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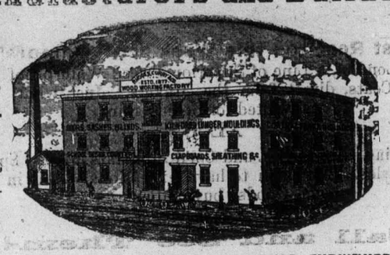

DOORS SASHES, BLINDS, WOOD Mantels, MOULDings, etc

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Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Materia

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, whi 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 W ranted. Do not fail to see these Goods

Custom Work a Specialty.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY & NEATLY DONE.

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,

care in pr Great Variety.

ket the BER SETS,

favo in all the Latest Styles.

ment. A CUPS.

from and Plates to match, by doz.

who d Plates, Soup Plates,

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Ontario pply of separate pieces.

are sold —IN— tion.

Bec ASS SETS

bre have 10 Different Styles to select from. Also

Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Nappies, Goblets, Tumblers, Butter Coolers, Ten Diffe nent onterns, Globe L t prisinds, from 30 per su 4.00, Lamp Cha of All s,

China Gift Cups & Mugs.

The Best and Cheapest that I ever offered. Also,

Breakfast Casters,

in Silver and Majolica, Silver Teaspoons and Tablespoons, Knives and Forks, Kitchen Furnishing Goods of all kinds, Brushes—in Scrub, Stove, Shoe & Horse, Vis & 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, SALT, &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

Griffins, Amherst, N. S.:

3 CASES,

CONTAINING

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 Dodge Dwelling House and Barns, &c. Terms easy. Possession given immediately.

D. I. HANINGTON.

Baie Verte, 29th October, 1889. 3m

NOTICE.

ONS having Claims against the Estate of HARRIS, late of Sackville, deceased, ed the same in, properly attested, to the Executors, or either of them, and ons indebted to said Estate are requested to ke to the said Executors at once.

ville, 1889. FRED. HARRIS. SARAH HARRIS.

Marsh for Sale.

offers for Sale his Marsh Land, Boby, in the Parish of West- it about eight acres of English ass. It is the Lot of Marsh ption of John Freeman.

to carriage, and Terms of Sale, apply to vides JAMES HAWKINS, or to ssrs. Powell & Bennett, ville, 1889. His Solicitors,

New Cloths! New Cloths!

For Fall & Winter Wear.

We are showing the largest assortment of

Fine Cloths

For the coming season to be found in the Maritime Provinces. Our assortment o

Fine Trouserings

Cannot be excelled

PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY

Ranging from $3.75 to $10.50 per pr.

The most of these Goods can only be ob tained by direct importers. Make your selection while we have these Goods. Come and see them and it will cost you nothing, and while you are here we will be pleased to show you our assortment of Fine

Scotch & English Tweeds, Worsteds, &c.

Which you will find to be far ahead in all respects, of lines carried by any other House in the Maritime Provinces. An inspection of these Goods will convince you that for

Elegant Designs and Best Possible Value

You have the Right Place.

We also wish to call your attention to our handsome display of

Fall and Winter Overcoatings,

Elegant in Design and Finish. An exceedingly Handsome Assortment. These Goods cannot fail to please, and the Prices are sure to suit.

Remember, we are by far the largest buyers, take advantage of Cash Discounts, and must therefore be in a position to Sell Goods Lower than all other Competitors.

New Hats.

We will open on Sept. 2nd the Finest Line of

American Hats

YET SHOWN, CONSISTING OF

Soft and Stiff Hats, In Fur and Wool.

These are the Nobbiest Shapes and Best Value offered.

Dunlap, Cooke & Co,

Amherst, N. S., Aug. 28th, 1889.

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.

Mistress Dorothy's Ghost.

From that time her letters, though less frequent, grew more interesting than ever, filled almost entirely though they were with glowing descriptions of the manifold virtues and perfections of Prince Charming, whose earthly name of Edward Pomfret was usually abbreviated into "dearest Teddy."

Sir George and his niece spent the spring in Italy, and the following summer in Switzerland; but towards the fall I received a letter with an English postmark. They had been in London for a week or two, but were just now on the point of returning to Drasdale Abbey, Sir George's place in Derbyshire; and, with regard to herself, Daisy informed me that she was quite well and strong again now; and the one thing necessary to render her happiness complete was the presence of her dearest friend Sydney. And then followed a pressing invitation, seconded by a kindly message from Sir George himself, to come and pay them a visit.

