

RHODES, CURRY & Co.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.
Manufacturers and Builders.

DOORS
SASHES
BLINDS
WOOD
Mouldings
Mouldings



WALNUT
ASH
BIRCH
BEECH
PINE
WHITE
ROSE
FINISH

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Materials
Send for Estimates.

Boots and Shoes!

FALL AND WINTER!

AMHERST BOOT & SHOE CO. (Retail)
MOFFAT'S BLOCK.

WE have now on exhibition a Complete Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which will be sold at prices which cannot fail to please. The Stock includes

Ladies' Skating Boots, from \$1.50 upwards,
Walking Boots, in Button and Lace,
Felt Boots and Shoes,
and Gents' Solid Comfort German Felt
Slippers, sure cure for cold feet,
Ladies' and Gents' American Rubbers, 1st quality.

Also a Fine Assortment of
GENTS' ENGLISH BOOTS,
Including the Celebrated "K" WATERPROOF BOOT, Every Pair War-
ranted. Do not fail to see these Goods

Custom Work a Specialty.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY & NEATLY DONE.

SACKVILLE Meat Market.

The Subscriber has opened a MEAT MARKET,
IN THE HENRY ALLISON BLOCK
Opposite Music Hall, and is prepared to supply the Sackville public with

MEATS of all KINDS!

Fresh Fish

WILL ALSO BE SUPPLIED.
All Orders Will be Delivered
by the Subscriber.

O. A. MILTON & Co.,
Cash Paid for Fat Cattle,
Sackville, Jan 5th, 1890.

BETTER THAN EVER.

MRS. C. W. MAIN'S
STOCK OF
MILLINERY

Is going to be finer than ever this season. New Goods arriving daily. The best and most complete

STOCK OF FEATHERS

In the Country, and our Whole Stock most complete in every particular. A Complete List of

Art Needle Work Materials

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

MRS. C. W. MAIN,
Douglas Block, Amherst.

NEW MILLINERY.

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

In great variety. We are now prepared to execute all orders and guarantee satisfaction.

We have also an immense stock of
Ladies and Children Underwear,
Pinafores, Aprons, C. sets,
Gloves, Hosiery, etc.

Call and examine our stock, we shall con-
fidently be a pleasure to show our goods.

MRS. M. D. HUBERTS,
121 Victoria St., Amherst.

HOUSE TO LET!

THE HOUSE ON UNION STREET
just finished, rooms large and
conveniently arranged, large cellar, and
convenient for soft water, good drinking water
close by, can be heated with furnace or
stoves. Only a few minutes walk from
Schools, Post Office and Railway Station.
Rent, moderate to a good tenant. Apply to

THOS. ESTABROOKS,
Brunswick House

We Love But Few.

Oh, yes, we mean all kind words that we say
To old friends and to new;
Yet do this truth grow clearer day by day,
We love but few.

We love! What easy words to say,
And sweet to hear,
When sunrise splendor brightens all the way
And, far and near,
Are breath of flowers and carolling of birds,
And bells that chime;
Our hearts are light; we do not weigh our
words
At morning time.
But when the music all is hushed,
And life's great load
Doth weigh us down, and thick with dust
Doth grow the road,
Then do we say less often that we love,
The words have grown
With pleading eyes we look to Christ above,
And clasp our own
Their lives are bound to ours by mighty
bands,
No mortal strain,
Nor death itself, with its prevailing hands,
Can separate.

The world is wide, and many names are dear,
And friendships true;
Yet do these words read plainer, year by
year—
We love but few.

A DAUGHTER OF THE DUNE.

BY ALLISON BROOKE.

The sun had set below the level
horizon line, for the November days
were short. He had left a long line
of clear, yellow sky behind him,
against which the branches of the
tall oak trees crossed and re-crossed
each other in endless, intricate, inter-
lacing, as black and grim as prison
bars. Above the space of yellow sky,
moving clouds hung low and drifted
fast, their gloomy purple touched to
a tawny brightness at the lower edge
by the sun's reflection.

A woman crossing the dune with a
child in her arms, looked off to the
eastward and saw the sullen color of
the sea, and heard the sharp hiss of
the waves as the wind smote them; in
the west she noted the tawny light
and the ragged, scudding clouds. The
signs of a stormy night were familiar
to her, and she walked on, her face—
and it was a young face, strangely
shaded by troubled thought.

