

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
Jan 27 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.
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 Mack 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.
O. A. MILTON & Co.
Cash Paid for Fat Cattle.
Sackville, Jan 30th, 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
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,
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 Children's Underwear, Flannels, Aprons, Garters, Gloves, Hosiery, etc.

Call and examine our stock, we shall consider it a pleasure to show our goods.
MRS. M. B. HUESTON,
121 Victoria St., Amherst.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

DR. D. C. ALLAN and G. A. McQUEEN
Gentlemen: We, the undersigned, have this day entered into a partnership for the purpose of carrying on the business of a Dispensary, and have for that purpose organized the firm of
23 Station St. AMHERST.

DR. McQUEEN
Graduate J. Med. Coll. Phila. 1882. Member. Royal Coll. Surgeons Eng. 1888. Late Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital and London Throat and Ear Hospital.

DR. ALLAN
Graduate J. Med. Coll. Phila. 1882. Member. Royal Coll. Surgeons Eng. 1888. Late Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital and London Throat and Ear Hospital.

HOW HE REFORMED.

When Hank Stephens rode into the Gulch with a bright-faced, long-haired boy of about five years in front of him on the horse, the event caused more excitement than there had been since Monte Joe shot the Doctor, and was promptly hanged therefore by the citizens.

Hank's story was simple. He had found the child near the empty stage coach down on the bank, and beside the stage by the driver, scalped and dead. Inside was a woman shot through the heart, and from her cold hand he had with difficulty drawn a ring, which he showed to all present.

It was of gold, oddly chased outside in a pattern of interlocking triangles. Inside were the words, "From Frank to Mary."

Inquiries made of the child resulted in the statement that his name was Frankie and his mother's name was "Mama," and they lived at home. They had come to look for papa, who, when asked, told him to give him a little dog. "Mama's name was Aunt Polly when Mama spoke to her. Two names were all she had—Mama and Aunt Polly—and that was enough he thought, even for a great big woman.

Beyond this, they could learn but little. Aunt Carrie was his auntie, and Uncle Will was the minister, and preached. He came from home; that was all he knew.

The men in the camp rode down the wrecked coach, and after a careful search during which they failed to find any papers, reverently buried the dead under the shadow of a great pine tree, cutting over the grave of the murdered woman the simple word, "Mary," followed by the date.

Then they went back to Cayote Gulch, and life went on pretty much as before—except that they now had something to love and pet.

They called the boy Frank Stephens, recognizing Hank's claim as first discoverer. This, however, might be called his legal name, for with that aptitude for nicknames and pet appellations so marked among men of their class, he had a dozen or more to which he would answer.

The most popular was "Curly," derived from the long, golden-brown hair, which was the trial of Hank Stephens' life until he suddenly thought of plaiting it into three tails, and thereby keeping it from tangling up.

Hank was so innocently proud of this expedient, of which he firmly believed himself to be the inventor, that he carried the boy with the ends sticking out and tied up at the ends with strips of red flannel, down to the store to show him off, and there had his feelings hurt by being told that Curly looked something like a half-skinned "perky-pine."

For a long time the exploits of Black Sam, the road agent, has been the subject of talk throughout Tuolumne county.

He was known to be the most daring highwayman from whom the country had suffered. His men seemed to be like himself—utterly insensible to fear.

The miners in Cayote Gulch had heard of him long before they had any reason to dislike him, and they had heard of his doings as well as of his uniform success.

After the news came in that the consignment of gold from the cove, amounting to some thirty odd thousand dollars had been taken by Black Sam's gang when they held up the stage, there was a great deal of excitement.

A meeting was called, at which several of the best known men vented their opinions, and many plans were proposed, none of which seemed to find much favor.

The next lot of the shining metal got safely through to Frisco, but the following one was taken.

As French Pete said, "This ver working half time for Black Sam air played out!" and generally the men thought he was right.

Diligent inquiry revealed the fact that Sam had his camp in the mountains, about ten miles, in a position from which he could easily over-throw stage routes, along which the coaches, with their valuable freight ran.

