

THE CHIGNETO POST  
IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY THURSDAY,  
—AT—  
\$1.50 per Annum, or \$1.00 in Advance.  
PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING  
OF ALL KINDS,  
Promptly Executed at Lowest Rates.  
ADVERTISEMENTS  
Inserted at Very Lowest Rates.  
W. C. MILNER, Proprietor.

# CHIGNETO POST.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

VOL. 13.—NO. 20.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 643.

## LITERATURE

### MABEL'S LOVE.

From Harper's Weekly.

Under the shadow of a big tree, a young girl sat in a deep reverie. Such a tender light was in her eyes, such a sweet smile of satisfaction on her face, that a stranger certainly would have said, "She is thinking of her lover." But no lover had Mabel Rae. Her pleasure sprang from a far less dangerous source— from the handful of tuberoses in her lap. Their spiritual, dreamy beauty and rare, rich perfume always held her in a spell of mesmeric content, and the lovely waxy flowers, pale, pure, and white as moonshine, haunted her heart and imagination, and received from her a perpetual love and worship.

There she sat until the heat and stillness of the tropic old home, hid among giant live-oaks grey with the solemn giant Southern moss. She went to the large dim parlor, intending to put her favorites among the damp moss of the hanging baskets, but the dreamy languor of the room overcame every desire but that of sleep, and she lay down on the nearest couch, holding her flowers in her hands.

Half an hour later Mr. Rae opened the door, and ushered in a gentleman who had accompanied him from New Orleans.

"Sit down, Allan," he said, "I will soon arouse the house. You see it is the hour for siesta, and I believe all take it, at the same time when I am away."

For a few minutes the young man believed himself alone. A subtle powerful perfume was his first sensation. Then his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the carefully closed shutters, he saw a picture that he never more forgot, a most lovely girl, in the first bloom of maidenhood, fast asleep on the silken cushion piled on a low divan. Her white robes made a kind of glory in the darkened corner, one hand had fallen down and the flowers gemmed the carpet by her side; the other lay across her breast, as if embracing the tuberoses which it had scattered there.

Never in all his native mountains, never in any dream of love or fancy, had Allan Monteith seen a woman so fair, so lovely, so dreamy as Mabel as if he had "seen a vision."

There lay his destiny asleep; he knew it, and opened his whole soul to welcome "Love's dream." But when Mr. Rae, followed by a negro valet, returned, and Mabel languidly opened her great pensive eyes and stretched out her arms for her father's embrace, Allan thought he should faint from excess of emotion, and it was with difficulty he controlled himself to receive the introduction and apologies necessary.

Allan Monteith was a young Scotchman, the only son of a gentleman with whom in his early life Mr. Rae had formed a most ardent friendship. He was rich, and by nature and birth equally noble; not as he was destitute of the traditional business capacity of the house, as some late transactions in cotton and sugar in New Orleans had proved to Mr. Rae. And partly because he liked the young man, and partly as a matter of interest, he had invited him to his home among the woods and lagoons of the ever green bayou. Mabel, in this transaction, had scarcely been properly considered; but to her father she was yet a child. True, he recognized her beauty and was very proud of it, and she possessed an exquisite voice and a great skill in music, and the idea of showing his pearl of a daughter to the foreigner rather flattered his vanity than alarmed his fears. He did not dream that he was introducing a new claimant for his possession.

Allan lingered as if in an enchanted castle, till he had no life, no will, no hopes, but those which centered in Mabel Rae. And she soon returned his passion with a love even more absorbing and far less selfish than her lover's.

Oh, the sweet, warm, love-laden days in those solemnly shaded woods! Oh, the blissful hours in the cool evenings, when the perfume of tuberoses and jasmine filled the air when the soft calm moonlight glorified every lovely and every common thing! It was like a dream of those days when the old rustic gods reigned, and to live was to love, and to love was to be happy.

With the fall, however, there came letters from Scotland, and Allan could no longer delay. Mr. Rae would hear of no engagement for two years, by which time he said he hoped to be able to give Mabel such a fortune as would make her acceptable in the eyes of his father.

