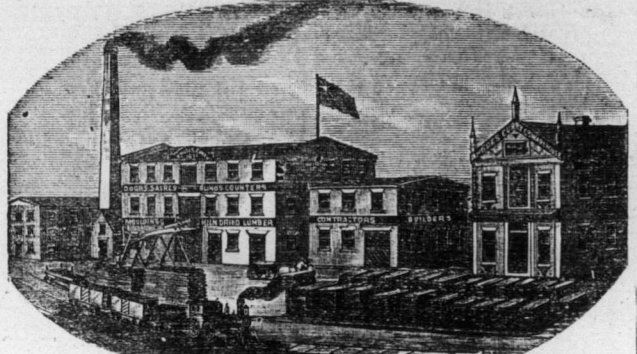


# RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,  
Manufacturers and Builders



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

## Boots and Shoes!

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

WE have now on exhibition a Complete Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which will be sold at prices which cannot fail to please. The Stock includes  
Ladies' Skating Boots, from \$1.50 upwards,  
Walking Boots, in Button and Lace,  
Felt Boots and Shoes,  
and Gents' Solid Comfort German Felt  
Slippers, sure cure for cold feet,  
Ladies' and Gents' American Rubbers, 1st quality.

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

Custom Work a Specialty.  
REPAIRING PROMPTLY & NEATLY DONE.

## SACKVILLE Meat Market.

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

## MEATS of all KINDS!

Fresh Fish  
WILL ALSO BE SUPPLIED.

All Orders Will be Delivered by the Subscriber.

C. A. MILTON & Co.  
Sackville, Jan 5th, 1890.

## BETTER THAN EVER.

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

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

STOCK OF FEATHERS

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

Art Needle Work Materials

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

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

This space reserved for Charles Warman, Watchmaker and Jeweler, Sackville.

TO FARMERS!  
I have for sale an Assortment of  
Steel Plows,

(Front & Wood's make) SPRING DOUBLE FURROWS and EXTRA PARTS. No. 1 Plows, etc., at lowest Rates. Also, one very nice new Light Buggy at a bargain.

R. BELL,  
Sackville, Sept. 26th, 1890.

Administrator's Notice.  
Take notice that all persons having any claims against the estate of Rev. D. S. Carpenter, late of the parish of Sackville, deceased, will present the same duly attested to the undersigned within three months from the date hereof and all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

Elizabeth Ann Carpenter,  
Administrator.

Sackville, Jan 28, 1891.

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Elizabeth Ann Carpenter,  
Administrator.

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Elizabeth Ann Carpenter,  
Administrator.

Sackville, Jan 28, 1891.

## Milton's Last Poem.

I am old and blind,  
Men point at me as smitten by God's  
frown,  
Afflicted, and deserted by my kind;  
Yet I am not cast down,  
I am weak, yet strong,  
I murmur not that I no longer see,  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more be-  
lieve,  
Father, supreme, to Thee.

Oh! merciful One;  
When men are farthest, then Thou art  
most near,  
When friends pass coldly by, my weak-  
ness shun,  
Thy charity I hear,  
Thy glorious face  
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,  
And there is no more night.

On my benched knee  
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;  
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I  
might see  
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have sought to feel  
This darkness is the shadow of Thy  
wing,  
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here  
Can come no living thing.

Oh! I seem to stand,  
Trembling, where foot of man had never  
been,  
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless  
hand.

Which eye hath never seen,  
Visions come and go,  
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me  
throng;  
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,  
When Heaven is opening on my sight-  
less eyes,  
When airs from Paradise refresh my  
brow,  
That earth in darkness lies;  
In a pure vision,  
My being fills with rapture, waves of  
thought  
Roll in upon my spirit, strains sublime  
Break over me unthought.

Give me my life!  
I feel the stirrings of a god within,  
Within my bosom glow gloriously fire,  
Lit by no skill of mine.

## HIS FATHER'S SON.

(Saturday Night)  
"Oh! I've nothing against the lad!"  
said Mr. Hendrick. "I dare say he's  
good enough in his way. But I do  
not like the way he comes from. In  
a place like this, you know, it won't  
do to risk anything."

Roderick Kelfer, standing in the  
little telegraph office on the mountain  
plateau, could hear plainly the words  
his principal spoke. The rocky side  
of the cliff acted as a complete  
sounding board, and the color vanished  
out of his cheeks as the unwelcome  
utterances reached his ear.

He was a tall, pale young fellow of  
two or three-and-twenty—not hand-  
some, but nevertheless pleasant to  
look upon, and at the sound of Mr.  
Hendrick's voice, he braced himself as  
in a court of justice the prisoner  
sometimes braces himself to receive  
the sentence.

"I suppose it isn't exactly an honor-  
able thing for me to be eavesdropping  
here," he said to himself, "but I don't  
know that I owe anything in particu-  
lar to do with the race of Kelfer.  
At any rate, it means life or death  
to me, so here goes."

