For Sale and To Let.

ENGINE FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale a second hand 20 H. P. Steam Engine, in good condition, which he will sell at a bargain. Terms easy on good security.

A. ALONZO DOBSON.
Johcure, April 12, 1886. 3m

FOR SALE.

Timber & Stone.

A FEW tons of large Timber and a quantity of dimension Stone.

CHRIS. MILNER.
May 12, 1886.

Bakery for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his well-known BAKERY, with all its Outfit complete, including Delivery Wagon. For terms and other particulars apply to

OVID WELDON.
Sackville, May 26th, 1886.

Lots for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale Forty Building Lots, fronting on Union and Academy Streets, situated about midway between the Academies and the Stations of the Intercolonial and Cape Tormentine Railways. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in the Town, and only a few minutes walk from either the Station or Academies. Price moderate. Terms accommodating. Title undoubted. Apply to

W. H. HARRISON.

Mill Property for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell his MILL in Cookville; also, about 4,000 acres of Log Land, which is heavily timbered. Also there is about 3,000 Logs at mill. The Mill is in good repair and will be sold on easy terms. For particulars apply to

GEORGE W. TOWSE.
Aboushagan Road, July 14th.

Mill Property for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale a valuable Rotary Saw Mill, with full complement of Saws, a Shingle Mill with Saws, a 30 H. P. Engine, and a 25 H. P. Boiler, all of which are nearly new.

Terms easy. Part cash; balance on time, with security, to suit purchasers. Apply to T. Magee, Baie Verte.

ROBT. ANDERSON.
Baie Verte, June 2, 1886. 9-3m

Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale that valuable FARM known as the Gammon Farm, situated near Bonnell's Corner, Lutz Mountain, about eight miles from Moncton. This is an excellent Farm, containing about fifty acres, with new House, Kitchen, Woodhouse, Hennery, Piggery, and a fine large Barn, all entirely new and very convenient. It is thoroughly fenced, and has a well cultivated garden. The soil is dry and loamy, free from stone, and well adapted for growing either early vegetables, grain, or hay, and is now in a high state of cultivation. It is convenient to church, school and mills, and admitted to be the finest Farm in that section. Plenty of good water on the premises. No outlay required outside of stock and farm implements. A rare opportunity is offered to anyone wishing to start a general market Farm.

Terms of payment:—A portion down; balance by instalments extending over a number of years. Apply to

CHARLES FAWCETT,
Sackville, N. B.
Or BORDEN & ATKINSON,
Moncton.

Notice of Sale.

To Nelson Beckwith, Senior, of the Parish of Westmorland, in the County of Westmorland, Yeoman, and Amelia, his wife, Nelson Beckwith, Junior, Joiner, formerly of the same place, and Robert Beckwith, of Moncton, in the said County, Attorney-at-Law, and to all others whom it may concern:

WHEREAS the said Nelson Beckwith, Senior, and Amelia, his wife, Nelson Beckwith, Junior, and Robert Beckwith did by a certain Indenture of Mortgage duly executed by them to Annie Read, wife of Benjamin A. Read, of Sackville, in said County, Gentleman, bearing date the ninth day of October, A. D. 1877, and recorded as No. 36,804, Folio 264, Libro V 3, Records of Deeds, &c., in the Registry Office for the County of Westmorland, convey to the said Annie Read certain lands and premises in said Indenture of Mortgage mentioned and described for the purpose of securing to her the payment of the sum of one thousand dollars and interest in manner and form as provided for in the first proviso in said Indenture of Mortgage contained.

And whereas the said Annie and Benjamin A. Read, her husband, did by deed of assignment bearing date the second day of December, A. D. 1881, duly recorded as No. 42935, in Folio 163, Libro L 4, in the Records of Deeds for the said County, assign to me, the undersigned John Bell, of Sackville aforesaid, the said Indenture of Mortgage, the Lands and Premises thereby conveyed and the moneys, debts, bonds and interest thereby secured.

