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CHIGNECTO POST.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

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The Sewing Woman.

What was I to do? Never was a woman placed in such a pitiable condition. I had been brought to Russia by a New-England sewing-machine company to run their machines at an agency of theirs in—— street in St. Petersburg, where a handsome shop had been rented. One blustery cold day toward the close of October I found the shop door closed, and learned to my dismay that our agent had disappeared and the machines had all been seized for rent and debts. What was to be done? All the money I had in the world was about equivalent to $12. What was due me I left in our agent's hands, and I felt sure it was lost. I thought of everything in the twenty five minutes which elapsed between my heart breaking when I found the shop door closed and my rapid walk to my lodgings. Fortunately my room had been hired for the month, and had been paid for in advance. I had at least a roof over my head for a few weeks. An idea suddenly struck me. I had been making an evening dress on the machine for a Russian lady who spoke English. She had some idea of buying a machine. In order to expedite the work I had taken to my room the body of her dress, and having a machine there, had sewed on it of nights. That machine I would certainly keep; it would go very little toward the payment of the debt the agent owed me. I hurried home. Perhaps there was a letter with some money in it. There was nothing. I must find the lady—but how? She had left no address. She had hardly spoken to me. I thought I heard her say that she would come again, and I believe she had fixed on the very day. There was but one chance in a thousand. I must stand in the street and wait until she appeared.

I hastened back and took up my position near the shop. I scanned every woman passing by. It was bitterly cold and raw, and the wind chilled me. I was faint with anxiety. Had I only known more of the language I would have asked a policeman to take me to the American Consul, to the Minister. I was in despair. Suddenly a carriage drove up, a footman opened the door, and a lady elegantly dressed alighted. I tore across the street; it was the Russian lady. With my heart in my mouth, I told her my pitiful story and begged her to help me. If she wanted a servant, would she only try me? I had a sewing-machine, and would make her dresses for nothing if I could only stay with her until I could write to my people at home; they would send me money, and I could get back to the United States. My words must have had but little sense in them, I was so broken-hearted, for at first she hardly seemed to understand me.

"I am without a friend in the world here—a poor American woman, thousands of miles from her home."

She looked steadfastly at me, then opened her portemonnaie.

"No, no," I said, "I want no money. I cannot beg. I am not yet so poor as to ask alms. But do you not remember me? The store is closed. The man who kept it has run away. I showed you the way the machine was worked."

Then she scanned me quickly; next cross-questioned me sharply.

"How could a young girl trust herself alone in this strange country?" she asked.

"I was not alone. Two other young women came from the United States with me. Two weeks ago they were sent home, and the miserable man in charge induced me to stay, promising to give me money enough at the end of next month for my trip home to the United States. Might not the police look up the matter? I have been outrageously swindled."

"The police? And my dress—am I to lose it?" the lady asked impatiently.

"Not all of it. The skirt is in the shop, the body, the waist is in my room, almost finished." It seemed to me dreadful that in my agony she should talk about her dress.

"Where do you live?" she inquired abruptly. I told her. "Get into the carriage," she said. I did so. When we were off the main street she stopped the carriage, got out with me, and we walked to my lodging. I opened the door. On the table was her basque. It did not seem to interest her. She picked it up, however, glanced at it a moment, then threw it down. She examined the sewing-machine.

"How long would it take me to become proficient in working this?" she inquired as she sat down before the machine and tried the pedals. "Is it fatiguing?"

"No, Madam. Oh, would you buy it? It is mine by rights. The money for it might help me to leave St. Petersburg."

"How long did you say it would take me to become proficient?"

"Two weeks—perhaps less."

"Would it disfigure my hands?" She took off her gloves, showed her well cared-for hands, her fingers glittering with rings.

"Your beautiful hands would hardly be soiled."

"Well, then, give me a lesson at once—at once. I will pay you for your trouble."

I expressed my gratitude with almost tears in my eyes. "I have no material here—but anything will do," I said, as I opened my trunk and took out an apron. "I will run a tuck across the bottom—it will do no harm."

"Nonsense. Take the waist and begin on that."

"But it is quite finished, and any extra stitching would spoil this delicate cream-colored silk.

"Give it to me," said the lady, taking up her scissors and deliberately cutting the waist up the back.

