

Through the Storm.

(Harp's Magazine.)
I heard a voice, a tender voice, soft falling
Through the storm:
The waves were high, the bitter winds were
calling,
Yet breathing warm
Of skies serene, of sunny uplands lying
In peace beyond:
This tender voice, unto my voice replying,
Made answer fond
Sometimes, indeed, like crash of armies
meeting,
Arose the gale;
But over all that sweet voice kept repeat-
ing
"I shall not fail."
—Nora Perry.

A Delicious Snub.

The narrative of an autograph-hunter and their chase are not all on one side, by any means. Not long ago an American clergyman, (a man who really is very well known indeed, if not quite so much as he fancies the case) received a letter from a country preacher, who told him that he had accidentally heard that he possessed a remarkable recipe for making coffee, and took the liberty of asking for it, at the other's convenience. The request was granted, but at the bottom of the letter was the following manifestation of stupendous conceit: "I hope that this is a genuine request and not a surreptitious mode of securing my autograph," to which the minister replied: "Accept my thanks for the recipe for making coffee; I write in good faith, and in order to convince you of that fact allow me to return what you obviously infinitely prize, something of no value to me—yes autograph."

Prompt Results.

"I was very sick with bowel complaint. Two physicians did me no good. I tried other medicines but all was no use until I tried Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. The next day I was like a different man."

For Sale and To Let.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of the late Reuben Chase, Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a large garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good barn and outbuildings. Also number of good hens for sale. Possession given immediately. Apply to
MRS. REUBEN CHASE,
Upper Sackville,
Sackville, April 13th, 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, Outbuildings, etc. 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 20th, 1887.

FOR SALE.

TWENTY LOTS IN PORT ELGIN.

THE undersigned offers at private sale on liberal terms, 12 Building Lots with a front of 100 feet, each on the Port Elgin river, and extending to the Timber river road, with an equal width on said road, and within five minutes' walk of railway accommodation and shipping; also 8 Lots fronting on the Burnside road, each of each about 100 feet wide, and within five minutes' walk to the business part of the town. Being an elevated situation, would be a desirable place for private dwellings.
JAMES HAMILTON,
Port Elgin, Jan. 5th, 1887.

Mortgage Notice.

To William C. Carter, Joseph Wood, Johnston Cleveland, and A. E. Oulton, and all others whom it may concern:

TAKE NOTICE that there will be sold at Public Auction on
SATURDAY, 20TH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT,
At three o'clock in the afternoon, in front of the Court House, Dorchester, in the County of Westmorland, Province of New Brunswick:

"All the Lands and Premises Situate in Westmorland Parish, in the County of Westmorland, and being bounded and described as follows: South-east by the La Cook Creek, westerly by the 'Quality Line' (so-called), and north-easterly by a line of stakes running from the north angle of said described La Cook Lake southward and a half degree east by the magnet of A. D. 1879 to the La Cook Lake shoreward. The last named line being the division line between marsh owned by Charles E. Carter and said William C. Carter. The said described Marsh Land containing sixteen acres, more or less, being one-half of said area of the Lot conveyed to said parties by Johnston Cleveland by Deed bearing date A.D. 1877. Together with all the Improvements, Privileges and Appurtenances to the said Premises belonging or appertaining, and being all the Lands and Premises mentioned and described in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the sixth day of May, A.D. 1881, and made between the said William C. Carter, of the one part, and Richard Thompson Oxley, of the other part, and recorded in the Record Office in and for the County of Westmorland, on the 7th day of May, A.D. 1881, No. 41,937, Folio 639, Libro F.4, as by reference thereto will more fully appear."

The above Sale will be made under and by Virtue of a Power of Sale contained in the above mentioned Indenture of Mortgage, which is fully recorded as above stated and set out, and the Sale will be made because default has been made in the payment of the principal money and interest secured and made payable by the said Indenture of Mortgage.

Terms of Sale:—25 per cent. Cash; balance in 1 year, interest at 7 per cent. Dated this 2nd day of July, A.D. 1887, at Dorchester.

RICHARD THOMPSON OXLEY,
Mortgagee.

SUMMER GOODS!

WE HAVE NOW THE
Best Assortment of Dress Muslins
We Have Ever Shewn.

PRINTED INDIA LINES, NEW LAMA CLOTHS, CASHMERE FINISHED
PRINTS, WORKED SPOTTED MUSLINS, FRENCH MUSLINS,
FRENCH SATEENS, CHAMBRAYS, ZEPHYRS.

