

CHIGNECTO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

Reserve Success and you shall Command it.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum, Postage
prepaid. If paid in advance \$1.25.

VOL. 10.—NO. 10.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 478.

LITERATURE.

A SKETCH IN A NARROW STREET.

From Harper's Weekly.

It was so narrow, this little back street, in the quiet old-fashioned town, that Hans Götlib could, if he had so wished, have shaken hands out of his window with his opposite neighbor.

The sun shone so bravely elsewhere was seldom visible here, only in the early morning a few golden gleams found their way in, and gave faint encouragement to the two or three flowers that blossomed in pots on the window-sill.

On such occasions Hans would pause in his work, knowing full well what was coming—how the case opposite would be flung open, and a girl's voice, singing a little French song, would ring across the silent street to his listening ears; how a slim pretty figure would for a moment stand framed in the blossoming scarlet-runners—a pretty figure, with dark French eyes, and black hair, drawn up under a white cap, a beautiful contrast, so Hans thought, to his comely yellow-haired country-women.

As soon as his vision appeared, Hans would pause in his work and turn his eyes toward it; would wait till the watering of the flowers and the singing of the song were alike ended, and then would approach his window.

"Good-morning," his neighbor would call across, in that pretty foreign German that was so enchanting in his ears—"Good-morning, Monsieur Götlib!" and then with a nod and a smile the trim little figure would vanish into the dark shadows, and Hans return to his work.

But though life was too busy with these two, and bread difficult enough to win even when one worked hard for it, so that neither could afford to idle away the minutes in talk, yet Hans was so worked, dreaming of the days when bread-carrying should not mean daily bread, but honor and glory to those he loved, was pleasantly conscious all the time of a dark head bent over a table drawn close up to the window opposite, close covered with many bright-colored scraps of muslin and paper, which in due course, under those deft small hands, became summer flowers, at this short distance seeming to the looker-on the spoils of a June garden.

Thus they worked day after day, these two, so near together, and yet so far apart, abating from all conversation which might have made the days pass more quickly; but then an hour's idleness might mean going to a supper-table, so that even Hans Cordier, dear as he loved the sound of her own voice, refrained from making use of it, except for an occasional song. But when the day was over, when the coolness in the little close street, and the shadowy gray of the evening sky overhead, gave notice that the long summer day was drawing to an end, when the small room grew dark, then Hans would rise and open the door to interchange greetings and gossip with the neighbors—with the woman sitting on their door-step knitting in the peaceful twilight, their children playing about them; with the fathers returning from their work; with the young men loitering about smoking—for Rose had always a bright word and look for every man, woman, and child she knew.

And they were all fond of her—of this little foreigner who had come amongst them four years ago, with an old mother, since dead, and who had earned her daily bread honestly among them.

Then as it grew even darker Hans Götlib would become aware that the day and its work were over, and would lay aside his chisel, and also seek that little fresh air there was at the door of his dwelling. He did not laugh or gossip with his neighbors, as did Rose Cordier; it was his way; and this fact was quite recognized by the dwellers in William Street. Beyond a "Good-evening, neighbor," they did not seek to disturb him in the enjoyment of his evening pipe; only occasionally Rose would step across and ask him what he was at work upon, or if he had had a good order, and then pour Hans, flushing all over his fair face, would proceed to describe his work, his prospects, until Rose, with a pretty slant of her shoulders, would tell him in her foreign German she could not understand him; he must speak slower, much slower; it was too late now, but to-morrow, yes, to-morrow, he must try to explain it all again, for it was interesting, so interesting. But for now it must be good-night—"good-night to every one!" and the slight, trim figure had disappeared, and the door was closed.

The neighbors watching Hans as he strolled up and down the little street afterward, pipe in mouth, nodded and smiled to one another. "Ah, when there is enough for two over yonder, there will be a wedding!" Such was the form the whispering took.

Even the hardest workers take a holiday now and again, and the feast of St. John the Baptist is esteemed in Friedriehburg the legitimate summer holiday of all its industrious inhabitants. The happy day is spent, according to an old custom, at a small village three miles distant from the town, where a time-honored fair is held.

Lion-tamers, fat women, dwarfs, giants, all the hundred and one shows that are the rightful property

of a fair, are to be found there, and later on there is dancing under the soft evening sky, and after that home early, so as to be up and about on the morrow, to work, if possible, harder than ever, to make up for the wasted day.

To Rose Cordier, with her quick French blood, her youth, her light-heartedness, this fête was one to which she looked forward for many weeks beforehand, and the little foreigner knew she was never likely to want a cavalier, and this was looked upon as almost a *sine qua non* of the entertainment.

