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ADVERTISEMENTS
Inserted at very Lowest Rates
E. WOODWORTH, Manager.

The Suez Canal.
How the Scheme was Smeared at in
its inception.

What it has done for Commerce.

(New York Letter.)

SAID, IN DISTANCE EFFECTED—
THREE THOUSAND VESSELS PASS
THROUGH IN ONE YEAR.—THE
WORK OF CONSTRUCTION.

ISMAILIA, Egypt, June 19.—The
abandonment of the Panama Canal
and the discussion of matters relating
to M. de Lesseps has brought me
from Cairo to Ismailia. I write
here in the very centre of the Suez
Canal, where the grand opening
ceremonies of 1869 were held, and
where this man who has temporarily
failed had the crowning success of
his life. He has a magnificent home
here, to which he comes during
some of his winters. It is surrounded
by orange groves and palm trees,
and the pure breezes from the desert
are mixed with the winds which blow
from the Mediterranean through the
canal which he built. It is 58 years
since he first came to Egypt, in the
French consular service, and it is
more than a generation ago since he
persuaded the Viceroy of the country
that the work could be done. When
he began it the English laughed at
him and the scientists all over the
world predicted his failure. John
Bull shook his tail and said, with a
sneer, that France and Egypt were
burying their money in the sands
of the desert, and that he was not
until the waters of the Mediterranean
were mixed with those of the Red
Sea that they would admit that
the thing could be done. Now more
than two-thirds of the ships that
pass through the canal belong to
Great Britain, and the English, in order
to protect their interests in India, have
had to put something like \$17,000,000
into canal shares. It is not a
bad investment, for in 1885 the net
profits of this canal were more than
\$6,000,000, and after all expenses
were paid the shareholders received a
dividend of 17 per cent.

THE CANAL INCREASES IN IMPORTANCE
year after year, and that to such an
extent that it may be necessary to
build a second alongside of the first,
and this plan is now much discussed.
How much is saved by it can only
be understood by considering the
steamship route of the past. Before
it was opened ships in going to
China and India, had to go by way
of the Cape of Good Hope, and it
was then more than 12,000 miles
from London to Bombay. The voyage
was one month instead of three
weeks, and it necessitated the re-
peated coaling of steamers. At pre-
sent the distance by the Suez Canal
is only 7,000 miles, and the saving
in distance from London to Hong
Kong is about 4,000 miles, or 1,000
miles longer than the distance be-
tween Liverpool and New York. In
1886 more than 3,000 vessels passed
through the canal, and estimating
that each of these vessels to India,
Australia or China made a saving of
at least five thousand miles it will
be seen that the aggregate saving
is one year of more than fifteen mil-
lion miles, equal to a distance of six
hundred times around the world. I
have not the statistics of the number
of passengers carried in 1886,
but ten years before that, when the
ships which passed through the canal
were less than half the number that
now go through, the passengers car-
ried numbered more than eighty-
three thousand. Undoubtedly more
than one hundred and fifty thousand
passengers are taken through this
canal every year, and the charges
are \$2 on each passenger. It makes
heavy charges upon the vessels,
which pass through, estimating them
according to their tonnage, and the
receipts of the canal make it one of
the best paying institutions of the
world.

ONE HUNDRED MILES LONG.
And still this canal is only one
hundred miles long; it is only one-
twelfth the length of the Red Sea,
into which it conducts the waters of
the Mediterranean and these two
bodies of water are nearly the
same level. They now flow into
one another without locks, and the
canal is well described as a ditch
in the desert.

This ditch is about three hundred
feet wide at the top and one hundred
and fifty feet wide at the bottom,
and the water within it is as quiet as
a mill pond. It is of beautiful sea-
green, and the contrast of this color
with the bare yellow sands which
lines the banks of the canal makes
it wonderfully beautiful. The canal
is so narrow that ships can pass
only at certain points, and the man-
agement governs these passages just
as the train dispatchers regulate the
passage of trains upon our trunk
line. There are, from time to time,
through the canal wider spaces
where the ships must turn in, while
others which have the right of way,
may pass them, and at a distance
these ships seem to be walking, as
it were, in single file through the
desert. They are not allowed to go
over five miles an hour, and this is
largely due to the depth of the
canal. It averages depth is about
twenty-four feet, and many of the
ships which pass through are more
than twenty feet deep in the water.
There is so little water under the
bottoms that there can be no great
speed.

