

Good-by, Old Cow.

Good-by old cow, you've got to go,
Of course 'tis hard to tell you so,
For your forefathers and my own
For ages this old farm has known.

You're lank and dabbly—to be brief,
You're fit for neither milk nor beef;
You yield but little at your best,
And then go dry six months to rest.

Your horns are long, your bones the same
Too little meat for such a frame.
With stomach large and udder small,
The different parts don't match at all.

I look at you with sad regret
And mourn to think we ever met,
For every wrinkle in your horn
Proclaims of wasted hay and corn.

My neighbor farmers live with ease,
While I wear patches on my knees;
The reason's simple, plain and true—
They've kept good stock, while I kept you.

Such common sense no more I need,
Henceforth I'll try a better breed;
I plainly see my error now—
You've got to go—good-by, old cow!

—New York World.

Gardening for Ladies.

Make up your mind early in the morning;
see buttons on your husband's shirt; do
not make up grievances; protect the young
and tender branches of your family; plant
smiles of good temper, and reap a crop of
health and happiness; root out the cause of
nervous debility and "female weakness,"
by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-
scription. It is a sovereign specific, and
thousands of the fair sex bless the day
they first heard of it. It is the only medi-
cine for women, sold by druggists, under
a positive guarantee, from the manufac-
turers, that it will give satisfaction in
every case, or money will be refunded.
This guarantee has been printed on the bot-
tle-trapper, and faithfully carried out for
many years.

To cleanse the stomach, liver, and sys-
tem generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

—Two advertisements appeared in a
daily newspaper. One read: "Wanted
A female servant in a medium sized
family. The other: "Wanted—A young
lady to do housework." The latter
brought about sixty replies, the former
only two. Wonder why?

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

FOR SALE.

THE Subscribers offers for Sale his Farm
in Shenogue, Parish of Bedford,
consisting of one hundred and fifty acres
of Land—about seventy acres under good
cultivation. There are two large barns
on the premises and a third, thirty by
forty-one, framed, and a good sized
House, with Wood-House, Pig-Pen and
Hens-House attached. This Farm is only
one mile from Church, School and Post
Office, and three miles from Railroad con-
munication. Any Person wanting a good
Farm will secure a bargain by applying
immediately to the undersigned.

JOHN H. WELCH,
Bedford, Nov. 10th, 1888.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction on SAT-
URDAY, THE ELEVENTH DAY OF MAY
next, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon,
in front of the Court House in Dorchester, in the
County of Westchester, pursuant to the direction
of a certain order of the Supreme Court in Equity,
bearing date the twenty-sixth day of December, A. D.
1888, made in a certain suit therein pending,
wherein the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestry of
Saint Mark's Church, in the Parish of Westchester,
in the County of Westchester, are Plaintiffs, and
John Smith and Joseph Wood are Defendants, with
the approval of the undersigned referee in
Equity, the Mortgage and other Premises in and
under described as follows:

All that certain Parcel of Land situate
in Shenogue, in the Parish of Bedford, in the
County of Westchester, and bounded as follows:
Northernly by Lands owned by James Tingley, West-
erly by Lands owned by John Ayers, Easterly by
Lands owned by Cyrus Bell and Road leading to
Dorchester Point (so called) containing one hundred
and fifty acres, more or less.

For Terms of Sale and other Particulars, apply to
the Plaintiff's Solicitors.

Dated the first day of February, A. D. 1888.
CHAPMAN A. STREVEY,
HARRINGTON, TREN & HENSON,
Plaintiff's Solicitors.

"Valuable Farm for Sale."

THE HARMON HUMPHREY FARM
in Sackville, consisting of about 50
Acres of Upland and 90 Acres of Marsh is
for Sale.

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

The Place is an inviting one, either for
the progressive farmer or the capitalist.

Intending Purchasers can negotiate for
the Homestead Estate, either with or with-
out the Landed Marsh.

For Price and full Particulars of Sale,
apply to

WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY, or
JOHN A. HUMPHREY,
Moncton, N. B.

