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VOL. 13.—NO. 2. SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1882. WHOLE NO. 608.

Travellers Column.

Cumberland Hotel,

PARRSBORO', N. S.

TWENTY yards from Railway Station. Samples free. Free Coach. sept7 THOS. MAHONEY.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1881 WINTER ARRANGEMENT 1882

ON and after MONDAY, the 21st NOVEMBER, the Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE:

Express for St. John and Quebec, 9.28 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 6.03 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.30 p. m.
Express for St. John, ... 2.48 p. m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:

Express for St. John and Quebec, 9.56 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 5.35 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.02 p. m.
Express for St. John, ... 3.16 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., November 15th, 1881.

E. M. ESTEY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST.

MEDICAL HALL,

Moncton, - - - - N. B.

DEALER IN

Chemicals, Druggist Sundries, Prefumery, Essential Oils, Patent Medecines, Sponges.

We buy DIRECT and are in a position to quote Goods as CHEAP as any City House.

Orders receive prompt attention. ap5—1 year

Customs Notice.

THE Office of H. M Customs has been removed to the Post building, to the office heretofore used as editorial room.

W. O. MILNER, Collector of Customs.

Janv. 2nd 1882.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $2,000,000.
PAID UP CAPITAL, $592,650.

THE MARITIME BANK

Of the Dominion of Canada.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

DIRECTORS:

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Every facility afforded to customers, and business transacted on favorable terms.

THOS. MACLELLAN, President.
ALFRED RAY, Cashier. 6m

Parliamentary Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the next session of the Parliament of Canada for a charter to incorporate "The Chignecto Marine Transport Railway Company," and to empower said Company to enter upon lands, to locate, construct and carry on a Railway for transporting vessels, with or without cargo, from Chignecto Bay to Baie Verte; and to locate, construct and maintain a Passenger and Freight Railway in combination therewith from Amherst to Cape Jourimain; and to invest the said Company with all usual and requisite powers for the above purposes.

H. G. C. KETCHUM, Promoter and Engineer.

Fredericton, Nov. 25, 1881.

NOTICE.

THE undermentioned non-resident ratepayers of the Parish of Westmorland, in the County of Westmorland, are hereby notified to pay their respective Highway Assessments as set opposite their names, together with the cost of advertising (80 cents each,) on or before 25th February next, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

David Lawrence	$1.00
John Atkinson	1.00
Wm. Fitchett	1.00
John Tienholm	1.00
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JAMES LOWERISON,
ROBERT TINGLEY,
Commissioners of Highways.

Dated Oct. 3rd, 1881.

Business Cards.

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

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

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Attorney-at-Law,
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20 Sets Silver Plated Harness.
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Parties in want, please give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, as I will not be undersold by any in the trade.
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Dorchester, May 5th, 1880.

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Winter Apples.
100 Barrels of Winter Apples.
BLAIR ESTABROOKS.

STEM-WINDERS. Stem-Winder $2.50. White Metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best for use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. Thompson & Co. 148 Nassau St. N. Y.

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Ship Agents & Ship Brokers
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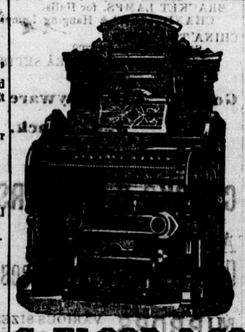

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While there seems to be some doubt as to whether they are

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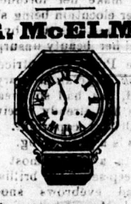
BY F. C. HARPER.

Bayfield, Dec. 7th, 1881.

1881 - Holiday Season - 1882

D. R. McELMON,



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Watches, Jewellery,
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ever offered in the town of Moncton.

Parties desirous of purchasing anything in my line of goods during the holiday season, will save money by examining my stock before placing their orders with travelling agents, or sending to a distant city. These goods being bought specially for the Xmas trade, are marked very close, as I cannot afford to carry such costly goods too long, and this must be sold out now.

SEND YOUR ORDERS ALONG.

