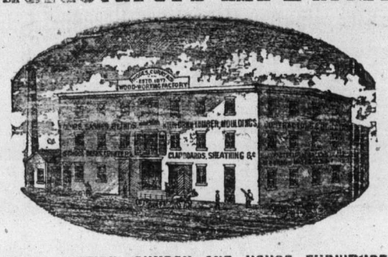
RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,

Manufacturers and Builders.

Doors SASHES, BLINDS. WOOD Mantels. MOULDings etc



WALNUT Cherry ASH, BIRCH, BEECH PINE & Whitewo'd HOUSE FINISH.

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

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.

Port Elgin Woolen Co

Custom Carding.

HAVING made arrangements with the Port Elgin Furniture and Wooden Co., to allow us to place a set of Custom Cards in this factory, we will be ready o do Custom Carding on the

20th OF THIS MONTH.

We have a large stock of Cloth on hand which we will exchange for Wool as formerly.

Port Elgin. June 16, 1890.

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.

Cash Paid for Fat Cattle.

Sackville, Jan 30th, 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.

NEW MILLINERY.

Having just returned from the millinery openings with all the latest novelties in

Laces, Flowers, Feathers, Hats and Bonnets

in great veriety. We are now prepared to execute all orders and guarentee satisfaction.

We have also an immense stock of

Ladies and Childrea Underwares, Pinafores Aprons, Corsets, Gloves, Hosiery, etc.

Call and examine our stock, we shall consider it a pleasure to show our goods.

MRS. M. B. HUESTIS.

121 Victoria St., Amherst.

NOTICE!

MARITIME AGRICULTURIST.

Whereas by agreement of the 27th of May, A. D., 1889, the subscriber undertook to print the above paper in consideration of possession a lien thereon to the extent of any default in payment of the cost of the same; and whereas Robert Jarvis Gilbert, the publisher thereof, has made default therein; now this is to notify all concerned of such lien, and to warn subscribers, advertisers and others against making any payment to the said Gilbert.

Dated September 3rd, A. D. 1890.

ELIHU WOODWORTH.

Sackville, Sept. 11th, 1890,

Millinery!

There's a Large Element of Progress in the Millinery Stores of this year.

Direct from the Leading Fashion Centres,

we are continually receiving charming Surprises in

New Styles,

Making ours the counterpart of leadin displays in London, Paris, and New York.

The showing is free from task,

COLORS ARE GOOD, SHAPES EXCELLENT.

Qualities Perfect and Prices are Very Low.

Absolutely no better Millinery Work and Materials the country over,

And you can Order such things by mail.

or instance we want definite particulars regarding color and quality of material.

Write about just what is wanted. Your personal appearance and give an idea of price. We can do anything we're told to do.

Mourning Goods a Specialty!

H. G. Marr,

Moncton, Sept. 18.

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 else where, and be convinced that I Sell the Cheapest of any in Sackville.

dec4 C. W. KNAPP.

Just Received:

100 Kegs Iron and Steel Nails,

Paints, White and Colored,

GLASS AND PUTTY, PAINT OILS.

Dry and Tarred Paper,

LIME, CEMENT and PLASTER.

2 Car load Cedar Shingles, from $1.50 to $2.50 per M.

Also, BUILDING MATERIALS.

J R. AYER.

Sackville, June 26.

A TRYING EXPERIENCE.

I was one evening presiding over a happy party of young people, my guests, who had trooped into my sitting room to partake of that pleasant and movable feast, a five o'clock tea. We were all thoroughly at home with each other, most of the individuals present being cousins, and all of them near relations to myself. Some had just returned from riding, others from driving and walking, and all seemed bent upon half an hour's unconstrained unconventional comfort. Suddenly one of the young girl's addresed me in a coaxing tone, thus:

"Dear Aunty Madge, do tell us a story!"

'A story!" I exclaimed; and, pray what about?"

"A ghost story," exclaimed a chorus of young voices.

