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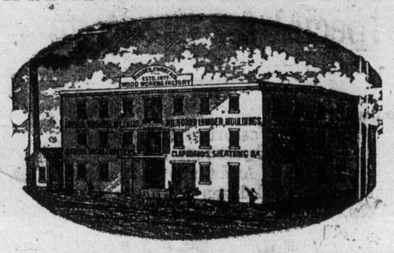

WALNUT Cherry ASH BIRCH BEECH PINE & Whitewood HOUSE FINISH

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Materials

jan27 **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.

Fall and Winter

GOODS

AT—

J. V. Bourque's,

Amherst.

WE KEEP EVERYTHING IN

Staple & Fancy

DRY GOODS.

Ready-Made Clothing.

Overcoats.

Gents' Furnishings.

Fur Caps.

Ladies' Fur Jackets.

FUR COATS.

Fur Boas, &c.

GIVE US A CALL.

No. 69 Victoria St., Amherst.

J. V. BOURQUE.

oct9-3m

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

TOCK 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

White Rose Kerosene Oil!

150 CASES of this favorite Brand of Oil, received by Schr. C. from New York, and for Sale by

M. WOOD & SONS.

Nov. 20th, 1888.

Tilsonburgh Oatmeal,

Standard Oatmeal, Rolled Oats.

ONE CAR Just received from Mill

Feb. 13, **M Wood & Son.**

All kinds of Plain and Fancy Printing executed at this Office. Terms liberal.

Flour & Sugar.

I OFFER LOW FOR CASH:

Flour, Sugar, Tea, Kerosene Oil, Lard Raisins, Currants, Soaps, Pickles, Cheese, Apples, Lobsters, and other Goods usually kept in a GROCERY STORE.

Also, another shipment just to hand of

China & Crockery Ware

CONSISTING OF

TEA SETS

In Great Variety.

CHAMBER SETS

In all the Latest Styles.

TEA CUPS.

In Col and Plates to match, by doz

Dinner Plates, Soup Plates,

Breakfast Plates, Tea Plates, Meat Platters, Vegetable do, and a good supply of separate pieces.

—IN—

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,

China Gift Cups & Mugs.

The Best and Cheapest that I ever offered. Also,

Breakfast Castors,

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.

dec4 **C. W. KNAPP.**

APPLES, ALT, &c.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE.

150 Bbls.

Choice Winter Apples,

120 Bags

COARSE SALT

20 Bbls. No. 1 abrador Herring

Our Customers can be supplied at our Stores at Baie Verte or Port Elgin.

E. C. GOODEN & CO.

Baie Verte, Dec. 3rd, 1888.

JUST RECEIVED AT

T. H. Griffins, Amherst, N. S.:

3 CASES,

CONTAINING

$800 Worth of High-Class Silverware

ALL ELEGANT GOODS.

Remember Special Sale

AND

Discount of 20 per Cent

DURING THIS MONTH

FOR SALE.

THAT VALUABLE FARM AND WOOD LOT in Shemogue, formerly owned by John Avard, with large Dwelling House and Barns, &c. Terms easy. Possession given immediately.

D. L. HANINGTON.

Dorchester, 29th October, 1889. 3m

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having Claims against the Estate of JOHN HARRIS, late of Sackville, deceased, will please hand the same in, properly attested, to the undersigned Executors, or either of them, and all Persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment to the said Executors at once.

Dated Oct. 9th, 1889.

FRED. HARRIS.
SARAH HARRIS.

Valuable Marsh for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale his Marsh Land situate in No. 1 Body, in the Parish of Westmorland, containing about eight acres of English and 22 acres of Broadleaf. It is the Lot of Marsh land lately in the possession of John Freeman. For further particulars and Terms of sale, apply to

JAMES HAWKINS, or to
MESSRS. TOWELL & BENNETT,

Mt. Whatley, Oct. 18, 1889. His solicitor

SQUIRREL.

happy thoughts, what about the chimney?