Or to Messrs. POWELL & BAXTER,
Barristers, etc.,
Sackville, N. B.

Direct from Factory:

5 Cases Reed & Barton's and
Rogers Bros.

SILVERWARE,

including
Coke Baskets, Casters, Pickle Dishes,
Preserve Dishes, Napkin Rings,
Butter Dishes, &c., &c.

These Goods are the Newest and Prettiest
Designs in the Market.

100 dozen Knives, Forks and Spoons,
(Rogers and H. B.), 200 Nickel Alarm
Clocks, which will sell at \$1.50—regular
price \$2.25; Ladies' and Gents' Watches,
wholesale and retail; a full stock of Dia-
mond and Gem Rings, at all prices; 1
gross of Waterbury Watches for the boys,
at \$2.75—every one warranted.

My personal attention given to repair-
ing of fine Watches.

C. S. McLEOD,
Black's Block, opp. P. O., Amherst.

APPLES, SALT, &c.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE:

150 Bbls.
Choice Winter Apples,
120 Bags
COARSE SALT

20 Bbls. No. 1 Labrador Herring.

Our Customers can be supplied at our
Stores at Sackville or Port Elgin.

E. C. GOODEN & CO.,
Baie Verte, Dec. 8th, 1888.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
known to me." H. A. ARNOLD, M.D.,
111 So. Orange St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

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

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials

Send for Estimates.

Doors, SASHES, BLINDS, WOOD, Metals, MOULD-
ings, etc.

WALNUT, Cherry, ASH, BIRCH, BASS, PINE &
White-oak, ROSE, FINISH.

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.

Flour & Sugar.

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

Also, another shipment just to hand of
China & Crockery Ware

TEA SETS,
In Great Variety.

CHAMBER SETS,
In all the Latest Styles.

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

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

GLASS SETS
I have 10 Different Styles to select
from. Also
Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Nappies,
Goblets, Tumblers, Butter Coolers,
Ten Different Styles of Larders,
Globe Lamps, of all kinds,
from 30c. up to \$4.00.
Lamp Chimneys, of
All Sizes.

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

deed C. W. KNAPP.

Just Received & Opened

96 Bales and Cases of Comfort Quilts, all
qualities;
6 Cases Scotch and English Tweeds;
2 " Diagonals and Coverings;
2 " Naps and Beavers;
17 " Shirts and Drawers;
6 " Grey Flannels;
2 Bales Scarlet Flannels;
3 Cases Top Shirts;
Grey Cottons, White Cottons, Cotton
Flannels. A full line of Hoddie Steels.

All Marked at Lowest Possible Prices.

A. EVERITT,
Wholesale Warehouse,
94, 96 and 98 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

JUST RECEIVED AT

T. H. GRIFFIN, Amherst, N. S.

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

Remember Special Sale

Discount of 20 per Cent.

DURING THIS MONTH.

Advertise in the Post.

Mr. Calvert's Frailty.

(From Belgravia.)
CHAPTER I.

The attention which Mr. Calvert paid to Mary Faber when he met her at Eastbourne was to a certain extent excusable; because, though nothing had resulted from their acquaintance except a flirtation, his intentions had originally been of a serious kind. It was only after he had pondered over the question often and anxiously, that he had come to the conclusion that marriage was impossible. He had no private means, and if he relinquished his fellowship, his income derived from tuition would not suffice to maintain a wife in comfort. It is true that, by devoting more time to lecturing and private pupils, he might materially have increased his earnings, but Mr. Calvert had scarcely contemplated this step, as he could not give up those studies which now occupied his leisure, and which were to crown his brilliant scholarship. If the young lady had only had a little money of her own all would have been right; but Colonel Faber, who was too honest upon his sleeve, and was too honest for the world, had noticed Mr. Calvert's partiality for his daughter, contrived to let him know that she would have no dowry.

So, after having been inmates of the same boarding establishment for several weeks, they had each other fairly well. The parting seemed common-place enough, yet Mr. Calvert felt much dejected, and there was a slight tremor in the girl's voice as she said good-bye.

