

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,
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 War-
ranted. 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.
O. A. MILTON & Co.
Cash Paid for Fat Cattle.
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 particu-
lar. A Complete Line of
Art Needle Work Materials

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

MRS. C. W. MAIN,

Douglas Block, Amherst.

This space reserved for
Charles Warnum, Watch-
maker and Jeweler, Sackville.

NEW MILLINERY.

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

to great variety. We are now prepared
to execute all orders and guarantee sat-
isfaction.
We have also an immense stock of
Ladies and Children Underwear,
Pinafores Aprons, C. sets,
Gloves, Hosiery, etc.

Call and examine our stock, we shall con-
sider it a pleasure to show our goods.
MRS. M. B. HUSTON,
121 Victoria St., Amherst.

Lazylaud.

(Margaret Vanleight in the Century.)

Three travellers wandered along the strand,
Each with a staff in his feeble hand;
And they chatted low,
"We are go-o-o-
ing slow-o-o-
ly to Lazylaud."

"They've left off eating and drinking, there;
They never do anything, there;
They never walk,
They never talk,
And they fall asleep without winking there."

"Nobody's in a hurry, there;
They are not permitted to worry, there;
'Tis a wide, still place,
And not a pace
Shows any symptom of hurry, there."

"No bells are rung in the morning, there;
They care not at all for adorning, there;
All sounds are hushed,
And a man who rushes,
Would be held in absolute scorn, there."

"They do not take any papers, there;
No politicians cut capers, there;
They have no news,
And burn no midnight tapers, there."

"No lovers are ever permitted, there;
Reformers are not admitted, there;
They argue not
And their clothes come ready fitted, there."

"Electricity's not been heard of, there;
And steam is spoken no word of, there;
They stay where they are,
And a coach or a car
They're not so much as a third of, there."

"Oh, this world is truly a crazy land;
A world of hurrying, hurrying, hurrying;
We cannot stay,
We must find the way—
If there is a way—to Lazylaud."

THE DONATION PARTY.

BY ELLEN E. HENFORD.

"We're great on donations, elder.
We just get on heavy on them things."
Deacon Spears made the announce-
ment to the new minister, with an air
of stating the possession of a great
moral virtue peculiar to the people of
Sackville.

"I have never found donation par-
ties very satisfactory," said the minis-
ter. "I would greatly prefer having a
stated salary, and having it paid in
cash."

"Well, yes I suppose you would," said
the Deacon. "That's what all minis-
ters say. But, you see, I won't hardly
do, here in Sackville Corners."

"Why not?" asked the minister.
"Oh, they've got in the habit of hav-
ing donations, and they expect 'em, ye
see," replied the deacon, "and they feel
sorter offended if a preacher set
his foot down and said he wouldn't
have them. Some folks give 'em in
that way that would't give nothin'
in cash, and we're bound to give 'em
out of the community that we can, ye
see."

"My experience has been that a
great deal of what people bring to a
donation party is worthless or useless,"
said the minister.

"Well, yes, I suppose so," assented the
deacon. "But 'twouldn't do to kick
at 'em donations on that account here.
Ye'd have the folks down on ye in no
time."

"Well, then," said the minister, with
a sigh of resignation to the inevitable,
"I suppose it will have to be." He
thought of his last donation party
with its dozen loads of doxy, half-rot-
ten stove wood, which he was worth-
less to the donor, because it had been
cut so long that it was unworkable,
and which they never would have thought
of using at home. More than once
his wife's temper had been sorely
tried with the miserable stuff, and
she had threatened making a bonfire
of the whole lot, and probably would
have attempted carrying the threat
into execution if he had any idea
that it could be coaxed to burn itself
up.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Spooner
in dismay, when her husband told
her that a donation party was to be
held. "I did hope that we might escape
the affliction when we came here. I don't
think I was ever more vexed than I was
the morning after the last one. There wasn't
a room in the house fit to use until it
had been cleaned. There it had been
cleaned, and then the pillows on the
parlor bed; pie in the bureau, and
some one had emptied a plate of
baked beans behind the sofa. It took
me all of two weeks to get straighten-
ed around. And now that we have
just got settled, there's to be another.
It's too bad, but I don't know that
we can help ourselves, since a minis-
ter and his family are considered ob-
jects of charity, and therefore obli-
ged to take up with whatever the
people see fit to give them, without a
chance to say a word for themselves."