The neighbors smiled more than ever when they saw Rose come out of her door the morning of the 24th of June, looking as fresh and bright as the red rose in her belt, and Hans appear immediately afterward, a companion rose in his buttonhole. They were all standing about in little groups, preparing to start themselves to the scene of festivity, many of them with babies in their arms and very little things clinging about their skirts, but they had time to throw an admiring glance at this other couple first.

"Before we start," said Hans, suddenly, a little constraint apparent in his voice, "would you come into my atelier, mademoiselle? I have been working at something I should like to show you."

"Yes, truly, I should like it. I have never been there yet. Let us go."

"They turned back as she spoke, and she pushed open the door. "See," she said; "it is not finished yet, but it is to be a wreath of roses." He led her, as he said those words, to where on one side, out of the way of dust and dirt, lay—the half-completed wreath of roses.

"It is pretty," she said. And then: "Is it an order? What will you get for it?"

"No, it is not an order," he said, a little sadly. "I have been doing it in the spare moments after my day's work."

"It is pretty," she repeated, touching with her small fingers the delicate curled leaves, which surely had the stamp of genius upon them; "but it wants something," she added, after a pause.

"What?" he inquired, eagerly. "I have looked at it so often that I can not find out whether it is right or wrong."

"I know," she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Color! Ah, monsieur, if you could but see the wreath of roses I made last year for the Gräfin von Adeldorf for a ball, you would know what I mean. Oh!"—with a little clasp of her hands—"it was as perfect! Perfect as Love!"

Her thoughts had quite laid quite wandered away from the delicate flowers before her; indeed, she did remember them until they stood once more in the street, when it came across her that she might have been rude.

"They were very pretty," she said, softly, "but not as they are not finished yet. When they are perhaps—who knows?—you might sell them."

"Perhaps," he said. "I could try, if you wish it; but when I made them I thought"—the color swept up into his face—"that you would like them."

"Yes, so I should, if you were rich enough to give presents, or if—Well, you will not mind my speaking the truth to you? You are rather a dreamer, are you not? That is a bad thing,—shaking her pretty head. "It does not make a fortune, and money, you know, one must have. So take my advice—leave off carving things no one cares to buy, and only do what you can sell. You are not angry?"

"Angry?" repeated Hans, "when you are so kind as to take an interest in me, and wish me well? Why—" But here they had reached the merry, laughing crowd, and the spot where the omnibus was waiting for them, and the rest of the sentence had perforce to await completion at some future time.

And it was a sentence Hans had not intended to complete. Not yet. By-and-by, when there was a little more money in his pocket, and a house worthy of offering to a wife, then it would be time enough to finish that sentence. But on this as on other occasions it was a scene of "man proposes," at least so far as Hans was concerned, for the long joyful day over, and tired holiday-seekers beginning to consider the quickest way home, he found himself under a soft atary sky, walking downward by the side of Rose Cordier.

Hans stood still as he spoke, and his voice trembled as he clasped the girl's small hands. "Rose was moved too. The tears stood in her bright eyes; her cheeks looked pale in the starlight."

"Yes, dear Hans," she said, timidly, in that sweet foreign tongue he had learned to love; "but, you see," "Yes, I see. We could live upon nothing. No, alas! no. But, Rose," the color flushing up into his face again as he said, hesitatingly, "I know it is asking a great deal, but could you wait for me?"

"Ah, Hans, you must not think me unkind, but—it would so long, and—There was no mistaking the girl's tones, even if the words were a little vague.

"And there is Andre Leroux?" "He is from my country," cried the girl, quickly, blushing a bright rosy red. "It is natural, amongst strangers, I should like see and talk to a countryman of my own."

"Yes, dear Rose; I am blaming you. Do not think that. As you say, amongst strangers, it is pleasant to meet one who speaks your language. It must be often lonely for you?"

"Yes, Hans," Rose replied, brushing the tears out of her eyes. "If it were not for you, I should find the life here very dull and sad since the poor mother died. And, ah," she entered the said street, "here we are at home! How quickly we have come! Good-night, Hans."

She stretched out her hand as she spoke, and again Hans took it in his and looked down at the pretty face. "It is such a pity," she said, softly, "that you have no money."

"Such a pity!" he echoed, sadly, losing her hand as he spoke. "Are you not angry with me?" she went on.

"Angry? No, certainly not. Why, I see, of course, you were right. It was silly of me to ask you to wait; you might be an old woman before I had enough for us to marry on."

"Yes, dear Hans, it would never do. I know you would agree with me when you thought it over. But you will still remain my friend?"

