

# CHIGNECTO POST.

AND BORDERER.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum, Postage Prepaid. If paid in advance \$1.00.

VOL. 13.-NO. 8.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 604.

### Travellers Column.

**Cumberland Hotel,**  
PARRSBORO', N. B.  
TWENTY yards from Railway Station. Sample rooms. Livery stable. 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 a. m.  
Express for Halifax and Victoria, 6.08 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 a. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 5.35 a. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.09 p. m.  
Express for St. John, 2.16 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,  
Fruiteries, Essential Oils,  
Patent Medicines,  
Sponges.

We buy direct and are in a position to quote Goods as cheap as any City House.

Orders receive prompt attention, and—1 year

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$2,000,000.  
PAID UP CAPITAL, \$692,650.

### THE MARITIME BANK

OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

DIRECTORS:  
LeB. Botsford, M. D., Vice-President.  
J. H. Harrison, (of J. & W. P. Harrison,  
Flour Merchants).  
John H. Park, (of Wm. Parks & Son,  
Cotton Manufacturers).  
Rout. G. Ross, (of Jardine & Co.,  
Grocers).  
Thos. Maclellan, (of Maclellan & Co.,  
Bakers).  
John Tappin, (of Tappin Bros., Indian-  
town).  
Edward D. Troop, (of Troop & Son,  
Ship-owners).

THE BANK under new arrangements and with fresh capital, is now open and prepared to transact a general banking business.

Loans granted, Deposits received. Exchange bought and sold. Drafts issued. Collections made at, and money telegraphed to, all accessible places.

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

THOS. MACLELLAN,  
President.

ALFRED RAY, Cashier.

### NOTICE.

THE undersigned non-resident rate-payer of the Parish of Westwood, 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 (50 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 Tremblay.....1.00  
Estate James Gicault.....1.00

JAMES LOWEYSON,  
ROBERT TINGLEY,  
Commissioners of Highways.  
Dated Oct. 28, 1881.

### TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by this Department at Ottawa, up to the 28th FEBRUARY, 1882 for the purchase of the Government Steamer "GLADSTONE," as she now lies at Carleton, St. John, N. B.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned, and marked "Tenders for Gladstone."

Information as to the tonnage, description, &c. of the vessel can be obtained from the Agents of this Department at Carleton, St. John, N. B.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

WM. SMITH,  
Deputy of the Minister  
of Marine and Fisheries,  
Ottawa, 2nd February, 1882.

### Business Cards.

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

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

**D. I. WELCH,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.  
OFFICE.....MAIN ST.  
MONCTON, N. B.

All Legal Business attended to promptly.

**DR. E. T. GAUDET,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
OFFICE: Opposite "Phoenix" Hotel,  
MONCTON, N. B.

Special attention given to diseases of the EYE and EAR.

**G. N. EMERY & CO.**  
Wholesale Commission Merchants.  
Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Produce,  
Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Apples,  
and Caje Cod Cranberries; also  
Hay, Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, &c.  
Quotations always given when desired.

110 South Market Street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

**Harness. Harness.**  
20 Sets Silver Plated Harness.  
Harness in Nickel, Brass and Lapped.

THESE Harness are thoroughly made and of the very best material.

Parties in want, please give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, as I will not be undersold by any in the trade.

**C. B. CODFREY,**  
Dorchester, May 5th, 1880.

### VICTORIA

**STEAM CONFECTIONERY WORKS,**

**J. R. WOODBURN & CO.,**  
44 & 46 DOCK STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. R. WOODBURN, J. P. KERR.

**To Farmers & Shippers.**

Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Poultry,  
Wild Game, Grain, Honey, Apples, Potatoes,  
Onions, Dried Fruits, &c.

Send for Price List and Tags.

