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HALIFAX
VOL. 18.-NO. 19.

CHIGNECTO POST.

Reserve Success and you shall Command it.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 905.

Nails, Tacks and Brads.
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CUT NAILS;
ALL KINDS OF
Shoe Nails, Tacks and Brads.
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Georges Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

They have had a killing frost in some portions of New Hampshire. It is estimated that there will be nearly one million cases of fruit canned in California this season.

James S. Richardson of New Orleans, the largest cotton planter in the world, had this year 38,000 acres in cotton.

Ten thousand tons of grapes are a fair estimate for this year's yield of the vineyards of the Keuka Lake region, New York state.

Through the upsetting of a lantern in the Exhibition at Sherbrooke, Quebec, the other day, 30 horses were burned, valued at about \$80,000.

Fifteen years ago Chicago merchants obtained their supplies of cheese from the East; now 10,000,000 pounds annually pass through that city from the West for New York.

At a fire in the shed of the Agricultural Fair grounds at Coburg, Ont., on Saturday evening last, thirteen horses, valued at \$2000, purchased by the British Government and awaiting shipment, were burned.

A new and strange eye disease is afflicting cattle in the vicinity of Dugoin, Ill., and the neighboring counties of Jackson and Perry, which cows being most affected. The eyes assume a blue color and some of the cattle become totally blind.

Latest intelligence is contradictory of the great losses of sheep in Buenos Ayres within the past year. It is alleged that over 20,000,000 sheep have died, and the loss is estimated at \$30,000,000, which is at least twelve per cent. of the value of all the flocks.

Chemistry shows a ton of barnyard manure, of good quality, to be worth \$3.05, when a ton of commercial fertilizer is worth \$30 to \$35. Every ten tons of it that can be made on the farm will save the purchase of a ton of commercial fertilizer.

It is estimated that the recent cowbait raid cost Colorado \$200,000. It may reach the people of the State something, however. They failed to show up any outrage committed by Indians, but were compelled to return a large herd of ponies and cattle which had been taken from the savages.

According to the Agricultural Economist, they have had this year, as compared with 1874, in Great Britain, 1,315,638 less acres of wheat, 202,788 less acres of barley, but 491,695 more acres of oats; 4,465,175 fewer sheep, 125,459 fewer hogs, but 515,780 more cattle. These figures the Economist regards as indicative of bad times.

Beef cattle are to-day worth a dollar per hundred pounds more than they were a month ago, while hogs, although not showing such rapid advance, have been steadily progressing. This is certainly encouraging to stock men and farmers who have been suffering by reason of low prices, for a long time. It now begins to look as though the reaction has really begun, and that better prices are likely to prevail in the future until over-production again causes a decline.

Live Stock Indicator.

Crops in Maine.

The Maine Farmer summarizes its autumnal crop reports as follows:—The May crop, which usually holds its place as the leading one, was larger than for five or six years, but on account of the poor weather near the closing, about one-third of it was gathered in a greatly damaged condition. The potato root has made that important crop a failure, though on the new and rich lands of Aroostook, something of the crop will be saved. Farmers have wisely dug their potatoes unusually early but they seem to be rotting in the cellars. The apple crop is light, and the destructive maggot has put its work in. Both Indian and sweet corn better than for years. Corn factories springing up everywhere, furnishing a profitable market. The same may be said of butter factories. The pastures were never more luxuriant, and the fine condition of the stock attests to the fact. The husbandman has been blessed with a splendid grain crop. Commercial fertilizers are increasing in use, and also increasing in value in the estimation of our farmers.

Only a short time ago the luggage of a New England lady was seized at Liverpool, and the owner put through a course of sharp questions, because something that the Custom house officials took for dynamite was found in one of her trunks. Only when she broke a piece off the lump and ate it with evident relish could the officials be persuaded that it was a brick of maple sugar that she was taking for her friends in England.

Mrs. Sophia McKenzie of Worcester, 24 years old, died of typhoid fever Tuesday. She had been ill two weeks and was attended by a faith doctor who insisted on her taking a ride in the open air daily. When a regular physician was called in it was too late to save her. It is the second death in that city of a faith doctor patient from typhoid fever.

Household Hints.

—Steel may be bronzed by covering it with olive oil and exposing it to the steam of a kettle of boiling water.

—The best thing to polish eye-glasses and spectacles with is a bit of newspaper. Moisten the glasses and rub dry.

—Ink stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt and water and then sponged with lemon juice.

—Never use lye to clean tin: it will soon spoil it; make it clean with soap and water and rub with whiting, and it will look well and last longer.

—To remove wet grass stains on white goods with water, rub in some soft soap and as much baking soda as will adhere; let stand half an hour, wash out in the usual manner, and the stain will generally be gone.