Roderick Kelfer was the telegraph  
operator at Hornet Station on Hornet  
Mountain. Matthew Hendrick was  
the local superintendent, and John  
Jaycox, the round-shouldered little  
man now walking on his side, was the  
general factotum at that solitary  
spot.

From his vantage point above,  
Roderick could see "them" plainly as  
they came to his aid, and he knew  
that the local superintendent, and John  
Jaycox, the round-shouldered little  
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spot."

"Thank you!" said Roderick, slowly.  
"I suppose it can't be helped."  
"I've no fault to find with you,"  
said his superior.

"That won't help me to another  
place," said Kelfer, still looking out  
blankly toward the distant peaks of  
the Rockies.

"Any reference that you may de-  
sire—"

"Thank you!" again spoke Roderick.  
But I don't think that references will  
be especially useful to my father's  
son. When does the new operator  
come?"

"To-morrow I suppose. I shall  
communicate with her to-night. It's  
that Miss Minton from Valle. Curve  
is a long way off for a woman, but  
I suppose she'll bring her old aunt  
with her, and she's used to that sort  
of thing. They tell me she's a first  
operator; but all the same Kelfer, I'm  
right down sorry to part with you!"

"Is it true, said a d'Andrew Kel-  
fer? My turn out of his place?  
And all along of me?"

"Yes, all along of you," said Mrs.  
Kelfer, rocking herself back and forth  
in the extremity of her distresses.  
I knew it would come sometime  
and now I hope you are glad of it."

"Roderick's good boy," said the old  
man, vaguely. "He never jaws me,  
Rody don't. I ain't allays on the  
straight, but Rody ain't one to nag."

"Cause he knows it won't do no good,"  
said the old woman, still vehemently  
rocking herself. "All the same, you  
hadn't ought to go so far off. You're  
a son—a good boy. You're a dis-  
grace to the Mountain."

"You shut up!" inarticulately mut-  
tered Kelfer. "Lemme understand it.  
Rody turned out, and a new hand  
put in his place?"

"Yes, just that!" shrilled the old  
woman. "And all your fault, Andy.  
My Rody—and the best boy as ever  
was! And we may all starve in a  
heap now, since they've took the fax  
away from you!"

"It's a conspiracy," growled the old  
man. "That's what it is—a conspir-  
acy! I was drunk; I own it. I was  
company or not, I don't know. But  
nothin' against Rody. He's a good  
boy. He ain't everlastingly pickin' on  
me. And look, you, Mirandy, there  
shan't no operator work he machine  
on Hornet Mountain but Rody Kelfer—  
not as long as I'm livin'."

"Where?" asked Roderick, sharply.  
"My supper!" he added suddenly and  
sharply.

"There ain't no supper, and there  
won't be till you get out and dig the  
potatoes."

"I won't dig no potatoes!" snarled  
old Rody, and he rose and shuffled  
out of the cabin.

His wife, worried relentlessly down  
by the iron clamps of rheumatism,  
looked pity after him.

"I'd a lookt out," she said, aloud,  
"and I don't blame Roderick for get-  
ting discouraged."

It was nine o'clock at night. The  
great blazing stars shone like lamps  
in the dry, clear western heavens.

The bark of the coyote sounded  
across the hills, and Mrs. Kelfer sat  
helpless in her spin-bottled rocker,  
when the door opened and a tall light  
figure came in with swift, light steps.

"Matty!" she cried out, "Is that you,  
Matty?" The word he thanked it. He  
had sent you to my help this night."

"What for?" said Matty Minton,  
rosy and breathless with the climb up  
Hornet peaks. "Oh, Mrs. Kelfer, I've  
come to tell you that I want take  
Roderick's place—not if the salary was  
a million dollars a year and me and  
Parny were happy. Do you think  
I'm as base as that? No, I'd go back  
and beg my bread in the East before  
I'd do that. But—"

"Matty, listen!" cried Mrs. Kelfer,  
pale and panting. "Don't I tell you  
that the Lord has sent you here?  
Andrew's words 'a common to night-  
sh, a deal worse' with a quick catch-  
ing of her breath; and he got it in  
his head that Rody's turned out and  
new hand has took his place, and he's  
slunk up the hill with a can of kero-  
sene oil and a box of Kelfer matches  
to set the place on fire and it's just the  
time my boy turns in for his four  
hours' sleep. Oh, my God! Rody,  
Matty—run and use a settin'! hel-  
lessly here like an old decayed leg!"

"You're young and quick, and—and—"  
The girl sprang to her feet.

"How long is it since he left here?"  
she asked.

"I don't know!" was the old wo-  
man's answer. "It may be ten minutes—it may  
be half an hour. I can't measure the  
time when I'm all of a mortal fright  
like this. Run, Matty—run—"

The last adjuration was quite un-  
necessary. Matty Minton had already  
been snatching his black mustache  
two years of hard work and steady  
behavior are to go for nothing; and all  
because I'm my father's son!"