D. McELMON, Moncton, N. B.
dec8

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NOW on hand at the DORCHESTER PHARMACOPOLIUM, a large and well selected Stock of
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A FULL LINE OF
PATENT MEDICINES,
consisting of Campbell's Quinine Wine, Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine, Hanington's Quinine Wine, English Hop Bitters, American Hop Bitters, Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters, Attwood's Jaundice Bitters, Baxter's Jaundice Bitters, Egar's Cod Liver Cream, Putner's Emulsion Cod Liver Oil, &c., Scott's do., Robinson's do., Mathison's do., Radway's Resolvent, Radway's Relief, Radway's Pills, Vegetine, Carboline, Enamelline, Pond's Extract, Wilson's Cherry Balsam, Golden Elixir, Minard's Liniment, Johnson's Liniment, Pendleton's Liniment, Phosphozone, August Flower, German Syrup, Cocoaine, Holman's Liver Pads, Peristaltic Lozenges, &c., &c.
Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, in great Variety.
ALEX. McKAY, Druggist.
aug24

CHIGNECTO POST AND BORDERER.

SACKVILLE, N. B., - JAN. 19, 1882.

Guiteau's Trial Reaching a Close.

Condensed from New York papers.

After the evidence in the case was all in, Davidge for the prosecution submitted to the court some propositions of law, which he claimed ought to hold in the case.

That if the prisoner knew he was doing wrong or acting contrary to law, he was responsible.

That it is no excuse for him that he thought he was acting under divine inspiration or pressure, or that he thought his act would result in great good to the American people.

That Guiteau was shown to be so guilty by all the evidence, and had not proved that he had any excuse

Mr. Davidge rose to read the decision in the Coleman case which was similar in some respects. There has been a case recently decided in New York (referring to the Coleman Case), and he desired to read somewhat at length the able decision of Judge Noah Davis.

Mr. Porter, saying that it was evident that Mr. Davidge was suffering from his throat, offered to read the case for him, and his offer was accepted.

Mr. Porter then read, solemnly and dramatically, extracts from Judge Davis's charge to the jury.

Mr. Scoville—I protest against Judge Porter working in any more speeches to the jury under pretense of citing authorities. He knows full well that that charge is not authority in the present case and was not applicable to the case before Judge Davis. He knows full well that that speech has no more to do with this case as authority than if it had been the speech of a politician in New York. And it is evident that it was with the purpose of getting it before the jury with theatrical effect that Judge Porter has relieved Mr. Davidge, who did not complain.

Guiteau—That Coleman case was was published in all the papers a month ago, and the jury went directly against that charge in the verdict which they found.

Mr. Davidge—Here is a man (indicating the prisoner), who, it is contended for the defense, is imbecile.

"Is what!" said Guiteau (Mr. Davidge having laid the emphasis on the second syllable of "imbecile").

Mr. Davidge—Now listen to him and see what a farce has been acted here for these many weeks. He not only knows the difference between right and wrong, but he knows the law of the case.

Guiteau—I don't pretend to be any more insane than yourself, Mr. Davidge, and I have not been insane since July 2. It was transitory mania that I had; and that is all the insanity that I claim.

Mr. Davidge—He knows the principles of law applicable to the case as accurately as any lawyer.

Guiteau—I do not pretend that I do not. My head is as good as yours or as Porter's. I'm no fool. The Lord does not employ fools to do his work.

Mr. Davidge—Mr. Scoville has said that this man was a fool for three weeks.

Guiteau—Scoville is a fool himself (to the Deputy Marshal, "keep quiet; let me alone".) I repudiate entirely Scoville's theory of the defense. I do not even want him to address the jury. I will do that business myself. A two hours' speech to the jury will settle the question.

Judge Cox (to the prisoner)—Keep silence now and let the argument go on.

Guiteau—That is all right, Your Honor; but I repudiate the idea that I am insane.

Mr. Porter—The Court has heard the prisoner long enough. Now let Mr. Davidge be heard.

Mr. Davidge—I now desire to read the opinion of Judge Curtis in the case of the United States against McGlew—1st Curtis, page 1. I do so in order to stamp out any possible doubt in respect of the responsibility of the prisoner.