Good little Daisy! It was like her, I thought, to remember me in the midst of her own happiness; and of course I was wild to go. I had heard so much about Drasdale Abbey, which, according to my lively fancy, must be a perfect fairy palace of splendor and delight, or, what was very much the same thing to me, one of those fine old ancestral mansions with oriel windows, long corridors, and haunted chambers, standing in the midst of stately parks, with sunny glades, oaken clumps and startled deer, about which we read so much in English novels. And I wrote immediately to mamma, begging and praying for permission to go.

Never to my impatient imagination had the wide Atlantic seemed so wide, or the coming of the mails so tediously delayed; but finally, to my intense relief, a letter bearing the familiar New York post mark arrived, which contained not only the longed for permission, couched in mamma's choicest phraseology, but also a check for three hundred dollars.

"A small sum with which to make any little addition to your wardrobe, my love," she wrote; "and need I tell you, my dearest Sydney, how deeply I am gratified by Sir George Drasdale's very polite invitation, and the chance it affords you of seeing a little really good English society? And, as I am naturally anxious that you should make a suitable appearance, I have forwarded the enclosed, together with a set of pearls from Tiffany's, which your papa had intended sending you next month as a little birthday surprise."

Poor mamma! Knowing her weak point as I did, I might have been confident that she would have been too much flattered by an invitation from a man of Sir George Drasdale's family and rank to raise any objection to my visit. I kissed and cried over her letter in a little rapture of delight and gratification; and, having communicated my success to my friend, in a few days Daisy's maid, Mrs. Porter, a respectable middle aged woman who had lived in the family for years, arrived at the pensionnat to chaperon me back to England.

It was a fine morning on which I sat out on my journey, bright with blue skies and the golden October sunlight; and, strapping my trunk and donning my tasteful new traveling suit, I ran down stairs, with a delicious little sensation of freedom and importance, to bestow good-by kisses on my schoolmates, who, gathered in little envious groups, were waiting about the hall to see me step into the fiacre in which Porter, looking eminently dignified and respectable, was impatiently awaiting me.

We made the channel passage in safety, in spite of the fact that it was rather rough, and that Porter, who was a martyr to mal de mer, and who lay limp and helpless about the cabin, confidently expected to go to the bottom about every five minutes, and became firmly impressed with the conviction that she had sounded the depths of human woe in the transit; and, having spent one night in London, we started by an early train on the following morning for Derbyshire.

The great city was still enough as we drove through it on our way to the station, the tall fronts of the silent houses with their closed blinds gleaming stately and cold in the saffron light, and, before I had thoroughly realized the fact that I was actually breathing the air of the London of my dreams—that weird romance of splendid wealth and abject poverty which the pen of a Dickens or the pencil of a Dore can alone portray—we were out among the bright warm meadows, the russet tinted woods, and the purple hills, where the sunlight lay in patches, and over which the soft sweet wind came at intervals fragrant and delicious.

I had taken the precaution of fortifying myself with a box of bonbons and the last new novel against the ennui of the journey, but I did not need them. The pleasant changeful scenery and the people coming and going at the many stopping places along the route gave occupation for the forenoon, and a few hours after midday we reached our destination.

"The next station will be ours, miss," Porter remarked, rousing up from a long nap to make the announcement as the train began to slacken speed. "And there is one of Sir George's servants waiting for us," she added, catching sight of a tall young man in livery as the train came alongside the platform of the quiet little country station at which we were to alight.

But I had no eyes for the tall young man in livery; for drawn up before the entrance stood a dainty little "turn out" in the shape of a tiny basket pony carriage, in which sat a golden haired, exquisitely dressed young lady, in whom with one glance I recognized Daisy.

The recognition was mutual. I saw her lift her whip, the sweet, fair face lighting up with the old familiar smile; and, leaving the satchels and traveling rugs to the care of Porter and the young man in livery, I sprang from the train, and, darting towards her, caught her in my arms, kissing and hugging her with an amount of energy and effusion that evidently took two or three impassive looking Englishmen, who put up their eyeglasses to survey me, by surprise.

"Dear, darling old Syd, how good it is to see you again!" Daisy exclaimed, holding me at arm's length to get a better look at me, and evidently as oblivious of the proprieties and the astonished looks of the bystanders as I was. "Why, how pretty—how perfectly charming you are looking! I came on purpose to have the felicity of driving you home, and of getting you all to myself for an hour or two. Turner will see to Porter and the trunks—the wagonette is waiting for them. And now tell me, Syd, did you have a smooth passage across; and did Porter take good care of you?"

