

The Ingenious Cement Seller.

"Madam," said a man with a crushed hat and dilapidated clothes, as he appeared at the basement door of a Harlem house, "I have here some little bottles of my own genuine patent indestructible cement, for mending broken china and other articles, absolutely indispensable to any well-regulated—"

"Don't want it, sir!"

"It's only ten cents a bottle, madam, and it will pay—"

"No use for anything of the kind, I say—wouldn't have it!"

"It is warranted to mend anything in the line of broken dishes, or—"

"I tell you I don't want it, and you needn't stand there talking any longer!"

"All right, madam, all right; don't want to intrude. Fine morning, madam. The lady next door said a little remark about you, madam, but I don't suppose you would care anything about hearing it repeated. Good-bye, madam!"

"Hold on a minute, won't you. She said something about me, you say?"

"Yes, madam, let fall a little remark concerning you—but I don't think you would care to hear it. I've got to hurry along."

"Just a moment, I believe I'll take a bottle of that stuff."

"The lady I was speaking of took three bottles for a quarter, madam, but I—"

"Give me four bottles, please; half the dishes in the house are broken. The idea of her saying anything about me, the mean thing!"

"Yes, certainly. Accidents will happen to valuable china. Apply it with a brush, as directed. Also, I have large bottles of furniture polish, fifty cents a bottle. Two bottles?"

"All right. There you are. There's your change, madam. Hope everything will be all satisfactory. Good morning."

"But wait just another moment—you didn't tell me what that woman said about me. I'll teach her to talk about me. I'll teach her to!"

"Oh, yes, I most forgot it. You see it was this way—I asked her if the lady in the next house, meaning you, you see, was at home."

"Yes, yes, I understand. What did she say then?"

"She spoke up quick like, and said she didn't know. That was all, madam—I told you it wasn't much. Be sure and apply the cement with the brush as directed. Good-bye!"

—New York Tribune.

Hats! Hats!

Five Thousand Hats!

Latest London & N. Y. Styles!

Brown Hats. Hard Hats.
Pearl Hats. Soft Hats.
Black Hats. Wire Rim Hats.
Bronze Hats. Straw Hats.
L'lon Smoke. Linen Hats.
Garnet Hats. Cotton Hats.
Navy Blue. Silk Hats.
Drab Hats. Driving Hats.
Tabac Hats. Rubber Hats.

OLD MEN'S HATS.

Young Men's Hats.

BOYS' HATS.

COME & SEE THEM.

Largest Stock ever Shown.

CHAPMAN BROS.

LUSBY & STEELE.

AMHERST, N. S.

HATS OPENED A FIRST CLASS

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

WITH AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

Broad and Narrow

WOOLLENS,

English and Scotch Trousers,

Suits, Blk and Fancy Worsteds.

SPRING OVERCOATINGS,

With Silks and Satins to match for Facings.

THE FINEST LINE OF

Men's Furnishing Goods

Ever shown in the two Counties, with all the Latest Styles and Novelties, with a Complete Assortment of Sizes.

OUR

Ready-Made Clothing Department

IS COMPLETE.

Don't Fail to see our Show Windows.

HICKMAN HOUSE,

Directly Opposite Post Office,

AMHERST, N. S.

New Crop Molasses, &c.

2 CAR Loads Choice Retailing Molasses; 100 Tubs Choice Canadian Lard; 25 Bbls. Rankin's Soda & Sugar Biscuits; 60 " Choice Labrador Herring; 1 Car Load Bile and Half-Bble. Labrador Herring.

ap124 A. J. BABANG & CO.

Advertise in the Post.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. AKER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Without injurious medication.

THE CHRYSLER COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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.

GREAT BARGAINS

Stoves & Tinware!

Notwithstanding our large increase in the manufacture of

ENGINES AND MILL MACHINERY,

We are prepared to give Special Attention to the above Lines, and having

An Immense Stock on Hand

WE WILL SELL AT

Wholesale Prices for Cash

DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS.

Our Stock comprises the Best Stoves in the Market. Our Line of Tinware is complete in Staple and Fancy Goods. Also all the Latest Specialties.

