ECTO POST.

ess and you shall Command it.

CKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1887. WHOLE NO. 883.

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anity, and throws a light on a curious feature of modern European life, the matrimonial agency. Mme. Demortier, alias Baronne de la Rochette, together with her parents and lover, Lecourtois, kept a matrimonial agency in a handsome suite of rooms in Boulevard St. Germain. As luck would have it, Miss Leal, in search of adventures, came to this agency one day, and her beauty and talent immediately won her the confidence of the managers of the agency and an offer of partnership, which she accepted. Miss Leal seems to have had considerable experience in the business, for the agency in question was transformed as soon as she became interested. Servants in livery were hired, and advertisements, inserted in *Figaro* and *Le Petit Journal*, announcing widows with one million, orphans with "two millions and no scruples," orphans with "three millions and an insignificent blemish," who were all anxious to marry husbands of "gentlemanly appearance." Silly men who answered these advertisements received by post a circular surmounted by the Baroness's coronet and motto "*Fais ce que dois*," or in other words, "Do your duty." The circular ran follows:

"Marriage is an incontestable necessity, and yet many persons, men and women, are deprived of its blessings for want of relations. The great difficulties experienced in making good matches and rich marriages, are due in a large measure to the absence of serious intermediaries. This establishment is not an agency, inasmuch as everything is done *en famille*. A commission of 2 per cent is taken on the dowry, payable by the husband after the marriage, and after he has received the sum. The utmost discretion is guaranteed both before and after."

The trick was to throw dust in the eyes of dupes by a certain number of preliminary formalities and questions before presenting them to the rich widow or orphan and to her parents. Venerable old woman were hired to act the role of mother; the lover of the Baroness played the part of father or uncle; the widow, the millionaire orphan, or the orphan with "three millions and an insignificant blemish," was impersonated by Miss Leal, who extorted presents from innumerable suitors, took the Baroness and all her pseudo relatives to the opera at the expense of an endless series of simpletons, and who during the past three years has lived luxuriously, and finally set up an agency on her own account in the Rue Washington. The trial was highly amusing, thanks to the testimony of a score of dupes of all ranks, ages, and professions, from Barons down to country barbers, who had all paid a tribute of hundreds or of thousands of francs to Miss Leal always in the hope of winning her and her imaginary dowry, which was never represented at less than $100,000.

Ranching Companies.

The companies formed for carrying on cattle ranches in the States are in anything but a flourishing condition, judging by statistics which have been issued by an Edinburgh firm and which are quoted in the N. Y. *Bulletin*. The average price realized for steers obtained by nine companies was $24.26 in 1886, against $27.74 in 1885, or a drop of about 12½ per cent. The dividends of the same nine companies have dropped in even a greater degree, the average being 4 5-9 per cent. in 1885, and only one per cent. in 1886, a decrease of over 78 per cent.; while the average dividend in 1884 was 6 2-9 per cent. The value of shares has necessarily declined very considerably, the average in 1886 being only 41 7-9 shillings against 66 8-9 shillings in 1885, a drop of about 37½ per cent. One very curious fact is that while the price realized for steers has dropped 12½ per cent., as shown above, yet the valuation put upon them is only about 1½ per cent. lower, the average being $22.78 in 1886, and $23.19 in 1885. Not only have the prices declined greatly, but business is much lessened, the sales showing a very considerable decrease, in fact more than 33 per cent., the total for the companies being 49,734 in 1886 against 75,026 in 1885. Put briefly the results are:

	1886.	1885.
Value of shares	41 7-9s.	66 8-9s.
Dividend	1 p. c.	4 5-9 p. c.
Price of steers	$24.20	$27.74
Valuation of steers	$22.78	$23.19
Total sold	49,934	75 026

This is certainly not a good showing, and will hardly encourage the investment of British capital, which is largely interested in these companies. The causes which have brought about this state of things are probably numerous—low prices for all food products, over competition, bad seasons, and very probably bad management in some cases. But if the increase of these speculative enterprises, often floated and managed by any but practical men, is prevented by their want of success, it will not be very disastrous to the practical farmer, for meat is now one of the necessities of life and always has a certain regular demand.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cts. Sold only by A. Dixon.

Advertisements
...nals Office before ...
...to appear the ...

