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### The Silver Lock.

In the great city of London, where hundreds die yearly of overwork and mental anxiety, to how many, I wonder, is it given by one favorable turn of the wheel of fortune, to resolve both their health and happiness? Such a stroke of good luck befell me three years ago, when I was looking very black to me, and I was recommended the simple expedient of making a walking tour, in order to chase away its shadows. My father was an officer in the army, and I his only child. My mother died when I was born, leaving her husband heartbroken at her loss. From henceforth all his affection was lavished on me; my will was never crossed, and every whim or caprice I chose to indulge in was, so far as it was possible, satisfied. So I grew up idle and selfish, careless of the future, and encouraged to continue in the same path by my father, who vaguely hinted that at some future day I should have more money than I should know what to do with, and need therefore, choose no profession.

I did not know that his golden dream had reference to anything so uncertain as mere speculations, but I was rudely awakened one morning, when my poor father with trembling lips told me that his El Dorado had vanished into thin air—in plain English, he was a beggar. That evening he was stricken with paralysis, never to recover, and before the week was out I found myself, comparatively speaking, alone in the world, at three-and-twenty, without money or profession, with a mis-spent youth, and no prospect of advancement before me. I had a few dilapidated tastes, and could play the violin and draw animals fairly well; but my heart was in the country, and could I have had the means of earning my livelihood, it would have been a farmer.

As it was, I had not sufficient money to educate myself for this life, at all times a precarious one for an amateur, and so I had to swallow my pride, and with the assistance of my friends obtained, after long waiting, what was considered a favor—a clerkship in one of the great banking-houses in London. I set to work, resolutely turning my back on the past, employing all my leisure moments in study and writing, with dim visions in the future of following—very humbly—in the footsteps of Landseer and Andell, and of turning my back forever on pen and ink, high stools and ledgers.

But fate was apparently unkind to me, and threw in my way a woman, with eyes as soft and bright as those of the deer I loved to delineate, and with even less money than I myself possessed. I met her at the house of one of my many friends and we soon saw her then, with the perversity of poverty, I loved her. Alas! she was only a governess, and I only a banker's clerk! What hope had I?

After the first time I saw her often. I could not go to the Garwoods' house without meeting her, for she was petted by the whole family, and treated more as a guest than as the children's governess. They told me she was an Italian, but when I grew to know her better, I learnt from herself that she was half English, and that her name was Olivia. As for her surname that always remained a puzzle, for she could not rightly pronounce it, being English; and always called herself by that of her step-father, an Italian—the only father she had ever known. He and her mother were both dead, leaving her destitute, so she had come over to England, with some friends, to seek a situation as governess. Fortune had befriended her, and her lines were to-day cast in pleasant places at the Garwoods'.

She was so pretty, with her soft, hazel-like eyes, red lips and English brown hair, striking by its contrast with the clear, olive complexion and dark eyebrows, with her quaint foreign ways and gesticulations, that one could not wonder at the fascination she exercised over all who came in contact with her.

One defect she had, which no doubt marred her beauty to the ordinary observer. This was a perfectly white lock of hair, just above her forehead, where it gleamed out from among the luxuriant brown masses by which it was surrounded like a streak of burnished silver. To me, however, it was no blemish, for, strange to say, I myself, had the same defect, only my white lock was thicker and more prominent than was Olivia's. The Garwoods were much amused by this, our common physical peculiarity, and jokingly said we should discover each to be cousins by means of the silver lock. Olivia had inherited hers from her English father, that much she knew, but mine must have been a freak of nature, as I had never heard my father speculate as to how I came by it.

Senior Belmont, Olivia's step-father, who appeared to have been a most excellent man, had given her a thoroughly good education, and had insisted on her learning English with the prettiest foreign accent, generally quite intelligible, except when it came to her own surname, and of that we could make nothing. She pronounced it "Alrami," an Italianism; but what that would be when Anglicized we were puzzled to

decide. But it mattered little to me or to her what her name was, I loved her and she loved me. We were both young, both penniless, raised to plus that we should gravitate toward each other, and resolve to unite our destinies at some future day.