"Always your friend, Rose. It does not matter, you know, how poor a friend I am. Thus they parted—Rose to weep a few tears, and then to fall asleep and dream of Andre Leroux; Hans to ponder over whether there was nothing to be done, nothing he could do to better his position.

It was so difficult in the prosaic life of day even when they were right over it, pipe in mouth, in the soft summer evenings.

Carving the letters of a dead friend's name—more often painting them on common black wood, for the customers who sought out the little atelier of Hans Götlib, were not often well-to-do—is not a swift road to fortune.

And although he was not proud, and after Rose's remarks about the time wasted over the wreath of roses, which might perhaps have been turned to better account, he was doing what little odd jobs he could after working hours, still even then the little heap of savings did not seem to increase much.

And often and often now Hans noted a certain M. Andre Leroux come up the narrow street, and evening, to walk up and down the street with his opposite neighbor.

Each time the sight of the spruce flower-maker—for Andre's trade was the same as Rose's—sent a throb of pain to the great honest heart of Hans Götlib. But he did not repine, did not blame Rose. It was one of the many misfortunes of not being rich, that was all. But not a cause for complaining, only a burden, like so many others that fall to the lot of the poor man—a part of his day's work.

It was not so often now that Rose Cordier ran across in the gloaming to ask how his work progressed, and the neighbors ceased to gossip and nod their heads when they saw them speak to one another. "It was changed all that, that they had thought likely to come to pass; the wind was in another quarter now; they could see, as yet, it was not difficult to see what was coming."

Only the children did not forsake Hans, but were just as eager to talk to him and run after him as in the days when there was no spruce Frenchman to share with him the honor of the narrow street.

Then came a morning when Hans as he worked saw a couple issue from the opposite house, followed by many neighbors as could spare an hour's holiday; Rose with a late Gloire de Dijon in her belt, and a bright color on her cheeks, and her dark eyes shining with pride and happiness, her hand on Andre's arm.

"Good-morning, Hans," she cried, in her sweet voice, as she passed the open door, "I am going to be married this morning, but we shall not take the wedding holiday till Sunday. If you can come, do."

And then passed on before there was a chance of saying more than a happy future! That evening, as Hans worked at the rose wreath—it was nearly completed now—he chanced to look across to the window where he had so often seen the bride and the trim figure. But to-night the lamp was lit, for it soon grew dark now, too soon for work to be relinquished with the twilight, and on the blind was the reflection of two heads and four busy hands.

Hans did not look again; he drew down his own blind then, and with a sigh went back to the carving of his delicate rose leaves.

But after that evening he gave up his little room, packed his few goods, and set up his mind to go away—to go to Rome, that haven of ambitious minds.

Now that the little savings were not all to be hoarded against the day when they might be wanted for another, it was no use guarding them any more. Better, so Hans decided, use them in going away to where daily bread might perhaps be easier by than in this narrow German town; where perhaps even the carving he was so fond of might gain him congenial work, and allow him to put up one side this other work that occupied him now.

Besides if the worst came to the worst, and he did drift into utter poverty, it did not matter so much now.

And with that "now" Hans buried the past, and started forth on his travels.

First, however, he went across the street, and for the first time entered Rose's domain—Madame Leroux, as he had to call her.

"I have come to wish you good-by, madame," he said. "And see, I have brought you, as a parting present, the little wreath. It is finished now."

He laid it down as he spoke among the colored roses on the table, between monsieur and madame as they sat at work.

"Oh, that is good of you, very good!" cried Rose, the ever ready tears coming in her eyes. "And so you are going away? Ah, my husband, and again Hans took it in his hand, and fingered M. Leroux's thought must also wish Monsieur Hans 'goodspeed,' for in the old days before he was married he was always a kind friend to me. And see, also, what a beautiful present he has brought us!"

At his wife's words M. Andre stood up.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"It is graceful, very graceful," said the Frenchman, lifting the parting gift of Hans. "One would scarcely have thought that his great hands could have fashioned such a thing. When it grows dark, dear wife, if you fetch a nail and a piece of cord, I will myself attach it to the firewood from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"It is graceful, very graceful," said the Frenchman, lifting the parting gift of Hans. "One would scarcely have thought that his great hands could have fashioned such a thing. When it grows dark, dear wife, if you fetch a nail and a piece of cord, I will myself attach it to the firewood from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

Something about Zulus.

