

FEB

1890 EARLY SPRING 1890

Hamburg Edgings at Special Prices during February!

85 Pieces Dress Gingham and Shirting. Bought at the old Price before the Mills advanced their 15 per cent. Halves Greys, Gibson Greys, Direct from the Mill.

We are Taking Stock Now! Look Out for BARGAINS!

C. PICKARD Christmas Presents.

Buy Something Useful. I have all Sizes of FELT BOOTS, GERMAN FELT SLIPPERS, for Women, and Misses and Childrens.

Sackville Boot & Shoe Store, Powell's Block. Dec. 12. A. G. SMITH.

ROBB'S STEEL FURNACE

Is the cheapest and best heating apparatus for country dwellings. Being cased with brick it does not damage roots in cellar, the heat being carried up into the rooms during the night even after the fuel has burned low.

We use only American Registers.

STOVES Still at Lowest Prices.

Some Specialties in Cook, Heating and Parlor Stoves. We have Everything in HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE.

NEW WIRE CLOTHES PINS.

60 VICTORIA STREET, AMHERST, N. S.

ETTER & PUCSLEY

Largest and Cheapest Stock

DRESS GOODS AND SILKS, Ready Made Clothing, CARPETS AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS,

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.

Men's Astracan Coats, Ladies' Astracan Coats, Ladies' Fur-Lined Dolmans, Ladies' Fur Boas, Robes, Caps, Gloves, &c.

AMHERST, N. S.

Harper's Young People.

An Illustrated Weekly. The Eleventh volume of Harper's Young People, which begins with the number for Nov. 18, 1889, presents an attractive program.

CHRISTMAS 1889!

Just Received a good Supply of Fresh Groceries!

50 Bbls. Apples

75 BACS SALT.

ED. READ.

Special Localities.

A Lady residing in the city of Halifax would like to take two children to board and educate (girls preferred) of any age between eight and ten years.

Preserve Crocks and Self-Sealing Glass Jars for Sale at a Bargain.

To Printers.—A swift running Card Press in good order, for sale very cheap.

C. W. Knapp's the place to buy your Butter and Cream Crocks.

Flower Pots—all sizes. The Best Assortment in Sackville to pick from.

Call at Jos. W. Dobson's for your Pickled Driving Harness, Team Collars, and all other fittings in his line.

Wm. Knight, of Amherst, is still leading with his celebrated New Harris Gurnsey Farmack.

THE STEAMER OF JOHN A. Mc Latchey of Weldon, Albert Co. was recently entered and \$6,000 worth of goods taken.

MR. A. R. DICKEY, M. P., of Amherst, has gone to Georgia, hoping the change of climate would benefit his rheumatism.

MISS ADDA PURDY of Amherst has gone to Germany to complete her musical studies.

A COLLISION occurred on the I. C. R. at Springhill on Saturday night between the C. O. P. midnight train and a special. No one was injured.

THE MONTEUR ACADEMIEN gives the paragon's of the death of M. Amand Bourgeois of Grand Digue, one of the oldest inhabitants, at the age of 83.

TWO FINLANDERS were preparing to settle a dispute at Amherst on Friday last with knives, when officer Jones escorted them to the cooler.

THE PORTABLE engine belonging to Messrs Tingley and Chapman of Pt. de Bute was badly damaged recently by the breaking of the crank.

THIS WOODEN station man of Sackville had a leg broken by a Bourgeois Co. truck on the 1st inst. He was taken to the hospital and is recovering.

REV. W. H. EVANS of Oxford N. S. will preach the sermon in the morning in the Methodist church, in the evening address will be delivered by Messrs C. E. Crowell and J. W. McConnell.

RUNAWAY.—A pair of horses belonging to Mr. H. E. Howser ran away from the station last Saturday, and before they were stopped one of them received an ugly wound from a trace hook, which severed an artery.

NEWS GATHERING.—The Amherst Press takes a round-about way to get the news of its own County.

Mrs. BENNETT, wife of Stipendiary magistrate Bennett, Springhill Mines, while passing a kitchen stove ignited her dress and before the flames could be extinguished she received injuries from which she died.

