Sackville, Tuesday, July 22nd.

And positively the only Show that will visit Sackville this season.

FRANK A. ROBBINS'

NEW RAILROAD SHOWS!

Circus, Museum, Menagerie, Trained Animals, Aviary and Aquarium.

☞The date is positively fixed, therefore, remember the day and date, and you will see the Great Shows all combined. The Largest and Best Show ever seen in your midst.

All Equipments, Appointments and Paraphernalia, this Season, are Bran New, every time-worn object discarded. The New Circus contains among its

Skilful and Talented Artists,

Queen Sarbro, the Royal Japanese Juggler. Mlle. McDonald, the only Female Somersault Rider. Miss Aurora Greyling, in her charming Menage and Principle Act. Signora Rigode, Queen of the Flaming Zone. James E. Cooke, Champion Four and Six-Horse Rider. Charles Lowry, Champion Jockey Rider. Andrey Gaffney, the Modern Hercules. Frank Charvat, in his Equilibristic Feats. The DeComa Brothers, Wonderful Aerial Bycicle Performers. The Irksovich Brothers, the Russian Sketorial Wonders. Colonel John Foster, Prince of Clowns, heads our squad of Merry Men.

THE GRAND MUSEUM

Embraces the following Living Wonders:—The Tattooed Lady; the Long-Haired Beauty; Three-Headed Vocalist; the Hindoo Snake Charmer, first one ever seen in America; and a vast collection of Olden Ages and Modern Curiosities.

A Menagerie of Rare Wild Animals!

☞Be in town early to witness the free street pageant of Lalla Rookh and the handsomest lady in the land, which will parade through the principal Streets at 10 A. M., on the day of Exhibition. Immediately after the return of the Parade to the Show Grounds a beautifnl young lady will perform a Sensational Act in Mid-Air, free.

Two Grand Performances daily, at 2 and 8 P. M. Doors opening an hour earlier.

REMEMBER One Ticket for **50** Cents admits you to all Departments, Circus, Museum and Menagerie. Children under nine years of age, half price. Positively no extra charge under any pretense whatever.

Remember the Days and Dates: Dorchester, Monday, July 21st; Sackville, Tuesday, July 22nd; Amherst, Wednesday, July 23rd. 2i

Upper Sackville.

NEW DEPARTURE.

NEW GOODS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exodus from Upper Sackville, the subscriber offers for sale cheap, for Cash or Produce, the following New Goods:

1 Crate Milk-Pans, Cream and Butter Crocks, 1 and ½ Gal. Jugs;
Good Assortm't General Crockeryware;
5 Dozen Brooms, 3 Dozen Pails;
3 " Wash-Boards, 5 Boxes Soap;
6 Bags Timothy Seed;
200 lbs. Clover Seed, a choice assortm't of Fresh Garden Seeds;
1 Bbl. Dried Apples;
20 Bags Liverpool Salt;
1 Bbl. Cider and White Wine Vinegar;
25 Bunches Cotton Warp;

And other articles usually found in a Country Store.

☞I also have 100 Cords Good Wood, which I will sell low for cash.

WANTED—Eggs and Butter, for which part Cash will be paid if required.

GEO. A. READ,

m21 UPPER SACKVILLE.

SOUTHAMPTON

WOOLLEN MILLS!

THESE FIRST-CLASS MILLS are now in full blast, and to fully meet the requirements of the trade and to prevent delay that have heretofore occurred in filling orders and supplying the wants of customers, we are arranging to run the Factory extra time, which with some improvements contemplated will double our producing capacity.

In order to supply the demand of our constantly increasing patronage we have manufactured and have on hand a great variety and different styles of

Homespuns, Tweeds, Flannels, Women's Dress Goods, &c.,

Among which are many of the Latest and most Attractive Patterns. We also keep constantly on hand a full supply of different Grades of **Yarns**. Our **Blankets**, of which we make a specialty, are acknowledged to be superior to any other manufactured in the Maritime Provinces.

Wool taken in exchange for Goods and the highest rates allowed therefor. Special attention given to country customers.

SOUTHAMPTON M'F'G COMPANY,

Southampton, Cumberland Co., N. S.

july2 2m

MAIL CONTRACT!