"Oh, no! I never tell ghost stories, although I know a good many, but'—,

"Well," persisted the first speaker "tell us something—something truly dreadful and dreadfully true?"

"Would you like me to to tell you something that really happened to myself years ago?'

"Oh, yes; better than anything else.'

"Very well. Poke the fire into a blaze—so, and now if you are all ready I will begin; and remember that what I am going to tell you is really and literally true.

"Some years ago I took to the strange habit of rising early—but very, very early I mean—and taking a solitary country walk. This would not have been such a strange thing to do had the hour been less unconventionally early, and had I confined my pedestrian feats to the summer time; but this I did not do. Winter and summer were alike to me then, and at both seasons I invariably rose at four o'clock and was out of the house before five; and I need hardly remind you that at that hour, in the winter, it is quite dark, unless of course, there should be a moon. The habit did not originate in my case from caprice. It arose from a wretched restless of mind and body, the effects of a great sorrow.

"My home at that time was in Scotland. I lived in a dear old home which was poised like a bird, upon a rock and literally hung over the sea, the silver spray dashing carelessly against its windows. On one side of the house there was a good sized old-fashioned garden, laid out in terraces down to the sea, and not a quarter of a mile distant from the other side was a thick firwood. It was into this wood that I generally strayed of a morning, and, sitting upon one of the felled trees—of which there was always a numer lying prone upon the ground—I would watch the daylight gradually appearing, and the sun rising grandly out of the sea. After the sun had fairly risen I always hastened homewards, so as to avoid meeting any early risers who might be about the place, and the rest of the day I would shut myself up with my books and music, a prey to harrowing memories. I can not defend my worse than useless life at this time. My grief was selfish, and, therefore, all the harder to bear for God has taugh me since that there is no such comfort in sorrow as that of seeking to comfort others.

"There were no gentlemen's places near my home, consequently no neighbors, no visitors ever molested me. But not many miles distant there existed an old melancholy-looking mansion called Mornington which had been uninhabitated for many years, but latterly, to a great annoyance of the farmers and small gentry around, had been let to a Dr. Sterndale, who kept an establishment for incurable lunatics.

"Everything, however, seemed to go on quietly enough; the unhappy patients never, apparently, venturing beyond the park, which was shut in by large iron gates. These were always locked, but now and then passers-by caught glimpses through them of guant, strangley attired figures, and some-though rarely, of pale, anxious-looking faces peering through the iron work There was a dilapidated lodge at the entrance gates. surrounded by what had been called years ago a garden, but now it was choked up by overgrown shrubs and evergreens, which seemed vainly straggling and struggling, out of kindly delicacy, to hide their old friend's broken windows and unhinged doors. Certainly this lodge had an uncanny appearance, and the report had once been spread (a ridiculously false one of course) that it was at times used as a 'dead house,' for no living person was ever seen to enter the door, no smoke to come from the chimney, and when Dr. Sterndale drove out in his lumbering coach, which he did now and again, accompanied by some of his most favored patients, he invariably opened the lodge gates himself and carefully relocked them thus requiring no aid from a lodge-keeper.

"The doctor's vehicle, just mentioned, rather struck awe, I found, in the simple villager mind; for my gardner related that one day as it was coming towards him, he saw it suddenly shut itself up with a loud snap. 'For all the wor-r-ld, said the man timorously, like a lar-rge mouth gulping down the *puir* folk who were inside.' In vain I assured him that this phenomenon was simply the result of some clever inside mechanism; he and the country people became superstitiously alarmed; and this sentiment was by no means lessened when the gardener proceeded to give further details. He stated that at the moment the carriage passed him one of the blinds, which had been hastily drawn down, was violently pushed aside by a large white hand covered with glittering rings; that then a face was thrust forward, making horrid grimaces and gesticulations; but that both head and hands hastily disappeared with a jerk as though the individual who claimed them had been forcibly dragged back. The blind was then replaced, but it shook exceedingly, as if some struggle was going on behind it, then the carriage passed by, vanishing in a cloud of dust.

