

An Entertaining Crow.

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I can tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbour Stokes.

"How?"

"Get a gallon of mean whiskey and soak some corn in it: till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's crops?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ea scheme o' yours, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and next mornin' I went to the field to see how it'd worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'." I heard a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and went to see what it was; there was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whiskey corn and had it on a stump, and he was re-tailin' it out to the others givin' 'em one grain o' that sort for three grains o' my planted corn, and dinged ef they hadn't clawed up that field by sections."

"—Atlanta Journal."

No Taste! No Smell! No Nausea!

PURITER'S EMULSION
Of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and
Purifier is largely prescribed by
physicians for Nervous Prostration, Wasting
and Lung Diseases.

PURITER'S EMULSION
Has especially proved efficacious in cases
of weak and delicate children and those who
are growing fast. For Women who are de-
bilitated, caused by nursing, family cares,
overwork or troubles peculiar to their sex.
For invalids recovering from sickness it is
of the greatest benefit.

Purifier's Emulsion is sold everywhere
for 50 cents.

BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE, that valuable farm in the
Parish of Bedford, formerly owned
and occupied by John Ward.

D. L. HANINGTON,
may 21-2m Dorchester.

For Sale Cheap.

THE Subscriber will sell, at a Bargain,
one Side-Bar Wagon, one Pump, two
Harnesses, one Robe and other Articles,
all in good condition; he having no fur-
ther use for same.

CHARLES MOORE,
Sackville, N. B., Feb. 6th, 1889.

House for Sale.

THE property on Salem Street occupied
by subscriber, consisting of a very
neat and comfortable Cottage, with front
porch, cellar, a never-failing well of soft
water, barn, &c., and about one acre of
Land in good state of cultivation, money
may remain on mortgage. Apply to

J. W. SANGSTER,
Dentist,
March 7th, if

Public Notice.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale all that
valuable Lot of New Marsh lying
between the Old Dyke or Commissioners'
Dyke enclosing the As Lac Body and the
No. 1 River. The Lot contains upwards
of 35 Acres.

For Price and Terms of Sale, apply to
FRANK PALMER,
Or to Messrs. POWELL & BENNETT,
Solicitors,
Sackville, N. B., April 25th, 1889.

"Valuable Farm for Sale."

THE HARMON HUMPHREY FARM
in Sackville, consisting of 50
Acres of Upland and 50 Acres of Marsh is
for Sale.

The Buildings on the Premises were
erected at a large cost, and they are in ex-
cellent repair and admirably adapted to
farming purposes. The Farm is most
conveniently situated, being only a short
walk from the College and Academies,
Public Schools and Churches, and within
half a mile of the Railway Station. The
Dwelling House is a beautiful and com-
modious two-story building.

The Place is an inviting one, either for
the progressive farmer or the capitalist.
Intending Purchasers can negotiate for
the Homestead Farm, either with or with-
out the Island Marsh.

For Price and full Particulars of Sale,
apply to
WILLIAM M. HUMPHREY,
Or JOHN A. HUMPHREY,
Moncton, N. B.
Or to Messrs. POWELL & BENNETT,
Barristers, &c.,
Sackville, N. B.

FOR SALE.

THE HOMESTEAD FARM now oc-
cupied by the Subscriber, consisting of
about 80 Acres of Upland and about 20
Acres of Marsh Land, all of which is in a
good state of cultivation. The location
of this Farm immediately adjoining the
Public Landing and the Intercolonial
Railway Station, renders it a desirable
place of residence, and offers a sure and
profitable investment for an intending
purchaser. There is also a lot of 20
Acres of English Marsh, with a new Barn
thereon, which will be sold with the Home-
stead if required, which is situated one
mile distant. A Wood Lot can also be
purchased with the farm. The House is
in good repair, is furnished with Grates
and also a Wood Furnace, and with the
Barn, contains five rooms. There is also
a Cistern and a never-failing well of soft
water on the Premises. The Barns are
large and will accommodate upwards of
thirty head of Cattle and Horses, and suf-
ficient Hay to winter them.

