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OL. 8.-NO. 23.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 377.

## Original Poetry.

### THOUGHTS.

For the Post.  
BY IONOTUS.  
There is an instinct planted in each heart  
That prompts the soul to love the good  
And fair;  
And, where the soul can with such virtues  
rest,  
It makes his home, and dwells forever  
there.  
Though outward beauty fades away and  
dies,  
And leaves few traces of the freshness  
gone,  
Within the precious soul, the priceless  
price,  
That shines through age to brighten at  
life's dawn.  
As withered flowers their wasted strength  
renew  
Beneath the cooling shower or calm of  
even,  
So shall the soul beneath God's quickening  
dew  
Receive new strength, when enters it to  
Heaven.

### EVENING STAR.

For the Post.  
BY IONOTUS.  
Oh Evening Star, oh Evening Star!  
What have I to love save thee,  
Since thou alone can make me man  
The joys that life will bring to me?  
Oh Evening Star! o'er life's dark way  
Thou calm and calmest light shed;  
While every sweet and loving ray  
Has called forth blessings on thy head.  
Oh Evening Star! thy beauties shine  
So near the murky horizon,  
That oft and oft these eyes of mine,  
I fear to lift—to find the gone.  
Oh Evening Star, if though shouldst set  
And leave me here to pine in pain!  
I look and thou art shining yet!  
Oh shine, and I will look again!

### LITERATURE.

#### Miss Cuthbert's Birthday.

From Harper's Bazar.

'Miss Cuthbert, are you an old maid?'  
The governess looked up in surprise from the columns of figures she had been correcting, and met the puzzled blue eyes of little Amy Fleming.

'Why do you ask me that question, May?'  
The child flushed and hung her head. 'Nothing; only last night when you and Mr. Kenneth came in the gate, we were all on the piazza, and mamma said Mr. Kenneth seemed very—something French; and Alice said that was too absurd, for you were only a governess, and an old maid besides; and Bertha said—'

'Never mind what Bertha said. Your mamma and sisters would not like you to repeat what you happen to hear them remark. Your slate is correct,' she added, 'and you can go now.'

'Have I said anything bad, Miss Cuthbert?' and the blue eyes grew abashed and wistful as they noted the unwonted flush on the governess's cheek.

'No, dear, certainly not,' and she smiled down in May's doubtful face as she gave her the kiss of dismissal. But the smile faded as soon as the small observer vanished, and tossing her scattered books together, the governess hastened out of the sunny, dusty school-room, and up to her own apartment.

It was a wonderful September day, magnificent in clearness and color. Yellowing fields and crimsoning woodlands were steeped in magic sunshine. Down below her, in the garden, the flowers glowed like fire, and far away in misty, glittering distance, hills, forests, and ocean were bounded by a purple sky. But it tears in Amy Cuthbert's eyes that made the sunlight seem misty? Impatiently she dashed them away, but still they gathered and fell slowly, blurring the bright day.

Only a governess! Well had she not become accustomed to being only a governess during nine weary years of lonely struggle with the world? And an old maid besides—yes, surely that, for this day even now declining to its close must be counted as her thirtieth birthday. But that, too, was no new thought. Why should a girl's careless, slighting speech wound her so?

'Do hope and romance never die in a woman's heart?' Sitting with clasped hands and bent head, the governess reviewed the two months that had elapsed since the morning when Bertha Fleming, smiling sweetly at her sister over the top of an outspread newspaper, had inquired, 'Say, Al, which of your New York Adonises do you think is in this neighborhood?'

'How can I tell?' and the golden-haired Miss Fleming went on carelessly assorting her worsteds.

'I suppose you could tell by reading this paper, but I'll save you the trouble. It is nobody less than Mr. Karl Kenneth, the young and gifted artist. Now as you did not catch him last season, are you not glad his country-seat is located in this romantic spot? Oh, don't trouble yourself to blush, Al!'

'Blush, indeed! You are too impatient. If I were your governess I would teach you better manners. Good manners don't run in our family,' was the serene response.

'When I reach your age I will begin to cultivate them.'  
'But go on about Mr. Kenneth,' interposed Mrs. Fleming—a matronly lady, who loved her ease too well to interfere with the little passages at arms between her daughters. 'Is he alone here?'

'No, mamma; there are other artists mentioned. One is that dried-up Mr. Finnis, he's so fond of.'

'Who, by-the-way, is an artist of great merit,' remarked Miss Alice, with much asperity.

