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# CHIGNECTO POST.

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VOL. 13.--NO. 29. SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1882. WHOLE NO. 652.

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## Both Sides.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gatly dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed;
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who sawed the wood."

A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,
Whose face, as the morning, was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage; the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair with her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

## A NOBLE WOMAN.

(From Our Home Companion.)

This girl was half reclining in a rustic seat behind the arbor. She was in a half dreamy state. The bees buzzed in and out among the flowers near by, but she did not hear them. A mocking bird alighted on a bush and poured forth his loveliest strain, but she did not note the sound. The song of the laborer and lowing of cattle that echoed from the field did not reach her senses. At that moment she was unconscious of all the beauties of nature, of all the hormonies or pleasant sounds, of all the fragrance of the country.

But she was not unconscious of a pain that was knawing at her heart. Lately the deepest sleep that she could get could not cause her to lose the realization of that. It was ever present with her.

And why was this?

The girl's name was Ellice Burke. She had a lover whose name was Charles Vane. They had been engaged for six months. Two weeks before this morning she had come down to this pleasant place, Heathcote Farm, as a guest of her friend, Virginia Heatheote, and had found Charles Vane already here. And almost immediately she became aware of that which caused her pain. Charles Vane, her lover, was hovering about another woman; evidently deeply fascinated by that other.

Her name was Maud Danforth. She was a very beautiful woman, and beyond all doubt, had been a very decided flirt. Ellice had heard of her frequently, and had met her occasionally before she had found her here, like herself, a guest of the Heathcote's.

The last two weeks had been miserable ones to Ellice. She understood fully how matters were, but she had been compelled to hide her pain under a calm and even gay exterior. What a bitter fact stared her in the face! The man she loved no longer loved her, as it seemed.

Charles Vane had been trying all these days to keep up the semblance of his regard for her, and had asked for no release from his engagement. There were several other guests with the Heathcotes, but none of them knew of the bond between her and Charles. They knew, however, of his affair with Maud Danforth, but what else could they call it but a flirtation? Nothing, truly, in view of her reputation.

And the realization of all this was what was present with Ellice as she sat behind the arbor, causing the pain at her heart.

Presently two people came down the garden walk together and entered the arbor; Ellice did not hear their steps. But when a man spoke she heard that. It was Charles Vane's voice that was sounding in her ears, and he had called the name of Maud Danforth. These two were conversing about no commonplace subject. No! and if Miss Danforth was only flirting with Vane, she had secured her victim firmly; and if it was more than a flirtation on her part, she had achieved a victory, for he was pouring forth passionate words.

"Oh! Maud," he was saying, "I love you with all my heart, madly, better than my life."

Ah! if he could have beheld the deathly white face of the girl outside, a pang of remorse as keen as now thought his love for Maud Danforth must have touched his heart. Ellice Burke was hearing those words, words that aroused her fully from all dreams, yet at the same time took away her powers of volition, that numbed her heart, that bound her in the chains of despair.

"Maud, Maud, my darling," Vane continued, is there any hope for me? Do you love me?

There was a moments silence. Then the answer came—an answer that showed that Maud Danforth was not flirting this time, that however much she may have trifled in the past, she was not trifling now. Her very voice was full of triumphant happiness.

"Oh, Charley, I do love you."

Then bush and sky and flower faded from the sight of Ellice Burke, and all became dark to her. She heard no more, and in unconsciousness she found a temporary relief. She never knew how long or short the time was in which she lay in that condition. When she came to herself and rose, mechanicall listened for the voices in the arbor. When several moments had passed and she heard no sound, see knew they had left it. Then with a sigh her head fell back upon her arm again.

Oh! the bitter pain at her heart. She knew now that heretofore hope had not quite fled, that she had still cherished the thought that perhaps Charles Vane might love her best, that only a temporary fascination might be drawing him to Maud Danforth. But now the whole miserable truth that she was nothing to him was apparent.

At last she was able to rise to her feet. She managed to reach her room unobserved by any one. She locked the door and sank down upon a sofa. It seemed as if despair was consuming her heart. Would this blow kill her?

"Am I dying? am I dying?" She asked herself.

Then a long dry sob shook her; then another, and another; then came a burst of tears, the first that all this agony had caused her to shed.

Blessed tears! they soothed and calmed her. They quieted to an extent the keen agony that had been knawing at her heart.

When the bell rang for dinner she bathed her face. Looking in the glass she saw no especial change in herself. She had suffered, but her countenance did not show it particularly. She was glad of this.

"Of course I shall have to wear a mask," she murmured to herself.

A sad smile touched her lips. "I suppose I will have to be gay," was her thought. "I will bear it here for a day or two, and then I will go away."