—To keep flannels as much as possible from shrinking and fading, the following is to be recommended: Dissolve one ounce of potash in a bucket of water, and leave the fabric in it for twelve hours. Next warm the water, with the fabric in it, and wash without rubbing; also draw through repeatedly. Next immerse the flannel in another liquid containing one spoonful of wheat flour to one bucket of water, and wash in a similar manner. Thus treated, the flannel becomes nice and clean, has barely shrunk, and almost not at all faded.

Wages in 1800.

(McMaster's History.)

The condition of the wage class of that day may be well imagined; it is full of instruction for social agitators. In the great cities unskilled workmen were hired by the day, and their own lodgings, but in the country, on the farms, or wherever a hand was employed on some public work, they were fed and lodged by the employer and given a few dollars a month. On the Pennsylvania canals the diggers at the coast did, were housed in the rudest sheds, and paid \$9 a month from May to November, and \$5 a month from November to May. Dig carriers and mortar mixers, hod carriers and shovellers, from 1780 to 1800 labored on the public buildings, and the streets and avenues of Washington City, received \$70 a year, or if they wished, \$60 for all the work they could perform from March 1 to December 20. The hours of work were invariably from sunrise to sunset. Wages at Albany and New York were three shillings, or money then went, forty cents a day; at Lancaster, \$8 to \$10 a month; at Philadelphia, \$10 a month; at New York, \$10 a month; at Baltimore, \$5 in winter. At Baltimore men were glad to be hired at eighteen pence a day. None by the month asked more than \$6. At Fredericksburg the price of labor was from \$5 to \$7 a month. In Virginia men employed by the year were given \$16 currency; slaves, when hired, wore clothed, and the masters paid \$1 a month. A pound, Virginia money, was in Federal money, \$3.33. The average rate of wages the land over was therefore, \$6 a year, with food, and perhaps, lodging. Out of this small sum the workman must, with his wife's help, maintain his family.

—R. J. Burdette pays his compliments to the chronic newspaper fault-finder as follows:—Suppose a newspaper man, every time he hears a man who severely criticizes him or his paper in public, should retaliate by holding up to the public gaze the faults and shortcomings of said fault-finder, what would be the result? Why the critic would think himself terribly abused and would think for the editor's gore. Then the poor quill-driver would get shot or shoot some body.

—The origin of the phrase, "A feather in one's cap," is accounted for in the Lansdowne manuscripts in the British Museum. One of the inhabitants: "It hath been an ancient custom among them that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk, to whom only it was lawful to show the number of his slain enemies by the number of feathers in his cap."

—The patient beset of burden, the country journalist, never does this unless under great provocation. It isn't because he is afraid to do it, but because he is not mean enough. He allows men to go around trying to destroy his business. He hears his paper called a worthless sheet because its editor, in doing his duty, has stepped on some one's toes. Such worthless scoundrels should receive no mercy at the hands of the press.

—A fool of a man at Waterloo, Wis., transferred \$30,000 worth of property to a Spiritualist female doctor because the "spirit" of his dead wife, through a medium, told him to.

—Miss Belle Gentle astonished the volunteers at Kincaid, Fifeshire, Scotland, by her wonderful skill with the rifle. She shot in ten contests and won eight first prizes.

—Mr. Edward Jack is to take charge of the forest department of the N. Y. Lumber Trade Journal.

PRINCESS POPPEA.

A Mystery.

"Did I not say *Auf wiedersehen*?" cried the Princess.

It was a few days after the events of the last chapter, and Percy Hanbury, running up stairs to his own domain, had met Princess Poppea, as, with her maid, she emerged from the left at her landing. She was in evening dress, and an opera cloak lay lightly on her shoulders.

"It is extraordinary," said Percy; "I did not think you had the pleasure of seeing you again so soon."

"You read your sentences prettily," said the Princess. "But what do you find extraordinary? Do you not know that there is no such thing as coincidence? Or rather that what you of the outer life call 'coincidence' is in reality only the effect of a great code of laws real to those which made the sun to give light of the earth to turn on its axis? Watch the trivial matters of your own life, and see if the fact of the recurrence of what you call 'coincidence' does not prove by its frequency that some hidden power is at work. I could tell you strange things. Ah, Mr. Hanbury, life unexplained by the inner light is full of mystery."

She drew off her glove and put out her hand.

"Good-night," she said, turning full upon him her luminous eyes. The pupils were dilated to the golden rings. "It is late. I have been to the theatre and I am tired. But to-morrow—"

"My sister would be charmed to make your acquaintance," said Percy, with more politeness than truth. "If you would allow—"

"I have been feeling the loneliness of a crowd," said Princess Poppea with her pretty coquetry, "but I see that you are kind in your great London. How I shall be pleased to be presented to Miss Hanbury! Perhaps you will come in at five o'clock tea with me? Yes? I am glad. Once more, good-night?"