'Well, well, my dears, we must have Mr. Kenneth here to dinner. He is a very charming young gentleman, and a great favorite of mine. And we'll invite his friend, of course.'

So it happened that the two artists had been guests at the Flemings' for an evening, which proved an introduction to much pleasant social intercourse. Having been prepared to see in Mr. Kenneth only a handsome, fashionable, self-conscious devotee of art, the governess had been astonished to meet one who seemed scarcely more than a boy, with all the ardor and enthusiasm of young life flushing his cheek and firing his glance, who yet possessed that subtle refinement, delicacy, and dreaminess which mark the true artist. Taking her usual place as a quiet, unobtrusive member of the family circle, she noted with increasing wonder the simplicity and frankness of manner of this much-praised young painter, this pet of society, who sat in the centre of the group of children, his face alight with interest and excitement, talking so vivaciously as if he were but a child himself.

That had been the beginning. From that evening the sober governess, who had thought her romance dead, had become conscious of a new element in her everyday life. Had it been only the language of Carl Kenneth's dark eyes, that had so often sought her retired corner, or had it been the novelty of receiving numberless little attentions, to which she was all unused, that had first gladdened the dull day? How was it that the barriers of reserve and pride had been levelled so completely by this stranger's gentle courtesy? How had she managed to forget that she was only a governess, and had the heir of millions?—she a woman past the heyday of life, he in the very prime of youth?

'Ah, what a foolish dream! And now, awakened by the careless shaft of ridicule, she must pay the cost of her folly in these bitter tears, falling on cheeks that burned at the remembrance of her presumptuous fancies. The child flushed and hung her head. 'Nothing; only last night when you and Mr. Kenneth came in the gate, we were all on the piazza, and mamma said Mr. Kenneth seemed very—something French; and Alice said that was too absurd, for you were only a governess, and an old maid besides; and Bertha said—'

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## Interrupted Table Talk.

(From the Burlington Free Press.)

The other evening the Rev. Mr. Philpott sat down at the tea table with a very thoughtful air, and attended to the wants of his brood in a very abstracted manner. Presently he looked up at his wife and solemnly said:

'The Apostle Paul—'

'Got an awful lump on the head "afternoon," broke in the pastor's eldest son, "playing base ball. But flew out of the strike's hand when I was umpire, and cracked me above the ear and dropped me. Hurt? O, Golly!" and the lad shook his head in dismal but expressive pantomime as he tenderly rubbed a lump that looked like a billiard ball with hair on it. The pastor gravely paused for the interruption, and resumed:

'Saw Mrs. O'Ghemine down at Greenbaum's this afternoon,' said his eldest daughter, addressing her mother. 'She had the same old everlasting silk, made over with a vest of lilac green silk; cost-lead!'

'I shall be glad to have you talk to me; and tell me about the last picture you were so interested in,' she said to him.

'I have not touched it for a week; I am tired of attempts in art; and the young painter modestly tossed his heavy hair away from his brow. 'I believe I shall keep but one picture of all those I have painted during the summer.'

'And what is that?' she asked, unexpectantly.

'I can not tell you the liberty that I have taken, but I can beg Miss Cuthbert's pardon. Her attitude and expression as she sat at the organ the other evening struck me and haunted me until I made a sketch and christened it St. Cecilia!'

'Excellent! That heavy coil of hair, that sweep of drapery, and that absorbed look! All perfect.'

'And an like her?'

'Mr. Kenneth must have made a study of the lady's face and figure,' Alice Fleming said, with a somewhat derisive smile. 'He ought to have a vote of thanks.'

'But I am afraid Miss Cuthbert, on the contrary, is displeased with me,' the proprietor of the sketch-book remarked, doubtfully.

'Indeed no,' the governess said. 'I am very glad you thought my face worth sketching. It has never been so much honored before.'

'She owes you more substantial thanks, Kenneth,' said Mr. Finnis, with a light laugh. 'She ought to take the very attitude that you have depicted, and give us a song. Ah, Miss Cuthbert, she would be kind and chivalrous to her, as it was his nature to be to every woman. Perhaps he had been kinder to her, out of pity. And she—well, thank Heaven, no one would ever know of it, this idyl of a dead summer, this idyl that would be in the sunset of her thirtieth birthday.'

