CHIGNECTO POST AND BORDERER

SACKVILLE, N. B., SEPT. 20, 1883.

—Last week there were several frosts in the United States which, in some quarters, seriously damaged the corn and late vegetables. In one county alone of New York the loss is put at almost $100,000 or $200,000.

—It is said that the winter wheat crop of Ontario has been found after threshing, judging by what which I already done, even worse than was looked for when the grain was harvested. Prices show little inclination to rise, and the outlook is not very bright for a satisfactory season.

—The August number of the Nineteenth Century contains an article entitled The Locust War in Cyprus. In it are contained some astounding figures painfully revealing the immensity of the plague by which the poor islanders are affected. Both the eggs and the locusts themselves are collected and destroyed. On the former there were collected the winter of 1882 no less than one thousand three hundred and twenty wine and a half tons. Notwithstanding all this, twenty thousand tons of the locusts were destroyed in the spring. This destruction of eggs and insects cost about $160,000. We complain of the potato-bug, but beside the locust the potato-bug is a playful and innocuous creature.

—In 1860 Canada obtained in England a loan of $32,000,000 for the purpose of consolidating a portion of the National Debt. This loan was to be repaid in 25 years and bore interest at five per cent. It was for the purpose of providing for the redemption of this debt that Sir Leonard Tilley paid his recent visit to England. He has effected an arrangement by which in November next he will replace $3,000,000 of Dr. Ryecac to the shoemaker. "Why don't you do it yourself, doctor?" asked old Waxends. "I!" replied the doctor, in astonishment. "Why; yes. Does not the Goad Book say, 'Physician, heal thyself?'"

—White Sulphur Springs is the only watering place we have heard of where there is a surplus of men. There are five beaux to one belle at this famous resort end, notwithstanding the prevalence of brimstone, it is not a place for matchmaking.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, THE 22nd DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, A. D. 1883, at the Court House, in Dorchester, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the right, title, interest, property, claim, and demands of the late William D. Knapp, since deceased, his possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, at the time of the receipt of the execution in this cause, on 19th day of January last, A. D. 1883, of, in, and to all and singular the land and premises situate in the Parish of Sackville, in the County of Westmorland, bounded and described as follows:...

ROBERT A. CHAPMAN,
Sheriff.

Dorchester, June 11, 1883.

200 Men Wanted!

200 MEN are wanted on the Cape Tormentine Railroad to whom good wages will be given.

GRAY & WHEATON.
May 9th.

Estate Notice.

MRS. EDGAR WILSON is authorized to settle accounts of the Estate of the late William Wilson, Esq., M. D., and receive moneys due the Estate.

ELLEN HICKMAN,
Administratrix.

Dorchester, Feb 17, 1882.

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE,

HAMILTON, ONTARIO,
Will Re-open September 1, 1883.

A. BURNS, D. D., LL D.

DIVORCES.—No publicity; residents of any State. Desertion, Non-support. Advice and applications for stamp. W. H. LEE, atty, 239 B'way, N. Y.

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

Dorchester Dyspensary

— AND —

BOOK STORE!

THE FOLLOWING

Popular Medicines, Perfumes, &c.

JUST RECEIVED:

ST. JACOBS OIL, BURDOCK BITTERS
Pierce's Favorite Prescriptions;
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery;
Pierce's Purgative Pellets;
Vegetine, Hop Bitters;
Eno's Fruit Salt, Seabolt, Maltine;
Campbell's Quinine Wine and Cod Liver Oil;
Mack's Magnetic Medicine;
Dyrotic balm, Teaberry;
Fowle's Pile and Humor Cure;
Adams Cure Neuralia, Yellow Syrup;
Haxington's Quinine Wine and Iron, &c., &c.

A Splendid Assortment of Lubin's & Cleaver's Perfumes and Soaps.

Books and Stationery.

We would call particular attention to this Department, which contains a FULL Assortment of all the Popular Literature of the Day, viz:

Seaside, Franklin Square, and Robertson's Libraries;
Picture and Autograph Albums;
The Poets; Testaments;
Church Services and Hymn Books—for all;
Bibles; Birth-Day Cards, &c., &c.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

School Books, Slates, Pencils, Pens, Inks.