Percy ran up lightly to his own flat.

"Yes?"

"Are you asleep?"

"No, come in."

"What is it?"

"I want you to come and call to-morrow on Princess Rowenska."

"Very well, Percy."

"You are a good little girl," said her brother, and he will kiss you on the cheek, and notwithstanding your kind permission, I will in no way mutilate my appearance—and you shall kiss me for me for years to come."

"Please heaven, Percy," said Jean.

The next day Miss Hanbury and her brother descended the great staircase at Emperor's Mansions to the flat below their own.

"Alone," answered the Princess. As she spoke she leaned over toward one of the many little tables that crowded the room and took up a rice-paper fan. Perhaps she felt Miss Hanbury's eyes on her, for Jean was examining her critically. Princess Poppea wore a robe of gold-colored Indian silk. As she sat on a low divan this fell gracefully around her. Her face was white to-day, and by contrast her eyes looked very dark. She moved them restlessly.

"And do you make a long stay?" asked Miss Hanbury presently. As she said this she glanced round the room to see whether, in any way, the individuality of its new mistress had made itself felt. Yes, there were changes she observed. One or two more pictures had been hung on the walls. Some bowls of long-stalked lilies stood on the tables. Lengths of quaint Oriental drapery had been thrown across a chair here, a sofa there. The piano stood with its back to the room, and nestled in a bank of palm plants. There had come with the Princess a general sense of color.

"She has taste," was Miss Hanbury's comment, "but she is a Bohemian."

"I cannot say," said Princess Poppea, in answer to Jean's question. "It was made plain to me that I was to come, and it will be revealed to me at what time I shall return. Do I seem to you to speak strangely?"

"The Princess turned to Percy.

"You must forgive me if at times I forget that I am no longer with those who possess knowledge of hidden things. I would I might teach you! There is much to learn, and it seemed to me that perhaps I startled you when I confronted you with your name last week at Dover. I will try not to over again."

A servant brought in tea. The Princess performed her duties pret-

tily, and the conversation turned easily to trivialities, the theatres, books, the pictures of the year.

The visit came smoothly to an end.

"Well?" said Percy to Jean and he entered their own rooms.

"Well," said Jean.

"What do you think of her?"

"I think she is beautiful, brilliant, and—a hump!"

Jean Hanbury now began to be uneasy. Her brother was being taken from her, and so she thought, when no day passed that he did not make some excuse to go down and see the Princess. To his credit, he said, however, that it was not his fault that Jean did not go too, and the Princess asked her often; but for some reason or other—prejudice, Percy said—Miss Hanbury has not taken to the stranger.

"And she is a stranger," Jean said to herself with tears in her eyes, "and we know nothing about her, and I cannot trust her, and she is beautiful, and she will turn Percy's head, and I cannot say a word, and mother is less than no use, and besides she is up in Scotland, and oh, dear!—perhaps I am selfish, but if she takes my boy from me what shall I do?"

Poor pretty Jean! Perhaps there was not so much danger after all. However, it was all very dreadful, and Jean was very unhappy about it, and she wept over her trouble.

There was so much about the princess that was calculated to make a man fall in love with her—her wonderful beauty, her luminous eyes, her sweet voice. That she had many attributes which Jean knew must be particularly attractive to Percy—the air of mystery by which she was surrounded, her knowledge (or pretended knowledge) of the unseen, and her music.

The tears stood in Jean's eyes still, and from downstairs she heard the faint playing of a piano in all that soft and wistful music! Was that drawing her brother from her now?

Percy was standing among the palms and leaning over the top of the piano. Princess Poppea was playing very softly. She was looking up, but not at him, and in all that great dark eyes there was a certain melancholy that suggested that the sounds that her fingers evoked came from her heart. She sighed gently and ceased playing.

"On foot your music," Percy said in a low voice.

"Feel ill?" she asked. "Did I not? It is for me an outlet and it consoles me. Did that please you? I had brain fever once. I was delirious. I saw strange sights and I wandered over the face of the earth. I had a sort of trance. They said that I was dying—dead once, but I was not and I recovered. Afterward I played that. It describes what I saw and heard, and I have but to play it to see and hear once more."

The music ceased abruptly, and the Princess looked up at him in silence.

"I scarcely understand," Percy said slowly. "It is beautiful and an idea is conveyed. It suggested to me a bird flying with weighted wings, a man running in chains—"

"The Princess smiled.

