

## RHODES, CURRY & CO.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,  
Manufacturers and Builders.



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.  
Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Materials.  
Send for Estimates.

## Boots and Shoes!

FALL AND WINTER!  
AMHERST BOOT & SHOE CO. (Retail)  
MOFFAT'S BLOCK.

WE have now on exhibition a Complete Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which will be sold at prices which cannot fail to please. The Stock includes:  
Ladies' Skating Boots, from \$1.50 upwards,  
Walking Boots, in Button and Lace,  
Felt Boots and Shoes,  
and Gents' Solid Comfort German Felt Slippers, sure cure for cold feet,  
Ladies' and Gents' American Rubbers, 1st quality.  
Also a Fine Assortment of  
GENTS' ENGLISH BOOTS,  
Including the Celebrated "K" WATERPROOF BOOT. Every Pair Warranted. Do not fail to see these Goods.  
Custom Work a Specialty.  
REPAIRING PROMPTLY & NEATLY DONE.

## Port Elgin Woolen Co

Custom Carding.  
HAVING made arrangements with the Port Elgin Furniture and Wooden Co., to allow us to place a set of Custom Cards in this factory, we will be ready to do Custom Carding on the 20th of THIS MONTH.  
We have a large stock of Cloth on hand which we will exchange for Wool as formerly.  
Port Elgin, June 16, 1890.

## SACKVILLE Meat Market.

The Subscriber has opened a MEAT MARKET, in the HENRY ALLISON BLOCK, Opposite Music Hall, and is prepared to supply the Sackville public with

## MEATS of all KINDS!

Fresh Fish  
WILL ALSO BE SUPPLIED.  
All Orders Will be Delivered by the Subscriber.  
C. A. MILTON & Co.  
Sackville, Jan 5th, 1890.

## BETTER THAN EVER

MRS. C. W. MAIN'S  
STOCK OF  
MILLINERY  
Is going to be finer than ever this season. New Goods arriving daily. The best and most complete.

## STOCK OF FEATHERS

In the Country, and our Whole Stock most complete in every particular. A Complete Line of Art Needle Work Materials.

## MRS. C. W. MAIN'S

Call and inspect our Goods, and be satisfied that we mean what we say. Orders for Trimmed Work promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

## MRS. C. W. MAIN'S

Douglas Block, Amherst.

## NEW MILLINERY.

Having just returned from the millinery openings with all the latest novelties in  
Laces, Flowers, Feathers,  
Hats and Bonnets

In great variety. We are now prepared to execute all orders and guarantee satisfaction.  
We have also an immense stock of  
Ladies and Childrens Underwears,  
Pinafores, Aprons, C. vests,  
Gloves, Hosiery, etc.  
Call and examine our stock, we shall consider it a pleasure to show our goods.

MRS. M. B. HURSTIS.  
121 Victoria St., Amherst.

## Notice of Co-Partnership.

DR. D. C. ALLAN and C. A. McQUEEN  
Office over Griffin's Store, Victoria St. Amherst.  
22 Station St. AMHERST.

DR. McQUEEN  
Graduate Jeff Med. Coll. Phila. 1882. Member, Royal Coll. Surgeons Eng. 1888. Late clinical assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital and London Throat and Ear Hospital.

DR. McQUEEN  
Office over Griffin's Store, Victoria St. Amherst.  
22 Station St. AMHERST.

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## AN UNLOVED WIFE.

Pansy Garland was the most heartless little flirt in the world. I have it on good authority—a dozen authorities, for that matter—each of which had sought for the missing organ of Miss Garland's anatomy, but all in vain. Either they were right and no such member had entered her composition, or not relishing their method of vivisection, Miss Garland had carefully placed the said member beyond the reach of the instruments that had threatened it.

Whichever the case, it was certain that the young lady had herself performed this same operation of vivisection many times, and she might have been a member of that fabled and horrible monster who feasted on the hearts of his victims, so mightily did he thrive on these dainty tidbits.

