

A Heroic Deed.

Mr. Gasper, a sergeant in the Revolutionary Army, had a brother who had joined the British, and who likewise held the rank of sergeant in their garrison at Ebenezer, Georgia. No man could be truer to the American cause than Sergeant Jasper; yet he warmly loved his tory brother, and actually went to the British garrison to see him.

His brother was exceedingly alarmed lest he should be seized and hung as an American spy; for his name was well known to many of the British officers. "Do not trouble yourself," said Jasper, "I am no longer an American soldier."

"Thank God for that, William," said his brother, heartily shaking him by the hand; "and now only say the word, my boy, and there is a commission for you, with regiments and gold, to fight for his majesty, King George."

Jasper shook his head, and observed that though there was but little encouragement to fight for his country, he could not find it in his heart to fight against her. And there the conversation ended. After staying two or three days with his brother, inspecting and hearing all that he could, he took his leave, returned to the American camp, and told General Lincoln all that he had seen.

Soon after he made another trip to the English garrison, taking with him his particular friend, Sergeant Newton; who was a young man of great strength and courage. His brother received him with a cordial greeting, and he and his friend spent several days at the British fort, without giving the least alarm. On the morning of the third day his brother remarked that he had had news to tell him.

"Aye? What is it?" said William. "Why," replied his brother, "here are ten or a dozen American prisoners brought in this morning as deserters from Savannah, whither they are to be sent immediately; and from what I can learn it will be apt to go hard with them, for it seems they have all taken the king's bounty."

"Let us see them," said Jasper. So his brother took him and his friend Newton to see them. It was indeed a painful sight to behold the poor fellows handcuffed upon the ground. But when the eye rested upon a young woman, wife of one of the prisoners, with her child, a sweet little boy of five years, all pity for the male prisoners was forgotten.

Her humble garb showed that she was poor; but her deep distress, and sympathy with her unfortunate husband, proved that she was rich in conjugal love—more precious than gold. She generally sat on the ground, opposite her husband, with her little boy leaning on her lap, and her coal-black hair spreading in long-neglected tresses on her back and bosom.

Sometimes she would sit silent as a statue, her eyes fixed upon the earth; then she would start up with a convulsive throb, and gaze on her husband's face with looks as sad as if she already saw him struggling in the halter, herself a widow, and her child an orphan. The boy distressed by his mother's anguish, added to the pathos of the scene by the artless tears of childish suffering.

Though Jasper and Newton were undaunted on the field of battle, their feelings were subdued by such heart-stirring misery. As they walked out into the neighboring wood, tears stood in the eyes of both.

Jasper first broke the silence. "Newton," said he, "my days have been but few, but I believe their course is nearly finished."

"Why so, Jasper?" "Why, I feel that I must rescue those poor prisoners, or die with them; otherwise, the remembrance of that poor woman and her child will haunt me to my grave."

"That is exactly the way I feel, too," replied Newton; "and here is my hand and heart to stand by you, my brave friend, to the last drop. Thank God, a man can die but once, and why should we fear to leave this life in the way of our duty?"

The friends embraced each other, and entered into the necessary arrangements for fulfilling their desperate resolution. Immediately after breakfast the prisoners were sent on their way to Savannah, under the guard of a sergeant and corporal, with eight men. They had not been gone long before Jasper, accompanied by his friend Newton, took leave of his brother, and set out on some pretended errand to the upper country.

They had scarcely, however, got out of sight of Ebenezer before they struck into the woods and pushed hard after the prisoners and their guard, whom they closely dogged for several miles, anxiously watching an opportunity to strike a blow. The hope, indeed, seemed extravagant; for what could two unarmed men do against ten, equipped with loaded muskets and bayonets? However, unable to give up their countrymen, our heroes still traveled on.

About two miles from Savannah there is a spring, well known to travelers, who often stop there to quench their thirst. "Perhaps," said Jasper, "the guards may halt there."

Hastening on through the woods, they gained the spring, as their last hope, and there concealed themselves among the thick bushes that grew around it. Presently the mournful procession came in sight of the spring, where the sergeant ordered a halt. Hope sprang afresh in the breasts of our heroes, though no doubt mixed with great alarm; for it was a fearful odds against them.

The corporal, with his guard of four men, conducted the prisoners to the spring, while the sergeant, with the other four, having grounded their arms near the road, brought up the rear.

The prisoners, wearied with their long walk, were permitted to rest themselves on the earth. Poor Mrs. Jones, as usual, took her seat opposite her husband, and her little boy, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep in her lap.

