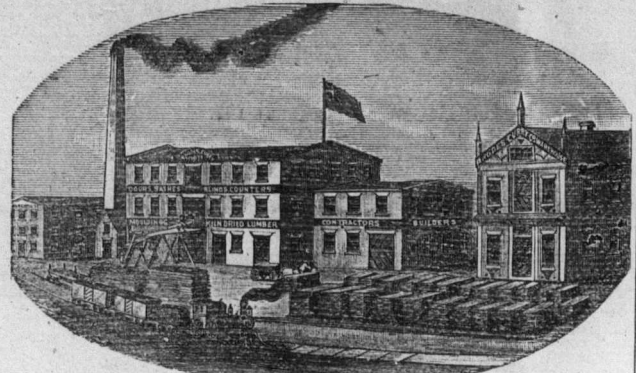


RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,
Manufacturers and Builders.



36900L, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material
Jan 27 Send for Estimates.

Boots and Shoes!

FALL AND WINTER!
AMHERST BOOT & SHOE CO. (Retail)
MOFFAT'S BLOCK.

WE have now on exhibition a Complete Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which will be sold at prices which cannot fail to please. The Stock includes:

Ladies' Skating Boots, from \$1.50 upwards,
Walking Boots, in Button and Lace,
Felt Boots and Shoes,
and Gents' Solid Comfort German Felt Slippers, sure cure for cold feet,
Ladies' and Gents' American Rubbers, 1st quality.

Also a Fine Assortment of
GENTS' ENGLISH BOOTS,
Including the Celebrated "K" WATERPROOF BOOT. Every Pair Warranted. Do not fail to see these Goods.

Custom Work a Specialty.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY & NEATLY DONE.

SACKVILLE Meat Market.

The Subscriber has opened a MEAT MARKET, IN THE HENRY ALLISON BLOCK, Opposite Music Hall, and is prepared to supply the Sackville public with

MEATS of all kinds!

Fresh Fish
WILL ALSO BE SUPPLIED.

All Orders Will be Delivered by the Subscriber.
O. A. MILTON & Co.
Sackville, Jan 5th, 1890.

BETTER THAN EVER.

MRS. C. W. MAIN'S STOCK OF MILLINERY

Is going to be finer than ever this season. New Goods arriving daily. The best and most complete STOCK OF FEATHERS

In the Country, and our Whole Stock most complete in every particular. A Complete Line of Art Needle Work Materials

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

MRS. C. W. MAIN, Douglas Block, Amherst.

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MRS. C. W. MAIN, Douglas Block, Amherst.

The Young Widow.

She is modest, but not bashful; Free and easy, but not bold; Like an apple, ripe and mellow; Not too young and not too old; Half inviting, half repulsive; Now advancing, and now shy—There is mischief in her smile; There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature; She is schooled in all the arts; She has taken her diploma As the mistress of all hearts. She can tell the very moment When to sigh and when to smile; Oh, a maid is sometimes charming! But a widow—all the while.

Are you sad? How very serious Will her handsome face become! Are you angry? She is wretched, Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb! Are you mirthful? How her laughter, Silver sounding, will ring out; She can lure and catch and play, yon, As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty, Who have grown so bald and wise; Young Halcyons of twenty, With the love-looks in your eyes; You may practice all the lessons Taught by Cupid since the fall; But I know a little widow Who could win and fool you all.

—H. HERVEY.

DER ALTE CHAPERON.

They all thought he was a fool; but then they often make mistakes like that. Kangaroos can't jump like women when the women are jumping at conclusions. You see the trouble was that Collis Beattie—Collis they called him when they wanted to be funny—did not have much to say. He used to lie about the hotel veranda in a big steamer chair and read novels. He wore a yachting suit and cap and a silk shirt. He did not look a bit salt, because the skin of his face was as white and as smooth as a baby's. So they laughed at him for wearing a yachting suit. All the other fellows wore them because it was a yachting port upon the Sound, and pretty much every one went in for sailing which was about all there was to do at that place. Collis went sailing once or twice when some generous fellow took pity on him and invited him. Then the women laughed at him more, and in strange German called him Der Alte Chaperon—the Old Chaperon—because he always went down into the cabin, stretched himself out on a locker, and fell asleep. They said he was afraid the spray would spoil his complexion.

Collis didn't seem to know that he was being laughed at. If he did know it he did not mind it. He never said anything, but went on reading novels. German novels, too, and he read them in the original. It was most exasperating. What business had a man at a gay, active summer resort to wear nautical toggery, have a skin like a queen's baby, and read German novels! Once some one said to him:

"Come and play a game of billiards!" "Thank you," he replied; "it's a little too much for me, you know."