A HOUSE at Calhoun's Mills occupied by a family named White was burned about 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning last. The fire was first discovered by parties outside, who could only with difficulty arouse the sleeping inmates.

ON SATURDAY afternoon fire broke out in a house occupied by Mr. Lodge and John Editt, Moncton. Owing to the poor supply of water the flames increased and soon the entire building was destroyed.

A HOUSE owned by Calvin Marnie at Point de Bute, was destroyed by fire on Friday afternoon and two children perished in the flames.

MONCTON was horrified on Saturday last by driver Patrick Ashe of the I. C. R. had attempted in a fit of melancholia to commit suicide.

CHINA WEDDING.—Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McCreedy, of Point de Bute, were today to a genuine surprise a few days ago, the occasion being the twentieth anniversary of their marriage.

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LOCAL MATTERS.

MONCTON has established a night school.

MAILS are now being dispatched over the Joggins Railway.

AMHERST icemen are gathering their harvest. The crop is excellent.

LUMBERING operations are being extensively carried on in Albert Co. and business is very active.

DUNLAP and DONOHUE the King's Co. burglars arrived at Dorchester last week to stop two years.

DR. TREN, of Dorchester, is taking a trip to South America for the benefit of his health.

MR. ISAAC JONES of Point de Bute had the good fortune last week to capture a black fox.

TWO passenger cars are at the Moncton shops for repairs resulting from explosions of the heating apparatus.

WILLIAM PARLEE, of Havelock, was knocked insensible on Monday at Thorne's Brook, A.C. by a falling tree.

THE three masted schooner Harry W. Lewis, Captain John Hunter of Hopewell Cape has arrived at Santos, Brazil.

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Amherst.

A. R. Dickey and wife left for Savannah a few days ago.

On Friday there were big races on Blair's lake, about two miles from town.

The Catholics this evening in their church, held a promenade concert with refreshment table, oysters, etc.

A few evenings ago, Judge Morse delivered a lecture before a large audience in Picton, on the early history of the Province.

The manager of the Maritime Sentinel left on Monday for a trip of more than a month.

A debating club has been organized in connection with the Y. M. C. A. of this town.

Judge Bourke, an old and respected official of the county, for the last year, last session of the Municipal Council presented Councilor Howard with a gold headed cane as a token of the good feeling which existed between them.

Dr. Black and wife who left here a few days ago arrived safely on the other side on Saturday.

News has just reached here of the sudden death of Thomas Flinn, at Wallace. He was about 65 years of age and was reported to be worth about \$50,000.

Stipendiary McCully has his hands full this morning. No less than five common drunks were up before him.

Word was received here last evening of the death of Rev. Thomas Talbot, which took place at Dresden, Ont., on Monday.

The C. P. R. Telegraph and Dominion Express offices are running here now, under the management of Miss Mabel Palmer, in the building lately occupied by E. L. Ramsey as a picture store.

Mr. E. V. Godfrey has been seriously ill of congestion of the lungs, but is recovering his usual health, and hopes to be soon out again.

A small house on Woodlawn St., Dorchester, belonging to Mr. Howard, was burned to the ground on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Howard was absent at the time, and it is not known how the fire originated.

The roads are good and the lumbermen are improving them.

The shipments of hay at Anaco Station have been unusually large the last few days.

Mr. P. Patterson, of Sackville, has been the principal shippers, although a number of others have been in the business.

Constable Carter is still looking after Scott's offenders.

The next lecture of the course was given by Mr. H. A. Powell, on Astronomy, and pleased everybody.

Judge Morse is to give his lecture, on the early history of the Province, on the 12th inst.

La Grippe has not got all its work in, but is hanging around ready to pounce upon any new victim.

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BORN.

At Dorchester, on the 3rd inst., to the wife of M. G. Ford, Barrister, a daughter.

At Middle Sackville, Jan. 20th, to the wife of J. F. Hillson, a son.

At Sackville, on Jan. 27th to the wife of A. G. Smith a son.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Narrows, Jan. 23rd, by the Rev. C. H. Hamston, Edwin Anderson, of Dorchester.

At the residence of Phillip Gayne, Telegraph Street, Moncton, by the Rev. J. M. Robinson, Edward Gayne, to Bessie McQuarry, both of Moncton.

