

**AUGUST**

THE CHIGNECTO POST  
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WOODWORTH, Manager.

# Chignecto Post.

Reserve Success and you shall Command it.

VOL. 17.—NO. 12.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1886.

WHOLE NO. 845.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

—Running the cows may make bloody milk.

—Wear a cabbage leaf in the hat on hot days.

—A cow is a valuable machine; the more food she properly digests, the more profit.

—England owns 25,000,000 fowls and 1,000,000,000 eggs were imported in 1885.

—A farmer at this time of the year cannot indulge in sport, except, perhaps, in his dreams.

—Milk is good for chicks even in the hot weather of July, but don't put out too much at a time.

—Good tillage is the strongest weapon with which the farmer can fight hard times and gain success.

—Cows should be milked regularly. If this work is postponed beyond the regular time, the cow will not yield the usual quantity, and will become dry very rapidly.

—A cross of Jersey and Ayrshire makes excellent cows. The offspring of such a union gives more milk than the average Jersey, and it is of better quality than the Ayrshire milk usually is.

—Cattle are like human beings in one respect, when collected together in large numbers or kept confined and fed together for a long time, epidemic diseases are sure sooner or later to make their appearance.

—Grass is the natural food of horses, and they should be provided with it as often as possible. If they are kept in the stable during the summer a liberal meal of grass should be cut for them frequently.

—A writer in the *Frank Recorder* pours a pint of kerosene upon a barrel of coal ashes, mixes and uses it the same as he would lime or plaster. The smell of kerosene keeps all insects away from squashes, melons, etc.

—At a public sale of Holstein-Friesian cattle at Kansas City, three bulls averaged \$120, and eleven females \$153; and at a sale in St. Paul, Minn., twenty-four cows and heifers made an average of \$187; eleven bulls, \$153; thirteen calves, \$86.

—The *Philadelphia Press* tells us that the horns of cattle may be made to grow as they wish, and be harmless by cutting around the upper side close to the root of the horns of calves, at the age of five or six months while the horn is soft.

—This, we are told, causes the horn to drop and grow downward until it touches the cheek of the cow. Such horns are entirely harmless.

—There is still a shrinkage in the price of beef all around. Good to prime steers are selling in New York fully sixty cents a hundred less than a year ago. There has been a serious break in the live cattle market since the British. Prices have dropped from one to one and a half cents a pound, and of refrigerator beef still more.

—The supply in Liverpool and London is heavy and trade stagnant. Here at home a similar state of things prevails. Much of the trade is supplied with refrigerator beef from Chicago, and few Maine cattle are moving. This condition of the beef trade is not pleasant to contemplate, yet it must be borne in mind that all stock products are in a like depressed condition. The only course is to keep on, and while doing so, study out methods of producing at least cost.

—S. W. Wesley, the cowboy evangelist, is a bigger man than "Sam" Jones in the great South-West. "I was born," he says, "in Missouri, but when I was a three-year-old kid I went to Texas. One dark night I saddled a grey filly and rode out into Texas. Yes, sir, it was my third birthday. I was brought up on the frontier, and until a year ago was a cowboy. Every one knew me. I was branded all over with the devil's iron; yes, sir. One day a year ago, things being' corse-day on the frontier, I dropped over into Anderson County, just to get a swaller of civilization. I had never, so to speak, happened into meeting one night and there was Major Penn, an evangelist, firin' red-hot Bible into the crowd. Before that I had seen a sort of Maverick, knockin' around without no owner; but that night the Lord jest lashed me, branded me, and I went to Texas."

—When John Lord, the historian, was examined for ordination, he was asked by a disciple of Dr. Emmons: "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?" His answer came with the force of an unexpected cannon shot. "No, but I am willing that you should. He did not get ordained.—*School Journal.*

—A colored woman was heard informing a neighbour that the storm frightened her so that she "storked an ashpun."

—The St. Nicholas tells of a dog that can count. But it can't equal a cat in running up a column.

## Volcanic Eruptions in New Zealand.

The details of the terrible eruption in New Zealand during the month of June, which has just been received, show it to have been one of the most disastrous on record.

The volcanic disturbances were confined to North Island or New Ulster. This has an area of about 44,000 square miles, or almost equal to that of the state of New York. It is the second largest of the group. About one-tenth of the surface is covered by mountains, the highest peaks of which are either active or extinct volcanoes.

The northern part of the island is noted for the extreme beauty of its scenery, the Auckland lake district being a favorite resort for tourists. The greatest volcanic activity seems to have been felt in this part of the island. At Taoranga, on the Bay of Plenty, violent earthquakes followed each other in rapid succession on the morning of the 9th of June, and were accompanied by showers of fine dust. In the neighborhood of Rotana, the severity of the shocks was such that many believed the island would sink into the sea.

The sensation experienced is said to have been fearful beyond description. After the first shock, the inhabitants rushed frantically about in all directions. With the second shock the entire country was illuminated by the volcanic fire. Mount Teerawera, on the shore of the beautiful lake of that name, was the first crater to break forth, but in a short time the entire Paora range was in a state of active eruption, hurling lava and stones over the surrounding country. The extinct volcano of Ruapehu, which rises to a height of 9,300 feet near the centre of the island, resumed its activity for the first time in tradition. The scene was one of awful grandeur. The land for an extent of 120 miles in length by 20 in breadth was one mass of flame and hot crumbling soil. Dense volumes of smoke made luminous by the reflection from the fiery craters hung heavily in the air. Showers of dust, having a strong sulphurous odor, continued to fall for nearly two days, turning day into night and totally destroying a large number of native villages. Wairoa was covered to a depth of ten feet with dust and ashes.

The loss of life was considerable, and included a number of English residents. Those who were who were by the Black Sea or the Pacific. There she was at all events, bound for the farthest East, and laden with how many tons of unutterable wool? A British surgeon, who had been in the office at Ceylon, and in his official capacity had more than once inspected these Russian convict ships, told me that when they touched a port to coal, no stranger was ever allowed on board by the Russian Commander; that in the "sick bay" or infirmary, which was scarcely large enough to accommodate six patients comfortably, he had seen from 15 to 20 miserable sufferers; that contagious diseases sometimes broke out on board, and that the convicts would die like sheep with the rot.—*G. A. Sala.*

—Edison was visited the other day by a reporter who wished to find out what he was working at present. He stated that he was trying to cheapen the electric lamps and the carbons. He has had men searching all over America for a vegetable or mineral substance from which carbon points could be made. He has in his brain, however, a still greater scheme, of which he thus spoke:—"As soon as I can find time to go to Florida I am going to make some experiments with earth currents. I cannot do it here because there is too much mineral in the soil. In Florida it is all sand. There are currents of electricity passing all the time through the earth; their directions, however, are unknown. I propose to arrange eight currents, radiating in as many directions from a central point. I will place a man at each circuit, and test the powers of the currents. It is well known that if an earth current crosses a wire at right angles there is but little if any appreciable effect made upon it. The greatest power is felt where the wire and currents run in parallel directions. In Boston I have run a wire six hours with the aereus borealis without a battery. If I had had a rod at that time running from New York to Boston I would have had electric power enough to run all the machinery in Boston." A knowledge of the earth currents, he said, may revolutionize telegraphy and the meteorological bureau system, and make it possible to forecast the weather exactly. Telegraph wires, he believes, will soon be a thing of the past, and a still greater result may be accomplished, which, however, he did not care to talk about.

—The lofty wooden spires of the churches in Mattoon, Ill., have been pined in hundreds of places by woodpeckers looking for food or for places for nests. The holes in the Methodist Church steeple became so unsightly that a man was employed to shoot the birds. Then he took out their abode within, and their honey drips from the holes and smears the steeple. The Congregational Church steeple is well filled with honey, and so are steeples in neighboring towns. Six swarms of bees were seen to quit the spire of a Paxton church in one day.

## A Russian Convict Ship.

From beautiful, hospitable, kindly Colombo somebody has sent me a copy of the *Ceylon Examiner* of May 19th. Therein appears a chatty letter, entitled, "Westward Bound," and written apparently by one of my fellow-passengers on board the "Ballarat," the splendid P. and O. steamer, in which I voyaged lately from Calcutta via Ceylon, Aden and the Suez Canal, to Marseilles. I mention this epistle for the reason that the writer seemed equally struck with my humble self with horror and loathing at a certain dreadful sight which we saw one torrid Sunday while the stately "Ballarat" was slowly panting through the muddy waters of the gigantic *digue*, which Ferdinand De Lesseps dug. Twelve steamers had passed us that day, five British, Frenchmen, Italian, Spanish, Scotchmen and Englishmen. About four in the afternoon a huge Russian steamer came grunting past. I know the nature of the boat at once. She had been originally built for a cruiser when war between Russia and England seemed imminent; had been turned into a convict ship, and was now on her way with a teeming cargo of female convicts to Vladivostok, in Siberia, or to Saghalien. The convicts, in coarse canvas gaberdesins—pitched, I should say, inside to save washing—were stowed like cattle or sheep in cages on the upper deck; the male prisoners from the same boat were stowed in the lower deck. Every human soul appeared to be in a state of white, despairing faces. And aft, on the quarter-deck, under a handsome awning, reclining on elegant deck chairs, and puffing their cigars in the most graceful manner imaginable, were the officers of the ship, in full uniform, with gold epaulettes on their shoulders. One marine Muscovite wore white kid gloves. They had just finished tiffin. I should say. What the wretched convicts had for dinner who can tell? A little salt junk, pease-porridge, and the stick, possibly. Whence had this steamship full of horrors come? From Cronstadt, by the way of "Gib" through the Mediterranean; or from Odessa by the Black Sea or the Pacific. There she was at all events, bound for the farthest East, and laden with how many tons of unutterable wool? A British surgeon, who had been in the office at Ceylon, and in his official capacity had more than once inspected these Russian convict ships, told me that when they touched a port to coal, no stranger was ever allowed on board by the Russian Commander; that in the "sick bay" or infirmary, which was scarcely large enough to accommodate six patients comfortably, he had seen from 15 to 20 miserable sufferers; that contagious diseases sometimes broke out on board, and that the convicts would die like sheep with the rot.—*G. A. Sala.*

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—Sam Jones' latest epigrammatic remark: "A person with more sense than religion is generally a rascal, and a person with more religion than sense is generally a fool." We fail to remember just at present whether it is his religion or his sense upon which Mr. Jones especially prides himself.—*Kansas City Journal.*

—What class of women are most apt to give tone to society?—The belles.

## The Wallace Bay Abolition.

500 ACRES RECLAIMED FROM THE TIDE.

There has been considerable discussion for some time about Wallace Bay as to the best means of increasing the value of the marsh at the head of the Bay. There are about 500 acres of salt marsh above the abatement, and some favored the idea of shutting the tide off, while others of the marsh-owners were strongly opposed to it. As the old bridge, built some years ago, was nearly down those favoring an abatement instead of a bridge, which would be a permanent way, and at the same time keep the tide of the marsh and bring it under English hay, instead of producing salt hay as at present.