**J. E. PHILLIPS & CO.,**  
341 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK,  
General Produce Commission Merchants.  
0023-43

**J. WILSON & CO.**

MANUFACTURERS OF  
Marbled Slate Mantels

DEALERS IN  
**GRATES;**

**Stoves, Ranges, &c.**

104 PRINCE W. STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

H. PHINNEY, Agent for Sackville.

**RHODES, CURRY & CO.**

AMHERST, N. S.

HAVE REBUILT and are now running the

**Amherst Wood-Working Factory,**

And with the aid of good men and good machinery are prepared to fill orders at short notice for

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets and Mouldings of all Descriptions, Kin Dried Lumber and Building Material, Planning, Sawing, &c.

Stores and Offices fitted out. All orders promptly attended to. may7

To be had at  
**J. C. COLE'S,**  
AMHERST, N. S.

**ORANS,**  
and Best  
Winter Apples.

100 Barrels of Winter Apples.  
BLAIR ESTABROOKS.

Wholesale Agents for the Maritime Provinces for the

**SMITH AMERICAN ORGAN-BOYS ORGANS.**

Accordeons, Concertinas, Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Violin Strings, and Brass Instruments

Of every description. Price List mailed free upon application. Shuar Mexico and Monte Books. nov10

**Legislative Notice!**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that application will be made to the Local Legislature at its ensuing session for an Act to extend the Charter of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Railway Company, for the further period of ten years.

By order of the Board of Directors.  
W. C. MILNER,  
Secretary N. B. & P. E. Ry. Co.  
Dated the 8th day of February, 1882.

### Business Cards.

**A. D. RICHARD, LL. B.,**  
Attorney-at-Law, Money Payer, Etc.,  
DORCHESTER, N. B.

Special attention given to the collection of Accounts in all parts of the United States and Canada.

**D. COLEMAN,**  
EYE AND EAR

**DR. MORSE,**  
AMHERST, N. S.

Physician and Surgeon.

SPECIAL attention devoted to the Diseases peculiar to Females and Children.

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

Special attention given to the Collection of Debts in all parts of the Dominion and the United States. may7

**A. E. OULTON,**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,  
Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.  
OFFICE: A. L. Palmer's Building,  
DORCHESTER, N. B.

**J. R. CAMERON,**  
Embs & Gardner Block, Prince Wm. Street,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEALER IN  
American and Canadian Oils, Chan-  
dellors, German-Style, and En-  
lish and American Lamps,  
Burners, Wicks, &c.

**L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,**  
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers  
(Consulate of the Netherlands),  
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary).  
No. 127 WALNUT STREET,  
L. WESTERGAARD, } Philadelphia, July 24  
GEO. S. TOWNSEND, }

REMOVED  
to King St.  
Over Colonial  
Book Store.  
Electro and  
Stereotyping.  
Best Work  
fair prices

**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.

**G. FLOOD & CO.**  
87 KING ST.  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF  
Steinway & Sons  
Chickering & Sons  
Wm. Bourne & Son  
Hallett & Cusumano  
Pianos.

Wholesale Agents for the Maritime Provinces for the

**SMITH AMERICAN ORGAN-BOYS ORGANS.**

Accordeons, Concertinas, Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Violin Strings, and Brass Instruments

Of every description. Price List mailed free upon application. Shuar Mexico and Monte Books. nov10

**Legislative Notice!**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that application will be made to the Local Legislature at its ensuing session for an Act to extend the Charter of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Railway Company, for the further period of ten years.

By order of the Board of Directors.  
W. C. MILNER,  
Secretary N. B. & P. E. Ry. Co.  
Dated the 8th day of February, 1882.

### JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

**THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.**

**RHEUMATISM,**  
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,  
Backache, Soreness of the Chest,  
Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swell-  
ings and Sprains, Burns and  
Scalds, General Bodily  
Pains,  
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted  
Feet and Ears, and all other  
Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive relief of all kinds.

