

FALL GOODS!

DUNLAP, McDONALD & COY.
Have completed the opening of their NEW FALL GOODS. Among these are to be found an extensive variety of

OVERCOATINGS.

Soot and Canadian

Meltons,

TWEED SUITINGS.

Beavers,

Black and Colored

Pilots,

WORSTEDS.

Curtis,

Ladies' Mantling

Petershams,

—IN—

Venetians, &c

Seal and Astrachan.

Men's, Youths' and Boys' Ready-Made Overcoats, Fur Coats, Fur Caps, American Hats & Ties, Canadian & English Wool Underwear.

As the Stock is much heavier than at any previous season, to insure rapidity of sale the above Goods will be sold at extremely low figures.

DUNLAP, McDONALD & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS.

AMHERST, N. S., Oct. 1, 1885.

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 Breton 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 Academy Street. Price moderate. Terms accommodating. Title undoubted. Apply to

W. H. HARRISON.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber will sell at private sale six acres English Marsh with a creek running through it, situated on the Great Marsh at the bend of the river. For any further information enquire of Amos Ogden, Esq., or the subscriber.

FRANK PALMER.

Sackville, July 10th, 1885.

Mill Property for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell his MILL in Cookville; also, about 4,000 acres of Land, which is mostly timbered. Also there is about 3,000 Logs at mill. The Mill is in good repair and will sell on easy terms. For particulars apply to

GEORGE W. TOWSE.

Aboussagan Road, July 14th.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber offers his FARM in this place for sale; thirty acres of Land under cultivation, good House and all necessary Out Buildings, two Barns, Blacksmith and Carriage Shop. A Land-owning and Transportation Co. at a rental of fifty dollars per annum. Terms easy.

JOHN BARNES.

River Herbert, N. S., Aug. 12, 3m

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 Patrick P. S. White, his personal right and right of entry, both at law and in equity, in and to the LANDS and PREMISES situated in Dorchester, or 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. Hamilton, on the south by lands of William A. Steves, 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, and all other real estate, also all other real estate of the said Joseph Tarris, wherever situated or howsoever described, which are hereby sold by virtue of an execution issued out of the Westernland County Court against the said Joseph Tarris.

ROBERT A. CHAPMAN, Sheriff.

Dorchester, N. B., Aug. 10, 1885.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF DECEMBER 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 Patrick P. S. White, his personal right and right of entry, both at law and in equity, in and to that certain piece or parcel of LAND situated in Goreau's Village (so called), in the Parish of Dorchester, and described in a deed from Andrew Goreau to the said Patrick P. S. White as follows, viz: Southerly by lands of Demick Bellevue and others, westerly by the road, northerly by lands of Dennis T. Cormier, and easterly by lands of Demick Bellevue, said deed being registered in the Westernland Records on the 27th day of December, A. D. 1880, in Libro F. 4, Folio 25, No. 41,242, together with all appurtenances to the same belonging or in any way appertaining, also all other Real Estate of the said Patrick P. S. White, wherever situated or howsoever described within my bailiwick, the same having been seized under and to be sold by virtue of an Execution issued out of the County Court of Westernland at the suit of James P. Sherry versus the said Patrick P. S. White.

ROBERT A. CHAPMAN, Sheriff.

Dorchester, N. B., September 6th, A. D. 1885.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF DECEMBER 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:

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ROBERT A. CHAPMAN, Sheriff.

Dorchester, N. B., September 6th, A. D. 1885.

JUST RECEIVED.

Summer Novelties!

Millinery Goods

MRS. DOUGLAS, AMHERST.

Carlotta Hats, Suzanna Hats, Redena Hats, Brocade Silk Hats, Ristori Hats, Lakewood Hats, Lotta Hats, Excursionist Hats, &c., &c.,

—ALSO—

Gauze, Flowers, Gold Netting, Tinsel Scarfs, Laces, Ornaments, Tuscan Feathers, Feather Tips, Ribbons, a nice assortment in the latest styles.

Underwear. Underwear.

A Specialty, in Great Variety.