Another brief silence ensued.  
"Matty Minton is a good hand, isn't  
she?" observed the elder man. "Put  
her here. Let Mrs. Dickerson take  
Miss Min on the place."

"Wh'at am I to tell Kelfer?"  
"Nothin'." We are not bound to  
argue the question with our employes,  
said the company's representative.  
"He's to go—that's sufficient, isn't  
it?"

Roderick Kelfer went back into the  
station. He could hear their voice  
no longer, but he could see Hendrick  
turn in the direction of the station  
whilst Jaycox continued his slow way  
up the ascent.

He sat and stared at the shining  
key, a map and time-tables hang-  
ing on the wall, at the uneven board  
door.

Of all the rank injustice, this  
seemed to be the rankest. What had  
he done to deserve that? In the days  
of the Old Testament it was a com-  
mon thing for the sins of their fathers  
to be visited on the children. But  
he had imagined himself to be living  
under a new dispensation, in which  
right and justice were supposed to  
play some part. He was to be dis-  
missed! What was to become of his  
mother? And Mattie Minton—the  
girl he loved and hoped one day to  
marry—she was to be put in his  
place.

"I'm sorry, Kelfer—I am, indeed,"  
said Jaycox, as he spoke the young  
operator's doom.

"Matty, you have saved my life!"

"Thanks to your mother—yes!" cried  
the girl, standing pale and trembling  
in the moonlight.

But I'm sorry to turn the place over  
to you in such a condition as this. For  
I suppose you'll be transferred here to-  
morrow—to-day, rather."

"But I won't!" exclaimed Matty. I'll  
never take your place, Roderick! I  
don't care if he was forty super-  
intendents' illegitimately cried Miss Minton.  
He can't make me come here. And  
I won't!"

"It is a bad policy to offend Mr.  
Hendrick. Matty!" he said. "Stoo-  
p and flee. I am a man. I can shift  
for myself anywhere."

"Matty, I'm afraid!" she whis-  
pered. "You have braved your way  
out, but with a sudden little cry, Oh,  
look! And you told me you were  
unhurt!"

"Never mind my hand. Matty.  
Answer me the question—are you  
afraid—of me?"

"I like you, afraid!" she whis-  
pered. "But—oh, Roderick, don't look at me  
so steadily!"

"Matty, is it possible? Oh, Matty,  
my darling, do you love me?" he ex-  
claimed.

Even then she turned her face  
away from him with a girl's true  
instinct of coquetry—she  
muttered, laying her cheek softly against it.  
"Let me wrap my handkerchief around it."  
Yes, Roderick, I do love you. Oh,  
so much I do, dearest Roderick!

No one ever knew how the Hornet  
Mountain Station caught fire. It  
was supposed to be from the explosion  
of a lamp, and Mr. Kelfer's presence  
of mind and promptness were spec-  
tacularly praised by the company.

The superintendent himself came  
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## A Dumping Ground For Criminals.

An English newspaper, in a recent  
article concerning the criminal classes  
of Great Britain, suggests that the system  
of transportation should be revived, and  
hints that the newly-opened region of  
Africa would make a modern Botany  
Bay for the reception of those who have  
offended against the criminal laws of  
the mother country. Probably the Afri-  
cans, at any rate those tribes that have  
not yet given up the practice of canni-  
balism, would welcome the arrival of  
the deported Britons, as a material  
addition to the subsistence stores of the  
country.

But if the involuntary emigrants  
should escape the native cooking-pots,  
they would soon find themselves in the  
same trouble that beset those who went  
to Australia; the honest people who  
voluntarily settled at the antipodes re-  
fused to receive the criminals, and it  
was through their refusal to do so that  
the system of transportation was stop-  
ped.

There is certainly a large area in the  
interior of Africa—the tableland so  
graphically described by Stanley and  
others—where Europeans can find a  
climate suitable to their temperaments;  
but it is doubtful if the nations of  
Europe would agree upon converting  
this beautiful land into a penal colony.

France, Germany, and Portugal are all  
interested in the development of Africa,  
and not in its reclamation, and there  
could be no greater obstacle to its pro-  
gress than to make it the dumping  
ground of criminals.

Editorial Evidence.  
GENTLEMEN.—Your Haggard's Yellow  
Oil is worth its weight in gold for both  
internal and external use. During the late  
La Grippe epidemic we found it a most ex-  
cellent preventative, and for sprained limbs,  
etc., there is nothing equal to it.  
WM. FENBERT, Editor Dahl Reporter.

Remember that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral  
is as good as a specific for colds,  
coughs, and all affections of the lungs  
and throat. For nearly half a century  
it has been a greater demand than any  
other remedy for pulmonary complaints.  
All druggists have it for sale.

Dark and