"That the lunatics were of a dangerous class I had often heard it said but such a report would be sure, I thought, to get afloat, were it true or the reverse: and as Mornington was a long way from my house (it was quite a mile the other side of the fir-wood, which itself was nearly a mile broad,) I did not trouble myself about such tales. My maid, however, who had lived years with me, constantly implored me to be less venturesome in morning walks; but I felt no fear—the greatest calamity that could befall me had come; so I was callous about anything else.

"Well, one morning late in the autumn having been more restless than usual during the previous night, I got up earlier even than was my wont, and after a brisk walk found myself in the very heart of the wood I knew exactly where I was, for a seat had been placed there to mark the centre point. It was one of the (then) new-fashioned double seats, upon which people sit back to back, and just as I reached it I heard the village clock strike five, and for the first time in my life (I knew not why) when I realized my distance from home, and the earliness of the hour a shudder came over me, and the fact that the place was very lonely, and that I was only a weak woman and utterly defenceless, forced itself unpleasantly upon me. I determined however to pooh-pooh my fears, to pull myself together, and to persuade myself that I was not afraid.

"It is the weather, I said, which has unnerved me, and certainly it was not reassuring.

"It was a fitful morning; there had been a good deal of rain during the night, accompanied by wild gusts of wind. Heavy black and white clouds were hurrying across the sky, and seemed to chase the terrified and fugitive moon. She was at her full, and at one moment her bright and almost binding beams would pierce through the waving trees, casting strange unearthly shadows around; and at the next, she and the shuddering wood would be inveloped in a funeral pall of inky blackness. The effect was weird in the exteme, and during one of the moments of sudden obscurity I sank down on the seat spellbound, looking up at the sky with a beating heart, and longing for the next appearance of the rolling moon. One angry cloud had already released her, but I saw that yet another must pass her face before her blessed light could appear, and it was the strangest cloud I ever beheld, being the exact shape of a man's hand, with one bony finger stretched out (I fancied) in warning. The moon seemed to roll slowly and painfully between the fingers looking very pale and faint the while; but at last, with a bound, she emerged from the shadows, shining with a wild and happy brightness, as though rejoicing to escape from the clutch of the hand.

"I was also inexpressibly relieved, and rose quickly from my seat, intending to hurry home; but how can I paint the amazement, the horror I felt, when I perceived I was no longer alone! Another human being had silently—with cat-like steps—arrived during the darkness; a man was sitting on the seat, on the further end of the other side! His face was turned away, but his appearance was so peculiarly alarming that my heart stood still; for at a glance I took in the situation.

"An escaped lunatic!" I thought, "and my only chance of safety is to brave it out!"

"As these thoughts darted through my brain, the man slowly, very slowly turned his head, and looked deliberately at me. Oh, that look! Never, to my dying day shall I forget it! I see it now! Everything most terrifying, most sinister, most repulsive was in that look. Audacity, cowardice, insolence, malice—all, all these were there, and above all and through all.

"The man was deadly pale, or the struggling dawn (which was just silvering the horizon), made him appear so. His eyes were frightfully bloodshot, his teeth were large and very white, and there was a light froth upon his lips, which had the blue grey appearance of a corpse! He wore a long 'Ulster' coat, buttoned from his throat to his feet, and a tumbled white collar appeared above it, giving me the impression that he must have escaped from his bed, and in his night-gear. What alarmed me almost more than anything (if anything could be more alarming than anything was) was the fact that a centre button of the coat, at the waist was unbuttoned and in the aperature thus formed one of the man's hands were thrust, and I kept asking myself—

"What is he hiding there? A pistol, a knife, or what?"

"Feeling my extreme helplessness, and how entirely I was, humanly speaking, at the mercy of a madman, I sent up a silent prayer to the All-Powerful God—a cry for help—for wisdom how to act; and on looking back now, I can see how wonderfully my ejaculatory prayer was instantly answered, for I felt suddenly impelled by a direction (not my own), not to run or even walk away, but to reseat myself with the greatest apparent calmness.