'Is it easy for a woman to see the glory fade from her life—to look forward bravely over a waste of gray, cheerless years that brighten only as the dawn of heaven breaks upon her? You who think it easy would I wondered at Amy Cuthbert's haggard face as she sat with the dark gathering around her, gazing out at the distant hills, and confronting that prospect of—'

'Long, mechanic pangs to and fro And set, dull life, and apathetic end.'

It was late when a knock at her door was followed by the delivery of a message.

'If Miss Cuthbert is not indisposed, Mrs. Fleming would be glad to have her come down. Miss Bertha can't sing without her accompaniment.'

Rousing herself with an effort, the governess was astonished to see moonlight already silencing terrace and lawn. The afternoon had long passed, and merry voices below told her that, as usual, the Flemings' hospita le parlors were filled with guests. How could she go down? But mechanically she had said 'Yes' to the servant-maid, so as mechanically she rose and dressed, removing as far as possible the traces of tears, and saying bitterly to herself, as she cast a last glance at the pale face reflected in the mirror, 'What does it matter how I look?'

The maestro of gay life surged around her as she reached the hall. Bertha Fleming, followed by a noisy party, rushed in from the terrace, waving a book above her head.

'Oyez! Oyez! Come here and improve your chances. I've perused Mr. Kenneth's sketch-book—the same he refused to exhibit!'

The owner of the book, who had been over a light air at the piano, sprang to his feet.

'Pray, Miss Bertha,' was the vexed remonstrance which he tried hard to make polite, 'don't take advantage of your discovery. Don't make public the facts of my latest misery. I beg your pardon. You are a genius. What's the use of begging, Mr. Kenneth? After being shameless enough to steal the book from the pocket of your blouse coat, you might know I would also disregard your prayers.'

'But the sketches are so poor, the young man persisted, much discomposed, 'that I really must insist—'

'No, you must not insist nor apologize; and Bertha's voice was supported by a chorus from the curious group. 'You are a genius, you know. Now, are we here? First comes a study of foliage, and next the old bridge over the creek. Very pretty. Foliage again—rocks—moon shadows; how peculiar those

## Business Cards.

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Sackville, N. B., October 11, 1877.

## Liberal Conservative Association.

Macaulay in Horatius pictures the brave days of old when none were for the party and all were for the state. That sounds well in poetry, but this nineteenth century civilization that has forced representative Government in all free peoples has also made necessary that party Government, through the operations of which the people work most effectively for the State, or as Sir John A. Macdonald has so neatly expressed it: "By the party and with the party for the country." Party government being a necessary portion of the machinery of representative Government, it follows that to give full force and virtue to representative institutions, each party must be alive, active, vigilant, each rivaling the other to catch the ear and secure the confidence of the country by the superiority of its own policy and measures. To render a political party effective, it must be organized; it must have its recognized leaders to give expression to the party's opinions, and to direct its tactics; else it is a mere rabble.

Hence citizens of every race and political conviction ought to echo the cry, (no matter from what side it comes), ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE!

But we go further. This paper is not primarily a political organ in the interests of any party; its aim is the development of *Home Interests*, and the part it takes in Dominion politics is measured by the local interests at stake. In short it would not throw overboard important interests for party ends. The question therefore that we are called to solve is: "Has the present party in power aided in building up our local public works and developing our local interests sufficiently to justify our local support?"

What has the Grit Government done for us?

Where are its measures? If it has shown an anxiety to satisfy the public wants, to build up local institutions, that have a fair claim on the country, then would we (other things being equal) hold up both hands for the continuance in power of our present rulers. They deserve fair play; they are entitled to reasonable time to develop their policy and to consummate their measures. Have they not had an enormous majority in Parliament to back up their projects, no matter what they were? Is not four years ample time for a government to prove its mettle and show what it is made of?

What are its acts? We do not propose to refer to the Neenbing Hotel, to the Mackenzie-Caulson Coalition, to Speaker Anglin's printing contract, to Mr. Foster receiving \$100,000 on an abandoned Railway contract, to the Fort Francis lock, to \$51,419 paid for the Station grounds at Port William on the Kamistiquia, and the steel rails, but we will confine these remarks to purely local matters.

The only public work of local value is the Penitentiary—a work that was provided for by the late Government, and would no doubt have been built by them at Fort Lawrence or Port Cumberland.