In the early part of the summer they drove piles of the old bridge, and the new bridge was commenced to tear down the old bridge and take out the old abatement. This was rather a tedious and costly job, as the old abatement were bolted together, and in the channel, were several feet under water. They, however, succeeded in removing those obstructions and then proceeded to fill in the space with brush and marsh sods from either side above high water mark. Above that is filled with brush and gravel. The sluice is near the north side, and is 40 feet long, 20 feet broad, with four runs, and 4 feet high. There is a clapper in each run made of heavy hardwood and covered with galvanized iron. The sluice is an immense structure, estimated to weigh some sixty tons. It is built near the water, launched and floated into position. There has been an average of 50 men and 15 teams on the work since they commenced filling in, which they expected to complete the abatement to keep out the tide last week.

The whole length of the abatement is 300 hundred yards and the depth of water at low tide is from 7 feet in the shallowest part to 13 feet in the deepest. The total value of the property of the Wallace Bay is estimated at 212,000,000 in 1885, with a slight increase in acreage.

Spring wheat has been considerably injured by drought and blight; the yield will probably be 140,000,000 bushels, against 145,000,000 last year. The total crop will probably be 435,000,000 bushels, against 357,000,000 last year. In oats there has been a slight increase in acreage; the crop has been considerably injured by drought and blight; the yield will probably be 140,000,000 bushels, against 145,000,000 last year. The total crop will probably be 435,000,000 bushels, against 357,000,000 last year.

Of rye and barley there will be excellent crops on a slightly increased area. There is a good deal of corn, and the outlook is excellent for a good crop. Of early potatoes, the crop will be heavy, and late potatoes are promising, especially in the West. Prices will probably be low. There has been a large increase in the area of cultivated grasses in the West and South, and a considerable increase in clover and alfalfa. There will be a heavy crop of hay, though it has been injured somewhat by drought and insects in places. Pastures are generally good. There will be a slight increase in the area of tobacco, and the prospects are fair.

Eels for Englishmen.

The annual report of the inspector of fisheries for England and Wales contains some interesting information about the supply of eels. It is stated that the total catch of those eels and mackerel and fish from Holland to Billingsgate exceeded 1,000 tons, the money value being about \$85,000. There is also an importation of eels from Germany, averaging 20,000 pounds every week. Ireland sends nearly 500 tons of eels to England every year, and Scotland sends 50 tons. The consumption of eels in London and its suburbs averages 1,550 tons a year, and is worth about \$135,000. It is added that hardly any English eels find their way to London, a fact which metropolitan consumers have reason to deplore, as they are unsurpassed for richness and delicacy of flavor. The very best eels are those of the Kounet, Teut and Hants Avon. There is an inn at Ramsey where they cook the Teut fish to perfection.—*London Truth.*

—A Dakota editor made the following statement:—"Times being rather hard we are going to take our wife to the home of our mother-in-law for a short visit, and we will give our readers a little vacation by not issuing any paper. They won't lose much, for there is little news going just now, and we print this week an editorial on the tariff which would have appeared next week. The only thing we have had to leave out on this account is Bill Jones' ad about a farm for sale; but that is of no consequence, as he hasn't paid for it yet. Brethren, white paper is too blamed dear to fool it away when our mother-in-law will keep us a week for nothing."

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## The Age of Invention.

Inoculation of rabbits with the bacillus of tubercular consumption is proposed as a method of exterminating them in Australia.

Crocker's collars are proposed by a Philadelphia inventor. His idea is to glaze them, thus making a tight and imperishable receptacle, the object being to check underground water current from pollution.

Mineral wood is said to be coming into use in the construction of buildings, on account of its strength, lightness, and resistance to the conduction of heat. It has also the advantage of being fire-proof.

The manufacture of alcohol from wood has increased rapidly within a few years, and it is said to be used largely for patent bitters, ginger extracts, and other alcoholic compounds whose strong flavor makes it necessary to use a better quality of spirit.

Wood alcohol is a common product, and sometimes gives rise to serious disturbances of the brain and nervous system.

A St. Louis doctor is credited with having cut off the tails of two lizards and united the animals by sewing the stumps together, thus making a species of Siamese twins. The object of the experiment was to ascertain if blood could be transferred by this method; and one writer maintains that if successful, a weak bloodless invalid were attached in this manner to a strong and healthy animal, the result must be favorable to the invalid.

Dr. Russell, of Paris, is said to have been successful in increasing success in such an experiment.

The Crops.

The following is a summary of the *Royal Year Book's* annual crop report: From over 4,000 crop reports from all parts of the country, the *Royal Year Book* concludes that the winter wheat is on the whole good; the probable yield being 295,000,000 bushels against 212,000,000 in 1885, with a slight increase in acreage.

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## Legal.

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Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.  
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DORCHESTER, N. B.

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Spring-Hill Mines Coal.

Parties wishing to obtain their supplies of the above COAL can leave their orders at my office.

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Agent for Spring Hill Coal.  
Sackville, April 29, 1885.

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The subscriber having taken Mr. Alex. Ford's Building, opposite the warehouse of Messrs. M. Wood & Sons, begs to notify the public that he will carry on

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Repairs neatly and promptly done, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

JOSEPH W. DOBSON,  
Sackville, 22d June, 1886.

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My scissors sharp, my razor keen, My soap is always neat and clean, And everything is new you'll find; To suit the taste and please the mind.

My wheels are new and always sweet, And with them others can't compete. The ladies, too, I would invite, For I can trim their tresses right.

My heart's thine I now cry, To all my patrons and friends; And in the future I will try, My very best to please you.

WM. KNIGHT,  
Sackville, Nov. 7th, 1885.

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They are always the Cheapest in the end, therefore buy the best.

"Dyer & Hughes" Organs and "Davis" Sewing Machines.

Both American make and always take FIRST PRIZES on account of their material and workmanship being the best.

PLANO, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES not in stock, supplied at small advance on cost. Motto: Best Goods, Lowest Price. Easiest Terms and Prompt Delivery. Music Books and Sticks.

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UNGAR'S  
STEAM LAUNDRY,  
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MR. C. G. HART,  
Druggist, Sackville, opp. Brunswick House, where they will be promptly attended to. Price lists may be had on application.

June 24 S. & M. UNGAR.

"The Tiger Rake."

Messrs. Patterson & Brothers, manufacturers of

The Tiger Horse Hay Rake, Claim it is superior to all others, being lighter and more easily worked.

A Full Stock of HAYING TOOLS. PRICES LOW. TERMS EASY. For sale by

J. A. McQUEEN,  
Point de Bute, July 21, 1886.

GRASS SEED.

Prime Timothy and Clover Seed. Just received to-day. For sale low.

JAMES R. AYER,  
Sackville, June 9, 1886.

C. E. LUND,  
Deputy Land Surveyor,  
SACKVILLE, N. B.

Deeds, &c., written, Plans prepared, &c., &c.

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Special attention given to Dentistry in all its branches.

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DR. E. T. GAUDET,  
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Special attention given to Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

DR. J. W. SANGSTER,  
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SPECIAL attention given to preserving the Natural Teeth. No fillings for ornamentation, or extracting Teeth when replaced by artificial ones. All operations carefully and skilfully performed. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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Machine Bolts, Bridge Bolts, Slush Bolt Bolts, Turbines, Lag screws, Flatheads, Washers, Carriage Bolts, Boiler Bolts, Wheel Bolts.

Hot Forged and Pressed Square and Hexagon Nuts.

ALL KINDS OF RAILS FOR RAILWAYS, BRIDGES, AND BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.

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Marble, Freestone & Granite Works,  
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On hand, a Choice Lot of Monuments, Tablets and Head-Stones of New and Elegant

CHIGNECTO POST AND BORDERER.

SACKVILLE, N. B., AUG. 5, 1886.

Sir Richard Ashton Cross has been raised to the Peerage.

Mr. Biggar, a Nationalist M. P., calls Mr. Chamberlain the most dishonest politician of the age.

It is said Lord Salisbury favors a loan of £5,000,000 to Ireland to stimulate and develop trade.

Attention has been called to a speech of John Bright made in 1866 at Dublin strongly in favour of Home Rule for Ireland.

The Colonial office, London, has received a cable message stating that the report of starvation in Labrador is absolutely unfounded.

The Welsh members of the House of Commons propose to form a national party in Parliament on the same lines as the Parrellite party.

The *Somersetshire Journal* bears that nearly 4,000 lambs have been purchased in that part of the Island by foreign dealers for delivery within a few weeks.

Deer are said to be very abundant on the upper St. John, and are also reported to be increasing rapidly on the head waters of the Macias and Schoodic Rivers.

The Atlantic cable directors report an increase of 118 per cent in traffic since the rates were lowered. The present rates will be maintained for a prolonged period.

Liszt, the great pianist and composer is dead. He was born in 1811 at Szeged in Hungary, and died at Bayreuth, where his remains have been viewed by thousands.

Philip Garnica, Rio's private secretary during the rebellion, was released from Stony Mountain penitentiary on Saturday. He is writing a history of the rebellion.

It is reported that John M. Egan has resigned the General Superintendent of Canadian Pacific Railway, and that J. A. Farling, assistant General Superintendent of Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Ry., has been appointed to succeed him.

The camp meeting at Berwick opened yesterday and will last six days. A similar camp meeting will then be held on the same grounds under the auspices of the Nova Scotia Holiness Society and will continue till Saturday, 14th inst.

The profits of the Canadian Pacific railway for June showed an increase of \$82,958 over the profits for June, 1885. For the six months ending June 30th, the profits of the company were \$179,207 more than for the corresponding period last year.

In the anarchist trial at Chicago, Gottfried Waller, a member of one of the anarchist societies, who has turned informer, testified as to the conspiracy to sack the city, cause a revolution and assassinate the police. His evidence created a great sensation.

Mr. John A. Fisher, Chatham, N. B., will proceed at once to rebuild the paper and pulp mill. He has organized a company of Hamilton and Toronto capitalists to carry on the work. It is called the Maritime Chemical Pulp Manufacturing Company.

The Nova Scotia Central Railway Company are now pushing the work on to completion. About 140 hands are employed, and the company will shortly have a large force on the various sections of the line, and expect to have it completed by the end of the year.

The parents of Eliza Ann Strong, the young girl who figured so conspicuously in the *Fall Staff Gazette* exposure, have arranged to bring a suit for \$40,000 damages against Mr. Stead, the editor of the *Gazette*, its publishers, and General Booth, for libel on the girl's parents, and for assaulting the child.

