

THE CHIGNECTO POST  
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W. C. MILNER, Proprietor.

# CHIGNECTO POST.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

VOL. 13.-NO. 51.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 674.

## The Silver Lock.

Continued.  
One day towards the end of July Mrs. Aylmer, with sudden energy determined to make a descent on some tenants who for months had been clamoring for repairs to their tumble-down cottages, and investigate their complaints herself. Down the lane, the hamlet for which she was bound, lay at a considerable distance from Fair Beches, so she started early, leaving Norina sitting as usual in the orchard, with her baby in her lap, apparently perfectly indifferent to her departure. The old woman made a long drive, and was not home till nine o'clock at night, owing to an accident to the cart, her conveyance. On her arrival at Fair Beches she was greeted by the solitary maid servant with the intelligence that Norina had been out all day with her child, and had not yet come home. Mrs. Aylmer was both tired and cross, so she merely told Sarah to sit up for Norina, and her self at once repaired to bed, where she was soon sleeping heavily.  
Meanwhile, through the long July night, the faithful servant sat patiently watching for her young mistress's return, till at last another morning dawned, and still Norina did not come. The whole house was early astir, and quickly the news of her disappearance spread through the farm, and men and boys dispersed round about the valley to look for the missing woman.  
As the day waxed and waned, the news arrived that Norina and her baby had been seen four miles, six miles, and latterly eight miles from home, and beyond that no more was known of her. Henceforth, Mrs. Aylmer lived for one object only—to amass gold; and for this she starved herself, her servants, her animals, allowed the house to fall into decay, and almost, in parts, to ruin; and for fifteen long years she continued her appearance turned Fair Beches into the dismal abode of a miser. During these fifteen years Sarah continued to live with her, till one morning, six years ago, she found her dead in her bed, at the advanced age of eighty-nine, having retained all her faculties to the last.  
And thus the last known owner of the house and property passed away, leaving no successor, not will, surrounded by ignorant rustics who knew nothing of either law or property. As months rolled on, and no one claimed them, the farm horses and implements were sold; Sarah Fielding married the head laborer, and on the pickings they made, they set up the little village inn, in which I was at that minute sitting.  
Through all the long story, which I have related in the language which I have spoken no word to Sarah, afraid of interrupting and confusing the old woman. So now paused, breathless with so much speaking, and gazed inquiringly into my face. Thereupon I assumed an air of profound wisdom, and said:  
"It is quite clear, Mrs. Fielding, that the property belongs to Oliver's daughter; and she ought to be found, if she is alive."  
"To be sure, sir," she answered, "I thought you were, maybe, a relation; but then, for you have the white lock and you are like Mr. Oliver."  
I started. "What do you mean?" I asked.  
"Ah! I forgot to tell you that the Aylmers—many of them at least—have a silver-white lock of hair, just like yours grows, sir; and they were very proud of it, for they inherited it for generations. Mr. Godfrey had it, and so had Mr. Oliver, and even that little baby that disappeared with her mother had a tiny one, amongst her problem for me to work out. Could I in any way be connected with this family? My mother's name had been Aylmer, but as she had died when I was born I knew little about her, except that she had been an orphan, and had been brought up by a maiden aunt of my mother. But Oliver! She, too, had a white lock, and her mother had been an Italian. Was it possible that she was the missing heiress? In a voice trembling with excitement I asked the name of Oliver's little daughter, and when Sarah promptly responded "Olivia," I fairly started out of my chair. Olivia Aylmer! Why, who could that be but Olivia Almeri?  
With difficulty I restrained my emotion, and, turning to the widow to hide it from her keen old eyes, perceived for the first time that the rain had ceased, and that the sun was trying to shine. I resolved to visit Fair Beches at once, and Sarah volunteered to accompany me. Who or what she took me for I don't know, but I felt that she was almost as excited as I was myself.  
Silently Sarah and I entered the house and commenced wandering through the untenanted rooms, each of us too busy with our own thoughts to talk. In the kitchen I found a great deal of furniture piled together, and among it I lighted on many an old-fashioned piece of carved oak, and in the presses caught glimpses of rare china that would have delighted the heart of a collector. But I had not time to spend over this part of the exploration, for it was beginning to get dusk, and Sarah was nervous. It was late when we left the house, for it was fairly large and there had been much that was interesting to investigate; yet I lingered to examine the arms and the motto over the porch,

which might prove an important clue in my search for the missing heiress. Suddenly I bethought me of the ring Olivia had given me on our engagement, which had belonged to her own father. I knew there was a motto engraved inside of it; if it would only tally with the one I had just read it might prove very much.

