Household Hints.

—To clean willow furniture use salt and water, and apply with a coarse brush, and dry thoroughly.

—New tins should be set over the fire with boiling water in them for several hours before food is put into them.

—A thin coating of three parts lard melted with one part rosin applied to stoves and grates will prevent their rusting in summer.

—To prevent lamp wicks from smoking they should be soaked in vinegar and then thoroughly dried. It is said that they will never smoke if this process is adopted.

—Charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying pieces of cold charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately. Leave the charcoal on one hour and the wound is healed.

—Sunflowers are used in Wyoming Territory for fuel. The stalks when dry are hard and make a hot fire, and the seed heads with the seeds on are said to burn better than the best hard coal. An acre of sunflowers will furnish fuel for one stove a year.

—Young clerk to his employer: "Sir, there's a lady wishes to speak with you." Employer: "Good looking?" Clerk: Yes, sir. Employer, on returning to the office: "A nice judge of a beauty you are, I must say." Clerk: "You see, sir, I didn't know but what the lady might be your wife." Employer: "So she is."

—Husband, handing his wife some money)—"There dear, is $50, and it has bothered me to get it for you. I think I deserve a little praise." Wife—"Praise? You deserve an encore, my dear."

For Sale and To Let.

Grass for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell his GRASS on the Spectacle Marsh in lots to suit purchasers. Terms as usual.

C. MILNER.

July 14, 1886.

Marsh for Sale.

SIX acres Prime Broadleaf Marsh, situated on Sunken Island Body, adjoining Main road. For particulars apply to R. BELL, ESQ., or the undersigned,

N. L. BELL.

Sackville, July 15, 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. TOWS.

Aboushagan Road, July 14th.

Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale that valuable FARM known as the Gaunign 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, Henery, Piggery, and a fine large Barn, all entirely new and very convenient. It is thoroughly fenced, and has a well cultivated orchard. It boasts of dry and roomy, well [illegible] 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 school-house, and is one of the finest farms in the neighborhood. Plenty of good water on the premises. No outlay required on the farm. Any person wishing to purchase a good farm, will do well to examine this property. Parties intending to start a general market farm, will find this a desirable place.

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.

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.

NEW SPRING CLOTHS.

We have just received and are now opening our

Spring Importation of Cloths

From the leading Scotch and English Manufacturers.

Leave Your Orders Early,

And thereby secure first choice from the

Largest and Best Selected Stock

Of these Goods to be seen in the Maritime Provinces.—Our

Tailoring Department

Is always under the most skilful management to be found within the same limits.

Now opening: A fine assortment of

English and American HATS.

Dunlap, McDonald & Co.

Amherst, N. S., Mar. 10, 1885.

DR. E. 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, Eczema 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.

GROCERIES, &c.

100 Puns, 40 Tierces, 15 Bbls., } Barbadoes Molasses;
1 Car Oatmeal. 1 Car H. P. Beans;
50 Barrels New Plate Beef;
20 Hf. Bbls., 10 Qr. " } Med. & Mix'd Pickles;
50 Cases Canned Corn & Oysters;
100 Boxes Valencia Raisins;
54 Cases Colman's Starch;
6 Cases do F. Mustard, ½ & ¼;
20 Bbls. Raw & Boiled Oil.

GEO. S. DeFOREST,
13 South Wharf,
July, '86. ST. JOHN, N. B

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, JAUNDICE, SICK HEADACHE, LOSS OF APPETITE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, COLIC, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

LAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, SALT RHEUM, BLOTCHES, BOILS, TUMORS, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, DYZZINESS, HEADACHE, PAIN IN THE SIDE, BACK AND LIMBS, TIRED FEELING, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, ETC.

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & Co., Proprietors, Toronto.

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.

To Arrive!

1 Car Load of "Ocean" Flour.

ALSO

1 Car of Mixed Brands of Flour.

ALSO

CATTLE FEED.

J. H. GOODWIN.

Point de Bute, Jan. 13, 1886.