Those smoky funnels at the Grange were none of your screwed up, beflued modern contrivances, but ample, generous air passages running boldly up from basement to roof. Cyril knew all about them. He had personally inspected the interior of one when workmen had been repairing the many cornered stacks above, and had safely worked his way down to Olive's own bedroom. Now if he could only voyage upward from the library, cat like range the tiles, and descend again by the old route, what a capital joke it would be. Quick as thought Cyril stepped on the stout bars of the grate and cautiously inserted head and shoulders up the inky entrance. Hurrah! He could see a bit of blue sky high up aloft. Nimble as his namesake he began the ascent. A brick jutting conveniently here and there lent friendly help. He had to grope along with closed eyes, for bits of mortar and little nests of disturbed soot came peppering about him. Careful and crab like he hauled himself safely up till nigh the level of the library ceiling. Then he nearly came to grief.

He seemed to have got beautiful foothold on a brick of two, when he suddenly slipped. Down went one leg, but not down the chimney, down the other side somehow. Preserving his balance with difficulty, Squirrel rubbed his dusty eyes with his grimy hand and peered about him.

Only faint murky light struggled to his aid, but he could just discern something remarkably odd. An opening there was on the left side of the chimney, not more than two feet square, and the cavity beyond must be of some size, for as the lad inquisitively poked his leg about, it came in contact with no other wall. Whatever could this place be? A bricked up cupboard perhaps; a hiding hole for cavaliers, priests, Jacobites, what not?

Cyril's spirit of adventure rose within him. In for a penny, in for a pound. He'd through that hole and possibly ferret out the secrets of centuries. So through he went, feet foremost this time, and easily enough, for what felt like brick steps assisted his descent into a space which, by faintest light and much patting around, he discovered to be a small chamber matching in size Aunt Pleasance's sanctum the other side of the fireplace.

Here was an exciting find! How pleased old auntie would have been to know it. How Olive would have liked it if they had been stopping at the Grange. As for that surly Mr. Westbrook, though, he should never hear of this romantic den. Cyril only wished it might be full of ghosts that would come out and scare him if ever he lived at the place. But ghosts in it were neither tangible nor visible now. After ever so long of stealthy creeping and feeling throughout its length and breadth, Cyril could find nothing but ancient cobwebs and layers of dust and debris, a wooden something, narrow table or shelf, a lock of fastening, and——

At that point of investigation the boy was startled by sounds that appeared strangely close, being, in fact, as he soon remembered, in the adjacent library. Some one spoke. It was that nice fellow Foster, and his words were:

"Now, Cyril, my lad, if you'll just say to Mr. Westbrook—why, how's this? I can't see him. Cyril! Where's he vanished to?"

"Jumped out of the window, I'll warrant," rasped forth another voice (the enemy's!). "Expected a thrashing if he did not eat humble pie, and, by George, he should have it, too, if I'd my way." (Cyril tingled with wrath to the tips of his toes.)

"I don't see how he could jump out here without hurting himself," was the anxious answer back from the window way. "I do hope the boy is safe. His sister"——

"There, there," snarled the other gentleman. "Don't trouble yourself to make a fuss over the young sneak"—(Cyril clenched his dirty little fist and almost wished he had not started on this chimney expedition)—"the men about the grounds must look out for him, and I'll rate him soundly when we catch him. Now I'm going to look over, hm—h'm—my farms. I wish you good day, Mr. Foster. If you will make it convenient to be here by 10 to-morrow we'll meet in this room and can begin to wind up matters."

"Then, Miss Ferrers"——

"Appears," with a grunt, "to desire perfect independence, sir. She can have it if she chooses. So much the better for my pocket. She gives her final decision in the morning. Good afternoon."

A heavy step left the library, crossed the hall and slammed the front door. Every sound echoed in Cyril's drum like retreat.

John Foster seemed to be staying behind. Cyril heard him give a sigh that was half a groan. He was a regular good chap. The boy had half a mind to tap on the thin panel which divided them, and tell him so, but another entrance checked him. It was Olive this time.

"Oh, Mr. Foster," she began, "did Cyril—where is he, please? Has Mr. Westbrook let him out?"

"No, he let himself out, I fancy, by the window," was the response. "I'll hunt him up before I leave. We shall find him all right. But, Miss Ferrers—can you? Will you look on me just as your man of business, as if I were my father, in fact? Will you tell me what Mr. Westbrook has offered in lieu of what every one expected you and your brother and sister would have?"

