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CHIGNECTO POST.

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VOL. 13.—NO. 40.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 663.

(From Harper's Weekly.)
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY MRS. FRANK MCGARTHY.

One wild March night, not many years ago, two young men walked rapidly through the main street of a crude Western settlement. There was little attempt at paving; as the place seemed to be scooped out of the solid rock which hemmed it in. The width of the street was a serious drawback to its distinction. The houses on either side, slanting down from the hills behind them, dilapidated, detached, and with little or no attempt at architecture, became more insignificant by the long distances which separated them and their grim surroundings. An icy wind, that grew more and more violent at night, congealed all inclination for conversation, but the younger of these pilgrims muttered through his chattering teeth, "God-forsaken, beastly hole, Max!"

"Not altogether," replied his companion. "Look yonder, Tom!" The wind, increasing in velocity, drove before it the murky clouds that had rested upon the jagged hills, and all at once could be seen a hundred martial, maritime, and grotesque shapes clearly defined upon the sky. Myriads of stars began to glow with wonderful brilliancy, but the younger traveller gazed longingly upon the minor lights of the railroad depot that shone hopefully in the distance. The wide portico of a country store loomed in sight; cheerful arrays of patent medicines with their gaudy labels adorned the windows; the battered and broken-nosed figure of an Indian maiden stared the presence of tobacco to the wayward traveller—and Tom began to soften with these signs of approaching civilization.

"Well, soon shake the dust of this wretched place from our feet, Max," he said. "We had a nasty presentiment hanging over me all day that something would happen here; but there's the blessed old flaming eye of the engine at last!" It all happened in a quarter of a minute, even as Tom spoke. A wagon came rapidly down the cross-street, the driver vainly endeavoring, as he saw an old woman on the crossing, to arrest the speed of his vehicle; his beast was intelligent enough to aid him in this endeavor, but the grade was steep, and the old woman stumbled. Max sprang forward just in time to lift her to her feet. As he rose to his own the shaft of the wagon gave him a rough poke upon the leg, which made him wince for a moment, but he carried his light burden to the corner where she struggled down out of his arms, saying, in the weak, tremulous quaver of age, "Thank ye, thank ye, young man," and hobbled away upon her stick in the gloom.

"All right, nobody hurt," echoed Max, and the wagon went rattling on.

He had slept. He began now to be of the opinion that a touch of rheumatism might be at the bottom of the trouble.

"We'll give it a rub with some of Aunt Em's liniment when we get home," said Tom, with a soft indication upon the last word. Tom wouldn't have believed it possible he could have been so ridiculously glad to get back to stupid old Barnsville; he had been so grateful to get away from it, at that time, he had made up his mind that in the whole range of the States he could not stumble upon a duller, more perversely stagnant and exasperating spot than the village of which his father was so proud. It nettled him beyond endurance after he got back from college to see his father stand with his back to the dining-room grate, his hands folded beneath his coat tails, and fold forth by the hour upon the petty themes discussed in the City Council, of which he was an influential member.

A word hung conspicuously over the mantel-piece, which seemed to Tom to crown the absurdity of the scene. The little attention Tom had given to the sanguinary ancient during his collegiate course increased his contempt for the regiment of home-grown at Barnsville, of which his father was the colonel, and the approach of Washington's birthday quickened Tom's decision to join his friend Max Beling in that venture out in the mining districts.

"Why, you'd better stay till after the twenty-second," said Aunt Em, who was busy with silk and flags and rosettes at a side table. "Merry's coming home from school on purpose, you know."

"Yes," said the colonel, "I thought it judicious to send for America—in fact, I believe she is to perform a grand feat in the present, she is tall for her age, you know."

Yes, Tom knew she was taller at fourteen than most girls at twenty. He was exceedingly fond and proud of his sister, but he went, nevertheless.

Tom left Barnsville without a single regret, and vowed in his heart that many a year should go by before he should again see the little houses and green blinds, and white front gardens, and neat patios, and slender spires of elm and ash, and the old woman who stated distances marked so many miles of his father's domain. This young lad of twenty, and in the innocence and arrogance of youth, thought of many a lively jest and tournament that awaited him yonder, and the old woman stumbled. Max sprang forward just in time to lift her to her feet. As he rose to his own the shaft of the wagon gave him a rough poke upon the leg, which made him wince for a moment, but he carried his light burden to the corner where she struggled down out of his arms, saying, in the weak, tremulous quaver of age, "Thank ye, thank ye, young man," and hobbled away upon her stick in the gloom.

friend, as he was particularly sensitive upon this point.