ALBERT COLLEGE,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Chartered and opened in 1857. Over 3,000 persons have been in attendance; 170 students enrolled last year, representing British Columbia, Manitoba, Michigan, New York, Ontario and Quebec; 87 diplomas and certificates awarded, including Matriculation, Music, Fine Arts, Commercial Science, Collegiate and Teachers' Courses. Fall Term begins Sept. 7th, 1886. For annual catalogue, etc., address Rev. W. P. DYER, M. A., Pres.

Money to Loan.

THE subscribers are prepared to loan Money on good security at reasonable rates.

POWELL & BENNETT.

Sackville, July 15, 1886.

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. ap23

(Continued from first page.)

outstretched hands. "Sorry not to find you at home. Let me introduce General Noel—Miss Ermengarde Helder."

My name again! The name that I had not heard for years. Long ago I had thought it over-fantastic, and now in these later days of toil and shabbiness it seemed so ill-fitting, I had abolished its use entirely in favor of the homely Minnie.

"The Livesays told us who you were and where you were staying, and I felt I must make friends with you before to-morrow evening," she went on, piling up the bewilderment. The Livesays were kind old neighbors whom I was glad to have found here on mother's account, but why they should have inspired these strangers with a desire to cultivate us, I could not conceive. "To-morrow, of course, beamed the old general, "you'll keep a dance for me Miss Helder. You can't have given away all yet."

"A dance? Oh, the Subscription Ball! But I am not going," I replied, puzzled infinitely.

"I think you are, dear," said little Mrs. Arden, with an arch glance. "Do you know I meant to offer to chaperone you. Such a delightful surprise for somebody! (with a confidential nod and squeeze of my hand.) But I find Mrs. Livesay means to take you. Good-bye! I hope we shall see very much of you now;" and, with a last glance and bewildering little pressure, she led her old general away, after quite a paternal farewell on his part. Arrived at home, I found a committee of three deciding my destiny.

"Of course, she must go," I heard Uncle Peter's voice declare through the open window as I waited on the doorstep for admission. He had run down for a night to see how we were getting on. "It's very gratifying really, ma'am, very gratifying! She is a good girl, and has always done her dooty, and deserves the best of luck."

"Quite so," Mrs. Livesay's comfortable deep contralto boomed out, "but please recollect—not a word!" There was a sudden guilty hush as I entered. Mother's eyes were wet, and her lips tremulous with happy excitement. Mrs. Livesay sat gracious and important with ball tickets in her hand, and Uncle Peter nodded and blinked benignantly. He poohpoohed all considerations of toilette. "Gowns were to be had for money," he supposed; "get one, then," and anything else I wanted. My faint protests were instantly silenced. Mrs. Livesay made practical suggestions. A whirl of preparation began on the instant, and continued all next day, till before I had quite done with being astonished I found myself bedecked, bedizened, and on my way to the ball under Mrs. Livesay's maternal wing.

The rawest *debutante* never went through greater agonies of shyness and self-mistrust than I did that evening. I felt like an owl dragged, rumpled and blinking to the sunlight from the friendly gloom of his hiding-place, when, close sticking to Mrs. Livesay's black-velvet elbow, I entered the ball-room. I had forgotten how to wear an evening dress, or carry a fan. Surely people were looking at me and whispering, I flushed at the thought of what they might be saying. Mrs. Arden waltzed past and flung me a little smile, which I was too nervous to return, and, as I shrank down into a seat, General Noel came beaming up.

"Don't forget your dance, Miss Helder. Only just come, eh? Not got a programme?" and off he trotted to supply the want.

I sat wishing heartily that he would never come back again, and wondering how long the evening would last. Mrs. Livesay became absorbed in converse with some one on the other side of her, and I forlornly smoothed the plumage of my big fan, and looked at the tips of my satin toes, till I became aware that some one was standing in front of me. Also of a delicious fragrance—tea-rose, stephanotis, and heliotrope—that floated around me. I raised my reluctant glance first to the flowers and then to the bearer. Two laughing blue eyes met mine, and I found myself looking full into the face of my deserter. It was he unmistakably, *plus* an inch extra moustache, and evening suit, and a diamond stud. His face was demure, but his eyes danced with fun as he bent over me.