I drew the ring from my finger and looked at it. Yes, there stood engraved in tiny characters the very same words as were facing me over the porch—Ung Diu ung ambur. Olivia must indeed be the lost heiress.

Sarah stood meanwhile eyeing me doubtfully. "That ring was Mr. Oliver's," she said, "and it is almost definitely, 'I should know it anywhere.' 'And you should know this,' I proceeded, drawing Olivia's photograph from my pocket, and showing it to her. She looked long and hard at it.

"I ought to know it, sir, and yet I do not," she said. "It is not maybe the poor Italian lady?—for indeed, sir, you must belong to the family, and perhaps you know what became of her and that dear baby."

The poor old woman was crying as she said these words, laying her hand beseechingly on my arm and gazing imploringly into my face. I felt that I had been imprudent in revealing to her so much of my private ideas, and hastened to assure her that indeed I knew nothing of the lost Mrs. Aylmer; that the ring had been a present from a friend, but, as I lived in London, I would do my utmost to discover the missing heiress, if she were yet alive.

In order to divert the old woman's thoughts to another channel, I asked her about the beauty of the money old Mrs. Aylmer was supposed to have amassed.

"We think she buried it, sir," she answered, "and we have dug and dug, but cannot find it anywhere." The whole of the next day I spent at Fair Beches searching for papers. I found a few old letters from Godfrey Aylmer to his mother, and some of Oliver, but little else besides, except account books without number. These and the letters, together with a bunch of keys, were all in a heavy oak chest of drawers in the room had been old Mrs. Aylmer's bedroom. I felt no scruples about forcing the locks of the different cupboards and boxes I met with all over the house in pursuit of my searches; my white lock, I felt, gave me an indisputable right to do so.

In my exertions in the last named room I happened to move the chest a little away from the wall, and fancied I heard something creak. Perhaps there might be some secret drawer, or false bottom, to such an old piece of furniture, better have it out in the middle of the room and survey it from all sides. I thought I never would succeed in moving it, it was so heavy, and very disappointing when the task was accomplished. I tapped and sounded it all over, but it proved to be a massive oak chest, with nothing mysterious about it. I was just about to replace it, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of one of the boards on the spot where it had stood. The board certainly was not even, and as I raised it rather loose. A sudden inspiration came over me, and in one moment I was down on my hands and knees, tugging and wrenching at the luckless plank. So much energy was soon to be rewarded. In a few minutes I was able to raise it a little, and then my work was easy. Up flew the plank, disclosing to my eyes a long, flat wooden box; what could it contain—papers or hoarding? Naturally it was locked, and with a Bramah lock too. I turned up my bunch of keys, and O, with what joy I found one that answered the lock. Tremblingly I tried it in the lock, found it fit, and raised the lid. There, before my astonished gaze, lay upward of £2,000 in notes and gold, several cases of old-fashioned jewelry, some valuable, some trumpery, but one containing a really fine diamond pendant, which must have belonged to the Aylmers for generations, judging by the date engraved on the back of it; two or three old-fashioned miniatures of long dead Aylmers, and some curious little pieces of plate, but no papers.

There remains little more to tell. With the assistance of Mrs. Garwood and of our family lawyer, and with the important help of papers and possessions of her mother's, sent to her from Italy, Olivia's claim to the deserted manor was easily established, and at the same time I was proved to be the grandson of that Godfrey Aylmer who had sought his fortune in London, and having made it, had married a woman of rank, and renounced his humble relations at home.

Nevertheless, there was a great deal to be done before Olivia and I could think of getting married. We intended to make Fair Beches our home, so during the year or two that must elapse before the old place could be inhabitable, I intended studying farming at an agricultural college, whilst Olivia stayed with our home, no longer as the governess, but as their friend. The two years' long waiting, however, had not been without its fruit, gradually dwindled down to one, and we were married last spring a twelve-month. Amongst the most honored guests at our wedding was good old Sarah Fielding, who cried

persistently through the whole service for joy.  
Fair Beches, with its old-fashioned furniture, its carved oak staircase, its high mantelpieces and its hundred and one beauties within and without, is the admiration of all our friends, who describe it as "so very artistic and quaint."

We have our boy, Oliver, who, with his mother's brown hair and his fair hair, would be a very pretty child were it not for the exceeding prominence of his "silver lock."

In Love With Edwin Booth.  
A Foolish Girl Tempts Fate and is Fortunate in the Man's Hands.

New York Star.  
Speaking of the persecutions of actors reminds me of a very pretty story regarding Edwin Booth. It was while he was playing at the Winter Garden, a young miss in her teens fell desperately in love with him. She was the only daughter of wealthy parents, and night after night she would make some excuse to leave home and go to the theatre. She deluged Booth with love letters, and finally he wrote to her telling her to meet him at the stage door at the end of the performance on a certain evening. She was there according to appointment. Booth handed her into his carriage and gave some whispered instructions to the driver.

