

THE CHIGNECTO POST
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PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS,
Promptly Executed at Lowest Rates.
ADVERTISEMENTS
Inserted at very Lowest Rates.
W. C. MILNER, Proprietor.

Holmes' Poem on Mrs. Stowe.
Following is the full text of the poem of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, read on the occasion of the celebration of the seventieth birthday of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe—

If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase,
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus, 'twould seem,
Of mingling accents, harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots of babel.

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cad, and
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian, and Manchoo,
Would shout, "We know the lady."

Know her! Who knows not Uncle Tom,
And her learned his Gospel from,
Has never heard of her name.
Full well the brave black hand knew that
That gave to Freedom's grasp the hoe
That killed the weed that used to grow
Among the Southern roses.

When Archimedes, long ago,
Spoke out so grandly, "Dost thou sto—
Give me a place to stand on,
I'll move your planet for you now—
He little dreamed, or fancied how
The sto at last should find its pon
For woman's faith to land on.

Her lever was the wand of art;
Her fulcrum was the human heart,
Whence all unfeeling aid
She moved the earth, its thunders pealed,
Its mountains shrank, its temples reeled,
The blood-red fountains were unsealed,
And Moloch sunk to Hades.

All through the conflict, up and down
Marched Uncle Tom and old John Brown,
One ghost, one form ideal,
And which was false and which was true,
And which was mightier of the two,
The wisest slyly never knew.
For both alike were real.

Sister, the holy maid does well
Who counts her beads in convent-cell;
Where pale devotion lingers;
But she who serves the suffering needs,
Whose prayers are spent in loving deeds,
May trust the Lord to count her beads
As well as human fingers.

When truth herself was Slavery's slave,
Thy hand the prisoned suppliant gave;
The rainbow wings of fiction;
And Truth, who seared, descends to-day,
Hearing an angel's wealth away,
Its lilies at thy feet to lay,
With Heaven's own benediction.

A CLOSE SHAVE.
CHAPTER I.
A winding country road, shut in
by dower-flecked hedges from fields
of waving corn, arched over by a
vaul of deepest blue. The lark, a
dim and wavering speck in the
upper air, shook out incessant trills
of melody, and the brook warbled a
tuneless answer to his wordless song.

The scene, lovely in itself, had gained
ed, at the moment he beheld it, the
touch completely which artists call
"a human interest," without which
few scenes are worth a painter's
while to copy, or a story-teller's
while to write about. Round a
corner of a lane came two figures—a
well-set-up, handsome youth of five
and twenty, and a girl seventeen or
so. The girl, as became the heroine
of a love story, was pretty, and bor-
rowed an additional charm from the
chastened smile of humour which
lurked in the eyes which shot an oc-
casional glance at her companion,
who seemed perturbed in spirit, and
plucked at his moustache with a
nervous hand.

"I thought you had something to
say," said the young lady, demurely.
"So I have," answered the young
man. "I'm going away."

"For long?"
"Don't know, yet. It may be
only a day or two, it may be a
month, or even more."

The smile faded from the girl's
eyes, and left them grave, and her
lips quivered a little. By some keen
feminine instinct, incomprehensible
to us of the other sex, she knew
that her companion's glance was
turned on her, and that her own had
dropped to the dusty road.

"It's too bad, Mr. Eytton," she
said petulantly. "When you had
promised for the twenty-fourth, and
the rehearsals were going so nicely!
It will spoil everything."

"You don't suppose I want to
go?" asked the young man.
"You are going," said the girl.
"It's too bad. Who is to play the
Marguis, if you aren't back in time?"

"There are plenty of fellows to
pick from," answered her companion.
"Try Tom Courtney," he suggested,
with the air of one who launches a
conversational shaft of unusual
point.

"Why are you going?" inquired
the young lady with a sudden as-
sumption of ease.
The young man's face, which had
brightened a little, clouded again.

"I got a letter this morning from
West, my uncle's lawyer." He took
the letter from his pocket as he
spoke, but restored it again un-
opened.

"My uncle is very ill; so
ill, West says, that he can't last
longer; so ill that he can't read
or write himself. He wants me to
go and see him."

"I am very sorry," said the girl.
"Of course you must go."
"Yes," he answered. "I must
go."

It was very thoughtful of you
to remember this theatricals at all
at such a time, and to give me warning.
I am sorry I was so—so cross about
it. It must be very sad to lose any
one you love."

