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VOL. 10.-NO. 40.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1880.

WHOLE NO. 508.

Capturing a Wife.

Paul Cheney sat at his desk in the schoolroom of a rural district, where he had been teaching (to use a well-worn adage) the young idea how to shoot. His present task was that of writing a letter to a chum in his city home.

"No doubt (he wrote) you imagine I am dwelling in a sort of rural Arcadia, and just as far as physical nature goes I am, for there can be nothing more green than the hills, nothing more clear, cool or limpid, or musical than the brooks that every where ribbon the valleys.

"A sort of gypsy encampment is located near an isolated nook among the hills. Among the tribe is an old fortune-teller, and of course the pretty heads of my female scholars are completely tutored. I have not only laid down the law against visiting the camp, but fixed a penalty thereto.

"Now I know you will raise your hands in horror when I tell you that after exhausting every other form of punishment, from the divine cap to writing, lengthy compositions (the bitter abhorrence of every feminine heart), and all to no purpose, I have in this instance resorted to the old-fashioned one, the fettle. And so help me fate, I will carry it out to the bitter end, and make every little hand smart, whose owner dares disobey, or my name is not Paul Cheney."

The school-house where our hero presided was situated some distance from the village where he boarded, and the walk, though pleasant, was lonely, and passing a graveyard. And of late weird tales had been told of ghosts who walk there by moonlight, and in one or two instances, when the schoolmaster had been belated, he had observed an object clothed in white flit at a distance from him, and in his very path. Though a trifle startled, he had no doubt that it was a riddle that time would unravel. Therefore, upon the night when he had remained writing to his city friend, as he hurried home, he gave the matter no thought, and had reached the boundary of the graveyard when he was confronted by the white-robed apparition, approaching him with extended arms.

The suggestions natural to his appearance were of course pleasant, and he never dreamed the gliding visitant was other than earthly, and quickened his pace to meet it, but to his astonishment it disappeared as quickly and entirely, as if swallowed by the earth. Not a little startled and puzzled, he hastened home, but kept his own counsel.

The next morning he proceeded to school more early than usual and spent some time in reconnoitering the walk of the ghost, and evidently to his satisfaction, for the brooding that illustrated his face as he entered the school-room opened to assure the pupils that their teacher was in the best humor, and they would accordingly receive many indulgences.

At recess a number of pretty heads were in close consultation, and Sue Salomon, a black-eyed beauty, said, with a pout:

"Wasn't it mean of Mr. Cheney to threaten to whip any one who went up to the gypsy encampment? Just as if he doted to do it."

"I would like to see him terrify my hand," chimed Mary Ellis.

"Or, mine either," exclaimed Kitty Dalton. "What's the use of being such cowardly ninnies, girls! Let us go in spite of him."

"I will pay any girl who will go with me to-day to leave her fortune told," laughed Sue Salomon, merrily.

"Will you? Then we will all go, even if we have to submit to the punishment," answered May.

It was decided to run the risk, and accordingly when school closed at noon they walked off boldly to learn the mystery of the future.

"It must be half-past one o'clock at least," exclaimed one of the number, as they were hastening back from their visit to the gypsy camp, half-repentant and anxious to know what would be the result of their breaking the law.

for just this once, please?—And promised to do anything else he wished; and she looked so winsome pretty and bright when he yielded, that she usually carried the day.

"So, when the master, in a hard, cold voice commanded the young ladies who were late to school to leave their seats and take place before his desk, to his surprise Sue said something in a whisper to her companions, and came gracefully and quickly forward alone, leaving her white arms upon his desk as for support to her trembling limbs, said:

"Mr. Cheney, we have been to see the gypsies, but I alone am to blame, and am ready to take the punishment you think the rest have merited, together with what is my just due."

"Oh! You wish to make yourself a sort of scapegoat to your companions?" he questioned, with a sort of flushed face.

"Yes, sir, if you please," murmured Sue.

"Well, I don't please? I think you have done enough of your own to answer for without shouldering those of others?"

"But really and truly," pleaded she with tears in her glorious eyes, "I am alone to blame. They would not have gone but for me, and you will make me perfectly wretched if you punish them, when the fault was all mine," and she sobbed audibly.

"I should be sorry to do that," he answered. "It is enough that you make every day of your life wretched without my retaliating, and if you will answer for the good behavior of your companions in future it shall be as you desire."

"I will," promised Sue, but she grew steadily pale to the lips as she extended her hand to receive hers.

The next moment her little rosy palm lay in his great broad one, above which the ruler was poised for the blow; and though their hands were hidden behind the desk, the blow could be distinctly heard.