The wind rose when the sun went
down; the stiff, short branches of the
dune oaks rattled sharply against one
another in clumsy, mechanical motion.
The woman who walked on careless
of the blast which the wind swept round
her, except that she held her baby tight
to her breast and drew a faded shawl
more closely about it, thought as she
had thought hundreds of times before,
how odd the trees with their twisted
branches all blown backward, re-
sembling human limbs, with her
stretched arms running from a pursuer.

There was a beaten path through the
thick, faded grass of the dune, close
along the crumpled edge. Only ten
or twelve feet below was the beach;
the tide was going out, and the woman
stopped a moment, looking at the re-
ceding waves, and northward where
—in Broad Bar, the little fishing vil-
lage toward which the pathway led—
lights were beginning to shine out
here and there. The wind struck her
sharply as she stood there, wrapping
her clothing fast about her, and driv-
ing her loosened hair like whip cords
about her face. But her strong figure
did not yield an inch to its buffet-
ing, nor away to its rude attack.

She was thinking of the village, and
towards the village harbor, of the
danger to the fishing boats and schoon-
ers off Broad Bar to night, and recon-
ciling that it would be low tide about
midnight and the treacherous bar at
its worst. She paused for a moment
only, and the wind flung steps walked
on more rapidly than before along the
edge of the dune, her tall form etched
sharply upon the background of pale
colored sea and sky, a commanding
shape as primitive in its simple out-
lines as the elements of the play
about it, and possessed of the grace
of unconcerned power and freedom.

It was almost dark when she
reached the door of a small, unpainted,
unlighted house, which might have
impressed a stranger, had he noticed
it, as a place, as belonging to the dune
as much as the oaks or the grass, so
entirely did it blend with its surround-
ings in its dwarf-like shape and color-
significance. Having entered and
laid her baby down, she struck a
putting in and lighted a lamp.

It was a humble, but not a mean
interior which the light of the
less of the well-trimmed lamp reveal-
ed. There was a home-woven carpet
a bit of bright calico here and there,
covering lounge or chair-seat; there
was a color in picture—cheap prints on
the walls, and all about, an uncul-
tured, but honest, attempt to make
the little home attractive. There
were but two rooms in the house; the
kitchen or living room into which the
outer door opened, and a small bed-
room beyond.

Narrow and low as the house would
have seemed otherwise, it might have
been fancied that its proportions
shrank visibly when its owner entered,
so inadequate was it to serve her as
a background. One would have felt
instinctively that she belonged rather
to the wide world of sky, the sea, and
dune outside, where we met her first.

The kitchen, with its suggestions of
home tasks, accorded ill with the
fine free presence which had entered it.
And yet this woman had known in
all her life no other home, no better
surroundings than this cottage; it had
been her birthplace, as well as the
home of her girlhood and her married
life. We have called her woman, but
the unshaded lamp-light showed
her face to be that of a girl of not
more than nineteen years. The wind
which had fought and flouted her, had
beaten out a red, dewy brightness of
tint in the deep, grey eyes the cheeks
and lips. Her figure was womanly
and yet youthful, and the heavy coils
of lustreless gold hair suggested "the
likeness of a kingly crown." Her
dress of coarse black cotton was with-
out a trace of ornament or superflu-
ous finery, but its very commonness
served to make the fair coloring of her
face and hair more striking.

Having smothered back the stray
locks which the wind had blown out,
Rachel Genell kindled a fire on her
cold hearth, took her baby in her arms
and sat down in a low chair alone in
the still place.

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The prizes will be distributed in rules
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The baby, warm and rosy—for no
touch of wind had found him in the
strong, young arms in which he had
lain in their long walk across the dune
—drank the milk she gave him greed-
ily, smiled sleepily up into her face
and fell asleep. Still she sat, slowly
rocking and softly singing an old song
prolonging the sweet companionship
of the sleeping little creature as long
as she might. Her shadow, fantasti-
cally exaggerated, moved to and fro
across the low, uneven ceiling as if it
had been a giant. When she noted
it, looking up, it seemed to give her
an uncanny feeling by its
persistent, mocking imitation of her
motion, for she stopped both song and
movement, and stood after rose and
put the baby in its bed in the next
room.