At Moncton, on Jan. 16th, by the Rev. W. B. Hinson, Charles F. Bishop and Joseph Leaman, both of Moncton.

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WALL PAPERS.

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

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS, WOOD, Mantels, MOULDINGS, etc.



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.

Ladies' Skating Boots, from \$1.50 upwards, Walking Boots, in Button and Lace, Felt Boots and Shoes, 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 Warranted. Do not fail to see these Goods.

Custom Work a Specialty. REPAIRING PROMPTLY & NEATLY DONE.

Notice of Application, Dunlap Bros. & Co.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Local Legislature for the Province of New Brunswick at its next session for the passing of an Act to incorporate a Railway Company for the purpose of constructing and operating a line of Railway from a point on the Intercolonial Railway at or near Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, passing through Moncton, in said County of Westmorland to Edmundston in the County of Madawaska with a branch to the City of Fredericton in the County of York, and power and authority to amalgamate with any other railway or company, body corporate or assignee, trustee or lessee of any Railway or Railway Company or otherwise acquire the hire, use or ownership of any such lines of Railway as above mentioned or to lease its line to any other Railway Company and with all the usual powers and privileges necessary or incident thereto.

Dated this 20th December, A. D. 1889, W. WILBERFORCE WELLS, Solicitor for Applicants dec. 26. 5ms.

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 GROCERY STORE.

Also, another shipment just to hand of China & Crockery Ware consisting of TEA SETS, CHAMBER SETS, TEA CUPS.

In Col. and Plates to match, by doz. Dinner Plates, Soup Plates, Breakfast Plates, Tea Plates, Wisp & Broom, and lots of other articles. Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, and be convinced that I sell the Cheapest of any in Sackville.

C. W. KNAPP.

China Gift Cups & Mugs.

The Best and Cheapest that I ever offered. Also, Breakfast Casters, In Silver and Majolica, Silver Teaspoons and Tablespoons, Knives and Forks, Kitchen Furnishing Goods of all kinds, Brushes-in Scrub, Stove, Shoe & Horse, Wisp & Broom, and lots of other articles. Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, and be convinced that I sell the Cheapest of any in Sackville.

C. W. KNAPP.

APPLES, SALT, &c.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE: 150 Bbls. Choice Winter Apples, 120 Bags COARSE SALT

20 Bbls. No. 1 abrador Herring. Our Customers can be supplied at our Stores at Bale Verte or Port Elgin.

E. C. GOODEN & CO. Bale Verte, Dec. 3rd, 1888.

JUST RECEIVED AT T. H. Griffin, Amherst, N. S. 3 CASES,

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

Remember Special Sale AND Discount of 20 per Cent. DURING THIS MONTH.

MRS. C. W. MAIN'S 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 Line 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.

RAISINS.

VALENCIA RAISINS. VALENCIA LAYERS. Choice New Fruit, received & for sale by Nov. 22, 88. H. Wood & S.

Under False Pretenses.

By BETT WINWOOD

The "other relative" to whom the stage driver had referred was her cousin Viola Lyndon, a Baltimore beauty and belle.

Veria had never seen Viola. As the latter was rich in her own right, there could be little community of feeling between the two. But, if justice were done, they would share and share alike in Mrs. Wallingford's large fortune.

"Thought that is too much to expect," Veria told herself, "I shall be quite satisfied if grandmother settles a few thousands, that will never be missed, on little mamma. Then she could enjoy life a little and need not work so hard."

At that moment the rich portiere draping an arch at the lower end of the apartment were swept aside, and a strikingly handsome young man came toward her with outstretched hands.

"You are Miss Lyndon," he said, in a mellow voice, smiling down on her in a way that instantly inspired a feeling of confidence and trust. "I have just returned from New York, and I have heard that you were in the city."

"Yes, though she had quite forgotten, for the time being, that there was such a person."

Mrs. Wallingford had been married and widowed twice. Herbert Falconer was her last husband's nephew—therefore no relation of Veria's. Now she distinctly recalled having heard it rumored that the young man was a great favorite of Mrs. Wallingford's, and had long resided at Roselawn.