And at dinner no one could have guessed how she had been and was suffering.

A day passed. To the sensitive girl there came no thought of any but one course she should pursue. She could never, never again think of Charles Vane as her lover. She would release him.

But this was what she shrank from. She dreaded to approach him on that subject. She was bearing it all bravely but that was too much.

Circumstances assisted her, however. She was sitting behind the arbor again, not dreaming this time, but wide awake to the bitter reality, when she heard the voices of some persons coming down the path to the arbor. Very soon she knew that the persons were Charles Vane and Maud Danforth. They entered the arbor, Charles making a commonplace remark as they did so. Then there seemed to be a pause in their conversation.

Ellice rose to go. She did not wish to hear any of their love-making. No! She could not bear that now. Then she heard words that caused her to stay.

"Does Ellice know yet?" asked Maud.

"No," replied Vane; "I dread to tell her."

Ellice's hands clasped tightly together. So Maud knew all then.

"Poor Ellice!" Maud continued, "I pity her. But oh, Charlie, I love you!"

Ellice knew that there was a great quiver of pain in Maud's voice. She knew that these two were suffering for the wrong that they were doing her. Should she hide her pain and help them? She took counsel with her heart and decided that she would. A second later she stood in the arbor with them.

"I know that you love each other," she said quietly, feeling that they would understand her. "I have known it for some time."

Probably Maud and Vane expected a burst of wrath to fall on their heads the next moment. But it was not so. It was a noble heart that they had wronged. Ellice reached out her hand to Maud.

"I am sure I wish you very much happiness," she said, gaily.

Then she turned to Charles Vane. "Please to forget all that has ever been between us," she said gently.

"Forgive me, Ellice!" he stammered.

"I forgive you freely," she uttered.

That was all she said. She left the arbor and went up to the house.

"I do not think she cares much," Vane said to Maud.

So little did he understand the woman he had once professed to love passionately.

Maud Danforth shook her head. "She is a woman," she said simply. "She masks her pain behind a smile. I know not how much agony may have been at her heart when she said these words so lightly. She is very noble and generous—more so than I could be under like circumstances. Heaven bless her!"

A day more passed away. Ellice announced to her hostess that she was going away.

"You are very sudden, Ellice," Virginia Heathcote cried. "At any rate you will not go till after the excursion down the river to the Glen. We are all going."

"When is it?" Ellice asked.

"Day after to-morrow."

And as Ellice had no reasonable excuse for hastening off sooner than that, she had to remain.

The afternoon of the excursion came, and a gay party of young people left Heathcote Farm. The Glen was four miles distant.

They reached their destination. It was a picturesque place. Shaded and cool. The time sped merrily away to a portion of the party. At length some one proposed that they should search along the river bank for a boat with which to amuse themselves. The proposition was hailed with delight, and soon some eight or ten of them found themselves at the river shore. Among them, it chanced, were Ellice Burke, Maud Danforth and Charles Vane.

Two boats were found tied to the shore. One was large enough to hold several persons; the other was a mere shell that could only accomodate two. It was light and dry, however. Nearly all clambered into the large boat.

"Ellice and I will go into the small boat," said Maud Danforth to Charles Vane, the three being yet upon the shore. "I can scull splendidly, and we will get along first rate."

Maud felt that she should like this girl. She cherished nothing but gratitude and friendship toward her, and wanted a chance to express something of her feelings. Of course Vane consented to the arrangement.

"You must be careful," he said.

"Oh, there is no danger," cried Maud.

"A place was given Charles in the larger boat, and with merry shouts they flashed away from shore.

For some time they kept together. Then Maud and Ellice drifted behind.

A silence fell between them. Maud glanced at Ellice with wistful eyes.

"Ellice," she commenced.

But that sentence was never completed for.

"Halloo!" came sounding merrily across the water. "Hurry, Maud!" cried some one from the other boat.

Maud rose to her feet and waved her handkerchief. Her signals were returned with shouts and laughter.

Then, some way or other, how, she could never tell, she lost her balance and fell over the side of the boat. She had only time to scream, and then there was a rush of water about her ears. Ellice Burke rushed toward her and managed to seize her as she rose to the surface.

But alas! the weight of two upon the side of the shell was too much. In a moment it overturned, and Ellice was struggling in the water too. She kept her presence of mind and managed to grasp the boat.

"Maud, Maud," she cried, seize the boat and you are safe!"

And with her assistance, Maud, half drowned as she was, succeeded in getting a hold beside her.

But a fearful fact became apparent. The overturned shell would not sustain the weight of both of them. It was slowly, slowly sinking.

"Oh Heaven!" gasped Maud, "Must we die?"