"Modest attributes that very commonly belong to heroic natures," suggested the colonel. He was staring in his old attitude before the drawing-room grate, his feet far apart, his hands beneath the tails of his coat. Max was tormented by the idea that the colonel closely resembled a hoary sheep that had been a pensioner upon the mining colony for many years—the peculiar triangular shape of his head, which was pointed at the bottom, long and narrow, clean shaven and bald; the expression of the face, bland, timid, deprecating, yet persistent; even the blatant tones of his voice which went beyond Max, and reached a small, daintily dressed, neat and dapper, gentleman, who had been introduced as Mr. Fry, a prominent lawyer in a neighboring city, and a candidate for the Legislature. Max found his feet sinking into the fine velvet carpet, and above his head the ceiling was frescoed in what he supposed was the prevailing style of the day. Chandeliers of crystal shed rivers of light upon striking piteous figures of women upon the stairs, brocade and velvet, and even as Max's eyes rested upon one of the heavily belated and upholstered windows that lined the apartment, it resolved itself into a door, through which glided a tall slender girl, with bare shoulders, and magnificent black eyes that rendered the rest of her face pale by contrast. Her ears and neck, arms and fingers, Max thought, were adorned by chains and rings, and when he took her out to dinner, his stiff leg became awkwardly entangled in her long train, and she tumbled head over heels in his arms, and he did not know how much he was disconcerted until Miss America begged of him not to hater her for the accident.

Max bowed with scant and stiff courtesy, and wondered how this young woman with the ridiculous name of America could be the little sister that Tom so adored. She talked too much, and as if she had known Max for years (which she had, in truth, through her brother's letters) she was overbearing and too handsome, and too conscious of a loveliness that Max never could admire; she was able to stare a fellow out of countenance, and it was very difficult to take up the thread of conventional chitchat when one had been buried in the beauty of a canon for five years, which any sensible girl would know, and not stare, and not chatter.

"Of the Goddess of Liberty style," Max said, scornfully, to himself. He was puzzled to keep up the routine of the meal, which he did not in courses, but served with too many silver and cut-glass accompaniments for the simple convenience of Max Beling. The variety of forks alone became a study to him. If America could only know the cause of his vexation, and abstraction, it might have saved her a deal of future trouble; but she would have begun by pitying him, perhaps despising him; but Tom had led her to form an exalted conception of his friend's character, which her own extravagant imagination had completed. When poor Max was puzzling over the peculiar shape of one of his extra forks, America thought of his deep in some abstract problem in metaphysics or mining machinery; in the mean while the future and distant glances she bestowed upon him were interpreted into pity and ridicule by Max, and so these two really sympathetic and congenial natures misjudged each other.

TO BE CONTINUED.
Leached Wood Ashes.

About High Farming.

Joseph Harris, author of "Walks and Talks on the Farm," etc., etc., and some of the most important questions in farming in the *American Agriculturist* for February:

We now have far better tools for cultivating land than formerly. In fact, our tools are better than our agriculture. And we may rest assured that as soon as we adopt improved methods of farming and gardening, our inventors and manufacturers will furnish all the tools, implements, and machines necessary to do the work.

But will it pay to adopt high farming? That depends on what we mean by high farming. High farming, if we confine ourselves to the production of hay, Indian corn, wheat, oats, and other ordinary farm crops, will not pay in this country. And Sir John Bennett, who gave a lecture before a Farmers' Club in Scotland, in which he demonstrated that high farming was no remedy for the low prices of agricultural products of Great Britain and Ireland. I think, however, he would admit that thorough cultivation and heavy manuring could be profitably used for the production of what we usually term garden products.

The advocates of high farming make a mistake. Neither Old England nor New England will ever raise all the wheat required by its population. Even the great State of New York, I hope, will not long continue to raise on its own soil all the wheat it annually consumes. Commerce is the feature of the age, and the farmer who produces only for the market, cheap bread is what the world wants, and what the world wants, the world will get. Cheap wheat can never be furnished by high farming. It must and will be grown largely on land unfitted only by the nature of the soil, and places in which wheat can be profitably grown, where many of the constituents of the plant must be applied to the soil, just as there are places where we can profitably use chemical processes for the production of iron.

Farming Matters.

SALISBURY FARMERS' CLUB.