Notice is hereby given to the said Nelson Beckwith, senior, and Amelia, his wife, Nelson Beckwith, junior, and Robert Beckwith, and all others claiming under them or either of them, that, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in said Indenture of Mortgage, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the principal money and interest thereby secured, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Post Office, in Lower Sackville, on FRIDAY, THE SIXTEENTH DAY OF JULY next, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, the LANDS and PREMISES conveyed by said Indenture of Mortgage, which said Land and Premises are therein described as follows:—

"All that Farm on which the said Nelson Beckwith, senior, and Amelia, his wife, now reside, situate on the Bay Verte Road (so called), in the Parish of Westmorland aforesaid, and bounded and described as follows, that is to say: On the north-west by the said Bay Verte Road, on the north-east by lands owned by James Brennan, Gustavus Hamilton and Titus Knapp Gooden, on the south-east by the rear of lot which is the continuation of the Fort Lawrence Road, and on the south-west by lands owned by Cyrus Wood, and containing two hundred and twenty-two acres, more or less.

Dated this 13th day of April, A. D. 1886.

JOHN BELL.

THREE NINETY-FIVE.

Fifty barrels Flour, for Feed,
—AT—
Three Dollars and Ninety-Five Cents per Barrel,
—AT—

JOHN E. HICKEY'S.
Sackville, N. B., Dec. 10, 1885.

N. B. & P. E. RY.

50 MEN WANTED.

Apply to F. C. Harris on the Works.

W. C. MILNER,
Secy.

LOOK! LOOK!

Clearance Sale

I am selling off at COST,
For One Week Only,
—MY—
ENTIRE STOCK
—OF—
Watches, Clocks, Jewellery & Silverware,
AS I AM
Bound to Clear Out
My whole Stock at Once.

C. WARMUNDE,
Music Hall Block,
SACKVILLE, N. B.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

To the Stock Raisers of Cumberland and Westmorland Counties:

GENTLEMEN,—I was often pressed by my brother, the late Rev. Edwin Mills, to travel my Stallion,

"Prince of Wales,"

in the above named counties. If nothing unforseen occurs I will accompany "Prince of Wales" with my old experienced groom.

Be at Sackville about Friday or Saturday, 1st May, thence to Midgic, Shemogue, Little Shemogue, Cape Tormentine, Emigrant Road, Port Elgin, Baie Verte, Barrale Settlement, Amherst, Point de Bute, Jolicure, N. B.—This route will be open to alteration as seems prudent.

"Prince of Wales" has taken six first prizes for the best draft and general purpose stallion. He was bred by the undersigned, also his dam, grand dam, and great grand dam. Sires all imported by P. E. Island Government, N. B.—A full pedigree will appear after first round, and stands and route will be established. "Prince of Wales" is a sure foal getter, has great style of action, heavy bone, clean legs, color beautiful spotted grey, 17 hands high, about 1700 lbs. I might state his stock is eagerly sought after by Provincial dealers and Americans at high price. Many of "Prince's" gets are the prize teams in St. John City. I can make reference to such gentlemen as Hon. Alex. Lotd, Bedeque, Hon. Peter Sinclair and Hon. James and John Yeo, Port Hill. "Prince's" gets now growing up would number a respectable yeoman cavalry regiment. Any stock owner or stock raiser requiring veterinary assistance from long practical study and experience, from the horse to the swine, will have an opportunity of receiving either advice or attendance during my stay.

WILLIAM T. MILLS,
Owner Stallion "Prince of Wales."
Mill's Point, Clermont, Lot 19, P. E. Island, 19th April, 1886. 28

DR. C. WEST'S
FOR THE LIVER BLOOD STOMACH AND KIDNEYS
DANDELION

Infallible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, all Kidney Diseases, Scrofula, Diseases peculiar to Females, Salt Rheum, Ex zema and all Skin Diseases, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach and Heart Burn. Purely Vegetable.