The Garwoods shook their heads, but gave their consent, secure of keeping their pretty governess for many a long year yet, whilst I sat on my high stool keeping ledgers and building golden castles in the air. We both worked hard, saving every penny that we could spare; but Olivia was well fed and free from care in that respect, whilst I nearly starved myself, working with my pencil to late hours in the night and early in the morning on insufficient food. The consequences were that two years had passed away I found myself growing nervous and hipped, afraid almost of the sound of my own voice, irritable to all around me, and even to my sweet Olivia. Mr. Garwood took me in his hand, sent for a doctor, and gave me £20 to pay for his prescription—a walking tour. And thus it happened that, with Olivia's photograph in my pocket, with a knapsack and a walking stick, I started one bright morning in June on that tour which was to be a turning-point in my life. I did not intend to go very far from London, but to explore those beautiful counties, which in some parts as wild and romantic as if they were situated a hundred miles from the great Babylon.

For my first fortnight, I enjoyed uninterrupted fine weather, and was able to walk my fifteen or twenty miles a day. Towards the end of the month, however, the wind changed, the sky, hitherto so blue, grew gray and gloomy, and I began to fear I must turn my steps homeward. I had set my mind, however, on reaching a certain point, and was not to be deterred from my goal by any amount of rain or wind. Yet they proved to be strong for me one evening when I had by no means completed my usual distance, and I found myself literally blown to the door of an exceedingly rustic inn, where fortunately I discovered I could put up for the night. I was not loath to be compelled to stop here, for, even through the driving rain I could see that it was situated in a singularly lovely spot, on the slope of a narrow valley, crowned with woods, and opposite what looked to me a most picturesque ruin. Be that as it might, the rain prevented my seeing anything very distinctly, and I was glad to change my things and sit down to rustic but not unpalatable meal. I slept soundly all night, in spite of the to-and-fro of rain and howling wind, which nevertheless failed to rouse me from my deep slumber. The next morning when I arose, to my dismay, the rain was still falling heavily, the sky was like lead, and the little brook that ran at the bottom of the valley was swollen and turbid. It was impossible to continue my journey with any pleasure or profit; and narrow, and to a certain degree uncomfortable, as was my present abode, at any rate it was a roof over my head. So I resolved to stay till the rain ceased, and I perceived that my host was honest, and that he and his wife were worthy people. I could not help being amused by the way in which the latter stared me out of countenance, but came to the conclusion that my white lock which so riveted her attention.

During the long wet morning I looked about in vain for anything approaching literature in the parlor. In my researches, however, my eye lighted on many an unexpected treasure in the shape of here an old Worcester vase or a Stafford figure, there a finely-carved oak table and corner chair, a pair of embossed brass candlesticks, scarred with many a dint and scratch, but still beautiful in design and workmanship; and last, but not least, a curious piece of ancient-looking tapestry in sad condition, being hung as a curtain over the front door to keep out the draught. Whence could these treasures, which contrasted so strangely with the generally poverty-stricken appearance of the place, have come? Probably, I conjectured, from the house across the valley, which, from the appearance of the small portion I could see of it, must once have been a fine building. It might serve to pass away the time if I could persuade my hostess to let me, as far as she knew it, the history of the old manor; and, with this idea, I waited patiently till I saw the good woman clear away the noontide meal, tidy up the parlor, and sit down with a pile of basket of socks and stockings to mend.