"Miss Helder! I daren't get introduced. I'm Joscelyn Arden. I was Thomas Allen, and if you won't recognize me I'm a doomed man."

I bowed stiffly enough, with flaming cheeks.

"It's very good of you," he went on. "You perhaps won't believe me when I tell you I'm in sorer straits now than when you helped me before, and nobody else can save me. Don't look frightened. I'm not a disreputable character now, only a lieutenant of the 112th. I was gazetted last month."

"What can I do for you this time?" I asked, repressing an inclination to laugh.

"Will you give me a dance—this one?"

Here General Noel, who had arrived with my programme, gave me a knowing little nod and turned away again, and I rose mechanically as the music began. Joscelyn put the bouquet down carefully in my place, and we all floated off together.

I began timidly and stupidly, but after the first few steps all my missing nerve and self-possession seemed suddenly restored; and the sense of "doing a beautiful thing beautifully" thrilled me to the finger-tips. We waltzed and waltzed, not caring to speak, only to sweep gently along together on the wings of the music. All the past year's cares seemed to slide from me, borne away on the sweet swaying notes. The waltz crashed to its end at last in some hurried bars and a sharp chord, and I looked for the first time in my partner's face. It had grown suddenly grave and anxious.

"Well, come what may, I've had that to the good," he said with a long breath, "even if you never speak to me again. Now let me get your flowers."

"Mine?" I asked. Why, you brought them."

"Of course I did—for you. It was a suggestion of my good Uncle Laurie's. You can throw them over the balcony, you know; in fact you most certainly will do so, when you've heard my confession."

I assumed the bouquet seriously, under protest as it were, and awaited further explanation. We stepped out on the broad moon-lighted balcony. Joscelyn found me a seat and stood bolt upright before me, like a small boy saying a lesson. It did not seem to be an easy one. He looked to sea and then to sky, and then into my face, and then burst into an irrepressible laugh.

"I declare it's worse than getting into mufti was that night; I'm too scared to begin. You can't understand it? Don't you see I didn't know you then, and didn't care what you thought of me as long as you were terrified into keeping quiet. Now I am cutting my own throat in cold blood, that's all—deliberately throwing away every hope of your good opinion forever." He looked ruefully at me; but I gave no sign, so he went on. "I never expected my people and you would meet," he began rather shamefacedly; "and when Eveline said she and Uncle Laurie had heard your name and made a point of calling——"

"Eveline? Do you mean Mrs. Arden?" I broke in, suddenly enlightened; "and the dean, is he your father? He isn't dead then. Delay was not fatal?"

"Not a bit of it. Of course I must begin by explaining all that," he went on, quite briskly, "or you'll never understand. That was Eveline's bit of humbug to get me back at any price. A nice state of affairs it was at home. Uncle Laurie back from India unexpectedly with all his millions, wanting to make me his heir, and vowing, if I were not produced forthwith, to cut the whole family, here and hereafter. Eveline writing and telegraphing to every commanding officer in the Army List——" He broke off to laugh at the recollection. Fortunately I appeared on the scene in time, and my escapade hit the old boy's fancy exactly. He swore I was a lad of spirit after his own pattern, and came back with me to barracks next day to see the colonel and arrange for my discharge. The colonel was an old chum of his. They squared everything, Carrington included, and brought me home in triumph. I'm a very great person there nowadays, I can tell you. I'm a golden idol, and Eveline the foremost of my worshippers. I'm to stick to my profession though, we are agreed on that. We sail for Bermuda on Saturday." I smiled approval, but he looked the more downcast.

"Ah, I am shirking the real point of it all—the awful calamity," he sighed.

"What is it?" I asked encouragingly.

