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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 454.

Mark Twain.
AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF HIS BOYHOOD CAREER.
Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known as "Mark Twain," was born in Monroe County, Missouri, in 1835. His parents soon afterwards went to St. Louis. Clemens learned the Mississippi River, as pilot, when a young man, previously, however, passing some time in a Western printing office, where he acquired the art of setting type and "scribbling." His stories of the Mississippi and its surroundings of the "Tern" now extant, are full of genuine humor, due as much perhaps to the relater in the first instance as to himself as to the subject.
He was first heard from on the Pacific slope in the *Territorial Enterprise*, Virginia City, Nevada, in '63, as a correspondent from Esmeralda District, where he was mining, under the signature of "Josh." The humor of his letters tickled the Washington and made the *Enterprise* much sought after, especially as its columns were also enlivened by articles from "Dan de Quille," "Captain Doubleday," and others. Wanting an assistant "local," the proprietors of the paper bestowed them that the Esmeralda. "Josh" might fill the bill. They sent for him, and he came. He was afflicted in delapidated and not over-clean garments, had a freedom of manner, and in a greater degree than subsequently, that property drawn to speech, which in colloquial intercourse he relied on, or appeared to do so, for some of his distinctive individuality. He took readily to reporting the varying fortunes of the mining community, and strengthened the office force of the *Enterprise*. With liberal remuneration for his work, his personal appearance gradually improved. His store clothes were of better cut, and he accented his conversation with less ostentation.
Booming dissatisfied with his nomadic life, "Josh," he assumed that of "Mark Twain," which he retains at the present day, and by which he is known the world over. The name is reminiscent of his old pilot life on the Mississippi, and simply is one of the leader's own when speaking, as to the depth of water. If his lead shows it, he shouts for the pilot's guidance, "mark twain," or, in ordinary speech, the lead indicates a depth of two fathoms. During his service with the *Enterprise*, and afterwards with the *Call* in San Francisco, Mr. Clemens is said to have proved himself averse to personal exertion in collecting news. Such is the testimony of the proprietors of those papers. He preferred to draw upon his imagination and ask his readers to take the flowers of fancy rather than the fruits of fact. He had a surprising faculty for adaptation, and could re-arrange a story in such a way as almost to deceive the author. His "Jumping Frog," published in 1867, is an instance in point. Since Sacramento, formerly of the *Stockton Independent* and *Sacramento Union*, had previously put this story into print, and no attention was attracted to it. Clemens treated it in his own peculiar way, and set it among the laughing, even the man who told it as "Angel's Camp," or Murphy's. Clemens left Nevada in 1864, and went to San Francisco where he wrote some letters for the *Enterprise*, and played at reporting on the *Call*, contributing to the *Enterprise*, and various other papers. A good friend to Clemens was the late James Anthony of the *Sacramento Union*. When he intimated that he would like to go to the Sandwich Islands, Mr. Anthony furnished him with the means, in consideration for which a certain number of letters were to be contributed to the *Union* on the social, commercial and political condition of the Hawaiian group. It was a fortunate trip for the vagrant Bohemian. While before he did nothing with his pen but provoke a smile, and was considered by those who read him but did not know him to be an embodiment of "laughing holding both his sides," he had the good sense to know that there was an occasion when the laugh did not come in. He accordingly wrote a series of solid and readable articles on the Islands that attracted the attention of the mercantile world. They were eagerly read in the *Union*, and discussed in the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. Fate favored him in another way also. The celebrated clipper ship "Hornet," Captain Mitchell, belonging to Grinnell, Minturn & Co., of New York, was burned at the Pacific equatorial line during Mr. Clemens's visit to Honolulu, and a great load of those who had been on board arrived, after forty-two days of perilous voyaging, at one of the outlying islands all but dead from starvation. Clemens interviewed these miserable survivors, and it was through him that the first news of the terrible disaster reached the owners and the public. He afterwards published a graphic account of the boat voyage, gathered from the Captain himself, in *Harper's Magazine*.
Once more Clemens was back in Escondido without any regular business. A writer in the *Call* of that city says: He had prepared a lecture on Hawaii and was taking counsel as to delivering it. Some advised that it should be in public, and some opposed it. We recollect the night he asked our advice on the subject. It was raining heavily. He came into the office clad in a white black coat, buttoned up to the chin, wet, and feeling very dismal. Taking a mass of manuscript from out the breast pocket of

his coat, where he had placed it for protection from the rain, he threw it on the desk and said:
"I wish you would read that and tell me if it would do for a lecture."