I drew my chair opposite hers, and elicited, by my very first question, the information that for many years she had been a servant to the family who lived at Fair Becket, and could tell me more than any one else of the old place and its inhabitants. It was evident I had set her off on her favorite topic, and without much pressing, keeping the whole time in a full state, the old woman related to me, with an intelligence and delicacy of perception seldom found in her class, the following history:

It seemed that up to some six years ago, there had lived at Fair Becket, for generations and generations, a family by the name of Aymer, who in days long gone by must have been people of import-

ance. They were, however, a quiet unpretentious stock, taking no part in the events of their successive ages, and gradually subsiding, in their inaccessible valley, from the very almost to the level of the rustics by whom they were surrounded. From time to time some of their members would separate from the parent stock and seek their fortune in London or elsewhere, but for the most part they were an unadventurous set, content to live and die in obscurity.

It was in some part of the reign of George III. that the family were reduced to two brothers and their mother, a woman of much beauty and spirit, the daughter of a farmer from a neighboring county. She advised her younger son, Godfrey, who inherited her tastes, to quit his paternal home on the death of his father, and with his few hundred pounds that were left him, to repair to London and see how he could turn them to the best account. Only too glad to follow her advice, Godfrey readily turned his back on his native valley, on his mother and brother, to be soon lost to them in the great metropolis. For a year or two they received letters from him, relating that he was getting on well in London, that his friends were numerous, and that Fortune was smiling on him; and then these too ceased, and nothing more was heard of him.

Meanwhile the elder brother succeeded to the estate, and, with his mother's aid, made it answer as he had never answered before. In the course of time he married, and died, leaving an only son, who grew to man's estate under his grandmother's care, his mother having early followed her husband to the grave.

The grandson was old Mrs. Aymer's joy and pride. He was a handsome, high-spirited lad, very like Godfrey, showing traces of the good blood that ran in his veins, and with a taste for book learning quite foreign to the Aymer in general. He was sent to a really good school for these days, and electrified his grandmother by the erudition he displayed. It nearly broke her heart when, on reaching his twenty-first birthday, he announced his intention of quitting home and traveling abroad for a while, leaving her to manage the farm. She could never forget her favorite son who, so many years ago, had sought his fortunes in London, and there, she firmly believed, had met with his death. And now he was coming back, bent on going to outlandish parts of which she had not even heard the names and she should never see him again.

This, and much more, she poured forth to her father, yet he failed to move him from his purpose. His heart was set on seeing the world, and in spite of tears and remonstrances, a month after his birthday, he started for the south. Unlike his uncle he wrote home frequently, now from one place, now from another, until after the first six months the letters were steadily dated from Rome, where he seemed to have settled for a time.

A year or two rolled away, Oliver still keeping up an active correspondence with his grandmother, when one day she received an unusually curt epistle from him, announcing that he was married, and was coming home immediately. Poor Mrs. Aymer was dreadfully upset by the news; she had already fixed upon a suitable wife for her grandson, and was afraid, from his reticence on the subject that his bride was not all she could wish. Imagine, then, her horror when a fortnight afterward Oliver returned home and introduced to her, what her worst fears had hardly anticipated—an Italian wife. She looked little more than a child, with her soft brown skin and large eyes, and she was in terror from the strong, featured English woman, whose provincial English sounded so barbarous to her southern ears.

And now commenced a life of perpetual bickering and disagreements between all three members of this ill-assorted family. Oliver either could not or would not give any very clear account of who or what his wife was, merely telling his grandmother that she was his equal in point of birth, and standing up for her vehemently whenever she was incurred, as she frequently did, the old woman's wrath. Old Mrs. Aymer, consumed by jealousy, was only too glad to be forever finding fault with little Norina's soft indolence and want of knowledge of English ways and manners; and for the poor young wife herself, even Oliver's devoted love could not compensate to her for the loss of her home, her religion, her mother tongue. She was strangely ignorant, and beyond just reading, writing and working knew nothing and was as little able to enter into her husband's intellectual tastes as she was into the mysteries of cooking and butter-making, the succession of the crops, of the balancing of accounts, which engrossed so large a share of his shrewd old grandmother's thoughts. The poor child grew thin and pale, shivering over the fire through an English winter; and even when her baby came, a little mite of a girl, it failed to rouse her from her melancholy lethargy.