"A telegram just arrived from the other Miss Lyndon, your cousin," he said, displaying the yellow envelope left by the messenger boy. "Aunt Wallingford looks a sudden whim to send for you both at the same time. Strange as it sounds, she has never made the acquaintance of either grandchild. She wishes to judge between you, and decide which shall be the heir, it may be, with a careless laugh. 'But your cousin sends word that she has been unexpectedly prevented from coming.'"

Veria looked relieved as she glanced wistfully up to the young man in a handsome face. She was quite sure Viola must be proud and haughty, and had no desire to meet her.

"May I go at once to grandmother's?" "Certainly. She doesn't expect you until to-morrow, but that makes no difference. Come with me, please."

Three minutes later Veria was standing before a wrinkled, yellow old woman in black velvet, whose cold gray eyes keenly scrutinized her from head to foot.

"You have the Lyndon look," Mrs. Wallingford said, graciously enough. "I am sure you will get on very well together. I like your dress. Such simplicity is refreshing in these days of ruffles and rich apparel. It might make a difference, only you are not so young as you can afford to do as you please in such matters."

Veria gave a little gasp. What did the old lady mean? She had no idea how pretty and lady like she looked in that soft clinging gown of steel colored scarlet, relieved by little knots of sapphire ribbon here and there. Not the least like a country girl!

Before she could recover herself to reply Herbert Falconer had produced the telegram and was reading it aloud.

It was signed, "V. Lyndon," but by some oversight the name of the person from which it was sent had been omitted.

"From that New Hampshire girl," Mrs. Wallingford muttered, half contemptuously, sinking back upon the soft cushions with a sigh of relief.

"Of course," said Herbert, serenely. "Well, I must own I'm glad she isn't coming. No doubt she is a bold, forward creature, with the manners of a savage, who would put her foot in the blue of your times each day. What better could you expect of a child brought up by such a mother? I never forgave the designing creature for entraining my son into matrimony; her though I did think of relieving her enough to do something for the daughter. Well, I am sincerely glad to be spared the ordeal. I should have hated the girl because of her mother."

Veria's blue eyes flashed indignantly. She tried to explain to resent in some way the insult offered her gentle mother, but there was such a choking in her throat she could not utter an audible sound.

"Come, dear, and give me a kiss," she heard Mrs. Wallingford say, coaxingly, in the midst of her tirade. "I have taken a real fancy to you, just as I expected. An old woman like me feels the need of some one to love and lean upon. You and I will be all the happier for being spared the affliction of this country cousin's society."

Veria flung her hands over her face, and held them there a moment. Like a flash came a sudden thought that made her head whirl and her heart throb faster than ever.

Mrs. Wallingford was a woman of violent deeply rooted prejudices. She seemed willing enough to take Viola to her heart. Why not profit by the natural mistake that had been made—assume her cousin's identity, be Viola until she had won her whimsical grandmother's love?

"The deception can harm no one," she reflected. "Of course I shall disclose the truth as soon as my purpose has been accomplished. If I could only bring this proud old lady face to face with my sweet mamma, how quickly she would feel ashamed of her silly dislike!"

When Veria raised her head at length, Herbert Falconer was gazing at her curiously. Not even attempting to analyze that look, she touched her lips to Mrs. Wallingford's wrinkled cheek. Somehow thoughts of her dead father stirred her strangely.

"Only be kind to me, and I will always love you, grandmother," she said, tremulously.

The mistake had been allowed to pass uncorrected, and retreat from her momentary position was no longer possible. But when she found herself alone in her elegant boudoir, with tath and dressing room attached, she walked restlessly about, scarcely deigning a glance at her luxurious surroundings.

"I can never, never keep up the deception! I shall betray myself a dozen times each day. O why, why did I make the attempt?"

But it was easier than she would have believed. She had acquired many graces and accomplishments in her country home. Her dress was always so neat, so pretty and becoming one never thought of the material, but only noticed the effect.

And Mrs. Wallingford had not the faintest suspicion that this lovely, lady like girl was the simple country maiden she had secretly made up her mind to dislike.

It was astonishing how quickly a weak flow by—the happiest Veria had ever ex-

perienced. Had she thought to analyze her feelings she must have realized how much Herbert Falconer had had to do in the days to pass so very pleasantly.