THE WORK OF CONSTRUCTION.
The banks of the canal are of a

dry and thirsty sand. In some
places they are kept back by pave-
ment stone and in other places by
a net work of twigs like the jetties
of the Mississippi. It cost nearly
\$100,000,000 to build the canal, and
in some places the channel had to
be cut through solid rocks. In
others there was little dredging
needed. The waters of the Mediter-
ranean flowed into long, natural
lakes, and these required but little ex-
cavation to make them deep enough
for the transit of ships. One of the
great problems in making the canal
was fresh water for the workmen.
The work was begun in 1858, and
the ruler of Egypt provided 25,000
laborers. These were relieved every
three months; but it was necessary
to feed them. It took 4,000 water-
casks, which were carried on the
backs of camels, to supply them
with drinking water, and this was
kept up for five years. At the end
of that time a fresh water canal was
excavated so that water was carried
from the Nile to Ismailia, and there
is now a pipe which runs the whole
length of the canal and which car-
ries fresh water from one end of it
to the other. The work of prepar-
ing harbors at Port Said and Suez
was very expensive, and I took a
look at the piers at Port Said, which
are intended to ward off the accu-
mulations of sand and mud which
form the navigable entrance to the
canal. These piers are made of arti-
ficial stone, composed of desert sand
and cement. The masonry was
made them was brought here from
France and the stones were made to
throw into the sea. Each stone
weighed twenty tons and it took
25,000 of these massive rocks to
form the bases of these piers. On
the top of this foundation the piers
were built, and this artificial stone
wall, I am told, last as long as
the natural rock.

THE MIRAGE OF THE DESERT.
Immense dunes are now em-
ployed throughout the canal. These
pump up the sand which blows in
from the desert, and throw it out
of the way of the canal. There are
stations or guard-houses at intervals
along the coast, and a few small
towns have grown up here and there.
At one of these a dirty Arab brought
a leg of raw mutton while the boat
was stopped during a trip which I
made through the canal a few days
ago. He offered to sell it to the
passengers, but found no buyer.
Outside of these towns and the
guard-houses you see few signs of
life. Here a caravan trots along
over the desert, the long, ungaily
camels, with their riders bobbing
up and down against the clear sky
of the horizon. There a flock of
long-necked cranes spring from the
water into the air; and now, away
across the hot sands at the side of
the ship, comes into view a white
and new waters, which loom up out
of the sands and which look as real
as the green water through which
we are moving. This is the wonder-
ful mirage of the Libyan desert,
which so often deceives thirsty
travellers when passing through it on
camels. It fades as you approach
it and becomes a very castle of the
air.

The opening of the Suez Canal
took place in 1869, and the cere-
monies cost \$1,000,000. The father
of the present Khedive, more than
twenty millions of dollars. Among
the other notables who were present
was the Empress Eugenie, and a
grand palace was fitted out for her
entertainment at Cairo. My drago-
nnaire told me that he had seen
Eugenie during her trip to Egypt,
and that she had climbed the Pyra-
mids, had taken the fatiguing trip to
the interior of the greatest of them
and had ridden on a camel to the
Sphinx.

During my visit to the pyramids,
one of the first questions that my
Arab guide put to me was whether
I knew Mark Twain, and I find that
Mark Twain is better known abroad
than any other American. I see his
books sold in pirated editions on
every bookstand. He is quite as well
known to the English and the Ger-
mans, and such bazaar merchants as
are mentioned in "The Innocents
Abroad" have made fortunes out of
the advertisement.

EVERYBODY SMOKES.
A year or so ago Egypt made over
six million pounds of tobacco a year.
She now makes none, and the reason
for this is that the Khedive has
imposed a tax of \$157 an acre on all
lands raising tobacco. This is done
that the tobacco used will have to
be imported, and it will pay a big
import duty. The Egyptians are
great smokers. You see the Turks
in the bazaars with long hookahs or
water-pipes before them, and you
seldom meet a man or a boy without
a cigarette in his mouth. The women
smoke as well as the men, and
puffing at cigarettes makes up for
the lack of the occupation of the
rich ladies of the harems. I am
told there are some women in Cairo
who smoke regularly a hundred cig-
arettes a day, and I have seen women
walking on the streets puffing at
cigarettes. Neither the Khedive nor
his wife smoke, but it is the cus-
tom in Egypt to offer a cigarette or
pipe to all visitors. The tobacco used
here is very light, and first-class
cigarettes cost 70 cents a thousand.
The tobacco trade is in the
hands of the Greeks, who have
cigar stores all over Cairo. There
is no reason why Americans should
not send tobacco directly to Egypt.
Mr. Cardwell says the freight rates

would not be over \$5 a ton, and he
thinks tobacco something like the
best of our Durham would suit the
trade.