"I'm afraid I'm not so sorry for
that as I ought to be," answered the
young fellow. "West says—"
he made a motion of his hand toward
his pocket, but withdrew it again.
"West says that the will is in my
favor. You see—"

CHIGNECTO POST.

Preserve Success and you shall Command it.

VOL. 13.—NO. 27.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 650.

He stopped short, at the sudden
look of pained amazement on the
girl's face.
"I didn't mean that!" he
broke out. "Nelly, don't go away.
Stay! You can't think me such a
cad as to be glad of a man's death
because it brings me money? Hang
the money! Can't you guess why
I'm glad?"
The girl's eyes dropped again, and
she stood trembling. Mr. Eytton
bit his lips with vexation, and made
two distinct attempts to speak, with
no comprehensible result. The girl
was the first to recover herself.
"Will you kindly explain?" she
asked, a trifle icily, though her
cheeks were burning, and her eyes
less steady than she wished to make
them.

"I don't know where to begin,"
said the young man.
"Begin," responded the young
lady, lucidly, "at the beginning."

"I will," he said, with an aspect
of desperate determination. "I
love you. I should never have had
the cheek to tell you so if I hadn't
got this letter. But now I can offer
you such a life as you have a right
to expect. I couldn't go away in
uncertainty. I have really been
uncertain all day, and I couldn't think
of anything but you. I've thought
of nothing else for—ages, since I
met you first. It's ungrateful,
perhaps—in fact, I'm sure it is—but
I can't help feeling glad that I have
the right to speak."

The girl's incision melted before
this sudden warmth, and face and
neck and ears were rosy red.

"If you say 'Yes,' I shall be
sorry," said the young man.
"There is a certain school of
philosophers which declares that the
female sex is void of humor. If that
doctrine be true of women in
general, Miss Helen Boswell must
be taken as an exception."

"Then I think I had better say
'No,'" she said in answer to the
young man's remarkable declaration.
Young men in love are notoriously
stupid, but even Mr. Eytton, who
was as much in love as any young
man in the British Islands, pen-
etrated the meaning of this utter-
ance.

"Say 'Yes,'" he answered, boldly
possessing himself of her passive
hand. She made a feeble motion to
withdraw it, whereat he passed his
finger about her wrist and took the
other. She raised her eyes in one
swift glance at his face and dropped
them again. The pressure of the
arm tightened as he renewed his
bidding, and her lips moved. "Yes,"
she said so soundly, so audibly, over-
topping her lover's ear. Whereat his
boldness overran all restraint, and
overcoming the slightest resistance,
he drew the lips to his and kissed them.

"Why do men fall in love?" in-
quired Miss Boswell some half hour
later, with an air of philosophical
research.

"Judging from my own case,"
answered Mr. Eytton, "because they
can't help it."

"Don't see what you've brought
on yourself," continued the young
lady. "You'll have to tell Aunt
Eliza, and she's sure to tell you the
history of her own courtship, which
you must have heard heard fifty
times already."

"Don't mind. I'm rather fond
of ancient history."

"Don't interrupt, and don't laugh
at Aunt Eliza, if you please. Then
you'll have to face papa, and tell
him all about it when he comes
home. And then," she paused to
give full weight to this announce-
ment—then you'll have to marry me."

Mr. Eytton boldly announced him-
self, surrounded by the terrors of this
programme.

"Ah," said Nelly, "you do not
know me yet."

"What kind of a man is the
General?" asked her companion.
"I haven't seen him for twelve
years," answered Nelly. "I was
only five when he took me on board
the ship at Madras, and he's never
been to England since. He was al-
ways very kind, and I cried awfully
when I left him. And he writes me
such nice letters, and sends me
things by pretty nearly every ship
that comes home. And Aunt Eliza
says he's the best man she ever
knew. I don't think you need be
very much afraid of him."

"With such an ally," answered
Mr. Eytton, "I should not be afraid
of a dozen Generals."

"Do be quiet, George," said
Nelly. "There's Aunt Eliza on the
lawn."

"Asleep, as usual," said George.
"Let me wake her up, and ask for
some tea. And then I must run
away and catch the 4.20."

"I am awake, young people,"
said Aunt Eliza. "Good afternoon,
Mr. Eytton. Nelly, what are you
looking so so guilty about?"

"Nelly and I, Mrs. Treham,
said George, with his arm round his
sweetheart's waist, "have a con-
fession to make."