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, JULY 25TH, 1884, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, twenty-four times per week each way, between Sackville and Railway Station from the 1st October next.

The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle drawn by one or more horses subject to the approval of the Postmaster General. The Mails to leave Sackville P. O. four times per day in time to connect with Day and Night Mail trains going both East and West.

Returning to the P. O. immediately after the arrival of each train.

Printed notices containing furthur information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Sackville.

JNO. McMILLAN,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, St. John, June 12, 1881. jy9-3i

Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY, 25TH JULY, 1884, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, three times per week each way, between Port Elgin and Shediac from the 1st October next.

The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle drawn by one or more horses, subject to the approval of the Postmaster General. The Mails to leave Shediac on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, as soon as practicable after the arrival of the morning mails from St. John, reaching Port Elgin in seven hours from hour of despatch.

Returning to leave Port Elgin on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays in sufficient time to reach Shediac and connect with the afternoon train for St. John, reaching Shediac in seven hours from hour of despatch.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Port Elgin and Shediac.

JNO. McMILLAN,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, St. John, June 12, 1884. jy9-3i

SMOKE TIME KEEPERS. MADE FOR WHITEBONE & Co. TRADE MARK REG. Saint John N.B.

ASK your Grocer for TIME KEEPERS. Ask your Druggist for Time Keepers. Ask the Sackville Hair Dressing Saloon for Time Keepers.

WM. KNIGHT,
4i Sole Agent for Sackville.

New Brunswick,
County of Westmorland, S. S.

L. S. Copy. To the Sheriff of the County of Westmorland, or any Constable within the said County, Greeting:—

WHEREAS JOHN HENNESSEY, Administrator of all and singular the Goods and Chattels, Rights and Credits which were of Bartholomew Hennesey, late of Botsford, in the said County, farmer, deceased, has filed an Account of his Administration of the Estate of the said deceased, and prayed that a citation may issue to all interested, &c., and that said account may be passed in due form of law.

You are therefore required to cite the said John Hennesey and all others interested, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at my office at Dorchester, within and for the said County, on TUESDAY, THE FIFTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to attend the passing of said Account.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court this fifth day of July, A. D. 1884.

Signed CHAS. E. KNAPP, Registrar of Probates, County of Westmorland.
A. E. OULTON, Judge of Probates, Co. of Westmorland.

Flour! Flour!

JUST RECEIVED:

50 BBLS. CROWN OF GOLD; 20 Hf-Bbls. Goldie's Sun Pat.;
5 Bbls. Tilsonburg Oatmeal;
2 " Granulated Oatmeal;
4 " Table Corn Meal;
2 " Granulated Corn Meal;
1 " Pine Apples;
2 " Mixed Pickles;
2 Cases Valencia Oranges;
1 " Evaporated Vegetables for soup;
2 " Windson Tomatoes;
2 " Peaches;
2 " Oysters;
2 Boxes Messina Lemons.

Low for Cash.

G. J. TRUEMAN,
june11 No. 4 Music Hall Block.

The Turn of an Accident.

(Harper's Bazar.)

It was six o'clock of a crisp October morning, and John Boyd a farmer, rousing from his sound night's sleep, sprang out of bed with the alert readiness of a man who knows the value of the first hour of the day. It was a tavern bed from which he jumped; home and its cares were many miles away: but a long ride lay before him, and he washed and dressed briskly, as one in haste, humming a cheerful air, meanwhile, as became a man who felt himself in good spirits, and had ample reason for being so. For, be it known, this year had proved the best for the farmers since John had been his own master. Harvests had been large, prices high, and John on his way back from the annual market, carried a sense of freedom and liberation at his heart from the final extinguishment of a mortgage on his farm—a mortgage which had pressed as heavily on his conscience, as did the burden of Christian on his shoulders. The burden was lifted now, and, further than that, John carried in his fat, red wallet, two hundred dollars over and above, toward the expenses of the next year. He had never been so "beforehand" before, and the sensation was a joyful one.

"My neck is out of the collar, now," he muttered to himself, as he brushed his thick, brown hair. "I should be a fool indeed if I put it in again. No mortgages for me!"