Hoop Skirts and Bustles, the latest assortment in town; Gloves and Hosiery, in the latest styles.

MRS. DAVID DOUGLAS.

Amherst, June 15, 1885.

CARTER'S

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Headache, indigestion, biliousness, &c.

Headache, indigestion, biliousness, &c.

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In Nevada.

Like an awful alligator
Breathing fire, screaming hell-comes
With a pack of hounds behind him,
As if hunted by the devil,
Came the smoking locomotive,
Followed by the cars and tender,
Down among the mountain gorges,
Till it stopped before a village
As the starry night came on.

Just before a mountain village,
Where there was a howling shindy,
Just around a brown new galloway,
With a roaring blaring bonfire,
Casting a red light upon it,
While a crowd of rougher rowdies
Shouted, "Case him! darn his vitals!
But him! sink him! burn him! skin him!"
Evidently much excited
As the starry night came on.

On the galloway stood a culprit
Shrieking painfully for mercy.
As the train and engine halted,
Ere the cheering gassy victim.
Then out cried the grim conductor,
"What in thunder is the matter?
What's ye doing? Southern? Why?
Why ye got both fire and galloway?"
And unto him someone answered,
As the starry night came on.

This all-fired, drunk-eyed villain,
Whom you see upon the galloway,
Lately stole the loveliest mowal
That ever set your peeps on.
For a handsome shifty dollar
Went and sold it to the Greaser.
But, as you perceive, we've nailed him,
And at present we're debating
Whether we had better hang him,
Or else roast him like an Injun,
Ere we send him to the gallows.
"And I think we'd better hang him,
Here to grace this gay occasion,
In the train, and quite convenient,
We had better take 'em burn him."
"Would be kinder interested,"
Or, as folks might say, romantic,
To behold an execution,
Ere the starry night comes on.

Up from all the assembled ladies,
And the men who were in the train,
Went a scream of protestation,
"What for nothing but a new one!
For a handsome shifty dollar
Went and sold it to the Greaser.
But, as you perceive, we've nailed him,
And at present we're debating
Whether we had better hang him,
Or else roast him like an Injun,
Ere we send him to the gallows.
"And I think we'd better hang him,
Here to grace this gay occasion,
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We had better take 'em burn him."
"Would be kinder interested,"
Or, as folks might say, romantic,
To behold an execution,
Ere the starry night comes on.

Straight among the plying ladies,
And the other passengers,
Went the hat around in circles,
Dollars, quarters, halves, and greenbacks
Rained into it till the hundred
Was accomplished, the ransom
Paid unto Judge Lynch in person,
Who received it very graciously,
And at once released the prisoner,
Sternly bidding him to squaddle,
Just as he could make it,
Ere from you, Yours forever,
—From Brand New Ballads by Charles G. Leland.

THE MAJOR'S ESCAPE.

Major Anthony Hartlepp was a very good match indeed, as Miss Angerona, Dilworth and the gossip very well knew.

To be sure his nose; but, then he was the owner of many acres of rich land; he possessed herds of fat Shorthorn cattle and flocks of old-fashioned Merino sheep; he raised untold quantities of amber cane, to be made up into sugar; and was, all told, the richest farmer in the neighborhood of Maple Village.

As for Miss Angerona, she was not very young, but neither was she old. She was not remarkably plain, nor could she be called pretty. For the rest, she was rather sharp-featured and very sharp-tongued, so the neighbors declared, though the major had not discovered this fact.

Miss Dilworth was not a benevolent person, yet she had taken her orphan niece, Avis, to raise.

Avis Dilworth was a hearty, merry girl, in spite of her aunt's crabbed temper, and she was a good deal of fun in her cheeks, a pair of laughing, blue-gray eyes, and plenty of whim and life about her, though demure and quiet as a nun under Miss Angerona's sharp eyes.

Indeed many people asserted that, if Avis were only decently dressed, and allowed the advantages she deserved, she would be quite a belle.

But Miss Dilworth's old garments, however neatly made over, were not sufficient to set off even a good figure to much advantage.

