Love's Coming.

She had looked for his coming as warriors come.
With the clash of arms and the bugle's call;
But he came instead with a stealthy tread,
Which she did not hear at all.

She had thought how his armor would blaze in the sun
As he rode like a prince to claim his bride;
In the sweet, dim light of the falling night
She found him at her side.

She had dreamed how the gaze of his strange, bold eye
Would wake her heart to a sudden glow;
She found in his face the familiar grace
Of a friend she used to know.

She had dreamed how his coming would stir her soul
As the ocean is stirred by the wild storm's strife;
He brought her the balm of a heavenly calm
And a peace which crowned her life.

—Told by a philososhical writer on matrimony in a western paper: "And just here let me repeat an anecdote of a wife of a few months, who, in the midst of her first quarrel, was asked by her husband which ought to give up first, the man who was the head of the woman, or the woman who was created for the man? With a smile and a kiss the wife replied: "Neither the stronger nor the weaker, but the one who loves the most.

—A dude looking at a camel. "If I only had such a neck what a collar I could wear."

A Remarkable Case.

Frederick Wieze, of Minden, Ont., suffered with running sores on both legs which the best of physicians failed to cure. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him completely. Scrofula always due to bad blood, is curable when timely treated with B. B. B.

For Sale and To Let.

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber will Sell that VALUABLE PROPERTY formerly owned by the late Oliver Boultenhouse, Esq.

CAPT. E. S. TOWSE.
Sackville, Nov. 23rd, 1887.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of the late Reuben Chase, Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a vegetable garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good barn and outbuildings. Also a number of good hens for sale. Possession given immediately. Apply to

MRS. REUBEN CHASE,
Upper Sackville.
Sackville, April 13th, 1887. tf

FOR SALE.

TWO Colts, four years old, broken and of the best breeding, sired by Wallace and "Barnes" Horse respectively; 1 Colt, three years old, of "Barnes" Horse; 1 Colt, one year old; 1 Brood Mare, old, will exchange for Cattle; 1 Yoke very fine Steers, five years old, well broken. Also some good Sheep, "Shrop." and "Leister" Grade.

Terms easy, on Approved Notes.

D. L. HANINGTON.
Dorchester, Oct. 3rd, 1887.

House and Lot

For Sale or to Let.

THIS desirable Property formerly owned by Alex. Johnston, is situated at Upper Sackville, convenient to School, Church, Store and Post Office, and is a very pleasant locality. The House is new and very convenient; Outbuildings are in good repair. There is also a Blacksmith Shop and Carpenter Shop on the premises, and plenty of good water.

Terms very favorable. Apply to

CHARLES FAWCETT,
May 11th, 1887. Sackville, N. B.

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in Baie Verte, consisting of a Dwelling House, Shop, Office, Outhouses and Wharf. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in town, and only a few minutes' walk from Churches, School House or Station.

If not sold within a short time, the Shop, with Office, suitable for any kind of business, can be let separately.

Title undoubted. Apply to

T. A. WELLING.
Baie Verte, May 25th, 1887

Notice of Sale.

To Henry L. Mitchell, late of Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, in the Province of New Brunswick, and all other Persons whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the thirteenth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, and made between the said Henry L. Mitchell, then of Sackville aforesaid, in the County and Province aforesaid, Cabinet maker, of the one part, and Josiah Wood, of Sackville aforesaid, in the County and Province aforesaid, Gentleman, of the other part, and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the County aforesaid, by the Number 45,428, Folio 29, Libro P, 4, on the thirteenth day of August, in the year aforesaid, which said Mortgage was assigned to the undersigned Thomas A. Kinnear, of Sackville aforesaid, in the County and Province aforesaid, Barrister-at-Law, by the said Josiah Wood, by Indenture bearing date the third day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the County aforesaid, by the Number 52,388, Folio 102, Libro I, 5, on the fifth day of December, in the year last aforesaid: there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, at or near the "Brunswick House," (so called,) at Sackville aforesaid, in the County and Province aforesaid, on WEDNESDAY, the TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF JANUARY next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, the LANDS and PREMISES in said Indenture of Mortgage, described as follows: "That certain "piece or parcel of Land situate in Sackville "aforesaid, bounded as follows: Easterly by "the Station Road (so called); south-westerly "by Lands leased to the Colonial Foundry "(so called) as a Road; westerly by the Boul-"tenhouse Shipyard Road (so called); and "north-easterly by Lands of Christopher "Milner, said piece or parcel of Land con-"taining one acre, more or less." Together with all and singular the Buildings, Improvements, Privileges and Appurtenances to the said Premises, belonging or in any wise appertaining.