Creamers in all Styles, very Cheap;

Pumps of all kinds a Specialty;

Granite & Enamelled Ware unsurpassed in price & quality;

Brass & Copper Goods received and excel all former display in variety and finish;

Refrigerators and Ice-Cream Freezers;

Clothes Wringers with Wood and Iron Frames.

Call and be convinced that Prices are Lower than ever before. Remember the Place:

A. ROBB & SONS,

Amherst, N. S.

may22

New Meat and Provision Store.

To the People of Sackville.

We take this opportunity of thanking you for the liberal patronage with which you have favored us while we have carried on the Oyster Business. We have now much pleasure in informing you that we are about extending our Business by adding a full line of

Meats and Provisions.

Hereafter our patrons can rely upon getting from us Choice Meats of all kinds, thoroughly dressed and carefully cut up.

Fresh Beef, Fresh Lamb, Fresh Fish, Game and Poultry.

When in season, will be kept constantly on sale. We will give our personal attention to putting up choice CORNED BEEF cured by the most approved methods.

Good SAUSAGE CURED HAMS and SHOULDERS, smoked or unsmoked, sold whole or sliced for the pan. DRIED BEEF in quantities or nicely sliced ready for the table. IN CANNED PROVISIONS we will keep a full line, fresh and reliable. SAUSAGES of our own manufacture always on hand. OYSTERS by the peck or bushel, or shelled by the quart or gallon.

We have Telephone connection, and orders by Telephone will be promptly attended to. Our wagon will deliver Goods to all parts of the town. Soliciting your esteemed patronage.

We are yours very truly,

H. W. KNIGHT.

New Spring Prints!

JUST OPENED:

1,100 Pieces New Spring Prints;

200 " Mourning Prints;

100 " Pique, in White & Fancy;

100 " White & Blk Louis Linings.

A. EVERITT,

Wholesale Warehouse,

92, 94 and 96 Germain Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

JUST RECEIVED AT

T. H. GRIFFINS, Amherst, N. S.:

SCALES,

CONTAINING

\$800 Worth of High-Class Silverware,

ALL ELEGANT GOODS.

Remember Special Sale

Discount of 20 per Cent.

DURING THIS MONTH.

Metallic Paints.

I AM now offering for Sale my FIRE-PROOF METALLIC ROOFING PAINT, which has given such universal satisfaction for the last few years. For use on old and new Buildings, Fences, &c. Absolutely Fire-Proof and the Cheapest Roofing Paint now in the Market. Endorsed by leading Contractors and Painters.

Prices and Circulars sent on application.

FRANK H. MORICE

Sackville, June 12th, 1888.

(Continued from first page.)

"What I want my room to be," she told her friend, "is gay and dainty. I hate dull-looking rooms. And having no carpet or paper to buy I can get lots of hints. There's a lovely pattern on the bargain table at Shell's for fourteen cents, all over roses. I am going to have a whole piece of it, and just cover up all that awful old yellow furniture of mine entirely. The bureau is to have lit rods across the front and curtains to hide the drawers like that picture in the Pomologist, and I shall make a soap-box footstool and a barrel chair, and have lambrequins and a drape over my bed, and a coverlid and valances. The washstand I have decided to do in burlaps with cat-tails embroidered on the front and the splash with a pattern of swans and 'Wash and be clean.' Won't it be lovely?"

"You know those black walnut book-shelves of mine," she went on, after a pause; "well, I am going to cover them in white muslin with the pinstriped pattern at the corners. Sarah Stanton has promised to paint me a stone bottle with roses to put on top, and Bell Short is working me a wall banner. It's going to be the gayest little place you ever saw."

"What the white muslin soil soon, and won't so much chintz get very dusty?" objected Eleanor.

"Oh, they can be washed," replied May easily.

So the big roll of chintz was ordered home, and for a fortnight she and her friend spent all their spare time in humming, ruffling, tacking, pleating, and to wooden shelves and putting up frills and curtains. When all was done the room looked truly very fresh and gay. The old yellow "cottage" furniture had vanished under liked under the new paint, and was quite hidden. Even the best-board of the bed had its slip-cover and flossie. The books were ranged in rows on the muslin shelves with crisp little ruffles above and below. Flowers and bright-colored zigzags of cotton decorated everything. Wherever it was possible, a Japanese fan was stuck on the wall, or a bow of ribbon, or a little embroidered something, or a Christmas card. Scarfs of one sort or another were looped across the corners of the pictures, tidies hung under the bed, and the hair-brushes and table-tops. There was a general look of fullness and of an irresistible tendency in things to be of no particular use except to make spots of meaningless color and keep the eye roving restlessly to and fro.