He certainly was a fool—and a lazy one, too. They tried him on several things, but he lay in the steamer chair and read in German. And there were at least six beautiful girls in the hotel. And every one of them had been picked into trying to interest him. But he just sat in the steamer chair and read German, or went to sleep in the cabin of the yacht.

He didn't get seasick. They remembered that, after he was gone, as one of his good qualities. They had him out one day when it blew fresh and there was a lively sea on, but he went to sleep like a rocked infant. He certainly was the most torpid man that ever lived.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Bisbee one morning, "Miss Silvers is coming here next week. Perhaps she'll wake him up."

"You don't mean Mattie Silvers, do you?" exclaimed Ethel Greer.

"Yes, I do."

"Oh, dear!"

And Gertrude's mouth went down at the corners.

"What's the matter with Mattie Silvers?" enquired Ethel Greer.

"Oh, nothing," answered Gertrude, dejectedly; "only I was at a place where she was once."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Sybil Vane, the tall white girl, who remembered.

"Well," sighed Gertrude, "every man in the house dropped right down at her feet."

"Oh, my! is she so very wonderful?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Gertrude; "just the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and with two little millions in her own right."

There was a painful silence, and all the young women looked glum. Gertrude was not a girl to sneeze at, and she used her mirror. Her dejection was ominous. The girls gazed anxiously at Mrs. Bisbee.

"I don't want to be disagreeable," she said, softly, "but I'm afraid it's true."

"What's her story?" asked Sybil.

"Brown," replied Mrs. Bisbee tentatively.

"Yes, burnt sienna. Burnt sienna hair and eyes, dusky pink cheeks, dusky-crimson lips, silk plush complexion—all cream and gold—and two millions from her uncle," said Harold Beaver, who had just come up.

There was a general biting of lips. "Haven't seen her for three years," he continued, "and—"

"Ah! Perhaps she has faded!" exclaimed Ethel.

"The dusky brows don't fade much," said Harold.

"Oh, look at Mrs. Bisbee, I saw her in a box at the Metropolitan last winter, and she was radiant."

"Why, she doesn't belong in New York," Sybil said.

"No, Baltimore," responded Harold. "Oh, I see what she wants to come away up here for," grumbled Ethel spitefully. "What's the matter with Chesapeake Bay?"

"Well, she's coming next week," said Mrs. Bisbee, moving away with Harold. I had a letter from her mother to-day."

"I hope she'll like him," said Ethel, looking curiously at Collis in his steamer chair.

"That will not do any good," answered Gertrude, "the other men will all like her."

"Of course," said Sybil; "we are worth two millions, any of us."

"And we're not dusky-browed," snapped Ethel, caressing a golden raven, "all cream and gold. Hump!"

"But she's a lovely girl," sighed Gertrude; "or she was two years ago. I haven't seen her since then. I was at Cape May. You can't help liking her."

"Oh, yes, I can, and I will," decided Ethel, as they rose to go down to the water.

The day before this paragon of heiresses was expected Phill Partridge invited all hands to go sailing on his sloop. And then he got a telegram, which compelled him to go to the city. But he insisted on their going sailing just the same. His sailing master would take them, and they could invite Der Alte Chaperon to go along as his substitute. That made them laugh. But they got Collis just out of his steamer chair and took him along just the same. Of course, he went right down into the cabin and prepared to go to sleep.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Bisbee, "that's a little too bad. The only man in the party. I wouldn't stand it."

"Man!" exclaimed Ethel. "Call that pudding-faced gelatine a man! Lord forgive us."

"Oh, I say, Ethel," remonstrated Gertrude, "you ought not to talk like that."

"Don't say 'ought' to me, I'm tired of doing what I ought to do."

Ethel was twenty-six and her skin was glowing yellow under her eyes. "Go down into the cabin and keep Der Alte Chaperon awake," suggested Sybil.

"Do it yourself."

"Not such a bad idea," said Sybil, slipping down the companionway. Collis Beattie was not asleep yet. He sat up and started as the tall, white girl came below.

"A lovely girl of you, you know," he murmured.

"Oh, it's not so very good; but what do you mean?"

"I mean your coming down here to keep me awake," Sybil turned just a trifle pink under the ears. Had he been listening to their conversation on deck? It must have edified him she thought.

"I came down to keep myself awake," she said hastily, and then added, inconsistently: "Why don't you go on deck and enjoy the breeze?"