Prepared by E. J. Jacobs, Solely of the Original and Authentic in Medicine.  
**A. VOGELER & CO.,**  
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

1881 - Holiday Season - 1882

**D. R. McELMON,**  
WATCH-MAKER  
AND JEWELLER  
MONCTON, N. B.

HAS now in stock, suitable for the Xmas trade, the finest assorted stock of

**Watches, Jewellery,**  
SILVERWARE,  
Etc., Etc.

ever offered in the town of Moncton. Parties desiring to purchase anything in any 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. The goods being brought 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.

**DORCHESTER**  
Drug Store  
Drugs, Chemicals, &c.

NEW on hand at the DORCHESTER PHARMACOPOLUM, a large and well selected stock of

**DRUGS, CHEMICALS,**  
Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Hair Oils, Combs, Brushes, Sponges, Toilet Soaps, Razors, Razor Strops, Shaving Soaps, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Rubber Bibs, Aprons, &c., Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes, Confectionery, Wines and Liqueurs.

A FULL LINE OF  
**PATENT MEDICINES,**  
consisting of Chamber's Quinine Wine, Doan's and Lyman's Quinine Wine, Hingham's Quinine Wine, French's Holy Pills, American Hop Bitters, Feltz's Dyspepsia Bitters, Atwood's Jaundice Bitters, Baxter's Sassafras Bitters, Egan's Cod Liver Cream, Fetter's Emulsion God Beer Oil, &c., Scott's Emulsion, Robinson's do., Nicholson's do., Redway's Restorative, Redway's Relief, Redway's Pills, Vigorine, Carter's Cherry Balsam, Golden Elixir, Mirand's Liment, Johnson's Liniment, Fendleton's Elixire, Phlogogonine, August Flower, German Syrup, Coughine, Hoffman's Liver Tonic, Peristaltic Lotion, &c., &c.

Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, in great Variety.  
ALEX. McKAY,  
Druggist.

**WE WANT**  
CONSIGNMENTS OF  
**SHIP KNEES,  
SPILING,  
R. M. TIES,  
CORDWOOD,  
TAN BARK,  
POTATOES.**  
WRITE TO  
**HATHWAY & CO.,**  
32 Central Wharf, Boston.

### LITERATURE

**The Midnight Train.**

Across the dull and brooding night  
A giant flies with demon light,  
And breath of wailing smoke;  
Around him whirls the reeling plain,  
And with a dash of dim disdain,  
He leaves the undimmed rock.

In lonely swamps the low wind stirs  
The belt of black funeral fire  
That murmurs to the sky,  
'Till startled by his mad career,  
They seem to keep a hush of fear,  
As if a god swept by.

Through many a dark, wild heart of heath,  
O'er bonning bridges, where beneath  
A mighty river brawls:  
By ruins, remnants of the past,  
Their ivies trembling in the blast;  
By singing waterfalls.

The slumberer in his silent bed  
Turns to the light his lonely head,  
Directed of his dream;  
Long leagues of gloom are hurried o'er  
Through tunnel wreaths, with iron roar,  
And shrill night-rendering scream.

But huddling huts, past flying farms,  
High farnaces fumes, whose crimson arms  
Are grappling with the night;  
He hears along receding lands,  
To where the kindly city stands,  
Wrapt in a robe of light.

Here, round each wide and gushing gate,  
A crowd of eager faces wait.  
And every smile is known:  
We thank thee, O, thou Titan train,  
That in the city once again  
We clasp our loved, our own.

—All the Year Round.

**Once a Coward.**

It was one evening after we had come in from shooting that she said to me, "I remember that I remember also how cheerily the library window at the old Hall gleamed to welcome us, making a ruddy stain on the wet gravel. Didn't it look cozy too, after a long tramping day spent in tramping through heavy turnip fields and stiff wet stubble! And yet there was a cozier thing than that before us soon."

My cousin Helen's face!

It beamed out on us, a lovely picture framed in the dark, heavily carved doorway, a bright glowing face set against a bright glowing background like the portrait of some medieval; a glorious face always, but when, as now, bringing the full light of its most blue eyes and flushed sweet smiles to bear on its fellow-creatures, utterly irresistible.