Mary Faber could scarcely be called pretty, but she had a bright, sympathetic expression, which was very attractive. She was twenty, but being rather small she looked a year younger. She was very intelligent, and but for a somewhat school-girlish manner might have been termed a charming creature.

Mr. Calvert on leaving Eastbourne had resolved to forget her, but he did not find this process so easy as he had supposed. Many a time that winter, even in the midst of his studies, the last tremulous accents of her voice would come back to him, and he would find himself self-upbraiding; and sometimes, in moments of loneliness or dejection, his thoughts were brightened by the memory of her tender eyes.

CHAPTER II.

Among the means of emolument open to the young fellow of Merton was work as an examiner. He was one of the moderators of the Honour School, and had recently been appointed classical examiner at St. Margaret's College, Manchester. This institution had just been founded by the munificent donations of the merchants and manufacturers of Lancashire, for the higher education of women. It was at the end of the first academical year that Mr. Calvert was entrusted with his duties, and for this purpose he left Oxford for the north one day in the beginning of May. It was only in Latin that he was to examine the students of St. Margaret's, as the directors had only been feeling their way in the world, and had not included Greek in the curriculum, although it figured conspicuously in the prospectus which had been issued for the following year.

Mr. Calvert was glad that the examination was to be conducted by private work only, and that there was no viva voce, as he would have shrunk from testing separately a hundred young ladies in classical lore.

On the evening of his arrival in Manchester, Mr. Calvert was seated in a private room of the chief hotel in the suburb where St. Margaret's was situated. He had dined, and was just about to begin some important writing, on account of which he had secured his retirement. He had scarcely put pen to paper, however, ere he was interrupted by a servant entering to tell him that a lady had called, who wished to see him if he were disengaged.

"There must be a mistake," said Mr. Calvert with some impatience; "I am not the person she desires."

"She is a young lady, sir," said the maid in a smooth tone.

"Then that settles the question," responded Mr. Calvert energetically, "as I know no young ladies here; and there is no young lady, whom I know, who would call on me at an hotel."

"I am sorry to have called a mistake, sir," replied the maid, although he felt confident that he had made no mistake. But as he had supposed that the young lady had called by appointment, he had omitted to ask for her name, and he went off for that purpose.

Presently he returned, and told him that Mr. Calvert was about to utter an angry exclamation, when the servant said—

"The lady has sent her card, sir, and would like if possible to see you alone."

Mr. Calvert's brow contracted, and his lips tightened as he took the card; but on glancing at it he features suddenly relaxed, becoming first red and then pale. He rose and placed one of his hands on the back of a chair, as though he needed some support.

"I shall show the lady up, sir," said the maid confidently.

Mr. Calvert gave assent in a scarcely audible voice, and remained motionless, as though in a dream, while he read again and again the name—

MISS MARY FABER.

While he stood lost in wonder, suddenly he became conscious of a presence that thrilled him, and looking up he saw a girl entering the room. He knew it was Mary, and advancing mechanically he took her hand, but owing to her dress he almost failed to recognize her at first. She had a very school-girlish appearance. She had on a thick jacket, which seemed to lessen her height; and an old-fashioned Quaker-like bonnet, instead of making her look older, had an opposite effect. She was blushing painfully, and was evidently nervous and excited.

"Miss Faber," exclaimed Mr. Calvert in a tone that expressed his astonishment, "I am very pleased to see you. Is there anything I am able to do for you?"

"Oh, yes, a great deal," was the quickly spoken reply.

"Pray sit down, Miss Faber."

"Oh no," replied the girl, "I must stay, as I do hope you'll forgive me for coming, as I know that what I am doing, and am going to ask you, is wrong, dreadfully wrong. Nothing believe me, Mr. Calvert, but necessity would have brought me here. I can't explain everything; but if you only know—Will you please help me?"

"If it lies in my power to benefit you in any way, you may rely on my assistance."

"You promise?" since she had entered the room, the old tender expression that had haunted Mr. Calvert so often during the winter had come into her eyes, and now at his kindly spoken words they were filled with tears. As he looked at her he fervently hoped that she should be able to do her service which she had come to seek.