Cyril strained his ears. Olive appeared to hesitate, then broke out passionately:

"What he has offered! A pittance, Mr. Foster, that might, I suppose, just keep us from starving, but which I must verily begin to starve before I would accept on his terms! I am to make Cyril beg his pardon, and then, perhaps, only perhaps, he will get him an office boy's place with one of his partners at Bristol. And to Helen and me he offers fifty pounds a year; enough, he says, for us to live on in lodgings, with Cyril's wages to help! Mr. Foster, beggars must not be choosers, but I think I would rather die than touch a penny from Mr. Westbrook."

"But, my dear—dear Miss Ferrers, what is to be done? Whom else, what else have you to turn to?"

"No one, nothing, or next to nothing. But, Mr. Foster, Cyril has something; nearly two hundred pounds, I think, a godmother left him. Now surely I can send him to some school with that, and I know when he's a little older he will work like a man to help me and Helen." ("Won't I too!" murmured the sooty one.) "As for me, I will find some school where they will let me teach and Helen can live there for my pay. It's only for her sake I—feel—it—hard."

Mr. Foster seemed to walk up and down in agitation, then shut the library door and halted.

"Miss Ferrers, your plan, your determination are worthy of you. But one thing fails you. Your brother's money cannot, I know, be touched till he is of age."

"Then—oh what shall we do?"

"This: let me advance a couple of hundred, lend it, give it to you. Oh wait a moment! Let me tell you what no one on earth should have known if you'd been rich and prosperous. I have seen you so often, and so much, I could no more help loving you than I could help living! I don't know about family, and ancestors, and so forth; I only know my father's name has been an honored one for fifty years, and, please God, I'll do nothing to sully it, and if you'll share it with me, your brother and your sister shall be mine, and you shall never know a care that I can shield you from! What, what will you say?"

Cyril could hear Olive sobbing. He very nearly committed himself by an audible accompaniment. ("John Foster, you're a Trojan," said he softly. "If Olive will have you, I'll give you Toots for a wedding present; but, now then, hark!")

"I can't, I can't say 'Yes,'" Olive faltered; "it would be wicked of me."

"I can't, I can't say 'Yes,'"

"Ah, you don't care for me! You think me presumptuous."

"Presumptuous! Mr. Foster, Aunt Pleasance always said you were far too good to be just a lawyer."

"And you, you yourself?"

"I—liked—you always."

("Thought as much," chuckled Squirrel. "She always colored up when that you man came.")

"But," rapturously, "can you ever love me?"

"I—think—I—can."

"Olive, my dearest."

(Then ensued some seconds over which Cyril positively blushed. Love ecstasies are utterly preposterous to extreme youth.)

"But now," said Olive presently, in such a changed voice, "you must never feel you took me, took us, out of pity. You must be very certain of your own mind before you tie yourself to us penniless people."

"I can never be more certain than now, my Olive."

"Ah! but you shall have time to think about it. If only you will send Cyril somewhere, that much I will freely take of you. You shall pay yourself by and by. But for one year I mean to work for Helen as I said. Then if you still want me"—From that part of her project she was immovable. So, with satisfaction enough in his heart to tide him over even a twelvemonth's waiting, the young man parted from his new gained love.

Cyril had to blush again in the dark over the lovers' farewells, and then when his solitude was silent once more, he set about thinking how to get out of confinement.

For reasons of his own a twenty-foot higher climb was not desirable. Therefore with extreme care he regained the aperture by which he had entered, slowly lowered himself to the bars of the grate, squatted there like an imp, taking off his tell tale shoes, listened to find the coast clear, then warily slipped off to his own room, bolted himself in and spent an hour to such purpose that when at last he made his way down stairs no trace of his sweep's exploit was left upon him.

The two girls' anxious questions as to his mode of exit from his prison Cyril contrived to parry. Mr. Westbrook's high and mighty scowls at the dinner table he bore with exemplary meekness. When his sisters both implored him to behave discreetly at the next morning's conclave in the library, to which Mr. Westbrook all but ordered the trio, he promised faithfully to keep his temper, come what might, and sedulously patted Toots' sleek head to conceal the twinkle in his eye when Olive added, as herald of great glad tidings:

"For things may, after all, turn out better than they will sound, dear Squirrel."

Ten o'clock the next morning found the Grange party and John Foster assembling in the appointed room, Mr. Westbrook swelling with arrogant importance, which Olive might have found bad to bear, had not a glance between her lawyer and herself given her a delicious sense of happy strength.