But for the present he absolutely declined to look upon the young people's attachment as binding on either side.

"In less than two years I will be here again, Mabel darling," were Allan's last whispered words, as he held her in his arms, and kissed again and again the face dearer than all the world to him. And Mabel smiled through her tears, and held the last tuberoses of the summer to her lips for a parting pledge.

But the two years brought many changes. The war cloud gathered, and long before Allan could redeem his promise the little inland plantation was desolate and deserted;

Mabel was an orphan, and cruelly embarrassed in money affairs; claimants without number appeared against the Rae estate, and creditors forced the plantation into the market at the most unfavorable time. She was driven from her home in strict accordance with the letter of the law, but she felt and knew, though powerless to prevent it, that she had been wronged.

For the first time in all her life Mabel thought for herself, and dared to look the future in the face. She had promised her father never to write to Allan without his permission, but she considered that death annulled all contracts, and surely no father would object to his daughter's writing to him if it was Allan's duty to befriend her. So she wrote, in a few shy, timid sentences, of her sorrow and loneliness. But it was doubtful if ever the letter would reach him: mails in those days were not certain; and even if it did reach Allan, it was still more uncertain whether he could reach Mabel. And in the meantime she must work; and though Mabel could command no higher position than that of a nursery governess, yet she found in it a higher life than ever the dreamy languor of the room overcame every desire but that of sleep, and she lay down on the nearest couch, holding her flowers in her hands.

Half an hour later Mr. Rae opened the door, and ushered in a gentleman who had accompanied him from New Orleans.

"Sit down, Allan," he said, "I will soon arouse the house. You see it is the hour for siesta, and I believe all take it, at the same time when I am away."

For a few minutes the young man believed himself alone. A subtle powerful perfume was his first sensation. Then his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the carefully closed shutters, he saw a picture that he never more forgot, a most lovely girl, in the first bloom of maidenhood, fast asleep on the silken cushion piled on a low divan. Her white robes made a kind of glory in the darkened corner, one hand had fallen down and the flowers gemmed the carpet by her side; the other lay across her breast, as if embracing the tuberoses which it had scattered there.

Never in all his native mountains, never in any dream of love or fancy, had Allan Monteith seen a woman so fair, so lovely, so dreamy as Mabel as if he had "seen a vision."

There lay his destiny asleep; he knew it, and opened his whole soul to welcome "Love's dream." But when Mr. Rae, followed by a negro valet, returned, and Mabel languidly opened her great pensive eyes and stretched out her arms for her father's embrace, Allan thought he should faint from excess of emotion, and it was with difficulty he controlled himself to receive the introduction and apologies necessary.

Allan Monteith was a young Scotchman, the only son of a gentleman with whom in his early life Mr. Rae had formed a most ardent friendship. He was rich, and by nature and birth equally noble; not as he was destitute of the traditional business capacity of the house, as some late transactions in cotton and sugar in New Orleans had proved to Mr. Rae. And partly because he liked the young man, and partly as a matter of interest, he had invited him to his home among the woods and lagoons of the ever green bayou. Mabel, in this transaction, had scarcely been properly considered; but to her father she was yet a child. True, he recognized her beauty and was very proud of it, and she possessed an exquisite voice and a great skill in music, and the idea of showing his pearl of a daughter to the foreigner rather flattered his vanity than alarmed his fears. He did not dream that he was introducing a new claimant for his possession.

Allan lingered as if in an enchanted castle, till he had no life, no will, no hopes, but those which centered in Mabel Rae. And she soon returned his passion with a love even more absorbing and far less selfish than her lover's.

Oh, the sweet, warm, love-laden days in those solemnly shaded woods! Oh, the blissful hours in the cool evenings, when the perfume of tuberoses and jasmine filled the air when the soft calm moonlight glorified every lovely and every common thing! It was like a dream of those days when the old rustic gods reigned, and to live was to love, and to love was to be happy.

