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1891 -- SUMMER ARRANGEMENT -- 1891

On and after Monday, June 22nd, 1891, the trains will be run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE KENT JUNCTION.
Express for Moncton and St. John, 13.15
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WILL LEAVE WELDFORD.
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All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Offices,
Moncton, N. B., June 19th, 1891.

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free, roving kind of life to which she was accustomed. She told them she was quite happy and contented to remain an Indian, and that if they pitted her, she often felt pity for them; obliged as they were to remain tied to that doleful place, when she was away enjoying herself among the sunbeams and leaves. But she never failed to assure them that, although for many reasons she could not comply with their wishes in that one thing, she did not love them the less, for, next to A-moos-took and her papoose boy, she thought of them the most, and as long as she lived would spend her winters with her dear mother and them.

Never unto her dying day was she guilty of injustice to any human being; free alike from indolence and pretence. The misfortunes of her youth had not degraded her. She was like a flower transplanted in a wild soil that had restored the primeval type; a hostage given back to Nature, who had removed the conventional bias and reclaimed her child.

Time, who never stays his wings for aught beneath the sun, flew on apace with the tide of human affairs. Many harvests were gathered in from the fields of Dacre vale, and many more log cabins and substantial farm-houses were scattered over the broad meadows, or ensconced in the glades. Knots of children also might be seen every morning and evening threading the green lanes on their way to and from the village school; and the mounds were gathered thicker than ever in the silent hamlet of the dead. You could trace the names of several old veterans of the wars upon its rude memorial-boards, telling of their loyalty and their faith; and beside her partner's that of Annie Dacre, the mother of her whose strange story we have brought to a close.

She had fallen into her last sleep tranquilly, and full of years, in the arms of her beloved child; and, before her death, formally bequeathed the homestead property to her grandson, who at her desire had re-baptized by the chaplain then officiating in the vale, and received the name of Jacob Dacre, in addition to that which his Indian parent had given him at his birth.

The nursing that swung in his little cradle among the forest boughs was educated under the auspices of his English relatives, and he well rewarded their pains.

He was a fine, bold boy, somewhat given to hunting for a tiller of the ground, but full of energy and enthusiasm, and withal a staunch champion of Indian rights. Indeed, the latter propensity brought him into collision with his neighbors whenever the last—regarding possession as nine tenths of the law—would drive off their lands any stray aborigine who ventured to set a stick or pitch his camp within the surveyor's lines.

It would have done one's heart good then, to see how the boy's eyes flashed, and to hear him talk about "the Great Spirit," and "the inheritance of his fathers," and "the grasping selfishness of the pale-faces." But though they listened to his vindication of the original possessors of the soil, they could not be made to understand or admit the justice of the appeal; or, if they did, it had no influence on their acts; so that it amounted to the same thing in the end.

It was seldom now that the native intruded himself in what was once a favorite resort, for the game had long been driven over the hills, and the fishing was monopolized by the strangers; but whenever a solitary canoe descended the Trout Stream, it was sure to rest for a time by Jacob Dacre's farm, while its inmates smoked a friendly pipe with the son of A-moos-took the Micmac. And in times of scarcity, or during the winter, many a poor outcast found that shelter by the hearth of Annie's child, which might not have been accorded to him so freely elsewhere; and soothed by its good cheer, he reflected less bitterly, perchance, on the change in his lot caused by the coming of the whites.

It was a sort of sacred council-ground, that hospitable abode, where the Micmac and Miheets could bury their old differences, and take each other's hand with that of their palerface brother, and be friends. And there, too, the tribes could converse without resorting to the crabbed medium of a foreign tongue; for the two dialects of Acadia were familiar to the household, and they often used, from preference, the expressive and beautiful accents which Annie had learned from her Micmac mother.

And when, in the natural course of events the parents became too old to continue their wanderings, they took up their stations permanently in the snug dwelling of their son, who then wrote the initials M. P. P., after his name; he having been chosen some years before to represent his county in the legislative assembly of the province, an office which he held long and honorably—no very rare thing in those days.

"The old times are coming back, I reckon," observed a white-haired loyalist, as he tottered along on his crutch one Sabbath morning, and pointed to the residence of the Dacres, where a "bran-new" union-jack floated most majestically above the butternut trees. "I have not seen the like since the week afore the old squire lost his daughter Annie. That grandson of his is a true Briton, I'll besworn, for all his Ingin blood. It warms my old heart, it does. God bless the flag!"

We will echo the sentiment—God bless the flag! and long may it wave supreme over the broad domain where the loyalists planted their homes.

Light Without Fire.
To obtain light instantly without the use of matches, and without danger of setting things on fire, is, according to the Mining and Scientific Press, an easy matter. Take an oblong vial of the clearest glass, put in it a piece of phosphorous the size of a pea; upon this pour some pure water heated to the boiling point, the bottle to be filled about one-third full, then corked tightly. To use the light remove the cork, allow the air to enter and then re-cork. The whole empty space in the bottle will become luminous, and the light obtained will be a good one. As soon as the light becomes dim its power can be increased by opening the bottle and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In very cold weather it sometimes becomes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity, and one bottle will last all winter. This ingenious contrivance may be carried in the pocket, and is used by a watchman of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

The City of Valparaiso.
Valparaiso, the most important commercial port in Chili, lies just at the head of the bay of the same name. Its population is 140,000. The city was originally three separate towns, El Puerto, El Amendral, and St. John of God, but the founder, Don Juan Saavedra, in 1536 christened the three collectively, Val-Paraiso, "Vale of Paradise," the name by which it is generally known.