...Considers Daniel ...raham Lincoln and ...Beecher the three great ...Americans of the century.

—The greatest American miller is not Joaquin, as might be supposed, but W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis. He grinds 5,000 barrels of flour a day.

—The Tilsonburg *Liberal* alleges that the editor of a contemporary is "a red-headed, freckled old bachelor," courting an "old maid with a wart on her nose."

—Among the petitions to Gov. Hill, asking him to sign the New York High License Bill, is one bearing 60,000 names of clergymen and members of Catholic churches.

—M. Lacombe, a Frenchman, has succeeded in taking long-distance photographs by fixing a telescope in front of the objective of the camera. The apparatus promises usefulness to tourists and other amateurs.

—French physicians claim to have found out by experiments upon rabbits that tuberculosis may be cured by the administration of tannin. Over fifty cases of phthisis have been treated by giving tannin in doses of from two to four grains daily, and improvement was perceptible in two weeks, the patients increasing in weight.

—An ingenious Yankee once got permission from the Michigan Southern Railroad to go through its night cars with a head-rest which he offered for fifty cents, to screw on the back of a passenger's seat. It took very well, and the Yankee found that a good many people were willing to pay simply for the luxury of a head-rest. George M. Pullman saw the thing, settled at once in his mind that it was a thing that was good, and bought out the Yankee and his patents. He had for a time the same privileges that the original Yankee had, and then asked that an old car be set aside for him to make experiments with. The Pullman Palace Car Company, whose $20,000,000 stock is selling above 150, and whose surplus is now figured at $10,000,000, shows how well Pullman worked up the idea of the head-rest.

—John Roach's methods of dealing with his employees were kindly and at times peculiar. One instance is particularly so. An employee's drunkenness had been forgiven by Roach several times, and at last, after a spree, the man came to Roach and asked to be discharged, stating that he was thoroughly ashamed of himself. Roach refused to discharge him, but said he would permit him to resign, and thereupon wrote out a form of resignation for him as follows:—"John Roach—Sir: You helped me when I was penniless. You gave me work when I was idle. You taught me when I was ignorant. You have always paid me well. You have borne with my infirmities over and over. But I have lost my self respect, and have not enough regard for you or love for my wife and children to behave like a man, and therefore I hereby withdraw from your employment." Mr. Roach then gave the man the written resignation, and made him promise he would send it in just before taking his next drink. The man promised, and it was the best temperance pledge he ever took.

Saved by a Bet.

Colonel Hay, a British officer notorious for his love of gambling and betting, but one of the bravest of soldiers, had been struck down by a bullet in one of the battles of the Peninsular War. As he lay on the field apparently lifeless two brother officers came up, and looking down upon the body exclaimed sadly, "Poor Hay; he's gone at last." The word had scarce passed their lips when a faint voice came up from the ground: "I'll lay you cool hundred he's not."

The Colonel had opened his eyes, but the glaze of death seemed on them, and so terrible appeared to be his condition that it seemed only a question of minutes. "Enter it," said the Colonel, faintly; "and you, Captain Marston"—addressing the second of the two officers—"be witness." Then, overcome by the exertion of speaking, he lay quite motionless.

Unlike the gambler at White's, however, Major Windsor, with whom the bet was made, had his commanding officer at once conveyed to the hospital. It was a very grave case, and after the patient had been brought back to consciousness by means of restoratives, the surgeon told him there was a ball in his body, which could be got at only by sawing through two of his ribs, and introducing a child's hand to extract it, as the forceps could not touch it. "But the chances are," added the doctor, "that you will die under the operation." "If anybody will bet me fifty pounds on the event I'll consent," said the Colonel. "Send for Windsor, and I'll get him to make it double or quits."

Windsor was sent for and agreed to the terms. "Now, saw away" cried the Colonel. "I *won't* die."

And he did not; the operation was successfully performed, and the Major, (much to his satisfaction as he warmly averred, for the two were fast friends,) had to pay two hundred.

"I tell you," the Colonel used to say when relating the story, "but for that bet I should be a dead man now; it was only my determination to win it that kept me alive."

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 50 cts. and $1. Sample free. Sold only by Amasa Dixon, Druggist.

That Crooked Legged Colt.