"I know it," said the old lady
with elegant triumph. "You needn't
take the trouble. I'm not always
asleep, and I've seen it coming this
last two months. Nelly, come and
kiss me. So you love him, after all,
you little hypocrite!"

"I—I think so," said Nelly.
"You think so?" repeated the
old lady. "You little goose! Young
people were more certain of their
own minds when I was young. But
there are no young people nowadays.
Love has gone out of fashion. A

decorous attachment is what young
people feel toward each other now.
George, you may kiss me, too. You
might have thought more of the
privilege forty years ago. Nelly,
go and order some tea. Sit down,
Mr. Eytton, and tell me why you
must leave us so soon?"

George entered into particulars.
"I couldn't go away in uncer-
tainty," Mrs. Treham, he con-
cluded; "so I said Nelly this
afternoon."

"Uncertainty, indeed!" said Mrs.
Treham. "As if there were any
uncertainty! But young men are
stupid nowadays. Nelly has been
in love with you this two months
past."

"And you will help us with the
General?" asked George.
"Valiant young man!" laughed
the old lady. "Why didn't you
make love for you to Nelly?"

"I preferred taking this depart-
ment myself," answered George.
"No off with you!" said Mrs. Tre-
ham, in high good humor. "It's
four o'clock. You'll just have time
to catch the train. What is it,
Kitty?"

A servant appeared, carrying a
blue-enveloped missive on a silver
tray. Mrs. Treham opened and read it.
"From the General, my dear."
He is at Southampton, and will be
home to-morrow. Good-by George.
Set your mind at rest. Is that all
you have to give to your accepted
lover, Nelly, going away for we don't
know how long? I'm not looking,
child."

CHAPTER II.
"DEAR MR. EYTON: I have heard
of you, and shall be very glad to see
you if you can make time to visit
me to-morrow, between 10 and 3.
Yours very truly,
MAXIMUS BOSWELL."

"GEORGE EYTON, Esq."
It is hardly to be wondered at if
George Eytton, who had no preten-
sions to the gift of prophecy, looked
forward to the interview to which
this brief note invited him with feel-
ings of unmixed joy. The events of
the next five minutes are as dark to
us as to the mortal who was the
recipient of the letter, and to which
this brief note invited him with feel-
ings of unmixed joy.

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Ordering Two Coffins.
From the Philadelphia Record.
On Saturday morning last Mrs. A.
B. Evans of Tower City, Pa., died.
Mr. Evans began making arrange-
ments for the funeral of his wife,
and visited the establishment of
Undertaker Dreisackner to select a
coffin. The undertaker had only
two coffins on hand, both of rose-
wood. Mr. Evans examined the
caskets for a few minutes. Finally,
pointing to one of them, he said:
"That one will do for my wife,"
and laying his hand on the other,
"This one for me." He then return-
ed home to await the arrival of his
son Milton. The young man arrived
between 3 and 4 o'clock in the after-
noon. His father met him with the
intention of breaking as gently as
possible the news of the mother's
death. Grasping his son by the
hand, he said: "Your mother is
dead." Without concluding the sen-
tence he gave a convulsive shudder
and fell back dead.

THE ALKEMIC OF THE BODY.
The stomach is the alchemic of the human
system. In it those wondrous chemical
changes take place which result in the
transmutation of food into blood. When
it is vigorous the necessary processes of
digestion and assimilation go on uninter-
rupted, and the system is suitably nourish-
ed. When it is feeble or disordered, they
are obstructed, and being in consequence
ill supplied with blood of a vitalizing
quality, the physical organism becomes
weak and feeble, the nerves suffer, the
liver and bowels are semi-paralyzed, and
various diseases ensue. These diseases
consequently may, however, be prevented
or remedied with the supreme stomachic
and aperient, MONSIEUR L'EXTRA
VEGETABLE DIETARY AND DYSPEPSIC
CURE, a medicine of rare purity and effi-
cacy, which reforms a disordered and
weakens a weakened state of the digestive
organs, overcomes biliousness, relieves
the bowels when obstructed, and pro-
motes the exit from the system of im-
purities which infect the blood, which cause
serious organic maladies. No objection-
able mineral contaminates it, and its value
is not marred by a subsequent reaction
prejudicial to the general health. Far
preferable is it to the ordinary nauseous
drugs used to produce a similar effect,
but which are frequently ineffective as
well as unpleasant; nor is it a cheap and
valuable medicine, purified into existence.
It is used dyspepsia, biliousness, at-
fections of the blood, kidney complaints,
female weakness, lumbago, &c., and in
all cases of indigestion. Price, \$1.00.
Sample Bottle, 10 cents. Ask for
NORTON & LYMAN'S Vegetable Diet-
ary and Dyspepsic Cure. The wrapper
bears the signature of N. C. POLSON
& CO., Proprietors, Kingston.