Speaking of American exports,
Egypt is not a very good customer
of the United States. The bulk of the
people are very poor, and the cotton
in which they dress come chiefly from
England. All over the east the
Russian coal oil has been crowding
out our American product, and this
is so in China and Japan as well as
in Egypt. Our oil, however, is as
told that there is a considerable in-
crease in the export within the past
two or three years. In 1887 Amer-
ica sent four millions of gallons to
Egypt, and there was an American
here some time ago who claimed that
there was a large oil field on the
shores of the Red Sea. He bore a
number of wells and gave out reports
that the indications were good and
that there were undoubtedly vast
fields of good petroleum in Egypt.
These reports have since turned out
to be false. The output of oil will
not pay for the working of the wells,
and the matter is, I am told, prac-
tically dropped. There is no doubt
that America could have some trade
with Egypt if we had a greater
amount of shipping of our own.

As it is, such things as come here go first
to England and are thence re-shipped
as English products. This is the
case with lard, bacon, meats and
canned goods. We buy something
from Egypt ourselves, and we take
every year nearly \$30,000,000 worth
of onions from the valley of the Nile.

THE MARKET OF EGYPT.
Egyptian cotton, which is now one
of the great products of the country,
got its start during our late civil war.
The price rose as high as 44 cents a
pound, and millions of dollars' worth
of Egyptian cotton was raised and
shipped to England. At present the
product is about five hundred thousand
bales per annum, which is little in
comparison with the great crop of
America.

In coming from India to Suez I
met an English gentleman who said
he supposed I would find nothing
good to eat in Cairo. He looked up
on the Egyptians as heathens, and
had no idea there were good hotels,
good markets and all of the modern
conveniences at Cairo. I have made
inquiries as to the cost of food in this
capital of Egypt, and I find that good
turkeys, which will rank in size and
weight with the best of our Thank-
sgiving birds, are worth from \$2 to
\$2.50 each; good fat geese bring from
\$2 to \$4 per pair, and chickens sell
from 40 cents to \$1. Choice cuts of
beef and mutton bring 40 cents a
pound, and the palate of the foreign
resident at Cairo is tickled with the
splendid oranges at a cent apiece.
All kinds of vegetables are cheap and
good, and eggs bring from 8 to 20
cents a dozen.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.
WOMEN'S COLUMN.
Conducted by Members of Sackville W. G. U.

What can I do to-day?
Not praise to win or glory to attain;
Not gold, or ease, or power, or love to
gain.
Or pleasure gay;
But to impart
Joy to some stricken heart;
To send a heaven-born ray
Of hope, some sad, despairing
Soul to cheer;
To lift some weighing doubt;
Make truth more clear;
Dispel some dawning fear;
To tell some tale of
Bring to the fold again
Some lamb astray;
To brighten life for some one,
Now and here;
This let me do to-day.

Mrs. Youmans.
A letter to Miss Willard gives
these particulars concerning Mrs.
Youmans, of Canada, who in her pro-
tracted sickness has had the deepest
sympathy of the white-ribbon host.
Her friend writes: "She regards her
recovery as very slow, though to
me, with a knowledge of the nature
of her malady, it seems reasonably
rapid. Her mind has much of the
old-time vigor and vivacity. She is
now able to use her hands and arms,
and hold her newspaper, and yester-
day signed her name to a document.
She finds it hard to be laid aside
when there is so much work press-
ing on all sides. When the news
came of the defeat of the South At-
torney, she wept for the death of a dear-
ly loved child. To insure its en-
joyment she had landed herself where
she now is, and to see it swept out
of existence was more than she
could calmly bear. She is reconciled
now, I think, and hopes for greater
measures, measures that, in my judg-
ment, she should have taken. I believe
will never pass until women are
enfranchised. It will all come, how-
ever, in God's own time, and for that
we must all wait and work and pray."

It is proposed to found a tem-
perance hospital in the populous
districts of South London. Dr.
James Edmunds, senior physician to
the original London Temperance
meeting, said at the recent annual
meeting of that institution, that dur-
ing the sixteen years he had been
practicing there, he had never once
prescribed alcohol in any form or for
any purpose. The experiment of
treating cases of any kind without
alcohol has proved an incontrovert-
ible success in this famous institu-
tion.