But one or two circumstances put an end to Miss Garland's innocent pastime. The first was the sudden death of her mother, followed soon after by that of her father, leaving the girl alone in the world—for there were no lateral branches of either family—absolutely unprotected. Her father died insolvent, having got his affairs in such a tangle, not to say snarl, that there had been only one way to cut the Gordian knot, which he did by breathing out his life in his daughter's arms, commanding her to take the duties of Heaven, his debts to his creditors, and Pansy Garland to the guardianship of his executor and heaviest loser by his death, Donald Marshall.

Mr. Marshall knew far more about the necessities of the brute dependencies of a woman's heart, yet his nature was so pure, so deep, so tender, as almost to touch on the womanly; so strong and noble that the very helplessness of the small hazel-eyed child appealed to it irresistibly, as weakness must always appeal to its opposite.

He had the child's romance. Outside the city limits yonder, under a greenwood, his heart lay in the coffin of a woman he had once thought to make his wife. For ten years it had lain there in solemn slumber, sealed forever, as he believed, with the inviolable seal of death; but William Garland's daughter must be provided for, protected and cared for, and it was for Donald Marshall to do it; there was no one else. If she had been rich and surrounded by friends, there would have been no trouble, a thousand solutions to a perplexing problem presented themselves where now was but one. That one he accepted.

He went to her, offered her his hand, his name, and she, from the moment she looked up into his grave, quiet eyes, knew that she had found her master; and the various authorities, unlike the common run, were correct; her heart had long ago been given unconsciously into the keeping of Donald Marshall. She never questioned his love, although she knew of the green mound where Mary Bains slept her long sweet sleep.

Petted and spoiled with a wealth of many noble things poured out at her feet, she could not have understood perhaps, that the treasures of this one were withheld from her, and from her, she could not tell her. The grief that brooded over his life had grown to seem like something real—tangible; he could not tear away the silence of ten sorrowful years, and reveal it even to this woman. Yet he knew that he could be loyal, true to her; that nothing but Mary Bains' ghost could ever come between them. His wealth, home, social position, his protection and his name, all were hers, but not his love. He was making a dangerous experiment, but she did not realize it.

And they were married. One bleak, cold day they turned from the altar and passed out of the church man and wife. The stray handful of snow that had been falling at intervals since dawn, suddenly ceased; the gray clouds rent themselves from zenith to horizon, a glory of crystal something poured down upon the head of an unloved wife, and it snowed no more that day; the rift never closed, but widened and broadened until it took in the whole blue shining dome of heaven; the sun went down in a pure molten sky. She called him now and then, and he, bending from his grand height, gently kissed her brow.

"Thus shall your life always be as bright and cloudless to the setting, heaven willing."

She smiled, well content, without fear for the future; she had given him to keep, while the twilight fell and softly shut them in.

Yes, they were married. He with a woman's heart in his possession, she—ah! Pansy is a sad exchange for the rich, living love a woman craves. For a time the strength of her affection mesmerized into artificial vitality the dead body of his, and she was happy. But it could not be so always; the truth came crashing down upon her at last.

It does not matter how she found it out, it does not matter how she comes into its bitterness, how the soul chafes its bondage of woe. The great question is how to learn to accept it, endure it, and live.

Live! That had to be. She would have died of mortification, grief and pain; but pain, grief and mortification rarely kill. She must live and bear her trouble. This was the hardest of all.

What was to be done? He was an every day prosaic sort of a man, with little romance about him. He saw too many remedies. "But you will go away and let me learn to bear it alone?"

"My dear, that is impossible. I can not give up my business, drop everything and set out in vain wanderings after happiness which could not be obtained in any such fashion," said the curious young man, opening his eyes.

"Then let me go, this is killing me." "You wish to get a divorce?" "He had a fierce internal struggle before he brought himself to utter that word. He had failed, signally, then, in the effort to make her happy, since she could submit to the disgrace—yes, he was old fashioned enough to call it disgrace—of a divorce suit, and the uncertain position she must occupy in society afterwards, in preference to an honorable place at the head of his house."