"This act seemed to surprise, to please the man, for he smiled, and, to my unspeakable terror, slid slowly along the seat till he came close to me, although still on the other side. I felt his shoulder touch mine, but I dared not shrink from the contact; then he bent his head back till it rested on my veil, his fœtid breath mingling with mine, while he peared insolently, mockingly into my face After a few moments (which appeared hours to me), during which he intently scanned my features, while I, God helping me, tried to meet his gaze bravely, he said deliberately, watching the effect of his words:"

"'I saw you coming into the wood; I hid behind a tree—I followed you. When the moon shone out I hid again, and touched your gown as you passed; but you did'nt know. Ha! Ha! funny, isn,t it? Then when it got dark again, I crept up to the seat, and when you sat down I did so, too. Why should'nt I? I have as much right here as you. I say (coming a trfle nearer and putting his horrid mouth close to my ear), we are quite alone in the wood—you and I. Nice is'nt it? Are you afraid—Eh?'

"'No, I answered boldly; why should I be afraid? 'We are not alone, as you suppose, for—

"'Eh,' he said nervously, looking around; then, in a whisper, who is here besides us?'

"'God!' I answered clearly and firmly, 'He is here; He is stronger than I—or you; and He takes care of us both."

"He looked hard at me, and I looked back fearlessly (apparently), at him, resolved that my glance should not be the first to falter. At last—after a deadly but silent battle between his will and mine—his eyes quailed and fell, and I knew instinctively that I had gained a victory, for he fidgeted uneasily on the seat and turned his head away, while I breathed more freely.

"After a short silence he said in a hoarse whisper, as though afraid of being overheard:

"'I say, I can't sleep, and that's why I come out so early. My servants'—with a wave of the hand and the assumption of a "grand seigneur" —'have their orders always to keep my breakfast hot!' Then, with a howl of bitter distress, he cried out, Oh, Oh! if I only could sleep! I would give kingdoms to sleep!"

"It is remarkable as he gave vent to this bitter cry in spite of the deadly fear I felt, and of the almost certainty that I should never live to tell this tale, a mighty sympathy arose in my heart for this wretched maniac, for did I not know, as well as he, the agony of sleeplessness.

"I therefore said kindly and pityingly: 'How strange! I, too, cannot sleep!'

"Looking at me with a world of despair in his face, he said;'It is a curse!' Then rocking himself to and fro on the seat, he moaned out, 'Oh, what—what shall I do to sleep!"

"There was such a ring of anguish in his tones that my heart bled for him, and I said gently, Oh, try what I have tried—that, which is after all the only comfort, walking or sleeping!'

"What's that?" he said, eagerly.

"'Pray!" I said.

"Oh, " he answered wearily, " I have prayed, but God won't hear me, How can He, when He is up there"—pointing to the sky—and then I am in that hell?"

"But He does hear," I said solemnly, and as to a child "He sees and hears everything. He sees you and me here now; He knew we should meet this morning, and He it is who teaches me to say to you, pray! Tell Him, when lying on your res less bed—just as you have told me—that you can't sleep that you suffer, that you are unhappy, that"—I was going on when my companion suddenly started up, and looking uneasily around, whispered, 'Hush! Hark!"

He seemed to listen eagerly, and then, with an expression on his face of intense hatred, gradually and courteously drew the hand hitherto concealed out of his breast. A deadly sickness seized me, for my worst fears were realized when I beheld the sight of the dawning day gleam upon the blade of a murderous-looking knife; but a ray of hope was at the same moment vouchsafed to me, for, following with my eyes the direction—oh, joy! two horsemen were apparent through the trees, trotting slowly along a grassy pathway generally only used by foot passengers, and each carried a ready-cocked pistol and seemed in eager search.