She was destined to be roused, however, in a way she had not dreamed of. One lovely spring evening, when the air blew in soft and balmy as in her own Italy, and she was seated at the open window, with

her baby in her arms, Oliver was carried past her into the house by two laborers on the farm, and borne all unconscious to his bed, from whence he was never to rise again. He had been out riding all day, and had been found half in, half out of a ditch, about a mile from home, to all appearances dead. How the accident had happened no one knew, for he never spoke a gain; only his horse had returned to its stable with its knees broken.

The village doctor was very ignorant, and evidently had no idea of how to treat the case; and Norina, awakened by love and jealousy, kept away from her husband's bedside the only person capable of doing him any good—his grandmother. Oliver, sent out by his doctor for care, or from the nature of his accident, certain it is that, at the end of a week after his fatal fall, poor Oliver was no more, and Norina left a solitary young widow, all alone in a strange land with stern old Mrs. Aymer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Incomplete Boy.

From the Wall Street Daily News.

Last fall a Baltimore hardware dealer, who had a bill against a blacksmith in an adjacent village, sent it out by his collector for payment. Upon arriving in the village the collector found the shop, but not the smith, and after a long hunt discovered him on his own doorstep, eloping with his knees and chin on his hands.

"I says no pill," replied the smith, as the account was handed him.

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Coon?"

"Vell, der matter ish dot I haf failed in peesness and I doan pay nobody."

"Failed? Have you actually failed?"

"I haf."

"Well, you'll have to pay me in full just the same. Under the laws of this State no man can fail in peesness, and as I passed the shop yours were wide open."

"Dunder und blitzen! dot vash the carelessness of my boy Shoy! How much is dot pill? I pays him quick and runs down and nails oop der door, and says, 'Dunder! I do pay nefer make a Yankee, if he lifts here a thousand years!'"

### Is Friday Unlucky.

Friday, long remembered as a day of ill omen, has been an eventful one in American history, and Americans ought not to be afraid of it.

Friday Christopher Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America.

Friday, Henry III. gave John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.

Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States was founded.

Friday, the "Mayflower" with the pilgrims, arrived at Provincetown, and, on Friday, they signed the august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution.

Friday, George Washington was born.

Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made.

Friday, the surrender of Cornwallis occurred.

And on Friday, the motion was made in Congress that the United States were, and of right, ought to be free and independent.

Scissors, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, and many of whom have been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. W. BARNES.

A Secret.

The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key and unlocks all the secretions. It cures all Scrofulous Diseases, acts upon the Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pale cheek.

Remarkable and True.

Alonso Howe, of Tweed, was seized of a fever sore of thirty-five years' duration, by six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. He had suffered terribly, and tried many remedies in vain. He considers Burdock Blood Bitters a marvelous medicine.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers, look to your health! The many painful and weakening diseases from which you suffer, dispiriting of a cure, can be remedied by that unfailing regulator and unfailing tonic—Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your Druggist for proof.

A Heartly Recommendation.

Jacob A. Ensey, of Canaan, states that he has taken Burdock Blood Bitters with great benefit in a lingering complaint, and adds that he would gladly recommend it to all.

No person can enjoy health while suffering Constipation of the bowels. Harsh purgatives always do harm. Burdock Blood Bitters is Nature's own Cathartic; it unlocks the secretions, regulates, purifies and strengthens the system.

The worst Scrofulous Sores, the most violent Tumors, and the most foul Ulcers known, may be cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters and Burdock Healing Ointment. Ask your Druggist for these infallible remedies.

Suffering Children.

Many children live of suffering from being troubled with Worms. Melan's Worm Syrup is an efficient as well as a pleasant remedy. Ask nearly all stores.

### About Sleep.

There are two kinds of sleep—the complete and the incomplete. Complete sleep is a temporary metaphysical death, though not an organic one. The heart and lungs perform their offices with their accustomed regularity. It is characterized by a torpor of the organs of the brain, of the external senses, and of voluntary motions. Incomplete sleep is the activity of one or more of the cerebral organs, while the others are in repose; this occasions dreaming.