"Ah—h'm," rasped out Mr. Westbrook, seating himself in the heavy oak chair that stood at one end of the old turkey hearth rug. "Ah—h'm, I see that boy is not here; but he is of no consequence whatever, so we need not wait. As if is very evident my late respected aunt" (his tone implied capital letters to her honor, now he had come into her money) "has died intestate, I feel the time has come when, as her heir" (honor requested for himself this time) "I take natural possession of her entire property. I feel it is my right, so I shall not make any bones about doing it. As I intend shutting the house up for the summer, the first thing to do is to get rid of the servants. Miss Helen, ring the bell."

Bond, appearing in answer, was desired to fetch up all the domestics. Seven filing in, headed by the gray haired housekeeper, every one of them was summarily dismissed with the noble douceur of a month's wages. Bond had been servant to the Westbrooks nigh forty years; the housekeeper but little less; the rest were no strangers in the place.

"Now to proceed," said Westbrook. "The tenants of my farms, Mr. Foster, must have notice to quit at Michaelmas or renew their leases at higher rents."

"But, sir, rents are falling about here; three of your tenants have been on the land, father to son, for generations. They are good farmers and I am afraid they would look on such notices as rather unfair."

"Then let 'em and be hanged to 'em," cried the new landlord. "I daresay you and they find it pleasant to work the property between you. 'You tickle me, Toby, I'll tickle you,' style of thing, eh? But I'm neither a fool nor a woman. I shall put the screw on where I choose; you can be my man if you like, Mr. Foster; if not there are other lawyers in Crowchester, I suppose."

"There are, sir, and you'd better select one," said the young man quietly. "My father and grandfather before him managed this property to the satisfaction of that gentleman"—indicating the blue coated squire left of the fireplace—"and of his daughter for three-quarters of a century, but for myself I now beg to resign the office of your solicitor."

"Well done," cried Mr. Westbrook, sharply. "I don't know which of you young ladies remarked 'Well done,' to this high falutin' speech, but allow me to say, while you are eating the bread of charity under my roof, I consider the words an impertinence."

"I never said 'Well done,'" exclaimed Olive, turning scarlet.

"Nor I," said Helen timidly.

"If I'd time to waste on the matter," said Mr. Westbrook, incredulously, "I should insist on your withdrawing the words; but I've not. I merely beg to inform you now that the fifty pounds a year I offered to you is not to be looked upon in the light of a pension. It is purely a matter of charity, which I continue or suspend as circumstances direct. I must request that you be ready to leave the Grange on Saturday next. As for your brother, on reconsideration, I decline to have anything to do with him. You or"—sneering—"Mr. Foster perhaps must look about and find him a home."

"Much obliged, sir, but he has got one," said a voice that seemed to issue from the back of Mr. Westbrook's chair.

"What the devil is that?" cried the gentleman, starting up, and Toots, who had got in as the servants went out, and had been uneasily smelling about in all directions, now bolted with yelps of joy towards the fireside bookcase.

"It was Squirrel speaking," cried Helen.

"But he's not here," exclaimed Olive.

"Yes, he is," returned the semi-ghostly tone, quite cheerfully, and the long piece of oak paneling on which hung old Geoffrey Westbrook's portrait swung slowly forward, disclosing the soot smirched countenance of Master Cyril, holding in his arms a black tin case, marked with Miss Pleasance Westbrook's name in white letters.

"It's her will," he cried exultingly. "I

"It's her will."

went up the chimney yesterday, to get out of Mr. Westbrook's clutches, and slipped in here and found it all by chance. And I knew Aunt Pleasance could not have got up the chimney, so I came up again today and brought some matches with me, and found this little door out. Auntie knew about it, of course, and hid the old parchment up here I suppose. Take it, please, Mr. Foster. I've read it all through. Mr. Westbrook's got the family plate, because she wished it to go with the name, and we've got all the rest. Thank you, Mr. Westbrook, for locking me up yesterday. I'm very much obliged to you. We should never have found Aunt Pleasance's will if you hadn't been so savage with me for nothing!"

THE END.

Modjeska's Forgetful Bridegroom.

