul fails if neglected. The reader should be made aware that the cure of these complaints is "Bryan's Pulmonic Water," which has been thoroughly tried for the last twenty years, and have never been known to fail. Singers and public speakers will also find it a most valuable remedy. It is sold by all medicine dealers at 25cts. per bottle.

The Nova Scotia fishing fleet will be much larger this summer than ever before. Nearly every out port through the Province is fitting out vessels. The boats are of the best material, and are beautiful models, with all the most modern appliances for the prosecution of the business. A considerable number will go to the Grand Banks, which have hitherto been scarcely touched by Nova Scotians.

Business Cards.

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Office of late Albert J. Hickman, Esq.
DORCHESTER, N. B.

LANDRY & TRUENAM,
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Prices twenty per cent. lower than any other Establishment in the Province.

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Guests staying at this Hotel will receive every attention. A careful Hostler always in attendance. feb15

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The best attention shown to guests, and charges moderate.
Free Coach to and from all Express trains, special attention given to Commercial Travellers. apr10

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NOTICE.
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP BUSINESS between the Subscriber and his late father, THOMAS BAIRD, Esq., is now continued by the Subscriber JOHN MILTON BAIRD under the old style of Firm of

THOMAS BAIRD & SONS,
Pursuant to the provision of his father's Will.
JOHN MILTON BAIRD,
Sackville, Oct. 22nd, 1877.

Business Cards.

New Harness Shop.
THE Subscriber has opened a Harness Shop opposite the Lawrence House, where he intends to

Manufacture Harnesses and do general repairing, at moderate rates.
NATHAN G. BULMER,
Sackville, Sept. 24th, 1877.

MILL SUPPLIES.
THE attention of Mill owners is directed to our Stock of RUBBER BELTING, LEATHER BELTING, LUBRICATING OILS, Diaper's Celebrated Gang and Circular Saw, Silk Bolting Cloth, Files, Lacing Leather, Emery Wheels, Steam Packing and Steam Fittings, Hoses & Yard Pumps—a specialty.

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ALSO JUST RECEIVED:
6 dozen Robinson's Emulsion
12 " Johnson's Liniment
12 " Eucalyptic Oil
2 " Shoshonee's Remedy;
1 " Campbell's Quinine Wine;
1 " Pure Norway Cod Liver Oil;
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Capicum and Belladonna Formic Plasters, Shoulder Braces, Lung Protectors, Fluid Magnesia, Honey, Tamarinds, Flavoring Extracts, &c., &c., &c.

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MAILS for Nova Scotia close daily at 1.25 p. m. Mails for Halifax close daily at 7.20 p. m. Mails for Liverpool, Mondays and Fridays at 1.25 p. m. Mails to Westmorland, at 1.25 p. m. Mails for Midgie and Shemogue, Thursdays, at 8.30 p. m. Mails for St. John and United States, at 2.40 and 7.30 p. m. Mails for North Shore, Ontario and Quebec, at 7.30 p. m. Mails to Fort Elgin, daily, at 1.25 p. m. Mails to Botford, via Fort Elgin, tri-weekly, at 1.25 p. m. Mails to Wood Point, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 3.30 p. m. Mails to Second Westcott, Fridays, at 3.40 p. m. Mails to Upper Sackville, daily, at 3.30 p. m.

JOS. DIXON,
Post-Master.
English Mail.
ENGLISH MAIL closes at this Office to-morrow (Friday) at 11.25 p. m. JOS. DIXON, Post-Master.

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American Importations!
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A call at my Establishment will prove this, and an also fitted up for the manufacture of BLINDS, SASHES, DOORS, SHUTTERS, OUTSIDE WINDOWS, &c. Pictures Framed lower than ever. Bring along your orders. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Sackville, Nov. 16, 1878.

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