JOHN C. WEST & Co., Toronto Ont

For sale by Charles G. Hart, Druggist.

Spring Goods.

WE are now receiving and opening a choice assortment of WALL PAPER at prices from 5c. upwards; also

Boots, Shoes, Ready-Made Clothing,

Hats and Caps, and other varieties of Dry Goods, together with a stock of Boat Nails, Tar, Pitch and Oakum, and an assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE, consisting of Parlor and Dining Chairs, Bedroom Suits, &c., &c., all of which we will sell at lowest prices.

E. C. GOODEN & CO.
Baie Verte, Mar. 15th, 1886.

Tobacco.

JUST RECEIVED:

52 Caddies Napoleon—Chewing.
25 Butts No. 1 Pilot—Smoking.

A. J. BABANG & CO.
MONCTON, N. B.

PRESSED HOPS.

Just Received—25 Cases.

For sale low by

A. J. BABANG & CO.

Coarse Salt.

JUST RECEIVED:

200 Sacks Coarse Salt.

FOR SALE LOW.

A. J. BABANG & CO.

FLOUR. FLOUR.

JUST RECEIVED:

125 Bbls.	HEXEL,	PATENT.
125 "	RIVAL,	"
125 "	GRANULATED,	"
125 "	GOLDIE'S PEOPLES.	

AT DEPOT:

125 "	GOLDIE'S PEOPLES.	
250 "	" STAR,	"
250 "	ANCHOR,	"
250 "	RIVAL,	"

ALL FOR SALE LOW.

may26 A. J. BABANG & CO.

LITTLE BEL'S SUPPLEMENT.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Continued.

"We'll make it guineas, then, Miss Bel," cried Dr. Allan, enthusiastically, looking at his colleagues, who nodded their heads, and said laughing, "Yes, guineas it is."

"And guineas it will be," retorted Little Bel, as with cheeks like peonies she left the room.

"Egad but she's a fine spirit 'o her ain, an' as bonnie a face as I've seen since I remember," cried old Mr. Dalgetty, the senior member of the board and the one hardest to please. "I'd not mind bein' a pupil at Wissan Bridge school the comin' term myself," and he gave an old man's privileged chuckle as he looked at his colleagues. "But she's over-young for the work—over young."

"She'll do it," said Mr. Allan, confidently. "Ye need have no fear. My wife's had the training of the girl since she was little. She's got the best o' stuff in her. She'll do it."

Mr. Allan's prediction was fulfilled, Bel did it. But she did it at the cost of harder work than even she had anticipated. If it had not been for her music she would never have pulled through with the boys of Wissan Bridge. By her music she tamed them. The young Marsayas himself never piped to a wilder set of creatures than the uncouth lads and young men that sat in wide-eyed, wide-mouthed astonishment listening to the first song their pretty young school-mistress sang for them. To have singing exercises part of the regular school routine was a new thing at Wissan Bridge. It took like wildfire: and when Little Bel, shrewd and diplomatic as a statesman, invited the two oldest and worst boys in the school to come Wednesday and Saturday afternoons to her boarding-place to practice singing with her to the accompaniment of the piano, so as to be able to help her lead the rest, her sovereignty was established. They were not conquered, they were converted—a far surer and more lasting process. Neither of them would, from that day out, have been guilty of an act, word or look to annoy her, any more than if they had been rival lovers suing for her hand. As Bel's good luck would have it—and Bel was born to good luck; there is no denying it—one of these boys had good tenor voice, the other a fine barytone; and both, in their rough way, been singers all their lives, and were lovers of music.