"One, two, three, four—one for each truant," said the teacher, looking down into the eyes of Sue with an expression none but she could interpret.

The next instant the face of Sue was buried in his hands, and her cheeks crimsoned as with shame. Then she spoke in a suppressed voice to the teacher, and he had to bend low to hear her.

"Who is the scapegoat now?" she questioned, and the dupes betrayed that her emotion was laughter, and if her eyes were filled with tears they were not sorrowful ones.

"Never mind," was answered by the teacher, as he bit his mustache to hide a smile, "you may take your seat."

"What a generous soul," murmured Sue, as she laid her head upon the desk. "I knew he wouldn't strike me. His broad hand entirely covered mine, and received every blow. How the girls would laugh if they knew it! He won't tell. Just what he can't tell."

The remainder of the afternoon she studied very diligently and recited cleverly, though there was a very sneaky look burning in her brown eyes that argued ill for some one.

When school closed for the day, the girls flocked round her with many expressions of sympathy.

"It was so good and noble in you, Sue, to take all the blame and the punishment," exclaimed May.

"So I have at last captured the ghost," he said, triumphantly. "Oh, please let me go. See, you frightened the girls, and they have all run away. So please let me go."

"I do not please just now, Miss Sue. I have a long account to settle with this particular ghost to-night. Then settle it quickly and let me go," she said, impatiently stamping her little foot.

"Well, let me see. How many nights have I been haunted on my way home?"

"This is my first night," asserted Sue. "All the girls took it by turns."

"Ah! did they? And you are generous enough to again be the scapegoat, and take their punishment along with your own?"

"Yes, yes; only please let me go."

"And there were four of you," and stooping down to her flushed face he left four kisses burning there.

"I will never forgive you," she exclaimed, struggling from him, and standing a little apart, began twisting her long loosened hair, and coiling it at the back of her pretty head.

"I shall be sorry for that, very sorry, Sue dear. As I told you to-day, you make my life miserable, yet I love you with all my soul."

"And I hate you," she replied, passionately.

"Are you going, Sue?" questioned he, "and without a single word?"

"Yes," she snapped out, "and give me that sheet. I am sure I don't know what mother will say, because it is so torn."

"One little word," he continued, "before you go. We may not have another opportunity to see each other alone, as I shall leave this place next week."

"Going away?" she asked, with a little quiver in her voice, and staying her steps.

"The term will soon be out, and I shall not teach longer—least of all those who hate and refuse to be guided by me."

She drew nearer to his side, with downcast eyes, and giving him her hand, said, softly:

"Forgive me, Mr. Cheney. I have been very unkind and rebellious. To-day you bruised your own hand to give mine. I saw how true and honest it was, and that was the most severe punishment you could have inflicted on me."

"I did not know that I was injuring so important an organ."

"When you say you hate me, darling—"

"I did not mean I hated you. I am very grateful, and—so sorry you are going away."

"Then if you love me," he whispered, twining an arm about her, "bid me stay."

"Then—stay—stay, only—"

"Only what, Sue?"

"I am done being scapegoat for any mortal or ghost either."

"That is right, and henceforth receive only rewards."

What she might have said in response he never knew, for as his lips were for the moment effectually sealed.

A few months later Paul Cheney's city friend was not surprised at his return, though he was at first bringing back as a bride the chief of his tormentors.

Young man, a diamond pin glinted brightly, when he was introduced to a man and pin both, one of the other cannot be genuine.

A good brother at the hotel table tried to imitate Grant by turning his wine-glass upside down. The waiter saw it immediately and said: "Yis, yis; I'm coming with another bottle."

An old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes, but would not believe it. Said he, "I'm going into the gallery and sermon." She did so, and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said, "But I will not enlarge." The old woman called out from her lofty position, "Ye cannae say ye cannae, for your paper's gone out."

A PARAGRAPH having appeared in an Ohio paper to the effect that "the Anglican Church costs England \$38,000,000 a year," Bishop Bell writes to the editor that the Church of England is entirely supported by its own property, and that the fair way to put the case is that "the Church of England supplies religious privileges and pastoral care to the people freely at a cost of \$38,000,000 per year."