The old town of El Puerto, "The Port," is level and lies along the beach, following the curves on the bay. It was until recently a single long street, the Calle Victoria, lined with warehouses and business establishments.

The residence portion of the town is on the cuestas or hills that rise in some places to the height of 1400 feet and commands a sweeping view of Valparaiso Bay, the plain of Vina Del Mar, and the fertile valley of the Aconcagua River that empties into the sea about ten miles to the north of Valparaiso. Along the heights of the city a beautiful boulevard has been laid out.

The engagement was in full sight of the inhabitants, either from the heights of the upper town or from the curves of the sea along the beach.

A Monster Icicle.
SEATTLE, W., Sept. 24.—On Monday last, a loud noise and slight shaking of the earth caused no little wonderment among residents near the hill. Investigation proved the cause to be an ice slide.

A small and innocent spring issue from the side of one of the mountains, its waters spreading and flowing over a steep incline of rock. During the past winter months ice formed against this wall of stone increasing in size until one vast icicle, fully twenty feet in thickness and a thousand feet in length, projected into the valley below. From the warmth of the sun and its own weight it released its hold and thundered down the mountain side, carrying everything before it, even trees three feet in diameter.

Those who have visited the place say that the foot of the cliff presents a mass of broken trees, limbs and earth fifty feet in height. This is a repetition of occasional occurrences in previous years, but on a grander scale.

A Snakey Ratter.
This one comes from Brazil. No photographs or affidavits accompanying it, probably through a mere oversight. There is a Brazilian snake called the gaboia, which can give points to the smartest terrier on rapping. The houses in Brazil are infested with rats, and the traveller relates, the Brazilians train the gaboias to the habits of domesticity, and keep them around the house as we do cats. The gaboia is a small species of the boa, it attains an average length of 15 feet with a thickness of 5 inches. It is raised especially for killing rats, and is sold in the public markets.

The snake is harmless and slow of movement during the day, and lies round the house as does our pussy. But at night it is a hustler, and roams all over the premises on the hunt for rats. It catches the rats by the back of the neck and crushes cervical vertebra. The snake soon becomes accustomed to its owners and follows the members of the household around like a dog. If carried away from the house it will always find its way back. But, fancy stepping on 15 feet of cold, slimy gaboia when hunting for ice water in the small hours.—New York Sun.

Women Never See a Joke.
"Brown do you know why you are like a donkey?"
"Like a donkey?" echoed Brown, opening wide his eyes. "No I don't."
"Do you give it up?"
"I do."
"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."
"That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."
"Mrs. Brown," he asked, as he sat down to supper, do you know why I am so much like a donkey?"
He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered:
"I suppose because you were born so."—Boston Beacon.

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REMOVAL.
The subscriber is now comfortably located in the Hutchinson build'ing, further down Queen Street, to which he has removed from the old Desbrisay Store.
He begs to return thanks for the fair share of trade given him whilst at the latter stand, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.
In addition to his usual supply of Flour, Meal, Provisions, &c., he will keep constantly on hand which he can afford to sell as cheaply as any one a pretty full line of Groceries, such as Teas, Sugars, Molasses, Kerosene, etc., etc. Also, Sole Leather, and a very nice assortment of Chinaware, Crockery and Earthenware.
J. W. HARNETT.

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Birds and Animals mounted in the best style of the art. Moose and Caribou Heads mounted in the best style. Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale. Skins tanned and made into mats. Rare birds bought and fair prices paid. Arctic Owls particularly required. I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

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Eight Cases and Five Boxes,
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Lime Juice in bottles and bulk, Eno's Fruit Salts, Sarsaparilla, Quinine Wine, Nestle's Food, Cream Tartar, Tooth Powder, Florida Water, Carter's Pills, Insect Powder, Sponges, Baking Soda, Tooth Brushes, Old Brown Windsor Soap, Enema Syringes, Castoria, Extract Malt, Root Beer, also, Chloride of Lime, Carbolic Acid and Ammonia for disinfecting. A fresh supply of Confectionery on hand, and Ice-cold Soda Water.

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Repairing done promptly and in first-class style.
Patronage solicited.

Sheriff's Sale.
To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, on Saturday, the 3rd day of October next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of that day.
All the right, title, and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Richibucto, in the County of Kent. Bounded on the east by Queen Street, on the north by the McDermott property, on the west by land deeded to Robert Richardson, on the south by the Carey property, being the lot of land occupied by Thomas G. Richardson, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent at the suit of Dosithe Richard against the said Caleb Richardson.
WM. WHELAN,
Sheriff.
Sheriff's office, Richibucto,
June 30th, 1891.

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