Guiteau—I say that it was God's act, and that he has taken care of it, and will take care of it.

Mr. Davidge—We will come hereafter to the Deity part of this matter. I am not saying a word about that now.

Guiteau—If you get the Deity down on you he will stick to you all your days in this world and in the next. I notify you now. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Davidge, for selling yourself for a little filthy lucre. God Almighty will curse you for prosecuting men. That is the opinion of the American press, too. (After a pause.) I want to get a chance at that jury for a two hours' talk.

After Mr. Porter and Mr. Davidge had finished Mr. Reed rose to reply for the defence. He closed by saying: As to insanity, the modern doctrine, the better doctrine, was that if the jury had a reasonable doubt of the sanity of the accused at the time of committing the act it was their duty to find him not guilty.

The Court—The question of responsibility is for the Court; the question of fact for the jury.

Mr. Davidge (to Mr. Scoville)—You cannot tumble this question of insanity into the jury-box. The Court will say what is legal insanity.

Mr. Reed—Your Honor will give your views as to what constitutes insanity, but whether this defendant was of sound mind or not is a question for the jury. Is there any argument made against the reasoning of Judge Breese, in Illinois, Judge Bellows, in New Hampshire, and Judge Chalmers, of Mississippi? Ought that act to be the law? Is would be monstrous and shocking to the sense of justice of any man that an accused person should be condemned to the gallows about whose sanity any reasonable, fair man could have any question. Send a lunatic to the gallows in America! Whether he is a lunatic or not is a question to be decided by the jury. Bellingham, tried in England many years ago, after he shot his victim, was hurried to the gallows in seven days and as undoubted lunatic was convicted and condemned—a shame and disgrace to British jurisprudence. In this case, all we ask is that Your Honor shall say to the jury, describing to them, explaining to them what is meant by a reasonable doubt, "If you, on your oaths, have a reasonable doubt of the sanity of the accused at the time he shot the President it is your duty to give him the benefit of that doubt and say he is not guilty."

MR. SCOVILLE'S ARGUMENT.

Mr. Scoville closed the argument in support of the prayers asked by the defence and the court adjourned.

At the opening of the court Monday, Guiteau led off. "I have," he said, "about seven or eight hundred letters that I expect to examine as soon as I have time. A good many are from ladies expressing sympathy and praying that I be acquitted. I desire to thank the ladies of America for their sympathy. On Saturday I received a check for $1,000 from the 'stalwarts' of Brooklyn; also, one for $500 from the 'stalwarts' of New York. I desire to call on other 'stalwarts' to show their hands with checks. (Angrily to the bailiffs)—Keep quiet and mind your business. Don't interfere with me when I am speaking.'

Mr. Scoville in the course of his remarks got into a dispute with Porter. Scoville said: 'When I find in this case conduct that I think becoming to a police court, where certain persons are arrested from the slums of a city and put on trial, I shall characterize it in proper language and criticise it, and counsel may protest and roll out words with quavers and semi-quavers, and they can't help it. That is all. I heard the same sort of thing when a boy, and I heard it from owls in the woods of Western Ohio, and I was not frightened. (Laughter.)

Mr. Porter afterward warmed up with his argument, and Guiteau interrupted as usual. The closing of the speech is thus reported:

Mr. Porter—It is under the control of a President who will do illustrious honor to the long line of Presidents, that man who murdered his predecessor is brought to justice by him under the law—by him and by his authority—and we demand in behalf of the Government that this assassin shall not be spared under false pretenses. He has had too much to do with this trial, but now when he claims, through Your Honor, to deliver his own charge to this jury or any segment of it, which is contrary to law and unauthorized by authorities, his conduct exceeds the bounds of endurable effrontery.

Guiteau—You were employed by Mr. Arthur under a misapprehension, and you had better get off, Mr. Porter.

Mr. Porter—Under the misapprehension that the law was stronger than the prisoner. The prisoner thinks that Guiteau is stronger than the law, and Mr. Scoville thinks so with him.

Guiteau—I think the Almighty mightier than the law.