Also the Steam Grist Mill, containing a
Thirty Horse-Power Boiler and a 20 H. P.
Engine, a complete Portable Watermill
Grist Mill, consisting of French Burr Mill
Stones, with Elevators, Bolts and Sauter,
&c. Also one run of Granite Mill Stones
with Elevators, Bolts, &c. This is offered
in parts or in one lot, with or without the
Building.

For Terms and Particulars, enquire of
the Subscriber on the Premises, or to my
father, Jas. D. Dixon.

ALFRED E. DIXON,
Sackville, N. B., May 22nd, 1889.

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ALFRED E. DIXON,
Sackville, N. B., May 22nd, 1889.

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. AARON, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Flatulency, Indigestion,
Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di-
gestion. Without injurious medication.

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

RHODES, CURRY & Co.,
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,
Manufacturers and Builders.

Doors, SASHES, BLINDS, WOOD, Mantels, MOULD-
INGS, etc.



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,
and Gents' Solid Comfort German Felt
Slippers, and 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 W-
ranted. Do not fail to see these Goods

Custom Work a Specialty.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY & NEATLY DONE.

Flour & Sugar.

I OFFER LOW FOR CASH:
Flour, Sugar, Tea, Kerosene Oil, Lard,
Raisins, Currants, Apples, Pickles,
Cheese, Apples, Lobsters, and
other Goods usually kept in a
GROCERY STORE.

Also, another shipment just to hand of
China & Crockery Ware
CONSISTING OF
TEA SETS,
In Great Variety.

CHAMBER SETS,
In all the Latest Styles.

TEA CUPS,
In Col. and Plates to match, by doz.

Dinner Plates, Soup Plates,
Breakfast Plates, Tea Plates, Meat
Platters, Vegetable do., and a
good supply of separate pieces.

GLASS SETS
I have 10 Different Styles to select
from. All Sizes.

China Gift Cups & Mugs.
The Best and Cheapest that I ever
offered. Also,
Breakfast Casters,
In Silver and Majolica, Silver Teapots
and Tablespoons, Knives and Forks, Kit-
chen Furnishing Goods of all kinds,
Brushes—on Sew, Stove, Shoe & Horse
Wraps & Brooms, and lots of other articles.
Give me a call before purchasing else-
where, and be convinced that I sell the
Cheapest of any in Sackville.

C. W. KNAPP.

APPLES, SALT, &c.

JUST RECEIVED FOR SALE.
150 Bbls.
Choice Winter Apples,
120 Bags
COARSE SALT

20 Bbls. No. 1 Labrador Herring.
Our Customers can be supplied at our
Stores at Bale Verte or Port Elgin.

E. C. GOODEN & CO.,
Bale Verte, Dec. 5th, 1888.

JUST RECEIVED AT
T. H. GRIFINS, Amherst, N. S.:

3 CASES,
CONTAINING
\$800 Worth of High-Class Silverware,
ALL ELIZABETH GOODS.

Remember Special Sale
—AND—
Discount of 20 per Cent.
DURING THIS MONTH.

White Rose Kerosene Oil

150 CASES of this favorite Brand
of Oil, received by Schir,
Mary C. from New York, and for Sale by

M. WOOD & SONS,
Nov. 20th, 1888.

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A Summer Shower.

"So you will not forgive me, Cosy?"
George Wharton asked, as he stood
in the garden path below, looking up
at her as she leaned out of the old
library window of Ashley Manor
House.

"No, I will not."

"And we are to part forever?"

The unforgiving maiden, whose
soft, clear voice was in itself a con-
tradiction of the very words it gave
utterance to, was looking away with
her beautiful blue eyes to the distant
hills, which were already enveloped
in the evening mist, and trying not
to look where her lover stood anx-
iously waiting and watching for a
sign of forgiveness.