Paper and Envelopes of all Grades and Styles.

ALEX. McKAY, Druggist, &c.

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SEPTEMBER 1st, 1883.

Cottons Advancing!

400 Bales and Cases of

Greys and Whites,

Contracted for under Old Prices. We are prepared to fill all orders at Old Prices, notwithstanding any advance by the Mills. Also, opening to-day, and previously received last month,

585 PACKAGES

British and Foreign Dry Goods,

Dominion and United States.

Homespuns.

1,000 Pieces on hand, Oxford, Willow Grove, Port Made, York Mills, which we are offering below regular prices. Opening to-day, in addition: Pilots, Diagonals, Scotch Tweeds, Broadcloths, and Doeskins; Meltons, Nap Cloths, Presidents, and Ulster Cloths; Tailors' Trimmings, Smallwares and Fancy Goods. All at our usual terms.

T. R. JONES & CO.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

New Fall Goods!

BLACK OTTOMAN AND MUSCOVITN SILKS;
Black Gros Grain Silks;
Black Satin Rhadame; Black Trimming Satins;
Colored Trimming Satins;
Col'd Satin Duchesse; Blk and Col'd Ribbons;
New Velvet and Velvet Satin Ribbons;
Satin Merveilleux & Satin Rhadame, for Dresses;
New Broche and Ottoman Ribbons;
Black and Fancy Sash Ribbons;
Novelties in Laces and Lace Goods;
Real and Imitation Lace Collars, Collarettes, Scarfs, Fichues, &c.;
Real Laces, in Black and White;
Ladies' New Linen Collars and Cuffs;
New Dress and Mantle Trimmings, in Fringes, Gimps, Ornaments, Pompons, &c.;
Black and Colored Tubular Soutache Braids; Buttons and Smallwares, &c.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,
27 and 29 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Fall Importation!

RECEIVED AND NOW OPENING:

79 PACKAGES OF

New Fall Goods,

Ex Steamers Newcastle City, Hibernian, Montreal, Caspian, and others.

All Departments fully Represented and Prices Unusually Low.

The attention of Wholesale Buyers respectfully solicited.

A. EVERITT,
Wholesale Warehouse, Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

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Rice, Pickles, &c.

JUST RECEIVED:

100 BAGS RICE, RANGOON;
60 Bags NUTS, assorted;
70 Cases PICKLES, Morton's;
60 Cases STARCH, Coleman's.

A large assortment of GOOD TEAS and Choice Barbadoes MOLASSES now in Store.

LOWEST PRICES, WHOLESALE.

Stephens & Figgures,
DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Century Plants.

From Century Magazine.

Revolutionary, the Arnsden house? Did not every gray, mortar-bedded stone in its walls say so, most distinctly? And if anything more were needed to rouse a patriotic thrill, was there not the Catharine-wheel window, filling the clear-cut space where a British cannon-ball once struck the south end, just level with the eaves? And had not the north and its chimney running outside, wide enough for a barecue at the base, and then suddenly narrowing, sharp-hipped, for the rest of its way, while a picket-guard of dormer-windows still crouched sentry on the roof, and the curving steep gateway still wore blocks from Ticonderoga as caps for its lichened pests.

And what difference had a century made with the mile-wide breast of blue that lay before the mullioned windows almost like another sky? It gleamed through the tossing arms of the old oaks like blue fascings through the slashings of a green silk sleeve; it made dusky Cleopatra-needles of the tall sharp cedars on the lawn, it touched the shelly strip at the foot of the slope, and then passed on in the same deep calm as when it went to meet the cable used to keep British sail from coming higher than West Point.

But once a year the oaks grew tired of green, and now for the hundredth time in their lives they were slipping on a motley suit. How could they wear green any longer when, night by night, mile after mile of woods were joining in gay masquerade, until up and down the river sheer far as the eye could reach, scarlet and russet and gold glowed and burned as if some mighty palette had been spread to paint a world!

Armies, with flaunting banners, Miss Penelope Arnsden thought as she glanced through the mullioned pane, and at that instant, as the wind swept over them and they bent toward her till their glitter seemed to draw a step more near, it was not strange that a rapping at the front door gave her an odd little feeling and a start. For it was the same sharp rap of brazen fist on brazen griffin's head that had summoned the Arnsdens when Washington's shadow deigned to fall across the sill.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Penelope, however: "only the door-bell really is in plain sight," and rising from the window-seat, she swept with the true Arnsden rustle of her gown into the hall.