With the fall, however, there came letters from Scotland, and Allan could no longer delay. Mr. Rae would hear of no engagement for two years, by which time he said he hoped to be able to give Mabel such a fortune as would make her acceptable in the eyes of his father.

But for the present he absolutely declined to look upon the young people's attachment as binding on either side.

"In less than two years I will be here again, Mabel darling," were Allan's last whispered words, as he held her in his arms, and kissed again and again the face dearer than all the world to him. And Mabel smiled through her tears, and held the last tuberoses of the summer to her lips for a parting pledge.

But the two years brought many changes. The war cloud gathered, and long before Allan could redeem his promise the little inland plantation was desolate and deserted;

She became nervous and superstitious, and when the silence was broken by a quick ring and a rapid footstep, she rose involuntarily from her chair, and stood trembling and flashing with excitement in the middle of the room. Ah, Mabel! Mabel! Your heart has been further than your eyes. Allan has come at last.

Ah, my darling! my darling! I have found you at last! I was all that Mabel heard as Allan clasped her to his bosom.

And so Mabel's winter of sorrow and discontent was over, and never more did she have grief or pain unsmoothed or uncorrected—for she was loved.

### Why are not Educated Women More Healthy?

The association of Collegiate Alumnae has issued a circular, in which they say that the physical status of American women of the educated class is painfully low. They call the attention of parents, institutions and students to certain evils which help to make sickly women:

1. Social dissipation, and excitement which is neither amusement stimulated to shine socially and intellectually at the same time. A mother proves her daughter's health by saying, "She has been able to go to parties or entertainments four or five evenings a week all winter and she stands at the head of her class."

2. Habitual loss of sufficient and healthy sleep. In a New York academy a class of sixty girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen, changed to be asked by a recent visitor for the time they retired to bed, found to be twenty minutes before midnight; but no surprise was manifested by teachers nor regret by the scholars.

3. Irregularity and haste in taking food, the use of confectionery in the evening, and the omission of breakfast. The principal of a large girls' school in Philadelphia lately said that so many habitually came to school without having sufficient breakfast, and taking little or no lunch, that he had been compelled, in order to obtain good mental work, to have a warm lunch furnished, and to insist upon every scholar taking it in the middle of the morning.

4. Tight, heavy, and unsuitable clothing, which frightfully increases the tendency to consumptive and spinal diseases. A physician of wide experience confidently states that this cause alone has incapacitated more women than over-study and over-work of all kinds.

5. Lack of sufficient out-door exercise. When a proper amount of time is devoted to such exercises, no time will be left for over-study.

6. The ambition of parents and daughters to accomplish much in a little time, which sends students to college either hurriedly or imperfectly prepared, or with a thorough preparation gained at the expense of health.

### Health Item.

About a year ago the smallpox prevailed to some extent in Austin, and there were great apprehensions at the time of the dread disease becoming epidemic. It was during this excitement that a sad-eyed colored man entered a pawnbroker's arena on Austin Avenue with a blanket under his arm, which he offered as collateral security for a temporary loan of a dollar. The contracting parties disagreed on financial issues, the pawnbroker asserting, with considerable positiveness, that he never reached him, and yet he had with incredible difficulty made his way to New Orleans, only to find the plantation in the hands of strangers, and Mabel gone. After a long and dispiriting search he left Mabel's discovery in the hands of well-paid agents, and returned to Scotland land broken-hearted.

But he still loved her passionately, and often two stormy nights when the winds tossed the tall pines like straws, and mountain snows beat at the barred doors and windows, he thought of the happy peace and solemn silence in which he and his love had walked, listening to the beating of their own hearts, or the passionate undertones of the mocking-birds.

Thus the two walked apart who should have walked hand in hand, and it seemed as if the years only had passed, but those which were so long and lonely longed and called vainly.