"It's a she, Miss Flora MacBean, my uncle's ward, the loveliest creature, a real Highland chieftainess, with a castle and a moor and a loch of her own, and a piper and a pibroch, and the deuce knows what—also a fine Highland temper. Poor old Laurie! She is shortening his life by her vagaries: and the one hope left is to get her off his hands into somebody else's. At one time it occurred to him that, in the eternal fitness of things, I ought to be that somebody, and so deliver him from both his responsibilities at one stroke. Please don't laugh. It was very serious earnest, I assure you, and drove me to my wits' end to gain time. I heard that orders from Bermuda were coming, and thought if by any means I could stave of the introduction for a month or so——" Here he stopped short and I waited with an odd feeling of being concerned in what was coming next. "And—in short," he broke out desperately, "I said I was engaged to you; and now the murder's out."

The whole place—the sea, the pier with its black outline against the moon-lit water, the whispering couple in the opposite corner—seemed to give a great heave and grow suddenly dim before my sight. When they righted themselves, he was gazing into my face with dismayed eyes.

"Are you awfully angry?" he whispered. "Don't look like that. If you knew what a bad time I have had ever since I got here this afternoon and heard I was to meet you, you would be satisfied. Mayn't I tell you how it came about?"

"I should certainly like to hear that," I said, my voice sounding hard and uncompromising in my own ears.

"It's all dear old old Laurie's doing after all. He is no end good, but the veriest old magpie, always prying and poking into other people's secrets. First of all he got hold of my note to you and read the address, (which, by the way, I saw on your travelling-bag.) Then he came into my room one day, and I found him chuckling over your hat with the name in the lining, you know. So he put this and that together, and when I positively and utterly refused to spoil my chance of passing my exam by going off to Scotland with him, and Flora had exasperated him by declining to come to Fairmeade, he broke out, "Tell me honestly, Jos, does Ermengarde stand in the way?" and I jumped at the chance and declared she did. "What is she like?" "The bravest, prettiest, cleverest, most generous of her sex; and the only woman I ever loved in my life."

"How dare you?" I gasped indignantly.

"Well, it was true—every word. I said we were not engaged, didn't correspond, and, to oblige him, promised I wouldn't. I was ready to wait till I got my company if he liked; and there I thought was the end of the matter, never dreaming that the dear, blundering old donkey would meet you on the Leas, find out all about you from the Livesays, take a mighty fancy to you, and think he was doing us a great thing by giving us this one chance of meeting again. I'll do anything to set things straight—anything that you order me. What shall it be first?" He folded his hands submissively and looked up in my face. I should like to have boxed his ears to begin with. I couldn't think of anything to say half unpleasant enough.

"We must first undeceive your uncle," I declared sternly, "as soon as possible."

"Won't you wait till the end of the week?" pleaded the encroaching youth. "There's time for the chieftainess to come down, and I should be absolutely unprotected then. Can't you give me till Saturday and then break it off?"

"What! pretend to be in love with you till then?" I began angrily.

"I forgot—I forgot that was involved," he interrupted hastily. "Till to-morrow, then—as soon as you like to-morrow. Blight my prospects directly after breakfast if you will, but let us have these last hours unspoilt."

"Now, Miss Helder, it's my turn," said Uncle Laurie's jovial voice at the window.

"I've got a *vis-a-vis*," and off he carried me, without another word from Joscelyn. If I had not heard his explanation, I must have cherished secret doubts of my partner's sanity. He was charmingly paternal, full of jocose allusions to Joscelyn, and of anecdotes of "the boy's" brightness and goodness, and evidently bent on establishing confidental relations as soon as possible. I couldn't let it go on. I felt the tangle getting thicker with every sentence.

"Did you know I went to St. John's Wood to make your acquaintance?" he asked. "I got the address from Jos, but the house was shut up and empty."

"We live in lodgings in Camden Town now," I replied boldly. "We have lost all our fortune, mother and I, and have only what my uncle allows us."

The old man looked kindly at me. "Does Jos know that?"

"How should he? We are only chance acquaintances—the very slightest of acquaintances," I said meaningly.