"Now sew me up this," she cried. I took it and as carefully as I could ran the machine, sewing up an ugly gash, but of course the waist was spoiled. "Now I will try," and she sat down and under my instruction worked for an hour. She was wonderfully clever with her fingers, and seemed to seize the peculiarities of the machine at once.

"At this rate of progress, Madam, you would become quite a good workwoman in ten days," I said, approvingly.

She made no reply, but worked away for another half hour, crossing and recrossing the body with stitches. "It is not so tiresome after all," she said, "but I had enough for to-day. To-morrow I will call and you then take the machine to pieces and show me how it must be put together again. You will oblige me very particularly by not going out to-day. I have to thank you for your patience. Keep my visit silent. I hope you have learned that in Russia it is better to keep a quiet tongue. Do not return to the shop. Pray take this for my first lesson," and she placed on the machine table a piece of gold.

"I am very much overpaid," I said.

"Where are you from? English or American?"

"American, from New Hampshire."

"New Hampshire! Where is that?"

"One of the New England states."

"I never heard of it. You are a good republican, I suppose?"

"I hope so."

"Well, adieu." I felt very much inclined to kiss her. She looked cold and haughty, but my heart was so full of thankfulness that, overcoming somewhat the awe I felt, I ventured to take her hand in mine and put it to my lips. She did not withdraw it. "Poor child," she said; "you do not look more than 20, and, at your age, to be in such trouble! This must be a hard experience for you. Good-bye, and until to-morrow." She gazed at me steadfastly, as if she would look me through, and then, bowing, left me.

I did not, would not, allow myself to be disheartened. I sat down and wrote two letters—one to my mother, at Amherst, the other to a sewing-machine company, in New York. I explained my pitiful condition.

Next morning early there was a low knock at my door. I opened it, and a woman plainly dressed entered. She did not say a word. She placed a bundle she held in her hand in a chair, and at once went to the machine, took up the bodice, and commenced sewing.

"You will kindly forget the lady of yesterday and know me as Elise simply, or rather, as Elise is French, we will say Eliza. I want to learn your trade. It is a whim of mine. Do you think that in a month I could earn my bread this way? I offer you a partnership. I can find the funds. The contents of the shop will probably be sold out, and you will be able to buy one of the machines for me. Now, will you take this one apart?"

I had not a word to say. I brought a wrench, a screw-driver, an oil-can, and unloosened the working parts of the machine. She took the oil-can and bent over the machine, studying it. I noticed that she touched with her white fingers all the grimy parts, until her hands were soiled.

"It is by no means as complicated as a revolver," she said.

I made no comment as I put the working parts together. She was very silent, working incessantly on some coarse material she had brought with her. I sat near her—teaching her what to do. She worked on until it was past noon. "Is it not time now to eat something?"

"It is," I replied, "would Madam partake of my simple meal?"

"Madam! I am Eliza—and you say your name is Mary. Mary, I shall be very glad to share your food with you, if you will let me. If you have not enough for two—I will go out and buy what is wanted. What shall it be? I dare say I can shop better than you. Will you lend me your shawl, your furs, and your overshoes?"

Before I could say a word she had them all on. Then she laughed for the first time and curtised to me. "Sister Mary, Sister Mary," she cried in great glee, "our copartnership begins from to-day. I am to be capital and you brains. Little sister, good-bye. I shall not be gone more than a quarter of an hour." I was so astonished as to be speechless. In a trice she was back, loaded down with packages. She had a losf of bread, a piece of cheese, a pot of preserves, a breast of smoked goose, some salted cucumbers. "I have a somovar, but it was too heavy for me to carry. The man I bought it of will bring it here at once. It is a second hand, but as good as new. I see you have a teapot. My only two extravavances were some good soap and a pound of tea. Come let us eat. I can arrange anything. I am to wait on you."

Then up came the man with the copper urn and charcoal and she made the fire and prepared the meal. "We don't drink tea out of cups when we belong to the people, but swallow it in tumblers." Though I sat down at the little table with her I ate sparingly, I was so much confused.

"Before I conclude my first day's lesson, Sister Mary, let me ask you something. Did you ever read the 'Arabian Nights?' It is a book I suppose all the world has read."

"It is quite well known in the United States. All children read it and 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"So I thought."