'Of course I knew they were on the track of the wretched man at my side, and although they were quite within hail, I dared not either call or make them a sign, feeling convinced that, had I done either, the knife would have been plunged into my bosom, for I perceived the maniac was watching me narrowly, and he evidently determined to sell his liberty dearly.

Had the horsemen seen us? I wondered, in an agony of hope and fear; but I dared not move, and words would utterly fail me to express my sensations when I suddenly saw my miserable companion start to his feet, brandishing the knife, and leaving his side of the seat came towards mine I was preparing as a last resource to scream and run for my life, when, to my amazement, instead of attacking me, the poor wretch threw himself on his knees at my feet, trembling like a leaf, and burying his face in my lap(I had never relinquished my seat) said in a hurried and imploring whisper:

Save me from those two men! They did not see me. For the love of God don't give me up to them! You are good and kind, and are sorry for me, and you have told me to pray; so now I pray God and pray you, don't give me up."

For an instant he remained motionless, with his face buried in my lap, and I really don't know what folly my womanly impulse of intense sympathy might not have tempted me to commit had I not at that instant caught sight of the knife which he still grasped tightly in his hand. I shuddered as I saw it, and he must have felt me do so, for, rising his head quickly and putting his awful face close to mine, he muttered fiercely and half to himself, She doesn't look true. Oh, if I thought she would betray me!

Now, certainly, I thought, my last hour must be come; but in spite of my desperation, I managed to say calmly and in an authoritive whisper:

Hush! be quiet, or they will hear you They will soon have passed, and then you shall come home with me. Oh God! I thought did the horsemen see us?

He crouched down obediently like a child, hiding his face on my knees; and once more I cried for divine assistance in my awful need, and again my prayer was answered, for, on looking desparingly across the wood, I saw within thirty or forty yards of us, and behind the unfortunate man on his knees, the same two men who had passed by on horseback. So they had seen us and help was at hand at last; they were creeping towards us, and making signs to me not to move, so as to give them time to approach. I leant, therefore, over the wretched maniac, gently stroking his hair, and speaking soothingly to him, telling him not for his life not to rise or show himself, not to move till the men were gone. So he knelt on with his head in my lap and trembling with fear. I must confess that at this moment I hated myself and felt a very Delilah, for the poor fellow began to stammer forth a few disjointed words from the Lord's prayer. But what, what could I do?

And the men kept coming on silently and steathily, nearer, closer, till at last one of them sprang forward and threw some kind of a cloth over the madman's head, while his companion placed gyves upon his wrists, and then —then I saw the hideous knife fall harmlessly to the ground. I know not to this day when it happened, but before, (I suppose) the cloth had quite blinded the astonished maniac, and in the struggle that followed, he bit my hand nearly to the bone (I have the mark now and always shall have it) but so excited was I that I never felt the wound till on my way home I saw the blood. It is not easy for me to describe what I felt when, after the keepers had uncovered the poor wretches face, and were leading him away, cowed and manacled (but not subdued) he looked witheringly at me and said between his closed teeth:

God's bitterest curse upon you, for you cheated me with your prayers and lying words; and I trusted you, and you betrayed me!

Then came a string of imprecations in the midst of which the keepers hurried him into a vehicle which was following and they drove away.

My story is ended, How I got home I know not; I was more dead than alive, and for weeks that awful face, those bitter curses and the cry—I trusted you and you betrayed me!—haunted me, and on every anniversary of that day I rise at the exact hour, pray God to bless, protect and comfort him (should he still be living) and all the wretched beings like him, whose humanity is shattered and their lives a living death?

What is a Day's Labour.

ONE day's work for a healthy liver is to secrete three and a half pounds of bile. If the bile secretion be deficient, constipation, ensues; if profuse billiousness and jaundice arise, Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect liver regulator known in medicine for preventing and curing all liver troubles.

A Free Trip Around the World.