"A donation party will be held at
Elder Spooner's next Thursday even-
ing, the Lord willin' and it's hoped
everybody 'll turn out, an' bring
suthin' for the 'port o' the gospel."

Deacon Spears announced, one Sab-
bath after service. "The Lord loveth
a cheerful giver," he said, in a sort
of postscript, after which he blew his
nose vigorously on a great red
white handkerchief, in a manner that
had been made, and then sat down.

Immediately there was a buzz among
the female portion of the congregation
and little groups of women put their
heads together and began discussing
what to carry in the shape of eatables
while the men got together in the
vestibule of the church, and consult-
ed with each other on what they were
to donate.

"I reckon I'll take beans this year,"
said Mr. Wade. "It's been a great
year for beans. I hain't raised so big
a crop since year '65, I can recollect.
I can give beans 'thout feelin' it
much."

"So can I," said Mr. Pettigrew. "I
got a jiffed big crop off'n the side-
hill lot. I guess I'll take beans, too.
I can spare 'em better'n anything else,
an' they ain't a goin' to sell for much
this year, 'cause they're so plenty."

Several others, who had been listen-
ing to the conversation concluded to
take beans also, for it had been a
great year for beans in Sackville Corners,
as Mr. Wade had said.

"I've a good notion to take some of
my Almira's clothes," said Mrs. Deacon
Spears to Mr. Pettigrew. "She's out
grow'd 'em, but they'll just about fit
the elder's oldest girl, I sh'd judge, an'
they're most as good as new, now, no

'em. You don't s'pose Miss Spooner'd
feel put out about it, do you now Miss
Pettigrew?"

"I can't see why she should," re-
sponded Mrs. Pettigrew. "Clothes is
as an minister's folks hain't got to
get mad at what's give 'em as long as
they have to depend upon us for a
livin'." "Tain't as if they could be
independent, y' know, I s'pose I
might take some jackets and trows'
that are pretty snug for the boys. I
will, if you conclude to take some of
Almira's dresses, Miss Spears."

"Well, then, s'pose we do," respond-
ed Mrs. Spears.

The evening of the donation party
came.

The first arrival at the parsonage
was Mr. Wade. He met the minister,
who came to the door in answer to
his knock, with a two bushel bag of
something on his shoulder.

"How'd do, Elder. Beautiful night
for the donation, ain't it?" was his
greeting as he shook hands with the
minister. "I've brought some beans
fer ye. Fust-rate beans, too, ye'll
find. Beans is healthy livin', elder.
I was raised on 'em. Nothin' better
fer growin' children."

"You can put them in the wood-
shed," said Mr. Pettigrew. "Just then
Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew drove up.

"Hello, elder, good evenin'," called
out Mr. Pettigrew. "I've got some
beans here fer ye. We'll ye have 'em
put!"

"In the woodshed," said the minister.
"It's going to be beans this year, my dear," in
a whisper.

Then other arrivals followed in rapid
succession, and at least three out of
every four brought beans.

"I've counted fourteen bushels of
beans," whispered the minister to his
wife about eight o'clock, and still
there's more to follow."

"It's old clothes in my part of the
house," said Mrs. Spooner. "I do be-
lieve there's enough to last the chil-
dren till they are all grown up, if
they'd fit till that time. I can im-
agine the apperance they'd make in
them. No two alike, and probably
not one that would fit one of the
children. It's too provoking for any-
thing. If it wasn't for making the
people mad, I'd sell the whole lot for
rags to the first rag peddler that comes
along."