Through the Metropolis the scenery is surpassingly grand, and along the St. Lawrence there is much good farming country, but we are safe in saying that no country through which we passed is so rich in agricultural wealth as our own "noble country of Westmorland."

Montreal we shall not attempt to describe, suffice it is to say that after you have seen the great Victoria Bridge, its splendid churches, its magnificent public and private buildings, its numerous fine churches, and its interesting mercantile establishments, you will conclude that Canada's commercial metropolis is "no mean city."

Great progress is observable along the route in proof of which we cite one fact. Between Montreal and Ottawa, in a day's ride, we saw no less than twelve new houses in course of erection averaging over three per mile.

The Parliament buildings are very fine and have to be seen in order to have any idea of their massiveness and beauty. But the interesting parties interested in us they were already too small in number to transact the public business.

We had the pleasure of hearing a part of the budget debate, in which several clever men took part. Hon. Mr. Blake speaks well and always with much interest and attention. Mr. Charlton and McMillan did their part well, the broad Scotch of the latter adding interest to his utterances.

On the Government side we heard Sir John, who has clearly gotten a new lease of life, and who is now a clear and forcible speaker. Burns, who gave a capital speech; Thomas White, who is no ordinary man; Wigle, whose clear ringing tones and ready wit would make him a dangerous opponent in an electioneering campaign; and the man who is often called the "Ottawa champion," Sir Albert J. Smith. When Mr. Wood rose a bush fell upon the House and every one gave good attention. In calm, clear and forcible phrase he dealt with the various aspects of the case, compelling the Opposition and eliciting rounds of applause from his own side of the House. Westmorland has great reason to be proud of her representative.

As a Maritime man we were pleased to learn that the corner stone of the Cabinet and the House were spoken of as "strong," and we heard the complaint more than once that we had more than our share of the offices in the gift of the Government. Indeed you cannot be in Ottawa a day before you learn the high opinion that is entertained of Sir Charles and Sir Leonard by both friends and opponents.

We preached in the Dominion Methodist Church on the Sabbath morning and in the Methodist Episcopal in the evening. Two fine churches, large and elaborately finished, the pastors at present being Revs. Messrs Hooker and George. Of course we saw "the missionaries," had some conversation with them, and found them very much pleased with the results of their mission. We are not at liberty to repeat what was told us, but we have good reason to believe that Sackville, Amherst and Baie Verte will all be benefitted by what we saw.

(The pleasing account given by our correspondent of his trip to Ottawa shows the delegates were delighted with their visit and that they found everything *outré* in the city. The delegates were so great that it is often months wearing off, and even a longer period is occasionally wanted to awaken them to the actual realities of existence.—Ed.)

Remarkable and True.  
Alonso Howe, of Treed, was cured of a fever of thirty-five years' duration, by six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. He had suffered terribly, and tried many remedies in vain. He considers Burdock Blood Bitters a marvelous medicine.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers, look to your health! The many painful and weakening diseases from which you suffer, disappearing of a cure, can be remedied by that unfailing regulator and unfailing tonic—Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your Druggist for proof.

## CHIGNECTO POST AND BORDERER.

SACKVILLE, N. B., APRIL 26, 1883.  
To Ottawa and Return.

Many years ago when we were a mere boy we passed through the insignificant village of Bytown. Time has wrought great changes, and that little out-of-the-way place is now the capital of "This Canada of Ours." We had often wished to see it, see Parliament in session and hear the great men of this rising Dominion, but up to the present that wish had been ungratified. Several friends had urged us to "rest awhile," after the pressure of a hard winter's work, and as at this season of the year travelling is next to impossible here and we concluded to go. The first Sabbath we spent in St. James, preaching three times, and attending some pleasant acquaintances, and took the Tuesday night's train for the West. We passed over the I. C. Railway to Point Levis, the Grand Trunk to Montreal, and the Canada Atlantic to Ottawa.

Through the Metropolis the scenery is surpassingly grand, and along the St. Lawrence there is much good farming country, but we are safe in saying that no country through which we passed is so rich in agricultural wealth as our own "noble country of Westmorland."

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## Our London Letter Writer.

The Weather.—23 Passages.—The Yearly Race.—Irish Matters.—The Lady Florence Dixie.—Mr. Parnell.—Parisian Uproar.