"Splendid! There were some good sized waves, but I've seen bigger, and Porter is an incomparable companion for a sea voyage," I laughed, thinking of that estimable woman's woe begone expression as we rolled about at the mercy of the little steam shopping Channel waves. "But, Daisy dear, would you mind giving me a good shake or a pinch, just to convince me that I am actually awake, and that it's all real, you know? I'm afraid that my being here is too good to be true, and that I shall wake up presently to find myself in the dreary old class room, with the bell ringing for lessons or prayers."

"It's as real as anything else in this world," she began, with a shade that somehow died away into a sigh. "There are people, you know, who say that life is itself but a dream—a painful, feverish one."

During the drive to Drasdale Abbey—and such a delightful drive as it was too, along a broad smooth road that lay like a line of white between tall hedgerows bright in patches with the coral berries of the wild rose and hawthorn, from which cloudlike flocks of birds flew up as we passed, to circle in dark drifts over the green fields and the purple hills beyond—I came to the conclusion that some vague, intangible change had taken place in Daisy since the day I had seen her last, a change that became more than ever apparent when, on our arrival at the abbey, we sat talking over old times in the warm glow of the library fire; and, now that the flush lent to her cheeks by excitement and exercise had died out, I was shocked to see with what painful distinctness the blue veins showed up through the pale transparent skin, and what a worried, anxious, almost hunted expression she had acquired.

What could have happened to her, what could have so changed my bright, sunshiny little Daisy? I wondered, glancing around at the splendid evidences of wealth and taste with which she was everywhere surrounded. Something was wrong; I was sure of it. Could it be that Mr. Teddy Pomfret had anything to do with it? But, from the way in which her face lit up whenever she spoke of him and his expected arrival on the morrow, when I was to see that masculine miracle for myself, I could hardly think it.

"Daisy dear," I ventured at last, seeing how painfully nervous and preoccupied her manner was, and how, at the opening of a door or the passing of a shadow, she would start and tremble, "do you think you have quite recovered from your last winter's illness? I am afraid you have returned too soon; you are scarcely looking so strong and well as your letters led me to expect."

"Daisy dear," I ventured at last.

She started, and turning away her face, exclaimed:

"Now, Syd dear, if you are going to croak, I shall run away and leave you to go into the dismals alone. But come, cherie—let us go up stairs and dress for dinner," she added, springing to her feet and glancing at her watch. "We dine at 7, and your trunks will have arrived by this time. Besides, I want to show you your room. Ah, there is Madeline!" she broke off as the clatter of hoofs drew my attention to the window, from which I saw a lady splendidly mounted, and followed by a groom in livery, dash up the avenue towards the front entrance. Did I tell you that my cousin Madeline Amhurst is staying with us, Sydney?"

"Cousin? Why, Daisy, I had no idea you had a cousin! I am sure you never mentioned her to me before," I returned, staring in surprise after the graceful, swaying figure in the perfectly fitting habit as it swept past, with just the faintest possible tinge of envy. Ah those Englishwomen! Why is it that with all their graces and fascinations, my countrywomen have never yet been able to equal them in that most graceful accomplishment of horsemanship?

"Well, dear, properly speaking, Madeline Amhurst is not my cousin, though I have always been in the habit of calling her so. She is the daughter of Sir George's half sister, who, very much against the wishes of her family, married a disreputable adventurer, who not only spent her fortune, but ill treated and finally deserted her. Not that she ever wanted for anything, for Uncle George, who is good to every one, provided for her until she died, and has taken care of her daughter ever since; although, since my return to England on the death of papa, who died in India, you know, Madeline has chosen to reside with an aunt in London." Daisy explained, as, linking her arm in mine, she led me up to the room prepared for me, through the grand hall, with its tessellated floor, its stained glass windows and somber walls of polished oak, hung with pictures, weapons and armor, which, like the broad staircase, looked, to my American eyes, altogether too grand and stately for real home comfort.

And such a delightful little room it was when we reached it! A carpet soft as velvet and of some rich dark mosaic pattern covered the floor. A few choice chromos and engravings enlivened the walls, which were papered of a soft French gray. A bouquet of delicious hothouse flowers stood before the mirror on the marble topped dressing table, among the exquisitely tinted silver mounted perfume bottles. A coal fire burnt in the low polished grate, and near the lace draped windows that looked out on the matchless view of hill and dale and bosky ravine stood a little low rocking chair that caught my eyes in an instant.