Then, his toilet completed, he ran down stairs, two steps at a time.

Farmer-like, his first visit was to his horses. They were munching their corn very satisfactorily, and after a look or two, and a pat, John returned to the inn, where a jangling bell announced a breakfast. It was smoking on the table—a substantial meal of the kind universal in taverns thirty years ago; and John Boyd, whose appetite was of the kind proverbially said to accompany a good conscience, was doing it ample justice, when a sudden instinct led him to thrust his hand into the inner pocket which held the two hundred dollars. The wallet was gone!

In the suddenness of the shock, John felt himself turn pale, and then flush painfully, as he confusedly tried to remember if he had taken out the wallet, and when. Under his pillow—there it was! He recollected distinctly, or so it seemed, putting it there, for security's when he went to bed the night before. With a muttered excuse he left the table, and hurried up stairs. The door of the room stood open, and the maid-servant was putting fresh sheets on his bed, and the soiled linen was lying in a heap on the floor.

Towards the heap John hurried, and began turning it over.

"Have you lost something, sir?" asked the maid.

John straightened himself to answer. He had not noticed the maid before, though she had waited upon the table at supper. Now he observed that she was young and rather pretty—fair, with a trim, slender figure, beautiful glossy hair, neatly dressed and braided, and a pair of sweet, apprehensive blue eyes. Her voice was soft, too; and, she had a shy, modest manner, which suggested an idea of refinement. All these things Farmer Boyd observed in a flash, and instinctively noting, weighing, estimating by that wonderfully rapid process of which the human mind is capable, while yet his thoughts were full of his money and his loss.

"Yes, I am looking for my wallet, which I left under my pillow. Did you find it?"

The girl's face blanched to a deadly whiteness, and her eyes dilated as with sudden terror.

"No sir," she said, her voice trembling and sinking away as she spoke. "I didn't see any wallet."

John looked at her distrustfully; but there was something in the pale face which disarmed suspicion.

"I'd like to search the bed," he said. "It may have slipped under the mattress."

Together they turned the mattress, but no wallet was visible.

"That off horse of yours has got his shoe loose, somehow," announced Mr. Nash, the landlord, suddenly appearing at the door. "I thought I'd better tell you, so that you can stop at the blacksmith's as you pass, and get him to put in a couple of nails. Why, what's the matter?"

John explained.

The landlord looked very grave. He whistled softly to himself for a minute, with his eyes fixed on the tumbled bedding; then he went to the head of the stairs, and called his wife. Presently they came in together, and the landlady's face looked very red and troubled.

"Such a thing never happened in my house before," she protested. "But there's only one person that has been in your room since you came, beside yourself, and she's the person you must reckon with," pointing to the maid, who, with white cheeks and downcast eyes, leaned against the wall as if awaiting sentence.

"Oh indeed, indeed, I didn't take it! I never saw any wallet," she said; but her voice was drowned in Mrs. Nash's louder tones.

"And pray who else took it, do you suppose? Who else had the chance? Answer me that! It serves me just right for taking in a girl with no recommend—a girl I didn't know nothing about, not so much as her name, or where she came from, or where her folks are. Five weeks tomorrow, that's all the time she's been in the house, sir; but this is the end of it. It's the last time I'll ever have a help I don't know the long and short of, so you needn't be afraid to stop with us again—no, nor none of your friends, either; as for her, out she packs this very day!"

"I'd better go for the constable, hadn't I? If you're sure it was under the pillow you put it," said the landlord.

"Oh, don't, please don't!" pleaded the girl, weeping bitterly.

"Give the gentleman his wallet back, then, and perhaps he'll let you off."

"I can't. I haven't got it; Oh, please believe me! Don't send me to jail!" she urged.

The landlady only answered by an expression of disgust. And, throwing her apron over her head, the poor girl wept in silence, saying no more.

John had held his peace during this altercation, sharply eyeing the persons concerned in it, meanwhile. The Nashes he knew something about. They were of good reputation as far as he was aware. The maid was a stranger to them, as to him but, in spite of the circumstances, and her manner, which was hardly less suspicious, he could not bring himself to believe her guilty. He was not a hasty man, and he was a just one, with a kind heart to back his temperate judgments; and after a few minutes' reflection he made up his mind what to do.