"Isn't it just lovely!" said May, as she stood in the doorway, looking in the effect. "Now Eleanor Pyno, just say it's lovely."

"It's as bright as can be," answered Eleanor, cordially. "Only I can't bear to think of all these pretty things getting dusty. They're as nice and fresh now."

"Oh, they can be easily be dusted," said May. "You are a perfect crank about dust, Ely. Now here is my account. I think I have managed pretty well, don't you?"

The account ran thus:

Sixty yds. of chintz at 14c a yard.....\$8.40
Burlaps, cheese-cloth, muslin, &c.....1.50
Fans, ribbons, crests.....1.60
Stamping a tidie......50
On a border......50
Hanging-baskets......1.25

Total.....\$12.70

"There's twenty cents left over," explained May, as she finished reading the items. "That will just get a yellow ribbon to tie round the handle of my clothes-brush. Eleanor, you've been ever so good to help me so much. When are you going to begin your room? You must let me help you now."

"I began this morning."

"Have you really begun? What did you get?"

"Oh, I didn't get anything. This first thing isn't to coat anything at all."

"Why, what is it?"

"You know that ugly fire-board in front of my fire-place? I have taken it up-stairs to the attic, and mether has lent me some cunning little andirons and a shovel and tongs which Grandmamma gave her, and I am going to have it open fire."

"But you don't need one. The room is warm enough with your register."

"Oh, I know that. And I didn't mean that I was going to light the fire, only have it all ready for lighting. I rubbed the brass knobs myself with Put's Pomade and they shine beautifully, and I painted the bricks with red-oxide and water, and arranged the wood and kindlings, and it has such a cozy, home-like look, you can't think!"

"Well, I confess I don't see the coosiness of a fire that you're never going to light."

"Oh, Mamma says if I ever am sick in bed, or there is any particular reason for it, I may light it. And even if it doesn't happen often I shall have the comfort of knowing that it's all ready."

"I call it a cold comfort. What a queer girl you are. Well, what are you going to do now, Ely?"

"You will laugh when I tell you. I'm going to paper my room myself."

"Not really? Why you can't papering is very difficult. You have always heard so. People have to get men to do it always."

"I don't believe it's so very difficult. There was a piece about it once in the Family Friend which I read it and oh, May, I did such a thing! He had a nice big brush and a roller to smooth out the paper with, and don't you think, I made a bargain with him to hire them out to me for three cents an hour, so I wasn't have to buy any."

"Didn't he laugh?"

"Yes, he laughed and Ned laughed too; but I don't care. Let those

laugh who will," concluded Eleanor, with a bright, confident smile.

"Come in to-morrow afternoon and see how I get on," she called out from the door of ninety-three.

May went at the appointed time. The papering was done, and for a beginner very well done, though an expert might easily have found a few faulty places here and there. The paper Eleanor had chosen was of a soft, warm yellow like pale sunshine, which seemed to neutralize the cold light of the north windows. It looked plain when seen in shadow, but when the light struck it revealed a pattern of graceful, interlaced disks. And the ceiling was tinted with a much lighter shade of the same yellow. A chestnut picture-rod separated wall and ceiling.

"Fitting the paper on myself saved lots," announced Eleanor, gleefully. "It only cost fifteen cents a roll, so the whole room came to exactly a dollar eighty. Then I am to pay Joyce eighteen cents for six hours' use of his brush and roller, and mother isn't going to charge anything for the fire and the paper, because I boiled it myself. I had to get the picture moulding, though, and that was rather dear—nearly two dollars. Ned nailed it up for me."

"Why didn't you have a paper border?" wouldn't have cost nearly as much?"

"No, but I should have had to drive nails and tacks in every time I wanted to hang up anything, and that would have spoiled the paper. And I want that to last a long, long time."

"What are you going to do with your furniture?" asked May, casting an eye of disfavor at the articles in question, a so-called "cottage" set, enameled of a faded, shabby blue.

"I am going to paint them," replied Ely.