"You see I did not forget that comical little Yankee weakness of yours, Sydney dear," she laughed, as I sank into it with a delicious little sigh of satisfaction; "and I am going to make you confess that, if there is one thing more than another in which thy soul delighteth, it is a rocker."

"I don't want to deny it, my dear. And you and your strait laced countrywomen have my full permission to sit on stiff backed chairs and laugh as much as you like." I magnanimously returned, rocking away as hard as I was able. Everybody knows that a rocking chair is about as necessary to your true born Yankee as a swaying tree branch to a ringtailed monkey. Another proof, I should not wonder, of our monkey descent! I am surprised Mr. Darwin did not think to mention it; but he is welcome to the suggestion.

My toilet accomplished, I went downstairs to be made acquainted with Sir George, Miss Amhurst and several other guests who had been invited to dinner. With Sir George, a dear old gentleman with a bald head, a shining sweet face and courtly old school manners, I fell in love at first sight; but with Miss Amhurst I was far less favorably impressed.

"A splendid doll, destitute alike of wit, of talent, or feeling," I decided during the first hour of our acquaintance; but subsequent observation induced me to suspect that under her cold, passionless exterior there lay an undercurrent of shrewd cunning that might possibly on a pinch serve Miss Amhurst in place of intellect.

On the following day Mr. Edward Pomfret arrived, and for a time Daisy brightened and improved so visibly in the happiness of his society that I began to hope the mysterious cloud darkening her life had been dispelled.

"Who is that lady in the powdered hair and pointed stomacher?" I inquired, as Daisy and I went up to our room together one night, pausing as I spoke in front of a life size painting of a beautiful woman with a pale, proud face and a baleful light in the cold gray eyes with which she seemed always to follow our movements as we came and went up and down the great hall staircase, on the landing of which it hung.

"An ancestress of mine, Sydney, who lived and had her being nearly three centuries ago—one Mistress Dorothy Drasdale—a woman with a horrible history, about which I hate to think," she replied, shudderingly shrinking away.

"Is that so? How very delightfull If there is one thing I like better than another it is a story with a spice of the horrible in it." I thoughtlessly remarked, holding up the lamp to study the cold, handsome features, to which the flickering light imparted a strangely lifelike play. "It must be perfectly splendid to have ancestors who have mysterious histories. Now there is mamma; she is very much given to talking about her family. But they have all been so dreadfully respectable, according to her, that I have never been able to get up any great amount of interest in them—all the way down from the first originator, who came over with Columbus, or Capt. John Smith—or was it Capt. Kidd?—the man who married Pocahontas, you know, or whatever the woman's dreadful name was. I am afraid I am not very well up in the history of my country; but, all the same, I am surprised at his taste in marrying an Indian. I always did detest the sight of a squaw myself! But come, Daisy, tell me all about this mysterious lady in brocade and powder."

"Oh, Syd, it is such a horrible, horrible story!" she returned in low, frightened tones. "In a frenzy of mad jealousy, it is said, she actually poisoned her own cousin, a beautiful girl who was to have been married on the following day to the man with whom she was secretly in love; and then, having dressed herself in the costly bridal robes intended for her victim and rival, she killed herself with the remainder of the deadly drug; and so, attired in all her snowy splendor, she was was found on the morning of the intended bridal, as cold and lifeless as the poor little bride herself. It must have been a dreadful tragedy. I never hear the story without a shudder. And from that day to this, so runs the legend, Mistress Dorothy's ghost is given to prowling at night about the old abbey, leaving the curse of her crime on her race, for, of all the women of her name who have had the misfortune to behold the bridal specter, as it is called, not one has ever lived to wear her own wedding dress."

"Come now, that's what I call a very respectable family legend! And every old family ought to have its legend, every old house its ghost. But, good Heaven, Daisy, you don't mean to say that you believe one word of all this?" I exclaimed, surprised to see how pale she had grown, and that her teeth were absolutely chattering as she spoke.

"I don't know. Shakespeare was a wise man, and even he felt that there more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. Above all, I am a Drasdale; and the Drasdales always have believed in it. But, for pity's sake, come away, Sydney! I hate that picture; its still, cold, baleful eyes always seem to follow me like some vague intangible horror. If it were not for the absurd folly of the thing, I would request my uncle to have it removed. But come away, Sydney; don't you feel a draught? These old houses are none too air tight, and I am chilled to the bone."

