

OCT.

THE CHIGNETO POST
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Promptly Executed at Lowest Rates.
ADVERTISEMENTS
Inserted at very Lowest Rates.
W. C. MILNER, Proprietor.

Robert Burns.
The bard of Scotia's ancient land,
Whose ringing lays are sweet and grand,
And full of passion's fire,
His country's glens and mountains hold,
Her streams and flowery plains,
Her warlike fame in days of old,
Inspired his fervid strains.
His muse delighted to portray
The peasant's humble home,
Where virtue reigns with stronger sway
Than in the lordly dome.
He warbled notes of love as sweet
As those, at evening close,
The nightingale pours forth to greet
And woo the queenly rose.
The bard of freedom, truth and love,
Whose spirit impassioned strains
Are prized all other songs above,
On Scotland's hills and plains.
And other nations sound his praise—
Green Erin loves his name;
Proud Albion glories in his lays;
Columbia swells his fame.
In every far and foreign land
Where Britain's sons are found,
From Labrador to Africa's strand,
The songs of Burns resound.
Memorized, N. B. J. A. J.

CHIGNETO POST AND BORDERER.

SACKVILLE, N. B., OCT. 5, 1882.

A Remarkable Discovery.

Effects Produced by the Arrangement of Forty Mirrors.

Washington Post.
The Patent Office has just extended its wing over one of the most remarkable discoveries of the present century, and one, it is safe to say, which will not only effect a revolution in the present methods of producing artificial heat, but seriously undermine the very structure upon which that at present generally received scientific notion of heat rests. The model apparatus, patented by Mr. Claver, the inventor, consists of a number of small looking-glasses, arranged in rows so fixed that they can be converged upon any one point. A working model, of which he has a number, was yesterday exhibited to a Post reporter in the famous residence. Forty innocent, guileless-looking, fifteen cent, gilt-framed mirrors, each three and three-fourths inches by four and three-fourths inches, were arranged upon a frame propped up like an artist's easel, and bearing a striking resemblance to the most beautiful of the world. Facing the easel was a fragment of what was once a barn door, also propped up and partly covered with a worn and faded sheet of zinc that bore the unmistakable evidence of having been burned through in several places. It was but the work of a minute to converge the forty mirrors upon a space three and three-fourths inches by five and three-fourths inches upon the barn door, and then the revelation began. As each mirror cast its quota of sunlight upon the common store, the parallelogram of light grew whiter and more dazzling, until at last it looked like a patch of electric light. But little patience was required to await results. In less than thirty seconds a thin, curling puff of smoke gave evidence of the progress of the experiment. In a moment the board was bursting from the focus, and in a few minutes it began to change color, then to shrink as if to get away where it was cooler; and then, in less than three minutes, the entire surface covered by the focus was literally melting, drop by drop. To melt zinc requires a temperature of over 700 degrees Fahrenheit. The most wonderful feature about the whole thing is the brilliancy of the light. Each mirror adds not only heat, but light. The forty mirrors produced a light more brilliant than an ordinary electric light. A hand held so as to prevent the focus from becoming as white as the driven snow. A white handkerchief defies ordinary sight and conveys but an impression of beautiful, impossible whiteness. It is as hard to look at as the sun itself. The possibilities of Mr. Claver's invention are boundless. With a combined square surface of twenty feet of mirrors, lead melts quicker than thought, wood bursts into flames and is gone into ashes, and iron melts in less than twenty minutes. Each mirror adds so much to the heat and light, and Mr. Claver has found by experiment that a comparatively small collection of mirrors each one foot square will melt all known metals in a few moments. He has produced over 4,000 degrees of heat with his mirrors. By calculation it is shown that 1,000 mirrors, each a foot square, will melt iron and steel with the rapidity, almost, of thought.

Useless Fright.
To worry about any Liver, Kidney or Urinary Trouble, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, is like worrying about a cure where a cure is possible. We know this.

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has been unable to get on her feet. She has tried every remedy, but has received no benefit. Until she tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, she says she felt as if she were in a state of agony. When she had her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured.