But if we will wait, the harvest of the heart will come; and so one day Mabel got a note from a friend announcing her return from abroad, and begging her to be present at a small informal reunion at her house that evening. She went early in the day, and spent the afternoon in that pleasant gossip which young and happy women enjoy. Her friend realized her a good deal upon her growing years, and laughingly advised her to secure a young Scotchman with whom they had had a pleasant acquaintance in their travels, and who was now in New York, and going to spend the evening with them.

## Columbus and his Sailors.

When we think how superstition, gradually retiring from the world, still keeps its grasp upon the sailors of to-day, we can imagine how it must have ruled the ignorant seamen of Columbus. The thoughtful, lonely ways of their admiral made him only an object of terror; they yielded to him with wonderful submission, but it was only the homage of fear. The terror reached its climax when they entered the vast "Sargasso Sea," a region of Gulf-weed—a tract of ocean as large as France, Humboldt says—through which they sailed. Here, at last, they thought, was the home of all the monsters depicted in the charts, who might at any moment rear their distorted forms from the snaky sea-weed.

"Like demons' endlong trees, they sailed through."

At the very best, they said, it was inundated land (tierras anegadas)—probably the fabled sunken island Atlantis, of which they had heard; whose slime, tradition said, made it impossible to explore that sea, and on whose submerged shallows they might at any time be hopelessly swamped or entangled. "Are there no graves at home," they asked each other, according to Herrera, "that we should be brought here to die?" The trade-winds, afterward called by the friars "winds of mercy," because they aided in the discovery of the New World, were only winds of despair to the sailors. They believed that the ships were sailing down an inclined slope, and that to return would be impossible, since it blew always from home. There was little to do in the way of trimming sails, for they sailed at most on a parallel of latitude from the Canaries to the Bahamas. Their severest labor lay in pumping out the leaky ships. The young adventurers remained listlessly on deck, or played the then fashionable game of *primero*, and heard incredulously the daily reports told by Columbus of the rain of sailing.

They would have been still more incredulous had they known the truth. "They sighed and wept," Herrera says, "and every hour seemed like a year."

The same Spanish seamanist companion Columbus to St. Christopher, in the legend bearing the infant Christ across the stream on his shoulders; and the explorer was often pointed in that character in these days. But the night of the Columbus had to bear up was a wearisome and unworthy load. Sometimes they threatened to throw him overboard for a manœuvre (*con disimulacion*, Herrera says), intending to say that he fell in with the first adverse wind, and would not straight through to the Indies. Sometimes there came a contrary wind, and Columbus was cheered by it, for it would convince his men that the wind did not always blow one way, and that his patients, when they would yet return to Spain.

As the days went on the signs of land increased but very slowly. When we think of the intense impatience of the passengers on an ocean steamer for they have been long days on the water, even though they know precisely where they are going, and that they are driven by mechanical forces stronger than winds or waves, we can imagine something of the feelings of Columbus and his crew as the third month wore on. Still there was no sign of hope but a pelican to-day and a crab to-morrow; or a drizzling rain without a wind—a combination which was supposed to indicate nearness of land. There has scarcely been a moment in the history of the race more full of solemn consequences than that evening hour when, after fluting a carved stick and a hawthorn branch, Columbus watched from the deck in the momentary expectation of some glimpse of land. The first shore light is a signal of success and triumph to sailors who cross the Atlantic every three weeks. What then was it to the patient commander who was looking for the first gleam from an unknown world?—T. W. HIGGINSON, in Harper's Magazine for October.

A story of a Kentucky orator is told by the Louisville Courier-Journal. He had received \$100 for defending McLarens, and only \$10 from Rags, who was on trial under the same indictment for larceny. Closing his appeal to the jury, he said: "As many of you, gentlemen of the jury, when the last trumpet note is sounded, and the quick and the dead arise in the presence of the awful Judge, on that final day, when the earth and the sea melt away, the angel of the Lord will be seen kneeling before the throne exclaiming, 'McLarens is innocent! McLarens is innocent!' and, suddenly remembering his ten-dollar client, he added in a subdued voice, 'and also Rags!'"