"I promise," he answered emphatically; "I shall aid you in whatever way lies in my power."

"Then," rejoined Mary eagerly, "I wish you to pass me."

"To do what?" asked Mr. Calvert in a calm but bewildered manner.

"To pass me," repeated the girl, and then she quickly proceeded to explain: "I am a student at St. Margaret's, and have known for some time that you were to examine in Latin. It is the only subject of which I am afraid, as I have not been studying it so long as the other subjects, and much depends on my getting through in all. So, having accidentally heard to-night where you were staying, it suddenly occurred to me to come to you and ask this favor."

Mr. Calvert remained for some time gazing at her in astonishment. It took him a little while rightly to comprehend her meaning. At length he said—

"It is possible that you fully realize the nature of the request you are making?"

"I know it is very wrong," acknowledged Mary, "but so much depends—Then, Mr. Calvert, you know as it is, she added quickly, in an agitated tone.

"I will not break my word to you, but shall do as you request," said Mr. Calvert in a constrained voice.

"Thank you so much," and ere he had time to say anything more she had hidden his good-bye, touched his hand, and hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER III.

When he found himself again alone Mr. Calvert sat down to collect his thoughts, which were slightly confused by the unexpected events which had just occurred. The suddenness and strangeness of the interview would of themselves have been sufficient to disconcert Mr. Calvert, but it was the nature of the promise he had made which was disturbing him most.

When the first stage of his bewilderment had passed by, it would be hard to say whether he was more surprised at Miss Faber for having made the request, or at himself for having granted it. Although reflection did not place his promise in a more favorable light, he did not propose to retract it. He was conscious of having formerly treated Miss Faber with a degree of courtesy, and he was deterred not again to give her cause to doubt his faith.

It is true that he was now contemplating the deliberate neglect of his duties as examiner; yet he did not consider his conduct by any means so culpable as it might have been in certain other circumstances—in the schools at Oxford, for example, had any partiality been possible there. To give a member of an institution for young ladies a certificate of proficiency in the Latin language was a different thing from favoring a young man at a university examination, and to do him justice, he would have been incapable of displaying any unfairness at an Oxford competition. In the present case, notwithstanding his casuistry, he was severe enough in his self-condemnation. He had fallen greatly in his own esteem; but the sense of his own delinquency was trivial compared with the pain he felt on account of Mary Faber's perverted notions of rectitude. When he had first seen her that night, her quaint dress, troubled looks, and supplicating voice had all touched his heart, and it seemed as though his love, which for a while had been latent, had suddenly grown stronger than duty. But seeing that her sense of honor was so weak, he told himself that she could never be anything more to him, even if circumstances were now adverse to their union, were unexpectedly to become favorable. It was with a sinking heart that Mr. Calvert told himself that he could never respect or trust one who had contrived a deception, and had incited him to become a partner of her guilt. When he had fulfilled his promise he resolved to forget her.

Next day Mr. Calvert entered upon his duties as examiner at St. Margaret's. There were nearly a hundred candidates who took up Latin. He put the written papers which were handed to him in a bag, and returned with them to Oxford. The first papers to be opened by him were those which bore the name—"Mary Faber."

The very sight of the neat handwriting was sufficient to send a thrill through his system. He remembered the headmaster's warning. He did not need to read much further to see that she had done very badly, so he decided not to torture his conscience further, and without reading any more he placed her credit the minimum number of marks necessary for passing. He then tied up Mary's papers carefully, and having laid them in his desk, he proceeded to discharge his duties to the best of his ability.