Mr. W. R. Lazier, Bailiff, &c., Belleville, writes: "I find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the best medicine I have ever used in my stable. I have used it for bruises, scratches, wind puffs and colic, and in every case it gave the best satisfaction. We use it as a household remedy for colds, coughs, &c., and it is a perfect panacea. It will remove warts by paring them down and applying it occasionally."

VOL. 13.—NO. 22.

Exercise and Health.

London Spectator.
A lecture on the subject of the "Value of Exercise" was recently delivered at Zurich by Dr. Jaeger, of Stuttgart, a gentleman whose theories touching the influence of exercise and clothing on health have lately made considerable stir in Germany and Switzerland. Dr. Jaeger's attention was first directed to the value of exercise, by his own ill health, the result, as he afterwards discovered, of a too sedentary life. He noticed that wild animals, though they had no thought for their health, were nearly always whole; and he noticed the difference between soundness and delicacy of constitution, and whence arises predisposition to disease? To resolve these questions he began a series of observations on the effect of gymnastic exercises on the human body. He compared the health of school children who went through a regular course of gymnastics with those who did not, and he found that the former were 40 per cent. less than among the latter. In another gymnastic exercise were regularly given the absence were almost nil. Dr. Jaeger next turned his attention to the army. He found that soldiers in the year of their service had a much higher specific weight than newly-enlisted recruits. The mortality among the third year soldiers is, moreover, 36 per cent. less than among second-year soldiers, and among the latter it is 34 per cent. less than among recruits in the first year of their service. Still more significant is the fact that the deaths of the older soldiers from typhoid and kindred diseases are relatively fewer than among new comers and second-year men. The proportion of those attacked is less, the proportion of those who recover is greater, and the recovery is more rapid.

Dr. Jaeger ascribes these results to the influence of gymnastics. "Exercise," he says, "by draining the body of its superfluous moisture hardens the flesh, and hard flesh is sounder than soft flesh. Sweating baths produce a like effect. They draw moisture from the blood, and quicken the removal of the body." From these facts the Doctor draws the conclusion that hardness of flesh is the distinctive mark of robust health, softness of flesh a never-failing sign of debility and of constitutional weakness.

The soft-fleshed man is more liable to disease by reason of his diluted blood. The difference between these and hard-fleshed is the difference between milk fresh from the cow, which is sweet and condensed milk, which is almost impervious to atmospheric influences. Exercise and perspiration, moreover, are powerful remedial agents, in that they enable the body to get rid of the germs of infectious disorders before they produce positive illness. But in Dr. Jaeger's opinion, exercise and perspiration will not induce sufficient hardness of flesh for perfect health, unless the light, the clothing be worn. The right thing in clothing is woollen next the skin. Hence flannel shirts should be worn all the year round. A piece of moist flannel, he says, laid on the breast of a fever patient will reduce the pulse in a few minutes from 30 to 40 per cent. He has further ascertained, by actual measurement, that the body wastes less, and the nerve renews itself more slowly, when clad in cotton or linen, than when clad in woollen clothing. The reason of this is that whereas woollen tends to draw the blood to the surface of the skin, cotton and linen do the reverse. The Doctor has a theory that woollen acts as a sort of disinfectant, and that it prevents the pores of the flannel on your breast for a few days, he says, the linen will have an unpleasant odour, while the flannel will smell as sweetly as at first. For this reason woollen garments do not require to be washed, and as a matter of fact they are not washed. But with strange inconsistency people, albeit they have their cotton shirts frequently washed, never think of having the cotton lining of their woollen clothes similarly purified. Linings do more harm than good, and if flannel shirts be worn, waistcoats are superfluous. The colour of clothing is another matter of great importance. Undyed stuffs are the best, and among colours indigo-blue and blue-black materials are most conducive to the preservation of health.

A story is told of an old French shoemaker who boasted that nothing could frighten him. Two young men thought they would test him. So one pretended to be dead, and the other induced the shoemaker to sit up with the corpse. As the shoemaker was in a hurry about some work, he took his tools and began working beside the corpse. About midnight a cup of black coffee was brought to him to keep him awake. Soon after, the coffee having exhilarated him, forgetting he was in the presence of death, he commenced to sing a lively tune, keeping time with his hammer. Suddenly the corpse arose, and exclaimed in a low voice, "When a man is in the presence of death he should not sing!" The shoemaker started, then suddenly, dead the corpse a blow on the head, exclaiming, "It is your time!" When a man is dead he should not speak." It was the last thing they tried to scare the shoemaker.