The Government has been four years in power, and has it dealt in a liberal and statesmanlike spirit with the Bay Verte Canal? Some day the report of Mr. John Young will be quoted to show that the work was impracticable and impossible—a report that was got up by contract in accordance with the specifications furnished by Mr. Mackenzie. But unfortunately for Mr. Young's reputation here, he had not art enough to conceal from the people what he had done, and before he had got over the route at all, his pre-judgment was discovered, and the friends of the canal knew it had been "hanged up" and that Mr. Young had been sent down to hunt up an indictment to make the hanging legal.

The Cape Tormentine Railway was one of those works in the construction of which the Dominion was peculiarly interested, on account of its obligation to secure steam connection with P. E. Island, winter and summer. The Company offered to build it, on being loaned the rails, and their offer met with a flat denial. Had the Government treated the Co. in a just, not to say liberal, manner, trains would to-day be no doubt running on it.

Does the Government's I. C. R. policy inspire gratitude? What has the Government done to aid in developing the coal areas in Cumberland, by providing facilities for transportation? What has it done to provide local accommodation at the various railway stations? Did it respond to the request of the people of Bay Verte to dredge the Gaspeaux?

If Mr. Mackenzie's acts for the next four years be judged from the four preceding years, what have the people to hope from his continuance in office? Have we the slightest grounds for supposing that Grit sectionalism and selfishness as personified in Mr. Mackenzie will sympathize with our people in their ambition to secure public improvement? Those who believe so have faith that can remove mountains! Between this time and December, 1878, we look for more encouraging prospects.

Politicians who are never otherwise liberal to their constituents, become extravagant previous to an election—in promises; that is a crop that never fails.

A strong, healthy, well-organized Opposition is, however, the surest means to bring forth something more substantial than unmeaning generalities and empty promises. A vigorous and lively Opposition in this County—even if it be unsuccessful at the polls—may evoke a little of

the good works as well as the faith in themselves of the Grits, of which we have seen so much. Those who are dissatisfied with the present condition of things—and what independent elector is not?—have now an opportunity of giving a manly and outspoken expression to their convictions by attending the Lib-Con. meeting on Monday next. Those who are interested in the growth of the County, and the development of its resources, and do not approve of the present obstructive policy, can make a protest by identifying themselves with the movement, and helping to mould and direct the operations of the Association.

The Association once completely organized will always exercise an important influence in the councils of the party not only in superintending political meetings and picnics, in inaugurating campaigns, selecting candidates, but in successfully influencing the party policy and distributing the party patronage, as against those newly-made converts and camp-followers that often bag the spoils of war.

## Opening of the Albert Railway.

Our contemporaries have so completely forestalled us in their full descriptions of the opening ceremonies of this important work, that there is little for us to say. The affair passed off in the most agreeable manner. The day was delightful; the large company present was in the best of humor; nothing was spared by Mr. A. E. Killam, Mr. McIlroy, Mr. Luttrel, of the I. C. R., and, lastly, the people of Hopewell Corner to make the occasion one of enjoyment, and under such circumstances the day was one to be remembered.

The gathering of the party at Salisbury, at 11 a. m., to the number of about 800; the "God Save the Queen," by the Hillsboro' Band; the order "all aboard for Hopewell"; the ride to Hillsboro'; the presentation, at the Station there, of the address to Governor Tully by Mr. W. C. Palmer, on behalf of the municipality of Albert; the genial reply of the Governor; the continuation of the journey through Hillsboro', past the smoking chimneys of the Albertite mines and the new down the beautiful valley of the Demerselle to the Hopewell marshes; the view of the picturesque town of Hopewell Hill at the base of Shepody Mountain, overlooking wide stretching meadows; the view of Harvey Bank, opposite across the Hopewell marshes; the policy and to consummate their measures. Have they not had an enormous majority in Parliament to back up their projects, no matter what they were? Is not four years ample time for a government to prove its mettle and show what it is made of?

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## S. &amp; W. Exhibition.

The show on Tuesday was in many respects superior to those of previous years, and in no class perhaps was it behind. The number of entries was 750 against about 500 last year; the number of exhibitors was 35 against 75 last year.

## THE CATTLE.

The show of stock was in many respects ahead of the Provincial Exhibition at Kentville last week. The grade stock was equal in number and was better bred. The horses as a rule were of a heavier class and better adapted for general purposes. The sheep were larger as a rule. The local rivalry in the raising of roots has resulted in the production of beets, mangolds, etc., that cannot be beaten anywhere. In Apples and Dorcas and fruit we yield the palm to Kentville. It is a matter of regret that Sackville has fallen behind in breeding short horns; in that one respect Sackville appears to be progressing backwards. Those of our leading and wealthy farmers who in former years exhibited herds of this leading breed, have apparently fallen out of the ranks. This fact seems more extraordinary because at no former period has the value of short horns ranged higher both in Canadian and English markets. We hope to see the Fawcetts, Georges, J. Wood, J. D. Dixon and others represented in this line in future Exhibitions.