Modjeska tells a story about her honeymoon that is somewhat amusing. When the Count and Countess Bozenta went on their wedding trip, I think it was to Paris, I am not sure, it does not matter one morning she had just got up, and the count had been out for an hour or two taking a morning walk. He came back and appeared to be excited.

"Helen! Helen! Come here."

"What is it?"

"Come here, quick. I've brought you some lovely fruit, the first on the market."

"All right, I'm dressing. I'll come out as soon as I get ready."

She dressed leisurely and came out of her room. The count was sitting reading, deeply interested in his work. She looked around. No fruit was to be seen. She looked all over the place. The count looked up.

"What are you looking for?"

"Where's that fruit?"

The count looked on the table. It was not there.

"Well," he said, "I'll be hanged if I haven't eaten it."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Why He Can Smile.

An editorial in the Sauk Rapids, Minn. Sentinel says: We apologize for mistakes made in all former issues and say they were inexcusable, as all an editor has to do is to hunt news, and clean the rollers and set type, and clean the floor, and pen short items, and fold papers, and write wrappers, and make the paste, and mail the papers, and talk to visitors, and distribute type, and carry water, and saw wood, and read the proofs, and correct the mistakes, and hunt the shears to write editorials, and dodge the bills, and dun delinquents and take cussing from the whole force, and tell our subscribers we need money.

We say that we've no business to make mistakes while attending to these little matters, and getting our living on gopher tail soup flavored with imagination, and wearing old shoes and no collar, and a patch on our pants, obliged to turn a smiling countenance to the man who tells us our paper isn't worth one dollar anyhow, and that he could make a better one with his eyes shut.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis while it's wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since it's first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by A Dixon, Sackville, and G. M. Fairweather Dorchester.

The Prince's "Baked" Tater.

The following story is told of the Prince of Wales and the baked "tater" man:—One night lately the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburg were returning home rather late. When they passed Joe, the well known "tater" man in Pall Mall, they took a fancy to taste his wares, and were accommodated by Joe with real not baked potatoes from the can, for which they paid a penny each, and proceeded on their way. Joe had recognized his customers, and on the next day his "tater" can was decorated with a glaring gilt sign showing the three feathers and the legend, "Purveyor to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales." He stationed his apparatus opposite Marlborough House, on the Prince's mingled amusement and dismay. The Prince sent an equerry to order him away, but Joe refused to budge, and kept on doing a rushing business. At last the Prince ordered Sir Francis Knollys to buy him off, and the feathers were removed.

All in A Heap.

MALARIAL fever left me with my blood in a terrible state, with boils breaking out on my head and face. I was so weak to work or even walk, but after taking a quarter of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters I was able to work. The boils all went away in a heap, as it were, and my strength fully restored before the bottle was done. FRED W HAYMES, Winona, Ont

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough and all bronchial and lung troubles. Price 25c. per bottle or 5 for $1.00.

A Hand-Written Newspaper.

Lying on the desk of Mr. W. B. Somerville, in his cosy office in the big Western Union Building, yesterday a Sunday *World* reporter espied a very strange newspaper. At first it looked like a large piece of foolscap closely written, but upon closer examination it proved to be a real live newspaper written by hand. This unique newspaper is published at Prince Albert, a small hamlet in the centre of the Canadian Northwest Territory, and is called the Prince Albert *Critic*. Its size is four pages, four columns to the page.

The paper has a circulation of several hundred copies and is a specimen of what can be done by an enterprising journalist without a font of type. The mode of issuing it is rather peculiar. The matter, instead of being set in type, is written in ink with an electric pen on prepared paper, the rest of the issue being imprints of the original sheet. The paper is newsy, for its size, contains quite a number of advertisements and is the official paper of the hamlet.

Running Sores Healed.

I had a pain in my left side, which broke out in a running sore. Burdock Blood Bitters was the only medicine which gave me relief, although I tried many others. My side is all healed up now, and I am able to go around after being in bed for over a year without relief. I also use Burdock Pills and find them the best I have ever taken.

MRS. B. MADDIS,
Mount Pleasant, Ont.