## Odds and Ends.

—Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest?—It had no Eve.

—All who drink intoxicating drinks do not become drunkards, and it is equally true that all who go up on the battle-field are not killed; but are all in danger.

—A little girl hearing her mother observe to another lady that she was going into half-mourning, inquired whether any of her relations were half dead.

—He: "My darling, I really believe my rheumatism has wholly disappeared." She: "Oh, I am so sorry! Now we shall never know when the weather is going to change."

—It is said of some men that they are so wealthy they do not know how much property they own. It is often the case when an assessor comes around with his questionnaire.

—The way that a woman lately identified her stolen parrot was by bringing her husband into court and scolding him. The bird soon called out, "Oh, I wish you were dead, old woman!"

—It is shown by statistics just issued that last year there were 17,251 known thieves at large in England, of whom 1,200 were in the city of London.

—The consumption of tobacco in France during the past five years has averaged \$3,000 tons; thrice the consumption in 1832. The average amounts to \$50,000,000 a year.

—Two Irishmen were lamenting the illness of a friend who had been much brought down of late. "It's dreadful wake he is and thin, sure; he's as thin as the pair of us put together!" one of the sympathizers observed.

—How do you manage your husband so completely? asked a friend of a lady a day or two ago. "Why, my dear," answered Mrs. B., "I adopt what I call the soothing plan. I never contradict him. For instance, every day he says to me, 'I suppose you think I am an old fogey and, my dear, I never contradict him.'"

—The Board of Audit to pass upon the claims growing out of the last illness and burial of President Garfield has received the bill of Dr. D. S. Lamb for holding the autopsy at Elberon, amounting to \$1,000. Dr. Lamb has also presented his claim. Dr. Hamilton is the only one of the physicians who has not been heard from.

—Mr. and Mrs. Yarnall lived in the same house for forty years, at Media, Pa., without once speaking to each other, each adhering stubbornly to a resolution not to mention the first adverse wind, and would not straight through to the Indies. Sometimes there came a contrary wind, and Columbus was cheered by it, for it would convince his men that the wind did not always blow one way, and that his patients, when they would yet return to Spain.

As the days went on the signs of land increased but very slowly. When we think of the intense impatience of the passengers on an ocean steamer for they have been long days on the water, even though they know precisely where they are going, and that they are driven by mechanical forces stronger than winds or waves, we can imagine something of the feelings of Columbus and his crew as the third month wore on. Still there was no sign of hope but a pelican to-day and a crab to-morrow; or a drizzling rain without a wind—a combination which was supposed to indicate nearness of land. There has scarcely been a moment in the history of the race more full of solemn consequences than that evening hour when, after fluting a carved stick and a hawthorn branch, Columbus watched from the deck in the momentary expectation of some glimpse of land. The first shore light is a signal of success and triumph to sailors who cross the Atlantic every three weeks. What then was it to the patient commander who was looking for the first gleam from an unknown world?—T. W. HIGGINSON, in Harper's Magazine for October.

A story of a Kentucky orator is told by the Louisville Courier-Journal. He had received \$100 for defending McLarens, and only \$10 from Rags, who was on trial under the same indictment for larceny. Closing his appeal to the jury, he said: "As many of you, gentlemen of the jury, when the last trumpet note is sounded, and the quick and the dead arise in the presence of the awful Judge, on that final day, when the earth and the sea melt away, the angel of the Lord will be seen kneeling before the throne exclaiming, 'McLarens is innocent! McLarens is innocent!' and, suddenly remembering his ten-dollar client, he added in a subdued voice, 'and also Rags!'"

What Every One Says Must Be True.

All unite in praise of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry who have tried its efficacy in curing Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Dysentery, Nausea, and Stomach and Bowel complaints, generally in children or adults. Every person should keep a supply on hand.

## Business Cards.

W. FREDERICK DONKIN,  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.  
AMHERST, N. S.

THOMAS A. KINNEAR,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.  
OFFICE: CHIGNETO HALL BUILDING,  
SACKVILLE, N. B.