EMBROIDERED DRESSES.
Special Reductions in PRINT-COTTONS For Next Thirty Days.

300 Pieces to Select From.
Silk and Lisle Gloves, Dents' Kid Gloves.
Children's and Ladies' Hosiery.

The Largest Stock and LOWEST Prices in Amherst.

F. A. WILSON.
"The Representative House of the Maritime Provinces."

W. H. JOHNSON, - HALIFAX, N. S.

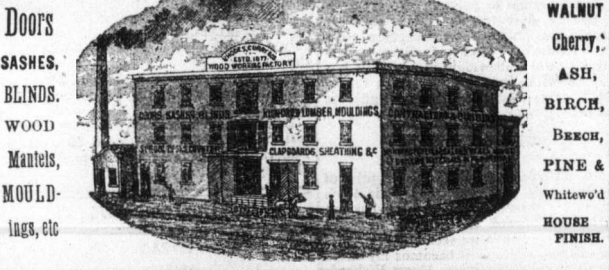


Pianos and Organs

By the leading American and Canadian Manufacturers.
Prices the lowest consistent with quality of instruments for cash or easy payment system.

Write to Office, 121 and 123 Hollis St., for prices and terms.

RHODES, CURRY & Co.,
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,
Manufacturers and Builders.



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials.

Send for Estimates.

CASH! OVER \$6,000

OUR NEW STOCK CLOTHS ALONE

DRY GOODS For the Spring Trade.

HAS ARRIVED.

And as these Goods were bought very close for cash, we are in position to sell at a low price. Our expenses are very light, and we are determined to give the public Goods at the prices they should have them at, and any person favoring us with a call will be convinced, as soon as they examine the Goods, that

Our Prices are Far Below Anything in Town.

It is impossible here to go over the list of Goods received, as we know that our prices and superiority will sell them on sight. We have the

Choicest Patterns of Prints

in town, and they will all go in a few days, so, if you want something really nice, it will pay you to call early. We will sell prints 10 per cent. below uniformity in town, notwithstanding the rise of 2 cents in these Goods since we bought.

Please Call and Satisfy Yourself.

G. B. ESTABROOK & SONS,
Opposite the Brunswick House.

PROVISIONS

AND

GROCERIES!

The subscriber offers for sale:

30 H. ALF BBLs. No. 1 Labrador Herring;
15 bbls. No. 1 Labrador Herring;
25 half and quarter bbls. Mackerel;
30 quintals Codfish;
30 " Pollock;
20 half bbls. Shad;
20 boxes Smoked Fish;
Oatmeal, Corn Meal;
Buckwheat Meal, Beans;
Rice, Barley, Sugar, Tea;
Raisins, Apples, Onions;
Sausages, Lard, Butter, Pickles;
Coke and Fine Salt, Cabbage.

Beef, Pork, Poultry of all kinds.
Sausages, &c., &c.

The above offered at low prices for Cash.

EDWARD READ,
Next Door to Brunswick House.

OREGON.

Received by above steamship from England, my Stock of

Cloths for Spring and Summer.

This stock is favorably looked upon, well selected, and worthy of the attention of close buyers.

It consists of English, Scotch and Irish makes in the newest styles. Warranted shrank before shipment. Bought previous to the rise in wool.

150 Pieces to Select From.
An inspection invited. Good Value. Triumphant and workmanship guaranteed.

THOS. J. HORSLER,
Merchant Tailor,
Sackville, N. B., March 24th, 1887.

The Bald-Headed Tyrant.

Oh! the quietest home on earth had I.
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days flew by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there;
But one day there joined in our household
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

O, the depest came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we tremble before his might,
And our hearts stood still when we heard him cry.
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here and he sent us there—
Through never a word could he small lips speak,
With his toothless gums and vacant stare,
With helpless limbs so frail and weak.
Till I cried in a voice of stern command,
"Go up, thou bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land!"

But his abject slaves they turned on me!
Like a bear in Scripture they'd rend me there;
The while they worshipped with bended knee
This restless wretch with the missing ear.
For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now;
Till I finally thought of Father Time,
And at once I said: "I'll have you out!"
"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand?"
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land!"

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim;
"I'll take the tyrant under my care,"
"Watch what my hour glass does to him!"
The very instant that he was planned,
Is the same bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land!"