Tattooing Algerian Girls

In Algeria every girl born of negro parents is tattooed on her forehead between the eyebrows and just at the root of the nose with a cross formed of several straight lines or small stars running close together. These tattoo marks are a dark blue color. Algerian women are also considerably tattooed on the back of the hands, their forearms and chests, as well as on their shoulders—their wrists being especially adorned with drawings representing bracelets and flowers strung together. As a rule women are the operators, and it is principally on children between the ages of 7 and 8 that they have to exercise their art. They use sometimes a needle, but more frequently a Barbary fig tree thorn. They employ soot as a coloring substance. It is made of fine powder made from sulphur of antimony, which is also in great request by the Algerian women for the purpose of face painting.—*Chicago Herald.*

Labor Items.

Sudden accidents often befall artizans, miners and all who work in the open air, besides the exposure to cold and damp producing rheumatism, lame back, stiff joints, lameness, etc. Yellow Oil is a speedy remedy for all such troubles. It is handy and reliable, and can be used internally.

—Analyses made at the New York Experiment Station show the amount of starch in Indian corn at different stages of its growth. The calculation is for one acre. When the corn was in the tassel, it contained 180 pounds of starch per acre; when glazed it was found to contain 2550 pounds of starch and when it was ripe there was found 3540 pounds of starch.

For the cure of colds, coughs, and all derangements of the respiratory organs, no other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It relieves the asthmatic, and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease, and has saved innumerable lives.

—At a meeting of the Bras d'or Lime Company, limited, the directors reported that upwards of 20,000 barrels of lime had been manufactured during the year, and that including the sales of rock, 3,000 tons of lime stone had been quarried.

That tired, debilitated feeling, so prevalent in Spring indicates depraved blood. Now is the time to prove the beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the system, restores physical energy, and infuses new life and vigor into every fibre of the body.

—It is said that the bottoms of several lakes in Colchester county have been taken by parties who intend to dredge the sediment which is said to be one of the best silver polishers known.

A Brilliant Record.

WILL soon end if not supported by genuine merit. The success of Burdock Blood Bitters is founded on merit and approve by trial. It purifies the blood and cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, sick headache and all similar complaints. B. B. B. is purely vegetable.

MARKED DOWN!

WE HAVE STARTED OUR

Annual Mark Down Sale

And are now Offering GREAT BARGAINS on all kinds of WINTER DRY GOODS.

Fur Goods of all Kinds at Great Reduction!

Ready-Made Ulsters, Naps, and Fur-Lined Cloaks at Bargains. Combination Dress Goods, Embroidered and Black Robes of all kinds at decided Bargains.

Mantle Cloths at Cost!

A Large Stock of Hamburg Edging, Torchons, etc., at greatly Reduced Figures.

Now is the time to get Sewing done up. White Cottons, Longdale Cambric, Nainsook, Nansook Muslin, etc., always in stock. Call and Secure Bargains at

F. A. WILSON'S, AMHERST, N. S.

Jan. 20th, 1880.

SHE

(The Sensible Housewife)

Sent the Largest Number of Wrappers of WOODILL'S German Baking Powder

AND WRITES:

WESTVILLE, PICTOU CO., Sept. 5, 1889.

I have received through Mr. Balfour, Postmaster, the prize ($5) offered for the largest number of Wrappers of Woodill's German Baking Powder, and thank you. I was not influenced by offer to use any extra quantity. Have used it for years, and can recommend it as a First-Class Baking Powder

(Signed) E. HALE.

$10, $5, $3, offered until Nov. 20 to the three families in New Brunswick sending Wrappers representing the most value.

Address,

W. M. D. PEARMAN,
HALIFAX, N. S.

No names published without permission.

Bargains! Bargains!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN

Every Line of Goods

For this Season of the Year.

I bought my Stock better than ever before, and I will sell all Goods on the smallest Profits.

Give me a call and I will give you the best possible value for your money.

W. J. MAHONEY.

Baie Verte, May 7th, 1889.

Flour! Flour!

In Store and Due:

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

For Sale Low by

oct30 **M. Wood & Sons.**

NEW GOODS.

JUST OPENED AT THE

New Stand of Business

Near Tidnish Cross Roads,

A General Assortment of

Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots Shoes, Groceries, Crockeryware and Tinware, &c., &c.

Will Sell at Lowest Rates for Cash or Produce.

J HAMILTON.

Tidnish, June 28th, 1889.