"A divorce? Yes, anything—anything?" "Poor child! Poor miserable child!" he said compassionately. "Forgive me—I cannot grant your request. You do not understand what it involves. No, dear, we can never rectify one mistake by plunging into another. No court in the land can break in the sight of heaven, the ties that bind us until death to each other. Space itself cannot absolutely sever. Anything so unnatural as a separation cannot be attended with blessings."

"But I at least may find peace," said the girl wearily.

"Peace comes from the honest discharge of duty. Pansy, if we deliberately think of how we can hope to obtain the other. Neither peace nor even contentment can be founded on wilfully broken laws. It is only here—here, where our lots have been cast, our lives united, that we can ever hope to obtain either."

His words were tenderly spoken, but their hard philosophy fired her. It was all duty with him; what cared he that all her happiness was changed by the flood of bitterness that flowed through her little world?

But she must save the shattered remains of her life; she would not, somewhere, her might put them together and piece out an existence that might not be wholly despised. She would go away; it would be better for them both. But he had always been kind to her—yes very kind; she could not think of the tender, compassionate, loving man, who had sought to help her after she had made her cruel discovery, without tears. Perhaps after all, they could learn to bear it, to live it down, better together, as he had said. He was strong, and so very very patient and tender; close at his hand, her weakness, her helplessness, his strength, she might grow contented. But, no, his heart was dead, and she loved him; there was no contentment in the thought; she must go.

She thought feverishly until night, then stole into the empty library, and, taking a book from the shelf, she read. There was the book he had been reading yonder, not far off her own desk, her sewing chair, and her work basket. She did not touch anything; she had forfeited the right; she would go now, the room was too much for her. She opened the door, and her heart cried out for love; and yet he was kind—she would always remember his kindness.

So she stole away out of the house. On the terrace she paused one moment to take her courage more firmly in hand, and to her dismay, she found it had evaporated, wholly and without warning. She could not go—she dared not! She was afraid. It was a humiliating confession to make, but it was true. The sight of the big silent world, although it shimmered like an opal in the moonlight, struck terror to her soul. What might not lurk yonder in those gray, sinister-looking shadows? No, no, no! She could not go alone, not alone!

She crept into the house, a miserable little coward; for whom there could be no apology; it was cold and sweet there, and long for her of silver light were strewn over the carpet; the fragrance of honeysuckle, her favourite flower, came sweeping in at the window on the fresh night air.

There was the faint, far-off odor of a cigar somewhere in the house. He was coming, her husband! She could hear him whistling softly as he came up the path. He was not wholly miserable then. She hurriedly found the note and destroyed it, and was ready to face Donald when he entered the house trembling and pale.

"Pansy, is it you, dear, in the dark?"

He always called her dear; he was very tender with his little wife; his one desire was to repair the wrong he had unwittingly done her.

"Where are the matches?" "I will light the gas," said he.

"No, not yet, Donald, please—I do not wish any light, it hurts my eyes, I think."

"Are you ill? Does your head ache?" "I am well; but I have something to tell you, I want to say it in the dark." Donald—with a perceptible effort—I tried to leave your house just now—desert you, they call it, don't they?"

"But you didn't," he said slowly—very slowly. "Why, dear?" "I—I was afraid. The world was so big—so solitary."

"Poor little coward—poor little unhappy Pansy! I want you to promise never to try to desert me again."

He had not spoken immediately. When he did his voice had not been very steady; but there was something under his quiet that made her shiver.

No covert threat, only that great gentleness without which he never addressed her; and yet it seemed throbbing with pity and regret that was almost passionate in its intensity.

"I will promise you if you wish it, Donald; but if a time should ever come when I cannot endure my life, you will let me go away somewhere?"

"I will let you come and tell me about it, dear, and we will devise a better remedy," he answered, drawing her into his arms. As her head dropped against his shoulder he felt an odd thrill of pleasure. It could not be that his heart had awakened, for that was lying dead in Mary Bains' grave. "We must bear our trouble bravely, Pansy; the world is full of grief, you know."