One of our party, Dacie of Endebourne, did a attempt to resist it. So complete, indeed, had that gentleman's failure under my cousin's smile that I daily expected to hear that, out of sheer gratitude for his worship, the young lady had promised to return him that "love, honor, and obedience" which we had mentioned in Common Prayer-Books; nor would the tidings have displeased me, I don't know how it would have been if I had wished to marry Helen myself; but when a fellow has got a dear little girl of his own waiting for him he can afford to be magnanimous about his conquests.

De plus, Dacie was one of my dearest friends; one of those men who manage to carry away every heart, male and female; a sort of Saxon Apollo.

He turned into the library at once, saying something to Helen, as he passed her, which made the flush deepen plinkly in her fair cheeks; and Tom Jackson and I followed. Cis Devereux slipped up stairs to dress. He was too great a dandy to present himself to the fair sex under the disadvantages of rumpled locks and muddly leggings.

Looking at Dacie, I fancied that the said disadvantages made him rather more handsome than usual. I wonder if he knew it. The girls did, for they accepted most amiably his apologies for our intrusion in such guise (Tom Jackson said "as such guys") and declared that we might have a full hour to toast in front of the fire before going up to dress for dinner.

I fancy it was Devereux's absence which turned the conversation on him. Jackson never could bear him, and said so, adding, like the broad outspoken Yorkshireman he was, that the fellow had no more courage than a rabbit; "actually vined every time a gun went off near him."

One of the girls rather objected to this; but Mary Jackson took her brother's part, and gave us an amusing instance of Devereux's want of courage in some mountain adventure they had enjoyed together. She made us all laugh by the way she told it; and it was then that Helen exclaimed, with a scornful curl of her pretty lip,

"I am sorry that you told us, I never liked Captain Devereux, but I detest a coward."

Girls, when of impetuous dispositions, sometimes use much stronger expressions than they have any idea of. The bitter word *coward*, flung like a shot into the middle of our little group by a girl, produced a momentary silence; and I began to feel annoyed with my fair cousin for forgetting that Devereux was our guest, and to meditate giving her a private lecture.

To my unutterable surprise, Dacie saved me the trouble by taking the reins into his own hands, and bringing up the spirited offender with a jerk. He had been leaning against the mantel-piece, gazing down at her with a sort of admiring admiration in his dark eyes; but now he straightened himself up as if the shot struck him and spoke in a dry, hard tone which must have been quite new to his beautiful young hostess.

Do you think that is a fair term to apply to the gentleman in question, Miss Curtis?"

Helen stared. She was not used to rebukes from her lovers, and instantly resented this one by as dry and hard an answer.

"After what Miss Jackson has just told us? Yes, Mr. Dacie, I do."

"Then I think you are wrong, if you will allow me to say so."

"You do not wait to be allowed!" Helen began, haughtily; then flushed and softened, like a regular woman, in a personal appeal. "But I could hardly make allowance even for you, Mr. Dacie, when we know that I am a brave man, if you did not hate cowardice at least as much as I do."

"I do—hate cowardice," he answered, with an unwon emphasis which struck us all. "So much so, that I do not like even to hear the word applied to a man who probably does not deserve it."

"But if he does?"

"You have no proof that Captain Devereux does?"

"Not Ma's story? Oh, Mr. Dacie" (getting angry again, and her blue eyes flashing impatiently), "you cannot bring me to look at had things with simple indifference. The word may be ugly, the thing is much uglier; and not even your eloquence" (very scornfully) "could make me regard a coward with any feelings but pity and contempt."