"Because I can't enjoy the breeze," he answered.

"It's too strong for you, I suppose," said Sybil, with a touch of scorn.

"Yes, makes me chilly."

"Might spoil your complexion."

"My what?"

"Your complexion."

"Didn't know I had any."

"You're as white and pink as a baby."

"That's true, but I don't think that's much of a complexion for a man, you know."

"Neither do I. I should think you'd get a little sunburn on you just from sailing."

Collis laughed. He seemed to be immensely amused. He had a funny way of being amused at things that didn't amuse other people. It was jolly for him but it made the other people angry.

"What's he going to do?" enquired Gertrude, awestruck.

"Lord knows! I'm glad to see him do anything," said Ethel.

"Hard down you helm!" exclaimed Der Alte Chaperon. "Mrs. Bisbee, you and Miss Sybil please hold the wheel there a minute. Now, lad, main sheet; in with it!"

Collis and the boy got the main boom trimmed flat as the yacht came up into the wind. The jib flapped madly.

"Right you helm!" cried Collis. The boy obeyed the order.

"Keep her head to!" was the next order.

Then Collis sprang forward and slacked the jib halyards, unbent the sheet, slid out on the bowsprit which was plunging into the young sea like a crazy porpoise, reefed the jib came back, bent on the sheet, and hoisted away again, while the women huddled together in the cockpit like petrified mummies.

"Now let her blow," said Collis, as he went aft, put on his coat, and took the wheel.

"Get the Captain below," he said to the boy, "and give him some brandy. He's coming to."

The boy dragged the skipper down stairs, the women all following in silence, to see if they could do anything to stand it.

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"That's true, but I don't think that's much of a complexion for a man, you know."

Such is Life.

Homer was a beggar. Spencer died in want. Cervantes died of hunger. Terrence, the dramatist, was a slave. D den lived in poverty and distress. Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold. Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress.

Paul Borchese had fourteen trades, yet starved with all. Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings.

Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs. Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had erected himself. Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law.

Fielding lies in the burying ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot. Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for \$72 at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity.

Camões, the celebrated writer of the "Lusiad," the great Portuguese epic, ended his life, it is said, in an almshouse and at any rate, was supported by a faithful black servant, who begged in the streets of Lisbon for him.

How Plate Glass is Made.

The casting table in a plate glass factory is about 20 feet long, 15 feet wide and 2 inches thick. Strips of iron on each side of the table afford a bearing for the rollers and determine the thickness of the plate of glass to be cast. The rough plate is commonly nine-sixteenths of an inch thick, but after polishing it is reduced to six or seven-sixteenths. The casting tables are mounted on wheels and run on a track that reaches every furnace and annealing oven in the building.

The molten glass having been poured on the table, the heavy iron rollers then pass from end to end, spreading the glass to a uniform thickness. In contact with the cold metal of the table the glass cools rapidly. Then the door of the annealing oven is opened and the plate of glass introduced. The floor of the oven is on the same level as the casting table, so that the transfer can be made quickly. When after several days the glass is taken out of the oven its surface is very rough and uneven. It is used in this condition for skylights and other purposes where strength is desired rather than transparency. The greater part of the glass, however, is ground, smoothed and polished.

Medical Hints.

THE quickest, surest and best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, soreness and lameness, is Hays' Yellow Oil. It quickly cures sprains, bruises, burns, frost-bites, chilblains, etc. For croup, colds, whooping cough, etc., take 10 to 20 drops in sugar, and apply the oil externally also, when immediate relief will result.

That beautiful glossy sheen, so much admired in hair can be secured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. There is nothing better than this preparation for strengthening the scalp and keeping it free from dandruff and itching eruption.

The remarkable discovery by Mrs. Watts Hughes, that the tones of the voice can, by singing against a powdered covered dish, cause different forms to appear, more or less beautiful, according to the perfect or imperfect sound, will be of great use to those learning to sing. The discovery has already led to a treatise on helping to form the voice by this means. The vocalists direct their tones against the prepared disks and carefully observe the figures that are produced. These figures generally register themselves as ferns, palms, trumpets, and all kinds of geometrical shapes. The more perfect the tone, the more perfect the figure produced.

This may be remembered as hanging man's year in Canada. Since it began, eight men have expired the crime of murder on the scaffold. These were Smith, at London, Davis at Belleville, Dujols at Quebec, Spencer at Kamloops, Birchall at Woodstock, Day at Welland, and Blanchard and Lamontagne, at Sherbrooke. The record is a sad one enough. It is to be remembered, though, that it comes after what might be called an epidemic of murderous crimes, to which the attention of the whole country has been attracted. It is to be trusted that it will be long before we see another such year of crime and its punishment.