Ellice Burk glanced over the water.

The other boat was coming swiftly toward them, but could never reach them in time. In an instant her resolution was formed.

"Maud," she said, "cling fast to the boat and you shall be saved. He loves you, and for his sake you shall live."

Then, before Maud understood her intention, she released her hold of the boat. Maud had one glance at her face before she disappeared. Then, with a great light shining out of her eyes, the noble woman went down to her death.

Maud Danforth was saved. She became the wife of Charles Vane!

And very often the face of Ellice Burke, as it looked on that never-to-be-forgotten day, comes before her vision and she realizes fully what a generous heart was broken for her, what a noble existence was sacrificed for her that she might have life and love!

### An Honest Opinion.

John Taylor, of Toronto, says he has tried every known remedy for rheumatism, and can honestly recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as the best of all; he has been a sufferer from rheumatic pains for years.

THE GREAT CAUSE of much misery and ill health is a disordered condition of the Kidneys; an effectual combination of diuretics is found in Burdock Blood Bitters that thoroughly renovates the Kidneys and other important glandular organs, and strengthens the debilitated system.

## Hoffenstine's Bugle.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Mr. Hoffenstine," said Herman, as he folded up a pair of pants and placed them on a pile, "if you don't haf any objections I vould like to get from de store avay von efening, und go mit de soldiers to de Spanish fort." "Vell, Herman, I dinks you had better keep away from de soldiers," replied Hoffenstine, "und stay mit de store, because you know you don't can put any confidence mit de soldiers. I vill tell you vhy:

"Von day vile I vas in Ticksburg, during de var, a cock-eyed soldier came in my store mit an old bugle in his hand, und he looks around I asks him vat he vants, und he buys a couple of undershirts, den he tells me to keep his bundle and bugle behind de counter until he comes back. After de cock-eyed soldier vent de store out, some more soldiers came in und valk all around, vile dey looks at de goods. 'Shentlemens,' I says, 'do you vant anyding?' 'Ve are shust looking to see vot you haf,' said von of dem, und alder avile anodder says: 'Bill, shust look dere at de bugle, de very ding de Captain told us to get. You know ve don't haf any bugle in de company for dree months. How much you ask for de bugle?' I dells dem dot I can't sell de bugle because it belongs to a man vot shust vent out. 'I vill gif you $50 for it,' said de soldier, pulling his money out. I tells him I don't can sell it because it vasn't mine. 'I vill give you $100,' he said. My gracious, Herman, I vants to sell de bugle so bad dat I vistles. De soldier dells me vile dey vos leaving de store dot if I buy de bugle from de man vot owns it dey vill gif me $125 for it. I dell dem I vill do it. I sees a chance, you know, Herman, to make some money by de oberation.

"Ven de cock-eyed soldier comes back he says, 'Git me my bundle and bugle; I got to go to de camp.' I says, 'My frent, don't you vant to sell your bugle?' He dells me no, und I says, 'My little boy Leopold, vot plays in de store, sees de bugle, und he goes all around crying shust as loud as he can, because he don't get it. Six times I dakes him in de yard und vips him, und he comes right back and cries for de bugle. It shows, you know, how much trouble a man vill haf mit a family. I vill gif you ten dollars for it shust to please little Leopold.' De soldier won't dake it, und at last I offers him fifty dollars, und he says: 'Vell, I vill dake fifty because I can't vaste any more time. I haf to go to de camp.' After he goes avay I goes to de door and vatches for de soldiers vat vanted de bugle. I sees dem passing along de street, und I says, 'My frents, I haf de bugle,' und dey say, 'Vell, dam it, vy don't you blow it?' My gr-a-a-cious, Herman, vat you dink? All dem soldiers belong to de same crowd und dey made de trick to swindle me. Levi Cohen, across de street, he finds it out, und efery day he gets boys to blow horns in front of my store, so as to make me dink how I vas swindled. Herman, I dink you had better stay mit de store."

RACKED BY INNUMERABLE PANGS, restless by day, sleepless at night, rising unrefreshed in the morning, without appetite, and pestered by varying and perplexing symptoms, the dyspeptic takes indeed a gloomy view of human existence. For him the zest of life seems gone. Heartburn, oppression at the pith of the stomach, and the attendant annoyances of constipation and biliousness, combine to render him utterly wretched. But there is, if he will but take advantage of it, a reliable source of relief from all this misery. NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY and DYSPEPTIC CURE is, as its name imports, a botanic preparation, free from mineral poison, and an all-sufficient remedy for the indigestion in its most obstinate form. It not only enriches the blood by enabling the digestive organs to convert the food received into nutriment, but depurates it by increasing the action of the bowels and kidneys, the natural outlets for its impurities. But while it relaxes the bowels, it never does so violently and with pain, like a drastic cathartic. It aids, but never forces, Nature, invigorating as well as purifying and regulating the system. It thoroughly removes those diseased humours which tend to vitiate the blood, purifies the urinary secretion, and promotes a flow of healthy bile into the natural channel, besides expelling it from the circulation. Experience has proved that this standard medicine is a thorough remedy for dyspepsia, scrofula, erysipelas salt rheum, lumbago and all impurities of the blood. Price, $1.00. Sample Bottle, 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a *fac-simile* of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