Two of the corporal's men were ordered to keep guard, and the other two to give the prisoners drink out of their canteens. These last approached the spring, where our heroes lay concealed, and resting their muskets against a tree, dipped up water. Having quenched their thirst, they turned away with replenished canteens, to give to the prisoners also.

"Now, Newton, is our time," said Jasper. Then, bursting like lions from their concealment, they snatched up the two muskets that were resting against the pine, and in an instant shot down the two soldiers who were upon guard. It was now a contest, who should get the loaded muskets that fell from the hands of the slain; for by this time a couple of brave Englishmen, recovering from their momentary panic, had sprang up and seized the muskets; but, before they could use them, the swift-handed Americans, with clubbed guns, leveled a final blow at the heads of their brave antagonists.

Down they sunk, pale and quivering without a groan. Then hastily seizing the muskets, which had thus a second time fallen from the hands of the slain, they flew between their surviving enemies and their weapons, which were grounded near the road, and ordered them to surrender, which they instantly did. They had snapped the handcuffs off the prisoners, and armed them with the muskets.

At the commencement of the fight, poor Mrs. Jones had fallen to the earth in a swoon, and her little son stood screaming piteously over her. But when she recovered, and saw her husband and his friends freed from their fetters, she behaved like one frantic with joy.

For fear of being retaken by the English, our heroes seized the arms and regiments of the dead, and, with their friends and captured foes, re-crossed the Savannah, and safely joined the American army, to the great astonishment and joy of all.

Tom Quick's Drinking Cup.

One day last week Abraham Wilbes, a farmer living in the town of Tusten, Sullivan County, N. Y., between Cochection Centre and German Settlement, was digging a bank near his house and uncovered a curious-looking copper drinking cup. Similar cups were not uncommon among the early Dutch settlers of the Belaire Valley, and this one bore evidence of antiquity, says a writer in the Milford Dispatch. Carved on one side of it, after the rude fashion of the pioneers, were the outlines of a sword, and above the sword the letters T. Q. Beneath the first letter was an Indian's head with full warpath headgear. This resembles the handicraft of an Indian artist. Along the lower edge of one side of the cup is a groove which was unmistakable the work of a bullet.

Aside from the intrinsic value of this find as a relic it has a still greater value in the fact that its identity is beyond doubt, and that is a memento of bloody and cruel deeds in the early history of the Upper Delaware that are historic. Among the first settlers in the Delaware Valley where the village of Milford now stands was a family Quick. The father of this family was Thomas Quick. One of the sons bore the same name. One day in the summer of 1760 the elder Quick, young Tom and another son were fishing in the Delaware. They were shot at by Indians in ambush. The father of the boys were mortally wounded.

The boys endeavored to carry their dying father out of reach of the Indians to save his body from being mutilated by them, but he begged them to put him down and save their own lives. They were forced to do so and narrowly escaped their father's fate. The Indians scalped the unfortunate pioneer, and took everything on his person. Among the articles they rifled him of were a pair of gold sleeve buttons and a copper drinking cup that he always carried. After the massacre of Quick the Indians fled, going up the valley toward New York State.

The Quicks had always been friendly to the Indians, who were still numerous in this part of the valley. Young Tom Quick's closest companions up to that time had been Indians, and he had taken on so much of their nature in the way of skill in woodcraft and manner of living. The unprovoked murder of his father, however, turned his love for the red men to bitter hate, and he took an oath over his parent's dead and mutilated body that he would devote the remainder of his life to hunting and killing Indians. He kept his oath so well that after he died a stick on which he carved a notch for every Indian he killed was found, and it had 99 notches. He died near Rosetown, this county, at an advanced age. This avenger did not cease his warfare against the race he had sworn to do his best to exterminate even after all the hostilities between the whites and Indians were ended by the Revolutionary War, but slew them wherever he could find them as long as a struggling Indian remained in the valley. His bloody exploits in Indian slaying were duly recorded by a local historian half a century ago.

Long after peace was declared and but few Indians were left anywhere in the valley one named Muskink was in the habit of making periodical visits to a tavern which stood a mile or so below the present village of Port Jervis. Tom Quick was at the tavern one day when this Indian came there. Muskink would probably never have left the place alive, at the best, but, becoming somewhat intoxicated, he was rash enough to taunt Quick about his father's death, and to display the very gold buttons that the Indians had stolen from the body of Quick's father.