"You want me to remember Aladdin?"

"No, not at all. The story I wish you to think about is not half as pleasant. It is about Sinbad the sailor and the old man ape he could not get rid of. You are the sailor, Sister Mary, and I am the ugly old man ape," and she made so comical a grimace that I could not help smiling.

"I assure you that is my character, and you never will get rid of me until you break my head. Sister Mary, will you share your supper with me, your bed with me to-night, your breakfast with me to-morrow; not for that day, but for the next day, and the day after that?" She said this very quietly as she took my hand in hers. I was at a loss now to reply. "We are to work together for our living—only, Sister Mary, make me proficient. I will be so diligent.

"But, Madam——"

"No—Sister Eliza."

"Sister Eliza, how is it possible that a lady of means, whose acquaintance I made but yesterday, who awed me with her grand manners, her carriage, should wish to become a sewing woman?"

"Ask me no questions. This, however, I promise you. The story of the old man ape is partially true, but there is a limit to your endurance. In a month from now, I swear to you, your passage home shall be paid you, and, besides that, there will be given you a handsome sum for you to start life with in your own country; only, for God's sake, remember that just as you threw yourself on my mercy I now throw myself on yours. I believe you have character and courage. No harm will come to you. I want a refuge, and have found it. Teach me what you call the tension, how to tighten the band when it slips, how to gauge the stitch, and what to do when the thread breaks."

In a day I learned to love that woman. All the haughty, proud manner was gone. She waited on me. She was the first up in the morning. She was always busy. The porter of the house evidently mistook her for one of the two girls who had been in the employ of the sewing-machine company, for one or the other of them had often been in my room. Some small extra compensation was given him for the new lodger. She never spoke save in English, and her coming to me had been so mysterious that I felt quite certain the porter was entirely ignorant of her condition. Certainly it worried me a great deal. More than once I ventured to ask for an explanation, but Eliza would place her hand on my mouth so that my speech was interrupted. It distressed me to see how hard she worked, for I felt sure that this new life was hurting her. I could see that from her pallor. If anything more than another made me feel sorry it was for her beautiful hands. She seemed to take infinite pains in spoiling them. "They are filthy—horrible," she would say, "and still I think I care for them more than I should—if I only could get a thick, red, rough skin on them."

As she had said, the owner of the store was only too glad to sell me a machine. Eliza furnished the money. Work came to us in a mysterious way—left down stairs with the porter. By and by a fashionable dressmaker, who made dresses for the Court ladies, sent for me and gave me work. As what we had to do was well sewed and we were always prompt; in less than three weeks we were doing a good business. My companion, save for the daily purchases made in the immediate neighborhood for food, never went out. No one called on her; she never received a letter. A few days after the month had passed, when one morning as I was running up a seam in a piece of cloth my needle struck something. It was a piece of paper.

"It is for me, Sister Mary," said Eliza. She took the bit of paper, held it to the stove, appeared to read something, and then opened the stove door and burned it. I did not question her. She worked on cheerfully all day, chatting on different subjects.

That night when we were in bed, taking me in her arms, she said: "Poor Mary, your troubles, your anxieties, are now over. To-morrow early apply for your passport. It will cost you to go from here to Liverpool, say £40, and the passage from Liverpool to the United States as much more; that makes £80, and you will have something to spare. I wish it could have been more, but you will have altogether £300, which, after deducting your travelling expenses, will leave you some money to begin your life with again. From me—who have learned to love a singularly honest and simple minded woman—you shall have this ring," and she slipped on my finger a ring, "but don't wear it, the diamond might betray me. So far, Mary, you have run no risk, but next week you might be ruined forever, for you have harbored——"

I was speechless with terror.

"Only a woman," she continued, "whose own life—or the life of any one else who stood in her way—she would care no more of taking than would the cook who wrings a chicken's neck. Do not be shocked, Mary. I shall sleep as sweetly to-night—as if death did not threaten me. My story, as far as relates to you, is soon told. It became necessary for me a month ago to disappear. The simplest chance in the world threw you in my way. Had you been of any other nationality than an American, I would never have trusted you. You might go out now, Mary, and sell me, Judas-like, for a sum of money which would make you rich for life."

I clung convulsively to her and bade her be quiet.