The Madness of Father Felipe.

(From Macmillan Magazine.)

The sun was setting, throwing
long shadows from the tall eucalyptus
and poplar trees that surrounded
the distant windows of the great
estancia house of Santa Paula.
Father Felipe rose from his seat
among the peach trees and, thrusting
his breviary into the pocket of his
sacred, took his way up to the house
to await the hour of dinner. Late
though it was there was still work
going on in the sheep corrals as he
passed them; for, owing to the re-
volution that had broken out in
Uruguay, labor was scarce there
here some time ago who claimed that
there was a large oil field on the
shores of the Red Sea. He bore a
number of wells and gave out reports
that the indications were good and
that there were undoubtedly vast
fields of good petroleum in Egypt.
These reports have since turned out
to be false. The output of oil will
not pay for the working of the wells,
and the matter is, I am told, prac-
tically dropped. There is no doubt
that America could have some trade
with Egypt if we had a greater
amount of shipping of our own.

"It is growing to dark, Anselmo,"
grumbled one of the men rising to
his feet and stretching his tired
limbs; "we shall never finish the
work to-night."

"Courage, man!" cried the major-
domo, a bustling little fellow who
had been doing the work of two men
during the day and superintending
the work of all. "Come! There are
hardly a hundred sheep left now;
the flock will soon be done with.
Ah, Don Felipe! Good evening to you.
You would like to lend us a
hand? Here is a knife for you if
you have not got one."

The priest started at his reverie
"Willingly, Anselmo! very willing-
ly, but I do not know how to help
you. I am not skilled in this labor."

The grumbler looked up. "To
this labor no!" he repeated, no-
mimicking the priest's deprecating
tone, "but to eat his dinner—yes!
Offer him a knife to eat his dinner—
Anselmo, if you want to see him
use it. That is what a priest car-
ries about with him at all times."

The men laughed. Don Felipe
pretended not to hear, but the mus-
cles of his face quivered and the
hand that grasped the railing shook
in spite of his efforts to appear in-
different.

His terminator cast a mocking
glance at him as he passed before
him to catch another sheep. "Ah!
the fat wether!" he cried presently,
dragging the struggling sheep after
him by the leg. "Oh, the fat priest!
This is the kind of priest that please
me; this one makes good fat
cane and good thick wool; this one
deserves his dinner every day. But
the other priests! Bah!—if you
were to cut all their throats to mor-
row they would get nothing by them."
The men laughed again; a mat-
ter of little consequence, but the
witness was so long as it was directed
against the proper person, and to their
ideas a priest was an eminently prop-
er person for ridicule.

"Hold thy tongue, Teofilo!"
said the major-domo sharply. "You
knowest this Don Geronimo will
not have the other insulted; and if
he complains, then it is I who am
blamed. Besides, priest or no
priest, he is not a bad man that
Don Felipe," he added carelessly.

Don Felipe did not hear the re-
monstrance. Already he was on
his way to the house, walking with
low, measured steps that contrasted
curiously with the passion that
was working on his face. Broken
exclamations started involuntarily
from his quivering lips. "They
kiss me. They kiss me! They
kiss me! What harm have I done,
what have I ever spoken to them?
The manneer peon on the place
thinks he has the right to insult me!
His hands were feverishly clenched
and unclenched, and the prayer
stood out on his forehead, and his
face flushed a burning red with the
heat of shame and powerless indig-
nation. When he was out of sight
his steps were more hurried; but
suddenly he stopped and paused in-
resolute, being half minded to return
and confront with angry words the
men that jeered at him. Thinking
better of this impulse he resumed
his way to the house, crying aloud
to himself as he went with a kind
of angry exultation, "It is not
through fear. No, not through fear!
An insult loses half its bitterness
if promptly resented and avenged; it
is only those that are accepted in
silence that remain unhealed, and
every fresh wound added to their
number starts old wounds bleeding
afresh, smarting with accumulated
pain. Perhaps the keenest pang
that Felipe felt was the horri-
ble uncertainty whether it was
really his clot alone that prevented
him from revenging his pride."
He was not through fear? He cried to
himself. Had he been more sure
that fear had no influence with him
he would not have felt the necessity
of so often telling himself so.

He sat down on a bench outside
the house and wiped the sweat from
his forehead.

The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to pre-
serve its color, abundance, and lustre,
should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a
dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and
cool, and is by far the most exqui-
site preparation in the market.

B. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill,
Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair
Vigor in my family for a number of
years, and regard it as the best hair
preparation I know of. It keeps the
scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and
preserves the original color. My wife
has used it for a long time with most
satisfactory results."

Mrs. S. A. Rock, of Anderson, Texas,
writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe,
La., I had a severe attack of scurf, or
malicious, fever. After I got well my
hair commenced coming out, and so com-
ing out it had well nigh all gone. I
used several kinds of hair restorers,
but they did no good. A friend gave me
a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before
finishing the first bottle my hair began
to grow, and by the time I used three
bottles it had all grown back."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

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Sold by Druggists and Purveyors.

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DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS
IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR
CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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CUT AND PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
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In Bronze, on
EACH PLUG & PACKAGE.
Direct from Factory:

5 Cases Reed & Barton's and
Roger Bros.
SILVERWARE,
including
Cake Baskets, Casters, Pickle Dishes
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Butter Dishes, &c., &c.
These Goods are the Newest and Prettiest
Designs in the Market.

100 dozen Knives, Forks and Spoons,
(Rogers' and R. & B.), 200 Nickel Alarm
Clocks, which will sell at \$1.50—regu-
lar price \$2.25; Ladies' and Gents' Watches,
wholesale and retail; a full stock of Di-
amond Jewelry, at all prices; a large stock
of Waterbury Watches for the boys,
at \$2.75—every one warranted.
My personal attention paid to repair-
ing of fine Watches.
C. S. McLEOD,
Black's Block, opp. P. O., Amherst.

Butter Kept in Brine.

Year after year a California dairy-
man keeps "the best and richest but-
ter"—that made in May, June, and
July—by a simple process, which he
describes in the Shasta Courier.
"Thoroughly wash before it is taken
out of the churn. Salt to suit the
taste—half an ounce to the pound is
about right. Do up in neat, round
balls of two or three pounds each;
cover each roll with a clean muslin
cloth, large enough to go around it
loosely. Depend upon it, the butter
will keep, and sink it in brine as
strong as the best salt will make it.
Stone vessels are the best. When
the rolls are in they may be kept
down by means of clean flat stones.
When the vessels are full enough and
the butter completely covered with
the brine, add more salt to insure the
strength of the brine. Keep it in
the cellar or spring house, and see if
it is not worth in winter or spring
100 per cent. more than any winter-
made butter." He emphasizes the
following indispensable requisites:
That the butter be good to begin with,
have all the butter milk worked out
and the butter wrapped and put into
the brine the same day it is taken
from the churn.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you take the warning. The signal perhaps
he has heard, and he has seen the risk and he
knows the consequence. Ask yourselves if you can afford to
nothing for it. We know from experience that
Shill's Cough Cure is the best remedy for Cough,
Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, and all the
coughs of children. It is a safe and reliable
remedy, and it is sold by all druggists.
Lancet, Boston, and New York. Sold by
A. J. Dixon, Sackville, and G. M.
Fairweather, Dorchester.

AYER'S TOOTH PASTE.—Are you disturbed at night
by aching teeth? Do you wake up with a
aching tooth? Do you have a bad taste in
your mouth? Do you have a sore throat?
Do you have a cough? Do you have a
cold? Do you have a fever? Do you have
a headache? Do you have a neuralgia?
Do you have a rheumatism? Do you have
a sciatica? Do you have a lumbago?
Do you have a sprain? Do you have a
strain? Do you have a dislocation?
Do you have a fracture? Do you have a
wound? Do you have a burn? Do you have
a scald? Do you have a frostbite?
Do you have a sunburn? Do you have a
chafe? Do you have a blister? Do you have
a chancre? Do you have a carbuncle?
Do you have a felon? Do you have a
ganglion? Do you have a tumor?
Do you have a cyst? Do you have a
abscess? Do you have a fistula?
Do you have a hernia? Do you have a
varicocele? Do you have a hydrocele?
Do you have a spermatorrhea? Do you have
a gonorrhea? Do you have a syphilis?
Do you have a chancre? Do you have a
carbuncle? Do you have a felon? Do you have
a ganglion? Do you have a tumor?
Do you have a cyst? Do you have a
abscess? Do you have a fistula?
Do you have a hernia? Do you have a
varicocele? Do you have a hydrocele?
Do you have a spermatorrhea? Do you have
a gonorrhea? Do you have a syphilis?

Legal.

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Sackville, April 18, 1889. 6m

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