In 1860 the legal machinery in the mining counties of California was not perfect by any means, and what law there was generally administered by the people themselves.

So it was that the men in Cayote Gulch made up their minds that if they were to be helped, they must help themselves and four of them volunteered to go and bring Black Sam in.

It turned out that Jim Carter went the road-agent alone and got the drop on him.

"Throw up your hands, Sam!" was quietly said, Jim glanced over the barrel of a shot-gun; and Sam did as he was told.

He saw at a glance there was no room for fighting; he was surrounded by a range of ten feet, and the pressure of a finger would be certain death.

Jim whistled softly, while Sam sat like a carved image on his horse, and in a minute or two Big Finn walked up.

"I've got him Finn! Take his weapons!"

So Finn took the two revolvers and knife, and tied the road-agent on his horse, fastening his hands behind his back.

Then his two captors mounted and rode off with him, one leading Sam's horse and the other riding behind revolver in hand.

Reaching Cayote Gulch, the noted prisoner was placed in a room in the hotel, with two men watching him. He was not tied—there was no necessity for it with such guards—and he was well treated as far as food and comforts went.

The next day the court of Judge Lynch held its session, and the verdict was only what had been expected. The prisoner did not display any emotion. He sat there smoking and eating, and when his cigar went out, borrowed a light from the judge with a coolness which was unfeigned.

He had long known there was one ending to his life if he was captured, and knowing this he felt little interest in the trial.

When asked if he was "Black Sam" he quietly said, "That's what they call me," and relapsed into indifference.

In sentencing him, the court remarked that it was giving him until the next day if he wished it, but Sam answered it was all one to him, they might as well get through and get back to work.

So the procession was formed, and they took their way to the spot where the prisoner was to expiate his crime. There were not many trees in Cayote Gulch, but just to the right of the stage road, after they climbed up on the level plain above, was a redwood strong enough for the purpose.

When the men reached this spot they were horrified to see Curly playing with his dog just where the execution was to take place.

Hank stepped forward at once, and lifting the child in his arms attempted to carry him away; but Curly seeing all the men there, and sure that something out of common was going to take place, resisted to the utmost.

It happened that morning that Hank had forgotten to bring the long hair which hung in such luxuriant curls below his shoulders; and when Sam, attracted by the noise, looked up, he saw the face framed in golden brown hair.

He started violently, wrenched himself free of his guards, and pointing his finger asked, fiercely, in a voice which was utterly strong: "Whose child is that?"

Curly stopped crying instantly and riveted his eyes upon the face of the man who in few minutes would take his last look on earth.

"Whose child is that?" repeated Sam, glaring at those around him in a perfect passion of excitement. "Can't any of you speak?"

"Hank Stephens found him in a coach wrecked by Indians," said the first who found his tongue.

"Was there a woman with him?" asked Sam, with a fire in his eyes that seemed to scorch the man he looked at.

"Yes, She was dead."

"Yes, shot. Here, Hank, where's that ring?"

Hank put the boy down, and pulling on a cord round his neck, drew the ring from under his shirt.

Sam gave one look at it and turning away murmured: "Mary—oh, Mary, Mary!"

The men scarcely breathed, the excitement so great. At last the judge almost timidly touched Sam on the arm, and said: "You are a little kinder in your language, Sam."

The road-agent did not answer for a minute, when, making a great effort he turned towards the expectant crowd once more.

"Gentlemen," he said, quietly, "I will take the judge's offer, and put this hanging off until to-morrow. That boy is my son, and his mother—his mother was my wife."

"Your wife?"

"Yes, I married her in the East, and came West to seek my fortune. She was born in 1840. It was hard times with me, and I became what you all know. I did not mean to speak of that now. My life is forfeited, and, as she is dead, I do not much care. But I have some property which I want to leave to the boy, and do this I must have a little time."

"We don't want Curly to have that kind of property," said Big Finn.

"It's money I made honestly. It was given to me for capturing Joaquin Chichito, before I became a road agent myself," said Sam, in a cool, steady voice.

"Perhaps this yer's a put up job on us, growled French Pete. 'Who's a goin' to say Curly's yours?'"

