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W. C. MILNER, Proprietor.

# CHIGNECTO POST.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

VOL. 13.-NO. 28.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 651.

## My Mother.

O for the golden days—  
Those were the golden days—  
Days that have fled.  
O for the mother love!  
Earth has no other love  
Born in its stead.

Still, as it seems to me,  
Comes she in dreams to me,  
And her soft hands  
Comb my hair for me,  
With tender care for me  
Fashion its strands.

To love a pain to me?  
Friendship is pain to me?  
Barren life is pain to me?  
Sorrow she shares with me,  
Whispers at prayers with me,  
"God bless my child!"

Sings like the birds to me,  
Speaks loving words to me,  
Covers my bed;  
O I have need for her!  
My heart doth pine for her—  
Mother is dead!

What are life's thorns to her?  
Life's sunless morns to her?  
Moons that have fled  
Spring has no breath for her,  
Lights are in vain.

What are my prayers to her?  
Cumberome care to her?  
She is at rest;  
Roses bloom over her,  
Snow-blossoms cover her,  
Earth on her breast.

Down through the dreary years,  
Sorrowful, weary years,  
Hears she my cry?  
Are her hands holding me?  
And her arms folding me?  
Is she still living?

Sees she my yearning tears—  
Fitsful, burning tears?  
From heaven's height  
Comes she to talk with me,  
Stealthily walk with me,  
Morning and night.

Ah! as it seems to me,  
These are not dreams to me;  
Still thou art here,  
Walking beside me,  
When twilight comes,  
Mother most dear.

When life's "good-night" to me  
Heralds new light to me,  
In the unknown,  
Unending bliss for me,  
Shall be the kiss for me,  
Mother, my own!

## A CLOSE SHAVE.

CONTINUED.

A gentleman, conspicuous in the white tie and long coat of the Established Church, came forward, and, having commanded silence by a motion of his hand, delivered a short extemporaneous prayer, to which the vast audience uttered a sonorous "Amen." A second gentleman, in dubiously tinted linen, and looking generally like a caricature of his confrere, gave out a hymn, two lines at a time, which was sung with a somewhat rude and genuine fervor. The Chairman then announced that Mrs. Eytton would address the meeting. Mrs. Pounder, an economically constructed lady clad in shining and crackling silks, advanced to the handrail, with the aspect of a feminine policeman bent on taking her whole audience into instant custody. George had never dreamed of anything like her, even in a nightmare, and listened to her commentary periods, delivered in a voice like a steam whistle, with a short-lived interest which speedily degenerated into boredom. Mrs. Pounder, having finished her ideas, his poverty of thought under fluency of language. Such ideas as she had were chiefly disagreeable, and comprised the questionable dogma that everybody not belonging to the peculiar branch of the Temperance League of which she was a member would discover his mistake, too late to rectify it, in a future state of considerable discomfort. However, she subsided at last, apparently to the satisfaction of her audience, who applauded her but feebly.

Then came disaster. The Chairman said that, before requesting Mr. Short to address the meeting, he would avail himself of a hint which he owed to that gentleman, by inviting such were present, and felt the spirit move them, to encourage their neighbors in the path of temperance, by quoting such short passages from the Scriptures or the poets in which the beauties of that virtue were praised. The invitation was accepted. Look not upon the wine when it is red; "At the last it stingeth like an adder and biteh like a serpent." "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," and kindred were repeated in succession from different parts of the building, in every variety of voice and key. One young man in the rear neighborhood of the platform secured enthusiastic applause by a repetition of the Shakespearean lines:

"For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors to the blood,  
And no mine-ge is like a lusty winter,  
Frosty and kind."

Then, moved doubtless by the instigation of the devil, arose Mr. George Eytton. His dress and appearance, so completely different from those of the rest of the audience, attracted great attention, which grew as he slowly adjusted his coat and fitted his eye-glass. They waited, a deep breath, the better to applaud the sentiment he had risen to utter. It came:

"Take a little, for the stomach's sake."  
There was a moment's dead silence, and then tumult, wild and indescribable, and Mr. Eytton, borne upon the crest of a human wave, found himself in the dearest street, with no very idea of how he got there.

His hat was gone, his light dust overcoat hung about him in ribbons. He leaned against a convenient lamp post, and laughed until the streets re-echoed. Presently, wiping the tears from his eyes, he beheld Mr. Courtenay, partner in his expulsion and his meritment. "It was too bad, George," said Courtenay, gasping. "I couldn't help it, if I'd been hung for it," answered Eytton. "Confound it all, the Chairman asked for texts. I gave one, didn't I? I say, Courtenay, old man, I can't walk home in this state. Fetch a cab for me, there's a good fellow, while I have my laugh out."

Courtenay moved away to fulfil his friend's behest, but suddenly stood stock still.

"I say—I Eytton! Look here!" "What's the matter?" "Courtenay's sole answer was to point to a flaming poster on the wall. George followed the direction of his friend's forefinger, and read with a drooping jaw:

GENERAL SIR MAXIMUS BOSWELL,  
K. C. B.  
CHAPTER III.