Then he kissed her and sent her

## What Whales Eat.

The surface waters in the Gulf Stream teem with minute life of all kinds. There the young of larger animals exist, microscopic in size, and adult animals, which never grow large enough to be visible to the naked eye, occur in immense quantities. By dragging a fine silk net behind the vessel, these minute forms are easily taken; and when placed in the glass dishes, millions uncounted are swimming backward and forward. When looked at through a microscope we see young jelly fishes, the young of barnacles, crabs and shrimps, besides the adult microscopic species, which are very abundant. The toothless whale finds in these his only food. Rushing through the water with mouth wide open, by means of his whalebone strainers the minute forms are separated from the water. Swallowing those obtained after a short period of straining he repeats the operation. The abundance of this kind of life can be judged from the fact that nearly all kinds of whale eat exclusively upon these animals, most of them so small that they are not noticed on the surface of the water.—Popular Science Monthly.

He had never observed how pretty she was until she blushed and dimpled at the homage showered upon her. And how well she talked—Mary Bains had been sweet and gentle but Pansy was more—a charming and more womanly creature. He had been true to an ideal. Now he awoke to the real, and discovered that he loved his wife as he had never loved that other woman. And she, he bitterly told himself, had learned to do without him.

For Pansy was unforgotten, happy in those brighter and gay days, and seemed well content to take up her girlhood's pastime just where she had dropped it. To Donald she was sweet and gracious, and nothing more; her eyes were no longer misted to his in mute beseeching for the love he withheld; indeed they sparkled with happiness and health, and looked at all the world except him.

"It was one soft, sweet June day. Pansy had been walking, and came home through the dewy meadow. The twilight had fallen, and Donald went to meet her."

"I thought you might be afraid," said she, as a sort of apology for the intrusion.

"Oh, no," she returned smiling. "I was not afraid. I was only waiting for you to come, I think."

"Then your life is full?"

"And you have no room for my love? You have discovered it to be quite useless—it has come too late?"

"No, Donald, it has not come too late. Dear, did you think me blind? I knew you loved me before you knew it yourself? Is that why my life is full?"

"And Donald was satisfied."

## Bloodthirstiness as a Human Instinct.

As Rochefort says, there is something in the misfortune of our very friends that does not altogether displease us; and an apostle of peace will feel a certain vicious thrill run through him, and enjoy a vicarious brutality, as he turns to the column in his newspaper at the top of which "bloodying atrocity" stands printed in large capitals. So how the crowd floods round a street brawl. Consider the enormous annual sale of revolvers to persons, not one in a thousand of whom has any serious intention of using them, but of whom each one has his carnivorous self-consciousness agreeably tickled by the notion, as he clutches the handle of his weapon, that he will be rather a dangerous customer to meet. See the ignoble crowd that escorts every great pugilist—parasites who feed as if the glory of his brutality rubbed off upon them, and whose darling hope, from day to day, is to arrange some sort of which they may share the rapine without enduring the pain! The first blow at a prize-fight is apt to make a refined spectator sick; but his blood is soon up in favor of one party, and it will then seem as if the other fellow could not be banged and pounded and mangled enough—the refined spectator would like to reinforce the blows himself. Over the sinister organs of blood of certain depraved and insane persons let a certain be drawn, as well as over the ferocity with which otherwise fairly decent men may be animated, when (at the sacking of a town, for instance), the excitement of victory long delays the emotion freedom of rapine and of lust, the contagion of a crowd, and the impulse to imitate and outdo, all combine to swell the blind drunkenness of the killing-instinct, and carry it to its extreme. Not those who try to account for this from above downward, as if it resulted from the consequences of the victory being rapidly inferred, and from the agreeable sentiments associated with them in the imagination, have missed the root of the matter. Our ferocity is blind, and can only be explained from below. We trace back to the lowest of our line of descent, we should see it taking more and more the form of a fatal reflex response, and at the same time becoming more and more the pure and direct emotion of it is—Popular Science Monthly.