"That was more than half the battle, my mother, confessed Bel, when, at the end of the first term, she was at home for a few days, and was recounting her experiences. "Except for the singin', I'd never have got Archie McLeod under, nor Sandy Stairs either. I doubt they'd have been too many for me. But now they're like two more teachers to the fore. I'd leave the schoolroom to them for a day, an' not a lad 'd dare stir in his seat without their leave. I call them my constables; an' I'm teaching them a small bit of chemistry out o' school hours, too, an' that's a hold on them. They'll see me out safe; an' I'm thinkin' I'll owe them a bit part o' the five guineas when I get it," she added reflectively.

"The minister says ye're sure of it," replied her mother. "He says ye've the best school a'ready in all his circuit. I don't know how ever ye come to't so quick, child." And Isabella McDonald smiled wistfully, spite of all her pride in her clever bairn.

"Ye see, then, what he'll say after the examination at New Year's," gleefully replied Bel, "if he thinks the school is so good now. It'll be twice as good then; an' such singin, as was never heard before in any school-house on the island, I'll warrant me. I'm to have the piano over for the day to the school-house. Archie and Sandy 'il move it in a big wagon, to save me payin' for the cartin'; an' I'm to pay a half-pound for the use of it if it's not hurt—a dear bargain, but she'd not let it go a shilling less. And, to be sure there is the risk to be counted. An' she knew I'd have it if it had been twice that; but I got it out of her for that price. She was to let me have all the school over twice a week for two months before to practice. So it's not too dear. Ye'll see what ye'll hear then."

It had been Little Bel's good luck that she had succeeded in obtaining board in the only family in the village which had the distinction of owning a piano; and by paying a small extra, she had obtained the use of this piano for an hour each day—the best investment of Little Bel's life, as the sequel showed.

It was a bitter winter on Prince Edward Island. By New Year's time the roads were many of them well nigh impassable with snow. Fierce winds swept it to and fro, obliterating by noon tracks which had been clear in the morning; and nobody went abroad if he could help it. New Year's Day opened fiercest of all, with scurries of snow, lowering sky, and a wind that threatened to be a gale before night. But, for all that, the tying posts behind the Wissan Bridge school-house were crowded full of steaming horses under buffalo-robes, which must stamp and paw and shiver, and endure the day as best they might, while the New Year's examination went on. Everybody had come. The fame of the singing of the Wissan Bridge school had spread far and near, and it had been whispered about that there was to be a "piece" sung which was finer than anything ever sung in the Charlottetown churches.

The school-house was decorated with evergreens—pine and spruce. The New Year's Day having fallen on a Monday, Little Bell had a clear working-day on the Saturday previous, and her faithful henchmen, Archie and Sandy, had been busy every evening for a week drawing the boughs on their sleds, and piling them up in the yard. The teacher's desk had been removed, and in its place stood the shining red mahogany piano—a new and wonderful sight to many eyes there.

All was ready, the room crowded full, and the Board of Trustees not yet arrived. There sat three big arm-chairs on the raised platform, empty—a depressing and perplexing sight to Little Bel, who, in her brief blue merino gown, with a knot of pink ribbon at her throat, and a roll of white paper (her schedule of exercises) in her hand, stood on the left hand of the piano, her eyes fixed expectantly on the doors. The minutes lengthened out into a quarter of an hour, half an hour. Anxiously Bel consulted with her father what should be done.

"The roads are something fearful, child," he replied; "we must make big allowance for that. They're sure to be comin', at least some one 'o them. It was never known that they failed on the New Year's examination, an' it would seem a sore disrespect to begin without them here."