The gentlemen recommended by Mr. Gladstone, on his retirement, for the peerage are: Sir Thomas Baines, Sir Michael Bass, Bart, the well-known brewer, John Thorneycroft Carter Hamilton, who failed of election to parliament from South Lanarkshire in the late contest, and Sir Henry Thring, of the Treasury Department.

In 1874 when the Conservatives left office our aggregate trade with the West Indies was \$6,086,529. Under Reform rule it decreased to \$4,397,996 in 1878. Last year it went up to \$5,698,057, and this despite a fall in values since 1875. It cannot be said that the National Policy has injured the West Indian trade. As a matter of fact the tariff has improved it.

Additional reports of horrible sufferings in Labrador from starvation and the attacks will continue to be received from St. John's, N. F., the latest reporting the total loss of life at about 3,500 men, women and children. The lie has about run its course, however, and the enterprising special correspondents who manufactured the canard will have to turn their attention to something else.

Shipbuilding on the Clyde is steadily declining. For the first six months of the current year the shipping launched on the Clyde aggregated but \$4,628 tons. For the first six months of 1885 it amounted to 159,720 tons; in 1884, 142,966 tons; and in 1883, 139,925 tons. The free trade cranks in America who persist in believing that the falling in shipbuilding in the United States and Canada is due to a protective tariff, would do well to devote their attention to the state of the same industry in Scotland.

THE CHAMBLÉ ELECTION.

There is great elation in the Grit party over the result of the Dominion election in Chamblé last Friday.

Grit journals rejoice exceedingly at the return of the Rielite candidate in a constituency formerly represented by a Liberal Conservative, and the encouragement they feel finds utterance in renewed predictions of the speedy downfall of the Government.

Under ordinary circumstances the gain or loss of a seat in a by-election is a matter of little consequence. It is no unusual thing for an administration to lose supporters in by-elections and the present Government has been singularly fortunate in this respect.

But the result in Chamblé is a matter of grave importance to the welfare of the country, for although the majority was obtained by fraud and may yet be set aside by the courts, yet the incidents of the election prove that revenge for the punishment of Riel is an important factor in Quebec politics.

They prove, also, that Mr. Blake was not as much mistaken as many supposed when he sacrificed his honor and political integrity to obtain the Rielite vote.

The Rielite candidate was the unmistakable issue of the Chamblé election. It was there that Laurier, the foremost of Blake's French lieutenants, urged his compatriots to avenge on the 30th the death of the murdered Riel.

This man, who declared that "if he had been on the banks of the Saguenay when the rebellion broke out he would have taken up arms against the Government," stumped the country in the interest of Prefontaine through the whole campaign and used all his powers to influence the passions of his countrymen and ensure the defeat of the Government candidate.

It was on the Chamblé hustings that Mr. Chapleau called "hangman" and "executioner" and that an attempt was made to place a halter around his neck. Lamie and Fitzpatrick, Riel's counsel at Regina, took part in the contest, and although they had asserted at the close of the trial that the proceedings were perfectly impartial, they were brought into the country to declare to an excited and ignorant people that the trial was a farce and the sentence unjust.

Mercier, who compared Riel to our Saviour, was in the country reciting his speech about "our dear brother Riel" and the French Rielite editors were also on the stump. The *Montreal Witness*, a Protestant Grit organ, declared on the eve of the election that "the real issue is the Riel question. To-morrow will show whether the French people will resist the execution of Riel as strongly as they are supposed in some quarters to do."

The *Montreal Star* (Independent) asserted on election day that the sole issue before the people was "whether the law is to be administered by the properly constituted tribunals of justice or by politicians at the dictation of mercenary led mobs."

*A. E.lector*, a Grit paper, thanks heaven that "the executional ministers have been deceived with regard to the power of the French race, and boasts that their 'revenge will be all the more complete.'"

In the face of these facts it is useless for the Grit papers to deny as some are doing that the Riel question is the issue of the Chamblé election, and that it is the nucleus of securing the return of the Rielite candidate. It will also be the issue in the other Quebec elections, and the speech and vote of Mr. Blake in favor of Riel will be made to do for the Rielite cause as they have done in this.

The Grit party have joined hands with the Rielites, and rejoice over Prefontaine's return as a Liberal victory. They know that he was president of the so-called National Club during the rebellion, and that he was one of the orators on that memorable November Sunday, but the Young Liberal Convention at Toronto elected him as their president, and the party did all in their power to secure his return to parliament. Sir John Macdonald in connection with preceding events has made it only too evident that the Grit party hope to obtain power on the Riel issue, and the sooner well-disposed, law-abiding people accept of this attitude the better. It is useless for the Chamblé candidate to be in connection with the "race and revenge" party, and at the same time rejoice over the result of the Chamblé election. Canadians who believe in law and order, and who object to rebellions and Indian massacres may depend upon it that the coming elections are to be fought on the Riel issue, and be prepared to act according to their convictions.

The most lamentable feature in connection with the Chamblé contest is the disgraceful readiness shown by the Grit press of the Maritime Provinces to support any combination that is designed to overthrow the Government. The papers that clamored for the blood of Riel and were loud in their denunciation of the Government when they thought the rebel might escape his just deserts, are now joining hands with the men who declared that Riel was a martyr, and his execution a crime. Sir John Macdonald could easily have retained the support of his Quebec followers if he had chosen to let Riel escape the punishment he so richly merited. If, after forty years of public service, a chief-minister must go down before the mob of rebels and rebel sympathizers, he will at the least have the consolation of knowing that he has fallen in the defence of law and justice.

The North-West Rebellion Claims Commission arrived in Montreal Friday, where they will complete their labours and prepare their report.

The London Board of Trade has presented a silver cup to Capt. Ring, of the steamer "Fidua," for saving Oregon passengers.

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTRY.

Cabinet making has been the order of the day in England during the past week.

The attempt to form a coalition government did not succeed, and a cabinet has now been chosen entirely from the Conservative ranks. The new Ministry, according to the official announcements, is composed as follows:—

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury—Marquis of Salisbury (former position, Prime Minister and Sec. of State Foreign Dept.).

Secretary for Foreign Affairs—Lord Lansdowne (was First Lord of the Treasury in the late Salisbury cabinet).

Chief Secretary for Ireland—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach (formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer).

Chancellor of the Exchequer—Lord Randolph Churchill, who by virtue of his appointment becomes the recognized leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons (formerly Secretary of State for India).

Secretary for War—Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith (as before).

First Lord of the Admiralty—Lord George Hamilton (as before).

Lord High Chancellor—Lord Halsbury (as before).

Secretary for India—Rt. Hon. Frederick Arthur Stanley (formerly Colonial Secretary).

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—Marquis of Londonderry (the Earl of Salisbury filled this office in the former Salisbury Ministry).

Lord President of the Council—Viscount Cranbrook (as before).

President of the Board of Trade—Rt. Hon. Edward Stanhope (as before).

Lord Advocate—Sir R. E. Webster, Lord Chamberlain—Earl of Lathom, Judge Advocate General—Rt. Hon. W. T. Marriott.

Home Secretary—Mr. Henry Matthews, Q. C.

Secretary for Scotland—Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour.

Postmaster General—Rt. Hon. Henry Cecil Raikes, Q. C.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—Lord John Manners.

Parliamentary Secretary to Treasury—A. Akers Douglas.

Attorney General of Ireland—Rt. Hon. Hugh Holmes, Q. C.

Solicitor General of Ireland—John Gregory Gibson, Q. C.

Secretary of State for India—Sir Richard Assheton Cross (as before).

Lord Privy Seal—Earl Cadogan.

Colonial Secretary—Rt. Hon. Edward Stanhope.

President of the Board of Trade—Rt. Hon. Edward Stanley.

Lord Advocate—Rt. Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald.

Solicitor General for Scotland—Mr. J. P. Bannerman-Robertson.

Master of the Horse—Duke of Portland.

THE SEIGNEURY OF CHIPUDY.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF ALBERT COUNTY.

(Continued.)

The two settlements at Hopewell Hill and Petticoatbank were (1700) composed entirely of the stern sex, and wives were a prime necessity. There were halycon days in Acadia, for single maids. The census of 1693 shows not a single unmarried woman between the ages of twenty-one and forty in all Acadia, only four unmarried women between twenty-one and thirty, and only seventeen unmarried men between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

About twenty per cent were married before they reached the age of sixteen years, and scarcely any remained unmarried at twenty. Against the contention that that much maligned and injured class, "single females of uncertain age," did not exist in this Arcadian land, is quoted the example of Marie Sale, a single lady living at Port Royal in 1686, aged then 86 years! It would perhaps be taxing even the gallantry of the sons of Acadia to assume they were lacking in devotion to the other sex in not recognizing the ancient charms this venerable female possessed. It appears, however, she came to settle in Acadia at an age past the three score and ten, when most persons' minds are settling towards their heavenly home.

Thibaudau had taken with him to Chipudy his wife, Jeanne Terriau, who had borne him eleven children, and who was still vigorous, and presided with one of his daughters over his household; but this was sort of a summer vacation; in the autumn they set out to return to Port Royal, and it was necessary now for some of the young men to obtain help-mates, if the project of colonization was to succeed. Fortunately, that event need not be long postponed, for several had already intimated they had arranged matters to be consummated the coming winter, and counted upon returning to Port Royal with the miller. The latter satisfied he had his people well established, and on the road to prosperity, longed himself to return to attend to his business affairs. At the beginning of winter he set sail, leaving three of his sons, Pierre, Michel and Charles, with six hired men and one of the D'itre at Hopewell Hill. He found nothing new had occurred at Port Royal; the difficulties stirred up by M. de Villieu were still pending—the decision of the Royal Government had not arrived. Des Goutins confirmed his father-in-law in his hopes. The latter's sales of his furs added him efficiently in repaying his disbursements at Chipudy. One is perhaps astonished to find so little trade in a small district gave satisfactory returns, where De Monts, Pontreminot, D'Aulnay and Le Bogue and many others had found in traffic only a moderate profit, and often ruinous losses, although they enjoyed a monopoly of the whole country. But it may be stated that the Acadians lived for the most part upon the products of his own labor, and that Thibaudau's operations were conducted in a manner least expensive and most productive to himself.