JOHN W. HICKMAN,  
Barrister-at-Law,  
Notary Public, &c.  
AMHERST, N. S.  
July 12-9m

ROBERT BECKWITH,  
Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.  
DORCHESTER, N. B.

R. BARRY SMITH,  
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary,  
Main Street, - Moncton, N. B.

A. D. RICHARD, LL. B.,  
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, &c., &c.  
DORCHESTER, N. B.

A. E. OULTON,  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,  
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.  
OFFICE: - A. L. Palmer's Building,  
Dorchester, N. B.

D. I. WELCH,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.  
Moncton, N. B.

W. W. WELLS,  
Barrister-at-Law, Notary Public,  
Conveyancer, &c.  
Office: - In the Court House,  
DORCHESTER, N. B.

J. R. CAMERON,  
Barrister-at-Law, Notary Public,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

American and Canadian Oils, Candles, German-Soap, and English and American Lamps, Burners, Wicks, &c.

VICTORIA  
STEAM CONFECTIONERY WORKS,  
J. R. WOODBURN & CO.,  
44 & 46 DOCK STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Picture Frames  
Remarkably Cheap!  
At Sackville Furniture Factory.  
Mottos Framed with Glass  
from 30 cts. upwards.  
CHAS. A. DOULL.

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,  
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers  
(Consulate of the Netherlands.)  
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)  
No. 127 WALNUT STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA,  
U. S. A.

Nails, Tacks and Brads.  
S. R. FOSTER & SON,  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
CUT NAILS,  
ALL KINDS OF  
Shoe Nails, Tacks & Brads.  
Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:  
Georges Street,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALEXANDRA  
Saw Works!  
J. F. LAWTON, - Proprietor.  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

## Business Cards.

DR. W. H. GRAHAM,  
DENTIST.  
Office: Chigneto Hall, Sackville,  
Hours from 9 a. m. till 5 p. m.  
July 5th

DR. E. T. GAUDET,  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Office: Opposite St. Joseph's College,  
MEMRAMCOOK, N. B.

W. F. COLEMAN, M. D.  
Oculist and Aurist.  
TO ST. JOHN GENERAL PUBLIC HOSPITAL,  
PRACTICE LIMITED TO  
EYE AND EAR.  
OFFICE 40 CORTING ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

DR. MORSE,  
AMHERST, N. S.  
Graduate of Edinburgh University,  
Physician and Surgeon.

E. M. ESTEY,  
Wholesale and Retail Druggist,  
Moncton, N. B.

Chemicals, Druggist Sundries, Perfumery, Essential Oils, Patent Medicines, Sponges, &c.  
We buy direct and are in a position to quote Goods as cheap as any City House.  
Orders received promptly attended to, just—1 year.

Bank of Nova Scotia.  
AN AGENCY OF THIS BANK has been opened in the  
DUNDEE BUILDING,  
WINNIPEG.

Emigrants to the North-West  
Can obtain at any office of this Bank, Drafts upon Winnipeg, Emerson and Brandon.

J. M. HAY,  
Agent Bank of Nova Scotia,  
may 25-9m AMHERST, N. S.

THE PETERS COMBINATION  
LOCK COMPANY,  
MONCTON, N. B.

MANUFACTURERS OF  
BUILDERS' HARDWARE  
SHELF HARDWARE,  
Brass, Bronze, and Iron,  
INCLUDING  
LOCKS, KNOBS, HINGES, LATCHES,  
SASH FASTENERS, CUPBOARD  
LATCHES & BOLTS, DOOR  
BELLS, DOOR SPRINGS,  
PLATES, &c., &c., &c.