Before he had finished speaking there was heard the merry jingling of bells outside, dozens and dozens it seemed, and hilarious voices and laughter, and the snorting of overdriven horses, and the stamping of feet, and more voices and more laughter. Everybody looked in his neighbor's face. What sounds were these? Who ever heard a School Board arrive in such fashion as this? But it was the School Board—nothing less: a good deal more, however. Little Bel's heart sank within her as she saw the foremost figure entering the room. What evil destiny had brought Sandy Bruce in the character of a visitor that day?—Sandy Bruce, retired school-teacher himself, superintendent of the hospital in Charlottetown, road-master, ship-owner, exciseman—Sandy Bruce, whose sharp and unexpected questions had been known to floor the best of scholars and upset the plans of the best of teachers. Yes, here he was, Sandy Bruce himself; and it was his fierce little Norwegian ponies, with their silver bells and fur collars, the admiration of all Charlottetown, that had made such a clatter and stamping outside, and were still keeping it up, for every time they stirred the bells tinkled like a peal of chimes. And, woe, upon woe, behind him came, not Bel's friend and pastor, Mr. Allan, but the crusty old Dalgetty, whose doing it had been a year before, as Bel very well knew, that the five pound supplement had been only conditionally promised.

Conflicting emotions turned Bel's face scarlet as she advanced to meet them: the most casual observer could not have failed to see that dismay predominated, and Sandy Bruce was no casual observer; nothing escaped his keen glance and keener intuition; and it was almost with a wicked tinkle in his little hazel eyes that he said, still shaking off the snow, stamping and puffing: "Eh, but ye were not looking for me, teacher! The minister was sent for to go to old Elspie Breadalbane, who's dyin' the morn; and I happened by as he was startin', an' he made me promise to come i' his place; an' I picked up my friend Dalgetty here a few miles back, wi' his horse flounderin' i' the drifts. Except for me, ye'd ha' had no Board at all here to-day, so I hope ye'll give me no bad welcome."

As he spoke he was studying her face, where the color came and went like waves; not a thought in the girl's heart he did not read. "Poor little lassie!" he was thinking to himself. "She's shaking in her shoes with fear o' me. I'll not put her out. She's a dainty blossom of a girl. What's kept her from being trodden down by these Wissan Bridge racketers, I'd like to know?"

But when he seated himself on the platform, and took his first look at the rows of pupils in the centre of the room, he was near starting with amazement. The Wissan Bridge "racketers," as he had mentally called them were not to be seen. Very well he knew many of them by sight, for his shipping business called him often to Wissan Bridge, and this was not the first time he had been inside the school-house, which had been so long the dread and terror of school boards and teachers alike. A puzzled frown gathered between Sandy Bruce's eyebrows as he gazed.

"What has happened to the youngsters, then?—have they all been converted i' this twelvemonth?" he was thinking. And the flitting perplexed thought did not escape John McDonald, who was as quick a reader of faces as Sandy himself, and had been by no means free from anxiety for his Little Bel when he saw the redoubtable visage of the exciseman appear in the doorway.

"He's takin' it in quick the way the bairn's got them a' in hand," thought John. "If only she can hold hersel' cool now?"

No danger; Bel was not there to lose the battle by appearing to quail in the outset, however clearly she might see herself outnumbered. And sympathetic and eager glances from her constables, Archie and Sandy, told her that they were all ready for the fray. These glances Sandy Bruce chanced to intercept, and they heightened his bewilderment. To Archie McLeod he was by no means a stranger, having had occasion more than once to deal with him, boy as he was, for complications with riotous misdoings. He had happened to know, also, that it was Archie McLeod who had been head and front of the last year's revolt in the school, the one boy that no teacher hitherto had been able to control. And here stood Archie McLeod, rising in his place, leader of the form, glancing down on the boys around him with the eye of a general watching the teacher's eye, meanwhile, as a dog watches for his master's signal.

And the orderly yet alert and joyously eager expression of the whole school—it had so much the look of a miracle to Sandy Bruce's eye that, not having been for years accustomed to the restraint of the technical official dignity of school visitor, he was on the point of giving a loud whistle of astonishment. Luckily recollecting himself in time, he smothered the whistle, and the "Whew! what's all this?" which had been on his tongue's end, in a vigorous and unnecessary blowing of his nose. And before that was over, and his eyes well wiped, there stood the whole school on their feet before him, and the room ringing with such a chorus as was never heard in a Prince Edward Island school-room before. This completed his bewilderment, and swallowed it up in delight. If Sandy Bruce had an overmastering passion in his rugged nature, it was for music. To the sound of the bagpipes he had often said he would march to death, and "not know it for dyin'." The drum and the fife could draw him as quickly now as when he was a boy, and sweet singing of a woman's voice was all the token he wanted of the certainty of heaven and the existence of angels.