On his return, Thibaudau recouped his mill at Pre-Ronde. In the spring of 1701 he forwarded a vessel load of supplies to Chipudy. Andre and Jacques Martin and Jean Pitre, who had completed the matrimonial business that took them to Port Royal, embarked also with their brides. The arrival of this party at Hopewell Hill was the occasion of great rejoicings. Jacques Martin, who had married a daughter of Jean Francois' Brossard, had been accompanied by his father-in-law and nephew, who wished to note for themselves the character of the country; they were so well satisfied with their observations that he marked out a lot of 300 arpents of land, which they rented under the ordinary conditions with a reserve that Thibaudau was confirmed in his seigniorie. As the timber had the year before been prepared for log houses, each family was soon installed in its own home, and the spring of 1701 was merely a matter of time before at Petticoatbank Blanchard had commenced his clearings the year before and built his houses; he returned there now with all the supplies necessary. Three of his nephews, who had always accompanied him in his expeditions, Antoine, Germain and Guillaume, sons of his brother-in-law, Pierre Gaudet, junior, decided to remain with him, and Gaudet himself was persuaded to follow with his whole family. Blanchard and his wife were doing very handsomely, and were very well pleased to see the fall they had a large clearing made, good crops and granary, and barns well stored. That year he left his property in charge of his two sons and his son-in-law Oliver Daigle; he had no longer fears from the isolation of his settlement since Thibaudau's establishment was regularly formed.

In the seigniorie of Chipudy the people were arranged as follows: Two of the sons of Thibaudau in the fraternal Mother-house with hired men; Jean Pitre, Jacques Martin and Jacques Martin in his own house, and with the latter his mother-in-law, who had wished to pass the winter with her daughter recently accoche—the first European birth in Albert County.

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Moncton's Needs.

It needs more banking facilities.

It needs purer water and cheaper light.

It needs more public school accommodations.

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It needs good market gardens, to supply the home market.

It needs a general reconstruction of the entire staff of the Intercolonial Railway.

It needs a new railway station and freight house, conveniently located in the interests of the railway and town.

It needs a society to protect itself against the self righteousness of individuals who proclaim themselves "Christ's ambassadors," who, while pharisaically hating God, they are better than other men, are endeavoring to create ill will, and strife and involve the city in disastrous litigation.

It needs a Town Council with firmness enough to resist the efforts of irresponsible and fanatical hypocrites to attempt to enforce the Riot Act—a law which has already depleted the city revenues thousands of dollars, while increasing immorality, licentiousness, crime and drunkenness. We shall see if the men elected to conserve the public interests will prove equal to the occasion.

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Potatoes and all root crops are looking well, wherever they are planted and looked after properly. The bugs have been very thick, but the use of Paris Green and a careful watch keeps them at bay.

Some of our farmers are nearly finished with the hay crop, and are applying the hoe and cultivators vigorously.

"True merit always has its reward." This saying is amply verified by the immense success which has attended the invention of the "New Patent" fast superseding all others now on the market. Salesmen and Customers will please remember to ask for the "New Patent" and not for "Simon's." The Best White or any other colored Liniment ever made. Beware of cheap imitations. Wholesale and Retail by Messrs. White, Halifax, N. S.

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New Advertisements.

Ex Barque "Onaway"

FROM BOSTON. 125 BLS. "GLEN VALLEY" FLOUR. 75 BLS. "SNOW QUEEN" FLOUR. 50 "CHOICE OATMEAL." 50 "BEST K. D. CORNMEAL." Wholesale and Retail.

J. L. BLACK.

Also per Rail.

In Store and due to Arrive: 150 BLS. "Gold Coin" Flour. 8 Tons Best Wheat Middlings.

J. L. BLACK.

DAIRY SALT

Ex Barque "Aristides."

240 Sacks—in prime order.

We will sell at \$1.10 per sack, also at lower rates to the trade at wholesale.

J. L. BLACK.

Farm and Garden.

FOR ROOT CROPS USE

"PERUVIAN GUANO."

One Ton, in 50 lb. and 100 lb. bags, and in barrels 250 lbs. each.

Try it! Don't Forget to Try it!

For sale by

J. L. BLACK.

House Painters' Stock.

DECORATORS' PURE WHITE GENUINE WHITE LEAD; NO. 1 WHITE LEAD; COLORED PAINTS, Black, Red, Yellow, Green, Blue and Grey; LIQUID COLORS, mixed ready for use, Yellow, Buff, Grey, Stone, Van-Dyke, Quaker, Drab, Bronze Green, Brown, Stone, Fr. Grey, Old Gold, Bright Red, Fr. Green, Seal Brown, in pints, of assorted sizes from one pound to a barrel; KALOMINE, White and Tints; PINKS, Whites, &c. for Blinds; FLOWER PAINTS, Lead Color, Dark Yellow and Drab; PAINT GREEN; "EVENING" for Blinds; VERMILIONETTE.

CARRIAGE PAINTS. MASULY'S DROP BLACK; Ivory Drop Black; "Coarse" Paints; "Coarse" Paints; "Coarse" Paints; Gold and Flake White.

By Stripping: STRIPING COLORS, in one pound tins, ground in oil; BOILED & RAW OIL; TURPENTINE; COACH VARNISHES; FURNITURE VARNISH; DAMAR VARNISH.

J. L. BLACK.

MAY 27, 1886.

Don't Forget Our Tailoring Department, Mr. Peterson, Cutter.

Highest Satisfaction thus far given. WE WARRANT CONTINUANCE.

J. L. BLACK.

100 Pieces CLOTHS, Double & Single Width.

A Splendid Assortment suited to the Season. INSPECTION INVITED.

Summer. Summer. Summer.

Now is the Time to Buy Summer Goods Cheap.

JUST BEFORE THE SEASON CLOSES WE WILL SELL All Summer Goods at about Cost TO SAVE KEEPING OVER.

C. PICKARD. Sackville Boot & Shoe Store.

I HAVE NOW THE Largest Stock of Boots and Shoes

Ever carried and at prices lower than ever before. The best assortment of CHILDREN'S BOOTS

Ever shown in Sackville, including Bronze, Tan and Wine Color. LADIES' BUT-TON BOOTS in French Kid, Glazed Calf, Glazed Goat, Kid Top, Foxed and Beaded Toe SLIPPERS. A Man's Solid Lace BOOT, well finished, for \$1.00. MEN'S BROGAN'S, sold for \$1.00.

An Inspection is Respectfully Solicited.

A. G. SMITH. Sackville, May 18th, 1886.

Large Stock of Furniture.

The Subscribers have received from the Manufacturers of Ontario, Quebec, and Local, the largest and most complete assortment of FURNITURE

They have ever offered, and would call special attention to their BED-ROOM and PARLOR SUITS.

HOUSE BUILDERS' MATERIAL.

Our stock of Paints, Oils, Glass, and all kinds of House Builders' Goods is very large.

2 Tons Barbed Wire Fencing, 1 Car Steel Cut Nails, 1 Car Dairy and Coarse Salt,

TO ARRIVE IN A FEW DAYS.

TO LET.

The Shop lately occupied by Lawson & Wallace is a Carriage Warehouse, adjoining the carriage factory of Messrs. Dellimutt & Savage.

DUNLAP BROS. & COMPANY.

Amherst, July 26th, 1886.

RAKES & MOWERS!



FOR SALE AT BOTTOM PRICES.

I am going out of this Branch of Business and wish to clear all Stock on hand.

"MASSON'S" SELF-DUMPING WHEEL RAKES FOR \$20 EACH.

And there are but few, if any, superior Rakes on the market.

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS!

J. L. BLACK.

!! SUMMER HAS COME !!

WHITE MUSLINS, in Crossbar, Checks, Stripes and Plain; Light Prints; Scarves, Handkerchiefs, Linen, Cotton, and Wool Dress Goods, from 18c. per yd.; Gloves, in Kid, Lamb, Thread, Taffeta and Silk; Hosiery, Women's and Children's, in great variety; Ladies' Hoops, Skirts, Petticoats and Bustles; Black Silks; Damask Silks; Velvets; Real Black Laces; Oriental Laces; Shawls; Laces and Full Stock of Plain and Fancy Dry Goods, offered at Rock Bottom Prices.

W. D. MAIN & CO. DOUGLAS BLOCK, - AMHERST. July 7.

Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received by the Postmaster at Ottawa until Noon, on 13th AUGUST, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, once per week each way, between Indian Mountain and Moncton, from the 1st October next.

The conveyance to be made in a suitable vehicle drawn by one or more horses. The Mails to leave Indian Mountain on Thursday of each week at 8 o'clock a. m., reaching Moncton at 11 o'clock a. m.

Returning, to leave Moncton on same day, as soon as practicable after arrival of mail train from St. John, reaching Indian Mountain in three hours after despatch.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Indian Mountain and Moncton and at this office.

J. McMILLAN, Post Office Inspector, Ottawa, July 21, 1886.

Sale of Grass.

THE Subscriber will sell Twenty-five Acres of English and Broadleaf GRASS, in the Sunken Island Body, in lots to suit purchasers. Apply to Albert Fawcett, Esq.

MRS. CHARLES CAPHILL. Sackville, July 27th, 1886.

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE, HAMILTON, CANADA.

The First of the Ladies College. Has graduated over 200 in the full course. Has estimated 1000. Full facilities in Literature, Languages, Science and Art. The Largest College Building in the Dominion. Will open Sept. 1, 1886. Address the Principal, A. BURNES, D. D., L. D.

Money to Loan.

THE subscribers are prepared to loan money on good security at reason able rates. POWELL & BENNETT. Sackville, July 15, 1886.

Advertisements this Day.

For "Property for Sale or Let," see fourth page. "Business Cards" on first page.

Kennedy's Songs of Scotland. Green Grass. T. A. Kincaid. Paris Green. G. Dixon. Condition Powder. Chas. G. Hart. In Pound. Albert Chubb. Tenders for Beef. T. W. Maccham. Auction. A. E. Aulton. Sale of Cattle. Lewis Avar. Strayed. T. A. & S. Blacklock.

To Advertisers.—Advertisements are requested to be sent to this Office before Wednesday noon if wanted to appear the same week they are sent.

Special Locals.

Just Received at Hart's Drug Store: 50 lbs. Paris Green.

Just Received at Hart's Drug Store: 1 gross West's Liver Pills.

Just Received at Hart's Drug Store: 1 gross Minardi's Liniment.

Just Received at Hart's Drug Store: Powdered White Hellebore.

Just Received at Hart's Drug Store: Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice.

A Horse and Cow are wanted at the Mt. Allison Ladies' College on or before the 15th August.

Dr. J. R. McLean, who confines his practice to Eye, Ear, Throat, and the various forms of Internal Diseases, will be at office, 411 Hollis Street, daily and permanently. Spectacles and Eye Glasses, in great variety and at half the usual price, carefully fitted without extra charge. J7-101.

MOTHERS TAKE NOTICE.—West's Cough Syrup contains no Opium, Opium or any minerals, and is the best and most delicate and safe remedy for the young and most delicate of infants with perfect safety. It is an infallible cure for Whooping Cough, Croup, Hoarseness, and all other ailments of the throat and chest, and is also a certain cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption in early stages, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Chas. G. Hart, Druggist.

LOCAL MATTERS.