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Preserve Success and you shall Command it.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 645.

Murder by Burial.

"Topics of the Time," in the October Century, contains a bold demand for reform in the manner in this country of conducting funerals, and also the following disquieting statement: "No scientific discoveries have been made in our generation of greater importance than those of M. Pasteur. As many of our readers are aware, they relate to the propagation of disease through living organisms, those known as bacilli and bacteria, being most frequently connected with the morbid processes of disease. M. Pasteur finds that these microscopic forms of life exist especially in dead bodies; that they work their way through the soil to the surface, grazing cattle or are distributed by the winds, and so, it would seem probable, propagate a whole school of diseases—such as small-pox, scarlatina, typhoid and typhus fevers, diphtheria, consumption, etc., and perhaps yellow fever. M. Pasteur mentions the splenic fever which prevails in France and other countries of Europe, and which annually destroys thousands of cattle and sheep. In one case he discovered that an epidemic of this disease was followed after some years by its fresh outbreak among cattle that had been grazing in the fields where, previously, victims of the disease had been buried under the pastures. The little bacteria had worked their way from the buried carcasses to the surface, and were found in swarms in the intestines of earth-worms gathered there. It ought to be the business of scientific people to show the relation of these facts—if they can be accepted as facts—to our present method of disposing of the dead. If the breezes that blow from the wood, Mr. Auburn, and Laurel Hill, are laden with germs which propagate the diseases that have already slain our kindred, then the most expensive feature of those cities of the dead is, not their costly monuments. It is worth while to ask ourselves whether the discipline of cremation have not a truth on their side, and whether some amendment is not needed in the modes of burial which, in this country especially, seem designed to resist the operations of nature as long as possible, and so to make a dead body a source of indefinite evil.

Indeed, the whole matter of our burial customs is one which urgently needs revision. It is astonishing that, in connection with risks so many and various as are involved in our modes of burying our dead, there should have been, in modern times, so little care and forethought. The well-to-do are not prepared to see their kindred exposed to the dangers of their drainage, include a vast multitude whose number has never been reckoned.

Mr. Cameron's Ride.

War Correspondents lead exciting and adventurous lives. They can never be certain of a peaceful half hour at home, and when one can get away from the front, one must expect to be despatched to share the trials of another. Nor is it only that they are continually on the move. While actually at their work they must be prepared to face cannon, endure hardships and exposures. More than all, they must, if they would give local service to the journals they represent, be men of iron constitution, with boundless energy and powers of endurance. A newspaper of their value has just been afforded by one of the most distinguished of their number. Mr. Cameron, who has long been on the staff of The Standard, which paper he represented in India and the Transvaal, is now in Egypt, adding to his laurels his reputation. His report of the fight at Kassasin on the 28th was one of the finest things he has done, and rivaling the exploits of such men as McFadden and Forbes. With the skillful precision of a reporter, he is not the least of the gifts of a true correspondent, he had attached himself to the Cavalry Brigade under Drury Lowe. It has already been actively engaged at Mahasneh, and was so near the advance post that it was certain to come in for any fighting in progress. Cameron was not disappointed. He found himself on the spot to accompany the cavalry through all their movements on that arduous day, and rode with them in their flank march which so completely decided the fight. Having witnessed the charge of Household Cavalry and its successful results, he knew that the worst was over, and that it was now his business to get the good news home. He had been in the saddle the whole of a trying tropical day; it was now night, and 24 miles of trackless desert interposed between him and Ismailia, the point from which he could telegraph to England. Nothing daunted by these tremendous difficulties, he set forth to ride back to the Canal zone. The long journey must have sorely tried his strength; nevertheless, at the end of it he penned one of the most masterly and graphic dispatches ever produced by a War Correspondent. It is impossible to withhold from Mr. Cameron unbounded admiration for his extremely gallant performance. Had he been less daring, and more careful of himself, the British public must have remained without full details of the fight for another 24 hours.—The Home News.