"I can't swear that I put the wallet under the pillow, or anywhere else," he said. "I'm pretty sure that I did, but my thoughts about it are confused, somehow, and it may be that I left it at Bolton, where I slept Tuesday night. I don't want no injustice done on my account. Don't cry like that"—addressing himself to the girl—"I'll tell you what I'll do. Will you get the bay mare shod during the day?"—to Mr. Nash—"and if you'll lend me a saddle I'll ride back to Bolton and make inquiry there. If I find the money, well and good, if I don't it will be time enough to talk further about it to-morrow."

"I'm sure it's good of you to take so much trouble," declared the landlady. "But whether or no, the girl don't stay here. I'll have no suspected thief in my house!"

"There'll be nothing to suspect her of, if I find the wallet," rejoined John, dryly. "Don't give the poor thing a bad name till you know that she deserves it." Then he left the room, unmindful of the look of gratitude which shone upon him from the blue eyes of the girl, who had dropped her apron, and who gazed after him till he was out of sight.

His reflections were not agreeable, as he retraced his footsteps over the dusty highway, travelled but yesterday with so light a heart. The loss of his money meant a good deal to John Boyd. The pressure of anxiety seemed to settle again upon his shoulders, as he thought over the probabilities of its non-recovery. "But I won't give in without a fight for it," he thought, grimly, as he urged his horse forward.

Miles seemed doubly long when measured by a heavy heart, and what with dust, heat, and the continual effort to clear his mental conclusion as to when and where he had last seen his wallet, the young farmer was fagged and dispirited enough, before noon was fairly come.

He stopped to dine at a little tavern attached to a toll-gate, and, with some vague hope that the money might have been picked up on the road by some one, mentioned his loss. The toll-keeper shook his head.

"Bolton's your only chance," he said. "If it was on the road you dropped it, there's no likelihood that you'll ever hear of it again. The dust is eight inches deep, I should say, and there's been three big droves of sheep, and one of bullocks along since yesterday, so if your wallet was lying there, they must have trampled it under pretty thoroughly. It is buried deep enough, you may be sure, unless, which is just as likely to happen, some one has picked it up and made off with it. Your chance is a slim one, I reckon."

Cold comfort this; but John was forced to agree with his opinion. Despondingly he rode through the afternoon, scanning the way as he went, for, despite the toll-keeper, a faint hope still lingered in his heart, though the track, deep in dust, and churned and trampled by the crowded droves, presented a sorry field for either hope or discovery.

He had gained the top of a long hill from which Bolton was dimly visible, when a moving object far ahead caught his eye, and he rose in his stirrups in order to see more clearly. As he did so, his horse made a false step, stumbled, and threw him forward in the saddle so that his head grazed the horse's neck. It was in this position that a tiny object, a patch of red, not over an inch square, in the dust beneath, caught his eye. His heart gave a little leap, then he called himself a fool, but all the same he dismounted to examine. Already a random hoof-stroke had buried the red patch from sight, but John recollected the spot, and stooping, dug and scooped till it again became visible. His fingers recognized a solid substance. Trembling with excitement, he continued to dig; another second, and the object was uncovered, lifted out, and with a wild, incredulous whoop of joy, John Boyd held in his hand his wallet, buried deep by the hurrying herds, and uncovered for one passing moment that his eye might rest upon it, and no other. Except for that lucky stumble, he would have ridden over the lost treasure, and never dreamed what lay beneath his horse's feet

"And some folks say there ain't no God!" was his mental comment, spoken half-aloud. Then—for John Boyd's religion, though a homely, was a true one—he bent his head, and said a few words of thanksgiving; after which, jumping on his horse, he took the backward route, eager to tell his good fortune, and exonerate the poor girl, who, as he remembered with self-reproach, must have passed a painful day under the stigma of undeserved suspicion.

The heat was yielding to evening freshness, and he urged his horse, impatient to set matters straight, but, with his best endeavour, it was after 11 o'clock before he at last drew reign in front of Nash's hotel. He was expected, that was evident, for lights were burning, and both Nash and his wife hurried out to meet him, wearing faces of lugubrious length which only in part changed to cheerfulness when they heard of the recovery of the wallet.