"A lecture!"
"Yes; it's about the Islands. I've been to Hawaii, and I've been to Harte, and the rest of the fellows, and they said, 'Don't do it, Mark; it'll hurt your literary reputation.'"
"We had placed over some of the pages in the magazine, and found a well constructed piece of work. Clemens stood with his back to the fire, in a cloud of vapor arising from his drying clothes, watching us intently."
"Mark," said we, looking up, "which do you want most at present, money or reputation?"
"Money, by a long way. We are sorry to say he confirmed his words by an oath. He could be profane on occasions."
"Then hire the Academy of Music on Pine street and deliver a lecture. You will cover the house."
He followed our advice and that of two or three other newspaper men who thought the same as we did, delivered the lectures—his first appearance before the public in that capacity—and realized, if our memory serves, some \$1,000 or \$1,100. He repeated it at Platt's Hall, but not with the same success. Afterwards he lectured in the interior of Nevada, taking a newspaper friend with him as agent and business man. When properly returned, we asked him what luck he had. He answered us, smiling significantly at the same time:
"Oh, pretty fair; we would have done much better, only—(mentioning his friend's name) made a slight mistake."
"How is that?"
"He mistook our trip for a spree." A great portion of this lecture was suggested in a work written by a Methodist missionary formerly in the island. The graphic description of the volcano of Mauna Loa in eruption belongs to the missionary entirely.
The turning point in Mr. Clemens's life was made in 1868, when he went to the Holy Land with the excursionists on the steamship "Quaker City." He had been in New York but a short time, acting the correspondent for the *Alta*, when the opportunity occurred to make this trip, which proved eventually to be a most fortunate one for our Bohemian. The proprietors of the *Alta* had been trying to get much per letter, in which Mr. Clemens served up New York in a serio-comic way, when they were astonished to receive an urgent request to advance \$1,200 to enable him to go abroad with the "Innocents." The consideration for this to correspond to from all points of interest visited. He wrote five or six letters to the New York Tribune during the same voyage. After a little hesitation, natural under the circumstances, Mr. Clemens requested his friend to join the excursionists. To the moral and religious people who made up this party, his presence was undesirable, for he still carried his mining manners with him and spoke the Washoe vernacular. It happened that among the passengers there was an old gentleman from Elmira, New York, named Langdon, who was accompanied by his son, a more boy, and daughter. The boy conceived a sort of friendship for Mr. Clemens. He introduced his friend to the religious opinions of L. Langdon, and we may add, to his fate. The old gentleman fought rather shy of the Washoe Bohemian; but the young lady looked on him kindly, and the light of her eyes shone on him. It was a case of love at first sight, so far as Mr. Clemens was concerned, and the influence of the feeling was most beneficial. He began to live cleanly, in the moral sense, abandoned cards, and gambling, and drink, and gave up his habit of smoking. He wanted to find grace with the lady of his love and with her father. Before the voyage was over he asked Mr. Langdon for Olivia; and the refusal he received chilled but did not in the least dishearten him. He simply told the somewhat indignant parent he could wait; but he was determined to marry his daughter. It was said of John Foster, the English writer, and at one time Editor of the *London Examiner*, that his love-letters were the most remarkable ever penned. He called his famous essays love-letters, because they were written at the instigation of a young lady whom he wished to make his wife, but who, knowing his habitual indolence, and at the same time, his great talent, refused to listen to his addresses till he had distinguished himself. He did so and won a bride that was proud of him. Mr. Clemens's case is hardly a parallel to this, but is similar in some respects. We think his "Innocents Abroad" was a labor of love in a degree. It made him famous as a humorous writer, and while all the world was talking about his book he went to Elmira, accompanied by an old friend from Cleveland, and renewed his suit for Miss Langdon's hand. This time the old gentleman listened with more complacency. The young lady's brother pleaded for Clemens's; his Cleveland friend, who knew Mr. Langdon very well, also advocated his claims. But a more powerful pleader than either of these was the young lady's own heart, and, for her father, the evidence of capacity Mr. Clemens had given, and also reformations of life. A family meeting was held, and in its chambered circle the

expected bridegroom gladly stopped, exchanging Bohemianism for respectability, poverty for wealth, and the loneliness of bachelorhood for the society of married life. He intended that the change should be complete, for on some of the envelopes containing wedding cards, sent to former friends in California and Nevada, he added to the address the significant word, "Good-bye."