In Kentucky, Bill Hopkins has fine 300 acre farm which was a bought by the proceeds of the sale of a colt by a standard bred horse. Bill's story is as follows:

Said Bill, "I'd tell about the colt my dad was going to shoot,
He was bound to take the life of that crooked legged brute,
For he was tarnal mad, you see, to think old Doll, our mare,
Should throw such a Hambletonian as we saw sprawling there;
But I begged so hard for him to give the homely thing to me,
He finally said, Well take him, Bill, he's the worst I ever see.

Well, boys, I had an awful time to get that critter through,
My dad would laugh and say to me, he was a blooded cuss he knew,
And of blooded stock he'd had enough, 'twas a swindle and a shame,
A high-priced stallion caught him once, but he never would again.

Well, I got him through to four years old, and altho' I wouldn't own it,
I'd like to swapped him for a mule, if no one could have known it,
His head was large, his ears were long—a Hambletonian feature,
Steep-rumped, slab-sided, and ewe-necked, was the make up of the creature.

I tried to keep him out of sight, they laughed so much at me,
I put him in a small back lot, well out of sight you see,
And there I'd go and stir him up and switch him round the lot,
To see if he could strike a gait that looked a mite like trot.

I couldn't get much out of him, he'd change from trot to pace;
And I set him down a failure for any kind of place,
But I broke him and I drove him, yet he didn't seem to know,
Hitched double or drove single how he ought to act or go.

He didn't seem to have a gait, but mixed himself all up,
Like an old jack-knife with rivets loose, half opened and half shut;
Well, I hauled milk to the factory, with him and the old mare,
One night when I was driving home, I found out what was there.

The pole slipped through the neck-yoke ring, while going down a hill,
The wagon ran against their heels, and they lit out to kill:
Jehoshaphat! but how they went, the milk cans flew sky high!
I steered them straight the best I could, and then just let them fly!

My fright turned to amazement, my blood got boiling hot,
The old mare ran her level best, but the colt just kept his trot;
Well, didn't he just square away, I never saw the like,
I stopped them going up a hill, and soon fixed all in right.

No one had seen the flops I'd had, my heart stood almost still,
By gosh! says I, I guess that colt is a bonanza yet for Bill;
I kept my secret to myself, I trained that colt at night,
At day times I would cut him loose, when no one was in sight.

Our county fair was coming off, and I made up my mind
He'd stand a chance with four-year-olds, and not get far behind;
I got a chap to enter him, so no one else should know
What colt it was a-going to trot, until called on to "go."

Four other colts were entered, and they were there on hand,
Awaiting for the unknown colt, when I drove to the stand;
I'd entered him as Twister, and you ought to have heard 'em shout,
As Twister shuffled up the track, before we turned about.

I never drove a race before, but I'd seen some jockeying did,
And I'd kinder catched on to the game, like any other kid;
The other drivers were all smart, they'd been right there before,
And the way they looked at me and grinned made me feel tarnal sore.

We scored and scored to get away, my colt would sprawl and skip,
And the crowd would laugh and holler: Bill, why don't you let him rip;
I knew they poked their fun at me, and got confounded mad
When I saw, alocking kinder shamed, the face of my old dad.

At last they gave the word to "go" when the rest were way ahead,
I wished that I was somewhere else and the tarnal colt was dead;
I hauled right up and pounded him the very best I knew,
And he seemed to catch on all at once, and spread himself and flew.

Well, talk about your trotters, and talk about your fun,
'Twas when I caught those four-year-olds and dropped them one by one;
I passed them like a gust of wind, the crowd went crazy wild,
My homely colt won three straight heats—dad hurrahed like a child.

Well, boys, to close the story up, you know the farm I own,
The price I got for that ere colt just deeded me that home;
Since then the old man thinks blooded stock is his best holt,
And you bet he'll never give away another crooked-legged colt.

She Sobered Him.

From the Omaha World.

Omaha Man (time 2 A. M.)—M'dear open door (hic), shus from bus-business, m'dear (hic), ope door.

Wife (at upstairs window)—Who are you? Go away or I'll call the police.

"M'dear, I'm your husband, m'dear, ope' door—"

"My husband, indeed! My husband came in four hours ago and is fast asleep. You are an imposter."

"Eh! Wha—m'dear?"

"My husband is here asleep."