ARM BROKEN.—Mr. Abernethy's little son Hugh broke one of his arms on Monday by falling out of the shop door while playing.

CANCELLED.—The auction sale of Store, etc., advertised to take place at Port Elgin to-morrow, has been cancelled, as Mr. Hamilton has disposed of his store and premises at private sale.

OXFORD.—The frame of the new Presbyterian church has been raised and is boarded in. The foundation of the new Methodist church has been completed and part of the frame has been raised.—Dr. Angus, who practised at Oxford during the past three years, has removed to St. John.

A LONG PASSAGE.—A copy of the London Times of March 25th, addressed to this office from the office of publication, was received through the mail last Friday. The cause of its protracted journey was that it formed a part of the mail of the ill-fated "Oregon." The wrapper was badly chafed, but the paper, although somewhat damp, was unharmed.

HIGH TIDES.—The tide on Monday night was the highest that has been known for a long time and considerable damage was done to dykes along the river. The dykes of Kings marsh, West Cole's Island, West Marsh, Ramspasture and other marshes were more or less broken and overflowed. A field of oats belonging to Mr. Albert Pettett was badly damaged by the tide.

DORCHESTER.—A lawn tennis tournament between Amherst and Dorchester players took place on Tuesday, and resulted in a victory for the home team. The visitors were afterwards entertained at supper at the Dorchester Hotel.—Mr. W. H. Turner and Prof. Bartlett, who have arrived here, and interesting developments with regard to copper mining may be expected.

PEPPERCOOK.—Mr. King, of Woodville, near Dorchester, has a remarkable specimen of precocity in his nursery in an apple tree, only four inches high, which is distinguished by its early bearing and bears a fine collection of young apple trees of suitable size for transplanting and deserves the patronage of those who wish to try fruit growing in this part of the county, as it is obvious that trees grown here are more likely to stand the climate than those imported from warmer localities.

ELECTRIC STORM.—A thunder storm of unusual violence passed over the country Tuesday afternoon. At Moncton the storm was very severe, remarkably violent lightning bolts and heavy thunder being accompanied by torrents of rain. The schr. "Clara" was struck by the electric fluid and had her topmast slightly damaged. A woman living on the Fox Creek road was prostrated by the lightning, but was not seriously hurt. At Memramcook the storm was also very violent and hail stones larger than cherries are reported to have fallen. There was a heavy rainfall at Jolicoeur, and in the midst of it a waterspout was seen, while another was observed in Anise River. In P. E. Island the storm was very violent and hail fell in some places to the depth of two or three inches, doing great damage to the growing crops. At Halifax and other parts of Nova Scotia the storm was very severe.

A Bohemian living in the suburbs of Pittsburgh, Pa., butchered a large fat pig on Thursday, and served it up as a feast to several of his countrymen and countrywomen were invited. They all ate heartily of the flesh, considering it a great luxury. Nearly all who partook of the too lean were taken sick, their symptoms resembling those caused by cholera. The affair has caused alarm among other Bohemians, who have dogs in process of fattening for the table.

An insane negro cook killed and roasted a child at a picnic party in Georgia, and on the discovery of her horrid crime the pleasure seekers hurried her alive.

A schooner-yacht, having on board a pleasure party from Philadelphia, was capsized by a squall on Friday night off Sandy Hook, and seven of the party were drowned.

ROUND TOWN.

—Rev. R. W. Weddall returned from his holiday trip last Friday.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Machum have been appointed Steward and Stewardess of the Late Academy.

—The Reformed Episcopal Church, of Moncton, held their annual picnic at Point du Chene yesterday.

—Mackerel of large size and excellent quality are plentiful on the North Shore at present, and good catches are being made from Shediac to Cape Bauld.

—Mr. C. B. Carter, so long connected with the telegraph staff in Sackville, arrived from Boston yesterday on a visit to old friends here.

—Two young men were baptized by the Pastor, in the Methodist church here on Sabbath morning last, and three persons were received into the Church by the right hand of fellowship.

—S. E. Gourley, of Truro, and others, have leased the farm property of Mr. Burnett, five miles from Petitcodiac, and intend developing what promises to be a very important coal and iron field. The management is of excellent quality.

—Mr. J. Dalzell Brown, Agent of the Halifax Banking Company at Petitcodiac, has resigned the agency to take a position in the Empire Insurance Co. of London. He is succeeded by Mr. John Brough, of the same office.

—The public schools in the country districts re-opened on Monday with about half the average attendance. In cities and incorporated towns the holidays continue a fortnight longer. Why this distinction has been made has not yet been explained.

—The new schooner "Annie G." of Dorchester, has been unfortunate. She sailed from Moncton last Saturday with a cargo of bark for Salem, Mass., but went ashore at Stony Creek and broke a hole in her bilge. She floated at high water, and on Sunday was grounded at Hopewell Cape, where the bark has been discharged. The "Annie G." is owned by Messrs. T. B. Wilbur, H. R. Emmerson and others.

Two Hours at Home.

Mr. Kennedy and his talented daughters, on their farewell visit to St. John, and have been received with much enthusiasm. Last night they were at the home of Mr. Kennedy. The programme was entitled Two Hours at Home, and included, O sing to me the old Scotch songs, The Auld House, There's nae luck about the house, Gaelic trios, The march of the Cameron men, The sailor's daughter, Jenny dang the weaver, Piano-forte duets—reels and strathspeys, A humorous story, The broom of the Cowdenknowes, Gala Water, Get up and bar the door, of Annie's Tryst, O gin I were where Goshoppe's, The Scotch air, The Scottish Blue Bells, See will we yet, and Auld Lang Syne as the finale.

"A night w' Burns" will be given this evening. It includes John Anderson, My Jo, The bonny Swallow, Highland Mary, The Birka of Aberdeen, Auld Lang Syne, a recitation of Tam O'Shanter, etc.—Sun, July 27th.

Circuit Court.

Hamilton & Smith vs. Calder which commenced on Monday, was continued to Tuesday. The plaintiffs claimed \$5,000 damages, but the jury return a verdict of no cause of action.

Doherty vs. Bickford, a remarkably complicated replevin case, was tried on Monday. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff at noon on Monday, after a lengthy argument by counsel of both parties.

The second case of O'Doherty vs. Bickford was then taken up. This was an action with regard to a promissory note, and like the preceding case was extremely complicated. The case was concluded yesterday afternoon, the jury giving a verdict for \$2,000 for the plaintiff.

Brown and wife vs. Brown, a land case, was then called and is still on.

HALIFAX HOTELS have long enjoyed a reputation amongst travellers and tourists, as good places to keep away from. In these days of travel and heavy baggage, it is not surprising that the hotels are becoming more and more popular. The hotels are becoming more and more popular. The hotels are becoming more and more popular.

ITS SPEED RAPIDLY INCREASED and a ringing cheer went up from the spectators, as the monster plunged into the water. But when it had gone some length it was seen to swerve to one side and a portion of the ways rose to the surface. The speed at which it was moving suddenly decreased and finally it stopped, with about half its length in the water and the other half on shore. The accident was probably caused by the rudder being pulled too low, which rendered the curve in the ways necessary, made the strain uneven and caused the cross timbers of the cradle to swerve. The falling timber clogged the ways and caused the raft to break from its course. The wonderful stability of the raft is amply proved by the fact that the tremendous strain to which it was subjected had no effect upon it, except to break two of the fifty-four chains which surrounded it. After the second failure a consultation was held at

The Mammoth Raft.

Two Unsuccessful Attempts at Launching.—Unfulfilled Predictions.—Causes of the Failure.

Early last Saturday morning the raft from Maccan Station was astir with carriages of every kind laden with travellers on their way to the "Finger Board" to witness the launching of the enormous structure known all over the continent as the Big Raft. Constant accretions were made to the cavalcade, and before the thriving village of River Hebert was reached the carriages formed a procession which extended as far as the eye could see. It was a magnificent sight, and the river was visible up and down the nerve and muscle-trying hills which border the Two Rivers district the growing procession wended its way—its proportions now increased by a large number of pedestrians—and the grounds of the modest settlement of Mr. Small—the only dwelling in the vicinity of the raft—soon assumed the appearance of a shire-town hotel yard on nomination day. From the shore to the shore the barbes on either side of the river were lined with horses and wagons, and in the clearing by the beach a busy and striking scene presented itself. In the centre the giant raft, with the Union Jack floating from its stern, extended its length to the edge of the beach, and around it scores of busy workmen clustered, cutting away the ropes that should have held the raft in place, and the spectators climbed the lofty sides of the great pile of logs for a promenade on its top, while others early sought for points of vantage where they might best observe the launching. On one side of the clearing members of the Baptist Church at River Hebert had erected a huge shed under which on 200 feet of tables might be seen all the delicacies of the season to tempt the visitors' appetites already sharpened by the heat and breeze. Triumphs of the culinary art were there dispensed by the fair damsels of River Hebert; abundance of ice creams; raspberries by the bushel and lemonade

literally by the barrel, supplemented by an ample supply of tea and coffee. In a few minutes the raft was ready to start, and the raft was ready to start, and the raft was ready to start.

Mr. Wilson, who had contracted with Mr. Small for the construction of a raft on the shore of the Bay of Fundy. The contract, however, was not carried out, but later in the season Mr. Robertson, for advice, Mr. Godfrey accepted a tender made by Mr. B. B. Barnhill, who contracted with Mr. Godfrey to furnish the lumber, construct and launch a raft according to plans and specifications furnished by Mr. Robertson. Mr. Barnhill commenced the foundations on the 25th of

LAST NOVEMBER, and had the raft completed on the 9th of July—the whole task of construction having required about 8000 days' work. The timber in the raft is valued at \$16,000 on the shore, and it is estimated that \$20,000 New York, so it is evident that a good margin is left for the cost of construction, leaving etc. As might be expected there is a great diversity of opinion concerning the raft, but it is generally conceded that the raft is a most interesting and profitable enterprise, and that it can be done without very great difficulty or expense, and it is thought that the monster pile will be

AGAIN READY FOR LAUNCHING by the next high tides. Although at present a failure the practicality of building and launching rafts of this description, and virtually revolutionizing the timber carrying trade, has been fully demonstrated. With the experience that has been purchased, there is no doubt that other rafts of the same size can be built and launched at much less expense, and the practicality of towing such enormous structures is all that remains to be tested. Further developments with regard to the raft will be anxiously awaited, for it is only by the completion of the experiment that the value of such a method of transportation can be accurately computed.

Messrs. Robertson and Chandler left for New York Tuesday night. They are very confident of ultimate success, and Mr. Chandler says the raft will be at New York in less than six weeks.

From Mermaid Retreat.

Mr. Wood, Rev. Weddall, with Miss Milner, left for their homes on Friday. Owing to the illness of Mrs. Wood's children, her stay was much shorter than she had intended making.