"Eleanor Pyno! You can't!"

But Eleanor could and did. Painting is by no means the recondite art which some of its professors would have us suppose. Eleanor avoided one of the main difficulties of the craft, by buying her paint ready mixed and qualified with "driers." She chose a pretty tint of olive brown. Ned took her bedstead apart for her, and one by one she carried the different articles to a little-used attic, where, equipped in a long-sleeved apron and a pair of rubber gloves to save her fingers, she gradually coated each smoothly with the new paint. It took some days to finish, for she did not work continuously, but when done she felt rewarded for her pains; for the furniture not only looked new, but when it is in the end ever been before during the memory of man. Her brother Ned was so pleased with her success that he volunteered, if she would pay for the stuff, to make a broad fire shelf to nail over the narrow shelf of her chimney-piece, and some smaller ones above, cut after a pretty design which she had seen in an agricultural magazine. This handsome offer Eleanor gladly accepted, and when the shelves were done, she covered them with two coats of the same useful olive-brown paint.

There was some paint left; and green gold with practical and no longer afraid of her big brush, Eleanor essayed a bolder flight. She first painted her doors and her window-frames, then she attacked her floor, and, leaving an ample square space in the middle, executed a border two feet and a half wide all round it, in a pattern of long diamonds. One in two shades of olive, the darker being obtained by mixing a little black with the original tint.

"You see I have to buy my own carpet," she explained to the astonished and somewhat scandalized May; "and with this border a little square one will answer, instead of my having to buy a great big thing for the whole floor."

"But shan't you hate to put your feet on bare boards?"

"That's just what I shan't do. Don't you see that the bureau and washstand and the bedstead and towel-frame and all the rest fill up nearly all the space I have left for a border. What's the use of buying carpet for them to stand on?"

"Why, she hated her bed. She was not capable of such original reasoning. In her code the thing that generally had been always queer to me—and not very comfortable," she said. "And I don't think why you painted those shelves over the mantel-piece, now. They would have been awfully pretty with pinked ruffles, you know, and long curtains to draw across the front like that picture you saw in Home Made Happy."

"Oh, I shouldn't have liked that at all. I should have liked the idea of calico curtains to a mantel-piece. It would always seem as if they were going to catch fire."

"But they couldn't. You don't have any fire," persisted May.

"No, but they would seem so. And I am sure my fire to look as if it could be lighted at any minute."

Eleanor's instinct was based on an "underlying principle." It is a charming point in any fire-place to look as if they were constantly ready for use. Inflammable draperies, however pretty, militate against this, especially in our changeable New England climate, where even in midsummer, a little blaze may at any moment be desirable to cheer a dull day or warm a chilly evening.

"But even May was forced to admit that the room looked comfortable, when the square of the new grain carpeting of a warm golden brown was tacked into its place, and the furniture brought back from the attic and arranged. Things at once fell into harmonious relation with each other, as in a well-thought-out room they should do. The creamy, bright paper made a pleasant back-

ground, there was a look of cheerfulness even on cloudy days. May could not understand the reason of this, or why on such days her reds and pinks and drabs and greens and blues never seemed to warm hers out of dulness.

"I am sure my colors are a great deal brighter than yours," she would say; "I cannot imagine why they don't light up better."

Eleanor did not try, for many evanescent prettinesses. In fact, she could not, even had she wished to do so, for her money was all spent; so, as she told her mother, she contented herself with having secured things that would wear and have a pretty color. She put short curtains of "serim" at her windows, and plain corked towel which could be often washed on her bureau and table-tops. The bureau was enlivened by a large, square scarlet pin-cushion, the only bit of finery in which Eleanor indulged. Amid the subdued tones of its surroundings it looked absolutely brilliant, like the famous red water which the great Turner stuck in the foreground of his dim-tinted landscape, and which at once seemed to take the color out of the bright pictures on either side.

Later, when Eleanor had learned to do the pretty Mexican work now in fashion, she decorated some special towels for her table and bureau, with lace-like ends, and a pair of pillow-covers. Meanwhile, she bore very well the knowledge that her set, considered her room rather "plain and bare." It suited her own fancy and that satisfied her.

"I do like room to turn about in and not too many things, and not to smell of dust," she told her mother.