Sleep is variously affected by health and disease. Man in time of health sleeps tranquilly. He arises at morning, refreshed and prepared to go forth to his daily labor. No strength is given him; languor is gone; and all the faculties, both mental and corporal, are recruited. But the sleep of disease is far different. It is short and unrefreshing; disturbed by fearful sights and frightful dreams.

Stupor and sleep are different, though supposed by some to be synonymous. In both there is insensibility; but it is easy to wake a person from sleep, while it is sometimes almost impossible to rouse one from stupor. It is frequently the case in sickness that the person lies for several days in stupor, totally insensible.

Though sleep be natural, and necessary to the longevity, health and corporeal faculties, yet it is frequently brought on by some external cause. Heat produces sleep. We witness it in the summer season; it is common to see the laborer dozing an hour in the heat of the day in sleep. A heated church and dull sermon are almost sure to bring sleep. The host of the church might be roasted, but the sermon is irresistible. Its monotony falls in leaden accents on the ear, and soon subdues the most powerful attention. Yawn, yawn, and snore, and sleep prevents sleep; while excessive monotony of all kinds is apt to induce it. Excessive cold, as well as heat, produces sleep. A person without sufficient clothing on his bed will find it difficult to sleep at night; but it is a fact that sleep is produced by force, when freezing takes place.

### How to Treat Typhoid Fever.

From the St. James's Gazette.

What seems an almost interminable discussion has been going on in the French Academy of Medicine, ever since the typhoid epidemic of last autumn, as to the proper mode of treating that disease. The system to which most prominence has been given is that recently introduced into German practice by Dr. Brand, the main feature of which is the immersion of the patient in long and frequently repeated cold water baths. German medical statistics show an excellent result from this mode of treatment; though they are, it is said, vitiated by the inclusion of typhus patients in the typhoid category.

Dr. Dumontpallier described at Monday's sitting (Feb. 22) the Academy an apparatus of his invention, by which fever patients may be cooled to the required degree, without undergoing the fatigue of leaving the bed, and being wetted only to be dried again. The apparatus consists essentially of two water beds, one placed over the other, between which the patient lies. By a simple system of pipes the physician can regulate the temperature of the water in the mattresses, and the cold bath is thus dispensed with. The idea of cooling fever patients is not new. Curry, an English physician, was the first to introduce it into modern practice, for the ancients seem to have employed it exactly a hundred years ago, and it was much used within the present century in England for the treatment of scarlet fever. But the results were not satisfactory.

Mullein as a Remedy for Coughs.

This plant has long been used in Ireland as a domestic remedy for consumptive cough, and Dr. Quinlan has made a series of experiments with a view to determine if it really possesses the valuable properties attributed to it. He finds that when boiled in milk the patient takes the decoction readily, and experiences a physiological want when it is omitted. The power of checking phlegmatic looseness of the bowels and the relief afforded to coughing was very marked, so that the patients took hardly any other cough mixture. In early stages it appears to have a distinct power of increasing weight, but in advanced cases Dr. Quinlan remarks that he is not aware of any tonic which will do this except koumiss.—Scientific American.

### Hay is King.

The statistics of the United States prove that it is among the foremost crops raised in this country, if not the very first. At the present time there are estimated to be in the United States, 40,000,000 sheep, 40,000,000 cattle, and 20,000,000 horses. In two-thirds of the country these animals require to be fed from three to five months, and they will consume an aggregate of 90,000,000 tons, which at \$5 per ton represents the enormous sum of \$450,000,000. Is not hay, therefore, king?—Weekly Redhead.

