A Female Paradox.

A lady, old and growing older still,
(As ladies will grow old, you know), became,
In spite of age, as young as youth—but ill,
And old, and wretched, feeble, lame, and sore,
A lady young became in spite of youth.
As ladies will, and why? Because the truth,
That keeps a lady young, they fail to grasp,
And yielding to disease, die in its fatal clasp.
The truth is that woman's weaknesses may be
Subdued by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

—In an English Sunday School, the lady teacher was impressing upon her pupils the necessity of being entirely devoted to God. "It won't do, my dear boys," she said, "to be half-hearted in this service, There is a crown of glory laid up for every one who is good all the time, but do you suppose there is anything for a boy who is good only half the time?" There was an oratorical pause for a moment, and then a big, shock-headed boy drawled out, "It do zeem to me, missus, that theem as is good 'arf the time ought to get 'arf a crown at least."

—Here is a story of American enterprise. A New York young man rang up the object of his affections on the telephone, while a hated rival—a youth from Philadelphia—was trying to entertain her in the parlor, proposed, was accepted, and ten minutes later sent a messenger boy around with the ring.

—Sunday-School teacher (about to comment on St. Paul's direction for the conduct of men and women during Divine service)—"Now, do you know why women do not take off their bonnets in church?" Small boy—"'Cos they ain't got looking glasses to put 'em on again!"

—When a girl holds her breath a moment and then says sweetly, "Oh no, smoking is not at all disagreeable to me, Mr. Price," you may be sure Mr. Price is not at all disagreeable to her, whether smoking is or not.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Valuable Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE, that valuable Farm in the Parish of Botsford, formerly owned and occupied by John Avard.

D. L. HANINGTON,
may21-2m Dorchester.

For Sale Cheap.

THE Subscriber will Sell, at a Bargain, one Side-Bar Wagon, one Pung, two Harnesses, one Robe and other Articles, all in good condition; he having no further use for same.

CHARLES MOORE.
Sackville, N. B., Feb. 6th, 1889.

House for Sale.

THE property on Salem Street occupied by subscriber, consisting of a very neat and comfortable Cottage, with frost-proof cellar, a never-failing well of soft water, barn, &c, and about one acre of Land in good state of cultivation. Terms easy. A large portion of purchase money may remain on mortgage. Apply to

J. W. SANGSTER,
March 7th, tf Dentist.

Public Notice.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale all that valuable Lot of New Marsh lying between the Old Dyke or Commissioners' Dyke enclosing the Au Lac Body and the No. 1 River. The Lot contains upwards of 35 Acres.

For Price and Terms of Sale, apply to

FRANK PALMER,
Or to MESSRS. POWELL & BENNETT, Solicitors.
Sackville, N. B., April 25th, 1889.

"Valuable Farm for Sale."

THE HARMON HUMPHREY FARM in Sackville, consisting of about 50 Acres of Upland and 90 Acres of Marsh is for Sale.

The Buildings on the Premises were erected at a large cost, and they are in excellent repair and admirably adapted to farming purposes. The Farm is most conveniently situated, being only a short walk from the College and Academies, Public Schools and Churches, and within half a mile of the Railway Station. The Dwelling House is a beautiful and commodious two-story building.

The Place is an inviting one, either for the progressive farmer or the capitalist.

Intending Purchasers can negotiate for the Homestead Farm, either with or without the Island Marsh.

For Price and full Particulars of Sale, apply to

WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY, or
JOHN A. HUMPHREY,
Moncton, N. B.

Or to MESSRS. POWELL & BENNETT,
Barristers, &c.,
Sackville, N. B.

FOR SALE.