The upper half the broad old door stood quietly swung inward on its hinges—all generations of Arnsdens had liked to have it so—and against the lower half a swaying little figure leaned, framed by the garnet and gold that glowed behind.

"Forgive me," said a voice that spite of a half laugh like a child's roused some mysteriously ancient echo in Miss Penelope's ear. "I'm not Revolutionary at all, but my great-great-grandmother was."

Miss Arnsden's elegant black eyes sat flashed at first, but that was only because she had got them from her Grandfather Schuylkill, and his had done a quarter century of flashing in review of troops; and they melted now with the genuine Grandmother Arnsden melt.

"Why, you dear child! Are you here all alone? Did no one meet you at the train?"

"No one," was the answer, as swinging back the lower half of the door Miss Penelope drew her guest inside.

It was a grim, high-backed chair in which she seated her, with claw-feet that seemed cousins-german to the griffin's head outside, and some-how far and instant Miss Penelope couldn't help thinking of a sweet violet she had dropped one day, fresh with the morning dew, into one of the lichen cups on the gray old gate-post. But she only stooped for one rather stately little kiss, and then began unwinding the wraps from the girlish form before her; for the row of antique diamonds that flashed on her finger as she did so had been her great-great-grandmother Arnsden's in their day, the very same great-great-grandmother whose name had just been shibboleth over the half-open door.

"And nothing could happen more fortunately," the note had said as the diamonds ran over the page; "for, though I have plenty of summer friends, so long as the Alles are blue and the grass is green, yet this is the time when they all vanish away and I should be quite alone, only that Philip says that most, never be, and so chooses this season for his own stay every year."

"And Philip," she began again, taking up the thread of her note as Sibyl took up a crochet needle and some scarlet wool, after a dainty lunch (any lunch would have seemed dainty served on one of grandmother Schuylkill's Sevres plates with a tiny three-legged silver pitcher of great-grandmother Arnsden's, hardly larger than a bumble-bee, for the cream).—"Philip is the best company in the world when he can take his thoughts out of these hoary old measures he is always closeting in his room. There was a fresh queen brought in last night—if a gray old thing, older than Abraham, can be called fresh—and that's what made him forget all about you this morning, I don't doubt. It's an odd taste, but a very fortunate one for Philip, poor fellow, since he lost his arm in the war."

"Yes, a gambrel roof," said Miss Arnsden, smoothing a fold of her old brocade and looking at the back of Miss Penelope's neck. She had heard some one call Miss Penelope years ago, that if she wanted especially to fascinate, she must turn her back, and she had never forgotten it. "The Arnsden roof, you know, my dear, is long and low."

"And a square house, too. The Arnsden house is hardly more than a cottage, though Revolutionary, it is true," added the Aurora-haired Miss Van Ransacker, glancing up at the gridiron of oak timbers over her head, almost as black as if St. Lawrence had been a Revolutionary hero, and had met his fate just there.

"Oh yes, Revolutionary certainly, though the ceiling has but one transverse beam, while ours has four," said Miss Saratoga, glancing up at the gridiron of oak timbers over her head, almost as black as if St. Lawrence had been a Revolutionary hero, and had met his fate just there.

"And there is a tradition that the floor is laid of planks from the deck of a British ship," she added, pressing her bandied shoe closer upon its as she remembered the Catharine-wheel window with a little twinge. Why need she be always remembering that that cannon ball went in search of two famous generals quartered in that house, and that though there were four of themselves, all Van Ransackers pure, Miss Penelope was the last centering receptacle of Schuylkill, Cadwellington, Oldthorps and Arnsden blood. "New dresses ought to sweep such a floor very respectfully," and Sibyl, trying to hide from the pursuit of a cloudy Van Ransacker eye on the...

(continued)

The Grandmother Arnsden melt and the whole-family patriotic pride crept into Miss Penelope's eyes together as she spoke of the arm, and then the real Grandmother Schuylkill smile shone through them both as she remembered that, after all, no taste could be really so pure and lofty as a Revolutionary taste, and she knew Philip gave that the true place in his heart all the time.