What the individual gains to respectability and comfort he loses in the picturesque and dramatic interest. Mr. Clemens has proved a kind and faithful husband, and the love that had so romantic a beginning has stood the test and been cemented by all these years. Shortly after his marriage he removed to Buffalo. Here he was connected with the *Express* newspaper as part proprietor, editor. He also wrote for several magazines, notably the *Galaxy*; but was not successful in stated literary work. His connection with the *Express* ceased in a short time. Besides "The Innocents Abroad," which he published in 1869, Mr. Clemens has written a volume of personal experiences called "Roughing It," and in association with Charles D. Warner, a satire on Washington life and manners, under the title of "The Gilded Age." The book is not remarkable as a literary production. When at home, Mr. Clemens resides in a magnificent mansion at Hartford, Conn.; but a good deal of his time in late years has been spent in Europe. He is there at present with a Hartford clergyman, in whose society he greatly delights.

Hanged as he was Dying.
BENJAMIN HUNTER CARRIED UNCONSCIOUS UP TO THE GALLOW.
CAMDEN, January 10.—Benjamin Hunter was hanged just before noon to-day, and it was upon a seemingly lifeless body that the Sheriff executed the death sentence. It was, to all appearances, a dead man that was carried to the gallows, and one who had been dead for hours. There was even the waxy appearance that follows dissolution, and the half open staring look of the eyes. The only evidence of life was the feeble beating of the pulse, and that, far more speedily than is customary at such times. The Sheriff only anticipated nature by a few hours. Hunter's final agony, so far as consciousness was concerned, was suffered in his cell hours before the officer called him. The limp unconscious man who was carried to the gallows, and held while the noose was placed around his neck, had been prostrated by terror and was dying of nervous exhaustion and shock.
It was early on Thursday morning that Hunter first showed signs of reaction. The terrible strain upon his nerves could not be endured any longer, and when his brother told him that a deal appeal to Gov. McClellan for a respite, a month had been unavailing, and that he must hang the next day, his resources of will seemed exhausted. And yet, only three days before, he had had the nerve to cut the veins in the instep of his feet, and had, with his keeper's aid, blood trickled away. Suicide he did not dread; the terror of hanging was the only terror that ever seemed to come to him. He sat by the fire, which was built in a stove that stood just outside of the base of his cage on the Sunday evening, with blanket wrapped about his legs. He complained of cold and frequently rubbed his legs, passing jokes with his keeper. But he at last seemed pale and weak, and the keeper half-dressed him, three hours before he then for the first time saw the cuffs in his feet. Hunter had concealed them with the blanket, and had rubbed his legs to force the blood downward. His feet were on a split log and a pair of more of blood was found in it. His pulse when the physician arrived was at 150, and he was only revived by an emesis of whiskey, and yet while he sat there with his blood flowing away he was playful and showed no trace of fear. The cuts were made from sharp pieces of tin cut from a toilet article.
But on Thursday there was no sportiveness, such as had characterized his intercourse with his keepers. Neither was he early, as has been said. Instead, his brain seemed to be becoming stupified. He refused food, of which he had eaten plentifully since his imprisonment, and he lay upon his cot like one who had been drugged. He did say to his keepers that he wanted an axe to enter his room except his family and the Rev. Dr. Allen, but when these came he could, by a struggle, command his faculties barely enough to recognize them. Dr. Allen prayed with him. If he heard the prayer he gave no heed to it, but lay silent and with closed eyes upon his bed. To his family, who stayed three hours with him he said little. At times he seemed to realize that they were there to bid him farewell, and then he showed slight emotion. The shadow of the gallows seemed to darken every other impression, and became blacker and blacker every minute. He could not be roused sufficiently even to place his hands between the bars to engage into those of his wife and children, and when they stood around him, with the bars intervening between them and the cot on which he lay, it seemed like the gathering of a family around a death bed. In fact, it was nothing else. A keeper did seize a

man—and the confusion of the accomplices, Graham, all these features combined to make a crime that which none since the Parkman murder by Prof. Webster has attracted wider attention in this country.
Hunter left no authorized confession of the crime, but from fragmentary conversations that he had from time to time with his counsel and keepers, the following statement has been prepared:
I found no way in which to relieve myself of financial difficulties, and thinking the matter over again and again, I unconsciously began to feel an intense hatred toward Armstrong, who owed me money, but who had been an old and a dear friend. I began to think that he wronged me; that he was my evil shadow in life, and stood between my wife and children and their future. I thought that if he were dead all would be clear, and those whom I loved made happy. Armstrong was not a strong man. He was rapturous, and although the doctors say that will not shorten life, they are mistaken. Pondering over this, the idea entered my head that if I could insure his life for a large amount it would prove a benefit to my family. I was in a way to provide them with luxuries, and my children with an education that would fit them for the society and the highest walks in life.