Did you ever see a picture (it was in the Academy some years ago) of Mary of Scotland turning on the rebel lords who have come to extort her signature to the deed of abdication? Do you remember the look of unutterable scorn with which she bares her white arm, bruised black with the grip of Ruthven's mailed fingers? Helen Curtis looked like the outraged queen just then, as she sat erect in her low chair, her eyes-brows raised, her lips curved in a beautiful scorn. Dacie, white as death, looked at her steadily, his hands clinched behind his back, but made no reply. I thought of the *Taming of the Shrew*, and wondered whether Dacie was deciding with Hortensio, "Kindness in woman, not their bounteous looks, shall win my love." Mary Jackson, whose giddy tongue had provoked the quarrel, rose uncomfortably, saying it must be time to dress, and fluttered away; Tom Jackson and his pretty wife following.

Then, o my great joy, Helen, seeing herself left alone, rose to depart, likewise, and was turning to the door when Dacie stopped her.

"Oa word!" he said, speaking with a sort of forced calmness. "Pardon my nonchalant story of Miss Jackson's on one side, would you call a man a coward because his courage had failed him signally in one so tarry instance?"

I bit my lip, I saw Helen was on her mettle, and, indeed, her answer proved me right.

"Decidedly I should. I judge a man's heart by what he does, not by what he says; and the more sudden the call, the more surely he acts according to his natural instincts. One greater than you or I said of his disciples, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' and I—when I see a man do a cowardly act—I know he must be a coward at heart. You are making yourself special pleader in a very bad cause, Mr. Dacie. Pray let us drop the subject. You forget" (drawing up her head like an offended quack) "that my father died before Lucknow, and therefore it is not likely that his daughter should have any sympathy for a coward."

"I am sorry for it," he said, gravely. "I should have thought

the fact carried its own punishment heavily enough without—Miss Curtis, it wants ten minutes yet to the dressing-bell. May I tax your patience for half that time while I tell you a story?"

"Certainly," she said, and sat down again with a little air of offended surprise.

I made a movement to go, observing that I always knew Dacie was an uncommonly brave fellow, but now I had a higher opinion than ever of his courage, since I saw him venture to brave so fiery a young lady as my cousin.

She smiled and blushed a little at this, drooping her face like a lovely pick lily. You compliment me by calling me a brave fellow. Miss Curtis paid me a similar compliment just now. I—but I will tell you my story, and then you shall tell me what you would call the hero, and whether you could have any kind feelings for such a person."

He spoke to me, but his eyes were on Helen; and I saw her white and flush as if some one had threatened her with a blow.

Like a fool I never guessed the reason why.

"Two years ago," Dacie said, "a friend of mine and his servant were travelling in South America. The former went abroad for his health—not that he was ill when the anecdote I am going to tell you took place. You will please not make that excuse for him—he was perfectly well; and he took his servant with him because the lad was so attached to him, such a faithful, true-hearted fellow that he could not make up his mind to leave him behind. It was scorching hot weather, such heat as you may expect in a country which lies on the southern border of Brazil; and my friend used to go every morning to bathe at the Playa Ramirez, a large unsheltered bay about a mile and a half from the town. A beautiful stretch of sand it was; the best bathing place in the neighborhood, and yet a very dangerous one; for if you went outside a certain number of yards you were liable to get entangled in one of two or three con-  
flicting currents, which is a dead calm you could see curling about within each other like harmless serpents, but which, if they caught you in their strong embrace, would assuredly carry you out into the Atlantic, unless your happened to be a strong and clever swimmer.

"Well, one morning my friend and John Barton, his servant, went to bathe as usual about seven o'clock—a late hour in those climates, Miss Curtis, where most people start at five, and where the sun is almost strong enough to roast the brains in your head by eight. As a natural consequence, they found themselves alone at the Playa, having met most of the Montevideans returning. All the better, Englishmen are not fond of publicity, as you're aware.

"My friend went in first, leaving Barton to watch his clothes, lest any of the small fry from the negro hamlet of washer-women above the bay should come down and appropriate the articles; and when he had sufficiently refreshed himself and emerged on to the sands again, Barton went in for a similar enjoyment.

"It could not possibly have been five minutes later. He had barely got into his clothes when he heard a piercing shriek from the water, and turning, saw that Barton had disappeared. The next moment, however, the lad's head rose to the