"Through my veins, child, there runs the best blood of Russia; but every drop of it I will shed for the cause. Thank your God for your lowly estate. You must go away to-morrow, and now good-night."

I begged her to come to the United States with me. She said: "No, my place is here. I should be useless there." Then she complained of lassitude, and presently went to sleep. I looked at her, her face pillowed on her arm, breathing as calmly as an infant, and thought her the loveliest woman I had ever seen.

Next morning, out of a package of some rough material she produced, as if by magic, a roll of notes, which, without counting, she handed to me. "Later in the day there ought to arrive some furs for me, for poor Mary must not get cold. Now, away with you." Her old manner had returned. "Get your passport. Go by Bremen to England or the ice will delay you. Do not wait." Still I was irresolute. I could not bear to leave her. I sobbed as if my heart would break. Then she knelt to me and implored me to go. At last I consented. My passport was given to me at the police headquarters without a word.

I returned to our room. As I stood at the landing the cheerful clatter of the machine was heard. Eliza was bending over her work, singing some plaintive air. "Is it all right?" she asked, very quietly. "See, your furs have come. They are very beautiful, and so warm."

"I have permission to leave."

"Thank God! See my work. I think I could do now without you."

"You do not love me, Eliza," I cried.

"Not love you—my sister! I loved my husband—he was shot. I loved my only child; in the agony of my grief—because his father was killed—from my breasts he sucked poison and died. After them I love you best." Then for the first time she burst into a paroxysm of tears. "It is because I love you—that I might be your death." As she wrung my hand she felt the ring on my finger. "Off with it. You wore your mittens at the police office! If they had seen it! Quick, let me hide!" She took off my shoe and hid the ring in my stocking. "Should you ever marry, sell the ring, or the stone in it, and you will not be portionless. Now, off with you. I have made a bundle for you. The rest of your things you will give me. Here is a photograph of yours—you will let me keep it? I have been happier here with you than for years." She took me by the hand, and gave me one long kiss, closed the door on me, and I never saw her more.

My trip home was without a single incident. My dear mother comforted me. Still, there was some vague feeling of dread. My mind wandered, all I could do, toward my room companion. Picking up a newspaper when at home some two weeks after my arrival, I read in the telegraphic dispatches:

ST. PETERSBURG, December 23.—An arrest of great importance has been made. One of the chief actors in the Nihilistic plots, a Russian Princess, was taken, but only after she had killed one of the police. Disguised as a sewing-machine, she had baffled the police.

New York Times.

A Rope about our Necks.

A weak stomach or enfeebled circulation is like a rope about our necks. We are strung up and unstrung alternately till existence becomes unbearable. Burdock Blood Bitters will arrest all this misery. Burdock Blood Bitters is a boon to the sick. Let us remember this fact.

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Lottie Howard writes from Buffalo, N. Y.:—"My system became greatly debilitated through arduous professional duties; suffered from nausea, sick headache and biliousness. Tried Burdock Blood Bitters with the most beneficial effect. Am well as ever."

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in *Hop Bitters.*

Davy & Clark, Druggists, Renfrew, date of June 3rd, write:—"Burdock Blood Bitters, though comparatively a new preparation, has taken the lead in this locality as a blood purifier, our sales of it being equal to that of all other medicines used for the purpose during the last year."

COQUETTING WITH CONSUMPTION.—Some people, troubled with coughs seem absolutely to coquet with consumption—now encouraging it by a total neglect of medicine, and again attempting to stave it off with ill-chosen cough remedies. How much wiser to eradicate it at the outset by using Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Promptitude in the use of this medicine cannot be strongly urged upon those consumptively inclined, in a climate so severe during the winter as our own. The public generally as well as the medical fraternity, is acquainted with the value, as a remedy for lung and throat troubles, of the purified oil of the Cod's liver. United with it in this standard Emulsion are the finest tonics in existence, namely, lime and soda hypophosphites, of which the chief component, phosphorus, is an incomparable nutrient of the blood and invigorant of the system. Nothing builds up a broken-down system and enables it to resist the inroads of pulmonary disease like this leading preparation. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, soreness, and weakness of the chest, are among the bodily troubles which it overcomes, and in scrofulous affections it has been used with great success as a remedy. Sold by all druggists, at 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Canada.