"To say a photograph of his mother in my pocket. You can look at it."

The picture was at once taken out, and held up by the man who had the body of the woman in the coach. Some thought it was like; others unlike. At last Hank took it, and lifting up Curly in his arms, said: "Who's that?"

"It's mamma," said the child, innocently. "How did you get in?"

The next minute half a dozen men wanted to shake hands with Sam, and there was a question about the residue.

Back to the hotel they went, and writing material being brought, Sam wrote a check on the bank of Montreal in favor of Hank Stephens, and the trustee for his son. This he signed Frank Holton, his real name and then asked to see his boy.

While Curly was with his father, a consultation was held among the men as to what they would do with the idea of hanging him now was uttered, and a large party were in favor of telling him to go and never return. But this was just what Sam refused to do, unless he took Curly with him, some thing which could not be heard of. Then he proposed to them that if they did not hang him they would let him settle among them, open a store, take his own name, and be a decent man again; and this was finally agreed to.

It took Frank Holton, as I have called him, although that is not his real name, five years to pay; but from time to time Wells, Fargo received sums of money to be credited against some stage robbery which was named and dated.

Now the name of Holton & Son is one of the best known upon the coast, and few know that the white-haired senior partner was once Black Sam.

Only A Sister.

"My sister," said a bottle of Burdock Bitters with great success for bilious headache. We recommend it to all as a specific for headache."

A LEADING London Food Trade journal is calling upon Canadian lobster packers to stamp on the bottoms of their tins the date upon which the lobsters were packed. Several lots of old and unfit lobsters have recently been unloaded on the market there, greatly to the injury of the national reputation.

Several years ago there resided in a neighboring town a man named Jones. He had been elevated to the judicial bench in his native town and was familiarly known as "Squire."

After he assumed the duties of justice of the peace the first duty he was called upon to perform was a marriage ceremony, his sister being "the bunting" and wrinkled bride. The latter was a homely lady who had seen fully forty summers, always had been dependent on the squire for her support and among her few accomplishments she had a temper that bordered on the phenomenal, and, in fact, she was a doubtful distilled terror.

The squire had no forms for marriage ceremonies, yet he bravely tackled the situation with the following ceremony: "Samantha, do you like Ebenezer?"

"Yes, sir."

"May God have mercy on your soul, Ebenezer, I pronounce you man and wife. Two dollars. St. Croix Courier."

Eating Machines.

The Russians eat, on an average, once every two hours. The climate and custom require such frequent meals, the digestion of which is aided by frequent draughts of vodka and tea.

Vodka is the Russian whiskey, and made from potatoes and rye. It is fiery and colorless, and flavored with some extract like vanilla or orange.

It is drunk from small cups that hold perhaps half a gill. Vodka and a Russian, he is a friend or a stranger, you are at once invited to a side table, where salted meat, pickled eel, salted cucumbers and many other spicy and appetizing viands are urged upon you with an impressiveness that knows no refusal. This repast is washed down with frequent cups of vodka. That over, and when the visitor feels as if he had eaten enough for 24 hours, the host says: "And now for dinner."—Christian at Work.

The New Gas Gun.

At the headquarters of the London Scottish Rifles last week, some interesting experiments were conducted with M. Paul Giffard's (a French scientist) appliances for the employment of liquefied gas as an explosive—or, to be more strictly accurate, one should say as a means of propelling projectiles—in place of gunpowder. The weapon now introduced is something more than an ingenious appliance—it is a discovery which not only promises to revolutionize the gunmaker's art, but is applicable also to many other purposes as a motive power. Those who are interested in the Giffard gun claim that it is the military weapon of the future.

The gas gun is a model of simplicity, so that one can judge without examination of the discharging mechanism in which much of the merit of M. Giffard's invention lies. A small cylinder, called a caratouche, is attached to the barrel of a rifle or smoothbore gun. This cylinder contains liquefied gas enough to discharge 250 shots equal to about 50 bullets of an ordinary service rifle, with a velocity sufficient to kill at 600 yards. There is no other explosive. The pellet is simply dropped into an aperture of the barrel, which is hermetically closed by pressing a small lever, and the gas is then forced out, the trigger is pressed a small quantity of liquefied gas becomes released and expands in the breech chamber. There is no louder report than the drawing of a champagne cork makes; no smoke, and no fouling the barrel.

