"I heard to day," remarked Mrs. Bangwhacker, "that young George Sampson, who has only been to college a year, writ home that he is wedded to his Alma Mater. D'ye know who she is?"

No, an' I don't want to know said Mrs. Whackbanger, "arter the way he carried on with with them Nipper gal's las' summer, and all the time prob'ly engaged to that Almy what's her-name. It enough to make a body weep."

The Montreal Herald fixes the Amount of money which was offered Mr. Chapleau by the Liberals to leave the Government, after the execution of Riel, at \$40,000. The Herald is a Riel organ, and is of course in a position to give the coffect figures. Mr. Chapleau stands high for refusing to subvert justice for political purposes. All honour to him for also refusing the tempting bribe.

As the babble of midnight fools

Ere the morning of Truth be born:

But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

For Sale and To Let.

C. MILNER.

Marsh for Sale. Dunlap, McDonald & Co.

SIX acres Prime Broadleaf Marsh, situated on Sunken Island Body, adjoining Main road. For particulars apply to R. BELL, ESQ., or the undersigned, Sackville, July 15, 1886.

Lots for Sale.

W. H. HARRISON.

Mill Property for Sale.

THE subscriber will sell his MILL A Cockville; also, about 4,000 acres of Log Land, which is heavily timbered. Also there is about 3,000 Logs at mill. The Mill is in good repair and will be sold on easy terms. For particulars apply to GEORGE W. TOWSE.
Aboushagan Road, July 14th.



Watches,

EXTRACT WILD

TRAWBEARY

-- ≔ CURES = --

CHOLERA

CHOLERA INFANTUN

ALL SUMMER COMPLAIN IS

DIARRHEA,

g bribe.

Oil of lavender is disagreeable largest and Best Selected Stock flies.

For Sale and To Let.

And thereby secure first choice from the Largest and Best Selected Stock like the flush of a thousand Springs; time Provinces. Our the Maritime Provinces. Our When the Summers of Southland dream the Like the flush of a thousand Springs; time Provinces. Our When the Summers of Southland dream the Like the flush of a thousand Springs; time Provinces. Our the Maritime Provinces.

In the lap of the holy Night: for I, earth's blindness above Tailoring Department THE subscriber will sell his GRASS on the Speciacle Marsh in lots to suit purchasers. Terms as usual.

Now possible the same limits.

Now possible the same limits.

Now opening: A fine assortment of English and American HATS.

Dunlap, McDonald & Co.

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

In a kingdom of stormless broath, I gaze on a light that is love. In the unveiled face of Death, English and American HATS.

nough the splendor of stars impearled In the glow of their far-off grace, e is soaring world by world, With the souls in his strong embrace one ethers, unstirred by a wind

Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of Death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat:
And I, entrl's madness above,
'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath, lave cazed on the lustre of love In the unveiled face of Death. But beyond the stars and the sun

and beyond the stars and the sun I can follow him still on his way, ill the pearl-white gates are won In the calm of the central day, ar voices of fond acclaim
Thrill dewa from the place of souls, is Death, with a touch like flame, Uucloses the goal of goals:
and from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with bateless breath—
by angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

I?" he asked; "and I don't deserve side half a minute occurs you can teither. I'm a deserter, therefore a thief, making off with this valuable a thief, making off with this valuable claimed.

"If I had only known!" I extinuels and dies. "Women's it shrivels and dies. "Women's testinuels and dies. "Women's testinuels and dies. "Women's testinuels and dies." a thief, making off with this valuable property of her Majesty's;" he glanced quizzically at his dilapidated vesture. "That's a good conduct stripe," he observed in a casual tone, holding his arm out.

"Only one," I replied disparage the first stripe of the first st

His white teeth flashed out so merrily in accord with his dancing I'd go back and give myself up by

The Poet's Death-Song.

The recent death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the noblest poet that the South has produced, leads peculiar interest to his lefty strain of final triumph which appeared in the May number of Harper's Magazine. Having experienced all the phases of prosperity and adversity, his lingering decline with consumption made him a calm and fearless student of the coming change. The result is beautifully shown in this poem.

FACE TO FACE.
The wings of thy soul would glow.
And the hopes of thy heart beat high: Thou wouldst turn from the Fyritonist Add lushy their jargon to scorn, And the hope of thy heart beat high: Thou wouldst turn from the Fyritonist Add lushy their jargon to scorn, And the hope of thy heart beat high: Thou wouldst turn from the Fyritonist Add lushy their jargon to scorn, And the hope of thy heart beat high: Thou wouldst turn from the Fyritonist Add lushy their jargon to scorn, And the non-tow's amber rings.

And lushy their jargon to scorn, And the non-tow's amber rings.
And hope of thy heart beat high: Thou wouldst turn from the Fyritonist Add lushy their jargon to scorn, But I, earth's madness above. In a kingdom of stornless breath less scorn the play of love In a kingdom of stornless breath less are in the month of the contents of the whole six chamber are non-how's amber rings.
As the monon-how's amber rings.
His will is the fathonoles beam. Of the star-shine's accreted flowed from the monon-how's amber rings.
His will is the fathonoles beam of the star ship and the gleam in his unbound hair in the fathous the star ship and the gleam in his unbound hair in the fathous the star ship and the gleam in his unbound hair in the fathous the fathous the star ship and the gleam in his unbound hair in the fathous the star ship and the glea

His voice was rough and peremptory, but refined in accent and
inflection and besides he never really did look as if he wanted to kill
me either—Still he was a repulsive
object, I thought as I stepped gingerly down and secured the revolver. A soldier, a common soldier,
in the strain, and I-knew
was to catch this train, and I-knew
I must get into mufti somehow before we got to Newstead Junction,
where there are always non-commissioned officers hanging about
(especially as I have to get through
without a ticket somehow) so I let
into a foregaid MoTaldridge term and forty—my geatle, semiinly a foregaid moTaldridge term and independent of the strain of the in a dingy red jacket stained with the aforesaid McToldridge jew me valid, delicately nutured mother, mud, one sleeve ripped open to the out of my last coin, and then hooked whose path through life had been shoulder, and a red smear that was not mud on his cheek-bone. Then he was drenched, saturated, and way got bogged in wet clay fields, as grievous evils almost minor sins, shining with moisture where he impaled on a hedge-stake, scrambled who had never seen the inside of an wasn't powdered grey with dust (no up the embankment just as the train omnibus, brushed her own harr, or wonder he sneezed, poor fellow.) stopped, and in through the first looked after her own luggage in her "I don't inspire confidence, do open window I saw on the down life—our beginning was as possible

only one, ingly.

"Why, how long do you think I've served?" he asked his merry blue eyes wide with astonishment at my ignorance. "I only enlisted with astonishment at my ignorance. "I only enlisted with a stonishment at my ignorance." I only enlisted with a stonishment at my ignorance. "I only enlisted with cards, "Captain Roderick out decent lodgings for us in Cambon Royal Many Facilities." chief that he had drawn from his sister, wealthy, childless, and martwo years ago, and this is the Carrington, Royal Manx Fusiliers." den Town.
wickedest deed I've dene since. I'm "The scoundred! He's stolen them. I don't care to look back on those not as black as I look. If you could I am in a bole now. Why, it's days much. Heroines in novels only see me when I'm washed I' enough to set half the detectives in manage, when ruin overtakes them,

eyes that I felt my own lips twitching in sympathy.

"Ah! you smile? Then it's all ly in all his pockets as he spoke, no expenditure to convert tawdry SASHES,

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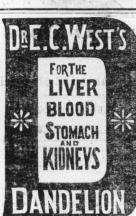
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WALNUT Cherry.