Upon the morning following the events recorded in the last chapter Miss Kitty, engaged in the household of General Boswell as lady's maid to that gallant officer's daughter, was much exercised in mind regarding the movements and intentions of a mysterious stranger, who had for the last half hour been taking secret views of the house from behind various trees, and otherwise conducting himself in an unusual and remarkable manner. The stranger was eminently respectable and, indeed, mildly and clerical in appearance. He was clean shaven, and wore blue glasses and a long frock coat, but his behavior was incongruous, and therefore, to the mind of the faithful Kitty, suspicious. Having for some time watched his movements from the shadow of an arbor, she emerged and betook herself, in an innocent and deplorable manner, to the culling of a nosegay from the garden beds. The mysterious one made unusual efforts to attract his attention, with apparent success. She saw his signals, but gave no sign in return. Waxing bolder, the stranger, carefully enconcealing himself behind a bush, called her name, and, when she came to the garden, where the old maid, with a stifled scream, dropped the half-completed nosegay, and scuttled back to the arbor, with a mighty frown of petticoats. The stranger made himself as small as he could, and waited. The damsel presently returned with gingerly steps.

"Kitty?" repeated the stranger. "Oh good gracious!" said the lady, and started off again, but checked herself.

"Kitty! Don't you know me?" asked the mysterious one, coming a second time to the garden, and taking off the blue glasses. The girl gave a second little scream, and the young man dodged precipitately behind his shelter.

"Mr. Eytton! Well, I never! In blue glasses! And, oh, good gracious, what's gone of your moustaches?"

"Hush-h-h-h!" said George in a tremulous whisper. "Hush-h-h-h! Where's the General?"

"He's up stairs in his study reading the paper. Well, of all the sur-"

"Yes, I know! Where's Miss Boswell?"

"She's gone into the village to see old Mrs. Scloomb. Well, if ever—"

"All right, never mind all that. Look here, you see this letter. I'll put it here in the left of my tie. You can come out and get it, and give it to Miss Boswell. Don't let her see the General till she reads it. Where's Mrs. Tresham?"

"She's in the dining room." "Asleep?" "I don't know. I should think so."

"Go and see, there's a good girl. If she is, give me a signal, and I'll come in. You must open the door for me and smuggle me up to the General. Don't wait to ask me any questions. Miss Boswell will tell you all about it. I expect, when she reads the letter, or I will, some other time."

Kitty retreated, wondering, to fulfil her commission. She shared in a lesser degree, her mistress's affection for Mr. Eytton, and her admiration of him had been cemented by diverse presents from the young man, and perhaps also (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) by those means which are even yet more efficacious in enlisting the sympathies of a pretty girl than mere enduring tokens of regard.

"And Miss Eliza situated placidly in the dining room, and, the coast being clear, Kitty gave the promised signal, and admitted George, after the due presentation of his card, to the General, in whose face the young man, gazed, with a sinking heart, the lineaments of the Chairman of the preceding evening.

The General, without knowing why, was somewhat puzzled by the appearance of the claimant of his daughter's hand, whose appearance answered neither to his own unformed expectations, nor to those scraps of description he had received from Nelly and Aunt Eliza. The General was sufficiently experienced in the ways of women to know that their likings or dislikings

are among the things least certain in a most uncertain universe, but he felt it strange that this comical young gentleman should have been the man to bear off the affections of such a girl as his daughter against all opposition. But he was exceedingly sure of his child, and had no doubt of the depth of her affection for her lover, nor was he so prejudiced as to hold an additional inch or two of length in a coat, or a shade of blue in a pair of spectacles, as an insuperable bar against love's progression. So he received George with a cordiality which increased the feeling of guilt the young man already felt within himself.

"I am very happy to see you, Mr. Eytton, very happy indeed. Pray take a seat."

"Thank you," stammered George. "It's very hot, don't you think, sir?"

The General assented, and sat, looking at the visitor with a beaming face. A spare and rather wizened little man, with thin red-lid looks crowning a scarlet visage, framed with fiery whiskers. He sat his chair as he might have done his charger on parade.

"I—I never remember to have felt hotter," said George desperately.

"Indeed!" said the General. "I suppose you find it almost cool, after India?" continued the young man.

"Not quite so hot as it is there, sometimes," assented Sir Maximus. "Though I suppose it is warm for England. What on earth can Nelly see in this nonsense?" he asked himself silently. "Does his courtship of her consist of meteorological comparisons, I wonder?"

George, as we know, found other materials for conversation with Nelly, but at present his usual fluency had deserted him. However, perceiving that his half-formed fears of being recognized, in spite of his disguises, by his future father-in-law were apparently groundless, he gained courage, and spoke out in such a fashion as vastly improved the General's opinion of him.

His affection for Nelly was deep and genuine, and under its influence he waxed almost eloquent, to the thinking of the fatherly heart which drank in the young man's praises of Miss Boswell. Sir Maximus listened with a pleased smile, and George, thawing more and more, began to describe the life of the young man, and under its influence he waxed almost eloquent, to the thinking of the fatherly heart which drank in the young man's praises of Miss Boswell. Sir Maximus listened with a pleased smile, and George, thawing more and more, began to describe the life of the young man, and under its influence he waxed almost eloquent, to the thinking of the fatherly heart which drank in the young man's praises of Miss Boswell. Sir Maximus listened with a pleased smile, and George, thawing more and more, began to describe the life of the young man, and under its influence he waxed almost eloquent, to the thinking of the fatherly heart which drank in the young man's praises of Miss Boswell. 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