Arrivals on 29th ult.: Miss Mabel Ayer, Sackville; Master Arch Snowball, Chatham. 31st: J. W. Douglas, Amherst; J. A. McQueen, Point du Bute.

One spending a few days at Cape Jourdain cannot but enjoy the "as you please" air, which is so prevalent here, combined with the purest sea breeze, good facilities for bathing, boating, etc.

Parties wishing to spend a few days at some watering place cannot do better than pay the "Mermaid Retreat" a visit, as Mrs. Bent will always be found in readiness, with everything nicely prepared to please the tastes of the most fastidious.

—Dispatches from China state that Chinese pirates attacked and took possession of the Dutch steamship "Hok" while bound for Penang from Achon. The pirates killed the captain, the first mate and the chief engineer. The captain's wife and the remainder of the ship's crew were made prisoners by the pirates, who demanded \$10,000 ransom for the surrender of the captives. The Dutch authorities will endeavor to secure the rescue of the captives and the arrest and punishment of the pirates.

None Better.

There is no more wholesome or delicious fruit on earth than the Wild Strawberry, and there is no more effectual remedy for Cholera, Dysentery, Cramps, and other summer complaints of infants than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Advocate.

—N. B. Morris, who has been laid aside from active work for the past seven weeks, is now, we are happy to state, slowly improving.

—The late rains have made a great improvement in the crops, potatoes especially are looking finely. Hay promises a very good harvest.

—The monotony of country life was broken, on Saturday by a launch and tea meeting. A fine schooner called the "Chautauquan" owned by Sydney Smith, J. Willard Smith and others, was successfully launched and now lies at the wharf preparing for sale. She will be commanded by Capt. Beals Milberry, of this place. On the afternoon of the same day, the ladies of the Sewing Circle in connection with the Methodist Church, held a tea meeting and fancy sale in Temperance Hall. The results were quite satisfactory, the sum of \$105 being realized.

Pugwash.

—There is only one ship now in port, the "Olin," and she will be loaded in a few days. Three others are expected to arrive soon. Capt. J. Nicholson's new schooner "Bella May" has gone to Port Philip to load lumber for St. Pierre.

—The weather just now although favorable for the growing crops, is not very good for hay-making, the hay crop is turning out better than was at first thought it would be, especially on new meadows. The prospects of other crops are now encouraging.

—On Saturday night about 11 o'clock Mr. Alex. Wilson's two bars were discovered to be on fire, and in a short time were with their contents reduced to ashes. Mr. Wilson with his family was away at Amherst at the time, had the wind been blowing from the northeast the dwelling house could not have been saved. His hay crop had just been gathered in, and with five cows a calf and horse all his sleighs, harnesses and wagons except the large double wagon that he had away were all burned and nearly all his farming utensils. The loss will be heavy. Origin of the fire not known, bars partially insured.

Jolicoeur.

—Another concert is talked of for the Methodist Church.

—Jolicoeur will be represented at the great Forepaugh Circus on Friday.

—Hay crop is very light; grain looks well, vegetables fair, and potato bugs in abundance.

—We are pleased to see Mrs. Josiah Tingley out again after a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs.

—David Smith while shoeing a horse got very badly hurt, but under the skilful treatment of Dr. Dobson is recovering.

—C. F. Avar got his foot hurt quite badly on Thursday last, while loading deals on the raft at White Verte. He is improving rapidly.

—A son of Christopher Richardson fell from the top of a car in Amherst on Friday, getting so badly hurt that he has not yet recovered.

—Our school has opened again. It is under the efficient management of Miss Rufina G. Smith. Jolicoeur is certainly fortunate engaging so estimable a person.

—Deary, a brother of Bliss Bower, got cut badly about the face by falling down cellar and striking on a tub. Under the treatment of Dr. Allen she is improving.

—Horse trading seems to be the order of the day, and sending them back the order of the night. We certainly feel surprised at one certain individual taking so active a part in so low a transaction, but, nevertheless, it is correct.

—Our community has the following visitors: Supt. John Parry, Chatham; Mrs. Basa, California; Mrs. and Mrs. Charles Tingley and family; Mrs. Gray and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Treholin Dobson; Mrs. W. Spence and sons, Boston.

—Mrs. Hazen Sabidied Tuesday evening after a lingering illness, which she bore with great patience. She leaves a husband and six children to mourn the loss of a kind wife and mother. We feel, however, that her loss is her country's gain.

—Our Sabbath School is largely attended and it is certainly encouraging to see the interest the little ones take in the good work. But where would the school have been if it were not for the "faithful few" also; we say that again! Persons that should take an interest in it we feel sorry to say do not.

—The latest sensation is this, an old resident arousing the other morning his neighbor's horses in his grain; he, however, caught the horses, and, taking the law in his own hands, locked them up in his barn—refusing the neighbor his horses until the sum of four dollars be paid him. There was some plain talk, and the matter was settled, and some sport for listeners in consequence. Rumour has it that the trouble is not ended.

ARRIVE TO MONCTON.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? We send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake. It cures Colic, Wind, Flatulency, and regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Worms, Hiccups, Eructations, Belching, Indigestion, and all the other ailments of infants and young children of the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's" is sold by all druggists and is for sale by all druggists in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists in Canada. Beware of cheap imitations. The name is "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

OFF WORK.

I was off work two years suffering from kidney disease, and could get no relief, until desired by a friend to try B. B. I was cured by two bottles, and consider it a miraculous cure. The above is the substance of a communication from Wm. Tier, of St. Mary's, Ont.

The capitalists who have asked permission to build the street railway in this city and Portland have already been granted permission to build a line in Halifax. Jas. Harris & Co. have received the contracts for rolling the rails for the road.

Amherst.

—Mr. T. R. Black, M.P., is quarrying stone for his new block of stores.

—The town is full of strangers, and the hotels are doing a rushing business.

—The new Post Office and Cashier House will be ready for occupancy about the first of September.

—The market is now well supplied with new potatoes, green peas and other vegetables of excellent quality.

—Mr. James A. Dickey, son of Senator Dickey, who has been several years in the North-West, is now visiting his friends here.

—The combined store and dwelling of Mr. Moore, Station Master, is nearly completed. The building differs in design and decorations from anything in the place, and presents a very unique appearance.

—Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, is visiting this diocese. The Roman Catholics here are talking of erecting a new church edifice, and the present visit of His Grace has probably something to do with the matter.

—The Music Hall Company are talking of erecting a large building on the Music Hall site. More hall accommodation is urgently needed, and a building such as the one proposed would make a great improvement in the appearance of that part of the town.

—The Amherst Boot & Shoe Manufacturing Co. will commence shipping in a few days to fill full orders. They have never had so many orders in as at present, and never had so many hands employed. The Company are naturally pleased with the success of their Amherst notice their exhibit has received at the C. & I. Exhibition.

—Work has been commenced on the foundation of a new house which is to be built on Church St., for Mr. David Robb, of the firm of A. Robb & Sons. The plans and specifications for the house, which is expected to be the finest in Amherst, were made in Cincinnati. Messrs. Rhodes, Curry & Co. have the contract, and it is understood that the cost of the house will be fully \$7,000.

—Messrs. Rhodes, Curry & Co. are building a new chimney at their wood-working factory. It is ten feet square at the base and 100 feet in height, and will be 41 feet square at the top. The flue is 32 inches square. The company expect to put in a new engine and boiler with more power than those at present in the present offices of the Bank. They report business good and steadily increasing.

—The Bank of Nova Scotia has given a contract to Messrs. Rhodes, Curry & Co. for the erection of a new building immediately in front of the present offices of the Bank. The building, which is to be of the same kind used in the construction of the Post Office, will be 48x58 feet in size and three stories high. The first floor will be occupied by the Bank's offices; Messrs. Townshend & Dickey will have offices on the second floor and the upper story will be fitted up for a Masonic Hall.

—Between thirty and forty persons who attended the Rosebud Ball of Hope picnic on McNab's Island, Halifax Harbour, were taken with cholera, and died of poisoning. One now knows the cause, some attributing it to diseased meat, others to a tainted tank, and others to the terrible heat which prevailed after dinner. One young man who had a very severe attack declares that he had nothing at the picnic. The unpleasantness of the situation was increased by a free fight on the steamer on which the picnickers were returning to Halifax.

MARRIED.

On the 24th ult., at Pugwash, by the Rev. J. A. MacKenzie, William F. Adams, of England, to Bessie M. Pitt, of Pugwash.

On the 24th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, Tindal Road, by Rev. Dr. Latham, George M. Purdy, to Eva McGilchrist.

On the 28th ult., by the Rev. Dr. MacGregor, B. A., Emil Wolf, to Joanne Langille, all of Amherst.

On the 27th ult. at Amherst, by Rev. S. D. Gates, James McEwen, to Jennet Burns, all of Spring Hill.

At O'Leary, Newfoundland, on 15th ult., by Rev. J. J. Kingwell, Charles S. Fowler, Esq., of Westmorland, N. B., minister of the Gospel, to Miss Mary Ann, 3rd daughter of N. C. Bailey, Esq., O'Leary, Placentia Bay, Newfoundland.

DIED.

On the 25th ult., at Amherst, Calvin Cook, aged 45 years.

On the 26th ult., at Amherst, after a short illness, Eunice T. May, of Aaron Church, aged 62 years.

On the 26th ult., at Southampton, David Lawrence.

At Pugwash and on the 20th July, Mrs. Margaret Rea, widow of the late Henry Rea,

A Bad Young Man.

"I heard to-day," remarked Mrs. Bangwhacker, "that young George Sampson, who has only been to college a year, writes home that he is wedded to his Alma Mater. Dye know who she is?"

"No, an I don't want to know," said Mrs. Whackbanger, "after the way he carried on with them when Nipper gal's last summer, and all the time profligate engaged to that Almy body-her-name. It ought to make a woman weep."

The Montreal Herald fixes the amount of money which was offered Mr. Chapleau by the Liberals to leave the Government, after the execution of Riel, at \$40,000. The Herald is a Riel organ, and is of course in a position to give the correct figures. Mr. Chapleau stands high for refusing to submit to political pressure, and all honor to him for also refusing the tempting bribe.

Oil of lavender is disagreeable to flies.

For Sale and To Let.

Grass for Sale. The subscriber will sell his GRASS on the Spectacle Marsh in lots to suit purchasers. Terms as usual.

July 14, 1886. C. MILNER.

Marsh for Sale.

SIX acres Prime Broadleaf Marsh, situated on Sankin Island Bay, adjoining Main road. For particulars apply to R. B. LILL, Esq., or the undersigned.