This is the age of travel. The people are all educated and cultivated to such a degree, that in the hearts of almost every one there is a longing to see foreign countries and view the places whereof so much has been written and said. THE HOME FASCINATOR Pub Co, of Montreal, offers a grand opportunity to see the world. To the person sending them the largest number of English words constructed from letters contained in the sentence

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN",

will be given A Free Trip Around the World. Also, in order of merit the following additional prizes will be awarded:

A Free trip to Florida. A Silver Tea Set, $68.

A Domestic Sewing Machine, $60.

Ladies' or Gents 14k. Gold Watch, $50

A present will be given to anyone sending a list of not less then twenty-five English words, of not less than four letters found in Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary, allowable.

Enclose 50 cents to pay for a Grand Premium Catalogue and a six months trial subscription to the beautifully illustrated family story paper "THE HOME FASCINATOR."

The person sending in the largest list of words may not be in a position, or care to make the extensive trip offered, the publishers give such person the choice of the trip or $1000 in cash.

Address, "THE HOME FASCINATOR,"

2 i. MONTREAL.

Imperial Federation

WILL present an opportunity to extend the fame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps diarrhœa dysentry and all summer complaints to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaint without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by AMASA DIXON, Sackville N. B.

—The society of German wine growers has sent a memorial to Chancellor Von Capriva declaring that the McKinley tariff bill will ruin export trade with America and asking whether it is possible to obviate this by diplomatic means.

Equal Rights.

All have equal rights in life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but many are handicapped in the race by dyspepsia, billiousness lack of energy, nervous debility, weakness, constipation, etc., by completly removing these complaints Burdock Blood Bitters confers untold benefits on all suffers.

—Crushed steel made by crushing in a samp mill high carbon steel quenched in cold water from an excessively high temperature—is being used for cuttsng stone. It is very hard, and cheaper and more effective than emery.

ANSWER THIS QUESTION

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, When for 75c. we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer guaranteed to cure them. Sold by AMASA DIXON. Sackville N. B.

The B. & C. corset boned with Kabo is tough, so tough in its "bones" that they can't be broken or kinked or rolled up or slipped or shifted.

In no respect will the B. & C. corset fail in a year, unless the steels break. No way has yet been discovered to make unbreakable corset steels.

If the Kabo "bones" give out in a year, go to the store where you bought your corset and get your money back.

If, after wearing the B. & C. corset two or three weeks, you don't like it, take it back and get your money.

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

C. PICKARD, Sackvi'le.

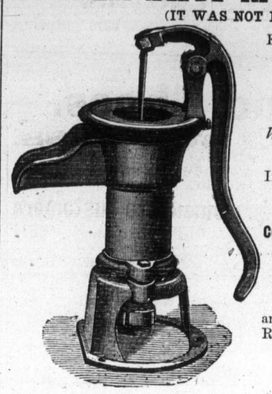
Property Gone! Pluck Left!

SALESROOM FITTED UP ALREADY

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

BOILER SHOP in Full Operation.

(IT WAS NOT BURNED.)



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

STOVES:

WE EXPECT TO BE ABLE TO FILL all ORDERS.

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

COME TO THE FRONT AND HELP US.

A. Robb & Sons,

AMHERST.

Office and Works, Junc. Laplanche and Lawnce Sts, Branch R'y. I C. R. Connected N. S. Telephone Co.

A. ROBB & SONS.

AMHERST.

-A- Great Bargain IN A GRAIN REAPER!

Has not been much used, is in good Order. Will sell at $40 as we have no room for it.

House Builders Materials.

Having purchased very largely we are enabled to give our customers

Specially Low Prices!

FENCE WIRE

N PLAIN, BARBED AND WOVEN.

WINDOW SHADES in Great Variety.

FURNITURE!

OUR STOCK IS LARGE.

Dunlap Bros. AND Company

Amherst, Sep. 9, 1890.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC and CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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 o. Produce.

J. HAMILTON.

Tidnish, June 28th, 1889.

MONCTON SUGAR

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

For Sale Low.

A J. BABANG & CO.,

Moncton, N. B

I WILL PAY CASH

For Flour and Corn Meal Barrels

IN GOOD CONDITION.