Kings and Westmorland Agricultural Societies have decided to send a Farmers' Club, which meets fortnightly for discussion. The next meeting was to have been at Mr. Flowering's, but the inclemency of the weather that evening prevented the farmers from getting together. Distance, however, in the same city, conversing recently with several gentlemen, one of them the representative of the largest advertiser in the world, Mr. Whitworth remarked: "As to advertising, I consider St. Jacobs Oil the best advertised remedy. It is a powerful, penetrating, and is cured right through it, it has rendered me most efficient service in curing a severe neuralgia of the chest and an obstinate headache. It does its work satisfactorily."

TO BE CONTINUED.
Leached Wood Ashes.

Odds and Ends.

—A long tongue is even harder to conceal than a long nose.

—Young ladies are like an arrow: they can't be got off without a head.

—The most disagreeable articles for a man to keep on hand are hand-cuffs.

—There are some human tongues which have two sides, like that of certain quadrupeds, one smooth, and the other very rough.

—Horne Tooke, being asked by George III. whether he played cards, replied, "I cannot, your Majesty, tell a king from a knave."

—It is a popular delusion to believe that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assists her to go off.

—It may perhaps be thought difficult to decide which is the more destructive—the mortar in the battlefield or the mortar in the drug-shop.

—An Irishman, referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "Well, I can't say as he did," said Pat, "but he died high—he was suspended."

—A young girl, who was yet awake to the mysteries of her nature, and fluttering over the first demonstrations of love, is like a child sport on the rippling strand of the sea, when a high tide is about coming in.

—My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, on his return from business, "have you seen the magnificent set of walnut furniture which the Junkines have just bought?" "Hem! no, my love; but I have seen the bill, which quite satisfies me."

—"I'll take two children, if I can have 'em cheap," said a tall Yankee, on entering an oyster shop in New York, the other day. "Two children?" "Two children?" "Wipe, I ain't any myself, and your signboard reads 'Families supplied'; don't it? I want you to supply me."

—An Irishman being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay; the father-confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. "That is of no consequence," replied Pat; "you may set it down a wagon-load, for my wife and me are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

—When a man applies his mind to the knowledge of his duty, he ships himself with a firm resolution to pursue it; though the rain-falls, and the floods arise, and the winds blow on every side of him, yet he enjoys peace and quiet within, notwithstanding all the noise and blustering around him, and is not to be held out after, because he is founded on a rock.

A Well "Cured" Editor.

At No. 80 King Street, East Toronto, Ont., are editorial rooms of the *Sunday School Manual*, edited by Mr. Whitworth, of 240 Jarvis street, in the same city. Conversing recently with several gentlemen, one of them the representative of the largest advertiser in the world, Mr. Whitworth remarked: "As to advertising, I consider St. Jacobs Oil the best advertised remedy. It is a powerful, penetrating, and is cured right through it, it has rendered me most efficient service in curing a severe neuralgia of the chest and an obstinate headache. It does its work satisfactorily."

ST. JACOBS OIL.

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings 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 will be made by the comparatively trifling cost of one bottle, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its merits.

Directions in Every Language.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. YOGELER & CO., Sole Importers, N. Y. & C.

Flour. Flour.

On hand and to arrive direct from the Mills:

500 Bbls. Flour OF DIFFERENT BRANDS.

Will be sold cheap, wholesale and retail.

THOS. MAGEE, Baie Verte, Dec. 26th, 1882.

Business Cards.

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

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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, Box and Chests and Mouldings of all Descriptions, Also Dried Lumber and Building Material, Planning, Sawing, &c.

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

Nails, Tacks and Brads.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF CUT NAILS, ALL KINDS OF Shoe Nails, Tacks and Brads. Office, Warehouse and Manufactory: Georges Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALEXANDRA Saw Works! J. F. LAWTON, - Proprietor. ST. JOHN, N. B. Dissolution Notice.

THE subscribers doing business as General Dealers under the name of Baird & George have this day dissolved partnership. All parties owing the said firm will pay to Mr. Baird, who assumes all liabilities of the said firm.

J. M. BAIRD, FLETCHER & GEORGE, Sackville, Nov. 20, 1882.

Business Cards.

DR. E. T. GAUDET, Physician and Surgeon. Office: Opposite St. Joseph's College, MEMRAMCOOK, N. B. Special attention given to diseases of the EYE and EAR.

DR. MORSE, AMHERST, N. S. Graduate of Edinburgh University, Physician and Surgeon. Special attention devoted to the Diseases peculiar to Females and Children.