For terms and particulars apply to the undersigned.

Dated the seventh day of December, A. D. 1887.

THOMAS A. KINNEAR,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

CASTORIA

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Sensible and Useful

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

If you want to make your Wife, Husband, Daughter, Son or Friend a Present, be sure and see our Collection which is too numerous to specify.

By late Arrivals we have Received:

Lard in 5 and 20 lbs. Pails;
Tea, a superior article, in caddies and half chests;
Raisins, in Layers and Valencias;
Currants and Spices of all kinds;
Decorated Window Blinds;
Blind Rollers and Polls;
Carpet Sweepers, best make;
Overshoes, for Men, Women and Children;
Lamps, in Table, Hall and Chandeliers;
Table Glassware in great variety;
Table Plated Ware;
Table and Pocket Cutlery;
Acme Skates, all sizes;
Wolf and Lap Robes:
Horse Rugs and Whips;
Sleigh Bells, in variety;
Shelf Hardware, etc.

Our Stock of Furniture is very large.

DUNLAP BROS. & COMPANY,
dec14 AMHERST, N. S.

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IS BEING CREATED BY

CHAPMAN BROS'

Handsome New Store and Magnificent Display of

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Men's and Boys' Ready-Made Overcoats and Ulsters,

And can show Wholesale or Retail Buyers the **Largest Stock of Clothing** (within fifty miles) at from 10 to 20 per cent. LESS than ever before seen in this vicinity.

NEXT WEEK WILL BE OUR

Call early and secure Bargains. } **CLOTHING WEEK.** { Call early and secure Bargains.

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FUR GOODS

Is simply immense, and consists of Grey and Black Goat Robes; Men's Fur Coats, in Buckharan, Astrachan, Racoon, Siberian Dog, Asiatic Lamb and Chinese Goat; Men's Caps, Gloves, Collars and Cuffs, in Otter, Mink, South Sea Seal, Persian Lamb, Astrachan, Beaver and Baltic Seal.

Ladies' Astrachan Jackets, Fur-Lined Circulars and Boas. Fur Trimmings in great variety.

Amherst, Dec. 14, 1887.—6i **Chapman Brothers.**

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—ALSO—

Mantle Cloths, Astrachan and Fur Trimmings, Fur Capes and Coats.

Our Stock of Ladies' Hosiery and Gloves is the Finest in the Town.

Call and See Them and be Convinced.

E. J. AYER.

Amherst, N. S., Oct. 12th, 1887.

QUITE

A REACTION is taking place in the demand. The public beginning to discover that they can get a CHEAPER article and AS GOOD QUALITY by buying

Paper.	Woodill's	Tins.
5 cts.	German	7 cts.
10 cts.	Baking	12 cts.
20 cts.	Powder.	22 cts.

Full Weights.

MRS. J. H. SMITH, 254 Union Street, St. John, says of it: "I will put it against any other Baking Powder for quality in this market." dec28

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A Double Turbine Water Wheel.

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4i Peterborough, Ont.

Money to Loan.

THE subscribers are prepared to loan Money on good security at reasonable rates.

POWELL & BENNETT.
Sackville, July 15, 1886.

Sawdust.

The saw-mill with its teeth of steel
Bites through the log upon the tram
And drops the dust like golden meal
Into the stream below the dam.

It floats in long procession down—
Puts golden fringe on the water's edge,
Or rests in nooklets green and brown,
And shines like sparks among the sedge,

Now swims a particle away
And minnows push it here and there
As boys at foot-ball love the play
On summer days in the summer air.

The water shouts in cheering tones
As floats the shining masses down
Around the curves, among the stones,
And past the busy trade-blind town.

And still the saw with teeth of steel
Bites through the log upon the tram
And drops its food like golden meal
Into the stream below the dam.

—*Jerome W. Turner.*

Jack Chester's Christmas.

A Tale of the Parrsborough Shore.

(*James Hannay, in the Empire.*)

CHAPTER I.