BRASS CASTINGS and Manufacture in all kinds of BRASS GOODS solicited.  
Electro, Nickel, Gold and Silver Plating.  
Bronzing, Lacquering, and Japanning, of all kinds solicited.  
Old Forks, Spoons, Table Service, Harp Mounting, &c., replated. Particular attention given to special orders.  
Moncton, Dec. 20, 1880. Jan 6

## J. WILSON & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF  
Marbleized Slate Mantles  
—AND—  
GRATES;  
DEALERS IN  
Stoves, Ranges, &c.  
104 PRINCE WM. STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

## Travellers Column.

Cumberland Hotel,  
PARSBORO', N. S.  
Twenty yards from Railway Station.  
Sample rooms. Livery stable.  
sept 7 THOS. MAHONEY.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.  
1882 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1882

ON and after MONDAY, the 3rd July, the Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE:  
Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.12 a.m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 4.00 a.m.  
Accommodation for Moncton, 8.45 a.m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.04 p.m.  
Express for St. John & P. du Chene, 2.12 p.m.  
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill, 8.54 p.m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:  
Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.35 a.m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 3.35 a.m.  
Accommodation for Moncton, 8.23 a.m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 12.87 p.m.  
Express for St. John & P. du Chene, 2.12 p.m.  
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill, 8.10 p.m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express Train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

D. POTTINGER,  
Chief Superintendent,  
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,  
June 27th, 1882.

## PARTNERSHIP

THE undersigned have entered into Co-partnership as general partners to manufacture and consign goods, under the name and firm of  
F. J. HERBERT & CO.  
FERDINAND J. HERBERT,  
OBELINE HERBERT,  
Shediac, N. B., Sept. 15th, 1881.

## Snow Shade

Is the Shade that you will Obtain by Washing with  
MRS. HERBERT'S  
Liquid Blueing

The Best is the Cheapest!  
It is the best, because it will not spot the clothes.  
It is the best, because it gives a desirable color.  
It is the best, because it will not injure the finest fabric.  
It is the cheapest, because a can of it contains a half-pint.  
It is the cheapest, because a can of it will do as much washing as eight boxes of the Pearl Blue.  
It is the cheapest, because it shades the clothes, and  
MAKES A WRITING INK which will not corrode the pen.

Keep It Out of the Frost, and Satisfaction is Guaranteed.  
PUT UP BY  
F. J. HERBERT & CO.,  
dec 29 SHEDIAC, N. B.

## INDEX

TO DISSEASE, COMPLAINTS AND ACCIDENTS which HAVARD'S YELLOW OIL is guaranteed to cure or relieve, either by Mass or by Mail.

TAKEN INTERNALLY FOR  
CROUP, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, COLDS, &c.  
CRAMPS, STOMACH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CHOLERA, CALLOUS LUMPS, SWELLINGS, STIFF JOINTS, GALLS, SPOT RITE, CORNS, LAMENESS, CONTRACTIONS, BRUISES, LUMBAGO, ITCH, DELAFTS, PAIN IN BACK, PAIN IN SIDE, &c.

APPLIED EXTERNALLY FOR  
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CHOLERA, CALLOUS LUMPS, STIFF JOINTS, GALLS, SPOT RITE, CORNS, LAMENESS, CONTRACTIONS, BRUISES, LUMBAGO, ITCH, DELAFTS, PAIN IN BACK, PAIN IN SIDE, &c.

Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.  
QUESTIONS WITH EACH BOTTLE, PRICE 25c.  
T. M. WILSON & CO., Proprietors  
TORONTO, ONT.

## Raisins, Cheese, &c.

JUST RECEIVED:  
50 BOXES COOKING RAISINS;  
50 BOXES CHEESE—prime new;  
100 Boxes Macaroni—Italian;  
44 boxes Vermicelli—Italian;  
9 barrels Ground Ginger;  
9 bags Walnuts.

LOW TO THE TRADE.  
Stophens & Figures,  
DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

## MAKE HENS LAY!

A N English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now residing in this country, says that most of the Hens and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless and that his "Hen's Food" is the only one that is absolutely pure and unimpaired by anything. Nothing will make hens lay so fast as the "Hen's Food." It is a powerful tonic to the system, and will make them lay at least one egg a day. Sold every where, and by mail on high letter stamps. E. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. June 17