"Good girl! Proper spirit!" I heard him mutter; then aloud, "Joscelyn is a good fellow. Money wouldn't matter to him, you know; but I made him promise not to think of a wife until he had earned her. When he gets his company he may talk of marrying."

It was so obviously said for my consolation, that I was exasperated into saying: "You seem to think I am interested in Mr. Ardens future arrangements. There is some great mistake——"

"Stop, stop, my dear! Interested? Why, how else should you be? Unless—No, you're not thinking of throwing the boy over! God bless my soul, it will be the ruin of the lad—the *ruin*, I tell you! I've seen it a dozen times. Don't my dear, *don't*! I dare say you have been annoyed at his not explaining himself, but you see how it has happened."

"I don't want him to explain himself," I persisted in an agony of impatience; "I don't want to be engaged to him at all."

"Is it the long waiting you are afraid of my dear? I dare say it is trying, naturally. Well, don't fret, and if the boy goes on well something may be settled."

"But I don't want anything settled," I protested, almost crying. "Do let me tell you how it all arose."

"Not now, dear—not now. Sleep on it before you do anything final. To-morrow, to-morrow."

"First thing in the morning. Where?" I persevered.

"I walk to the end of the Leas every morning with my early cigar. There's a nice quiet corner and seats there. Is half past eight too early? No? Then come, and we'll have a sensible talk. Ah! you young lovers may be glad of an old fogy's help now and then in your small difficulties."

"But we are not lovers," I was wrathfully declaring, when the aggravating old gentleman bowed and left me. I had plenty of partners and dancing for the rest of the evening, though Joscelyn never came near me again. It came to an end at last, and I got home and to bed, where I lay tossing and trying to invent the most lucid, forcible statement of the case that words could give for the enlightenment of Uncle Laurie to-morrow, dropping off to sleep to the middle of my most telling sentences to dream of Joscelyn, who always knew what I was going to say next and wouldn't tell. Morning came at last. Joscelyn's flowers, which I had not had the heart to throw away after all, greeting me with their fresh fragrance from my dressing-table. I could not resist fastening one creamy bud in my plain brown coat as I dressed for the interview. Mother was safe for another hour, I knew, so I slipped down-stairs softly and out into the fresh, sunny, salt-smelling morning. I had the place to myself, I thought for a moment, till I heard footsteps behind overtaking mine. I hurried, so did they. I could not look up, and felt provoked to see the two shadows preceding us in such close companionship. The general's sturdy grey figure advanced to meet us, radient in the sunshine.

"Well, Master Jos, who said you might come?"

"If a criminal has any right anywhere, it is at his own trial," said a dumure voice at my elbow. "I have come to plead guilty."

I was glad to have him there after all. He began at once and told the whole the whole story of our meeting so comically that the general nearly choked with laughter, and I began to see the fun of it for the first time. He confessed dread of the chieftainess and straits he had been driven to avoid her; and I solemnly produced the one letter I had ever received from him, which sat the dear old boy off again till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"But what are we to do?" he inquired auxiously, in the midst of his hilarity. "I've gone and told everybody, in strict confidence, but still they know it."

"Tell them I've broken it off and behaved atrociously," I implored.

"Couldn't do it," Joscelyn declared "Such a story would be in horrid bad taste coming from our side. You may say so if you like. Only think of your mother's feelings if it gets around to her!"

I did think, and was direfully perplexed.

"Just let things slide," he pleaded. "Only be civil when we meet in public. Only till Saturday!"

"Do, my dear," begged the kind old general; "don't make me look an old fool. You and Jos can give it up, or keep it on by letter afterwards just as you like. You shan't be compromised."

What could I do? What am I to do? Joscelyn and his Uncle have kept their promises to the letter, but Mrs. Arden has told my mother that she already loves me as a daughter, and the dean has taken to calling me "Ermengarde, my dear." Aunt Hesba has come down and regards me with grim approval, and Uncle Peter and the general have had a long and mysterious consultation, of which the latter only reports that if the general acts as "andsome as he promises, he'll find that others can come down 'andsome on their side too."