## Cloth From Wood.

A detailed description has appeared of a most interesting process for producing cloth from wood, says an American paper. Thin boards or laths, free from knots, are cut into strips in the direction parallel with the grain, and are boiled in a solution of sulphuric acid or bisulphite, this boiling effecting disintegration without the strips being reduced to very small pieces. The wood, after boiling, is dried in the open air, and when dried, the fibres become comparatively strong. The strips are then passed through rollers, which leads them to a pair of rollers, which may be plain or provided with corrugations in the direction of their length, the ribs of the one relief being made to gear into the recesses of the other one, whereby they effect a simultaneous strong bending and squeezing of the masses. The cutting of the material in passing through the rollers is avoided by causing the endless cloth to convey them to a second pair of rollers, from which they are conveyed to a third pair, and so on for six times. By continued treatment of the wood fibres become at length so pliable and isolated from each other that they can be employed directly for coarse filaments. But to obtain a long fibre the boiled and pressed masses are carefully dried, then combined in the direction parallel with the fibres, similarly to the operations for combining flax, cotton, &c. The separation of the extractable matter from the gums and soluble organic matter can be effected at any time, though it is preferable that this be effected after the fibres have been spun into threads, &c.

## How the Figure was Reached.

There were some queer methods adopted by the census enumerators in the States to roll up the 64,000,000, at which figure the population of that country now stands. In Buffalo, for example, one man was counted three times—twice at his boarding house and once at the place where he works. On each occasion the six were added to the census. In this way one man was made to do duty as twenty-one persons in booming the census of Buffalo. It has just transpired that in St. Paul all the enumerators took both sides of all the streets that bounded their districts. Thus the population of all those streets was counted twice. In Minneapolis it is claimed the overcount amounts to 70,000. And in Chicago the overcount is estimated at 250,000—six persons being allowed to each house to "save trouble."

## SUDDENLY PROSTRATED.

GENTLEMEN, I was suddenly prostrated by a violent attack of cholera morbus. We sent at once for a doctor, but he seemed unable to help. An evacuation about every forty minutes was fast wearing me out, when we sent for a bottle of Wild Strawberry, which saved my life. MRS. J. N. VAN NATTER, Mount Baldies Ont.

## FOUR YEARS IN SAWYERVILLE.

"For four years I had pimples and sores breaking out on my hands and face caused by bad blood. Medicine from the doctor was tried without avail, but after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am well." MISS MARIE LINSAY, SAWYERVILLE, QUE.

—Messrs Rhodes, Curry & Co. recently finished a fine drug store for Mr. A. C. Bell, of New Glasgow.

## HEADQUARTERS FOR THE MARITIME COOK.

Also  
Large variety of Ranges, Cook, Parlor and Office STOVES.

Latest System of HEATING AND VENTILATING CHURCHES, RESIDENCES AND STORES with Hot Water Coal and Wood FURNACES.

ESTIMATES GIVEN.  
Bath Rooms fitted, and Plumbing of all kinds done in the best manner.  
HUNDREDS OF USEFUL ARTICLES IN

HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE.  
Granite, Fibre, Brass, Copper, Tin Wire and Wooden WALKERS, Brooms and Brushes, Hair Brooms and Feather Dusters.

PUMPS.  
Of All kinds a Specialty.

Baths, Cutlery, etc., at the original stand

Established 40 Yrs ago.

W. R. ROBB & CO.  
No. 69 Victoria St., Amherst.

## Valuable Marsh for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale his Marsh Land situated in No. 1 Body, in the Parish of Westmount, containing about eight acres of English and 22 acres of French land. It is the last of a large lot further particulars and Terms of Sale apply to JAMES HAWKINS, Esq., 100 St. James Street, Montreal.

## CHEAP SALE

Light Prints  
AT COST.

Ginghams,  
AT COST.

Cloth for Boys' Wear,  
AT COST.

Grey Cottons,  
AT COST.

WHITE UNLAUNDRIED SHIRTS,  
AT COST.

Ladies Silk Gloves,  
AT COST.

Colored Sun Shades,  
AT HALF PRICE.

Remnants,  
AT HALF PRICE.

Be quick about it if you want to secure Bargains. We don't like to look at a loss too long.