DR. J. W. SANGSTER, DENTIST. WILL be in Sackville on November 23rd, 24th, and 25th, and thereafter will further reside on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, to practice Dentistry in all the branches when he will be pleased to see all who may require his services. Particular attention paid to preserving the natural Teeth. No charge for examining Teeth. No charge for extracting Teeth preparatory to inserting Artificial Teeth.

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STARTLING DISCOVERY! LOST MANHOOD RESTORED. Victims of youthful imprudence causing premature decay, Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, have discovered a simple and sure cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. B. BEEVES, 41 Chatham St. N. Y.

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Will buy DIRECT and at a price in position to quote Goods as CHEAP as any City House. Orders receive prompt attention. jan5-1 year

Coal. Coal. Spring Hill Coal.

THE subscriber is prepared to supply all who are in want of COAL, by the car load or in smaller quantities. The following are the prices delivered at Station per car load:

ROUND, STOVE, NUT, SLACK, PER TON: \$3.35 \$2.60 \$2.35 \$1.60

BLAIR ESTABROOKS, AGENT, sept27-tf

THE PETERS COMBINATION LOCK COMPANY, MONCTON, N. B. MANUFACTURERS OF Builders' Hardware SHELF HARDWARE, Brass, Bronze, and Iron.

INCLUDING LOCKS, KNOBS, HINGES, LATCHES, SASH FASTENERS, CUPBOARD LATCHES, BUSTS, DOOR BELLS, DOOR SPRINGS, PLATES, &c., &c., &c.

BRASS CASTINGS and Manufacture in all kinds of BRASS GOODS solicited.

Electro, Nickel, Gold and Silver Plating.

Bronzing, Lacquering, and Japanning, of all kinds solicited.

Old Fences, Sponges, Table Service, Harpax Mounting, &c., repaired. Particular attention given to special orders. Moncton, Dec. 26, 1880. jan6

GOODS JUST RECEIVED AT Sackville Drug Store.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS; HALL'S HAIR VIGOR; AVER'S HAIR VIGOR; AVER'S SARSAPARILLA; CHANNING'S SARSAPARILLA; FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES; PIERCE'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY; PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTIONS; ST. JACOBS OIL, &c.

For Women in Childbirth, try the GERMAN WORM REMEDY. Price, 25 cents.

For Catarrh, try the GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE. Price, 75 cents.

For General Debility, try KENT'S SPAIN CURE. Price, \$1 per bottle.

For General Debility, try CHEMICAL FOOD or FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES.

For Cough, try GERMAN SYRUP or WISTAR'S BALSAM.

For Biliousness or Dyspepsia, try GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

For Rheumatism, try ST. JACOBS OIL.

For if you think differently from the above, TRY whatever you like, which you will probably FIND at SACKVILLE DRUG STORE.

A. DIXON, Druggist. aug2

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

Travellers Column.

Cumberland Hotel, PARRSBORO', N. S. TWENTY yards from Railway Station. Sample rooms. Live stock stable. sept7 THOS. MAHONEY.

Terrace Hotel, AMHERST, N. S. DAVIS & BROWN, Proprietors. OPENED under new management Jan. 1st, 1882. Renovated and furnished throughout. jan15-2m

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1882 WINTER ARRANGEMENT 1883 ON and after MONDAY, the 4th December, 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, 8.05 a.m. Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.50 p.m. Express for St. John, 2.48 p.m. Accommodation for Moncton, 9.17 a.m. Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill, 8.52 p.m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER: Express for St. John and Quebec, 9.26 p.m. Express for Halifax and Pictou, 8.03 a.m. Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.47 p.m. Express for St. John, 2.45 p.m. Accommodation for Moncton, 10.00 a.m. Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill, 8.03 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 28th, 1882.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DRUGGISH, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, GIDDY OF THE STOMACH, HEADACHE, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, and every species of disease arising from impure blood. LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD. J. B. BEEVES & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

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Skilled Labor are looked after, and everything relating to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business world, Commerce, etc., &c. Available features in the specially reported prices and conditions of the Produce Market.

Reverend News at home and abroad, together with a story every week, a romance by some eminent literary. Literary, Musical, Dramatic, Pastoral and Sea Notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the WEEKLY HERALD, which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You can subscribe at any time.

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NOTICE! NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick, at its next sitting, for an Act empowering the Municipality of Westmorland to sell and transfer any lands held by them for public purposes.

A. D. RICHARD, By Order of Council, Dorchester, Jan. 22, A. D. 1883.

One-Car Load Feed, 50 Bbls. Prime Herring, Equal to Labrador. JAS. R. AYER.