Joscelyn behaves beautifully. He is pleasant and quietly attentive, more to mother than me, in public, and, in the *tete a-tete* to which people persist in driving us, so touchingly penitent and deferential that I *cannot* succeed in detesting him as I could wish.

"Only till Saturday!" he says now and then apologetically.

"Only till to-morrow," it is by this time. If he says that again as he did just now, I shall break down.

"You have nearly got rid of me, Miss Helder. Only a few hours more and I shall have sailed. Then I suppose you'll sit down joyfully and write your letter of dismissal, to go by the first mail."

"I suppose I shall" (why won't my voice keep steady?).

"But I give you fair warning. Write what you will I shall not read that letter. This has all been a hideous blunder, and once safely out of it, I shall——"

"What?"

"Come home on leave first chance I get and begin it all over again."

"Then, Joscelyn——"

"What, my Ermengarde?"

"Perhaps—I had better not write that letter at all."

And I never shall.

—The American barque "W. B. Flint," which has the honor of being the first vessel to bring a cargo for transhipment over the great Canadian Pacific railway, arrived in the Royal roads last evening from Yokohama. She is commanded by Capt. F. H. Pearson, as jolly, good natured son of Neptune as one would care to meet with, who reports having experienced an extremely fine passage from the Orient and which was made in 35 days to Cape Flattery. As an evidence of the favouring breezes which followed the precursor of the Japanese trade, Capt. Pearson informed the reporter that the royals were never taken off but four hours during the whole voyage and the decks were never wetted except when they were being washed by the sailors. Five days of calm were encountered. The prevailing winds were east, southeast and south which carried the barque at one time as far north as the 51st degree of latitude. The "W. B. Flint" brings 17,430 half chests of tea (88½ lbs.) and two boxes of curios for transhipment over the Canadian Pacific to Chicago, Toronto, Windsor and other points on the eastern side of the continent, and this morning leaves in tow of the "Alexander" for port Moody, where the work of discharging will be proceeded with at once. When the "W. B Flint" left Yokohama the N. S. ship "Flora P. Stafford," 1,320 tons register, Capt. Smith, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, was taking on board a cargo of 2,200 tons tea, destined also for Port Moody. She was to have sailed on the 10th inst., for the terminus, and may be expected to arrive in about two weeks.—*Victoria, B. C., Standard, July 26.*

—After the advance of the British troops into Burmah, it is said a company of Chinese soldiers were fed for a month on soup, bread, and beef, the idea being to ascertain if the new diet would increase the avoirdupois of the Orientals and bring to them the more ponderous and martial port of the English men-at-arms. At the end of the month it was found (so the report runs) that the average loss of weight among the Chinamen was seven pounds, and that they were quite broken down in spirit; whereupon the usual rice diet was immediately restored.

—Reporter (looking for items)—Anything new or fresh this morning in the railroad line? Railroad Official (thoughtfully)—H'm—let me see—yes, that paint you are leaning against is new and fresh. It was only put on this morning.—*New York Sun.*

—It came down to the simple alternative that John L. Sullivan either had to leave Boston or be killed. Unfortunately he left.—*Philadelphia Free Press.*

—St. Louis papers quote eggs, best of receipts, 6½ to 7 cents. The "hen fever" is not raging there.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known. Use it for all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough. CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Sickness, Sores, etc. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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MAKE HENS LAY

CHICKEN CHOLERA, Fowl Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00, by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

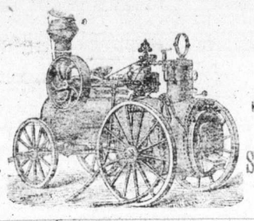
Amherst Stove and Machine Works,

Established 1843. } MANUFACTURERS OF { Established 1843.

ROTARY SAW MILLS

From the Latest and Best American Patterns.

PROPRIETORS —OF— HODGSON'S PATENT Shingle Machine.



PROPRIETORS —OF— HODGSON'S PATENT Saw Grinder.