Meanwhile the wind had increased
in violence and was whistling stormily
about the cottage. Dashes of rain
came now and then against the small
window-panes, and the waves broke
with incessant booming on the beach
below.

Returning to the kitchen, Rachel
went to a window looking seaward,
and shaded her eyes from the light
with both hands, peering out into the
noisy darkness. Then she saw a light
by a table, rested her head wearily
on her clasped hands, and thus sat for
an hour with brooding eyes fixed
upon the blank panes opposite which
gave back her only distorted reflection
—a lonely woman, who seemed dis-
turbed by painful thoughts and an
inward restlessness which her outward
stillness could not control.

When day broke over Broad Bar
Harbor grey and dull with mist, the
old wharf and the sands of the beach
were covered with men and women
straining their eyes as they looked se-
ward through the fog. A fishing
schooner had struck upon the Bar in
the awful storm which had raged all
night. It was known now that she
was fast going to pieces; boats were
hauled out, ropes adjusted, men with
set faces were preparing to fight death
in the waves, while the women stood
watching them, huddled together in
little groups.

When the first boat was ready, a
broad-shouldered old sailor was the
first to enter it and grasp one pair of
ropes. In a moment he was in the
woman—a tall woman in a black dress
with fair hair, showing under a black
scarf, would slowly round her head.
It was Rachel Genell. Her action
seemed to awaken no surprise in the
old seaman, who simply called—

"Have you got the rope, Ray?" All
right! Give me the other end, and
the boat leaped from wave to wave
under the sturdy, double stroke of the
oars.

The men on the beach, busied with
launching the other boats, made no
comment. In a group near the end
of the wharf, one woman said to
another—

"Ray Genell had better stay to
home like other women, and leave the
men's work to the men."

"Yes, enough," said a feeble old
wife, who wore a soiled white cap
and peered with dreamy eyes from
the boat. "Who's got to take care
of the young one? I'd like to know,
when she's drowned! And she will
one of these days, now you mark my
words!"

Ray's fool, spoke up a black-eyed
young woman with a bit of red shawl
round her neck, and bare, brown arms
akimbo.

"A fool!" asked another, joining
the group.

"Yes," replied the young woman,
raising her voice. "I say Ray Genell's
a fool and I've told her so to her face
many's the time. What does she risk
her life for, every time a boat goes
out on the bar?"

A murmur of disapproving assent
passed around the company. One
voice was heard to say, "For the sake
of him that's gone." Whereupon the
old woman muttered under her
breath—

"A good girl, indeed it was."

"That's so, Mary Nann," returned
the woman who had called Rachel a
fool. Her name was Eliza Drake, and
she seemed to have a certain authority
among the rest by reason of her
sharp tongue and strong decision.

"If there ain't man, woman nor
child in Broad Bar that would like to
see Corry Genell draw his boat up to
the bar again. What did he ever
bring into the town but cursing and
drinking and fight! And who got the
worst of it?" she almost screamed,
her black eyes flashing fire.

A pitiful, significant expression of
eyes and lips in the faces around her
gave an answer.

"No one ever heard Ray Genell
complain though," said the woman
who had spoken first.

"More fool, she!" said Eliza Drake.
"She was a fool, didn't she? In the
first place, do you suppose a man
would ever strike me twice?" and
she clinched her fist and set her teeth
with a dangerous menace in her eyes.
"No, sir! You just believe he
wouldn't, nor once, either."

"You and Ray ain't off the same
piece, Lizzy," said the old woman,
"and nobody says so. How long is
it since Corry Genell was drowned?"

"Most a year and a half. I'll be
a year and a half since Christmas,
And ever since the day she knowed
he'd gone to the bottom, since the day
her young one was two months old
Ray Genell has gone out with the
men after every storm and done a
man's work."

To Be Continued.

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She Preferred the Burglars.

(Texas Shipings.)

"The fact is," said old Mrs. Jinks,
who was in Austin, Texas, on a visit,
"The fact is, my dear Mrs. Binks, I had
the narrow escape from being ruined
the other day you ever heard of."