### A Minister's Evidence.

The all prevalent malady of civilized life is Dyspepsia. Rev. W. E. Gifford, of Bothwell, was cured of dyspepsia and liver complaint that rendered his life almost a burden. The cure was completed by three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

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## The Trouble With the Steward.

"Where is the old steward?" inquired a traveller as he stepped aboard an outgoing steamer, just previous to his departure.

"Oh, he was discharged some time ago," replied the captain.

"Why, he seemed to be a first-class fellow," rejoined the speaker; "why he was kicked out?"

"Well, to tell the truth, he got too big for his breeches, and we bounced him," empathically ejaculated the captain.

This conversation occured within hearing of a bright-eyed intelligent little girl, the daughter of one of the tourists on that steamer. Subsequently another passenger arrived, and, after bestowing a casual glance around, said:

"I don't see the old steward; what has become of him?"

"I think he was discharged," volunteered a bystander.

"Do you know what for?"

"No, sir."

"I do," piped a small voice from the cabin door.

Looking around the inquirer saw the smiling face of a little girl peeping out at him.

"Well, my dear," said he, "Why was the steward discharged."

"Oh. I don't like to tell," she bashfully replied.

"But I want to know," he persisted. "Come tell me, that's a good girl. What did they discharge him for?"

"Cause," she slowly anwered, "'cause his trousers were too short!"
—*Drake's Magazine.*

### Age of Enlightenment.

In an age of enlightenment like the present, the value of electricity, and of compounds containing an electric principle as remedial agents, is widely appreciated. Foremost among the latter, both as regards the thoroughness and safety of its effects, and the rapidity of its action, is THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, a widely popular external and internal remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, croup, and other affections of the breathing organs; an invaluable outward specific for lame back, soreness and contraction of the muscles, and every variety of sore or hurt; a prompt source of relief for pain, and a medicine upon which the public can also implicity depend in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, piles and kidney complaints, inflammatory affections, dysentery, and many other ailments. Its persistent use eradicates the most obstinate of the disorders to which it is adapted. Physicians speak of it in the highest terms. Moreover, horsemen and stock raisers administer it with the greatest success for diseases and hurts of horses and cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers.

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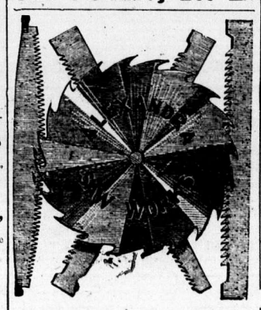

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Moncton, Dec. 29, 1880. jan6

Fish. Fish.
JUST RECEIVED:
60 bbls. Prime Split C. B. Herring.
1 ton Dry Codfish.
The Herring are a first class article. The Codfish are good and dry. Come and inspect them for yourself. Codfish, 6 cents per lb.
Sackville, Sept. 27, 1882. JAMES R. AYER. tf

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

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Cumberland Hotel,
PARRSBORO', N. S.
TWENTY yards from Railway Station. Sample rooms. Livery stable.
sept7 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 48 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, 12.36 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 3.35 a. m.
Accommodation for Moncton....9.33 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 12.37 p. m.
Express for St. John & P. du Chene, 2.39p.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. HEBERT & CO.
FERDINAND J. HEBERT.
OBELINE HEBERT.
Shediac, N. B., Sept. 15th, 1881.

Snow Shade
Is the Shade that you will Obtain by Washing with
MRS. HEBERT'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-a-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. HEBERT & CO.,
dec29 SHEDIAC, N. B.

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TAKEN INTERNALLY FOR
CROUP, COUGHS, CRAMPS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, COLDS, &c.
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RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CHILBLAINS, CALLOUS LUMPS, SWELLINGS, STIFF JOINTS, GALLS, FROST BITE, LAMENESS, CORNS, CONTRACTIONS, BRUISES, LUMBAGO, ITCH, DEAFNESS, PAIN IN BACK, SPRAINS, PAIN IN SIDE, &c.
Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.
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AN English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now travelling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. june21-1y

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1 Car No. 1 Split Cedar Shingles,
For sale low while landing.
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