THE HOMESTEAD FARM now occupied by the Subscriber, consisting of about 30 Acres of Upland and about 20 Acres of Marsh Lands, all of which is in a good state of cultivation. The location of this Farm immediately adjoining the Public Landing and the Intercolonial Railway Station, renders it a desirable place of residence, and offers a sure and profitable investment for an intending purchaser. There is also a Lot of 20 Acres of English Marsh, with a new Barn thereon, which will be sold with the Homestead if required, which is situate one mile distant. A Wood Lot can also be purchased with the farm. The House is in good repair, is furnished with Grates and also a Wood Furnace, and, with the Ell, contains fifteen Rooms. There is also a Cistern and a never-failing Well of Water on the Premises. The Barns are large and will accommodate upwards of thirty head of Cattle and Horses, and sufficient Hay to winter them.

Also the Steam Grist Mill, containing a Thirty-horse-Power Boiler and a 20 H. P. Engine, a complete Portable Waterous Grist Mill, consisting of French Burr Mill Stones, with Elevators, Bolts and Smutter, &c. Also one run of Granite Mill Stones, with Elevators, Bolts, &c. This is offered in parts or in one lot, with or without the Building.

For Terms and Particulars, enquire of the Subscriber on the Premises, or to my father, Jas. D. Dixon.

ALFRED B DIXON.
Sackville, N. B., May 22nd, 1889.
moncton transcript amherst sentinel

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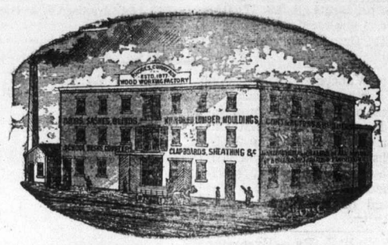

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FALL AND WINTER!

AMHERST BOOT & SHOE CO. (Retail),

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TEA SETS,
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GLASS SETS
I have 10 Different Styles to select from. Also
Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Nappies, Goblets, Tumblers, Butter Coolers, Ten Different Styles Lanterns, Globe Lamps, of all kinds, from 30c. up to $4.00. Lamp Chimneys, of All Sizes,

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The Best and Cheapest that I ever offered. Also,

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In Silver and Majolica, Silver Teaspoons and Tablespoons, Knives and Forks, Kitchen Furnishing Goods of all kinds, Brushes—in Scrub, Stove, Shoe & Horse, Wisps & Brooms, and lots of other articles.

Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, and be convinced that I Sell the Cheapest of any in Sackville.

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1 Car Hydraulic Cement;
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Call and inspect our Goods, and be satisfied that we mean what we say. Orders for Trimmed Work promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Dry Goods Store

—IN—

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WE beg to announce to the People of Sackville and surrounding country that we have opened a

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Under the management of experienced hands, and can, with confidence, guarantee perfect satisfaction.

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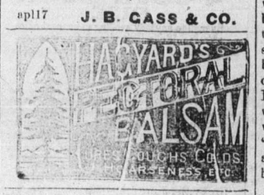

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A Mysterious Widow.

BY CHARLES M. CARLETON.

Years ago, before the Province of New Brunswick was the popular place that it is now, there stood on the sea coast, several miles from where the city of St. John now stands, a little straggling sort of village, composed principally of fishermen's cottages. Little better than huts they were, and a rough, unpolished, but hard working set were their occupants. In winter, when the snow was piled high and the freezing winds blew piercingly cold, the inhabitants of M——met in some one of the cottages where, with dance and song, they beguiled the evening hours, as happy as though they knew nothing of the bustling, busy world shut out by their native hills. And in summer the pleasant moonlight evenings were spent in sailing over the bright waters of the bay, or in wandering in pairs through the dim woods—some sturdy, sun browned youth whispering in the ear of his inamorato the "old, old story." Everything flowed on in that little seacoast village for years and years in the same calm, monotonous way; almost forgotten by the inhabitants was the fact that there existed any other world but the little one in which they lived. Sometimes, it is true, rumors would reach them of the bold manner in which the revenue was cheated by the smugglers of Eastport; but the honest fishermen, secure in their rockbound retreat, cared little for this. At length, however, the inhabitants were aroused from their stagnation by quite a little romance, of which the following is a brief summary:

Standing on a bleak, desolate sort of eminence that projected somewhat from the mainland was a little ruined stone cottage. It had formerly been built by one of the fishermen, who, finding he could not reside in such a cold, cheerless spot, had deserted it and the hut had long been without an inmate. It was over here the wind blew coldest in winter, and here the sun's rays fell the hottest in summer. The summit of the dreary hill was crowned with stunted spruce, dwarfed and blackened by the intense frosts of many winters. Over the rocks below broke, with a dull, sullen roar the waves of the Bay of Fundy; and oftentimes, in the spring, the tides would rise so high and so rapidly as to entirely surround it, cutting it off like an island from the mainland. The inhabitants had very appropriately named it Bleak Point.