—The same jealousy and ill feeling exist between native and foreign laborers in Germany as in other countries. A number of Italian workmen have been employed upon buildings in the neighborhood of Cologne. One evening while they were in their quarters occupied with preparations for supper a large number of native laborers entered the place, uncovered the kettles, and spat into the food. A fight resulted in which the Italians were badly injured. The Germans used knives and axes, crushed the skull of one of the Italians, mangled the leg of another so that it had to be amputated, and inflicted severe injuries upon the rest. The Italian workmen who were thus maltreated are described as industrious, sober, and frugal, and were in the habit of sending regular remittances from their small earnings to their families at home.

—The movement for high license, which has suddenly become a feature of the temperance cause, began in Lincoln, Neb., and two years ago the whole State adopted the plan. The City Council of Lincoln originally raised the price to $1,000 a year under the impression that no licenses would be called for, and opponents of the measure believed that surreptitious sales would go on. There were twenty saloons, and the proprietors of six met the heavy fee, the rest going out of business. At once these six men, who had paid so well for their privileges, became practically special officers to see that no one sold without a license. There was much resistance to the new idea, especially in Omaha, where the 165 saloons became eighty after the right to sell was so expensive, but the remaining dealers paid into the city treasury $80,000, instead of the $16,500 formerly received.

—A Chicago father, according to the *Herald* of that city, laid his hand paternally on his daughter's shoulder. The section of satin dividing the arm from the neck was narrow, and it was raised high in a puffy mass, which looked soft enough, and did indeed sink yieldingly under the touch until the level of the actual girl was struck; but instantly there was a stiff, snappish rebound, as though a steel trap had been sprung, and the father's hand was thrown up into the air. "Goodness!" he ejaculated, "has your shoulder expleded?" "No, papa," she whispered; "but I shall it you don't get back your poise right away. There's a spring in that puff, to make it stand up. It's nothing unusual in the present fashion of high shoulders, but there's no use in exposing all of one's clockwork in public. So hush."

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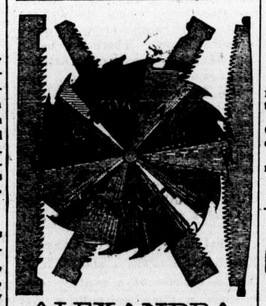

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Amherst, N. S., opposite Post Office.
JUST RECEIVED:
Concertinas, Accordeons, Fifes, Flutes, Violins and Strings. Also
A NEW LOT OF BRACKETS, MOTTOES—PERFORATED AND STAMPED.
A General Line of Picture Framing Goods.
WINDOW POLES AND CORNICES
Fitted Up and Completed in First Class Style.
LIGHT CABINET and SCROLL WORK done neatly and promptly. PICTURE FRAMING in all Styles to Order at LOWEST RATES. Daily expected a Choice Lot of PICTURES IN OIL, ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.
Mirrors and Mirror Plates from 7x9 to 18x40.
mar7 E. F. COATES, AMHERST, N. S.

QUEEN AND EASTLAKE
FURNITURE!
HAVING FITTED UP a Room in our Factory with Special Machinery, we are prepared to FILL ORDERS for
CHURCH ALTARS, CHAIRS, DESKS, SEATS, &c.; BEDROOM SUITS, SIDEBOARDS, HAT TREES, &c., IN WALNUT, ASH, OAK, PINE AND VENEERED WOODS.
We intend making a specialty of the BEST class of Hardwood Furniture from the latest designs.
Messrs. Treen and Doull, experienced Cabinet Makers, have an interest in and charge of this branch of the business.
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
RHODES, CURRY & CO.
Amherst, Feb. 6, 1883. tf

THE PETERS COMBINATION
LOCK COMPANY,
MONCTON, N. B.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Builders' Hardware
—AND—
SHELF HARDWARE,
FROM
Brass, Bronze, and Iron,
INCLUDING
LOCKS, KNOBS, HINGES, LATCHES, SASH FASTENERS, CUPBOARD LATCHES & BOLTS, DOOR BELLS, DOOR SPRINGS, PLATES, &c., &c., &c.
BRASS CASTINGS and Manufacture in all kinds of BRASS GOODS solicited.
Electro, Nickle, Gold, and Silver Plating.
Bronzing, Lacquering, and Japaning, of all kinds solicited.
Old Forks, Spoons, Table Service, Harness Mounting, &c., replated. Particular attention given to special orders.
Moncton, Dec. 20, 1880. jan6

J. WILSON & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Marbleized Slate Mantels
—AND—
GRATES;
DEALERS IN
Stoves, Ranges, &c.
104 PRINCE WM. STREET,
ST. JOHN, - - - - - N. B.