GENERAL AGENTS IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES FOR

Leonard's Celebrated Engines and Boilers,

For all purposes. The Best and Cheapest made in Canada.

All descriptions of Grist Mill and Saw Mill Machinery, Leffell's Turbines, Iron and Brass Castings, Stoves, Plows, Furnaces, &c.

Branch Railway to Works. Telephone from Office to Works. } A. ROBB & SONS, Amherst, N. S.

RHODES, CURRY & Co.,

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,

Manufacturers and Builders.

Doors, SASHES, BLINDS, WOOD Mantels, MOULDings, etc.

WALNUT Cherry, ASH, BIRCH, BEECH, PINE & Whitewood HOUSE FINISH.

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials.

SEND FOR ESTIMATES.

jan27

Cottons. Cottons.

Received for Early Spring Trade:

293 Pkgs. of White and Grey Cottons; White Cottons, all grades; Pillow Cottons and Sheetings; Grey Cottons, all prices and widths, from the best mills in the Dominion, but chiefly Gibson's;
1500 Pieces Checked Shirtings, from Parks' and other mills,
150 Pieces Shaker Cotton Flannels, White and Colored;
200 Pieces Cotton Flannels;
100 Pieces Col'd Canton Flannels;
750 Pieces Checked Ginghams;
200 Pieces Bed Tickings.

Ducks, Silesias, Jeans, Linings, Pocketing, in fact all and every class of Cotton Goods, suitable to the trade.

☞ Cotton quotations were never known as low as at the present time.

A. EVERITT,
Wholesale Dry Goods Warehouse,
94 and 96 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

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.

New Spring Goods!
New Spring Goods!

JUST OPENED:

6 CASES and 4 Bales of Staple and Fancy SPRING DRY GOODS, bought direct from the manufacturers, and will be sold on the smallest profits.

4,000 Rolls ENGLISH WALL PAPER, from 6c. up.

A Full Stock of Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Ready-Made Clothing & Hardware, at rock bottom prices.

I am selling balance of Winter Goods at smallest advance on cost.

Call and inspect my Goods and learn prices before buying elsewhere.

W. J. MAHONEY.

Baie Verte, Feb. 15, 1886.

C. WARMUNDE,
Practical Watchmaker,
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Dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.
feb4'85

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LOOK AT THIS!

Prices Way Down

AT T. H. GRIFFIN'S.

An Immense Stock of New Goods

JUST OPENING, IN

Watches, Jewellery and Silverware.

Fine Watch and Jewellery Repairing by skilled workmen a Specialty.

We guarantee all our Goods to be as represented.

T. H. GRIFFIN,
feb24 AMHERST, N. S.

BRICKS.

One Car Bricks

At Station. Now for sale low.

JAMES R. AYER.

Sackville, July 7, 1886.

FLOUR, FLOUR.

JUST RECEIVED:

250 Bbls. GOLDEN STAR,
250 " " PEOPLES,
250 " ANCHOR.

TO ARRIVE:

125 " WHITE EAGLE, CHOICE PATENT.
500 " ANCHOR.
575 " WHITE WING SUPERIOR.

ALL FOR SALE LOW.

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

Cut Tobacco.

JUST RECEIVED:

250 lbs. Myrtle Navy—in 2 oz. pkges.

For sale low to the Trade.

A. J. BABANG & CO.

Portland Cement

RECEIVING TO-DAY:

100 Bbls. White Brothers English Portland CEMENT.

For sale low by

A. J. BABANG & CO.

Coarse Salt.

JUST RECEIVED:

200 Sacks Coarse Salt.

FOR SALE LOW.

A. J. BABANG & CO.

MOLASSES.

Just Received per Schr. "Laurel":

10 Casks NEVIS MOLASSES.
24 " BARBADOES.

For sale low.

A. J. BABANG & CO.

Electric Soap.

RECEIVING TO-DAY:

200 Boxes ELECTRIC SOAP.

For sale low by

june23 A. J. BABANG & CO.