There was only the fact of the false part she was playing to her perfect happiness. How she hated herself now for not working to her temptation!

"Everybody is so good and kind to me I shall never have the courage to confess the truth," she often mused in the solitude of her chamber. "How shall I ever be able to persuade grandmother it was all the impulse of the moment, and not a deliberately laid plan? What will Mr. Falconer think of me when I tell him I am a 'Viola—only poor, despised Veria'?"

And a vivid crimson would suffuse her cheeks.

One evening Mrs. Wallingford sent her a conservatory to gather a few roses, her favorite flower. The fragrant breathing bower was dimly lighted. As Veria glided under the trailing green arches she heard the sound of suppressed sobs in a shadowy corner.

These suddenly ceased at her approach, a glass door opening on the terrace closed sharply, and Ann Briggs, one of the maids, a bold, forward girl, glided out.

"What are you doing here?" Veria demanded, struck by the maid's evident terror and guilty looks.

"I came for tea," Ann stammered, dipping a conservatory to gather a few roses, her favorite flower. The fragrant breathing bower was dimly lighted. As Veria glided under the trailing green arches she heard the sound of suppressed sobs in a shadowy corner.

Some one has just gone away. Mrs. Wallingford would be greatly displeased if she knew you received visitors here."

Words of denial were upon the girl's lips, but she thought better of it, and did not utter them.

"My brother saw me through the window, while on his way to the kitchen door, and stopped long enough to deliver a message," she answered, insolently tossing back her head. "Go, tell your mistress, if you like, Miss Lyndon, I don't imagine she will think I have committed a capital crime."

Veria instinctively distrusted the girl. Something told her she was both cunning and unscrupulous. Of course she was keeping the real truth back. But it would be wiser, perhaps, to overlook this transgression.

"That you are not guilty of a second offense, and I shall not betray you," she said, hastily gathering the roses for which she had come, and turning to retrace her steps.

Just then a suppressed sound caused her to look quickly around. She saw a masculine figure rise suddenly from the shrubbery beside the terrace door, and hurry across the lawn. The man's hat was drawn over his eyes, but Veria caught a momentary glimpse of his face in the moonlight.

"Capt. Haxton! Can it be possible?" she murmured, reeling giddily backward with a wild flight.

The new comer, the real Viola Lyndon, had shifted her position, and was now visible through the half open door. A profuse, languid-looking lady with blonde hair and cold blue eyes. Her beautiful red lips opened to speak, but she closed again without an audible sound. Her inscrutable expression crossed her fair face.

Evidently Miss Viola Lyndon was a young lady gifted with wonderful nerves and rare self control. She entered the parlor as if she had never seen Mrs. Wallingford, and sat down to the slender gloved hand she extended.

"You are Veria, I suppose?" the old lady said, coldly, her glistening brows contracted as if she didn't know what led her to invite you to Roselawn; but, of course, you may stay, now you are here. One of the rear rooms will be good enough for you—coming from a dilapidated old farm house, you will find the bare comforts of life. I shall instruct my housekeeper accordingly."

The cold blue eyes flashed a searching glance over the young girl shrinking and lowering in the velvet chair at Mrs. Wallingford's side. She bit her lip. There was a moment's dead silence; then she said, sweetly:

"Assign me to any room you please, I do not matter. I shall be glad to see you. They shall be glad to see you. They shall be glad to see you. They shall be glad to see you."

"Are you my Cousin Viola? It is an unexpected pleasure to meet you. You are a very pretty girl. I have never seen you before. I have never seen you before. I have never seen you before."

Veria could never clearly recall what followed. By and by she seemed to waken out of a nightmare dream to find herself in her own boudoir, walking up and down in a frenzy of excitement.

"What a poor pitiful coward I am!" she murmured to herself. "I have confessed everything the moment Viola appeared upon the scene. Now, because of my object, I am in a worse predicament than when I first saw her. When my object is in keeping up the deception? O how my heart grieves me! In what a web of my own weaving I have entangled myself!"

Veria went gladly to her usual room, but she felt sick and giddy; there was a strange ringing in her ears. What did it all mean? That Viola had been so kind as to let her stay in the house? But why should she show such unexpected forbearance? It was very strange.

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