Mr. Porter—The prisoner will shortly stand before the Almighty, and he had better postpone his argument, if he has one, until then. He will feel soon what he never has felt before, a divine pressure, and in the form of a hangman's rope.

Guiteau—We will see about that. The Lord has the law fixed.

Mr. Porter—The gentleman from the woods of Western Ohio and from the police court tells Your Honor that the law we state is no law, that it is antiquated. He tells you that Guiteau controls it, for that Guiteau is the author of the proposition I have no doubt.

Guiteau—Guiteau is as good a man as you any time.

Mr. Porter—The puppet which was moved readily when he sat next his counsel is not really moved now and he does not tune as well now his interjections, for he does not know those interruptions are precipitating his doom. The difficulty with him and the whole tribe of Guiteau's (and by this I do not include those who have given honor to the name, but those who have shown sympathy with this man and made all men distrust them) is——

Guiteau—How about the Porters?

CUTTING THE JACK.

A Quiet Little Transaction Between Two Gentlemen on the Cars in the West.

From the Philadelphia Times.

'Playin' poker is mighty dangerous business, boys,' said old Jerry Greening the other night as he came into the Williamson House barroom, at Lackawaxen.

Some of 'the boys' were indulging in a little game of draw poker, with a limit, just to pass away the time. Judge Ridgway, the champion sucker fisherman of this region, asked Jerry if he would take a hand.

'No, thankee,' said the veteran yarn spinner, as he helped himself to a chaw 'of 'Lije Felton's tobacco; 'I aint a takin' no stock in keerd playin' nowadays. Ef you fellers 'll lay down yer keerds I'll chuck pennies t' see who pays fer th' drinks, an' then I'll tell ye a leetle story 'bout 'poker playin'.'

The cards were laid down, the coins were pitched, and 'Si' Terwilliger was the unfortunate one. Reenforced with a tumbler of 'gin sad tansy,' the old man took off his slouch hat and heavy throat muffler and prepared to spin the promised yarn.

'Lem'me see,' started Jerry, 'I guess 'twere nigh about 'leven year ago, I were going out West with a party o' city folks to hunt on the prairifies. We 'was a' trav'lin' in powerful fine style in one o' them palace keers when we see a reel nice lookin' feller with a di'mond buzzum pin come into the keer. He sot down nigh me, an' bineby he got the owner of the keer—which I remarked at the time were a nigger—to get a table for him. He got a playin' keerds all 'lone by hisself, an' bineby 'nother nice lookin' feller came in, an' them two fellers got a playin'. Arter a while the two city fellers that were a goin' out West with me took a han' into th' game, an' 'fore we got t' Chicargo my two fellers hada't 'nough spondulix 'round 'em to buy a square drink o' liker, let 'lone 'nough to go furder West. Fin'lly one o' my men—I allers calls 'em my men, bekase they was going West with me, ye know—said to th' feller with th' di'mon' buzzum pin, 'Let's change th' game. I've got jest $3,000 cash in m' grip sack that b'longs to my ol' man in Chicargo; let's play euchre for a change.' 'Now, I'll tell ye what I'll do,' said th' buzzum-pin man; 'I'll jest bet ye even $3,000 thet I kin take them keerds an' cut the jack o' hearts the very first time.' 'By darn, I'll do it,' sez my man. 'Wall,' sez I, 'I'll hold the stakes.' 'All right,' sez th' buzzum-pin man. Durin' this little conversation my man were a shufflin' up the keerds kinder nervous like, so he laid 'em down an' tol' me to keep m' eye on 'em while he got his cash. He come back with th' money an' handed it t' me. Mr. Buzzum-pin got out his cash, but with what he had won from my man an' what money he had he were short jest a hundred dollars. 'Wall,' sez I, 'rather than see this yere fun broke up I'll len' ye the hundred.' So I pulls out a nole stockin' I had in my grip sack an' got out five twenty-dollar gold pieces. 'Thar,' sez I, 'now get down t' biz.

