

THE CHIGNECTO POST

EVERY THURSDAY.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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E. WOODWORTH, Manager.

Gluscap Point and Its Denizens.

The members of the modern Pick-

wick Club who made their pilgrimage

of scientific and historical research

through Nova Scotia a short time

ago, no doubt returned to their re-

spective homes the proud possessors

of many interesting relics of early

Acadian days, and flushed with the

happy consciousness of having visited

the places of interest found in history

or traditional annals of the land of

"Evangeline." That Gluscap point

was not included amongst those of

interest visited by the "B. C. D."

is to be regretted, and although not

probably the fault of that worthy

club, may be considered as its misfor-

tune. Five minutes walk from the

hospital residence of the magnate of

Two Rivers, in a northerly direc-

tion, down an avenue of birch and

maple trees, through the dense foliage

of which, ever and anon, a scintillat-

ing ray of sunshine finds its way,

one is led to a spot where the im-

press of its iron heel upon those rocky

shores. It was an appreciative little

party that visited this charmingly

romantic spot, overlooking the Cum-

berland Basin a few evenings ago,

and, "far from the madding crowd,"

indulged in the hour's recreation in

listening to its many wild legends as

as graphically described by the Saga

who accompanied us. Scattered on

all sides are to be seen the evidence

of a people who lived here in primeval

days—sons of the forest, no doubt;

mighty and strong spirits who, in the

woods, unsheltered from the cold

solitudes, rude stumps with syllabic

carvings, that invite speculation and

leave much for the imagination to

feed upon, mark the last resting place

of those dusky braves, whom grim

Charon has long since carried to the

River Styx. The skeptic of the party

whose gastronomical propensities

left no room for the poetical, after

an hour's seeking for what he might

deavour, said he could vouch for there

being a burial ground here, from the

quantity of berries he had discovered.

This attempt at levity, on a spot so

hallowed to the past, with such an

odor of antiquity surrounding it, was

immediately frowned down by the

rest of the party, and the would-be

wit with one or two uncomplimentary

allusions about some people whose

name was suggestive of a joke,

CHIGNECTO POST.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 959.

WOMEN'S COLUMN.

Conducted by Members of Sackville W. C. T. U.

A Great Day in Scotland.

Our correspondent of the Montreal

Witness describes the temperance

celebration at the Glasgow Exhibi-

tion. He says, writing on the 23rd

of August:

"Monday of this week at the

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Loss and Gain.

I sorrowed that the golden day was

lost, I light no more the country side

adoring;

But whilst I grieved, behold!—the east

grew red

With morning.

I sighed that merry spring was forced

to go

And lo! the wreaths that did so well

become her!

But whilst I murmured at her absence,

lo!

'Twas summer.

I mourned because the daffodils were

gone

By burning skies that scorched my

early posies;

But whilst for these I pined my hands

were filled

With roses.

Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end

Of friendships that which none

could once sever nearer;

But whilst I wept I found a newer friend,

And dearer.

And thus I learned all pleasures are es-

tranged

Until that something better may be given;

For heaven.

—L. C. MORTON.

A Colony in the Clouds.

[San Francisco Bulletin.]

Life at the Lick Observatory,

over 4,000 feet above the ocean

level on a lofty summit, with other

mountain crests only for neighbors,

is an interesting study. Here is

probably the highest colony in Cali-

fornia. The astronomers and neces-

sary employes of the observatory

form a little world of their own, and

few of them care to go outside it.

The stage that comes once a day

brings news from the world out-

side, and visitors, curious to see the

wonders of the mountain. A

contract with a San Jose expres-

sman secures all needed freight once

a month, sometimes oftener.

Mr. Corbett, with the grip of this

great question, finished by coun-

selling his audience to remember

that while working for prohibition

with all their might, the true way

to its final accomplishment was the

promotion of total abstinence prin-

ciples in every way.

The Rev. Mr. McKay, of the platform

of the Good Templars spoke

strongly and effectively, and a

John Wilson, of Wellhead, gave a

model Christian temperance speech

that struck home to the hearts of

the people. The appearance of

Principal Cairns, on the platform

excited a great enthusiasm, a gentle-

man in the audience telling your

correspondent that the venerable

Principal was the best and most re-

presentative man in Scotland. His

words, plain and grand, will never

be forgotten by some people whose

names were suggestive of a joke,

moved off to take possession of a

fresh raspberry plot which had come

under the observation of his epicurean

eye. The view seaward from Glus-

cap Point leaves nothing to be desired.

In the distance may be seen Cape

Enrage and Grindstone Island, with

the minarets and towers of Ship-

Mountain in the background, as sen-

Owed to Canada.

(Brooklyn, N. Y., Eagle.)

The haddock's feet are on thy shore,

Canada, my Canada;

The halibut is at thy door,

Canada, my Canada.

For smelt and gudgeon, chub and sel,

For codfish, lake and mackerel,

Arise and meet the Yankee stealer,

Canada, my Canada.

Thou wilt not cover in the brine,

Canada, my Canada;

Thou wilt not drop thy fishing line,

Canada, my Canada.

Defend thy scallop, save thy skate,

Strike for thy shad with sole mate,

Don't sweat, and don't let them steal,

Canada, my Canada.

Deal gently with a herring race,

Canada, my Canada;

Put up your swordfish in its place,

Canada, my Canada.

Just for your swordfish in its place,

Canada, my Canada.

And take a Yankee smack or two,

Canada, my Canada.

"FULKEE."

BY JOHN R. CORRELL.

"Harris, this is Fulkee—a new

boy. He'll be in your class. Intro-

duce him to his classmates."

Harris said "How do?" very short-

ly, as if introducing the new boy was

a bore, and he did not care if the

boy knew it. Fulkee, on the other

hand, with a courteous bow, a friend-

ly grasp of the hand, and an ingrat-

ing smile, proceeded to show at once

by an easy flow of conversation that

he intended to make himself at home

with his school-fellows. He asked

questions, and he made casual

statements regarding himself, with the

assurance of one who has no

shadow of doubt about his reception.

He was a handsome lad, slender,

but well built, and dressed with a

care and richness which gave him the

air of what Harris mentally styled a

"dude." And for his manner, they

judged him to be a thoroughly un-

derstanding, unboiling, being

elaborately courteous and deferential.

"Come on, if you want to see the

fellows," said Harris, abruptly cutting

short a fluent description of a cat

which Fulkee had left behind him

at his grandmother's.

"The play-ground in

time to see a good catch made by