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The Squire and his Wife.

The Squire had a friend to visit him on business, and was very much annoyed to be interrupted by his wife, who came to ask him what he wanted for dinner. "My dear," said the squire, "I am busy. Let me alone!" impatiently said the squire. Business detained the friend until after dinner time, and the squire urged him to remain. The squire was a generous provider, proud of his table, and he complacently escorted his friend to a seat. A little to the surprise of both, they saw nothing on the board but a huge dish of salad, which the wife began quietly to dish up. "My dear," said the squire, "where are the meats?" "There are none to-day," said his lady. "No meats? What in the name of poverty! the vegetables, then? Why don't you have them brought?" "You didn't order any," said the squire. "You forgot," coolly answered the housewife. "I asked you what we should have and you said, 'Let me alone.' Here it is!" The friend burst into a laugh, and the squire, after looking lugubrious a moment, joined them. "Wife, I give it up. I owe you one. Here is the fifty dollars you wanted for that carpet which I denied you." The squire forked over. "Now let us have peace and some dinner." The good woman pocketed the paper, rang the bell, and a sumptuous repast of fish, poultry, and vegetables, was brought in. A few days afterward the squire remained working in his garden some time after the usual tea hour. His wife grew impatient of delay, and went to find him. His excuse when asked what he was waiting for, threw her into a flutter of excitement. "Some one's to come to supper," she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me? I declare, your are the provokingest man!" And without asking which of his friends was expected, she hastened to change her dress and slick up her hair for the occasion. "This done, she came out and found the squire seated at the table reading his newspaper. "Where's your company?" "My company! I haven't any to supper," exclaimed the indignant wife. "But you said you expected somebody to supper," exclaimed the squire. "My dear I said no such thing. You asked me what I was waiting for, and I told you I was waiting for that what I was waiting for, my dear, and I came at once." "And you have made me go and change my dress. Oh, I'll pay you for this!" "No matter about it, my dear; I owed you, you remember, for that lettuce."

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False Hair and Its Dangers.

The demand for false hair has increased and to such an extent that the counterfeiters of London and Paris are on the brink of despair, such difficulties do they encounter in satisfying the requirements of their customers. "Europeans," says one of the London agents, "will not sell their hair, or have no longer any hair to sell, and the trade has been compelled to travel further afield. The actual supply of false hair for the European market is now for the most part imported from India, China, and Japan. But the hair imported from these countries is almost invariably black, and falls utterly to harmonize with the auburn and golden tints that so well befit the European complexion. It has therefore been found necessary to boil the hair in diluted nitric acid to deprive it of its original color, and it can then be dyed to the lightest shade of blonde. This operation has, however, been found to be very dangerous, and the hair is now being imported from the Caucasus, where it is said to be of a more natural color. This new danger appears to have been first discovered by Dr. Felix, of Bucharest, and the Roumanian Council of Hygiene has issued a circular to all members of the trade warning them of the danger, and suggesting the necessary precautions."

—Lord Charles Beresford, who recently distinguished himself at Alexandria as commander of the British fleet, is a nephew of that Marquis of Waterford, whose name used to figure so frequently in the police reports half a century ago, and is said to exhibit not a little of the larking, rollicky disposition of that eccentric peer. He belonged for a time to the Prince of Wales's set, but seems of late years to have settled himself. During the American war of the rebellion he was a midshipman on board the flagship "Sulley" of the Pacific squadron, and one night when the ship lay in Honolulu harbor, at the Sandwich Islands, he asked leave to go ashore. His sympathies, like most Englishmen of his class at the time, were with the Southern Confederacy, and he thought he couldn't better display them than by climbing up in the dark and sawing down the shield which decorated the door of the United States Consulate. The act was traced to him without his being in the least troubled, and the Admiral compelled him to make a reparation by climbing up again in broad daylight, in the presence of the assembled populace and officers of the fleet, and fasten the shield back in its place.

—A married lady, who is in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened to be taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, and then returned exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I come back?"

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