When Little Bel's clear, flute-like soprano notes rang out, carrying along the fifty young voices she led, Sandy jumped up on his feet waving his hand, in a sudden heat of excitement, right and left, and looking swiftly all about him on the platform, he said, "It's not sittin' we'll take such welcome as this, my neighbors!" Each man and woman there, catching the quick contagion, rose, and it was a tumultuous crowd of glowing faces that pressed forward around the piano as the singing went on—fathers, mothers, rustics, all; and the children, pleased and astonished, sang better than ever; and when the chorus was ended, it was some minutes before all was quiet.

Many things had been settled in that few minutes, John McDonald's heart was at rest. "The music 'll carry a' before it, no matter if they do make a failure here an' there" he thought. "The bairn is a' right." The mother's heart was at rest also.

"She's done wonders wi' 'em—wonders. I doubt not but it'll go through as it begun. Her face is a picture to look on. Bless her!" Isabella was saying, behind her placid smile.

"Eh, but she's won her guineas out o' us," thought old Dalgetty, ungrudgingly, "and won 'em well."

"I don't see why everybody is so afraid of Sandy Bruce," thought Little Bel. "He looks as kind and as pleased as my own father. I don't believe he'll ask any o' his botherin' questions."

What Sandy Bruce thought, it would be hard to tell; nearer the truth, probably, to say that his head was too much in a whirl to think anything. Certain it is that he did not ask any botherin' questions, but sat leaning forward on his stout oaken staff, held firmly between his knees, and did not move for the next hour, his eyes resting alternately on the school and on the young teacher, who, now that her fright was over, was conducting her entertainment with the composure and dignity of an experienced instructor.

The exercises were simple—declamations, reading of selected compositions, examinations of the principal classes. At short intervals came songs to break the monotony. The first one after the opening chorus was "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." At the first bars of this, Sandy Bruce could not keep silence, but broke into a low accompaniment in deep bass voice, untrained but sweet.

"Ah," thought Little Bel; "what'll he say to the last one, I wonder?"

To be Continued.

—In the province of Limburg a manufacturer of cheese, who was also a widower and the father of a fair young daughter, had in his employ a handsome and modest clerk whom he highly esteemed. After a time it became apparent to the manufacturer, that the daughter, notwithstanding she was a most desirable match, and was courted by the important bachelors of the entire neighborhood, had fixed her affections upon the humble clerk, and, singularly enough, the father was delighted by this act. But he perceived that the clerk was by far too modest and too well aware of the difference in their stations in life ever to dream of asking for the hand of the heiress, and it was for this reason that, in the goodness of his heart, he determined to tell the clerk of the glittering possibilities that awaited him and to wish him joy. To his overwhelming astonishment, however, no sooner had he bestowed this interesting confidence than the clerk fell upon his knees, and with protestations and tears declared that he himself was a woman, who had assumed man's attire for the sake of the superior advantages which it offered to one called upon to earn a livelihood. Of course there was no help for the cheese manufacturer's daughter, and she was obliged to conquer her disappointment as she best could. The unhappiness of the clerk, however, was susceptible of modification. The manufacturer, it has been said, was a widower; he could wed the clerk; and he did. The bells rang gayly at the wedding, and the neighbors facetiously declared that it was an ill wind which blew good to nobody.

—A legacy of $75,000 has been left by the late Herr Paul von Ritter, of Basle, to the University of Jena, to be applied in zoological research on the basis of Darwin's evolution theory. Herr von Ritter believed that Darwin's teachings were the greatest signs of progress which the present century has yielded.