I made no reply, for, as a light footstep fell upon my ear, I turned to find the cold gray eyes of Miss Amhurst fixed full upon my friend, with a subdued but unmistakable expression of hate and triumph in their handsome cold depths, which changed on the instant to her usual bland smile, as with a polite "good night" she swept slowly past and went up to her room.

"Good heaven," I thought, as I stood staring after her in blank surprise, "what a remarkable resemblance she bore to the pictured face of which we have just been speaking!"

That Miss Amhurst's feelings towards her cousin were anything but friendly I had suspected from the first; but somehow, as I sat over the fire in my own room that night, pondering the incident just described, the memory of that sinister, evil glance began to haunt me like a chill premonition of evil to come; and from Porter, who came in as usual to help me to undress, I discovered, by means of a few well directed questions, that previous to Miss Drasdale's return to England Madeline Amhurst had been regarded by many people as Sir George's probable heiress.

"But whether or not such would have been the case I can't, of course, pretend to say," Porter continued, "for even as a child Miss Madeline was no particular favorite with Sir George, kind and indulgent though he has always been to her. But, as matters stand, she will certainly never be mistress of Drasdale Abbey—never, at least, while Miss Drasdale lives. She is his pet and darling; and, as he has no other heirs, the great bulk of the property will go to her and her children, should she ever live to have any. But, oh, miss, I am terribly anxious about my young lady!" she added, with a sigh and a sudden change of manner. "She is so sadly altered of late that I think even you must have noticed it."

"I have noticed it, Porter!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet and laying my hand on her arm. "Tell me what it is that is ailing Miss Drasdale. She has tried to hide it from me; but I cannot help seeing that something is wrong. She has a worried, haunted look, like that of a person burdened with some secret care. It frightens me to see her; and perhaps, if I only knew what it is that is troubling her, I might be able to do something to lighten it."

"That is precisely what I think—precisely why I have spoken, miss. I was in the blue chamber this evening when you two young ladies came up to your rooms; and, as the door was open, I overheard every word of what Miss Drasdale was telling you about that picture and the old superstition concerning Mistress Dorothy's ghost, that no lady of that name who beheld the specter ever lived to be a bride. But, my dear young lady, she did not tell you that it is this same ill omened belief that is undermining her health—her very life. She believes that she herself has seen the ghost—consequently that she is doomed to die before her wedding day; and, unless something can be done to convince her of the absurdity of the superstition, I am afraid the belief will only too surely verify itself. Soon after our return to the Abbey and the arrival of Miss Amhurst, who came to pay us a little visit, a whisper began to creep out among the servants that the bridal specter had been seen gliding along the passages and corridors; and one night the household was awakened by a shrill piercing cry that threw us all into a sudden panic of terror. Somebody said that it came from Miss Drasdale's room; and, on rushing in, we were horrified to find her lying on her bed in a dead faint, from which it taxed our utmost efforts to restore her. We brought her to at last; but the shock, whatever it was, had once more brought on that alarming malady, hemorrhage of the lungs, from which we had been in such hopes that she had entirely recovered; and the doctor who was called in took Sir George aside and privately repeated the advice that other physicians had previously given him—to guard her from the slightest shock or excitement of any kind. She was so very delicate, her hold on life so painfully precarious, that the slightest thing of the kind might possibly prove fatal, he said. That she had had a shock of some kind I was fully convinced, though of what nature I never suspected until this very day. Binding me over by a strict promise not to mention the matter either to her uncle or Mr. Pomfret, she told me this

To be Continued.

The Beginning of a Bottle.

The process begins with the gather er His blowpipe is a tube o wrought iron, five or six feet long, an of lighter weight than the pipe used in blowing window glass. He dip the end of his pipe into the molte contents of the boot, and brings out a mass of red-hot plastic glass. If the bottles to be blown are small, one gathering suffices, but for larger ware two or even three gatherings may be necessary to get the requisite supply of material on the end of the blow pipe. When the gathering is don properly, this lump of red-hot glass is a perfectly homogeneous mass. I is subsequent fortunes rest with the blower. He takes the blowpipe from the gatherer, and, resting the plastic glass against a marvering table of stone or cast iron, he gives the pipe a few adroit rotations, thus fashioning the glass into an even cylindrica shape By further rolling it alon the edge of the table he forms the smaller prolongation of glass which is afterward o become the neck of the bottle. Lifting the still red hot glas from the table, he blows through the pipe, forming a small bubble of air in the interior of the mass of glass. This is afterward extended until it becomes the inwardness of the bottle