Hitherto, I have devoted a short space my letters to grumbling and lamenting about English rains and fogs. Happily a fairer sky and more frequent glimpses of Old Sol have lately been granted. Probably Dr. Wiggins' predictions have had something to do with the change. His presumption in supplementing Vennor, and all the old school of prophets, by issuing a prediction of fearful calamities at the lapse of six or eight months, caused the "clerk" to change the weather programme out of pure "cussedness." For purposes of notoriety he struck the right note in seeing, so far, and working up such a tragic programme. I mentioned before the references to him by the London press. The day appointed having passed, *Punch* brings out the following couplet—  
"When warning Wiggins storms doth  
We wear new hats and put our gingham by."  
We wear new hats and put our gingham by. For a week, we had sharp winds and furious frosts, and the weather was too far from being what we needed. They met the chilling frosts and now are brown and dead.

Whether due to Dr. Wiggins or not, it is certain that the Atlantic and the "great deep" in general have been having a hotter time of late. Many a sorrowful tale of late has come from the coast, about the sufferings of the poor fishermen. In fact so many boats have been lost and fishing is such a perilous work that fishing has gone up fifty per cent. of late. The prolonged wetting has assumed a bad form. English farmers. Two-thirds of their winter grain has rotted in the ground, and such bad luck has attended this product for several winters past that only one-third of the usual amount was sown. Judging from the present state of affairs, a great emigration westward is coming season. One hundred and seventy families are expected to go from Ireland in a short time. A couple of thousand of Irish girls left last week for New Hampshire, under the name of "Irish sailing."

The National Line advertisements "from London docks to New York, with good wholesome food provided, for £3." Emigrant agents are expecting to send many thousands of free, and the press encourages young men of ambition to emigrate.

One of the great sporting events came off on Thursday, 15th inst., the Oxford and Cambridge race. It is frequently rowed at an early hour in the morning, and this year the tide was such that it was fixed for five o'clock in the afternoon. About two o'clock a reporter of the *Post* descended into one of the stations of that convenient institution with the sulphur atmosphere, the underman who is often called the "Oxford champion," Sir Albert J. Smith. When Mr. Wood rose a bush fell upon the House and every one gave good attention. In calm, clear and forcible phrase he dealt with the various aspects of the case, compelling the Opposition and eliciting rounds of applause from his own side of the House. Westmorland has great reason to be proud of her representative.

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(Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)  
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J. A. WESTERGAARD, July 24

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AMHERST, N. B.

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And with the aid of good men and good machinery are prepared to fill orders at short notice for  
Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets and Mouldings of all Descriptions, Kilm Dry Lumber and Building Material, Planning, Sawing, &c.

Stores and Offices fitted out. All orders promptly attended to. may?

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J. F. LAWTON, - Proprietor.  
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S. R. FOSTER & SON,  
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DENTIST,  
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Particular attention paid to preserving Natural Teeth.  
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JUST RECEIVED:  
Concertinas, Accordions, Fifes,  
Flutes, Violins and Strings. Also  
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WINDOW PILES AND CORNICES  
Fitted Up and Completed in First-Class Style.  
LIGHT CABINETRY and SCHOOL WORK done neatly  
and promptly. PICTURE FRAMING in all  
styles to order at LOWEST RATES. Also  
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FORNISHING AND STAMPING  
In OIL ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.  
Mirrors and Mirror Plates to order.  
E. F. COATES, N. S.  
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The Cheapest Place  
TO BUY  
Watches, Jewelry, &c.  
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NEW STOCK  
Waltham Watches  
In Key and Stem Winding, Open Face or  
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The Pat. Screw Benzel Cases  
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Ladies' Gold and Silver Watches  
In Great Variety.  
A Large Assortment of  
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Completing Long and Short Sight, Double  
Vision, &c. in Rubber, Steel, and  
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mises Glass.

Special care taken to properly  
fit the Eye, and any kind of Glass fitted  
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Department is equal to any in the Province,  
and will GUARANTEE work to be correctly  
done and proper material used for the  
purpose. Twenty years' experience  
has enabled me to know what to buy and  
how to buy, so I can recommend what I  
sell, and sell it at the lowest possible  
prices. Call and inspect at any time.

Silver-Ware of all kinds, Fine Gold  
Jewelry, on hand and made  
to order, cheap.  
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FURNITURE!  
HAVING FITTED UP a Room in our  
Factory with Special Machinery, we  
are prepared to fill orders for  
CHURCH ALTARS, CHAIRS, DESKS,  
SEATS, &c. BEDROOM SUITS,  
SIDEBOARDS, HAT TREES, &c.  
IN WALNUT, ASH, OAK, PINE  
AND VENEERED WOODS.