—In his capacity of debtor Jones pursues some queer methods. "As for me," said he, "when a creditor takes it into his head to write to me, I cross him off my list. That settles it. No money for him!" "And when he doesn't write?" "In that case I wait until he does."

More Scared than Hurt.

According to *Bradstreet's* careful recapitulation, there are about 43,000 workingmen who are on strike in this country at the present time. The whole number of persons employed in manufactures, mining, trade, and transportation is about 5,640,000. So it appears that not one man in a hundred of those engaged in the industries named has stopped work in consequence of disagreement with employers. But the one striker is making more noise in the land than the ninety-nine workingmen who keep about their business. Trade is hurt more by the apprehension of mischief than by the actual extent of it.—*Phila. Record.*

—The friends of justice everywhere ought to be thankful for the good backbone of the judges in New York. On Wednesday Herr Most, the Anarchist, was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year and fined $500. His accociate Braunschweig got nine months and a fine of $250. Schenck was sent to the penitentiary but not fined. Recorder Smyth in sentencing Most expressed a deep regret that the law did not permit him to impose a heavier sentence. His crimes, he said, deserved the punishment awarded to capital offences. He also told him that he was the greatest scoundrel he had ever seen at that bar. Braunschweig, the recorder said, was almost equally guilty. Schenck he though was a dupe of his companions, but he deserved punishment to warn him and others against following the teaching of such men as Most. Neither of the prisoners attempted to speak a word in court.

—The following is said to be the official explanation of the reason why Attorney General Garland did not attend the President's wedding: At the death of his wife some years ago he made a vow never to enter into the social festivities again. He has kept his vow, and through all the long years following that sad event he has abstained vigorously from all parties, weddings and other social reunions, devoting the most of the time after office hours to the care and attention of his aged mother. He did not even attend the wedding of his son a year ago, although his son married with his full approbation.

—Dr. W. B. Slayter, in the *Lancet*, mentions a curious case of a girl at Halifax, Nova Scotia, who has suffered from two attacks of delirium tremens brought on by the habit of chewing tea leaves, of which she declared she had sometimes consumed half a pound in a day. She stated that the habit of chewing tea leaves is a common one with the factory girls of the New England States.

Purity and Excellence
—IN—
WOODILL'S.

The following analyses (made by the Dominion Analyst) of three BAKING POWDERS sold in this market should put a stop to the unjust efforts of the Royal to mislead the public into supposing that it is the only pure Powder. These impartial tests show that other Powders are as pure and wholesome:

W. SAUNDERS, Dom. Analyst, London, Ont., reports:
Royal—Contains Alkaline Carbonates—a mixture consisting mainly of Bi-Carbonate of Soda and Cream of Tartar—adulterated with about 20 per cent. of Starch.

W. F. BEST, Dom. Analyst, St. John, N. B., reports:
Pure Gold—Contains Cream of Tartar, Carbonate of Soda and Flour—fresh and pure.

Woodill's {Nov. 10, 1882—Not adulterated, same as usual. April 7, 1883—Not adulterated; same as usual. June 4, 1884—Fresh and pure; same composition as usual.

MAYNARD BOWMAN, Dom. Analyst, Halifax, N. S., reports:
Woodill's {Of good quality; contains nothing injurious.

Woodill's German Baking Powder has held a reputation for purity and wholesomeness now nearly 30 years.

May 18, 1886.

25 per cent. cheaper than other Baking Powders.

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.

Stationery, Stationery.

Just Received: A large stock of

STATIONERY,

Including Legal Cap, Foolscap, Letter Paper, plain and ruled, Note Paper in great variety, Envelopes of all kinds, Pens, Penholders, Pencils, Carter's Inks, Blotting Paper, Account & Memo. Books, and a full line of

School Requisites.

MRS. CHIPMAN.
Dorchester, N. B., June 2, 1886.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

ROBERT BELL,
Licensed Auctioneer,
SACKVILLE, N. B.

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