Such was the state of things when, one raw spring morning, the news went flying through the village that "Bleak Point shanty" had got an occupant. A low, black, rakish looking schooner had come up the bay the night before; a boat had put off from her, leaving a woman on Black Point. Then it had returned to the schooner, which, before daylight, was off and away.

Of course, everybody was aglow to discover who she was, and what a woman hardy and courageous enough to live in so lonely a place could look like. This curiosity was soon satisfied; for after a few days the new comer did not seem to be disposed to conceal herself. Let them rise as early in the morning as they pleased they would find her up before them strolling about among the rocks. This wonder was still further augmented at finding her young, eminently handsome, with a healthy brown face, and the brightest vivacious black eyes in the world. The young men of the village could speak of nothing but her beauty; and the hours they should have spent in catching fish were wasted in devising schemes to catch her. The ladies of the village were, however, absolutely scandalized by the utter indifference which she manifested in regard to dress—and indeed her garments generally looked as though she had jumped into them. She dispensed altogether with hat and bonnet and wore in its place a silk hankerchief, knotted under her chin after the fashion of a fish woman. Still even the jealous village belles were obliged to own that nothing could have set off better that dark, bright style of her beauty than the rich, brilliant hues of her headdress.

For a time the villagers held aloof from the new comer; but, finding their reserve was met with careless indifference on her part, they soon began to change their tactics. A few of the village maids and matrons called at Bleak Point shanty, and, though shocked beyond measure at the universal disorder reigning without and within, they felt on the whole, rather favorably impressed by its mistress. There was a wicked twinkle in her eye as she begged them to excuse the state in which they found things, on the plea that she "wasn't used to housekeeping." All their endeavors to discover her name and business proved, however, to be in vain, but by several accidental remarks dropped by her they concluded she was a widow. As it was impossible for her to be spoken of without a name they resolved to give her one themselves—and admiring her bright, black eyes and jetted locks they concluded to give her the name of Black. Accordingly, the name by which the handsome young stranger was known in the village was the "Widow Black"—a name which, after a laugh at first, she professed her willingness to be known by.

And weeks passed away, and the widow Black remained the sole dweller on Bleak Point. During this time she became the reigning belle and prime favorite of the good people of M——, in spite of the mystery in which she was enveloped. She accepted every invitation to parties, and picnics, and quilting frolics, and "candy sprees," almost without exception in the tumbled dress and everlasting silk handkerchief. Such songs as she could sing in such a voice, such a splendid dancer as she was, such stories as she could tell, now keeping the audience convulsed with laughter, and now bringing tears into eyes all unused to the melting mood! No party of pleasure was complete without the Widow Black; no wonder, then, every unmarried man in the village had his heart pierced by the black eyes of the lively widow, and every woman under 40 was wild with jealousy and envy.

But the handsome woman moved on her way as if totally unconscious and indifferent as to what people thought of her. In fact, different from all other widows that were ever heard of, she showed at all times a decided preference for the society of young ladies and rather laughed at all the tender devotion of her rustic swains.

One night old Miles Judson, being out unusually late casting his nets, was surprised to see the same low, black, suspicious looking schooner that had left among them the Widow Black enter the bay. Wondering whether she had come to carry off the widow again he secreted himself to watch her. Presently a boat was lowered, several bales were hoisted over the vessel's side, and the boat rowed to the land and disappeared in one of the numerous inlets surrounding Bleak Point. More and more mystified the old man determined to watch their motions, and three hours after he beheld the boat return to the schooner, which instantly weighed anchor and made off.