We intend making a specialty of the  
best class of Hardwood Furniture from  
the latest designs.  
Messrs. Treven and Doull, experienced  
Cabinet Makers, have an interest in  
and charge of this branch of the business.  
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

RHODES, CURRY & CO.  
Amherst, Feb. 6, 1883. 1f

Cash for Tallow.  
I WILL pay cash for Tallow, and will  
pay cash also for any kind of grease;  
or will give 1 lb. of good Soap for 1 lb. of  
grease.  
Sackville, March 7, 1883.

Brandram's Paint.  
Received from London:  
Brandram's Genuine White Lead,  
Brandram's B. B. White Lead,  
Brandram's Colored Paints.

A Full Stock. For sale very Low.  
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MANUFACTURERS OF

Marbleized Slate Mantels

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GRATES:

DEALERS IN

Stoves, Ranges, &c.

104 PRINCE WIL STREET,  
ST. JOHN, - - - - - N. B.

Travellers Column.

Cumberland Hotel,  
PARRISBORO, N. S.

TWENTY yards from Railway Station.  
Sample rooms. Livery stable.  
sept17 THOS. MAHONEY.

Terrace Hotel,  
AMHERST, N. S.

DAVIS & BROWN, Proprietors.

OPENED under new management Jan. 1st, 1883.  
Renovated and refurnished throughout.  
JAN 1st

Post Office Notice.

Winter Arrangement of Mails.

FROM and after this date the Mails at  
the Post Office, Sackville, will close  
at the following hours:

For Amherst, Halifax, &c. .... 1.15 p. m.  
For Dorchester, St. John, &c. .... 2.30 p. m.  
For the North Shore, Quebec  
and Ottawa. .... 3.00 p. m.  
For Upper Sackville. .... 3.30 p. m.  
For Baie Verte. .... 1.15 p. m.  
For P. E. Island. .... 2.30 p. m.

Office closes daily at 8 p. m.

Dec 5, 1882. JOS. DIXON, P. M.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1882 WINTER ARRANGEMENT 1883

ON and after MONDAY, the 4th  
December, the Trains will run daily  
(Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE:

Express for St. John and Quebec, 9.28 p. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 8.03 a. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.30 p. m.  
Express for St. John. .... 2.48 p. m.  
Accommodation for Moncton. .... 9.17 p. m.  
Accommodation for Amherst. .... 8.16 p. m.  
Spring Hill. .... 8.52 p. m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:

Express for St. John and Quebec, 9.56 p. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 5.36 a. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.02 p. m.  
Express for St. John. .... 2.16 p. m.  
Accommodation for Moncton. .... 10.00 a. m.  
Accommodation for Amherst and  
Spring Hill. .... 8.03 p. m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs  
to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning,<











## Furniture, Furniture.

## BEDROOM SUITS

In Ash and Walnut.

## PARLOR SUITS

In Walnut and Haircloth.

## Chairs and Rockers

In Great Variety.

## Bedsteads, Spring Mattresses, &amp;c.

## Trunks, Valises, &amp;c.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

## Trunks, Valises, Bags, &amp;c.

ALL PRICES.

## Room Paper.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

## ROOM PAPER,

CHEAP, NEW STYLES.

## S. W. PALMER.

Dorchester, July 5, 1882.

## EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Fool's Ointment for the Ear.

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## Dorchester Dispensary

## BOOK STORE:

THE FOLLOWING

## Popular Medicines, Perfumes, &amp;c.

ST. JACOB'S OIL, BURDOCK BITTERS,

Pierce's Favorite Prescription;

Vegetable, Holy Balm;

Zino's Fruit Salt, Sarsaparilla;

Pierce's Kidney and Bladder Cure;

Pierce's Medical Discovery;

Pierce's Favorite Prescription;

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## Spring Goods!

## FIRST

Spring Importations!

JUST OPENED:

## Cases New Goods!

EMBRACING

## All Kinds of Goods

REQUIRED BY THE PEOPLE.

AS OUR STOCK IS TOO EXTENSIVE

TO ENUMERATE ARTICLES, WE

WILL SIMPLY ASK CUSTOMERS

TO GIVE US A CALL AND INSPECT

OUR GOODS.

Our Motto: Small Profits and Quick Sales.

ADDITIONAL GOODS RECEIVED

WEEKLY.

We are Bound to Sell Cheap, and

Don't you Forget it.

J. E. HICKEY.

Dorchester, July 5, 1882.

## NEW GOODS.

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a

small book, entitled "HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!"

It contains a full and complete

description of the various diseases

which are the result of intemperance,

and the means of restoring the

sufferer to health and happiness.

It is a book which every man

who has been afflicted with any

of these diseases should read.

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