"Wha——"

"Here asleep. Go away."

"What?"

"You are an impostor."

"What! My gracious! Oh! This is terrible!"

"Well, now that you are somewhat sober I'll let you in."

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold only by A. Dixon, Druggist.

Pimples, Boils,

And Carbuncles result from a debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prevents and cures these eruptions and painful tumors, by removing their cause; the only effectual way of treating them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the usual course of Boils, which have pained and distressed me every season for several years.—Geo. Scales, Plainville, Mich.

I was badly troubled with Pimples on the face; also, with a discoloration of the skin, which showed itself in ugly dark patches. No external treatment did more than temporary good. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected

A Perfect Cure,

and I have not been troubled since.—T. W. Boddy, River st., Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled with Boils, and my health was much impaired. I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in due time, the eruptions all disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—John R. Elkins, Editor *Stanley Observer*, Albemarle, N. C.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and do not be persuaded to take any other.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Sackville Book Store.

The subscriber offers at amazingly low low prices a large assortment of

WALL PAPERS,

From 4c. a roll upward, fully 25 p. c. below usual prices.

Also, just received, a large stock of Elegant Mouldings, in Gold, Copper, Bronze, Gilt, and lower grades.

Staple and Fancy Goods

as usual in full variety. Jubilee and Canvas Papeteries Novelties.

TO ARRIVE:

A selected assortment of Curtain Poles, all lengths, with fixtures complete; Breech-loading Gun Cartridge Shells, Wads, Reloaders, Caps, Rimmers, etc., sizes 10 and 12.

A full line of American Wall Papers and Borders, including "Mica" Papers, now for the first time introduced here—just lovely.

A fine variety of Window Shades, in opaque, linen and paper, very cheap.

Buyers will be wise to reserve their orders until they inspect the stock of

CHAS. MOORE.
mar24

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new "Surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 2 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. SURPRISE SOAP is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 6 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

T. H. GRIFFIN

Having completed the alterations in his store is now fully prepared to supply his customers with reliable goods in his line. Choice selection of

NEW GOODS

In Watches and Jewellery, Fine Gold Rings in plain and set; also some very fine Genuine Solitaire Diamond Rings.

5 cases Reed & Barton's Silverware, Including all the newest designs.

10 cases American Clocks.

Agent for the celebrated Lamiare Field and Opera Glasses. Fine Watch Repairing a specialty. All Goods guaranteed as represented.

T. H. GRIFFIN.
Amherst, N. S., Dec. 8, 1886.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

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

Executors' Notice.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Mary A. Lyons, late of Sackville, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested to the undersigned executors at Sackville aforesaid within one month from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment thereof to the undersigned.

JAS. D. DIXON, } Executors,
W. B. DIXON, }
Sackville, N. B. March 16, 1887.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

J. L. BENT,
Licensed Auctioneer.
SACKVILLE, N. B. feb4tf

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.
BAIE VERTE, N. B.

R. BARRY SMITH,
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary,
Main Street, - - Moncton, N. B.

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Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, &c., &c.
DORCHESTER, N. B.
Special attention given to the collection of Accounts in all parts of the United States and Canada.

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LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICES OF
F. A. McCULLY,
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MONCTON, - - N. B.
Claims promptly collected.
OFFICE: Brown's Brick Block, Main Street.

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DORCHESTER, - - N. B.
OFFICE:—In Office of the late Hon. E. B. Chandler at Dorchester, N. B.
All legal business will receive prompt attention.

Legal Co-Partnership.

WE the undersigned have this day entered into a Professional Co-partnership as Barristers and Attorneys, with offices at Dorchester and Moncton, N. B., Mr. Wells to have charge of the office at Dorchester and to be at Moncton on Tuesday and Saturday of each week; Mr. Welch to have charge of the office at Moncton.
January 18th, 1887.
W. WILBERFORCE WELLS.
DAVID I. WELCH.

WELLS & WELCH,
Barristers, Attorneys and Solicitors, Notaries and Conveyancers.
OFFICES: Dorchester and Moncton, N. B.
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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT
Guarantee: Cures Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, Decay, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Wasting Diseases, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence caused by Over-exertion, Youthful Indiscretion, Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Nervous Prostration, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, Premature Old Age