About a week after he had sent in his report he received a printed list containing the names of those candidates who had passed in not less than five subjects, and who were, therefore, entitled to honors. He scanned the list eagerly, because, notwithstanding

Mary's ignorance of Latin, he remembered how clever and well-read she was, and thought it not impossible that she should score her name. He began about the middle of the list and read downwards, but he did not find that which he sought. It was almost with a feeling of satisfaction that he noted the absence of her name, as he was thus relieved from the self-reproach of having aided her unfairly to attain a place of distinction. When he reached the end of the list, Mr. Calvert began to read upwards from the point at which he had started. At last, when he reached the top, he breathed a sigh of relief; but this was quickly followed by a startled exclamation of surprise and consternation, for there, standing apart from the others, was the name of Mary Faber as the first student of her year, and the winner of the Brackenbury scholarship of a hundred guineas, which had been presented to St. Margaret's, by a well-known manufacturer. Then Mr. Calvert read in the remarks appended to the list that the student who had gained the valuable prize, though she had barely succeeded to pass in Latin, had been first in mathematics, first in English, first in French, and third in German.

Mr. Calvert's hand trembled slightly as he laid down the paper, and his pale face wore an expression of pain. He was harassed by conflicting emotions, as love and his admiration of the girl's talents alternated with detestation of the deceit in which he had shared. In any circumstances, he told himself, it was bad enough to have given her an undeserved certificate of proficiency; but to have enabled her unfairly to carry off this valuable prize from the other competitors seemed almost like felony, even though he had unwittingly brought about this grave result.

If he had trifled with Miss Faber's affections when he met her at Eastbourne, the remorse he was now enduring was almost sufficient punishment. If he could have acknowledged his own fault, without betraying her confidence, he would have done so; but this was impossible. So it only remained for him to forget her, and to avoid in the future any conduct which might produce such regrettable consequences.

CHAPTER IV.

It was chiefly owing to the solicitations of his friends that Mr. Calvert a few months later became a candidate for the headmastership of the great public school of Canonbury.

Mr. Calvert had been educated at Canonbury, where he was the first of his year, and subsequently by his brilliant career at Oxford he had conferred additional renown upon the old school. He was also known to be a skilful teacher, and to possess rare powers of organization. All this was of course to his advantage; but, on the other hand, his youthfulness seemed to militate against his chance of success. Many, however, who were well qualified to judge, believed that he would be the successful candidate.

The master of Joseph's College, Oxford, was in virtue of his office one of the governors of Canonbury School. When, therefore, Mr. Calvert one morning received a note requesting him to call on this elector, he knew that he must be one of those appointments was being contemplated, and that the master of Joseph's had been deputed to ascertain his views on certain points, or to obtain some reasons from him regarding his policy should the choice fall upon him.

Nor was Mr. Calvert mistaken. After a few commonplace observations, the master of Joseph's said to him—

"In becoming a candidate for the headmastership of Canonbury, you were doubtless unaware that in two important particulars you are really ineligible."

"I was certainly not aware of the fact," replied Mr. Calvert, supposing that his age must certainly be one of the objections found to him.

"You are not in orders," said the master, "and it is necessary that the head-master of Canonbury should be a clergyman. It is true that there is no statutory regulation to this effect; but the head masters have hitherto invariably been in orders, and the electors decline to form a new precedent by appointing a layman."

"For some time I have intended to enter the Church; and I certainly could not conceive of Canonbury having a head-master who was not in orders."

"Very good," replied the master blandly. "One of the objections of which I spoke is therefore removed."

The master gazed into the face of a little while in silence, in an abstracted manner which he had. At length he said—

"I did not suppose the objections were insurmountable," and he gazed into the face again in a tantalizing way.

"The electors are of opinion," he continued after a little, "that the head-master of Canonbury should be a married man. He has the domestic care of a number of boys, who reside in his house; he must entertain the masters, and in some cases the parents or guardians of the pupils; and these things he cannot do satisfactorily unless he has a wife. What is your opinion on this point, Mr. Calvert?"

It was not so easy as before for the fellow of Merton to give a reply; and ere he spoke a half-stiffed sigh escaped him. The master seemed to have no wish to hurry him, and was looking placidly into the fire. From his apartment, it seemed almost as if some other matter were now occupying the attention of the venerable head of Joseph's. He prided himself on his skill in the discernment of character and in his knowledge of human nature, and perhaps he had anticipated Mr. Calvert's reply.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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