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DR. J. W. SANGSTER,  
DENTIST,  
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No charge for examining Teeth or extracting Teeth when replaced by Artificial ones.  
Particular attention paid to preserving Natural Teeth.  
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Department is equal to any in the Province, and will GUARANTEE work to be correctly done and proper material used for the purpose. Twenty years' experience has enabled me to know what to buy and how to buy, so I can recommend what I sell, and sell it at the lowest possible prices. Call and inspect at any time.

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RHODES, CURRY & CO.,  
Amherst, Feb. 6, 1883.

Cash for Tallow.  
I WILL pay cash for Tallow, and will pay cash also for any kind of grease, or will give 1 lb. of good Soap for 1 lb. of grease.  
JAMES R. AYER.  
Sackville, March 7, 1883.

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Post Office Notice.  
Winter Arrangement of Mails.  
FROM and after this date the Mails at the Post Office, Sackville, will close at the following hours:  
For Amherst, Halifax, &c. .... 1.15 p. m.  
For Dorchester, St. John, &c. .... 2.30 p. m.  
For the North Shore, Quebec and Ottawa. .... 3.00 p. m.  
For Upper Sackville. .... 3.15 p. m.  
For Base Verte. .... 3.30 p. m.  
For P. E. Island. .... 3.45 p. m.  
Office closes daily at 8 p. m.  
JOS. DIXON, P. M.  
Dec. 5, 1882.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.  
1882 WINTER ARRANGEMENT 1883  
ON and after MONDAY, the 4th December, the Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE:  
Express for St. John and Quebec, 2.28 p. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 6.03 a. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.30 p. m.  
Express for St. John, &c. .... 2.45 p. m.  
Accommodation for Moncton, 3.17 p. m.  
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill. .... 3.52 p. m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:  
Express for St. John and Quebec, 2.55 p. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 6.36 a. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.53 p. m.  
Express for St. John, &c. .... 3.16 p. m.  
Accommodation for Moncton, 3.00 a. m.  
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill. .... 3.03 p. m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express Train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

B. FOTTINGER,  
Chief Superintendent.  
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,  
November 28th, 1882.

INDEX  
To Diseases, Complaints and Accidents which HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL is peculiarly adapted to cure or relieve either in MAN or BEAST.  
TAKEN INTERNALLY FOR  
CROUP, COUGHS,  
CLAPPS, SORE THROAT,  
ASTHMA, COLIC, &c.  
APPLIED EXTERNALLY FOR  
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,  
CHILBLAINS, CALLUS LUMPS,  
SCALDS, STIFF JOINTS,  
GALLS, STIFF BITE,  
LAMESS, CORNS,  
CONTRACTIONS, BRUISES,  
LUMBRICI, ITCH,  
DEAFNESS, PAIN IN BACK,  
SPRAINS, PAIN IN SIDE, &c.  
Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.  
DIRECTIONS WITH EACH BOTTLE. PRICE 25c.  
T. McELWY & CO., Proprietors  
TORONTO, ONT.

THE PETERS COMBINATION  
LOCK COMPANY,  
MONCTON, N. B.  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Builders' Hardware  
—AND—  
SHELF HARDWARE,  
FROM  
Brass, Bronze, and Iron,  
INCLUDING  
LOCKS, KNOBS, HINGES, LATCHES,  
SASH FASTENERS, CUPBOARD  
LATCHES & BOLTS, DOOR  
BELLS, DOOR SPRINGS,  
PLATES, &c., &c.

BRASS CASTINGS and Manufacture in all kinds of BRASS GOODS solicited.  
Electro, Nickel, Gold and Silver Plating.  
Bronzing, Lacquering, and Japanning, of all kinds solicited.  
Old Forks, Spoons, Table Service, Harp and Moustache, &c., replated. Particular attention given to special orders.  
Moncton, Dec. 29, 1880. jan6

Brandram's Paint.  
Received from London:  
Brandram's Genuine White Lead,  
Brandram's B. B. White Lead,  
Brandram's Colored Paints.  
A Full Stock. For sale very Low.  
sept13 M. WOOD & SONS.