Here is Eleanor's budget of expenses, to be against May's:

Wall paper, 12 rolls.....\$1.80
Use of brush and roller......30
Kalsomining ceiling......1.00
Picture moulding......2.75
Two gallons of mixed paint, at \$1.80 per gallon......3.60
Brush......30
Nine yards of serim carpeting, at 65 cents a yard......5.85
Carpet thread and tacks......20
Fire shelving......1.00
Chintz for chair cover put on by Eleanor herself......1.75
Fabric and ribbon for cushion......1.12

Total.....\$19.86

This was two years ago. If you could take a peep at the rival rooms in Ninety-three and Ninety-four to-day, you would find Eleanor's looking as gay and pretty as when new, or prettier; for she has used it carefully, and each year has added something to its equipments, as years will when a girl has once secured a good foundation for her room, her friends are apt to make their gifts work in towards its further beautification.

With May it is different. Her room has lost the freshness which was its one good point. The chintz has become creased and a little faded, the muslin and serim from repeated washings are no longer crisp, and look limp and thread-bare; all the ribbons and scarfs are shabby and tumbled; while the green carpet and the blue wall "sweat" as vigorously at each other as they did at first. May sighs over it frequently, and wishes she had tried for a more permanent effect. Next time she will do better, she avers; but next times are slow in coming where the family exchequer has not the recuperative powers of Fortunatus's purse.

The moral of this simple tale may be divided into three heads. I object to morals myself as a wind-up for stories, and I dare say most of them who read this are no fonder of them than I am; still, a three-headed meral is such a novelty that it may be urged as an excuse. The three heads are these:

1. When you have only a small sum to spend on renovations, choose these that will last.

2. Ingenuity and energy count for more than mere money can.

3. Once make sure in a room of convenient cheerfulness and a good taste, the latest improvements of bonnet-gimcracks—or "Jamescracks"—or any of the thousand and one little duds which so many people consider indispensable features of pleasantness. Rooms have their anatomy as well as human beings. There must be a good substructure of bones, rightly placed to underlie the bloom and sparkle in the one, and in like manner for the other the laws of taste, which are immutable, should underlie and support the evanescent and passing fancies and fashions of every day.—N. Y. Independent.

—This is the story that comes from the banks of the Ill that falls into the Rhine at Strasburg. An Alsatian beggar, having had too much in his head the other night, fell into the water. Struggling away brought to his senses by the cold and the terrible plight, he screamed for help, appealing to two policemen on the quay to save him for the love of God. But they walked on in utter indifference. A happy thought struck the drowning man. By one desperate effort he raised his head above the water and shrieked out the reasonable exclamation, "Vive la France!" It was like a pistol-shot in the ears of the policemen. They were in the river instantly. They seized the wretch, brought him to the bank, pinioned him and dragged him to prison. There he is lodged, fed and very happy with the expedient by which he got his life saved.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

Is sold all over the world. It is far superior to plain Cod Liver Oil, palatable and easily digested. Dr. Martin Miles, of New York, writes, "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion, and taken it myself. It is palatable, efficient, and can be tolerated by almost anyone, especially where cod liver oil itself cannot be borne. Put up in 50c. and \$1 size."

Broken Down. With Depressia, Kidney Disease, loss of appetite, and pain in the head until discouraged, I heard of Burdock Blood Bitters, took two bottles and am happy to say feel as well as ever."

Mrs. Rufus M. Merry, New Albany, N. S.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

PARSONS' PILLS

Make New Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of diseases. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of the pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parson's Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. The marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. T. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

100 PAIRS

LACE CURTAINS.

WE ARE NOW SHOWING ELEGANT CURTAINS

50 PER CENT.

A Beautiful Bound, Scallop Edge Curtain, Heavy, Rich Pattern in White, Green or Suede, at \$2.00 per Pair. Worth \$3.00 per Pair.

A SUPERIOR CURTAIN,

AN ELEGANT CURTAIN,

In Cream and White, at \$3.80. Worth \$4.75 per Pair.

All the Leading Novelties in Curtains, in Canvas, Madras, Cross Stripes, Raw Silk, Brocade Repps, &c., Scrim and Art Fabrics.

CURTAIN POLES COMPLETE,

With Brass Rings and Ends, for 50c. Each.