They were all set off by a pair of new, however, and sighed in vain over the crisp new lawn, the sheer white muslins, the fluted ruffles and fresh, plumed hats of her more fortunate acquaintances.

At last Major Hartlepp had proposed to Miss Angerona, in a good, substantial, plainly-expressed letter, and Miss Angerona had determined to accept the proposal.

"If he is bald and ugly," she remarked to her friends, "he is rich, and money covers a multitude of bad looks. Besides, it's all spite that stuck up Widdler Flukes, that's been a settin' her cap at him this month or more; an' as long as she wants him I'll have him if he was as bald as an egg an' ten times as ugly as he is!"

But, in spite of his defects, Major Hartlepp was good-hearted, and as romantic as many a man with a glossy head of hair and no wart on his nose.

He was really in love with Miss Angerona, and after sending his proposal, the moments seemed weighted with lead until he could receive her answer.

At last his impatience grew unbearable.

"I won't wait no longer," he declared. "I'll just call around and get her answer right away, or I shall sleep a wink no longer. Now!" And popping his hat on his head, he set off on the winding, country road which led to Miss Angerona's dwelling, his mind busy with pleasant fancies of what the future might hold for him.

"How nice it'll be to have my wife a-setting at the head of the table, or stepping around the house, overseein' the butter and cheese makin'," he mused.

"What pretty Avie, too. She shall have better clothes than she wears now. I s'pose Angerona can't afford to dress her any better; but I'll see to that. She shall have a white dress, with lace flounces, an' one of them crumpled things girls wear around their necks, to stand up with us in."

And so, his mind busy with cheerful pictures of the happy future, he reached Miss Angerona's house, as the steps, was about to knock on the open door, when a shrill, high-pitched voice reached his ear.

"A new dress! No, Avis Dilworth, you can't have it! A pretty question to ask, when I've got my own clothes to buy, if I marry that bald-headed scarecrow, as I s'pose I shall! A fine thing for you to come asking for duds, miss!"

"But, aunt," returned Avis, pleadingly, "I haven't anything fit to wear to church."

"Ob, indeed! So you go to church to show your clothes, hey? You better stay at home if that's what you go for. An' when I marry old Hartlepp—why he couldn't have had a decent name! I don't see you won't be no better off than you are now, if he is rich. I shall be as savin' of his money as I kin, so when he dies I'll have something for myself. And now go long an' milk the cow; she's been a bawlin' this half-hour."

The poor major, half-stupefied by this astonishing revelation, stumbled off the steps and got out of the gate he scarcely knew how.

And now, here was a predicament! How was he to marry such a creature? He reasoned, mopping his head with a huge red handkerchief.

And yet, how was he to get out of marrying her if she chose to accept him?

He had serious doubts whether being called a bald-headed scarecrow would exonerate a man, in the eyes of the law and public opinion, in refusing to fulfill his offer of marriage.

And yet marry her he couldn't—she wouldn't. Thus he assured himself over and over again.

Miss Angerona, meanwhile, proceeded to write her letter, accepting Major Hartlepp's proposal. Having written it, she laid it on a corner of the table to dry, and with compressed lips and a look of determination in her cold gray eyes, she drew an other letter from her pocket, and opening it, read:

"My DEAR AVIE: I have called twice to see you, but your aunt refused me. I don't want to allow her to marry very soon. She's two much help to me. I couldn't get nobody to take her place and all she does for love nor money. And now for your answer, Mr. Richmond Alder."

"I have received your letter, and my answer is No. I can never marry you."

"That'll settle him," she decided. "An' 'tain't no forgery, either, seein' A. stands for Angerona as well as Avis."

And inclosing the two letters in envelopes, she directed them, slipped them in her pocket, and carried them to the post office herself.

"Now I know they're safe," she commented, with a sigh of relief, as she retraced her steps towards home.

Major Hartlepp had passed a wretched night. According to his own statement, he had not slept a wink.

When Jake Soper, the hired hand, brought in the morning's mail, as usual, he felt a nervous tingle down to his finger-tips.

With a quaking hand he opened Miss Angerona's letter, and, much to his relief read:

"I have received your letter, and my answer is No. I can never marry you."