N. L. B. LILL. Sackville, July 15, 1886.

Tots for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale Fifty Building Lots, fronting on Union and Andrew Streets, situated about midway between the Academies and the Station of the Intercolonial and the New Brunswick Railways. The lots are of the most convenient size, and are situated in the most desirable part of the town. For particulars apply to W. H. HARRISON.

Mill Property for Sale.

The subscriber will sell his MILL in Cuckville, also about 4000 Acres of Log Land, which is heavily timbered. Also there is about 5000 Logs at mill. The Mill is in good repair and will run on any type of fuel. For particulars apply to GEORGE V. TOWNE, Abouhagan Road, July 14th.

Mill Property for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale a valuable FARM in the town of Sackville, situated near the corner of the Main and Front Streets. The farm contains about fifty acres, with new house, kitchen, woodhouse, henry, outhouse, and a fine large barn, all entirely new and very convenient. It is thoroughly fenced, and has a well cultivated garden. The soil is dry and loamy, free from stone, and well adapted for growing early vegetables, grain, or hay, and is now in a high state of cultivation. It is convenient to church, school and mill, and situated to be the finest farm in that section. Plenty of good water on the premises. No outlay required outside of stock and farm implements. A rare opportunity is offered to anyone wishing to start a general market farm.

Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale this valuable FARM in the town of Sackville, situated near the corner of the Main and Front Streets. The farm contains about fifty acres, with new house, kitchen, woodhouse, henry, outhouse, and a fine large barn, all entirely new and very convenient. It is thoroughly fenced, and has a well cultivated garden. The soil is dry and loamy, free from stone, and well adapted for growing early vegetables, grain, or hay, and is now in a high state of cultivation. It is convenient to church, school and mill, and situated to be the finest farm in that section. Plenty of good water on the premises. No outlay required outside of stock and farm implements. A rare opportunity is offered to anyone wishing to start a general market farm.

LOOK! LOOK!

Clearance Sale

I am selling off at COST, For One Week Only, MY ENTIRE STOCK OF Watches, Clocks, Jewellery & Silverware, AS I AM Bound to Clear Out My whole Stock at Once.

C. WARMUNDE, Music Hall Block, SACKVILLE, N. B.

ALBERT COLLEGE, SACKVILLE, ONT.

Charles Albert College, Sackville, Ontario, has been established by the Government of Ontario, and is now open for the reception of students. The college is situated in a beautiful location, and is well equipped with all the necessary facilities for a high school of learning. For particulars apply to the principal, Mr. J. L. Bent, Sackville, Ontario.

J. L. BENT, Licensed Auctioneer, SACKVILLE, N. B.

NEW SPRING CLOTHS.

We have just received and are now opening our Spring Importation of Cloths from the leading Scotch and English Manufacturers.

Leave Your Orders Early.

And thereby secure first choice from the Largest and Best Selected Stock of these Goods to be seen in the Maritime Provinces. Our

Tailoring Department

is always under the most skillful management to be found within the same limits.

Now opening: A fine assortment of English and American HATS.

Dunlap, McDonald & Co. Amherst, N. S., Mar. 10, 1885.

DE FOWLER'S EXTRACT-WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA CHOLERA INFANTUM DIARRHOEA ALL-SUMMER COMPLAINTS SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

American Studio I

Over "Gazette" Office, Opposite Bank of Nova Scotia, AMHERST, - N. S.

GROCERIES, &c.

100 Pans, 3 Barbadoes Molasses; 15 Bbls. 1 Car Onions, 1 Car H. P. Beans; 20 Bbls. 1 Car Mixed Pickles; 20 Cases Canned Corn & Oysters; 100 Boxes Valencia Raisins; 20 Cases Colman's Mustard; 6 Cases do. F. Mustard; 15 & 30 Bbls. Raw & Bull'd OIL.

ED. S. DEFREST, 13 South Ward, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Spring Goods.

WE are now receiving and opening a choice assortment of WALL PAPER, at prices from 5c. upwards; also Boots, Shoes, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats and Caps, and other varieties of Dry Goods, together with a stock of Chairs, Bedsteads, Trunks, and an assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE, consisting of Parlor and Dining Tables, Bookcases, Sofas, &c., all of which we will sell at lowest prices.

E. C. GOODEN & CO. Baie Verte, Mar. 15th, 1886.

To Arrive!

1 Car Load of "Ocean" Flour.

ALSO 1 Car of Mixed Brands of Flour.

CATTLE FEED.

J. H. GOODWIN, Pointe du Bois, Jan. 15, 1886.

MACGARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contains their own Proprietary. It is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

NOW IS THE TIME TO CLEAN UP YOUR BARN.

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The Poet's Death-Song.

The recent death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the noblest poet that the South has produced, lends peculiar interest to his lofty strain of final triumph which appeared in the May number of Harper's Magazine. Having experienced all the phases of prosperity and adversity, his lingering decline with consumption made him a calm and fearless student of the coming change. The result is beautifully shown in this poem.

FACE TO FACE.

Sad mortal! I could then but know What truly it means to die. The wings of thy soul would glow. And the hopes of thy heart beat high; Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonian school.

And laugh their jargon to scorn, As the babble of midnight fools. Ere the morning of Truth be born: But I, earth's maddest above, In a kingdom of stormless breath— I gaze on the glory of love In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee this face is fair, As the moon-bow's amber rings. And the gleam in his unbound hair Like the flash of a thousand springs; His smile is the fathomless beam Of the star-shine's sacred light. When the Summers of Southern dream In the lap of the holy Night: For I, earth's maddest above, In a kingdom of halcyon breath— I gaze on the glory of love In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells— But they hold few mysteries now— And his play for earth's farewells Half furrows that shining brow: Soils taken from Time's cold tide. The folds on his fostering breast, And the tears of his grief are dried. Ere they enter the courts of rest: And still, earth's maddest above, In a kingdom of halcyon breath, I gaze on the glory of love In the unveiled face of Death.

Though the splendor of stars impaled To the glow of their far-off grace, He is soaring world by world, With the souls in his strong embrace; Lone others, unstruck by wind, At the passage of Death grow wet. With the fragrance that floats behind The flash of his winged retreat: And earth's maddest above, In a kingdom of halcyon breath, I gaze on the glory of love In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun, 'Till an hollow will on his woe, Till the pearl-white gates are won In the calm of the central day. Far voices of fond acclaim: 'Till saw from the flame of souls, As death, with a touch like mine, Unlocks the goal of goals; And from leaves of heaven above God speaketh with lustreous breath— My angel of perfect love. Is the angel men call Death!

MY DESERTER.

The wind and rain came sweeping down cruelly on the little unsheltered platform as my guard and I hurried along the line of first-class carriages. There was little choice of travelling companions for me that night. Three noisy youths playing dummy whist on a cushion; a lady with nurses and babies who greeted me with a warning "whoop-whoop" as I prepared to sit; and a portly foreigner, the opening of whose compartment released a fine odor of mingled garlic and patchouli, and who greeted me with an unannounced leer from the depths of his fur-lined coat; ladies at least, but too many of them, and not a place to spare for me; then an empty compartment.

"You'll be all right here till we get to Newstead Junction, Miss," my protector assured me, and I'll look after you there. So, hastily stowing in rugs, travelling bags, umbrella, and railway literature, he drew up the window and shut me in, alone with my ill-humor.

I was in an evil mood, a mood of blackest, sourest discontent with things in general, which had been brought to the first post that morning bringing my summons to return home. A brief, imperative, altogether unreasoning recall, hurrying me away from the very moment of my most enjoyable and brightest bit of the season, half my engagements unfulfilled and half my pretty toilettes unworn, back to town in the middle of September.

I had been staying with Connie, my very dearest friend, a pretty young bride, during a sort of appendix to her honeymoon, an extra month at the seaside before her Oscar returned to his law books and briefs. They were a very festive young couple, with a large circle of acquaintances and no desire for romantic seclusion. Only to-night we were all to have gone to a large party at the race hall. Oscar's party was coming from Scotland, breaking all his shooting engagements—and all for nothing! I didn't fancy he would say so. Of course, I didn't care, only one does not like to seem capricious or indifferent; and unless Connie explained to him the reason of my sudden departure—which of course she wouldn't do. Girls are so thoughtless when they have got all they want themselves, and mothers so inconsiderate. What could I be wanted at home for? I felt really injured the more I thought of it. In fact, I was just going to cry, and did give one sob, when a sort of echo startled me. Not a sob exactly, either; more like a sneeze, a distinct sneeze. Then another.

"Somebody in the next carriage," I thought; but it came again, loud and unmistakable, from under the end seat in the far corner opposite; and as I looked I saw a hand, a grimy hand encoiled by a grimy cuff, just visible, resting on the dusty threshold beyond the carpet. I didn't creep, but, jumping up, sprang on the seat and seized the communication with the guard.

"Stop!" shouted an imperative voice. I turned and saw the upper half of the proprietor of the grimy paw emerging from concealment, and the shining barrel of a revolver levelled directly at me.

"Pull up your duff, I'm desperate!" spoke the horrid wretch.

"Yes, if you like. I'm desperate too," I said, but I didn't pull, only kept my hand on the knob and my eyes firmly fixed on the wretched creature's face, which became suddenly irradiated with a fiendish grin.

"Better not. It's fifty pounds if you stop the train for nothing. Besides, I'm a dead shot. Also, that thing I'm holding in my hand, I don't hesitate, paralyzed by these accumulated considerations; seeing which he dived again under the seat, emerging instantly with a small cane.

"Now look here," he inserted it in the barrel of the revolver, and stretching over to me dropped it gently on the cushion at my feet.

"Take that! Now you have me at your mercy. It's loaded. Put the contents of the whole six chambers into when and wherever you like, but don't, don't, like a good girl, pull that confounded thing just yet."

"I can't shoot," I replied honestly, "but I can pull, and I don't suppose it would be foolish for me to parley in this way, but something in the intruder's face and manner penetrated through the grim and general disreputability of his appearance and age to a sinister favor. His voice was rough and peremptory, but refined in accent and inflection and besides he never really did look as if he wanted to kill me either. Still he was a repulsive object. I thought he sniggered and grinned at me, and curled his lips. A soldier, a common soldier, in a dingy red jacket stained with mud, one sleeve ripped open to the shoulder, and a red smear that was not mud on his cheek. Then his eyes got bigger and subtler, and shining with moisture where he wasn't powdered grey with dust (no wonder he sneezed, poor fellow.)

"I don't inspire confidence, do I?" he asked; "and I don't deserve it. I'm a deserter, therefore, first making off with this valuable property of her Majesty's; he glanced quizzically at his dilapidated vesture. "That's a good conduct stripe," he observed in a casual tone, holding his arm out.

"Why, how long do you think I've served?" he asked his merry blue eyes wide with astonishment at my ignorance. "I only enlisted three months ago, and you're the wickedest deuce I've since seen. I'm not as black as I look. If you could only see me when I'm washed!"