The recent hanging of Swift Runner, an Indian murderer, at Fort Saskatchewan, was in a temperature of 40 degrees below zero. A gallows had been built out of doors, so that the Indians could see the execution; when the officers and prisoner arrived at the spot, it was found that most of the scaffold had been used for firewood by the half-frozen crowd. Swift Runner complacently warmed himself at the fire while the gallows was being repaired. When everything else was ready the nervous hangman said he had forgotten to bring a strap to fasten the prisoner's arms and legs. He offered to saw further trouble by killing himself with a tomahawk, but his proposition was rejected, and he ate a hearty meal of pemmican, with the noise around him neck; while a messenger was feeling a strap. A priest attempted to give him spiritual consolation, but he said that the white man's whiskey had ruined him, and so he couldn't believe in the white man's God. He preferred a death dance by his own people, and while they were performing it he was hanged.

The Municipality.
List of accounts passed Jan'y, 1880.

Mr. Editor.—Your correspondent "Reader" from Hopewell in your last issue, seem to think impressions are easily corrected and so they are. When practical knowledge is brought to bear on a subject, a simple assertion without proof or argument, and that from unreliable sources, has no weight whatever. He quotes an entire article of two lines and a half from the *Family Herald* of Montreal, which was clipped from the New York Herald, "Enquirer" asks in the query column in said papers about Kerosene Oil, jumping sheep, etc., and some one gives an answer of the said two lines and a half on Prickly Comfrey, all of which is quoted by your "Reader," and he thinks this is quite sufficient to correct all impressions that may have been made from articles that appeared in your paper from reliable sources, viz: *American Agriculturist* and *English Field*. Hundreds of farmer's testing and practical knowledge of this plant, for three or four years back all over England, France, United States and Canada, is nothing to him. This may be called jumping at a conclusion. He has not ventured an opinion himself, but quotes from two papers that are never known as authorities on agriculture before, until "Reader" tells the world of the fact. The *Family Herald* is a paper of only a few years standing, and the New York *Herald* is practically without a head, as the proprietor had to leave his country to escape the strong arm of the law. The *American Agriculturist* was a high authority on agriculture thirty years before the *Family Herald* had been published, and is acknowledged by all who know it to be as high an authority as any in America. And in regard to Prickly Comfrey the "Editor" thoroughly tested in his own soil, and climate before he wrote, or advanced anything concerning it, although repeatedly asked to do so. After testing, he gave his own and many other disinterested men's opinion in favor of it; extracts of which appeared in your paper, and in speaking of this very plant said, "I give a few extracts from said article in April, 1879." For those who have rich land it is a most valuable plant yielding an immense amount of green fodder, especially suitable for milch cows, and excellent for other domestic animals, "milch cows, horses, pigs, and poultry all thrive upon it."

The reluctance of cows to eat it at first is the only objection worth considering yet made to the plant, and this is readily overcome. In several of the dairy centres in Massachusetts, the farmers, after a trial, are largely increasing their plantations, and we hear good accounts from all other quarters. But the most positive proof that the Comfrey has now an established value, is in the fact that the dealers in seed have made arrangements for large supplies. One seed house of our acquaintance, that at first offered it with caution, has contracted for an immense quantity; and another, which would hardly touch it at first, has arranged for half a ton of the roots.

A sample proof can be collected in our own Province that it is all that is represented. There are seven kinds of Comfrey. What will be offered for sale at the stores A. C. Bell, M. P. P. New Glasgow, and J. D. B. Fraser & Son, Pictou, is of the Caucasian variety. It is the only kind that is of any use as a fodder plant. No doubt "writer" in *Herald* was a deluded purchaser of one of the other varieties. I have tested the Prickly Comfrey for two years and find that there is no difficulty in growing from 80 to 100 tons per acre on land that will give good mangolds or corn. "At 100 tons" it would feed 11 cows at the rate of 100 lbs. per day for 180 days; one twelfth part of an acre would give one cow about 80 lbs. per day for 180 days. This speaks for itself. I have tried corn, green oats, lucerne, vetches, clover, winter rye, and pearl millet, and find it far superior to any of them. Some parties are raising objections and crying their plant away who have never seen it, and who know nothing about it. Some of them could not even tell whether it is the roots or tops that are used. It is something new and they think it their duty to try it down.

A clock pendulum is bound to keep time if it has to swing for it.

A hen is a model for dancers. She never leaves her set except to eat and drink.

Almost any grocer's clerk can sell at least four brands of chewing tobacco out of a pall hidden under the counter.

Some people wear their hearts on their sleeves; but when they're trumps it is best to wear them up their sleeve.

The man whom you saved from drowning and the man who never pays you what he owes, you may consider as alike indebted to you for life.