Old Time is doing his work full well.
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But, ah! with sorrow my heart will swell
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.
Could I reach the touch of that shrivelled hand,
I would keep bald the head from No-man's-land!"

For the loss of peace I have ceased to care;
For peace I have learned to forego;
To love the wretch who forgot his hair,
And hurried along without a tooth.
But his clear-cut profile and his grey eyes,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land!"

THE MODEL MILLIONAIRE.

Unless one is wealthy there is no good in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. These are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Erskine never realized. Poor Hughie! Intellectually, we must admit, he was not of much importance. He never said either a brilliant or an ill-natured thing in his life. But then he was wonderfully good-looking, with his crisp brown hair, his clear-cut profile and his grey eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he had every accomplishment except that of making money. His father had bequeathed him his cavalry hair, his clear-cut profile and his grey eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he had every accomplishment except that of making money. His father had bequeathed him his cavalry hair, his clear-cut profile and his grey eyes.

He was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears? He had been a tea merchant for a little longer, but had soon tired of peddling and peddling. That did not answer. Ultimately he became nothing, a delightful, ineffectual young man with a perfect profile and no profession.

To make matters worse, he was in love. The girl he loved was Laura Morton, the daughter of a retired colonel who had lost his temper and his digestion in India, and had never found either of them again. Laura adored him, and he was ready to kiss her shoe-strings. They were the handsomest couple in London, and had not a penny-piece between them. The colonel was very fond of Hughie, but would not hear of any engagement.

"Come to me, my boy, when you have got 10,000 of your own, and we will see about it," he used to say; and Hughie looked very glum on those days, and had to go to Laura for consolation.

One morning, as he was on his way to Holland Park, where the Mortons lived, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter. Indeed few people escape that nowadays. But he was also an artist, and artists are rather rare. Personally he was a strange rough fellow, with a freckled face and red hair. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were eagerly sought after. He had been very much attracted by Hughie at first, it must be acknowledged entirely on account of his good looks.

"The only people a painter should know," he used to say, "are people who are not too beautiful; people who are an artistic pleasure to look at, and an intellectual repulse to talk to. I find that the only rule of the world!" However, after he got to know Hughie better, he liked him quite as much for his bright boyish nature, and had given him the permanent entrée to his studio.

When Hughie came in he found Trevor putting the finishing touches to a wonderful life size picture of a beggar man. The beggar himself was standing on a raised platform in a corner of the studio. He was a wizened old man with a face like wrinkled parchment, and a most piteous expression. Over his shoulders was hung a coarse brown cloak, all tears and tatters; his thick boots were patched and cobbled, and with one hand he leaned on a rough stick, while with the other he held out his battered hat for alms.

"What an amazing model!" whispered Hughie, as he shook hands with his friend.

"An amazing model?" shouted Trevor at the top of his voice; "I should think so! Such beggars as he are not met with every day. A trouvaille, mon cher; a living Valerius, a living Rembrandt!"

"Poor old chap!" said Hughie, "how miserable he looks! But I suppose, to you painters, his face is his fortune?"

"Certainly," replied Trevor; "you don't want a beggar to look happy, do you?"

"How much does a model get for sitting?" asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on a divan.

"A shilling an hour," Trevor replied, "and how much do you get for your picture, Alan?"

"O, for this I get a thousand," Trevor replied.

"Guineas. Painters, poets and physicians always get guineas."

"Well, I think the model should have a percentage," said Hughie, laughing; "they work quite as hard as you do."

"Nonsense, nonsense! Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one case!"

"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand?" said Hughie, "I'll assure you that there are moments when Art approaches the dignity of manual labor. But you mustn't chatter; I'm very busy. Smoke a cigarette and keep quiet."

After some time the servant came in, and said Trevor that the framemaker wanted to speak to him.

"Don't run away, Hughie," he said, as he went out. "I will be back in a moment."

The old beggar-man took advantage of Trevor's absence to rest for a moment on a wooden bench that was behind him. He looked so forlorn and wretched that Hughie could not help pitying him, and he left his pocket to see what money he had. All he could find was a sovereign and some coppers. "Poor old fellow," he thought to himself, "he wants more than I do, but it means no handsome for a fortnight!"

He walked across the studio and slipped the sovereign into the beggar's hand.

The old man started, and a faint smile flitted across his withered lips. "Thank you, sir," he said, in a foreign accent.