"There, what did I tell you?" cried the husband. "Haven't I been a-saying and a-saying all day that as likely as not this scare would turn out all for nothing? And you would not listen to a word, but just kept on to that poor thing inside there, and she nothing to blame all the time. I declare, it's too bad the way women act to each other—and folks calling them the 'softer sex!' A man would be ashamed to be so hard. Well, do tell! And so the money was a-laying there in the dust all the time! Well, I'm mighty glad, for your sake and ours too. Go right in, sir, and wife'll give you some supper. I'll see to the horse."

Mrs. Nash waited on the meal in grim silence. She seemed only half rejoiced at the denouement.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Odds and Ends.

—He didn't want to call the other fellow a hog, but he said that if he was smoked and sliced up he would make good ham sandwiches.

—"Were you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtman of a worthy citizen. "Well I guess so," responded the good man, "I have helped to bring up eight babies."

—A California editor recently received a cord of wood, in payment for a subscription, which was piled in front of the office at a late hour. The next morning he found six sticks left. This fact led the editor to believe that the morals of the town were improving. A year ago there wouldn't have been a stick left.

—"I can swim the whirlpool at Niagara," said a stranger to a hardware man on Woodward avenue yesterday. "Can you?" "I feel that I can. I should like some advice from you. Would you try it if you were me?" "No sir—no, sir, I wouldn't think of such a thing. A man who hasn't been in a bath-tub for a year, nor had on a clean shirt for a month, wouldn't stand the ghost of a show with a whirlpool. You'd better go tackle a drink of water, and gradually work up to it."

NEW MUSIC BOOKS.

The Most Popular Series Ever Issued.

The Gleanings.
Songs for Baritone, Contralto and Bass. This book contains the most popular Songs from the best authors that has ever been published in book form. It is printed on fine paper, has an illuminated title-page, and is first-class in every respect. Price, in paper, 75 cents.

The Casino Collection.
Popular Music for the Piano, especially adapted for parlor or concert-room, including several splendid duetts.

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The most popular book ever issued, containing as it does not only the best known songs of the day, but those sung by former generations. Beautiful illuminated title-page. Paper, 75 cents; half-cloth, $1; full cloth, $1.50.

The Floral Offering.
Songs selected from the latest and most popular successes, with accompaniment for the piano. Price 75c.

The Bijou Collection.
Containing a selection of the most popular piano music of the day. Price 75c.

Each of the above books contains several pictures of musical celebrities, the books are Full Sheet Music size, and will average over 225 pages of music to each book, and will be mailed at 5c. each additional to any part of Canada.

C. FLOOD & SONS,
31 and 33 King Street, - - St. John, N. B.

USE PHILODERMA

For Chapped Hands. For Sore Lips.

PHILODERMA!

Chafing, Sunburn. After Shaving.

PREPARED ONLY BY
E. M. ESTEY,
Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.
Sold in Sackville by A. DIXON, Druggist.

JUST RECEIVED

People's Market.

Fresh Bologna Sausages.

Park's Hams,
(International Sugar Cured).

EGGS, ONIONS, POT BARLEY, RHUBARB, OATMEAL, BUCKWHEAT MEAL, BEANS, CODFISH.

AT LOWEST RATES.

june11 ED. READ.

BRANDRAM'S
White and Colored Paints.
Raw and Boiled Oil.

A full Stock just received, and for sale very low by

M. Wood & Sons.
june25 tf

OAT MEAL.

One Car Load Tilsonburg Oat Meal,

Now Receiving and for Sale by

apl2 tf M. WOOD & SONS.

Lumber. Lumber.

PINE & SPRUCE LUMBER, LATHS, Palings, &c. For sale low by

may29 CHAS. A. DOULL.