The partly fashioned bit of glass ware is now introduced into the mould which one of the "shop" boy has already opened to receive it. For convenience in working, the mould is placed on a somewhat lower leve than that on which the blowers and It is made of cast iron, and is com monly formed in two pieces. One of these is stationary, while the other opens outward, its motion being con trolled by a foot lever. When the blower places his incomplete bottle still attached to the blowpipe, into the mould, he closes the mould with his foot, and blows through the pipe until the plastic glass is everywhere forced against the sides of the mould, and has impressed upon it the form of it prison.—*From Popular Science Monthly.*

The world-wide reputaton of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the natural result of its surpassing value as a blood medicine. Nothing in the whole pharmacopeia effects more astonishing results, in scrofula, rheumatism, general debility, and all forms of blood disease, than this remedy

—Messrs. Everest and Kerr of Raeburn, Manitoba, have imported from England a fine lot of Hackney horses for their ranch.

Modes of Execution.

Austria, gallows, public.
Bavaria, guillotine, private.
Belguim, guillotine, public.
Brunswick, axe, private.
China, sword or cord, private,
Denmark, guillotine, public.
Ecuador, musket, public.
France, guillotine public.
Great Britain, gallows, private.
Hanover, guillotine, private.
Italy, capital punishment abolished
Netherlands, gallows, public.
Oldenburg musket, public.
Portugal, gallows, public.
Prussia, sword, private.
Russia, musket, gallows or sword private.
Saxony, guillotine, private.
Spain, garrote, public.
Switzerland, fifteen, cantons, sword, public, two cantons, guillotine, public; two, guillotine, private,
United States, other than New York, gallows, private.

Is Our Climate Changing.

The past two seasons have been so peculiar that thousands are attacked by coughs, colds, hoarseness, influenza, asthma, bronchitis, etc. To these we recommend Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam as the safest, surest and best remedy yet produced for all throat and lung troubles.

—It is reported in London that the British government will propose to Parliament an appropriation of $100,000,000 for the land purchase scheme for Ireland, and that its bill is an extension of the powers given by Lord Ashbourne's act.

REMARKABLE CURE OF AN ULCER.

SIRS,—Two years ago I had an ulcer on my ankle. Knowing Burdock Blood Bitters to be a good blood purifier, I got a bottle and a box of Burdock Healing Ointment, and after using three bottles and three boxes I was completely cured and recommend B B B. everywhere.

Mrs. W. V. Boyd, Brantford, Ont.

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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, Lonsdale, Cambric, Nidlinen, 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, he 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. 30 to the three millies 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, Crockery ware 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 Engines, 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.,

24 Moncton, N. B.

Morrisey's CALENDAR PAD FOR 1890!

Latest and Best Thing of its Kind Out. Price 55 Cts.

A. MORRISEY,
Stationer, St. John.

Kerosene Oil.

Received this week by Schr. Wascana from New York

150 CASKS WHITE ROSE KEROSENE OIL.

jan2-3m **M. WOOD & SONS.**

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.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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 Colored 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 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,

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

1889. 1889,

Christmas!

SANTA CLAUS

Has Come! Merry Xmas and Happy New Year to All!

I have a Fine Stock of Holiday Goods on hand,

Books, Bibles, Hymns, Albums,

tationery, Fancy Goods, Bric-a-Brac, **Toys, Etc.**

of all Kinds and Prices Right. A nice Assortment of Best

Silverware and Jewelry,

Gold and Silver Watches, Etc., all guaranteed quality. I cannot enumerate all, my varieties, but invite all intending purchasers to see them for their own satisfaction. Quick sales and small profits is my motto.

CHAS. MOORE,

BOOKSTORE, Music Hall Block.

SACKVILLE.

TENDERS

For Church Building.

THE undersigned will until the 22nd day of February next, inclusive, receive tenders for the erection of a Baptist Church in Lower Sackville, according to plans and specifications which may be seen at the office of the undersigned. Tenders will be sealed and marked "Tenders for Building Baptist Church." The committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order of the Committee.

WALTER CAHILL,
Secretary.

Sackville, January 19th, 1890.