Then Trevor arrived, and Hughie took his leave, blushing a little at what he had done. He spent the day with Laura, got a charming scolding for his extravagance, and had to walk home.

The light of the strolled into the Palette Shop about 11 o'clock, and found Trevor sitting by himself in the smoking-room drinking hock and seltzer.

"Well, Alan, did you get the picture finished all right?" he said, as he lit his cigarette in the tin.

"Finished and framed, my boy!" answered Trevor; "and, by the way, that old model you saw is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him to go home—where you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have."

"My dear Alan," cried Hughie, "I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But of course you are only joking. Poor old beggar! I wish I could do something for him. I think it is dreadful that any one should be so miserable. I have got heaps of old clothes at home—do you think he would care for any of them? Why his rags were falling to bits."

"But he looks splendid in them," said Trevor. "I wouldn't paint him in a frock-coat for anything. What you call rags I call romance. What seems poverty to you is picturesqueness to me. However, I'll tell him of your offer."

"Alan," said Hughie, seriously, "you painters are a heartless lot."

"An artist's heart is his head," replied Trevor; "and besides, our business is to realize the world as we see it, not to reform it as we know it. A *chacun son metier*, and now let me hear Laura's. The old model was quite interested in her."

"You don't mean to say you talked to him about her?" said Hughie.

"Certainly I did. He knows all about the relentless colonel, the lovely dame and the 10,000."

"You told that old beggar all my private affairs?" cried Hughie, looking very red and angry.

"My dear boy," said Trevor, smiling, "that old beggar, as you call him, is one of the richest men in Europe. He could buy all London tomorrow without overdrawing his account. He has a house in every capital, dines off gold plates, and can prevent Russia going to war when he chooses."

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Hughie.

"What I say," said Trevor, "the old man you saw to-day was Baron Hausberg. He is a great friend of mine, buys all my pictures and that sort of thing, gave me a commission a month ago to paint him a beggar. *Que voulez-vous? La fantasia d'un millionnaire!* And I must say he made a magnificent figure in his rags; or perhaps I should say in my rags; they are an old suit I got in Spain."

"Good heavens! I gave him a sovereign!" said Hughie, "and he sank into an armchair the picture of dismay."

"Gave him a sovereign?" shouted Trevor, and he burst into a roar of laughter. "My dear boy, you'll never see it again. *Son affaire est l'argent des autres.*"

"I think you might have told me, Alan," said Hughie sulkily, "and not let me make such a fool of myself."

"Well, to begin with Hughie," said Trevor, "it never entered my mind that you went about distributing alms in that reckless way. I can understand your kissing a pretty model, but your giving a sovereign to an ugly one—no, no! Besides, the fact is that I really was

not at home today to any one, and when you came in I didn't know whether Hausberg would like his name mentioned. You know he was the fall guy."

"What a duffer he must think me!" said Hughie.

"Not at all. He was in the highest spirits after you left: kept chuckling away to himself and rubbing his old wrinkled hands together. I couldn't make out why he was so interested to know all about you; but I see it all now. He'll invest your sovereign for you, Hughie, pay you the interest every six months, and have a capital story to tell after dinner."

"I am an unlucky devil," growled Hughie. "The best thing I can do is to go to bed; and, my dear Alan, you mustn't tell any one. I shouldn't dare show my face in the Row."

"Nonsense! It reflects the highest credit on your philanthropic spirit, Hughie, and you don't run away. Have another cigarette, and you can talk about Laura as much as you like."

However, Hughie wouldn't stop, but walked home, feeling very happy, and leaving Alan Trevor in fits of laughter.

The next morning, as he was at breakfast, the servant brought him a card containing the following lines: "Monsieur Gustave Naudin, la part de M. le Baron Hausberg."

"I suppose he has come for an apology," said Hughie to himself, and he told the servant to show the visitor up.

An old gentleman with gold spectacles and grey hair came into the room, and said, in a slight French accent, "Have I the honor of addressing Monsieur Hugh Erskine?"

Hughie bowed.

"I have come from Baron Hausberg," he continued. "The Baron—"

"I beg, sir, that you will offer him my sincere apologies," said Hughie.

"The Baron," said the old gentleman, with a smile, "has commended me to bring you this letter, and he handed Hughie a sealed envelope."

On the outside was written, "A wedding present to Hugh Erskine and Laura Morton, from an old beggar," and inside was a cheque for 10,000.