Too many people have pneumatic tires on their consciences.

when the massacred him more than 30 years before. Quick picked up his rifle, and, without a word, fixed his eye on the Indian and pointed imperiously to the adjacent woods. The Indian, knowing well the meaning of that, folded his arms and walked toward the woods. Quick followed a few paces behind him. Not one of those present spoke a word or ventured to interfere. Quick and the Indian disappeared in the woods. In half an hour Quick returned. He had his father's sleeve buttons. Muskink was never seen or heard of again.

Although Tom Quick, in avenging his father's death, was guilty of many cowardly, brutal and unnecessary murders of Indians, sparing neither age nor sex, his memory is perpetuated by a handsome monument in this village, which was presented to the town and erected by the late ex-Lieutenant Governor Bros, of Illinois, who was a native of this region.

Building a House in Bermuda.

Any man who chooses may scrape the thin coating of earth off from his proposed building site and proceed to lay up the walls of his habitation with the blocks saved out in the process of excavating his cellar. Thus when his father dug the house may be ready for roofing, and if enough roofing material has not been accumulated in the course of the excavation, it can easily be had by digging the cellar deeper, for the roofs in Bermuda are invariably made out of thin slabs of this same white coral rock. It has the advantage of being so soft that one may cut it with an ordinary hand saw ten hours a day for six months or a year without refitting the saw. It may be sawed into slabs two or three inches thick and eighteen inches or two feet square without particular danger of breaking the slabs. It looks somewhat like a very soft, chalky variety of marble. Though so workable when first quarried, it hardens upon exposure. Moisture permeates easily, however, and it is desirable that building should be covered with a thin coating of Portland cement, or a mixture of common plaster with cement. This coating is then treated with a heavy whitewash made of lime burned from the same, ever-ready coral rock. The roofs and chimneys, as well as the wall, are kept constantly whitewashed, and are absolutely as white as the driven snow.

A Spot in Persia Where the Thermometer Shows 130 in the Shade.

The hottest region on the earth's surface is on the southwestern coast of Persia, on the borders of the Persian gulf, says an exchange. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above 100 degrees in the shade night and day, and to run up as high as 130 degrees in the middle of the afternoon. At Bahrin, in the center of the most torrid part of this most torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the place as unbearable as possible, water from wells is something unknown. Great shafts have been sunk to a depth of 500 feet, but always with the same result—no water. Notwithstanding this serious drawback, a numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs, which burst forth from the bottom of the gulf more than a mile from the shore. The water from these springs is obtained in a most curious and novel manner. Machadores, whose sole occupation is that of furnishing fluid, repair to that portion of the gulf where the springs are situated, and bring away with them hundreds of skin bags full of the water each day. The water of the gulf where the springs burst forth is nearly two hundred feet deep, but the machadores—divers—manage to fill their goat-skin sacks by diving to the bottom and holding the fountain jets; this, too, without allowing the salt water of the gulf to mix with it. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the hills of Omund, 500 miles away. Being situated at the bottom of the gulf, it is a mystery how they were ever discovered, but the fact remains they have been known since the dawn of history.

Absent-Minded, Indeed.

Here is a funny incident that occurred at a wedding: The bridegroom of the occasion was a man devoted to inventions, whose hobby lay in patents and electricity, and who was engaged at the time on a wonderful piece of machinery for a purpose that has slipped my memory. Anyway, his thoughts, even while at the altar, were so engrossed with his pet scheme that while the clergyman was asking, "Wilt thou," etc., his ear caught but the patter of the raindrops upon the stained-glass windows, and he impulsively exclaimed: "I do hope they'll think to cover up my machine!" The clergyman was shocked, but repeated in withering tones: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" "Of course I will," was the impetuous reply of the inventor, "what else do you think I've come for?" And then he was suddenly recalled to language more fit for the occasion.

Didn't Want to Work.

Mrs. Murray was reading a story to her son, Justin, aged five years.

Mrs. Murray—"Now, Justin, if your father were to die, would you work to help mamma?"

Justin—"Why, mamma, what for? Haven't we got a nice house to live in?"

Mrs. Murray—"Yes, Justin, but we can't eat the house, you know?"

Justin—"Well, mamma, haven't we got a whole lot of good things in the pantry?"

Mrs. Murray—"Certainly, pet, but we would soon eat them up, and then what would we do?"

Justin—"Well, mamma, isn't there enough to last until you could get another husband?"

To Make Lamp Chimneys Shine.

To clean lamp chimneys rub them with newspaper on which has been poured kerosene. This will make them much clearer than if soap is used. They will also be less liable to crack.

Where Lightning Strikes.