"How was it," asked Mrs. Binks,
growing interested.

"Well, you know, I sold my house
and lot last month, and had the money
ready to deposit in the savings bank the
next morning, which was the very day
of its failure."

"Yes, I read about it."

"I slept with my money under my
pillow," continued Mrs. Jinks, "and the
next morning when I got ready to start
for the bank, the money was gone."

"Where had it gone to?"

"Some burglar had taken it during
the night. An hour after, the bank
burst up. Did you ever hear of such a
remarkable piece of good luck?"

"I don't see where the luck comes
in. You lost the cash all the same."

"Yes, but they caught the burglar,
and on condition of my not prosecuting,
they returned me fifty cents on the dol-
lar. The bank only paid out fifteen.
There's no use talking, Hammer, be-
tween savings banks and burglars, I'll
take my chances with the burglars every
time."

Kicked Himself Ahead.

(Indianapolis News.)

A man on the Wabash road is now
running varnished cars and eating his
pie, who owes his success, in a measure,
to kicking the general manager. When
a trainman prospers and gets a passen-
ger train, he speaks of his good fortune
as running varnished cars and eating
pie. When he is in the humbler calling
of working on a freight train, he some-
times calls it eating corn bread in the
doghouse.

General Manager Talnage, of the
road, was one of the old school of
roadmen who believed in attending to
the details of the line. He had been a
trainman himself, and he knew the
craft. He would watch the train sheets
and if a crew reported delays at a cer-
tain point, or about every run, he
would go down there quietly and keep an
eye out for them.

He took one of these trips on a cer-
tain occasion and supposed his move-
ments were unknown to the crews he
watched. (Give the general's fish with
an ordinary passenger, and did not
reach his destination until dark. But,
to use the slang of the men, they were
onto him. He secreted himself on a
gondola loaded with car wheels and
thought that he was unobserved until a
brakeman, pretending to take him for
a tramp, came along and kicked him un-
mercifully. At every blow of his foot,
he accentuated the action with some
ornamental profanity painful to hear.

Mr. Talnage did not reveal his iden-
tity, but limped away, and he found out
that the brakeman who had so mal-
treated him was really a valuable man,
and not responsible for the delay.

After the kicking, the brakeman
went back to his caboose, and said to his
conductor—

"Well, I fixed the old man. I sup-
pose I'll get my envelope at the end of
the month; it's all right, though. This
ain't the only road."

Two days later, the brakeman was
summoned to the general manager's
office. It was said that the construction
of this railway will make the time between
Chicago and Liverpool, for a fast steam-
er, only two days longer than from
New York to Liverpool. The most
favored route is to connect Georgian
Bay with Lake Ontario by means of a
line of rail, which is to be 60 miles long.
The direct route is through Lakes
Michigan, Superior and Huron, through
the Bay to Lake Ontario, and thence to
the Ottawa and Washington Governments.
An expenditure of \$12,000,000 is com-
templated by the syndicate, which has
its headquarters at Toronto and Montreal.

Timely Wisdom
Great and timely wisdom is shown by
keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild
Strawberry on hand. It is a cure for
cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramp,
diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cholera,
and all summer complaints and
fluxes of the bowels.

Dr. Thoburn, on behalf of the
Toronto Medical University Society,
and Dr. Winnett of Toronto, left for
Berlin last week to study Dr. Koch's
consumption cure.

We have speedily and positive Cure
for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth,
Head-ache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
No matter how long it has been on the
face it will cure health and sweet breath.
Sold by AMASA DIXON, Sackville, N. B.

Contracts for the new Victoria
University building in Toronto, have
been awarded. They amounted to
\$180,000.

Imperial Federation
It is presented an opportunity to extend
the fame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of
Wild Strawberry the untiring remedy for
cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramp,
diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cholera,
and all summer complaints and
fluxes of the bowels.

Women wear corsets for
different reasons. You, who
want to be shapely and com-
fortable, may go to your
store and say: "I hear that
Ball's corset is offered for
trial. I want one."

The seller will answer:
"You can wear it a week or
two or three, and if you don't
like it bring it back and get
your money."

And he will give you a
primer on Corsets. You
might as well know what is
going on in the corset world.

C. PICKARD.

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