The window almost reached the
ground, and was shrouded in the
smoking roses. Suddenly Cosy turned
and broke off a large spray, and
directed all her attention to the task
of smoothing out every leaf and peep-
ing mysteriously under every petal.

A warm flash gathered on her face
as she dashed, forgive me, I'll never
forget you again, I swear it! And Cosy
I was so awfully cut up, too."

The spray was thrown down at his
feet, and the blue eyes regarded him
with a scornful flashing anger in their
troubled depths, and the rose bloom
dear to the passionate girl, as she
said, "You mean you sat for an hour
and a half smoking, for Daisy saw
you—smoking those hateful cigars,
whilst I was waiting for you, and
wondering why you did not come,
and fretting myself about you. And
you were enjoying yourself all the
time, and never thinking or caring
what had become of me; and you call
that being awfully cut up. I—"

"Cosy," with one hand laid on
the edge of the window.

"Don't call me by that name again
I am no longer Cosy to you. Our
engagement is at an end, and the
sooner that is known the better."

She drew herself away from the
caressing hand that sought to touch
her, and stood silent and passive by
the curtain.

George Wharton stepped back
from the window and threw away the
end of a cigar he had held con-
cealed all this time in his hand. He
looked perplexed and angry, although
he lifted his straw hat with a pro-
found bow, and said pleasantly and
carelessly enough.

"I have the honor of bidding you
a very good evening, Miss Middle-
ton."

George walked away to the very
same spot where he had already
spent the greater part of the evening
a little summer house called the
Bower, built under one of the fine
cedar trees that spread their dark
arms over the grassy lawn. It was a
favorite spot of his, perhaps because
he was free to smoke there to his
heart's content.

He threw himself down by the side
of the summer house, and, as he
rested, in his disturbed state of
mind, he took his pet meerschaum
out of his pocket, filled it to the tune
of "The Day you'll forget me," tilted
his hat to the back of his head, and
commenced to puff huge clouds of
smoke into the fragrant but cool night
air.

The rustle of a white dress, the
gleam of an exquisite face shrouded in
satin and lace, a laugh clear and
musical as the notes of a bird, and
Cosy had passed right through the
clouds of meerschaum smoke, and
stood before him, looking at him with
quite unconscious of any need of
anger or regret.

"I will sing to you to-morrow; and
perhaps I will tell you then," the
sweet, soft voice was saying.

Percy bent lower over the fair
speaker, and whispered something
that George did not hear; but the re-
ply to those low, tender words came
back to him suddenly, painfully like
a knife thrust into his heart. He
sprang to his feet and stood by the
little green bower trembling with
excitement.

"Yes, I care for you a little—only
a very, very little."

Was it really Cosy who was taken
into Percy's arms and kissed once,
twice, under the cedar, with the
fragrance of the Portugal laurel,
the moonlight, and the moonbeams
streaming through a rift in the dark
boughs overhead—Cosy, the dear little
girl of his hopes and dreams, the sweet
little love for whose sake he had
travelled many thousand miles, and
resigned a lovely girl to another man,
that night he had crept to him from
a longer stay in the land of
pagodas and pig-tails? Could it be
that the gay trifling girl whose
merry laugh had roused him from
his reverie was his own sweet Cosy,
who despite her hatred of smoking
and her passionate temper, had so
often timidly confessed her love for
him, and in whose pure eyes he had
read nothing but truth and honesty?
Oh! it was impossible, simply im-
possible—he could never have been
so deceived!

For a few moments he stood thus
in miserable, anxious thought; then
he stepped from under the cedar
boughs into the soft, clear moon-
light and drew a deep breath. Look-
ing down, he saw something glitter-
ing at his feet. He stooped and
picked up a jewelled snake—Cosy's
bracelet! He recognized it at once,
for he had taken a great dislike to
seeing it on her arm, and had
begged her several times not to wear
it. Cosy had been very proud of it,
and he had never dared to suggest
that it was the most valuable present
she possessed; but she had very
prettily yielded to his wishes, once
strongly urged, and had not worn it
for many weeks. But the finding of
the bracelet now was the only
proof that he was neither mad nor
dreaming in thinking that it was
Cosy who had passed but a few mo-
ments before.