It never was a time when there were so many potatoes in the cellars of Aroostook, Maine, farmers as this winter. A single farmer at Marysville Centre has 1600 barrels in his cellar, awaiting an opportune time to sell. Comparatively few of those stored by farmers have yet gone to market.

Kabo, Kabo, Kabo—that sounds like an African name. It means a corset "bone" that can't be broken—if it can't be broken, it doesn't stick into you—so it means a "bone" of comfort, not of contention.

It means a corset "bone" that doesn't kink—if it doesn't kink, the corset can't roll up in the middle as corsets are apt to do—so it means a "bone" that stays where you put it.

It isn't a "bone" at all, but Kabo, Kabo, Kabo; and Kabo means a corset you wear a week or two or three, till you make up your mind about it, and then go back to the store and get your money, if you'd rather have money than Kabo.

There's a primer on Corsets for you at the store.

C. PICKARD.

A Cash Prize.

The proprietors of Burdock Blood Bitters will give a prize of Five Dollars for the discoverer of a cure for the disease of the blood, known as the "Burdock Bitters" cure. The competition will close Jan. 31, 1891, and the successful name if desired.) They will also pay \$1 each for any of the essays they may select and publish. No restrictions. Try your skill, and address:

J. G. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Gould has some difficulty in keeping out of the way of cracks, dangerous and not dangerous, who hang about his office door. They come for all purposes, from slaying him to interesting him in flying machines and other enterprises.

One day a crank wrote to warn him that he would be shot if he did not put up the stock market before 3 o'clock in the afternoon. This crank's letter had scarcely been read before another was received warning him that he would be shot if he did not put down the market before 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Which ever the market went he was bound to be killed and the dilemma amused Mr. Gould more than anything that had occurred in a long time.—New York Sun.

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Property Gone! Pluck Left!

SALESROOM FITTED UP ALREADY

With Full Stock of Belting, Packing, Inspirators, Saws, Pumps, Hose, Governors, Lace Leather, Portable Forges, Steam Fittings, and Other Mill Supplies.

BOILER SHOP in Full Operation. (IT WAS NOT BURNED.)

Foundry and Machine Shop will be Running in a Week or two. Steam Hammer and Forges Running now.

STOVES: WE EXPECT TO BE ABLE TO FILL all ORDERS.

If we do not mention what you want to know come and see us or write.

COME TO THE FRONT AND HELP US.

A. Robb & Sons, AMHERST.

Office and Works, June Lapland and Lawrence Sts., Branch R.Y. 1 C. R. Connected N. S. Telephone Co.

A. ROBB & SONS. AMHERST.

Notice of Sale!

TO GASPARD J. LEBLANC of Dupuis Corner in the Parish of Shediac, in the County of Westmorland and Province of New Brunswick and Delphine his wife and all others whom it may concern,

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six and signed by Gaspard J. LeBlanc and Delphine his wife, of the one part and William K. Chisholm, of the other part, and assigned to the undersigned, as executor of the last will and testament of the said William K. Chisholm, of the County of Westmorland and Province of New Brunswick, default having been made in the payment of the principal sum of five hundred and twenty dollars and interest thereon, due and payable by the said Gaspard J. LeBlanc and Delphine his wife, to the said William K. Chisholm, on the first day of February next at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage, to-wit: All the following pieces of land or parcels of land situate in the Parish of Shediac, to-wit:

First piece of upland situate in Toldiac aforesaid and bounded northerly by the Toldiac Marsh, so called, easterly by the Toldiac Marsh, southerly by the Toldiac Marsh, and westerly by the Toldiac Marsh, containing five acres more or less.

Second piece of upland situate in Toldiac aforesaid and bounded northerly by the Toldiac Marsh, so called, easterly by the Toldiac Marsh, southerly by the Toldiac Marsh, and westerly by the Toldiac Marsh, containing five acres more or less.

Third piece of upland situate in Toldiac aforesaid and bounded northerly by the Toldiac Marsh, so called, easterly by the Toldiac Marsh, southerly by the Toldiac Marsh, and westerly by the Toldiac Marsh, containing five acres more or less.

Fourth piece of upland situate in St. Andrew aforesaid and bounded northerly by the Toldiac Marsh, so called, easterly by the Toldiac Marsh, southerly by the Toldiac Marsh, and westerly by the Toldiac Marsh, containing five acres more or less.