Travellers Column.
Cumberland Hotel,
PARRSBORO', N. S.
TWENTY yards from Railway Station. Sample rooms. Livery stable.
sept7 THOS. MAHONEY.

Terrace Hotel,
AMHERST, N. S.
DAVIS & BROWN, Proprietors.
OPENED under new management Jan. 1st, 1883. Renovated and refurnished thoroughout.
Jan18-6m

Post Office Notice.

Winter Arrangement of Mails.

FROM and after this date the Mails at the Post Office, Sackville, will close at the following hours:

For Amherst, Halifax, &c.....	1.15 p. m.
For Dorchester, St. John, &c..	2.30 p. m.
For the North Shore, Quebec and Ottawa.....	8.00 p. m.
For Upper Sackville.....	3.30 p. m.
For Baie Verte.....	1.15 p. m.
For P. E. Island.....	2.30 p. m.

Office closes daily at 8 p. m.
JOS. DIXON, P. M.
Dec 5, 1882.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1882 WINTER ARRANGEMENT 1883

ON and after MONDAY, the 4th December, the Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE:

Express for St. John and Quebec,	9.28 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou,	6.03 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou,	1.30 p. m.
Express for St. John.....	2.48 p. m.
Accommodation for Moncton,..	9.17 a. m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....	8.52 p. m.

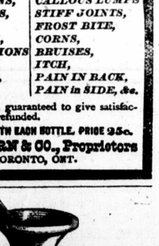
WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:

Express for St. John and Quebec,	9.55 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou,	5.35 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou,	1.02 p. m.
Express for St. John.....	3.16 p. m.
Accommodation for Moncton..	10.00 a. m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....	8.03 p. m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express Train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., November 28th, 1882.

INDEX
To DISEASES, COMPLAINTS and ACCIDENTS which HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL is guaranteed to cure or relieve either in MAN or BEAST.
TAKEN INTERNALLY FOR
CROUP, COUGHS,
CRAMPS, SORE THROAT,
ASTHMA, COLDS, &c.
APPLIED EXTERNALLY FOR
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
CHILBLAINS, CALLOUS LUMPS
SWELLINGS, STIFF JOINTS,
GALLS, FROST BITE,
LAMENESS, CORNS,
CONTRACTIONS BRUISES,
LUMBAGO, ITCH,
DEAFNESS, PAIN IN BACK,
SPRAINS, PAIN in SIDE, &c.
Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.
DIRECTIONS WITH EACH BOTTLE. PRICE 25c.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors
TORONTO, ONT.



GOODS
JUST RECEIVED AT
Sackville Drug Store.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS;
PERUVIAN SYRUP,
HALL'S HAIR RENEWER;
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR;
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA;
CHANNING'S SARSAPARILLA;
FELLOW'S HYPOPHOSPHITES;
PIERCE'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY;
PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTIONS;
ST. JACOB'S OIL, &c.

For Worms in Children, try the GERMAN WORM REMEDY. Price, 25 cents.
For Catarrh, try the GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE. Price, 75 cents.
As a Horse Liniment for Spavins, try KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. Price, $1 per bottle.
As a Tonic, try BEEF, IRON and WINE.
For General Debility, try CHEMICAL FOOD or FELLOW'S HYPOPHOSPHITES.
For a Cough, try GERMAN SYRUP or WISTAR'S BALSAM.
For Biliousness or Dyspepsia, try GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.
As a Blood Purifier, try CHANNING'S SARSAPARILLA.
For Rheumatism, try ST. JACOB'S OIL.
Or if you think differently from the above, TRY whatever you like, which you will probably FIND at
SACKVILLE DRUG STORE.
A. DIXON,
aug2 DRUGGIST.

Cedar Shingles.
1 Car No. 1 Split Cedar Shingles,
For sale low while landing.
june2 JAS. R. AYER