His white teeth flashed out so merrily in accord with his dancing eyes that I felt my own lips twitching in sympathy.

"Ah! you smile? Then it's all right. Now mayn't I come out of this hole?" He crept forward, keeping with ostentatious care close to the far end of the carriage, but when he had reached the door of humanity that reared itself, I began to quake again at my rashness in trusting him. He had legged out with him a mysterious bundle which he deposited on the seat and gazed at it as if it were on me with some embarrassment.

"I believe I must ask you to put an immense amount of trust in me for five minutes or so," he said after pondering for a little, meditatively screwing his small mustache. "What am I going to do will seem suspicious, I am aware, but I can explain it eventually. Do you mind lending me your rug?"

I threw it to him—anything to keep him amiable and unaggressive. He laid it on the seat, and in two minutes he had fastened up to a rack on either side the carriage, entirely screening himself from me, all but his boots and about six inches of red-striped trousers above them. "What was he going to do? I kept my eyes on those red-striped legs with anxious curiosity. Two hands appeared next, and the hot water in was lifted out of the tub. Then came a sound of unswerving gurgling of pouring up again, and then of splashing. "His washing!" I thought, suddenly enlightened; "and a very good thing too. I've got soap in my travelling bag. I should like to lend it to him." "What does he do for a towel?" The splashing ceased, and then the red legs disappeared altogether; a limp mass dropped with a flop on the floor, and down came two brown tweed trousers, pulled down a pair of unimpeachable wristbands, and settling his shoulders into his coat.

"There!" he said, pointing to a dingy heap on the floor. "There lie the relics of Joseph Allen, private in H. M.'s Royal Manx Fusiliers, and here they go." He lowered the window, and one by one the garments flew into the night. "His boots are all that remain of him," he said regretfully; "but you'll overlook those, won't you, and not give them over to confounded justice?"

"Why not?" I asked coolly. "Every one of your proceedings is more suspicious than the last. How do I know that those clothes are honestly come by?"

that infernal thing is three days old, and she says delay may be fatal!"

He turned sharply away for a moment. "Eveline is my stopmother," he went on hurriedly, "miserable little cat, the cause of all my trouble. I don't think the dear old governor and I had a word's difference in our lives till she came between us three years ago. It was always settled that I was to go to the army, and she bewitched my father into thinking it might be better for the family when her brother in the city offered to take me into his counting-house. I suppose there are an expensive lot of us, and the pater isn't rich—for a dean. Anyhow it got intolerable at home, so one day I just walked off and enlisted, and not a word of any of them have I heard since, bad or good, till I came across that morning."

"And couldn't you get away properly without deserting?" I felt obliged to inquire severely.

"Our pay sergeant would have seen me hanged before he would have forwarded a pass for me, and there was no time to get away. I knew I must make a bolt for it if I was to catch this train, and I knew I must get into multifid somehow before we got to Newstead Junction, where there are always non-commissioned officers hanging about, especially as I had to go for my ticket somehow so I took the sforesaid McEldridge Jew me out of my last coin, and then looked it with my handle right across the front of my cap, so I was obliged to get bogged in the mud, and I'm afraid I've got a little of the mud on my face, but I'll wash it off."

"If I had only known!" I exclaimed.

"I'm awfully glad you didn't. Oh, confound it!" he interjected suddenly, "what's this?" He was examining with a face of dire consternation a fine cubic bar of soap which he had drawn from his coat pocket. Diving again into it he produced a gold fusee box, and lastly a thin leather card case filled with cards. "Captain Roderick Carrington, Royal Manx Fusiliers."

"The soundest!" He stolon them. I am in a hole now. Why, it's enough to set half the detectives in the place on the lookout for me. I'd go back and give myself up by the regular train if it weren't for the governor. He was rummaging wildly in all his pockets as he spoke, his fair face flushed to the roots of his hair with shame and annoyance. All other pockets had, however, been thoroughly cleared out, and when he had searched a look of black despair as the train began to slacken speed before entering Newstead Junction. "Well, here I go!" he said, suddenly jumping to his feet, and unconsciously giving me a look that was not to be mistaken for "Good-bye."

"Hadn't you better put your hat? That is if you don't want to look conspicuous," I suggested.

"My hat? By Jove! I haven't got one." And totally overcome by this new and unexpected calamity he dropped back on the seat, staring helplessly at me with a look of groaning in despair. Was there ever a woman who could resist a chance of rising superior to circumstances, especially if she beholds a poor, helpless, masculine being who cannot overcome by any means, and then the clear delight of playing with high treason felony—what was it? Resistance to constituted authority in some form anyhow.

The sight of the sergeant's check as we neared the platform decided me. In my pocket lay folded a soft green cloth cap, matching my Nowarret. On my head was a hat of hard hat worn to save the trouble of packing it. To whisk it off and the other on, unpin a spotted cloth cap, and get the cap strap close to the brim, and toss it across to my amaz'd fellow-passenger, was but the work of a moment.

"It's too small, but better than nothing," I said to him; "and here you are!" I handed it to him, and he took it with a look of grateful surprise. "It's my misfortune," he don't add to your crimes by defrauding the railway company. Here's my one spare sovereign," and I held it out.

He left the hat on the seat, and as if he would seize me by the fingers, sovereign and all, in both his hands, but stopped.

"Why—why—you must be a real little angel, not a girl at all!" he cried. To think of your doing this to help me when I have been so brute to you! I can't take your money. I suppose I must, though, in a chaplain's tone. "I know what I'd rather have twenty times though." Stupid fellow, how he was losing time and the train going slower every second!

"What is it?" I asked impatiently.

"I'm a private, which means a companion of some of the scum of the earth more or less. I'm a deserter; I'm wearing stolen clothes; I've been on exasperatingly."

"Oh, do be quicker. My guard will be here in a moment. What can I do for you?"

"Only say I may write to you and return that money, and—yes, one thing more—do you mind shaking hands with me as if I really were a gentleman?"

I held out the tips of my fingers.

"Good-bye, Mr. s-Allen! I hope you may reach home safely and find all well there," I said, very politely and stiffly. The train stopped, and out he sprang, just escaping my protector, the guard, who bustled up scolding two staid, elderly ladies, most unaccountably fellow-travellers, but who, I secretly rejoiced, had not got in a station earlier.

Two mornings later came a note in a handwriting I instinctively recognized. A post-office order for £100. With thanks from a repentant ruffian, already on the way to deliver himself up to the authorities and satisfy outraged justice."

I laughed, and half cried as I read. Poor fellow! What could they do to him, I wondered? Deserter in books used to be shot, but I didn't think that was the case now-days. Then those clothes! At the sacrifice of a great deal of my dignity I should like to have written an answer but dared not. I put the note away, and forgot all about it. It and he belonged to a part of my life which already seemed separated by long ages from the dark, cruel present. A fresh-blowing of calamity seemed to seize me directly we parted. It was the outer fringe of the storm cloud that had already broken over our home. My poor mother! No wonder she wrote briefs and constrainedly. She had no words to tell me in the midst of my pleasure of the ruin that had fallen upon us. A very everyday story; who cares to hear of it? My ignorant women, a speculative trader, a commercial crisis, that was all. A great gulfing wave of misfortune seemed suddenly to rise and sweep over us, leaving us stranded and bare, clutching scraps we could save from the wreck. Kind friends gathered round us, sympathized, counselled, scraped together more wreckage, put us in the way of beginning life again. An easy matter, getting life again, young, strong, and enterprising; but for mother and mine-and-forty—my gentle, seminivaled, delicately nurtured mother, whose path through life had been on velvet, to whom the roughness and coarseness of poor living were as grievous evils almost minor; and who had never seen the inside of an omnibus, brushed her own hair, or looked after her own luggage in her life—our beginning was as possible as for an exotic taken from its hot-house, given a fresh start in life in a hedgerow. Small marvel that it shrivels and dies. "Women's hearts don't break for want of a balance at their banker's," Aunt Heba answered "me somewhat harshly when I hinted my misgivings. She was my mother's sister, wealthy, childless, and married to a soap-boiler. She was very kind to us, allowed us £2 a week out of her own private purse, and looked out decent lodgings for us in Camden Town."

I don't care to look back on those days much. Heroines in novels manage, when ruin overtakes them, to turn out clever cooks of dainty dishes, to make their simple dresses fit as no Parisian could have ever done, and with artistic fingers and no expenditure to convert tawdry lodgings into parlor and graceful boarders, keeping all the time their society bloom fresh on them, and losing no grace nor charm in the process. I couldn't do any of these things. I could do nothing but a fair cook, a good substitute for my mother's maid, and a clever administrator of our small finances, but I had to give body and mind to the work. My hands grew red and my forehead wrinkled with anxiety. I kept our boxes fresh and pretty, and had a satisfactory balance-sheet to present to Aunt Heba every Saturday, when she used to drive over with a hamper of fruit and flowers, and a lecture on domestic economy; but I grew anxious and careworn in the learning. Other visitors besides Aunt Heba found their way to Camden Town, and many kind invitations were pressed on us; but my mother never nervously shrunk from a return to the old life, and I felt relieved when one by one acquaintances fell away. The gulf between us was so great and so impassable.

To be Continued.

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To be Continued.

—A Cambridge mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety has received this letter: "I got here all right and I forgot to write before it is a very nice place to have fun. A feller and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water I didn't know nothing for a good long while. The other boy has got to be buried after they find him. His mother came from Chelsea, and she cries all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay a doctor for fixin' my head. I lost my watch, and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud-turtles, and I shall bring home a tame woodchuck, if I can get 'em in my trunk."

The extent of the dead meat-trade of London is becoming enormous. The total weight of the deliveries last year exceeded that of any previous one, and amounted to 230,873 tons of 2,240 pounds each. Of this the united kingdom furnished 173,000 tons. America, including Canada, 27,071 tons, and Australia and New Zealand, 11,128 tons. It is of interest to the American trade to know that while its consignments had but slightly exceeded those of the previous year, the weight of Australian and New Zealand meat showed the large increase of 138 per cent. on that of the year 1883.

—Strawberry growers have this year hit upon a cheap gift package with handle, holding several quarts of berries, which may be sold on the cars or in town, and easily carried on by the purchaser. In this prevailing and at the same time convenient way, people will buy berries, and more of them, than when obliged to order through their grocer.

—Stranger (at the restaurant)—"Beg pardon, sir, but you have spilled soup all over your vest." "Foggy"—"I wish you'd mind your own business. You've been sitting on your lighted cigar for fifteen minutes, and have burned a hole in your coat tail as big as my fist, but you didn't hear me shouting it at you."

—A Providence errand sowed grass seed in the streets of that city, to show his dislike of the prohibitory law.

—Beas a good wife—a bad husband.

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