The following day old Miles Judson sat talking to a stranger from St. John, who had arrived that day. Seated within was the handsome Widow Black, chatting away with Miles' daughter Ruth, a "Bluenose" maiden, with as bright an eye as ever flashed back sunlight.

"Have you heard anything lately about the celebrated smuggler Capt. R—?" said the man, mentioning the name of a noted smuggler.

"No, we hear nothing here," grumbled old Miles, while Ruth looked up with surprise at the widow's sudden start.

"Well people are talking of nothing else in Eastport and St. John," —said his companion; "he's a regular daredevil, and cheats the revenue so boldly that one cannot help feeling sympathy for him. Somehow the custom house discovered that he was hovering around Eastport, and a dozen or two revenue cutters were sent out to watch him, but lo! the schooner ran the gauntlet of them all, delivered her cargo somewhere, in spite of their teeth, and where the beaks connot discover. It was a valuable one, too; she was loaded with rum and sugar."

The Widow Black had suddenly ceased her conversation, and sat listening with a look of interest to this recital. As he ceased she bit her lip, and stooped down to conceal the smile that, in spite of all her effors, broke over her countenance. The motion was observed by Miles; the incident of the preceeding night flashed across his mind, and in a moment he felt convinced he had seen the smugglers, and that the "widow" was connected in some way with them.

Miles Judson was a prudent man, and he resolved to keep the discovery to himself, and to set out for St. John the next day and inform the authorities Acting on this resolution he adroitly changed the conversation. Keeping his eye fixed on the widow, who, all unconscious of his gaze, was now flirting desperately with Master Bill, the old man's son and heir—

"Don't you find it kinder lonesome up there by yourself?" said Bill, with a tender glance toward the "widder."

"Oh! I'm used to it now, and like it well enough," she replied carelessly.

There was a pause after this. Bill sat gnawing his finger nails, and evidently trying to say something that stuck in his throat. The widow sat tapping the floor impatiently with one foot, and waiting for the return of Ruth, who had left them.

"Widder! I want to get married," said Bill at length with startling suddenness.

"Do you!" said the widow, lifting her bewildering black eyes to his face, astonished at the abruptness of the avowal.

"Widder," continued Bill, picking up courage by a desperate effort, "wouldn't you like to get married again?"

"Married again!" replied the lady; "how do you know I ever was married,"

"Why everyone calls you a widow, and I never heard tell of anyone being a widder without first being married," replied Bill.

"Yes," said the widow, with difficulty repressing a laugh, "everyone calls me a widow, but whether I am or not is another thing."

"Well," said Bill, who, as he afterwards expressed it, was determined to "go the whole hog." "I'm a chap as is pretty well off. I'm going to build a new shanty, and get a new boat some of these times, and I'm a pretty good lookin' fellow—hem! so—hem! Widder, if you'll have me, you and me'll get spliced!"

Amazement for a moment kept the widow silent, and she stared in the face of her sheepish admirer, who, blushing, scarlet, sat crossing one leg uneasily over the other. Then every other feeling gave way to her sense of the ridiculous, and leaning back in her chair, she burst into a peal of laughter that made the house ring.

The unusual sound brought the whole household to the spot. There was pretty Ruth laughing from sympathy, without the slightest idea of what the fun was about; there was old Miles staring at them with mouth and eyes wide open; there sat Bill, looking irresistibly sheepish and there sat the widow laughing, and laughing until the tears stood in her eyes.

"What—what—what the dickens is the matter?" roared the old man, staring first at one and then at the other in utter bewilderment.

"I—I must go," said the widow, in a voice faint from excessive laughter; "come up this evening, Ruth, I have something to tell you," And still laughing the "widder" vanished.