"You have understood," she said, "partly. In the faculties of delirium, there are the strong powers of hindrance, if you know what I mean, but that is familiar to your imagination. But you did not grasp all. Had you played I should have known more. A clergyman preached a sermon and afterwards played it to his wife. She recognized it. I believe that is possible. I should have recognized it—your no."

Percy shook his head.

"The sermon, to be sure, was more narrative than dissertation or argument," added Princess Poppea parenthetically.

She rose as she spoke and crossed the room; she moved gracefully. She wore black to-night, and by contrast, the white of her neck and arms seemed to gleam in the brightly lighted room. She went to the windows and threw them open, and the air came coolly in. "Do you know anything of diamonds?" she said presently. "I picked up this to-day in the street, and whether it is only a bit of glass or real, I cannot tell."

She held out a ring as she spoke, set with a single stone.

"I think you do," said Percy; "I believe you have got a 'fad,' Princess."

"Only if it is real," said Princess Poppea; "of course I shall have to advise for the owner. I will know I could tell, I think, if I saw it beside an undoubted stone."

"Then I will fetch what you call an undoubted stone," said Percy. He left the room and presently returned with his mother's diamonds.

"Good gracious," Mr. Hanbury now exclaimed, "how magnificent!" cried the Princess, as she went into raptures over the jewels. Beside them the doubtful stones showed itself worthless at once. "And do you mean to say

(Continued on fourth page.)

A Creaking Hinge

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. When the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves this condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

Rheumatism, after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with so many and so certain effects as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. F. Freeman, Independence, Va.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of a Rheumatism, which had afflicted me for several years. It has eradicated every trace of the disease, and restored my health. Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from Rheumatism, and was so afflicted me grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. F. Freeman, Independence, Va.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
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Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.50.

GENERAL NEWS.

—A great Milltown, N. B., last Saturday, destroyed seven houses.

—St. Stephen, N. B., is to have a new Catholic Church next summer. It is to cost about \$60,000.

—When the police took their usual stroll on Sunday, all the other people present left the building.

—In some sections of Carleton county, N. B., the crows are unusually numerous and are doing much damage to the crops. At Oakville, rocks numbering 2000 were to be seen, and they knock the apples of the trees and pick them from the orchards.

—The liquor manufacturers, dealers and saloon keepers in Chicago, numbering 4800 votes, are organized with a view of giving the liquor traffic a large amount of protection. They will offer them the most for it. They claim to control 20,000 votes.

—It was found that the brigantine Salsbury, which put into Shelburne, N. S., in distress, while on a voyage from John to the United Kingdom, had a 1 1/2 inch square hole in the counter of the vessel, but later reports say that Charles Eliel had picked all the apples from the best tree in the orchard.—Industrial Journal.

Casualties and Crimes.

FISHERMEN DROWNED.

Five Grand Manan fishermen, who shipped on the schooner "The C. Woodruff," were upset from their dories in a gale on the 5th inst., and drowned. Their names were: Charles Woodruff, who leaves a wife and four children; George Thomas, who leaves a wife and five children; George Bass, who leaves a wife and two children; William Stanley and Eliza Linton, both unmarried.

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Lower section 16.—The Millard train was standing on the crossing a mile from Doncaster while tickets were being checked, when the Liverpool express dashed into the crossing, and the train was wrecked. The train was derailed and into atoms and the first carriage of the Liverpool train was telegraphed by the succeeding carriage. It was blown away a severe injury, wedged into the rails, could be rescued. Twenty-four persons were killed and many injured and cannot recover. Cause defective signalling.

ACCIDENT AT ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

A terrible accident occurred last week on the occasion of crossing the station at St. Anne de Beupre. It was at first reported that two men were killed outright, but later reports say that Charles Eliel had picked all the apples from the best tree in the orchard.—Industrial Journal.

—The Chicago Anarchists are to have a meeting on the 10th inst. for the maintenance of law and order. The Supreme Court of Illinois has announced this decision on Wednesday, affirming the judgment of the court below. It was with great emotion that the Chief Justice announced this decision. In closing, Judge Sheldon said:—"In this case the court orders that the sentence of the Superior Court of Cook county, of the defendants in the indictment, August Spies, Samuel Fielden, E. Parsons, Charles Fischer, Eugene Louis Ling, be carried into effect by the sheriff of Cook county on the 11th day of November next, on Friday, between the hours of 10 in the forenoon and 4 in the afternoon of the day." The Anarchists in the city are furious over the decision. The government will take particular pains to guard well the condemned ones until the day of execution.

—The cholera afflicting the inhabitants of Messina, Italy, is of the most violent character, death frequently ensuing within an hour after the attack. The mortality is not confined to the lower classes. There is a great misery among the people. Grave diggers refuse to pursue their calling, until compelled by troops. The disease appeared in the prisons. A true state of affairs has not yet been published.