CHAS. FAWCETT.

Sackville, May 22

Information Wanted.

We want every FARMER and THRESHER in the PROVINCE to send for our Catalogue, describing the

Best Threshing Machine

ever produced. Write at once to

SMALL & FISHER, Woodstock, N. B.

July 3. 3m.

Farm For Sale.

ALL the Homestead Farm of the late Hon. Daniel Hanington with the Dwelling House, buildings and improvements thereon at Shediac, in the County of Westmorland, will be sold by Public Auction in front of the Weldon House, at Shediac aforesaid, on

THURSDAY, 16TH DAY OCTOBER,

inst., at 2 of the clock in the afternoon.

The farm is estimated to contain about 300 acres, is well wooded and watered and has an extensive front on Shediac harbor and is one of the most desirable properties for sale in the province. The sale will be positive and without reserve being made for the purpose of closing the Estate.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned.

A. H. HANINGTON, }
C. C. HANINGTON, } Trustees.

Sept. 25th.

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. POWELL & BENNETT,

Mt. Whatley, Oc1889. His Solicitor

Building Lots For Sale!

THE Subscriber offers for sale a number of desirable Building Lots on Union Street, near the site of the new Baptist Church, and within a few minutes walk of Railway Station, Stores and Academies. Terms reasonable. Good title given.

Apply to R. K. HARRISON.

Sackville, Janv 22nd, 1890. 1y.

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale the House and Premises where he now resides. The House is commodious and in good repair and there is a new Barn and good Well on the place.

For further particulars apply to

AMOS B. ATKINSON.

Sackville Apl. 30th '90.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the estate of the late Amos Hicks, are required to make payment, and all persons having claims against the estate of the said Amos Hicks, are requested to present the same, duly attested to the undersigned within three months.

GEORGE CAMPBELL,

Sackville, N. B. Administrator.

Dated the 1st day of August, 1890.

Sheriff's Sale.

TO be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION on THURSDAY, the Thirtieth day of OCTOBER, A. D., 1890, in front of the Court House, at Dorchester, in the County of Westmorland, between the hour of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon, all the Right, Title, Interest, Property Claim and Demand of John Dellihunt and James Edward Dellihunt, their possessory right and right of entry both at law and in equity of, into and out of the following lands and premises situate in the parish of Sackville in the county of Westmorland, and described as follows:

All that certain piece or parcel of LAND situate in Westcock in the parish of Sackville and bounded as follows: Southerly and westerly by the post road leading from Westcock to Dorchester, westerly and northerly by uplands of Robert Stone and Benjamin Beharrell, northerly and easterly by the southwest bounds of marsh land owned and occupied by the aforesaid Benjamin Beharrell, easterly and southerly by the upland farm occupied by William Tait and containing seven acres be the same, more or less.

Also all other real estate of the said John Dellihunt and James Edward Dellihunt, wheresoever situate or howsoever described within my bailwick, the county of Westmorland, the same having been seized under and to be sold by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick against the said John Dellihunt and James Edward Dellihunt.

ANGUS McQUEEN.

Dated at Dorchester in the Sheriff.

County of Westmorland, July 15th, '90.

Groceries.

Just Received and in Stock

A COMPLETE LINE OF

Groceries —AND— Provisions.

Tea, Coffee and Spices, Butter and Lard,

FLOUR

of the Choicest Brands. Oats and Corn Meal, Cracked and Heavy Feed.

ED. READ.

Sackville N.B., July 3.

CEDAR SHINGLES.

60 THOUSAND SAWED CEDAR SHINGLES for Sale at Cost.

ED. READ.

Sackville, N. B., Aug. 21. tf.

Wanted

Men to sell my WARRANTED NURSERY STOCK. Good pay weekly Guaranteed. OUTFIT FREE. Write for Terms.

E. O. Graham.

Nurseryman, Toronto, Ont.

(This house is reliable.)

Sep. 18,