That evening two events worthy of notice took place in the little village of M—Old Miles departed full of an important secret to the city, and Ruth Judson and the Widow Black sat for an hour or more in close conference on the rocks of Bleak Point. What Ruth learned there she did not disclose, but sundry ejaculations of amazement and sundry expressions of delight proved that it was not disagreeable

The following evening when the gloaming was falling over the rock-bound coast of New Brunswick, the Widow Black sat in her little cottage, gazing in the fire and lost in thought. Suddenly the tramp of feet approaching Bleak Point fell on her quick ear. Springing to her feet she saw several constables, headed by old Miles, approaching the cottage. Scarcely had she time to draw the bolt when a stern knock came to the door, and a heavy voice commanded her to open in the name of the law.

"Not until I know your business,' said the widow boldly; "who are you and what do you want?"

"We are officers of the law. You are suspected of being connected with smugglers, and of concealing contraband goods about your premises, and our business is to arrest you and search for them," was the reply.

"Then let me assure you that your trouble will be all for nothing. The smuggled goods you speak of were here, but are now where the eyes of the custom house will never fall on them. As to arresting me, a poor, lone 'widder,' I am sure you are too much of a gentleman to do it.'

"Open the door, or I'll break it open," shouted the officer.

"Break away," retorted the provoking widow, with the utmost coolness.

With an oath the officer rushed against the door; at the same time the widow drew the bolt, and he fell head first into the room, while old Miles, who rushed after, lay sprawled on top of him. Before they could rise the widow seized the remaining officer, and hurled him with the greatest ease over his fallen companions. Then drawing the door after her and securing it on the outside, the widow was off and away.

Search was made for the widow, but in vain. No trace of any one answering the description given of her could be found. Neither could any smuggled goods be found on Bleak Point, although they had lately been there.

A few weeks later, one night, a handsome young fellow dressed as a sailor entered the village of M——. Advancing to the house of Miles Judson he fastened a paper to the door, then with a loud peculiar whistle, crouched under one of the windows. A few moments after and the door slowly opened and Ruth appeared. Tucking her under his arm the young led the way to where a boat lay on the shore, and a few minutes after they were rapidly skimming over the bay toward St. John.

A few hours after sunrise every man, woman and child in M—— were crowding around the cottage of old Miles. And there, written in large, flourishing capitals they read:

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—Be it known to all men by these presents that I, Ned Bryson, being one of the crew of the smuggler commanded by Capt. R., finding we were continually watched by the confounded authorities, resolved on a plan to land our contraband goods. Disguised as a woman I came to reside in M——, where finding it convenient to land them safely and as safely dispose of them, I remained until a few weeks ago. For the gracious manner in which I have been entertained I feel profoundly grateful.

To Mr. William Judson I would say I regret exceedingly that circumstances will prevent my marrying him at present and sharing that new shanty; but wishing to show my gratitude to the family, I have taken off his sister, to whom I will be "spliced," wind and weather permitting, tomorrow.

NED BRYSON,
alias the "Widder Black."

It only remains for us to say that the above facts are strictly true. Ned Byrson was prevailed upon by his pretty wife to give up smuggling and settle down in some more honest way of living. They resided in St. John for years and then went to California, where they may be living yet for all we know to the contrary.

—Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Ambassador at Washington, is a great walker. He has wandered all over Washington and is met at all hours in the most unexpected places. A few days ago he was observed to enter the White House grounds, attentively examine the Executive Mansion and then to turn on his heel and walk off again. He finds the Negroes a constant source of interest. He is fond of stopping in the street to have a few moments' conversation with some little colored youngster who has attracted his attention. In fact, Sir Julian is extremely democratic in many of his habits, but it is said that he can be very cold in manner when he cares to.

—Sir Donald Smith has been appointed chancellor of McGill University instead of Hon. Senator Ferrier who died a year ago. Mr. Frothingham and Mrs. Molson have given $40,000 to the University.

—Cardinal Gibbons will shortly perform the initiatory ceremony toward ordaining the first colored priest in the United States by admitting Randolph Uncles to the clerical state.