Armstrong was waiting to secure me by the insurance, but he supposed I had only \$2,500 on my life in each of the three companies. But I had \$26,000 on it without his knowing it, and, before God, without any thought of killing him. On that cursed insurance did it all. When he did not die, and the premiums came piling up upon me, I became crazed. I can't imagine now how it was that I killed him. I was tempted by the gorgeous pictures I had formed in my own mind of my family's prosperity. Thomas Graham told me that he had told the truth, but there was something he did not tell to mention. I won't say he misrepresented anything. I swore falsely, but any man in the world would have done the same thing under similar circumstances. The Graham man and lady who swore to seeing me on a car below Market street swore to the truth, but Mr. Young, who testified to seeing me on a Tenth street car above Oxford street, was wholly mistaken. It is hardly necessary for me to say for though I was on the car below Market street, when I reached the ferry house on the Philadelphia side I jumped in a coach and drove as fast as possible up to Tenth and Filbert streets. There I caught the train. I thought there if any trouble came I could prove an alibi. I did not arrive home at the time my family stated I did. Graham has given some account of how the murder occurred, but didn't tell all. After he ran away I heard Mr. Armstrong groan, and I went up to him, and, groping around in the dark, I found the hatchet and hit him on the head twice.
He lay right still after that, and I turned and walked quickly to the ferry. Graham I forgot to say, swore falsely when he said he struck Armstrong but a slight blow, that the hammer slipped from his grasp, and flew out of his hands, and inflicted a slight wound. He struck him in the forehead, but he did not die at once. I believe the blow killed him. I have nothing against Graham. I always believed he would betray me some day, but I thought my alibi would prove good, and that my own character would save me naturally, as though I knew nothing of the nature of his wounds. When I was left alone in the room with him, I remember, though I can hardly describe the feeling that came over me, I wondered if he would die, and wondered if the insurance people would suspect me. I thought of what I should do if he open his eyes and look forth upon me. And just then a drop of blood oozed from the bandages and I fell back. Then came to mind the story I have heard often of a murdered man bleeding fresh in the presence of his murderer. I don't know what made me do it, but I could not help thinking if any one came into the room, and should see the blood, they would think as I did and suspect me of the murder. So I took a towel and went to wipe the blood off his forehead. Just then the nurse came in and I dropped the towel over his face.
A FRENCH MILLIONAIRE, very well known in connection with W. Losspe and the Suez Canal, lost at one of the swiftest of the gambling clubs in Paris the other night, 1,740,000 francs to an English sporting baronet. The millionaire declaring, as is generally believed, that he was swindled, he was at once knocked down by the baronet, and the affair has been carried into the courts, where many interesting exposures are expected.
FOREIGN MERCHANTS ship eggs to London in cheap coffins, there being more profit in selling the coffins than in disposing of other wooden boxes.

Business Cards.
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Sales have doubled in six months.
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Send for Circular and Price List.
MARBLE FREESTONE AND WORKS.
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HAVING purchased the entire Stock in Trade of Mr. PEREA HAAS, and with his previously large Stock of ITALIAN, SOUTHERN FALLS, AND RUTLAND MARBLES, the Subscriber has now one of the largest and best selected stocks of Monumental Marbles to be found in the country. All Marble is guaranteed.
Prices twenty per cent. lower than any other Establishment in the Province.
AMHERST FOUNDRY
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MACHINE SHOP,
MANUFACTORY OF
Mill & other Machinery,
Ship's Castings, Stores,
HOLLOW WARE, TIN WARE,
PLOUGHS, &c.
AMHERST, - - - NOVA SCOTIA.
NEW HARNES SHOP
I HAVE OPENED, in connection with the old stand, a
Retail and Repair Shop,
in CHIGNETO HALL, Lower Sackville, where all my customers will be attended to promptly and at cheap rates.—Mr. O. B. Estabrook in charge.
STEPHEN AYER.
HARNESSES at either establishment will be sold for prompt pay or cash at three months. Cheaper than at any other establishment in the Province. Call and obtain prices. S. A.

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The best and cheapest Soap in the Market.
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NOTICE.