"False and cruel as the emblem
she wore," murmured George.
"And I would have staked my life
on her goodness and faithfulness!"

He went to the little bower, and sit-
ting down on the rickety wooden
table, strewed with fancy work and

and books belonging to Cosy and
her sister, he leaned his head upon
his arms, and a few great sobs
struggled upward from his proud
wrong heart. All the years before
him were a long desolate blank.

He must never see her again, the
false deceitful girl! He must take
up the duties he had resigned so
gladly only a few months before,
and away in a far country, without
home, wife or child, his days would
henceforth be passed in a routine of
dull, monotonous work for his coun-
try's service. Such was his outlook
for the future—a future uncheered,
unlightened by one ray of coming
joy or one smile or kiss.

A shadow darkened the doorway,
and, with a sudden desperate effort,
he went out and faced the intruder
it was Cosy, without the satin bon-
net, and looking very pale, with swollen
red eyes, and her pretty evening
dress of delicate cashmere wet and
dragged through trailing it over
the damp grass and paths. She
started back upon seeing her lover's
face, and shivered a little as she
dashed, forgive me, I'll never
forget you again, I swear it! I believe,"
began George struggling to preserve
a dignified reserve and coldness of
manner. "I found it only a few
moments ago."

Seeing the pale face, with the eyes
dear to the passionate girl, as she
said, "You mean you sat for an hour
and a half smoking, for Daisy saw
you—smoking those hateful cigars,
whilst I was waiting for you, and
wondering why you did not come,
and fretting myself about you. And
you were enjoying yourself all the
time, and never thinking or caring
what had become of me; and you call
that being awfully cut up. I—"

"Cosy," he said almost desper-
ately, turning to her, wondering
what her conduct could possibly
mean, "how could you do it, when I
loved you so?"

"I am sorry, dear," returned Cosy,
trying not to cry again. I know
that it was very wrong of me to get
into such a rage; but I had waited
for you so long, and of course I
thought Daisy had given you my
message—you know it's my way of
saying, after all. I had something to
tell you—something very important;
and when you never came, I
naturally thought you preferred to
smoke rather than listen to me, and
I was very angry—I confess it. But
you need not believe everything I
say at such times.

"Cosy, what are you talking about?
Have you taken leave of your senses?
Don't you know it is not five min-
utes since I picked up this proof of
your heartless conduct—the bracelet
you now have in your hand?"

"The bracelet! Why what have I
done now? I thought you hated it,
so I gave it to Daisy. I'm sure you
used to say you hated it. It is you
who have taken leave of your
senses!"

"But did you not pass here five
minutes ago with Wynnard?"

"Daisy did. That is what I want-
ed to tell you—Daisy and Percy."

"But she had your hood on!"

"Had she? Oh, very likely! We
do wear each other's things in the
house, don't we?"

"My darling," whispered George
folding her tenderly in his arms,
"will you can you ever forgive me?"

"Why, what is the matter George?
I thought I was altogether wrong
this time; but you don't really be-
lieve in what I said, do you?"

"I did, my sweet one. Heaven
forgive me! I wronged you to that
extent for a few moments, but Cosy
I will never do it again—never, never
darling?"

"It was very wrong of you really
did," she said, "and I don't know
of any punishment great enough
for the offence. Suppose
you had gone on thinking so, how
unpleasant we should have been all
our lives!"

"Don't let us speak of it any more,
dear," he said, "and I don't know
of anything in the world to
prove how much I love you. I will
give up smoking from this moment.
Does that please you?"

Cosy laughed merrily.

"George," she said, looking down
at her wrist, "what you think we
had better go in doors? You can
come into the library if you like,
and smoke, just for once, to please
me, the proverbial pipe of peace,
while I promise on my part never to