Messrs. H. Humphrey and Albert Carter were almost the only exhibitors of short horns. The former had two bulls, three cows, a yearling heifer and a 2 year old heifer. The latter is extraordinarily promising, exhibiting every point of a perfectly pure bred short horn. He took 1st prize on bull calf and yearling heifer. Mr. Albert Carter had also a short horn cow and two short horn bulls, that swept the prizes. He took 1st prize on short horn cow; 1st on 1 year old short horn bull; 1st on 1 year old short horn; 1st on short horn heifer calf; 1st on single cow. In grade stock, Mr. Josiah Wood exhibited a herd of 20 head, and he took many prizes. Amongst them were the 1st prize on 4 year old steer, 1st on an odd steer, 1st on 3 year old steer and 1st on an odd steer, 1st on 3 year old cow and 1st on 3 year old cow. The 3 year old cow weighed 7 ft. 6 inches. Mr. Rufus Fowler who also made quite a number of entries, had a 3 year old pair of steers, one of which weighed 6 ft. 10 inches. Mr. Dixon had a pair of 1 year old steers that were notably good. Mr. Bradley Etter exhibited ten head of cattle and took 1st prize on 2 year old bull; 1st on yearlings; 1st on ram lamb; 1st for cow for breeding purposes and a number of second prizes.

Mr. Alfred Ayer took 1st prize on 2 year old steers. In sheep there was only about 30 entries, and no difference over previous years was perceptible. In pigs, Mr. Willard Lawrence showed a fine Chester, and John Fawcett, Esq., a splendid sow and litter of pure Berkshires. The show of implements was very inferior.

IN HORSES

the show was good but no better than previous years, except in the matter of some additional blood horses. There were about 50 specimens. The leading one was Mr. Hamill Prescott's, which took first prize as a four-year-old roaster, and also first as a roaster of any age. The two-year-old roaster of Mr. Wm. Barnes, after Skeeladder, exhibits good points. The best family carriage horse was Mr. James Tremblay's; the second, Mr. Babcock's stylish bay. The best 3 year old roaster was taken by Mr. Willard Estabrooks; Mr. A. Dobson secured 1st for yearling roaster; Mr. Smith Carter, 2nd. The best mare and colt was taken by Mr. H. Humphrey.

IN THE BUILDING

there was an unusually good show of roots, etc. On the other side, the ladies made a creditable display, prominent of coats, hats, shoes, rugs and quilts. We cannot say we are sorry to observe that those relics of old time shows, viz.: patchwork quilts, have gone out of fashion, not one being on the live. There were only 5 fancy quilts and 9 rugs. Besides these there was a fine lot of ladies fancy work. Mr. Whiston of the Commercial College made a show of pictures that added greatly to the attraction of the room. They consisted of specimens of penmanship and designs in water color. Doubt exhibited a drawing room suit in walnut and crimson red that reflects credit on his factory. Mr. J. R. Ayer showed a lot of well-made larkrains, that are having an extensive sale among lumbermen, etc.

Mr. Abner Smith had a fine assortment of his boots and shoes, that for style and finish are unexceptionable. Mr. Whiston's squash weighed 122 and 110 lbs. His cabbages and toadstools took first prizes. There were 20 lots of butter and 20 of eggs. Rough buckwheat weighed 55 lbs.; white oats, 46; grey buckwheat 54. Best twelve turnip beets, 25 lbs.; best blood, 51 pounds.

## THE DINNER.

The officers, judges, &c., dined together in the building. After the dinner, the President of the Society, H. Humphrey, Esq., was called upon for an address. He thanked the judges for their services and expressed unbounded satisfaction with the exhibition, and with the attention of the St. John express. We beg to direct Mr. Killam and Inspector McMillan to these views. The Times in its article on the mail entirely loses sight of all places east of Moncton, in advocating that place as the terminal station, where the Albert mails could be made up as at present.

The War.—The Russians have not some reverses in Asia, and are now preparing to make another attack on Plevna.

## Mr. Finnen Again Heard From.

DEAR PHOENIX,—I'm late wid me intelligence of the Pramar after his return home, but I was busy wid me murphies.