Simeon Chester, or "Old Sim," as he was familiarly called by his neighbors, resided on the Parrsborough Shore. Chester was a fisherman and his house was, as was fitting, conveniently located for the successful prosecution of that apostolic calling. It stood in the sweep of a broad bay to the eastward of Fox Point sheltered from the cold north winds by the high bank and partially protected from the assaults of the sea by a wharf-like erection of timber in which the house was placed. Still when the wind blew hard from the south-west the waves would dash perilously near the door of the fisherman's home and there were some who even predicted that one of these days it would be swept away and carried out to sea by the retreating tide. With this view of the matter, however, old Simeon could never be induced to agree. "All scriptur's agin it," he would say, "this 'ere house is founded on a rock and ain't a goin to sea."

The little wharf, on which the house stood was hardly a rock, but it served at all events as a sort of bulwark for the good fisherman; there was his barn, a small affair just large enough to hold a ton or two of hay and to shelter his cow, and there also were his two boats, the big one for fishing in the Gut and the small one for shore and river work. Equally typical of his calling was Simeon's smoke house, where his fish was prepared for market. A stand for nets completed the equipment of the wharf.

Simeon Chester was not a young man; he was in fact verging on sixty, yet still hale and strong. In figure he was stout and strong, and his face was tanned with exposure and deeply wrinkled; while as for his hair it had mostly disappeared and what remained of it was grey. Simeon had a bright eye and a cheerful expression, and was in fact just what he looked—a good-natured, simple, honest fisherman.

Mrs. Chester, whom Simeon sometimes call "the wife," and at other times Sarah, her baptismal name, was, like her liege lord, short and stout, and was in such good terms with herself, and the world at large that her face was seldom without a smile. She was nearly as old as her husband, but still felt herself good for twenty years of hard work, though she sometimes expressed the opinion that a fisherman's wife got rather more than her share of labor. Sarah was a fitting helpmate for Simeon and they jogged on through life very comfortably together. They were far from rich, yet they contrived to make ends meet, so they were content.

The only child this worthy couple ever had was a son who was born many years after their marriage, when all hopes of an heir to their family name had long been given up.

Jack Chester, or "Johnny," as his parents sometimes called him, might almost be described as the child of their old age, and therefore was in great danger of being badly spoiled. If he escaped this fate it was probably because, although full of mischief and fun, he was a boy of sense and recognized the fact that he could not always be tied to his mother's apron strings. Jack was a great reader and a great worker, in fact what he had to do he did with all his might. He was consumed with ambition to advance himself in the world and to acquire knowledge. When fifteen years old he was "allowed" by his neighbors, to have "the best larnin" of any lad on the Parrsboro' shore.

When the neighbors of the Chester family are spoken of, the terms must only be understood in a comparative sense. Close neighbors they had none, for the nearest house was more than a mile away, and the road which led to it was little better than a path. Old Simeon, for the purpose of being close to his fish, had to withdraw himself in a measure from the busier world of the settlement and be content with the company of those of his own household. There were excellent reasons why he never could have any near neighbors, for on the upland behind him for more than a mile stretched a blue-berry barren, a paradise for rabbits, but of no use to the farmer.

At the time this story opens Simeon was about the last of the fishermen that were left on the Parrsboro' shore. The fishing business was by no means what it once had been and its returns were unsatisfactory. Some said that it was the mills that had spoiled the fishing, others maintained that the tides did not run as they did once and that all the fish had gone to the south shore. Many and conflicting were the theories on the subject, but all agreed to the main fact that the fishing was getting worse every year. Still old Simeon between his weirs and his nets and his lines contrived to catch a good many fish and to eke out a tolerable comfortable living.

"The fishing will last my time," he would say, when urged to go elsewhere, "I ain't agoin' to leave this shore where I know the set of every tide and go to some place where I don't know nothin' about the water and would have to begin my eddicashun over again."

Knowledge of the tides, in point of fact, formed the most important branch of a Parrsboro' fisherman's education. There was nothing slow or slack about them. When a body of water sixty feet deep has to come in and go out every twelve hours there is no room for dilatory measures. Even Yankee smartness has so far failed to invent or discover on this side of the Atlantic anything quite equal to Cape Split "rip," and even Fox Point rip is more than most men care to face with a strong wind and a flood tide. Simeon was quite right in thinking his knowledge of the mysteries of the tide of the Gut of Minas was an "eddicashun."