Morice's Machine Shop

HAVING Leased the above named Shop from F. H. Morice, and having been at considerable expense for New Machinery, &c., we are now prepared to do

All Kinds of Machine Work

IN OUR LINE, SUCH AS

Shaftings, Pulleys, Repairing Engine Mill Work of All Kinds, Mowing Machines, &c.

A share of your patronage is requested. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WM. CALLAHAN & CO.

Middle Sackville, July 2nd, 1889. tf

MONCTON SUGAR

25 bbls. Standard Granulated,
25 " Extra Yellow C.

For Sale Low.

A. J. BABANG & CO.,

Moncton, N. B.

LABRAD HERRING

IN Whole, Halves and Quarter Barrels.

These are a fine lot of fish and will sell them cheap. Will take Butter, Potatoes or any sort of Farm Produce, and will not refuse cash.

JAMES R. AYER.

Feb. 20.

Morrissey's CALENDAR PAD FOR 1890!

Latest and Best Thing of its Kind Out. Price 25 Cts.

A. MORRISEY,

Stationary, St. Joan.

NOTICE.

30 TONS of Mixed HAY in Stack on Rush Lake, will be sold right to any one buying the lot. Enquire of

nov 28 C. W. KNAPP.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber informs the public that he has re-fitted the

Grist and Barley Mill,

which are now in good running order, and solicits a share of public patronage.

Also—Hulled Barley and Feed for Sale

dec 12 WILLIAM C. MORICE.

Paint! Paint!

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

2 tons Genuine White Lead, ton Coloured Paints.

For Sale, Wholesale or Retail, by

oct3 **M. Wood & Sons.**

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE!

Ladies, Misses and Children's

Ulsters, Russian Circulars, Dolmans and Jackets.

20 Per Cent. Discount

On the above to CLEAR THEM out before STOCK TAKING.

FACTORY COTTONS

At Mill Prices by the piece.

J. B. CASS & CO.

BANK BUILDING,
73 VICTORIA ST., AMHERST.

dec 18.

Public Notice.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale all that valuable Lot of Marsh lying between the Old Dyke, so called, enclosing the Au Lac Body and the River. The Lot contains upwards of 35 Acres.

Price and Terms of Sale apply to

FRANK PALMER,

Or to MESSRS. TOWELL & BENNETT,

Sackville, N. B., April 25th, 1889.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

WILL be Sold by Public Auction, on TUESDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, A. D. 1890, in front of the Court House at Dorchester, in the County of Westmorland, 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 Valentine Estabrooks, Senr., of Midgic, his Possessory Right and Right of Entry, as at Law and in Equity of, in, to and out of the following Lands and Premises situate in Midgic, in the Parish of Sackville, and County of Westmorland, and bounded and described as follows: That Lot, Piece or Parcel of Land situate in Midgic, in Sackville aforesaid, on which the said Valentine Estabrooks now resides, being bounded and described easterly by the Main Road through Midgic, Northerly by the Estate of the late Milledge Estabrooks, Southerly by Lands of William Anderson, and Easterly by the Ogden and Palmer Grant (so called), containing Twenty Acres, more or less, being the same Lot of Land conveyed by a certain Indenture of Mortgageby the said Valentine Estabrooks and Mary, his wife, to David Wheaton, and registered in the Westmorland County Records on the thirteenth day of June, A. D. 1887, in Libro G 5, Folio 341, No. 1,634.

Also, all other Real Estate of the said Valentine Estabrooks, whensoever situate or howsoever described within my bailiwick—the County of Westmorland—the same having been seized under and to be sold by virtue of an Execution issued out of the County Court of Westmorland against the said Valentine Estabrooks.

Given at Dorchester in the County of Westmorland, October 30th, A. D. 1889.

ANGUS McQUEEN, Sheriff.

nov9.

The above sale is postponed until TUESDAY, 18th day APRIL next, A. D., 1890, same hour. ANGUS McQUEEN, Sheriff.

Dorchester, Feb. 11th.

Professional Co-Partnership.

DRS. D. C. ALLEN and C. A. McQUEEN

Offices over Griffin's Store, Victoria St. Entrance: side door next Lamy Hotel. Residence:

23 Station St. AMHERST.

DR. McQUEEN

Graduate Jeff. Med. Coll. Phila. 1882. Late Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital and London Throat and Ear Hospitals.

Diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat a speciality.

March 6—6m.