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HAVE REBUILT and are now running the
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And with the aid of good men and good machinery are prepared to fill orders at short notice for
Doors, Frames, Blinds, Window and Door
Sashes, Brackets and Mouldings of all Descriptions, Kilm Dried Lumber and Building Material,
Planing, Sawing, &c.
Stores and Offices fitted out. All orders promptly attended to. may7

NOTICE.
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP BUSINESS
which existed between the Subscriber and his late father, THOMAS BAIRD, Esq., is now continued by the Subscriber JOHN MILTON BAIRD under the old style of Firm of
THOMAS BAIRD & SONS,
Pursuant to the provision of his father's Will.
JOHN MILTON BAIRD,
Sackville, Oct. 22nd, 1877.

MARBLE
AND
FREESTONE
WORKS,
H. J. McGRATH,
Dorchester, N. B.

HAVING purchased the entire Stock in Trade of Mr. Peter HAGAN, and with his previously large Stock of
ITALIAN, SOUTHERN FALLS, AND
RUTLAND MARBLES,
the Subscriber has now one of the largest and best selected stock of Monumental Marbles to be found in the country. All Stock is guaranteed.
Price twenty per cent. lower than any other Establishment in the Province.

Business Cards.
Grand Central Hotel
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Guests treated kindly, and every attention paid to comfort.
July 16

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Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated with first-class fare on reasonable terms. Stabling on the premises.

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DESIRES to thank his old customers of Sackville and vicinity, Dorchester included, for past patronage, and is still pleased to wait upon all who favor him with a call, at his old stand, opposite Baptist Meeting House. With the assistance of good help, and strict attention to business, they will find he still makes Hair Cutting a Specialty.

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COMMON FURNITURE, STOCK.
Builded Materials, Doors, Sashes, Blinds, &c., made to Order.
Good Work at Moderate Prices.
Send in your order.
T. H. TREEN,
Manager.
Oxford, N. S.,
Oct. 30th, 1879. } 1y

Change in Business.
THE undersigned being about making a change in their business, request parties indebted to them to make an immediate settlement. Accounts not paid or arranged satisfactorily in three months will be put in process of collection.
TREEMAN & SNOWDON,
Point de Bute, Nov. 10, 1879. 3m

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.
WE, the undersigned, have entered into a Co-Partnership under the style or firm of COPP & McLEOD, for the purpose of carrying on a General Merchandise business.
J. H. COPP. W. M. McLEOD.
Port Egin, Nov. 24th, 1879.

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FURNITUREFACTORY
ALL KINDS OF
FURNITURE
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NOW LANDING:
100 KEGS BAKING SODA;
50 bls. Washing Soda;
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Intercolonial Railway.
SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tenders for Water Pipes," will be received by the undersigned until January 31st, 1880, for the supply of 7,000 lineal feet of Cast Iron Water Pipes six inches in diameter, and 130 lineal feet 8 inches in diameter.
Specifications and forms of tender may be had at the Engineer's Office, Moncton, and at the office of the Station Masters at St. John, Halifax, and Point Levi, and also at the Agent's office, No. 120 St. Francis Street, Montreal.
Tenders will not be noticed unless made in accordance with printed form supplied.
D. FORTINER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
27th December, 1879.
Jan 1, 1880

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Oranges, Lemons,
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Prescriptions carefully filled. 20
July 28

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Goods, Precious Stones and Fine
Gold and Silver Jewelry just received for
the Christmas and New Year Trade,
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Please call and examine.
Solid Gold and Silver Jewelry, &c.,
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promptly attended to. W. T. G.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.
THE Co-partnership heretofore existing
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style of McDONALD & BUCHANAN, was
dissolved by mutual consent on 12th Sep-
tember last. Parties owing us will please
make prompt payment. Mr. McDonald
retains the books, and continues the busi-
ness.
ALLEN McDONALD,
DOUGLAS, RICHMOND, N. B.
Dorchester, Oct. 26th, 1879. 3m

Carriage Making
WILL be carried on as formerly at the
old stand by the subscriber, and
satisfaction guaranteed, both in workman-
ship and prices.
ALLAN McDONALD,
Dorchester, Oct. 26th, 1879. 3m

Special Notice!
In order to meet the demands of our nu-
merous customers, we beg to announce
that we have added to our extensive
the necessary Machinery for the Manufacture
of Men's, Women's, Misses' & Children's
Boots & Shoes,
In all the Leading Styles.
By continuing, as in the past, to use
first quality of material, we hope to merit
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ance of public favor in our old business.
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Rubbers, Overshoes, &c.
Just Received from Montreal:
MEN'S, WOMEN'S, MISSES' & CHILDREN'S
Rubbers
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---ALSO---
Women's Cheap Serge, Women's Serge
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I HAVE ALSO IN STOCK
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