Legal.

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THE subscribers have for sale at their Nursery, near Colonial Copper Mine, Dorchester, a large number of choice APPLE TREES, of varieties best adapted to this climate. The trees are all of native growth, and are guaranteed to give better satisfaction than stock raised in warmer localities. Prices on application. Orders by mail carefully filled. A discount of 20 per cent. will be given to purchasers who personally take their trees from the Nursery.

GEORGE KING & CO.,
Dorchester Copper Mine, Oct. 6th, 1886.

WE WANT POTATOES.

WE handled 60,000 Bushels Potatoes last Season and made money for our Shippers, having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers. Write us and ship to

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A Minister's Perquisites.

The perquisites of minister's life are, as a general thing, overestimated. An old clergyman who firmly believed this, had received a call to a small church in the eastern part of this State, from his each larger parish in Massachusetts. A delegation from the church was sent to urge him to accept the call. He asked them what the salary was. They replied that it was about \$600 per year, but that the people were very generous and were continually bringing in things to the minister. "Well," said he, "I don't wish to offend you, but I must positively decline. And now let me give you a bit of my experience: I say younger days I received a call to a small parish where, as in the case with your people, they were very liberal. It was their custom to always give the minister a ball of butter when they churched, and a quarter of veal when they slaughtered. I accepted the call. Things went along as they were represented during the first year. After that there began to be a falling off in their donations, until soon I received hardly anything. I began to make inquiries. One of my parishioners told me I gave perfect satisfaction, but the people had begun to 'raise their calves.' And it had been my experience," continued the old minister, "that donating parishioners soon begin to 'raise their calves.'" - Lewis (Mo.) Journal.

They tell a funny story in connection with a recent session of the German Reichstag. Herr Wichmann was calling the roll of members, when, upon reading out his own name he naturally received no response. He called the name the second time, in a louder tone, and finally roared it out like a healthy-lunged bull. At this juncture his colleagues broke out into such laughter that the truth dawned upon him and he joined in the general hilarity.

A man was riding on the foot-board of a switch engine, near Arkansaw City, when a cow came out of the woods on the track just ahead of the engine, and before the rider could change his position his limbs were crushed between the engine and the cow.

An Englishman asserts that not only do married men live longer than bachelors, but that the latter are more criminal. He says that there are 50 criminals among every 1,000 bachelors, while among married men the ratio is only eighteen.

The famous Disal Swamp is no longer used as a shelter for runaway negro slaves, of course, but it is believed to be the hiding place of at least 100 white men, who, for various reasons, want to retire to private life for a spell.

"George," said an old merchant to his spendthrift son, "how much have you laid out for a ratny day?" "I have a top-coat, an umbrella, and a pair of goloshes," replied the spendthrift.

Private (arm in) with his sweetheart, meets his sergeant in the garden of a restaurant. "Sergeant, my sister," said the sergeant, "I know you are mine once."

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Valuable Farm and Marsh For Sale.

FOR SALE.

THE PREMISES occupied by the subscriber in Sackville, consisting of House, with Outbuildings attached. The Buildings are all in good repair. Good Tank in Cellar, well Fenced, and nice Shade Trees around the Grounds. Location one of the best in Town, being within a few minutes' walk of Railway, Post Office and Institutions. For further particulars apply to CLARA PURDY, Sackville, August 23, 1887.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of the late Heben Chase, Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a vegetable garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good barn and outbuildings. Also a number of good trees for sale. Possession given immediately. Apply to MRS. REUBEN CHASE, Upper Sackville, April 13th, 1887.

House and Lot For Sale or to Let.

THIS desirable property formerly owned by Alex. Johnston, is situated at Upper Sackville, convenient to School, Church, Store and Post Office, and is a very pleasant locality. The House is new and very convenient; Outbuildings are in good repair. There is also a Blacksmith Shop and Carpenter Shop on the premises, and plenty of good water. Terms very favorable. Apply to CHARLES FAWCETT, May 11th, 1887. Sackville, N. B.

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in this Town, consisting of a dwelling House, Shop, Office, Outbuildings and Wharf. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in town, and only a few minutes' walk from Churches, School House or Station. If not sold within a short time, the Shop, with Office, suitable for any kind of business, can be let separately. This undoubted. Apply to T. A. WELLS, Sackville, July 26th, 1887.

SUMMER GOODS!

WE HAVE NOW THE Best Assortment of Dress Muslins

We Have Ever Shewn.

PRINTED INDIA LINENS, NEW LAMA CLOTHS, CASHMERE FINISHE PRINTS, WORKED SPOTTED MUSLINS, FRENCH MUSLINS, FRENCH SATENS, CHAMBRAYS, ZEPHYRS.