"But he must have his own way, of course, for he really belongs here almost as much as I do, even if we had not grown up together as brother and sister in the house. Our great-grandmother,—my great-grandmother and your great-grandmother, I mean, my dear,—died very young, you remember, and when our grandfather married the widow of General Kalb, her son, you knew, took the name of Arnsden, so that when he married Grandmother Cadwellington's adopted daughter and took the old Cadwellington place, and when his son, Philip's father, married so close a family connection again, why all that, you know, makes Philip seem really the same thing as—"

"But I don't know! I don't remember!" cried Sibyl, springing from her seat while the scarlet ball rolled away and hid under the hollow of another griffin's foot across the room. "So many grandmothers smother me, and I never heard of Philip, and I don't know anything about gray-haired queens. I must have one minute's grace! Tell me what this is, please," and she laughed like a bird on a ragged bit of gray stone at the other side of the room.

"That, my dear? That is an Assyrian slab; one of the most ancient ever found. Even Philip cannot make it out."

"And why should Philip make it out?" asked Sibyl, with the quietest little interrogation mark in her gaze.

"Why should he? Because he is one of the first Assyrian scholars in the country," answered Miss Penelope, with a bewildered feeling that here was Egyptian darkness enough to make work both for Philip and herself.

But at that instant the closed door opened, and a tall, erect figure, with one empty coat sleeve, and a face as clear cut as Miss Arnsden's own, stepped across. Philip had just remembered that though Nineweh had been all very well in its day, it was rather another name for Revolutionary, and that Miss Penelope might like his qdite as well to keep it on his own side of the hall.

But what? Why? How? Had somebody shown the grim old Assyrian's skull, and had that very graceful, misty-haired, hazel-eyed young woman sprung out of the crack? Or,—good gracious,—was it time for that train to be in?

"Yes, exactly," said Miss Penelope. "She has forgiven you, though, but you must drive us over to take the Van Ransackers, as penance, by and by. I promised to go there to tea."

The Van Ranaackor house was not very far away; only a two or three miles' drive along the ridge that rose like a green helmet-crest on the brow of the lordly stream, with its broad front in the biggest of years when the first sprinkling of rain-drops fell on the Arnsden roof, and the shadows of vanishing days had light gathering on its timbers ever since, until Sibyl thought, as she stepped inside, there was but one solitary ray of light to be seen. Deep oak wainscoting and oak panels dark with time divided the low walls between them; a lofty carved chimney-piece, black with the century's smoke, glowered its welcome down; a row of Van Ransacker ancestors, invisible through a gloaming of by-gone paint, hung on the walls; and a cluster of Miss Van Ranaackers, alive and well, stood in the middle of the floor.

"Four or five berries in the topmost fruitful bough," of the family tree, but within reach of Sibyl's hand for all that, as they extended their arms with rather a solemn grace. It made no difference about the porringers that Sibyl had come to supper unannounced. There was still room for every plate on the grim old table that stood grinding a lion's head into the dust under each relentless foot.

"Oh yes, in the Mayflower, almost all our silver came in that way," said Miss Brandywine Van Ransacker, as she ladled oysters into Sibyl's from the grand repousse bowl before her.

"Not the tankards, however," added Miss Saratoga, "though they came into the family before my great-grandmother's day; for she was so small at her birth that no nurse put her in the one and shut the lid."

"Is there any tradition that she was taken out again?" asked Philip, gravely, but with a glint in his eye that Sibyl happened to catch.

But there was no great-grandmother there now, at least, for Miss Saratoga raised the cover as she spoke, and quickly drew off her neighbor's plain only spring water, it is true, but Sibyl fels as if some new Saratoga came from a goblin well, and then Miss Nantasket remarked that she hoped Sibyl was fond of ancient things.

"Of course she is, being an Arnsden," replied the fourth Miss Van Ransacker, whose flambeau of Aurora-tinted hair had seemed the one glimmer of dawn in the dusk of the other room. Sibyl had failed to catch her name, but she wondered if it were not Valley Forge?

And but no one said Mayflower to tankard after this, until they were sealed under the dim watch of the row of ancestors again, when Sibyl remarked that the house was quite different from anything she had seen before.