'Wall, they got. Mr. Buzzum-pin took th' keerds in his hands, an' drawn a bowie knife outen his hip pocket, he cut them keerds right in two quicker'n lightnin'. 'Thar,' sez he, 'I cut the Jack of hearts the fust time, mister, and I reckon I'll freeze onto that thar cash. Fork her over, mister,' sez he to me. Just 'bout that time I see the pint of the scheme and I laffed till I pretty nigh busted. I jest got down onto the floor and laffed, and 'twere olose to five minits 'fore I got cooled down agin. I were jest ready to pay the buzzum-pin man the $3,000, and his face were as smilin' as a man's is when he looks at his fust baby, when all to oncet my man sez, 'Mr. Greening, I reckon you will pay that hull pile over t' me.' 'The 'greement was that I were t' cut th' Jack th' fust time,' sez Buzzumpin, 'an' I done it, so I'll take the dough, if ye please. I cut it, didn't I?' 'Wall, no,' sez my man, pullin' th' Jack o' hearts outen his left sleeve, 'I reckon no!' Wall, boys, of you could a seen that fellar's face drop you'd smiled a smile. The first thing he done were t' reach for his shootin' iron, but my man sez, 'Oh, don't do that,' an' kinder raisin' the lapboard they were playin' on he showed Mr. Buzzumpin a six shooter pintin' in the direction o' his heart, a' it were full cocked, too. 'Wall, I'm done brown for once,' sez the buzzum-pin man, an' sez he, 'Who be ye, any way, strange?' 'Wall, jes my name, 'I don't mind 'bligin' ye with my cog'omen: I'm Billy Birdsall o' New York, an' I'm the man that invented that little scheme o' cuttin' the Jack, an' now my friend, I'll give ye a leetle piece o' advice. I lat ye 'win all m' cash so I could clean ye out. Ef I'd a tried t' clean ye at poker I could a done it, but you'd a' stopped playin' fore ye got broke, so I laid for ye. Arter this when ye're goin t' out th' Jack, don't let anyone handle the keerds fust. Mr. Greening'll give ye fifty dollars onten the stakes, an' I guess you'd better light out at Chicago, an ye want to keep yer eye peeled, for ye know them Chicago people's noted for their big feet, and they ain't in any way delicate about usin' them of they gets skinned by a sharper. Good even!' Wall, I paid the buzzum-pin man his fifty dollars, an' he got out at Chicago. Me an' them two fellers had a good laff over the way we flaxed him, an' since that I hain't played no keerds. Of course I don't s'pose any of you fellers 'll cheat at keerds, and I've no 'jections to playin' with you, though I did see Bill Carknuff sling a nace down onto his lap to lay for a nace full.' Ye see now, boys, why I don't play no keerds. Let's chuck agin for the drinks, an' then I guess I'll go hum, for I've got to try a case for 'sais 'an batter' to-morrow morning fore 'Squire Dewitt."

Having "chucked" and disposed of his drink, Jerry bade the crowd good night and started home, and the game of poker was renewed.

Answer to Many Correspondents.

In reply to numerous inquiries from our readers, concerning the wonderful qualities of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil,—mentioned in our last issue,—we would inform them that the article may be obtained from our retail druggists, or by their aid. Ask for St. Jacobs Oil, and if the dealer does not keep it in stock, he will be able to procure it in a few days from the wholesale houses. We understand there is existing an immense demand for the remedy, which is not so very surprising when it is considered what it is daily accomplishing in the way of relief and cures, bordering, in some instances, on the miraculous.

The First Snow.

Lie soft Oh gentle snow, upon the world
That now is weary and doth long for rest!
So cover with thy tender flakes her breast,
And bid her sleep. Below the warmth lies furled
The patient snowdrop, that will be uncurled
When thou art gone. So gentle thou art passed,
That, when thou fad'st away, a crocus crest
Peers up above the mould, that still is pearled
By thy pure tears. So should all sorrow lie
About our hearts, like to the time of peace
'Tis then we lie awhile beneath God's hand;
So, as the grey clouds fade from off one sky,
Flowers should bloom like spring; a vast increase
Sprung from our commune with the unseen land.

Guilty of Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—*Tribune.*

Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Business Cards, &c., neatly printed at this Office.