He found a welcome plaining in the kitchen. Macdonald's howl was illuminated in ivory hole an' corner. The pipes sent forth illigant strains, an' the drums bade as if to call the whole of Ontario, but it didn't come. The females filled the air wid the waxes of their noseegays, an' danced horripops wid the lads on the grane. Daft George gave 'em the "Camp bells are coming," an' "Ould Lang Syne," at his bist. But I naden't be tilling ye. Hear his own account of it, written to me, just as he sent it, barring the corrections in English an' spelling. It bates the world how he murders the Quane's language:

Dear Mick,—I'm glad I'm home again 'n' among the friends of me youth. We had a fine demonstration at Macdonald's. The females were dressed in the bist, an' as much as ye please. The Grit sentiment of the purified illimit was refreshing indeed to a true patriot, just relieved from the contaminating influences of the Bist. A flag was at the head of every phoot, an' the pipes scatted, baring the corrections in English an' spelling. The aiting was of the bist, an' it would have done your heart good to have heard the illigant drink, for I know ye likes a drop as well as another. We had no ixpense barring a few bawbies (the manes clats) just to put the pipes. We had grate spaches intirely, an' I closed the demonstration wid a very illigant temperance address, just to secure the Temperance Union min at the next election.

Mick, as ye boy, it's a grate relate to be freed from the hassen ye have about ye: the Bist, an' not the Bist alone; I don't say there's any harm about any worse among the whole tribe of marines I fell in wid, barring, it might be, "Stavens" of the Times. He's the baste wid win bids an' tin horns. I intend to superannuate the crature an' put yours in his place, as Mr. Smith did wid the Sackville paper. But, ye see, we'll have his consint, an' if he won't give it I'll run the railroad straight from Berr's man to Cooke's brook an' cut the Bist of it. You'll see "Stavens" an' I'll him that I've grate respect for his janions, an' wish to relate him from the overwork that is murdering his constitution. Ye can find out what will be the last figure needed for a place like this. There'll be plenty of money as soon as Mr. Cartwright can effect another loan of four or five millions. The money will be mostly naded for the next election, to be sure, but thin the "Stavens" pension would be a future of second prizes.

And there's that devil, too, of the CHIGNECTO PHOENIX. If he's not another baste wid sivil bids an' tin horns, he's some baste equally dangerous an' offensive. You must be discrete in dealing wid him, for ye perceive I'm not a baste wid sivil bids an' tin horns, he'll prove to be one of his misj. Ye might try the blarney, very misj—just say ye heard me say that he was the bist-looking gentleman I found among all the marines, spaking of his fine janions. Ye needn't say anything particular about his ears, I've that to "Stavens." Don't try the superannuating dodge; it's a little too thin for a gint of twenty-five. Ye must do the bist ye can wid him.

I never told ye in my last letter of the prison's house. Next day they started up to Shediac, getting as much solids and liquids as would allow them to stand up with trouble and fill them with impunity, and after arousing about Shediac all day they got back that night to Cape Bald. On Friday night they again left for Dorchester, but on Saturday night they were again at Cape Bald, both countable and prisoner. I am told the constable says, "I have him on my charge, I will take him there when he is wanted." I have heard the Clerk of the Peace sent him a telegram, telling him to suit himself. Is this justice? I thought that "Fiat justitia ruat cælum," but in this case it has been overlooked. A man is charged with committing a felonious assault, leaves the place for about six weeks and returns with impunity, is committed, &c., and afterwards allowed to run without bail, bond, or anything else; what is the cause? Is it because the girl is a poor, French fatherless girl? Is it because the accused is a rich farmer and has lots of money to bribe with? or is it the law of the country?

ONE WHO WANTS TO KNOW.

New Bell for Cape Bald Chapel.

EDITOR POST:—I hope you will permit me a little space in a column of your interesting Journal to enter my thanks for the very remarkable things (which should not slip away) concerning Cape Bald Chapel. There was a splendid Belfry erected to the Chapel within two months.