"Brothers 'n' sisters 'n' friends 'n'
neighbors," announced deacon Spears,
after supper, when the party was
about ready to break up, "the proceeds
of this 'ere donation amounts to
twenty-seven bushels of beans, three
turkeys, a pig, two loads of stove
wood, and a large amount of clothin',
and some other things. In 'half o' the
elder an' his folks, I thank ye fer y'r
liberality. Y'r kindness is appreciat-
ed by him 'n' his'n, I feel sartin, and
I'm sure his heart 'n' han' is strength-
ened by this evidence of fellowship
from your part. Try as the psalmist says,
'It is more blessed to give than to re-
ceive.'"

"I cordially endorse the sentiment
from the receivers standpoint," said
Mrs. Spooner, as they looked over
the "proceeds" of the donation party,
which they were about to "just look
at the collection of old clothes, Henry, I
suggest that you give up preaching
and start in business as a bean broker
and I'll run an old clothes store. We'd
be well stocked up to begin with."

"What will you do with the stuff?"
asked the minister, turning over old
jackets and aprons, and other articles
of old clothing with a conical look
of dismay on his face at the formidable
collection.

"I think I shall make about a hund-
red yards of rag carpet," answered
Mrs. Spooner. "That's about all a
good deal of it is fit for."

One afternoon in the following
week the minister sat down to prepare
a sermon for the coming Sabbath.
As was often the case, he talked it over
with his wife. When he came to the
chapter he proposed to read "the
opening of the service, a sudden gleam
of mischief came into Mrs. Spooner's
face. But she said nothing.

During the week Mrs. Spooner
wrote to a friend in the city, asking
him if there was any sale for old
clothes. He had 25 bushels to dispose
of at a low price, he wrote, adding
that it had been a great year for beans
in Sackville Corners."

When Sunday morning came Mrs.
Spooner sent her husband on to church
ahead of her, under the plea that she
had reached the village in the rain, and
that she had to get the children quite ready.
"Don't wait for me, Henry," she said,
"or you may be late. We'll get there
in time for the sermon."

He was reading a chapter from the
Psalms when his family arrived. He
had reached the village in the rain, and
that she had to get the children quite ready.
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"or you may be late. We'll get there
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The minister had no inkling of what
his wife intended to do, and the sight
of his family in such fine array so up-
set him for a moment that he read the
verse he had just finished over again—
"Verily, I say unto you, even Solom-
on in all his glory was not arrayed
like one of these."

A very audible titter went through
the younger portion of the congrega-
tion. Some even laughed aloud. Mrs.
Wade looked at Mrs. Pettigrew to see
what she thought of the matter. Solom-
on in all his glory was not arrayed
like one of these.

"I don't think you ought to have
done it, Susie," he said gravely, but
there was a laugh in his eye as he
said it, as he looked at the motley
group ahead.

"Perhaps not," was his wife's reply,
but I wanted to see the striking effect
resulting from their generosity. Of
course they can't get angry about it to
worry. I do think I'll have a good
effect, and this is the old clothes
won't be one of the important features
of the next donation party here."

Mrs. Spooner was right. When the
next donation party occurred not one
old garment was donated. Mr. Spooner
at last succeeded in disposing of
his beans, but he had to do so at a
sacrifice on account of its having been
such a great year for beans at Sackville
Corners, that they overstocked the
market.

How Various Nations Sleep.

In the tropics men sleep in ham-
mocks, or upon mats of grass.

The East Indian unrolls his light,
portable charpoy mattress, which in the
morning is again rolled together and
carried away by him.

The Japanese lies upon matting with
a stiff, uncomfortable wooden neck
rest.

The Chinese uses low bedssteads, often
elaborately carved, and supported only
by mats or coverlets.

A peculiarity of the German bed is
its shortness; besides that it frequently
consists, in part, of a large down pillow
or mattress, which spreads over the per-
son, and usually answers the purpose of
all other ordinary bed clothing com-
bined.

In England the old four poster bed-
stead is still the pride of the nation, but
the iron or brass bedstead is fast becom-
ing universal. The English beds are
the largest beds of the world.