When they were married Alan Trevor was the best man, and the Baron made a speech at the wedding breakfast.

"Millionaire models," said Alan, "are very rare enough; but, by jove, model millionaires are rare still!"

—London World.

Life on the Moon.

There is reason for thinking that the moon is not absolutely airless, and while it has no visible bodies of water, its soil may, after all, not be entirely arid and desiccated.

From observations which hint at visible changes in certain spots that could possibly be caused by vegetation, and there are other observations which suggest the display of electric luminosity in a rarefied atmosphere covering the moon. To declare that no possible form of life can exist under the conditions prevailing upon the lunar surface would be saying too much, for human intelligence can not set bounds to creative power. Yet within the limits of life as we know them, it is probably safe to assert that the moon is a dead and deserted world.

In other words, if a race of beings resembling ourselves, or resembling any of our contemporaries in terrestrial life, ever existed upon the moon, they must long since have perished. That such beings may have existed is possible, particularly if it is true, as generally believed, that the moon once had a comparatively dense atmosphere and water upon its surface, which have now, in the process of cooling of the lunar globe, been withdrawn into its interior.

It certainly does not detract from the interest with which we study the rugged and beautiful scenery of the moon to reflect that if we could visit the ancient sea-bottoms, or explore those glittering mountains, we might, perchance, find there some remains or mementoes of a race that flourished, and perhaps was all gathered again to its fathers, before man appeared upon the earth.

From "Astronomy with an Operative Glass," by GARRETT P. SERVAIS, in "Popular Science Monthly" for August.

—The oldest man in the world is said to be James James, a colored citizen of the United States, who resides at Santa Rosa, Mexico. He is 135 years old. He was born near Dorchester, S. C., in 1752. He was one of the laborers at Fort Moultrie during the unsuccessful attack of the British fleet in 1776. He was then twenty-four years old. His master, James James, married one of the girls during the fight. His last owner was Henry James, who moved into Mexico in 1858, in order that his slaves might become free before his death. At present the rheumatism keeps James from walking, but he can drag himself a short distance, and otherwise is in fairly good health.

—The boats of the Monarch line steamers between New York and London, which were put up for sale by auction in the latter city a few weeks ago, but could not be disposed of, were sold on Saturday. There are five vessels in the service, each 4,500 tons burden, and 2,500 horse power. Three of these boats were purchased by the firm of Wilson & Sons of Hull, which owns the largest fleet of steamships of any private firm, and will probably now start a new line between New York and London. The other two boats were purchased by the Allan line.

An Open Letter.

Messrs. T. Millburn & Co., Nov. 25, 1886.

I wish I had used B. B. B. sooner, which would have saved me years of suffering with erysipelas, from which I could get no relief until I tried B. B. B., which soon cleared away the itching, burning rash that had so long distressed me. Mr. Edward Romney, Eastgate Passage, Halifax, N. B.

ALL HAND POWER.

Patrons of our Custom and Retail Departments will find it up to the usual standard and well stocked.

Amherst Boot & Shoe Manufacturing Co.

MONCTON SUGAR

74 bbls. Yellow Extra C. 50

A. J. BABANE & CO.

Rice.

25 Sacks Choice Clean Rice.

A. J. BABANE & CO.

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

ANODYNE LINIMENT

GREAT TUMBLE IN PRICES

Sackville Iron Foundry!

Just Received, and must be sold at Prices never before heard of.

Several Tons Stamped and Piced Tinware.

Call and examine, compare prices and BUY. For a mere trifle your houses may be completely furnished with the following articles:

Shallow Pressed Milk Pans in 10 sizes, Deep Pressed Milk Pans in 5 sizes, Round and Oval Pudding Pans, Round and Scalloped Cake Pans, Patty Pans, Muffin Pans, Boston Bread Pans, Acme Fry Pans, Straight and Flaring Dippers, Milk Pails and Strainers, Milk Skimmers, Oil Cans, Pint and Quart Measures, Funnel and measures, Cook's Ladies, Knife Boxes, Tea Trays, Grocers' Scoops, Preserving Kettles, Jelly Moulds, Tea Cups, Pepper Boxes, Tea Strainers, Dust Pans, Corn Cake Pans, Peppers' Pans, Sausage Pans, Pieced Pans, Colanders, Pie Plates, Flaring Pails, Covered Kettles, Dinner Kettles, Coffee Pans, Trays, Spice Boxes, Spittoons, Watering Cans