The Zulus live in a beautiful and fertile land in which they have two harvests every year, and need scarcely do more than scratch the soil and sow their seed, to secure an abundance of vegetable food. There are rich pastures on which large herds of cattle feed, so that beef is plentiful, and as the bush, or "biansi," as they call it, is full of antelope, wild boars and buffaloes (to say nothing of larger game), and many of the men are keen hunters, they are particularly well off for meat. They are also great lovers of beer, which has been compared to this gruel made with weak lock, and though this beverage is not very intoxicating, they drink such quantities of it in the course of the day that they are frequently stupid by night. The Zulu idea of perfect happiness is plenty of beef, beer, and nothing to do but just to sit still, eat, drink and listen to whatever news and gossip any one may be able to tell them.

The women do all the field and garden work, with the exception of hoeing the King's corn, which is done by the men, who present themselves at the royal kraal every spring for this purpose. There is however, one particular office which women are forbidden under pain of death to perform, and that is, milking the cows, which is always done by men or boys. They are remarkably superstitious people, and believe devoutly in signs, omens, and dreams. A man will not go out hunting if he has had a dream of ill-omen on the previous night; and if he has a wonderful escape from danger or accident, attributes it to the care of his "Ehloze," or guardian angel. Their ideas of a Creator are very indistinct, and consist merely in a tradition that a brief farwell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Monsieur is amiable, most amiable! Any friend of madame's is dear to the heart of Andre Leroux. Let me wish you 'Bon voyage' and much prosperity." Then there was a brief farewell from Hans, a few tears from Rose, another bow from M. Andre, and Götlib had departed, and the husband and wife were left alone.

Business Cards.

W. W. WELLS,
Barrister-at-Law, Notary Public,
Conveyancer, &c.
Office: - - In the Post-Office Building,
DORCHESTER, N. B.

EMMERSON & READ,
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, &c.
Office of late Albert J. Hickman, Esq.
DORCHESTER, N. B.

LANDRY & TRUEMAN,
Attorneys-at-Law, &c.
DORCHESTER, N. B.

A. E. OULTON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office: - - A. L. Palmer's Building,
DORCHESTER, N. B.

W. F. COLEMAN, M.D., N. B. C. S. E. & O.
Formerly Surgeon to Toronto Eye and Ear Infirmary,
OCULIST AND AURIST
To St. John General Public Hospital,
Practice limited to Diseases of the Eye and Ear. Office: 22 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,
(Consulate of the Netherlands),
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary),
No. 127 WALNUT STREET,
L. WESTERGAARD, Philadelphia,
S. A. TOWNSEND, July 24

W. H. OLIVE,
I. C. R. TICKET AGENT,
Forwarding Agent and Custom House Broker,
67 Prince Wm. St.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. TREMAYNE GARD,
Goldsmith and Manufacturing Jeweller,
78 Germain Street, a few doors South
of King Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

WATCHES, Clocks, Spectacles, Jet Gold and Silver Jewelry just received for the Christmas and New Year Trade, marked at very low cash prices to suit the times.
Please call and examine.
Solid Gold and Silver Jewelry, &c., made to order. Orders from the country promptly attended to.
W. T. G.

MILL SUPPLIES.
The attention of Mill owners is directed to our Stock of
RUBBER BELTING, LEATHER BELTING, LUBRICATING OILS,
Disson's Celebrated Gang and Circular Saws,
Silk Gearing Cloth,
Files, Lacing Leather, Emery Wheels, Steam Packing and Steam Fittings, Hacking and Yard Pumps—a specialty.

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO.,
Successors to Z. G. Gabel,
Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.
mar123m

STIMPSON, WALLACE & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
Improved New Dominion
ORGANS.
ST. JOHN - - - N. B.

This is the most popular Organ manufactured in Canada.
Sales have doubled in six months.
Manufacture six per week.
Send for Circular and Price List.

RHODES, CURRY & CO.,
AMHERST, N. S.

HAVE REBUILT and are now running the
Amherst Wood-Working Factory,
And with the aid of good men and good machinery are prepared to fill orders at short notice for
Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets and Mouldings of all Descriptions, Kilm Dried Lumber and Building Material, Planning, Sawing, &c.
Stores and Offices Sited out. All orders promptly attended to. may7

MARBLE FREESTONE AND WORKS.
H. J. McGRATH,
Dorchester, N. B.

HAVING purchased the entire Stock in Trade of Mr. FERRIS HAZEN, and with his previously large Stock of
ITALIAN, SOUTHERN FALLS, AND RUTLAND MARBLES.
The Subscriber has now one of the largest and best selected stocks of Monumental Marbles to be found in the country. All Stock is guaranteed.
Prices twenty per cent. lower than any other Establishment in the Province.

Business Cards.

Park Hotel,
DORCHESTER, N. B.
T. W. BELL, - - - Proprietor.