The ancient Greeks and Romans had
their beds supported on frames, but not
flat like ours. The Egyptians had a
couch of a peculiar shape, more like an
old-fashioned easy chair with hollow
back and seat.

The great Dr. Boerhaave left three
directions to his executors:—the health—
the feet warm, the head cool, and the
bowels open. Had he presided in our day
he might have added to the third
with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for he certainly
would consider it the best.

—Dr. Schliemann, the great oriental
explorer, is greatly puzzled over one of
his recent finds. In laying the founda-
tion of a new house in Athens he dis-
covered eleven graves which must have
been dug in the fourth and sixth cen-
turies before Christ. He found in them
several preserved skulls, and many
beautiful works of art. Among them
were eighteen painted lekythoi, or oil
flasks, and on one of these there is re-
presented a man riding on a camel. Such
a scene has hitherto been found but
once, in a vessel discovered at Nola, and
the antiquaries have never been able
to agree as to its origin.

"Well, Sarah, what have you been doing
to make your hair so white?" asked
much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer
to restore the color of my hair."

Number three comes up curiously
enough in the career of Prince Bismarck.
The motto of his crest is *In trinitate*
color. He has three children, Herbert,
Wilhelm and Marie.

He owns three estates, Friedrichsruhe,
Varzin, and Schoenhauzen. He was in
three wars. He signed three treaties of
peace. He brought about the meeting
of three Emperors. He made the triple
alliance. He contended against three
political parties, the Conservatives, the
National Liberals, and the Ultramarines.
He served under three Emperors.

He has three big dogs. He has
three hairs on the top of his head;
at least, that is all the caricatures give
him. At present, by the order of his
doctor, he smokes only three cigars a
day. He has three pet pipes and three
favourite newspapers. His war with
France brought out three famous capita-
lizations, Sedan, Metz, and Paris; and
now he is ready to pull out his three
hairs because he didn't take three de-
partments from France and multiply his
wealth by three, when he had
three times the chance as he has
now to get in the future. He has had
three enemies at the heels of the young
Emperor, and because he wasn't able to
beat them, he is now set down as a third
rate statesman; but for all that three-
fourths of the German population will
always be ready to give him three
cheers.—N. Y. Sun.

OH, WHAT A COUGH

Will you heed the warning. The signal
posts of the sure approach of that more
terrible disease, Consumption. Ask your-
selves if you can afford for the sake of saving
50 cents, to run the risk of not doing for
it. We know from experience that Shiloh's
Cure will cure Cough. It never fails.
Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves
Croup and Whooping Cough at once.
Mothers do not be without it. For Lane
Bach, side or chest, use Shiloh's Forcus
laster. Sold by Amasa Dixon, Sackville.

To Break Up a Cold

The season is at hand when colds are
likely to be prevalent, much more so
than after cold weather has fairly set in
and thick clothing is worn continuously.

It is well for people to know of some
simple treatment which will generally
avert these attacks. As soon as chilly
sensations are felt, or the cold affects
the head and there is sore throat, the
victim should go home at once. With
his feet in hot mustard water, he should
take an old-fashioned run sweat.

This is very easily administered. Into
an old tescup pour three or four tea-
spoonfuls of alcohol. Set it in a pan of
water, now place it under a chair having
a wooden seat. Let the patient sit down
upon this, fasten a couple of blankets
around his neck, allowing them to fall
to the floor, then light the alcohol.

This treatment is by no means hard to
bear. As soon as the skin becomes
moist the headache is generally relieved,
and breathing through the nose is easier
in fact, all the unpleasant symptoms
are more or less relieved.

The patient should sweat as long as
he will, then after wiping hastily and
putting on a well warmed undershirt,
should go into bed and be well covered
with blankets. He should continue to
sweat during the early part of the night.
Sometimes he will not do this even after
the application of the treatment advised
if he does not he should be given ten
grains of quinine. If for a day or two
afterward he eats and drinks but very
little and keeps within doors, the chance
are that he will have averted his cold.
—Boston Herald.

The secret of Success.