The old saw to the effect that lightning never strikes twice in the same place is disproved by the queer freaks of that very uncertain fluid. St. Anthony's church in Washington was struck some years ago. The flash ran down the rod, jumped 20 feet to a water pipe and broke a washstand. Six years later the same thing was repeated, even to the 20 feet jump, and the broken washstand, which had not been mended, was completely ruined.

Two hundred people are killed yearly by lightning in the United States. In nine years, ending in 1892, 2,235 barns, 102 churches and 644 dwellings have been struck in this country and some 4,000 fires had been set, causing a property loss of \$14,000,000. Fifty-four oaks are struck to every one beech tree, yet nobody can tell why. Thus does the United States Weather Bureau perform its duty to its constituents, telling them how to protect themselves.

But aside from this report of the bureau there are many interesting things known about lightning. It is an ancient belief that lightning never penetrates deeper than five feet into the earth. In view of this the Emperor Augustus always betook himself to a cave during a thunder storm. The former rulers of Japan made use of a deep grotto as an especial refuge in times of electric disturbance. In it was a pool of water as another safeguard. But water is no foe to electricity, as fish are frequently killed by it. In 1670 in the Lake of Zirnitz the fluid descended upon the water and as a result it took 28 wagons to carry off the dead fish.

On April 30 of this year a house in Iowa was struck and completely demolished as if a charge of dynamite had exploded in it. Other instances of this kind have occurred in Kansas and Ohio. Wires of copper have been suggested as a safeguard dangling from the umbrella. But even then any bit of metal on the person, as the wires in a lady's bonnet, would be a standing invitation to the precipitate lightning to enter by the shortest route.

Numerous strange instances of the effect of the lightning's arm are on record. A lady once raised her arm to close a window. There was a blinding flash of light, and although no injury resulted to the woman her gold bracelet had disappeared completely. In 1794 the Dictator, a warship of 74 guns, was struck. Two days later smoke was seen issuing from her figurehead, and a seething fire was discovered inside. This occurred at Martinique. At Wooster, Ohio, in June, 1892, a bay window was cut from a house as with a saw. In Norwich, Conn., about the same time, it is told that lightning struck a length of pipe and jerked 100 feet of it from the ground. In 1843 three men were struck in a mine shaft 330 feet beneath the surface. Lightning has been known to strike a powder magazine, scattering the powder without exploding it. On the other hand, in 1857 a magazine in the Bombay presidency was struck and 1,000 people were killed by the explosion. Even worse than this was an explosion in Brescia in 1769, when 207,600 pounds of powder belonging to the Republic of Venice was thus fired and 3,000 people and a sixth of the city were instantly destroyed.

Paper-Making Material.

Almost anything in the vegetable kingdom, with large additions from the animal and mineral, will furnish the raw material for the making of paper. The only question is whether it can be reduced to allowable expense. Horns, hoofs, hides and bones, lime, alum, rosin, soda and soap, divers things from divers places go into paper.

The mining of clay for papermakers' use is a very considerable industry of itself. The clay adds to the body and finish of the paper, and likewise to the profit. Paper has been made from wood, hay and stubble, of mummies and hornets' nests. The list of paper-making materials includes about 400 items. It would be easier to catalogue the materials of which paper cannot be made. Almost anything can be used except nails, needles and pearl buttons, feathers, pig iron and syntax, the only question being the cost of reducing the stuff to pulp.

In the ages B. C. the "reeds" lorded it over the papermaker, and even for 800 of the years of our Lord the papyrus roll held its own. Then for ten centuries the lowly and despised rag was king. But kings are a little passed, and now wood is "boss," or at least divides the empire. The supply of "paper reeds" is exhausted, the supply of rags will not begin to equal the demand; a substitute must be found, and for it we go to the forests.

Wood pulp has achieved a mighty revolution in the art of paper-making, and the revolution is not ended. The wasp has used wood paper for immemorial ages, but man has been slow to use it as a fiber. The invention was finally suggested by observing a wasp's nest made of wood transformed into paper. In the search for a substitute for rags, wood has been experimented with in many places and for many years, but to Frederick Gottlob Keller, of Saxony, is due the credit of the invention about 1845.

The Truffle-hunting Pig.

In parts of France and Italy, instead of dogs, a pig is used. The kind known as the Perigord pig is thought to be the most expert. This animal also is susceptible of a certain amount of training. "As soon as the pig disinterred the truffle," says Fiquier, "it remains for a few moments motionless like a pointer; but if it is kept waiting too long its gluttony frequently get the better of its training." According to the same authority a truffle pig, well taught, is worth about 200 francs.