TO MALE TEACHERS.—First and Second Class, wanted immediately, of either above class. Six young men to engage in circulation of Biblical and Religious Literature for the summer season. Terms: a guaranteed salary with commission bonus. Apply, ROGERS, Box 6, Hampton, N. B. 4i

PAPER Bags.—A large assortment, in sizes from HALF POUND upward, just received at this OFFICE, where they will be sold at Manufacturer's Prices—Printed or Unprinted.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspnful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

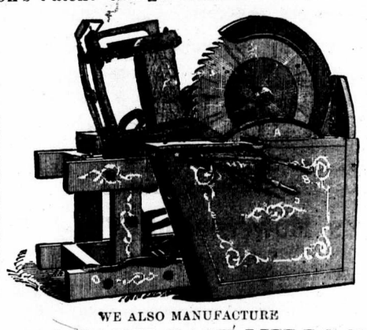
Amherst Stove and Machine Works.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Hodgson's Patent Shingle Machine and Saw Grinder.

Hodgson's Patent Shingle Machine. With saw 1500 Shingles in 24 minutes. The blocks can be cut to any length, and the shingles are ready for the market. The travel of carriage can be varied instantaneously by the lever C.



Hodgson's Patent Saw Grinder. Only costs $25, with which an Emery Wheel costing only $4 will last a lifetime. A child can turn it. It will cut Circular or Gang Saw Teeth any shape, and without injury to the saw.

WE ALSO MANUFACTURE

Best American Patterns. ROTARY SAW MILLS Latest American Patterns.

—ALSO—

Saws, Belting, Steam Fittings, Iron Railings, Crestings, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings.

Branch Railway to Work. Telephone Connection from Office to Works. A. ROBB & SONS.

For Sale and to Let.

Marsh for Sale.

14 ACRES of MARSH on the West Marsh; 7 acres of Broadleaf adjoining, known as the Humphrey Marsh

WM. MORICE.

Sackville, Jan. 15th, 1881.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell his FARM, in Centrevillage, consisting of 85 acres of Land, a good Dwelling House, and two large Barns. There is also a good never-failing Well of Water conveniently situated; also an Orchard. For particulars apply to Thos. A. Tingley, Dorchester; or William W. Ray, or the subscriber. Terms easy.

DANIEL EASTERBROOKS.

Sackville, April 16, 1884. tf

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 accomodating. Title undoubted Apply to

W. H. HARRISON.

Valuable Building Lots

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will sell at private sale, in lots to suit purchasers, part of the homestead of Christopher Humphrey, late of Sackville, farmer, deceased. This property is situate on the main road, a short ditance from the Station and Wesleyan Academies, and forms an eligible property for investment, Terms liberal; good title given.

WILLIAM MORICE,
Executor and Devisee.

Sackville, Dec. 30, 1879. jan

Land for Sale.

TO be sold at Public Auction, at or near the Cheese Factory, Upper Sackville,

On Saturday, 26th July Next,

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following LOTS of LAND:

A Lot of Up-Land lying opposite the Cheese Factory, containing about 11½ acres; also,

A Lot of Marsh at Cut Creek adjoining marsh of Mr. J. L. Black, and containing 7 acres; also,

A Lot of Marsh lying between Charles George's lands and adjoining the Tantramar River, and containing about 7 acres.

Terms of Sale:—One-half cash down, balance with interest in one and two years with approved security.

V. E. EVANS.
GEORGE CAMPBELL.

June 10th, 1884.

Valuable Property

For Sale or to Rent.

THE subscriber offers for sale his Real Estate at Grand Ance, near Johnson's Mills, and close to the

New Copper Discoveries,

known as the Boss Doherty's Property, fronting on Shepody Bay, in a commanding fine view, situate 7 miles from Dorchester Court House, and 10 miles from Crane's Corner. Possesses a double frontage; piling and lumber vessels for U. S. load off; easy access to mud as a fertilizer; good shad privilege. Contains 46 acres, 20 cleared and in meadow and pasture. Good house and barn on the premises; buildings and fences in thorough repair. Title clear. Greater part of purchase money can remain in security.

Enquire on premises of

may9 WM. A. DOHERTY.

NOW

IS the time to CLEAN up your Harnesses. McLAUGHLIN'S HARNESS OIL is the article to use. It makes Leather black as JET and soft as VELVET. Sold everywhere. apl23

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

MONCTON
Furniture, Carpet, and House Furnishing
WAREROOMS,
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Furniture, Carpets, and House Furnishings
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