

THE CHIGNECTO POST
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W. C. MILNER, Proprietor.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.
—Islanders numbering 580 have settled in Manitoba.
—Cattle feeding now belongs to the higher mathematics.
—Some dairyman in the United States are beginning to save fodder by giving their cows artificially warmed water.
—At recent public sales of Short-horn cows and heifers held in different parts of the U. S., the average prices amounted to \$128, and Herefords averaged \$900.
—There are 95 species of forest trees in Canada, of which Ontario embraces 65. One of the most common Canadian species, namely, the chestnut, the yew, and the white birch, are identical with those in Europe.
—Live stock crazes, like cattle diseases, still keep bursting out in one location after another. Lord Wilton, the name of a Hereford bull, 11 years old, from the herd of the late T. J. Carwardine, England, sold at public auction for the sum of 3,800 guineas, or close on \$20,000. If we were allowed to analyze this sum we should say that \$200 was paid for the bull, \$7,500 for the pedigree, and 12,300 for the craze—total, \$20,000.
—Mr. E. C. Tisdall, in a paper read before the Dairy Conference, Gloucester, Eng., makes some very striking remarks with reference to the condition of breeding cattle. He maintains that stock of this breeding should be kept in a fair growing condition, a higher state acting prejudicially to the generative and the milk-secreting organs. He holds that disorders are liable to take place when the proportion of fat exceeds one-eighth of the whole body. He lays particular stress on the evil practice of over-feeding for the purpose of competing for prizes at shows.
—If our common farm animals were fed and cared for, and culled and selected every year as carefully as are the expensive animals of high pedigree, our scrub stock would soon cease to be scrub stock. This is an age of experiments. Let some progressive, inquiring young farmer take a common heifer valued at \$30, and a high pedigree, \$300 black and white, of the same age, and for just one year subject them both to the same kind of treatment, and then note results and compare profits on the two investments.
—Male raising is one of the most profitable kinds of stock raising engaged in in many parts of the South and West. Males mature earlier, live longer, eat less, are harder and stronger, and sell for more money than hoes. These are some of the well founded claims set forth by those who advocate male rearing. All that is necessary to commence in the business is to secure a thoroughbred jack and a few common mares. The light mares for the southwest are a good deal used for the purpose, but it pays best to have good sized mares, because there is much stronger demand for large than for small mules.
—A hog disease, which for some better name is called hog cholera, is sweeping over Perry County with alarmingly fatal results. When seized with the malady the animal begins to swell, the throat, the affected part presenting a dirty, brownish appearance, and death usually follows in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. It is estimated that not less than 1,000 hogs have been in the county during the past month, as many as 200 having perished in one township, with no apparent cessation in the spread and fatality of the disease. Thus far all efforts to successfully combat the disease have been barren of results.
—Mr. G. F. Frankland has been in England investigating the condition of the Canadian cattle trade. On his return he was interviewed by a reporter who states that he pointed out the changes that have taken place in the trade. The shipper in the early times was under much more expense than he is now. He had to pay from \$5 to \$7 freight on each carcass, whereas he has now only to pay from \$2 to \$3. Besides this, he had to provide wooden stalls at his own expense, and these were very poor accommodations, at best. Now the companies provide iron stalls. Although the shippers have all these advantages at the present time, yet the trade is now carried on at a loss, while under the old state of affairs, there was money in the business. Canadian shippers, says Mr. Frankland, lost last year over two million dollars. Yet it was claimed by those who were getting away from Canada, that the markets in the Old Country were good at present. The fact was that the demand now for meat in the Old Country very little exceeded the supply. There was first, the supply of carcasses of mutton from Australia. A large number of cattle were also received from those parts of the European continent which had clean bills of health. With these facts there was coupled the entire absence of disease among the cattle of Great Britain, all of which causes had combined to materially reduce the price of meat. These facts indicated that either there must be a falling off in the number of cattle shipped from Canada, or a lowering of the price of Canadian cattle.

CHIGNECTO POST.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

VOL. 15.—NO. 28.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1884.

WHOLE NO. 757.

"THE ACADIAN TRAGEDY."

Dr. Parkman's Recent Article Severely Criticized.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.

(Correspondence of the Boston Pilot.)

Mr. Parkman's recent article on the Acadian Tragedy, published in the Boston Pilot, has been widely read and has excited much interest.

The following is a summary of the article, as published in the Boston Pilot, and is intended to give a fair and accurate representation of the views of the author.

The article is entitled "The Acadian Tragedy," and is a review of the book of the same name, published by Dr. Francis Parkman.

The book is a history of the Acadian people, and is a very interesting and valuable work.

The author, Dr. Parkman, is a well-known and respected writer, and his work is always of high quality.

The article in the Boston Pilot is a very able and interesting review of the book, and is well worth reading.

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DISCOVERED IN TIME.

Some three miles back from our eastern coast, just within sight and

seent of the salt water, lies a Suffolk village, Wyndford, by name, of whose population four-fifths find their living and centre their material interest upon that bread area they call "the land."

A sleepy parish. An unemotional congregation of clothoppers, then? By no means, indeed! Wyndford has decided opinions, brisk little quarrels, many little social grades of its own, and has, moreover, its full quantum of human joys and sorrows; perhaps hidden among its sober generations, some tragedies and to a certainty now and then a bit of romance.

On Wyndford green, near the flat-towered, thatched tower, St. Nicholas's, cluster all the dwellings of the rural upper ton. From the smart white villa of a late shopkeeper's widow close by the rectory, to the red brick residence of a vice admiral's relative—Mrs. Orde—from whose casements one can look across the narrowing road into some twenty acres of park, where stands the chief house of the parish, the "Beeches."

Here lived the lady of the manor. Not a stately, exacting dame, ruling jealously over a tribe of babbling, hat-tossing rustics, but a young and beautiful woman, who inherited through her mother, a position none ever needed to graze her sweet and noble nature.

"Miss Temple, my daughter that is," began a party of Wyndford's very self, Mr. Murray, explained Mrs. Orde to the newly come rector, on his first call one autumn day. He was an Oxford fellow, who in sudden impatience at the barrenness of book life, had deserted it for the life of the country. "The people think so much of her and she of them that I fear it will be a lamentable day when my son takes her from me."

"Your son?" repeated Mr. Murray, politely—almost more than politely, attentive.

"Yes, from India. He returns soon to rob your parish of his mistress. You had not heard this? Oh, well, I think any clergyman ought to understand what is going on among us. It makes him more at ease, does it not?" And, with the friendly view of furthering this pleasant footing, Mrs. Orde chatted for some time on the life of the neighboring family and told how a "Mr. Temple, well connected, but of no fortune, had married the heiress of Wyndford manor, who, sadly enough had died, leaving her one child, a girl."

"But there were two Miss Temples," interpolated Mr. Murray, puzzled by remembrance of two attractive faces near his pulpit, of which one had earnestly marked (or so he fancied) every syllable of his first nervous sermon, while the other had wandered from pointed attention, through smothered yawns into a comfortable little nap. "Surely I see two ladies often together, both young; I thought them sisters."

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