The plan was drawn by Mr. John Ward, architect, Shediac, and the work has been performed under the supervision of Mr. Jude Gaudet, carpenter, Barachois. The interior is magnificently painted, worthy to be viewed. I cannot too highly praise such a nice piece of work, which attracts the attention of every one that passes inside of it. I am persuaded that it is creditable to the Parish of the Church, and will be a lasting and profitable undertaking of such a nature. Moreover there is a bell bought to be placed into the said Belfry. It was fabricated at Baltimore, U. S. It arrived at Shediac last Monday, and was by rail, and was taken up to Cape Bald the following day. It weighs 2,287 pounds with the hangings. It has a charming sound, by which it can call from any corner of the Parish the children of the Church. It will be christened in a few weeks, and Rev. P. Bradley proposes to have a picnic at the memorable feast, which such has never yet taken place in Cape Bald. Date of picnic is not yet fixed.

A WITNESS.

Cape Bald, Oct. 4, 1877.

POLITICAL MEETING is announced for next Monday at 3 p. m. at Chignecto Hall, to organize a Lib. Con. Association.

THE RECTORY, DORCHESTER, N. B., Oct. 8. To the Editor of Chignecto Post. Sir,—Although often tempted to do so, I have never before taken any notice of false statements which have so frequently appeared in your paper, copied from other papers, in reference to the Church of England and her clergy.

An article headed "Ritualism," in last week's issue, as it takes a very great liberty with certain names, leads me to adopt another course, especially as it reflects upon four well-known clergymen of the Church in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. On receipt of your paper I at once placed the article in connection with the gentlemen named, and have since received their answers, and as they are identical in their denial, I give one (Archdeacon Gilpin's of Nova Scotia) who says: "I can assure you I belong to no society organized for the purpose named by you. Nor have I ever signed any paper or joined in any petition for such an object."

These gentlemen have, therefore, over their own signature to me, proved the article to be outrageously false, and have requested me to declare it so.

I trust that you will give this letter as prominent a place in your columns as was occupied by the article already referred to.

Yours, JOHN D. H. BROWN.

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## Advertisements This Day.

**FLOUR!**

100 Brls. Flour,

"SNOWFLAKE" & "FAVORITE."

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

J. L. Black.

**RAISINS.**

100 Boxes Layer Raisins

Very Fine Quality.

For sale by the Box at \$1.40—cash.

J. L. Black.

**Tobacco.**

42 Boxes Assorted Tobacco.

At St. John Wholesale Rates.

J. L. Black.

**100 BOXES**

**SMOKED FISH,**

FOR SALE BY

J. L. Black.

**New Goods!**

WE have within past few days replenished our Large Stock by following enumerated articles (besides many others) and now offer our friends a Full Assortment of goods suited to the season, at prices as low as the lowest:

**TWO BALES**

BLUE and WHITE COTTON WARP,

Grey Cotton, White Cotton, Flannel, Shirtings, Cotton, Flannels, Print Cottons, Black Lustres, Table Oil Cloth, Flowers, Flannels, Ladies' Straw Hats, Ladies' Jackets, 4 pieces Basket Cloth for Ladies' Mantles.

Scotch Yarns, Woolen Blankets, Towels, Onaburg, Hessians, Duck, Holland, Silks, Twists, Ribbons, 44 doz. Reels Cotton, Brads, Bracons, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs, 24 pieces Strips and Plain Wincey, 20 pieces Tweeds—choice patterns for Men's Suits, &c.

J. L. Black.

**Boots & Shoes.**

2 CASES

SERGE BOOTS, GOAT & KID BOOTS,

Boys' Girls' and Children's BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS.

J. L. Black.

**Felt and Fur Hats!**

15 DZ. HATS—Assorted quality and patterns—Men's, Youth's and Boys' sizes.

FOR SALE LOW.

J. L. Black.

**Groceries, &c.!**

**NEW STOCK.**

20 BOXES RAISINS; 8 kegs SODA.

TEA; TOBACCO; STARCH; RICE; &c.

6 Casks Superior SUGAR; 6 Casks MOLASSES;

TRA, of Superior quality; 500 lbs. CONFECTIONERY.

J. L. Black.

**Horse Nails.**

500 LBS.

Polished & Pointed Horse Nails.

FOR SALE LOW BY BOX.

J. L. Black.

**Window Glass.**

Just now Storing:

80 boxes Window Glass,

6 X 10 TO 16 X 24 INCHES.

FOR SALE LOW.

J. L. Black.

**Fall & Winter Clothing.**

\$2,000 VALUE!

Men's, Youth's and Boys' Suits.

COATS, PANTS & VESTS.

OVERCOATS, REEFERS, &c.

Superior Make and Excellent Value.

J. L. Black.

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**FALL & WINTER GOODS.**