—U. S. Consul Phelan, of Halifax, is to be succeeded by Wakefield Frye of Maine. Mr. Phelan is a native of Cape Breton.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

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The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free on receipt of postage. It contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. L. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

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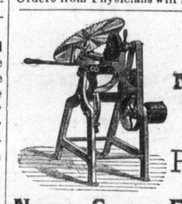

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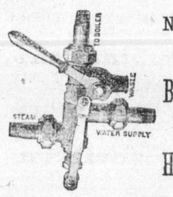

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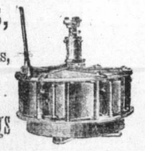

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AMHERST, N. S.

HAVE RECEIVED during March and April and offer for sale:

7 tons White Lead; 2 tons Col'd Paints;
2 tons Dry Sheathing Paper;
2 tons Tarred Sheathing Paper;
2 tons Putty;
15 barrels Linseed Oil;
40 barrels Portland Cement;
455 boxes Window Glass;
400 kegs Steel Nails;
5 casks Sheet Zinc;
10,000 Hoe's and Disston's Pat. Saw Bits;
2500 feet Rubber and Leather Belting;
150 lbs. Rubber Packing;
6 boxes Babbit Metal;
10 dozen Peevies and Cant Dogs;
48 coils Rope;
75 kegs Horse Shoes;
50 boxes Horse Nails;
4 tons Barbed Wire Fencing;
8000 feet Iron Water Pipe;
2 cars Flour;
1 car Befined Iron;
4 tons Tire and Cast Steel;
55 bdls. Haying Tools;
175 bushels Timothy Seed;
3000 lbs. Assorted Clover Seeds;
60 pkgs McDonald's Tobacco;
8 Blacksmith's Bellows;
6 Anvils; 10 Vices.

IN ADDITION TO ABOVE:

289 assorted Packages Hardware, Grocery and Dry Goods Sundries.

may2 DOUGLAS & CO.

Flour! Flour!

In Store and Due:

125 bbls. Flour (Estey and Crown Prince,)
125 " Ocean,
125 " Buda,
125 " White Eagle,
125 " Full Patent,
250 " Corn Meal,
30 " Feeding Flour,
30 " Tilson Oatmeal,
10 " Rolled Oats.

For Sale Low by

oct30 M. Wood & Sons.

Painting, Paper Hanging, And Ceiling Decorating.

THE Subscribers are prepared to undertake and perform all such work in a workmanlike manner, and at reasonable rates. Our desire is to please our patrons and give good satisfaction always.

Estimates will be given when required.

WRY BROTHERS.
Sackville, April 18, 1889. 6m

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium, for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce Street, New York

New Spring Goods.

GRASS SEED

NOW IN STOCK.

50 Sacks Timothy Seed

DAILY EXPECTED.

10 Sacks Clover Seed

FOR SALE LOW.

FURNITURE.

Now in Stock or Supplied to Order at Short Notice:

Parlor & Bedroom Suits,
Sofas and Lounges,
Spring Beds and Matresses,
Chairs, Tables, &c., &c.

Crockeryware, Earthenware, China and Stone Tea Sets.

Spring Hats and Caps.

Now in Stock: A Good Assortment, in the Latest Styles,

Hard & Soft Felt Hats,
Straw Hats,
Cloth and Silk Caps.

All the above Goods for Sale *Low* in Exchange for Farmers' Produce, or we will take *Cash*.

JAMES R. AYER.
Middle Sackville, March 22, 1889.

Preserve Your Sight!

Use F. Lazarus'

(Late of the Firm of Lazarus & Morris)

Renowned Spectacles

—AND—

EYE-GLASSES!

They are the Best in the World. They Never Tire the Eye, and last many years without change.

FOR SALE BY

CHAS. MOORE,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods, Room Paper, Picture Frames, Reward and Birthday Cards.

BOOKS AND MUSIC

Obtained at Short Notice.

Frames Made to Order.

Sole Agent for Lazarus' Celebrated Spectacles.

SACKVILLE, - - - - N. B.

Paint! Paint!

Received ex S. S. Damara, direct from Brandram Bros. & Co., London:

2 tons Genuine White Lead,
1 ton Colored Paints.

For Sale, Wholesale or Retail, by

oct30 M. Wood & Sons.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.