EMBROIDERED DRESSES.

Special Reductions in PRINT COTTONS For Next Thirty Days.

300 Pieces to Select From.

Silk and Lisle Gloves, Dents' Kid Gloves, Children's and Ladies' Hosieries.

The Largest Stock and LOWEST Prices in Amherst.

F. A. WILSON.

NEW SPRING GOODS

CHAPMAN BROTHERS, AMHERST.

5 Cases London and New York Hats and Helmets,

4 Cases Cloths and Tweeds,

Half a Car Load of Trunks and Valises.

PRICES LOW. ASSORTMENT COMPLETE.

1 Case Rubber Coats and Umbrellas.

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NEW GOODS.

WHITE COTTONS, every grade and price; GREY SHEETINGS; YELLOW COTTONS, plain and circular; COTTON ADIES, plain and checked Ducks, 7, 8, 9 and 10 oz. White Ducks; GIBSON GREY COTTONS, Ginghams, Tickings; CHECKED SHIRTINGS, every quality; SHAKER FLANNELS in white, colored and fancy.

New Goods in all Departments.

5,000 PIECES of newest styles in English Prints. Patterns selected and printed especially to my order. These prints are expected to arrive during this month. Every attention paid to orders by mail.

A. EVERITT, WHOLESALE DRY GOODS WAREHOUSE, 94, 95 and 96 GERRAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the closed avenues of the Blood, Eickens and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting the Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluctuating of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

W. J. MAHONEY, Proprietor, Toronto.

JUST RECEIVED.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK: Oakum, Tar, Pitch, Herring Nets, Rope, Oil Cloths, WHITE LEAD, (Warranted), Drop Black and other Paints, Filled and Raw Oil, best quality of VARNISHES, in Japan, Furniture, Oak Gearing, Rubbing, and best Finishing; a full stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats and Caps.

WALL PAPERS, House Furniture in Bedroom Suites, &c. Timothly, Clover, and Garden SEEDS. We respectfully invite inspection.

E. C. GOODEN & CO., Baie Verte, April 12th, 1887.

TELEPHONES!

HAVING entered upon the manufacture of all forms of TELEPHONIC APPARATUS we are prepared to make arrangements for installing Telephone Exchanges. We will also furnish instruments for private lines. Our new Telephone embodies improvements never before introduced (all of which are thoroughly protected), and affords a clear and distinctness never before attained. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

A. R. BLISS, Manufacturer of all forms of Electrical Apparatus.

Money to Loan.

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

TO ARRIVE!

1 Car Load of "Ocean" Flour.

1 Car of Mixed Brands of Flour.

CATTLE FEED.

J. H. CODDWIN, Point de Date, Jan. 10, 1886.

MONCTON SUGAR!

74 bbls. Yellow Extra C. Granulated. A. J. BABANG & Co., Sackville, July 15, 1886.

(Continued from first page.)

you keep these in the house?" asked the Princess.

"Temporarily," answered Hanbury.

"It seems risky, does it not? But I suppose you have a strong box?"

"No," said Percy, "I keep them locked up in a drawer in my sister's wardrobe. It has a good lock; I think they are safe; and then I keep the key myself."

"It should assuredly be a good lock," said the Princess. "These are worth a fortune. But of course a good lock makes them safe. You should have a unique key."

Percy took up the case preparatory to taking it back, and he winked at his sister. "I have a very long key with other peculiarities."

"It looks ordinary enough," he said; "however, so long as I take good care of it it will be all right."

The Princess glanced at it. "Princess," she said, "are you not going now?"

"I am afraid yes," he answered. "My sister is alone. Good night, Princess."

And he went up stairs, looked up the banisters, and joined Jess in the drawing room.

The power of attraction of the Princess must have been very great. The man who had travelled up from Dover in the next compartment to hers, and who had slept at the Metropolitan Hotel, on the corner of the house of a little street commanding a view of the Emperor's Mansion. He spent much of his time looking out of the window of his sitting room, or leaning on the balcony watching the balcony of the flat which he knew to be hers.

If he was in love with her, his love must have been great.

The days passed quickly. June was drawing to a close, and with it London season. Jess Hanbury continued to be busy. Percy spent much of his time at the Emperor's flat. He drove with her, too, some times, and once or twice he had gone with her to the theatre. Of herself she spoke little; of herself she made him tell her much.

"What can one do?" asked Miss Hanbury, "How I wish he had not come home so soon, or that Jess had not married that fellow! What chance do we have? It is so terribly beautiful!"