Salisbury House
Opposite Railway Station,
Salisbury, - - - N. B.
A. F. McDONALD, Proprietor.

Waverley House,
ACADIA MINES, N. S.
James H. Bigney, - - - Proprietor.

LAMY'S HOTEL
AMHERST, N. S.
Renovated and Refurnished Thoroughly.
DAVIS & CALROUN, PROPRIETORS.

THIS popular Hotel has been recently opened under a new management, and has been refurnished, refurnished, and otherwise improved.
It is situated in the centre of the business part of the town, is provided with all the modern conveniences, and is first-class in every particular.
The best attention shown to guests, and charges moderate.
Free Coach to and from all Express trains. Special attention given to Commercial Travellers. apr10

DEFORE buying or renting a Cabinet or Parlor Organ, be sure to send for our latest "Catal" brought out by MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., Boston, New York, and Chicago; or, G. C. FAWCETT, Upper Sackville, N. B., sole and exclusive Agent for West-land County.

Harnesses at Wholesale Prices
For Cash or a three month Note.
I WILL SELL HARNESSES at my Wholesale Prices for the next three months, and all other work at same rate. Please call and get prices at either shop.
STEPHEN AYER,
Sackville, April 2, 1879.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CUT NAILS AND SPIKES,
Sole Nails, TACKS, and Brads,
Horse Shoes, Horse Nails,
Clinch and Pressed Nails.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:
**Georges Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.**

NOTICE.
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP BUSINESS which existed between the Subscriber and his late father, THOMAS BAIRD, Esq., is now continued by the Subscriber JOHN MILTON BAIRD alone under the old style of Firm of
THOMAS BAIRD & SONS,
Pursuant to the provision of his father's Will.
JOHN MILTON BAIRD,
Sackville, Oct. 22nd, 1877.

REMOVAL!
SINCE the fire, the subscriber has removed his entire Stock to his Store at
CHIGNECTO HALL,
where he will continue the
Harness Business,
Wholesale and Retail.

as heretofore. Orders solicited, and promptly attended to. A large Stock of Harness and Harness Goods on hand.
STEPHEN AYER,
Sackville, June 4th, 1879.

AMHERST Music Store.
THE Subscribers have in Stock a large lot of
PIANO-FORTES AND ORGANS,
By the best known Manufacturers Also,
Sheet Music, Instruction Books, Music Books, Piano and Organ Stools and Covers, Violins, &c.
Pianos and Pipe and Reed Organs used by the year. All orders by mail promptly attended to.

OSBORNE & MORSE,
22c10 Amherst, N. S.

Orders for Tuning and Repairing, left at Mr. Geo. E. Ford's Store, Sackville, will receive prompt attention.
may7

Business Cards.

DOMINION CARRIAGE FACTORY
DORCHESTER, N. B.

THE Subscribers have this day entered into Co-Partnership in the
Carriage Building and Blacksmithing
business, which they will carry on at the stand heretofore occupied by Mr. Allan McDonald. They respectfully solicit a share of public patronage, and guarantee that orders left with them will be executed in the most workmanlike manner, at reasonable prices and with dispatch.

Now on hand, for sale cheap.
Truck Wagons & Light Carriages.
ALLAN McDONALD,
DANIELS BUCHANAN,
Dorchester, April 8, 1879.

SACKVILLE MADE FURNITURE
VERSUS
American Importations!

MY FACTORY, now in full operation, is fitted up with all kinds of Machines calculated to do work in a quick and substantial way, thus enabling me to manufacture as CHEAP as the CHEAPEST, and for cash to sell 20 per cent. LOWER than the same article can be sold for when imported.
A call at my Establishment will prove this. I am also fitted up for the manufacture of
BLINDS, SASHES, DOORS, SHUTTERS, OUTSIDE WINDOWS, &c.
Bring along your orders. Satisfaction guaranteed.
J. W. DOULL,
Sackville, Nov. 15, 1878.

NEW REMEDIES
AT THE
Sackville Drug Store.

CAROLINE—the new Hair Restorer; Sackville's Radical Cure for Catarrh; Phosphorene—the new Serrico Wine; Johnston's Quinine Wine and Iron; Pierce's Medical Discovery and Pierce's Favorite Prescription; Clarke Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup; Essence Jamaica Ginger; Gray's Specific Medicine; Green's August Flower.

ALSO JUST RECEIVED:
6 dozen Robinson's Emulsion
12 " Johnson's Liniment
12 " Electric Oil
2 " Shoshone's Remedy
1 " Compound Serrico Wine
1 " Pure Norway Cod Liver Oil
3