One Christmas eve, when Jack was fifteen, Sarah Chester got one of the greatest surprises of her life, and it was all owing to her hopeful son. A poor woman, who lived a couple of miles away, had died a few weeks before, leaving a helpless little family to the care of a very worthless and dissipated husband. The neighbors had been very kind to Mrs. Cole in her last illness and had taken such care of the children as they could, but after her death and burial Cole had acted so outrageously that they were afraid to go near the house. Word was, however, passed round the neighborhood that something should be done to make the Christmas season tolerable for the orphaned ones. Mrs. Chester was not the woman to be backward in such a good work.

Early in the afternoon Jack Chester, with a well filled basket, started for the home of the Cole family. He received very specific instructions from his mother as to his conduct on the way; not to walk too fast, or to stay too long; not to throw stones at Squire Fulton's dog, or engage in a fight with young Sam Ayer, or do any one of many other obnoxious things which boys are apt to do. All these orders Jack promised faithfully to obey, with a mental reservation as regarded the squire's dog, and took his departure whistling as he went. It was almost dusk before he returned, and he came in such a fashion that Mrs. Chester, whose eyesight was not very good, had some difficulty in recognizing her own son. He was seen to be carrying something on his shoulders as he came in view, but what it was his mother could not make out. He had almost reached the door before she saw that his burden was alive, and was nothing less than a little girl about five years of age.

"Sakes alive, Johnny," exclaimed Mrs. Chester, "what's that you've got?"

The subject of this inquiry, who wore a dress of red flannel and had a very red face, for the air was sharp, looked down upon the old lady with a pair of very pretty brown eyes and smiled.

"Why, mother, don't you know little Annie Cole, this is her," said Jack, "there's nothing to eat in their house and no fire, all the folks were taking away the children, so I went for little Annie, Sam Ayer's mother wanted her, but I got her."

"But, goodness me," continued the good woman, "what are you goin' to do with her?"

"Keep her, mother, keep her," cheerfully responded Jack, "I like her, and you and dad will like her when you get to know her. Annie's a brick."

By this time Mrs. Chester had lifted down little Annie from her lofty perch and given her a motherly kiss. The old lady was kind and hospitable, but she was somewhat staggered at the responsibility of taking care of a child that was hardly more than an infant. Jack, however, was superior to all hesitation or doubt. He had already settled the whole affair in his own mind and that, in his opinion, ended it. From that hour little Annie Cole became an inmate of the fisherman's house. It turned out Jack's concise account of the disposal of the Cole children was strictly accurate. The neighbors could not see the poor creatures perish, and there was nothing else to do but to take them away. As for Cole, he never troubled himself about the matter, but when he got sober took himself out of the country, and was seen in Parrsboro' no more.

When old Simeon heard of the addition that had been so suddenly made to his family he gave a little chuckle of a laugh and exclaimed, "Just like Jack, that boy ain't like no other boy that I knows of in this 'ere township" Old Simeon was quite right.

CHAPTER II.

Four years passed over the Chester household without any very remarkable incident. The fishing business grew no better, but rather worse, and although Jack engaged in it with a great deal of zeal and showed an energy in its prosecution that his father had never displayed, the result was not very satisfactory.

"It ain't no use, Jack," old Simeon would say, "I must jest jog along; the fish don't come here now so we can't catch them. 'Pears to me you'd do full better goin' to sea or in one of them 'ere Gloucester sharp-shooters."

Jack pondered over his father's advice many times and came to the conclusion that it was good. If the fish don't come of course we can't catch them; then why go fishing for what does not come anyway. These were Jack's thoughts, and after talking the matter over with his mother, he made up his mind to go to sea.

There are two ways in which a lad brought up on the coast can go to sea. He may go with no education and with no prospect before him but that of being a drudge all his life, or he may obtain an education, learn navigation, and go to sea with the assurance that in good time he will become the master of a vessel. Jack considered the latter system the preferable one, so he spent the whole of one winter at the school in Parraborough Village learning navigation, and advanced in that branch of his chosen profession so rapidly that the teacher declared Jack knew as much about it as he did himself.

Jack Chester was nineteen when he began his actual life as a sailor on board the good brig Lilian, bound from West Bay to Liverpool with a cargo of deals. From Liverpool he went to the West Indies, from thence to New York, and so on in a round of similar voyages. At the end of two years Jack was second mate of the Lilian, and might have risen to be first mate or even master if nature had constructed the Bay of Fundy somewhat differently. In the middle of the Bay, about fifteen miles west of Cape Chignecto, is a large reef, covered at high water, known as Quaco Ledges. The captain of the Lilian was what is known as a "rusher," with a great ambition to make quick voyages; and so it happened that, in his desire to make a fast run from New York to Parrsboro', he quite forgot that there were rocks ahead of him, and just forty-eight hours after he passed through Hell Gate his brig was high and dry on Quaco Ledges. The Lilian was hauled off next tide, not much the worse, but Jack had his left arm broken, and had to stay on shore for a couple of months."