"Upon my word, Jess," said her sister, "I think we must let things take their course. If nothing happens, well and good; and if Percy chooses to marry her we cannot say a word; and really I scarcely think it would matter so very much if he did. She is quite lovely, you know, and good style, and all that sort of thing; and she is so lovely, particularly that if one could find out whether she has a little money—"

"Ethel, how can you?" cried Jess. "You have grown horribly worldly since you married Jack Leyton. Are beauty and money the only things a man wants in a wife?"

"Well, I suppose she is a Christian," said Mrs. Leyton, complacently.

"I don't know what she is," said Miss Hanbury. "She talks about 'inner light' and the 'higher life' and 'currents' and the 'astral,' and all sorts of things that interest Percy, because you know all that occult rubbish always had a fascination for him."

"It is—what shall I say?—chief to know about these things," said Mrs. Leyton, "and she is quite ladylike, and lovely—though I can't help thinking that she is a little bit of a make her pupils big, and I am certain she whitens her face in some way. But, after all, making up a little is quite tolerated now, and if she does, she does it so well that I don't think it matters at all. Really, Jess, I see no such terrible objection to her."

"You are not with me," said Miss Hanbury, "so you are against me. I thought better of you. What do you know of the Princess? She may be anything for our work, but I don't think I tell you anything. And Percy is infatuated. I got you to come here to help me, Ethel, and you join the enemy. You might just as well be back at Windsor with your husband and your babies."

"Just as well, you ungrateful girl!" said Mrs. Leyton, laughing. "I leave my darling little son, only just convalescent after German measles; then I am told I might just as well have come. The dear little Jeanie, cheer up. I don't believe Percy is so hard bit as you think. He is only amusing himself."

"I hope so," said Jess.

Down stairs Percy was sitting in the pretty drawing room he was beginning so well now. The Princess lay back in a low red chair. She wore a loose robe of dead white, and her brown hair streamed down over her shoulders. She held one of the long-stemmed lilies, and she looked like a medieval saint. "My head has been aching," she said to him, "and my hair is heavy."

"It must be heavy," he said, looking admiringly at its generous silky length. "You should be painted so," he added.

"Why?" she asked slowly.

"Because—forgive me—you look so pure and holy."

The Princess shuddered. A curious look of pain came into her face, and the muscles at her mouth contracted. Her lips parted, and for a moment, as she lay back in her cushions, she closed her eyes.

"Pure!" she echoed, "and holy I would that I were!"

She was silent for a few seconds; then she said:

"The face is no key to the soul. Judas Iscariot may have had the face of the Angel Gabriel, and Jezabel and the Empress Poppa, my namesake, may have been innocent to look at."

Percy looked up in surprise. He saw that her face had grown hard. He supposed that she must have met with injury from some one who was beautiful to have called forth that bitter speech.

The Princess's mood changed, and she laughed lightly.

"Do not be afraid, Mr. Hanbury," she said; "I am not one or other."

There was again silence for a few moments. For some unknown reason there flashed now upon Percy's brain the recollection of an incomplete and half-forgotten impression, one momentarily caused by the sharp turn he had seen the Princess make when the fussy man with the parcels had given way to his impatience on the gangway—that sharp turn which, but for the sweet voice which had presently spoken, would have been suggestive of furious revolt.

He gave a movement of annoyance. The Princess had never given the least justification to that half-formed suspicion. He thought he had put it from him, and he was angry that the remembrance of it should have come to him.

The Princess was looking at him curiously.

"You think I should be painted like this?" she said in a voice that sounded a little constrained. "I have a photograph of myself so. I will show it to you."

She rose and crossed the room to a writing table.

"Ah! it is locked," she said, as she tried a drawer, "and I have lost the key. I had forgotten. Perhaps one of your keys would fit it; let me try."

"Your hand trembles, Princess!" he said.

"I am not well to-night. My head throbs. Play to me, Mr. Hanbury; it may soothe me!"

Percy rose and went to the piano. He sat down and played. He was sudden behind the instrument and the palms. He heard the keys jangle as the Princess tried them in the lock. It was some minutes before she returned the bunch to him.

"It is no good," she said, "they do not fit."

And Percy played on. He went gently from one thing to another. The Princess stood beside the piano in her dead-white gown. Her bosom rose and fell with her quick breathing. Her face rested on her hand, and all her glorious hair fell richly round her, and the ends of it reached below her waist. She was looking steadily at him as he played, and in her eyes, as she looked, there was a curious deep pain. The soft music filled the room. The cool air came in through the open windows, and bore with it the scent of the flowers in the balcony. And Percy played on, choosing soft, dreamy things to suit the hour. Princess Poppa stood looking at him, and taking in his bright young face, with its healthy burn, his frank eyes that shined themselves so easily to mirth, his small close-cropped head that rested so nobly on the strong throat. He looked up and met that look that looked between them. His fingers ceased to play, and the Princess gave a low cry and buried her face in her hands.