His Want.

Tramp (entering taxidermist's)—"Do you stuff all kinds of animals here?"

Taxidermist—"Why, yes."

Tramp—"Well, I wish you'd stuff me with a good dinner."

Tom and His Furniture.

When Tom came home at night, wearied from a long day's worryment and vexation in the office, he received a loving welcome from his wife.

That is, he would have received a loving welcome if they had owned no furniture. It was the furniture that played the mischief with Tom's domestic bliss.

He would enter the front door, tired and exhausted, and his wife would meet him and say: "Why, Tom, it's very strange that you can never come into the front door without winking the entry mat up in a roll. You have nearly spoilt it now. It's no use for me to try to have anything. You are sure to spoil it by your careless habits." "I'm sorry, my dear," began Tom, "but—"

"Oh, Tom," broke in his wife, "don't stand there with the door wide open and the dust blowing in upon my furniture. It will all be ruined completely. Oh dear! a man is such a careless animal, I sometimes think he should never be allowed to enter a house, but should be confined somewhere in the yard, in a strong cage, with no carpets, no furniture, no draperies, nor anything."

"If you will buy me a cage," said Tom, "I will live in it," and he threw himself wearily into a chair.

"Mercy on us!" screamed his wife. "Tom, get out of that chair at once. Haven't I told you a thousand times that that chair was never meant to sit in?"

"I always thought that was the purpose for which a chair was made," said Tom.

"That's just as stupid as some men are," said his wife.

"I hope my cage will be ready tomorrow," said Tom, as he threw open the front blinds to gaze out upon the sunset.

"It is strange, Tom," said his wife, "that you can never go near those windows without tangling yourself all up in the lace curtains. You are just like a child. You think you must look out of every window you see. Here you come into the house and then immediately go to looking out of doors. If you wanted to see the scenery outside why didn't you stay out?"

Tom closed the blinds and threw himself into another chair without a word. Much married life had made him taciturn.

"There, Tom, you have worn that tidy off the back of that chair, just the way you always do. Here I worked for weeks and weeks on that tidy and slaved myself to death trying to make our home look pretty and beautiful. It's discouraging. I wish I was dead!"

"May I be allowed to stand on one foot in the middle of the room, my dear?" meekly suggested Tom.

"Yes, and on that elegant Turkish rug that cost us so much money, with your dirty shoes on?"

"I have had several stubborn misapprehensions of mine corrected today," said Tom. "My ignorance was so dense that I was actually stupid enough to think that chairs were made to be sat upon, that rugs were made to walk over and that windows were made to look out of. But now, to my clarified vision, I see what monstrous delusions I have been cherishing."

Here Tom took his hat and started away.

"Why, Tom," said his wife, "you have just come home. Where are you going to?"

"I am going out," said Tom, "to commit some crime to see if I can't be sent to the penitentiary, so that I can have place of residence where I can sit down and enjoy myself."

A dermatologist of high standing says that the proper way to shampoo the head is to use some pure soap, such as Castile of the best quality, or glycerine soap, made into a "good lather on the head," with plenty of warm water, and rub into the scalp with the fingers or with rather a stiff brush that has long bristles. When the scalp is very sensitive, borax and water, or the yolk of three eggs beaten in a pint of lime water, are recommended instead of soap and water. After rubbing the head thoroughly in every direction and washing out the hair with plenty of warm water, or with douches of warm water, alternating with cold, and drying the hair and scalp with a bath towel, a small quantity of vasoline or sweet-almond oil should be rubbed into the scalp. The oil thus applied is used to take the place of the oil that has been removed by washing, and to prevent the hair from becoming brittle.

The Czarewitch in England.

GRAVESEND, June 20.—The Russian imperial yacht, the Poplar Star, with the Czarewitch on board, arrived here to-day. The Polar Star saluted and her salute was returned in the customary manner, after which the Czarewitch landed and proceeded to Walton-on-Thames on a visit to Prince Louis of Battenburg. The object of the Czarewitch in coming to England is to visit his betrothed, the Princess Alix of Hesse.

An Objection.

Mr. Gotham—"How do you like the city girls?"

Mr. Spodunk—"Oh, they're all right enough to look at, but I can't say I get along with them very well."

Mr. Gotham—"I always find them very jolly."

Mr. Spodunk—"Yaas, mebbe, but when I see 'em all standing around in low neck dresses, I don't seem to have nerve to slap 'em on the back and joke with 'em, as I do with the girls up our way."

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