J. V. BOURQUE.  
AMHERST CASH STORE.  
Amherst, July 24.

## Groceries.

Just Received and in Stock  
A COMPLETE LINE OF

Groceries  
—AND—  
Provisions.  
Tea, Coffee and Spices, Butter and Lard.

FLOUR  
of the Choicest Brands. Oats and Corn Meal, Cracked and Heavy Feed.

ED. READ.  
Sackville N.B., July 3.

## DR. FOWLER'S

EXT. OF  
STRAWBERRY  
CURES  
CHOLERA  
MORBUS  
OLIC  
AND  
RAMP

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

## NEW GOODS.

JUST OPENED AT THE  
New Stand of Business  
Near Tidnish Cross Roads,  
A General Assortment of  
Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Groceries, Crockeryware and Tinware, &c., &c.

Will Sell at Lowest Rates for Cash or Produce.  
J. HAMILTON.  
Tidnish, June 28th, 1890.

## MONCTON SUGAR

25 lbs. Standard Granulated,  
25 " Extra Yellow C.  
For Sale Low.

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

## JAMES CURRIE,

General Agent for the  
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,  
'NEW WILLIAMS' SEWING MACHINES

Also Pianos and Organs.  
Machine Needles, Oil and Parts, always on hand.

June 26 1y

Advertise in the Post.

## Building Lots for Sale

THE Subscriber offers for sale a number of desirable Building Lots on Union Street, near the site of the new Baptist Church, and within a few minutes of the city. The lots are well situated for business or residential purposes. Good title given. Apply to JAMES HAWKINS, Esq., 100 St. James Street, Montreal.

## FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale the new House and Premises where he now resides. The House is commodious and in good repair and there is a new Barn and good Well on the place.  
For further particulars apply to JAMES B. ATKINSON, Sackville, N.B., 30th July.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the estate of the late Charles Lewis Hicks, deceased, are required to make payment, and all persons having claims against the estate of the said Amos Hicks, are requested to present the same duly attested to the undersigned within three months.

GEORGE CAMPBELL,  
Sackville, N. B., Administrator.

## Administrators' Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of the late Charles Lewis Hicks, deceased, are required to make payment, and all persons having claims against the estate of the said Amos Hicks, are requested to present the same duly attested to the undersigned within three months from the date hereof.

Dated this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1890  
DAVID FRASER DOBSON,  
Administrator.

## Notice of Assignment.

DANIEL LUND, of Aboussagan in the County of Westmount, has made an Assignment to me of all his property both real and personal for the benefit of his creditors. Creditors wishing to participate in the benefits of the trusts under said deed are required to execute the same within three months from the date hereof.

The deed can be executed at the office of Powell & Bennett.

Dated June 15, 1890.  
GEORGE W. TOWSE, Assignee.

## Administrators' Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of the late Nathan Hicks, of Midgie farmer, will please make immediate payment of the sum to the undersigned administrator, and all persons who have claims against said estate will hand same in, properly attested to, the said administrator on or before the Thirtieth day of August next.

Dated this 30th day of May, A. D. 1890.  
MARINE HICKS,  
JOHN M. HICKS,  
Administrators.

## Sheriff's Sale.

TO be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION on THURSDAY, the Thirtieth day of OCTOBER, A. D. 1890, in front of the Court House, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon, all the Right Title, Interest, Property Claims and Demand of John Belliveau and James Edward Belliveau, their possessory right and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of lots and out of the following lands and premises situated in the parish of Sackville in the county of Westmount, and described as follows:

All that certain parcel or parcel of LAND situated in Westmount in the parish of Sackville and bounded on the north by the road leading from Westmount to Dorchester, westerly and northerly by the lands of Robert Stone and Benjamin Belliveau, easterly and southerly by the southwest bounds of marsh land owned and occupied by the aforesaid Benjamin Belliveau, easterly and southerly by the upland farm occupied by William Tait, and containing seven acres be the same, more or less.

Also all other real estate of said John Belliveau and James Edward Belliveau, wherever situated, and wherever described, whether by law, contract or otherwise, and the same having been seized under and to be sold by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick against the said John Belliveau and James Edward Belliveau.