In all these respects M. Giffard's gun seems to fulfill the requirements of an ideal weapon for warfare; but whether in other respects liquefied gas has advantages over ordinary explosives for military purposes remains to be proved.

How The Squire Married Them

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Party Politics.

When party politics run high bad feeling and bad blood are often caused, and parties agree that when bad blood arises from ordinary causes the only salutary cure is Bunkle Bunk Bitters, nature's blood purifier. Recommended by the medical profession.

Advices from Athens announce a most disastrous fire upon the celebrated Mt. Athos, the holy mountain of the Greek church. The fire has destroyed the largest part of its wonderful forests.

Of the two Greek monasteries which have been located upon the mountain for centuries must have been completely destroyed. The damage done is estimated at 5,000,000 fr. Twenty monks and hermits perished in the flames.

History of 16 Years.

For fifteen years we have used Dr. Fow. Family Extract of Wild Strawberry as a family medicine for summer complaints and diarrhea, and we never had anything equal to it.

We highly recommend it. SAMUEL WELLS, Corbett, Ont.

A Young New Yorker is going to Germany to stand his trial on the charge of having used seditious and treasonable language regarding the Emperor William. He was arrested in Berlin last spring and was released on bail. "I cough at the Emperor" is what he is alleged to have said. This sounds to American ears more like rudeness than treason. But the young monarch has frequently shown that he is a very sensitive person.

Governor Ross, of Texas, said in St. Louis, Mo., that the proposed boycott of the North by the South was utterly impracticable, and that practically it would be unwise, because it would array the North and South against each other in permanent, political, social and commercial hostility. It would withdraw millions of eastern capital from the South to destroy the credit of millions of Southern merchants.

Good authorities in the United States estimate that the wheat crop will be 75,000,000 bushels short of last year, and not a few place the shortage at 100,000,000 bushels.

Two American steamships have just arrived at Liverpool with wine on board, some of which were affected with wine fever. The animals were slaughtered as soon as landed.

It is believed that the apple crop throughout Nova Scotia will not be up to an average. The apparent short crop has been rendered still more certain by the ravages of caterpillars. In some localities orchards have been stripped.

Reliable information shows that a crop of 17,000,000 bushels of wheat will be secured in the North-west this year; and of this quantity the amount exported will probably reach 12,000,000 bushels. About 4,000 men are wanted to help harvest it.

The first rain for 25 days fell at Leavenworth, Kansas, Thursday last. During all that time the temperature remained above 90 degrees, and on Monday reached 110. Crops are nearly burned up, but it is now thought late corn and fall vegetables will be saved.

The report that the peach crop of the Delaware peninsula is a failure is confirmed, and men who have been through the orchards have made careful estimates of this year's crop. There are 9,811,653 peach trees along the lines of the various railroads that cross the peach regions. Of these, two-thirds are bearing and one-third are young trees. The crop usually runs from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000, baskets, and 5,000,000 baskets would not be too large a crop for the number of trees. This year the entire crop is estimated at 12,375 baskets. It is the smallest crop that has been known in many years.

How They Catch Fish.

When a man doth wish to angle, A look like this he loves to dangle.

He has a line so good and strong, And he catches a fish about so long.

Before he tells him the fish doth go (I) And he gets his friends it stretched out so:

But his friends who have a fishing bent, Know that the man has lied like sin; And so they simply sit and grin.

And while they smile he knows full well That all who lie are bound for—hell; And so his face grows long and thin As he sits and broods over his sin.

EXTENSION OF TIME

Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of nature has to be paid sooner or later, and we will prefer an EXTENSION OF TIME.

Putner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME and SODA, may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility and all Wasting Diseases.

Dedicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily may have a long Extension of Time. Try Putner's Emulsion.

BROWN BROS. & Co. Chemists and Druggists, Halifax

Agricultural Notes.

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