Every Heart Knoweth its Own Sor-
row.
This statement appears to contain much
truth. In some cases, however, it is
the heart of a nasty little corn, which, though
small, is capable of much feeling. This
form of heart-ache is the most common
of the various ills which afflict the
human race. It is caused by the use of
cheap and inferior corn. It is cured by
the use of the "PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR"
which gives peace to the throbbing
corn. Don't forget this. Send for
the "PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR" to
N. C. POLSON & CO., Proprietors, Kingston.

The man who has the weaker
side of an argument always makes
the most noise. If you want to hear
a pig squeal, get him penned into a
corner.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest,
Sore Throat, Sore Tongue, Swelling
of the Joints, Sprains, Burns and
Scalds, General Bodily
Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted
Feet and Ears, and all other
Aches and Pains.

No Preparation on earth equals Dr. Jacobson's
as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External
Remedy for all the above mentioned ailments.
It is a sure cure for all the above ailments,
and every one who has tried it will testify to
its claims.
Beware of cheap imitations.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS
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Received and now opening ex steamer "Austrian,"
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"Jetties," and "Bermuda."

New Fall and Winter Goods,
In Tweeds, Coatings, Diagonals, Flans, Mantle
Cloths, and Fur Cloaks, Fashions, Prints,
Laces, Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Silks,
Sattins, Flasks, Tartans, Dress Goods,
Fancy Goods, Hosiery, &c.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
Hats, Millinery, and Shawls.
ALL DEPARTMENTS WELL ASSORTED.
22 The whole Stock was personally selected and is
offered at extraordinary low prices.

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

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S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CUT NAILS;
ALL KINDS OF
Shoe Nails, Tacks & Brads.
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Travellers Column.
Cumberland Hotel,
PARROBORO, N. S.
Twenty yards from Railway Station.
Sample rooms, Library, Billiard
sept7 THOS. MAHONEY.

PASSENGER TICKETS
H. CHURCH & CO.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1882 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1882

ON and after MONDAY, the 3rd
July, the Trains will run daily
(Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE:
Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.12 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 4.00 a.m.
Accommodation for Moncton, 5.33 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.04 p.m.
Express for St. John & P. du Chene, 2.12 p.m.
Accommodation for Amherst and
Spring Hill, 6.54 p.m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:
Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.36 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 3.55 a.m.
Accommodation for Moncton, 5.33 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 12.37 p.m.
Express for St. John & P. du Chene, 2.39 p.m.
Accommodation for Amherst and
Spring Hill, 8.10 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 Quebec on Sunday
morning.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
June 27th, 1882.

PARTNERSHIP
THE undersigned have entered into
Co-partnership as general partners
in the manufacture and consign goods,
under the name and firm of
F. J. HEBERT & CO.
FERDINAND J. HEBERT,
OBELINE HEBERT,
Shediac, N. B., Sept. 15th, 1881.

Snow Shade
Is the Shade that you will Obtain
by Washing with
MRS. HEBERT'S
Liquid Blueing
The Best is the Cheapest!
It is the best, because it will not spot the
clothes.
It is the best, because it gives a desirable
color.
It is the best, because it will not injure
the finest fabric.
It is the best, because a can of it con-
tains a half-a-pint.
It is the best, because it shades the
clothes, and
makes a WRITING INK
which will not corrode the pen.
Keep it Out of the Frost, and Satisfaction is
Guaranteed.

PUT UP BY
F. J. HEBERT & CO.,
dec29 SHEDIAC, N. B.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DRUGS,
INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING
OF THE HEART,
HAUNTING, COICITY OF
EYES, SALT RHEUM,
HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN,
AND every species of disease arising from
disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH,
BOWELS OR BLOOD.

MAKES HENS LAY!
A N English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now
travelling in this country, says that most of the
Hens and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless.
He says that Sheridan's Condition Powder
are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. No-
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