P. T. Barnum's Advice to the Young Men
of To-Day

To the young men who would
"get on" in this world, and reach the age
of four score years with happiness and
prosperity there is little more to be said.
But I will refer them to a study of my
rules of action.

Briefly, I would say—Be honest; do
not spend as much as you make; don't
smoke or drink; depend upon your own
personal exertions, and do not leave im-
portant affairs to a third person, do not
have too many irons in the fire, do not
get above your own business, and above
all, be systematic. Advertise your
business on all possible occasions but
attend to it, too, and see that your
claims and promises made to the public
are fulfilled. It does not pay to have a
single customer go away dissatisfied.
No does a man pay to take money for ser-
vice for which you do not render an
equivalent.

The best working years of a man's life
are usually between twenty-six and sixty
years. Much good work is possible long
after the three-score year mark has
been passed. I can say, for myself that
every moment of time is put to some de-
finite purpose and though I have num-
berless calls and demands, I enjoy a
reasonable recreation each day. Both
work and rest and joy also should make
up the sum of a busy life.

ONE day's work for a healthy liver is to
secrete three and a half pounds of bile.
If the bile secretion be deficient, constipa-
tion, indigestion, flatulency, biliousness
and jaundice arise. Burdock Blood Bitters is the
most perfect liver regulator known in medi-
cine for preventing and curing all liver
troubles.

—Speaking of the recent racing at
St. John the Halifax Recorder says—
"The feature of the afternoon was the
remarkable performance of the stallion,
Edgar, who started for a purse of \$50
to beat the track record of 2:32, made
by the famous trotter, Hopeful, 2:26,3,
about sixteen years ago in an attempt to
beat 2:30. Edgar not only accom-
plished the feat but beat the record for
the maritime provinces, trotting in
2:27. Edgar can trot some of the
tracks in the province 2:25 or 2:23, and
it is generally believed he can trot in
2:20 on a mile track. This is the second
time Edgar has beaten the provincial
record this season, having trotted at St.
Stephen in 2:29, lowering the record of
2:30, which had stood for years. Ed-
gar is a bay stallion, five years old,
by Rumor, 2:30, and purchased when a
two-year-old by his present owner, W.
F. Todd, of St. Stephen, N. B., from
N. H. Smith, Fashion Stud Farm,
Trenton, N. J., and has been handled
and driven since by James Kehoe, one
of the most accomplished reimen in
the east.

We have speedy and positive Cure for
Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and
Head-Ache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH EX-
TRACT. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle.
Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.
Sold by AMASA DIXON, Sackville, N. B.

Equal Rights.

All have equal rights in life and liberty
and the pursuit of happiness, but many are
handicapped in the race by dyspepsia, bil-
iousness, lack of energy, nervous debility,
weakness, constipation, etc., by completely
removing these complaints Burdock Blood
Bitters confers untold benefits on all sufferers.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

It is worth the small price of 75 cents
to free yourself of every symptom of these
distressing complaints, if you think so call
at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's
Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guar-
antee on it, use accordingly and if it does
you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold
by AMASA DIXON, Sackville, N. B.

A wrong corset tortures or
worrises a woman worse than
anything else she has on, or
can put on, unless it be a
wrong shoe.

There is a right corset, a
ready-made corset, right for
almost every woman—one.
There is only one of which
the seller will say "Bring it
back in a week, or two, or
three, and get your money for
it, if you are willing to part
with it;" and that one is
Ball's.

There's a primer on Cor-
sets for you at the store.

C. PICKARD.

Property Gone! Pluck Left!

SALESROOM FITTED UP ALREADY

With Full Stock of Belting, Packing, Inspirators,
Saws, Pumps, Hose, Governors, Lace Leather,
Portable Forges, Steam Fittings, and
Other Mill Supplies.

BOILER SHOP in Full Operation.

(IT WAS NOT BURNED.)

Foundry and Machine-Shop will be
Running in a Week or two. Steam
Hammer and Forges Run-
ning now.

STOVES:
WE EXPECT TO BE ABLE
TO FILL ALL ORDERS.