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP BUSINESS which existed between the Subscriber and his late father, THOMAS BAIRD, Esq., is now continued by the Subscriber JOHN THOMAS BAIRD alone 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.
NO LONGER AGENT.—Our Agreement with W. H. OLIVE, of St. John, N. B., has this day terminated by mutual consent. In the meantime parties requiring Machinery can obtain information from
AMOS FISHER, Truro, N. B., or JOHN WELSH, St. Martins, N. B.
Both practical men whose judgment and advice can be relied on.
Prices Reduced!
Great Improvements in our SAW IDEAS. PORTABLE GRIND MILLS, PORTABLE SAW MILLS. Address
WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO.,
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February 1st, 1878.
Andrews Marble Works,
Amherst and Wallace, N. S.
THE Subscriber having a large amount of superior ITALIAN and AMERICAN MARBLE on hand, is prepared to sell Gravestones and Monuments of Either Quality, At greatly reduced prices. He has also a large amount of MARBLE and first quality FREESTONE at extremely low prices. Also, Italian Marble Table and "Dinner Top."
Persons are cautioned against buying Southern Falls American Marble for Italian as on account of their resemblance, it is frequently sold for the latter.
Persons wishing to purchase will find it decidedly to their advantage to call and examine for themselves before buying elsewhere.
All orders promptly attended to, and finished in a workmanlike manner. Designs sent free when required.
S. B. ANDREWS,
Amherst, N. B., Dec. 12, 1876.
D. LUND, Agent for taking orders in Sackville and vicinity.

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. BULLMER,
Sackville, Sept. 20, 1877.
NOTICE.
AN OFFICE, in connection with a Picture Bank and the Union Bank of Charleston, has been opened in
Estabrook's Building,
(Opposite Brunswick House) Sackville, for the transaction of a
General Banking Business.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Drafts issued on St. John, Halifax, Montreal, Charlottetown, Pictou, Boston, New York, and on London. U. S. Current Accounts opened, and sums of \$5 and upwards taken on deposit, for which interest will be allowed at a rate to be agreed upon. Collections made on favorable terms.
W. C. COGSWELL,
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July 26
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FURNITURE
VERSUS
American Importations!
MY FACTORY, now in full operation, is fitted up with all kinds of Machinery calculated to do work in a quick and substantial way, thus enabling me to manufacture as CHEAP as the CHEAPEST, and for cash to sell 20 per cent. OFF! But the same article can be sold for when imported.
A call at my Establishment will prove this. I am also fitted up for the manufacture of
BLINDS, SHUTTERS, DOORS, SHUTTERS, OUTSIDE WINDOWS, &c.
Pictures Framed lower than ever.
Bring along your orders. Satisfaction guaranteed.
J. W. DOULL,
Sackville, Nov. 16, 1875.
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AMHERST
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THE Subscribers have in Stock a large lot of
PIANO-FORTES and ORGANS,
By the best known Manufacturers. Also, Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Music Books, Piano and Organ Stools and Covers, Violins, &c.
Pianos and Pipe and Reed Organs supplied by the year. All orders by mail promptly attended to.
OSBORNE & MORSE,
Amherst, N. S.
Orders for Tuning and Repairing, left at Mr. Geo. F. Ford's Store, Sackville, will receive prompt attention.
Special Notice!
IN order to meet the demands of our numerous customers, we have added to our extensive
Slipper and Larrigan Factory
the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture of Men's, Women's, Men's, and Children's
Boots & Shoes,
In all the Leading Styles.
By continuing, as in the past, to use first quality material, we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage in our new branch of business, as well as a continuance of public favor in our old business.
VINCENT & McFATE,
240 Union St., St. John, N. B.
SACKVILLE
Boot and Shoe Store.
JUST RECEIVED:
300 PAIRS
Ladies', Misses' and Children's
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PRICES AS FOLLOWS:
Ladies' Size, at 60c., 75c., \$1.15, \$1.50, \$2.25, and \$3.00;
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Ladies' American Kid Button Boots, from \$3.25 to \$3.00;
French Kid, from \$3.50 to \$4.75;
Kid Button Shoes, \$2.00;
Tweed Slippers, 70c. to \$1.00;
Child's Shoes, from 45c. to \$1.50;
which, with all the lines manufactured by me, makes the BEST ASSORTMENT ever offered in this place.
Price, Quality and Style to Suit All.
Call and Examine for Yourself.
AMNER SMITH,
Sackville, March 27, 1876.