When Jack got well again the Lilian was on her way to River Plate, and there was no vessel in Parrsboro' in which he cared to ship.

"Try a sharp-shooter, Johnny," said his father; "if I was as young as you be I'd try a sharp-shooter."

Jack thought the advice was good, and followed it. "Trying a sharp-shooter" was Simeon's way of describing the operation of shipping on board a Gloucester fishing vessel bound for the Grand Banks.

Mrs. Chester, who seldom differed from her husband in anything, was very much opposed to the "sharpshooter" idea, and did not conceal her sentiments, but the united forces in favor of it were too potent for her and she had to yield. When Jack turned his back on his father's house to seek employment in a foreign country he was just twenty-one years of age. He was a good-looking fellow with brown hair, blue eyes and a rather prominent nose. Taller than his father, he was not nearly so stout, but much more active than old Simeon had ever been at his best. In short, Jack was very aptly described by old Capt. Sawyer when he said, "That young Chester's a good-looking, saucy, able dog."

When Jack left home Annie Cole had grown to be a tall, smart-looking girl of eleven, who, never having seen anyone on the Parrsboro' shore quite so clever as Jack, naturally regarded him as the greatest person in the township. This was fortunate for her in one respect, for it induced her to obey Jack's constant injunction to her to go to school and learn all she could. This advice was given so often that it may be said to have been a sort of creed which the young sailor had formulated for the benefit of himself and his friends. His last word to his mother, as he bade her good-bye, was to see that Annie went to school.

Two or three weeks after he left Parrsborough young Chester was on board the Gloucester fishermen J. G. Tarr, bound for the Grand Banks. The Tarr was heavily manned, and carried twenty-four men all told. She was one of those vessels that have been eloquently described by the Congressmen of Maine and Massachusetts as nurseries for the American navy. This particular nursery for the navy had just two citizens and residents of the United States on board of her—the captain and the cook. The captain was a native of Cape Breton, who had become a citizen of the United States in order to be qualified to command an American vessel; the cook was a gentleman of color. Two of the sailors were Norwegians, and the other twenty were residents of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Thus is the American navy nursed.

Jack's career on board the J. G. Tarr was very brief. A week after the vessel reached the Grand Banks, he went with another sailor in a dory to fish. A dense fog swept down over the sea and the banker and her boats instantly lost sight of each other. After much delay and a long search the banker succeeded in picking up all her boats except one, but the missing dory was the one which contained Chester and his companion. When the Tarr returned to Gloucester she reported the loss of her dory and the two men and the news was published in the *Cape Ann Advertiser*. Some one sent a copy of the paper to old Simeon and it was in this way that he learned his only son was lost. It was a sad day for the inmates of the fisherman's cottage. Mrs. Chester and Annie relieved their feelings by copious tears, but old Simeon could not weep. He sat down in a dazed condition and looked out upon the water which rolled in angry waves between him and Cape Split.

"And it was me that sent him to sea," he said to himself, "and now they say that he's lost; but I'll not believe it. He'll come back to me; surely he'll come back. I'll see my brave boy again."

This was a brave and hopeful speech, but there was very little in the circumstances of the case to justify it. There was the chance to be sure that the dory might have been picked up by a passing vessel, and this chance kept hope alive in the old man's heart for a long time. He had never been much of a reader, in fact spelling out words in a newspaper was to him a much more arduous task than fishing, but now he became smitten with a desire to spend all his spare time in reading newspapers. A Halifax paper and a St. John paper and a New York maritime paper that he borrowed from a neighbor became his constant study. Every item of marine news was anxiously scanned in the hope that he might obtain some tidings of his son.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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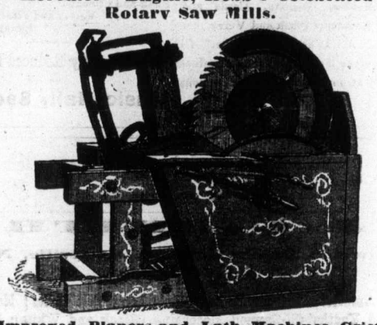

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Heavy stock of Mill Supplies of Every Description. Write for Circulars.

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