"I cannot do it," she cried brokenly, "I cannot!"

"Poppa!" Percy said in a low voice. "Poppa!"

He had started from his seat, but she waved him back.

"Hush!" she cried. "For the love of Heaven, do not say more, for my sake, for your own and for your sister's. My hands have had enough. God knows! Do not make them worse."

She put her hand to her throat and tore at her draperies that she might breathe. She was white as her dresses, and her eyes were unnatural bright. She spoke in quick, short sentences, and with no foreign accent. She sank down upon a low chair.

"I am a lie!" she said doggedly. "I lie from beginning to end! I am English—I am no Princess. My name is Mary Vereker, and my husband is now on the continent somewhere. He is hiding from the police. He is under suspicion of being concerned in a great jewelry robbery in Paris. I may mention that he is guilty, and that I am involved in it too. There, you see what I am. It is well you said no more. Ah! how strange it all is! How strange that I should turn coward now! But I cannot injure you. You have been very good to me, and it was when I had you in my power that I knew that the task was beyond me. You treated me and how I meant to repay you! There is your key," she went on in a leaden voice. "I took it from your bunch when you lent it to me just now, and I substituted another. To-night I meant to have taken your mother's diamonds!"

Percy, who had been staring at her in sheer amazement, now gave a sharp cry.

"Miss Hanbury did not trust me. She did well; but you—you were so good to me, so friendly, and so kind! It seems passing strange, does it not?" she continued, "to have laid so deep a plan, and then, in the moment of success—for I had learned from you the whereabouts of the diamonds, and I had secured the key—to become weak and to fail! But you I could not hurt. I will tell you a few things more, and then you must go, and I shall never see you again. My husband is a gambler and a rascal. I made his acquaintance when I was at school in Paris. He was 16, and he persuaded me to elope with him. I was an orphan. For the last twelve years we have travelled from one city to another on the Continent. I have mixed with rones and blacklegs and doubtful women who are their associates. The odds were against me. I became as bad as my set. We met Mrs. Bedford at Monte Carlo some weeks ago. She broke the bank. My husband helped her to choose the diamonds, and we formed a scheme to steal them. She had not told your stepfather about them, and she intended to give them to her son to keep for her. It was not difficult to find out all about you. She showed me your photograph then, and it was from that I recognized you. Virginia, a confederate, came over here and took this flat. It has all been very simple. The rest you know. There, you have heard my disastrous story. You know now who and what I am."

She stopped, and a bitter cry came from her lips. Percy was silent. He was very pale. He felt dazed with the horror of what he had heard.

Mrs. Vereker threw herself on the ground and buried her face in the cushion of a chair. Her hair hung tangled about her. She sobbed for some moments, then she raised her eyes, full of misery, to his.

"Go now," she said, "and if you can, pity me. I have had few chances, and fate has been against me. But I am not ungrateful, and I think I die, or shall I forget you? There is some little good in me, and you have found it. To-morrow I will go, and you will never see me again. But remember this, that if I had met you sooner I might not have done what I am doing now. I have had a very large experience in that respect for thirty years. This is my own personal experience, and I believe it is a very good and true experience."

"I should join issue at once with those who believe that intellectual work can be so well done without wine or alcohol. I should deny that proposition and hold the very opposite. It is one of the commonest things in English society, that people are injured by drink without being drunk. It goes on so quietly that it is even very difficult to observe. There is a great deal of injury done to the health by the habitual use of wines in their various kinds, and alcohol in its various shapes, even in so-called moderate quantities. It leads to the degeneration of tissues; it spoils the health and it spoils the intellect."

"I think, as a rule, you might stop the supply of alcohol at once without injury. It is in fact in some cases the brain has entirely gone from leaving drink off suddenly; but that is fallacious, the brain may have gone from previous habits. I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol, leaving out of view the fact that it is a frequent source of crime of all descriptions. I am persuaded that lecturers should go about the middle and upper-middle classes upon the disadvantages of alcohol as it is daily used."

The public ought to know that of all the fluids or solvents for the nutritious parts of food there is nothing like water. Water dries into the system the nutriment in its best form."

A Word to the Boys.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing, and I am hiding from the police. He is under suspicion of being concerned in a great jewelry robbery in Paris. I may mention that he is guilty, and that I am involved in it too. There, you see what I am. It is well you said no more. Ah! how strange it all is! How strange that I should turn coward now! But I cannot injure you. You have been very good to me, and it was when I had you in my power that I knew that the task was beyond me. You treated me and how I meant to repay you! There is your key," she went on in a leaden voice. "I took it from your bunch when you lent it to me just now, and I substituted another. To-night I meant to have taken your mother's diamonds!"

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