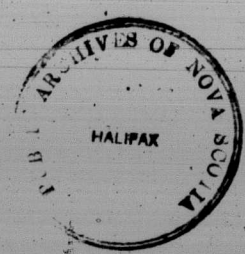


CHIGNECTO Post.



WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1872.

No. 38.

BUSINESS CARDS.

International Hotel.
(FORMERLY LAWRENCE.)
108 Prince William Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS Hotel has, since it changed hands, been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, at considerable expense. It is situated opposite the "Empress" Wharf, and within a few minutes walk of the American Boats, and the Street Cars, running to the Fredericton wharf, every fifteen minutes. It commands a fine view of the Harbor, and the surrounding country.

The Proprietor having had an extensive experience in Hotels and Steamers, feels confident that none who patronize him will go away dissatisfied.

R. S. HYKE, Proprietor.
Formerly of the Steamer "Empress,"
May 26-1y

HARRISON & BURDIDGE,
Barriers and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARIES, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.
OFFICE—No. 4 Rennie's Building,
PRINCE ST., - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

L. R. HARRISON,
G. W. BURDIDGE.

T. T. BERNARD & CO.,
Marble & Freestone Workers,
Point Du Chene,
WESTHOVLAND, N. B.

MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES,
Tables, Chimney Pieces, Table & Counter
Tops, Selves and Brackets

Made of the best Materials, and cheaper
than at any other establishment in the
Province.

Sample may be seen at A. FORD'S.
Any orders left with him will be filled
with despatch.

A. FORD,
Agent,
July 5th, 1871, - - - Sackville, N. B.

George Nixon,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
PAPER HANGINGS,
Brushes and Window Glass,
66 KING ST., - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

nov 24-1y

NEW ERA
Nails, Shoe Nails, and
TACKS.

The Goods Manufactured at
S. R. FOSTER'S
Standard Nail, Shoe Nail
and Tack Works,
George's street, St. John, N. B.,
are pronounced by the Merchants and
Dealers of Canada, England and Australia,
to stand unequalled for

QUALITY FINISH AND DURABILITY.
For Price Lists and Samples, please ad-
dress as above.

Orders solicited: prompt attention and
satisfaction guaranteed.

Special attention given to the wants
of the SHOE TRADE.

Dixon & Fawcett,
GENERAL DEALERS IN
British, Canadian & W. I. Goods,
FLOUR, MEAL & COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Sackville, - - - N. B.

R. M. DIXON, H. R. FAWCETT.

Thos. R. Jones,
IMPORTER OF
British and Foreign Dry Goods,
CLOTHING, HAT, CAPS, &c.
10 KING STREET,
June 23, - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

GURRIE & LORD,
Confectioners,
AND
FINE BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS,
45 Dock St. & 81 King Street, St. John.

We beg to inform our friends and the
public generally that we have on hand our
usual large and varied assortment of

Pure Confectionery!
In all its branches, which we will dispose
of at our usual low rates.

C. & L.
D. R. McELMON,
Watchmaker, Jeweller, &c.,
AMHERST, N. S.

**CONTANTLY on hand—A nice assort-
ment of**
Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.
Agent at this place for the Celebrated
ADOLPH WATCHE.
Repairing done with neatness and de-
patch.

Shop DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE
BAPTIST Church.
May 12

BUSINESS CARDS.

ROTHESAY HOTEL.
CHARLES WATTS, - Proprietor.
(COR. KING AND CHARLOTTE STREETS.)

THE subscriber, in returning thanks to
his friends and the public generally
for past favors, while proprietor of the
ROTHESAY HOUSE, begs to inform
them that he has leased the above named
House. The rooms have been fitted up
and furnished in first-rate style, and the
situation the best of any Hotel in the City,
(being King Street and the Square, with a
bird's-eye view of the whole City). "Visi-
tors to this City will find it to their advan-
tage to enquire for the

Rothsay Hotel.
NOV 2, - - - st John.

Kirk Hotel.
(FORMERLY THE ADAMS HOUSE.)
Main Street, two minutes walk from the
Railway Station.

THE subscriber, in returning thanks to
his friends and the public generally for
past favors, while proprietor of the Kirk
House, begs to inform them that he has
leased the above named Hotel, and will
occupy it on and after the first of Decem-
ber next. The rooms will be fitted up and
furnished in first-rate style. Visitors to
this place will find it to their advantage to
enquire for the Kirk Hotel.

A conveyance will be in attendance to
carry visitors to and from the Railway
Station.

DAVID KIRK,
Proprietor.
Shediac, Dec. 4, 71.

Paints. Paints.
TROMPSON'S
White Lead, Zinc Paint,
AND
PAINT MANUFACTORY,
60 PRINCE ST., - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Wholesale Only.
oct 5

PIANOS,
CABINET ORGANS.
GRAND,
SQUARE & UPRIGHT—
Pianofortes,
Cabinet Organs,
Agent for the Celebrated
WM. BOURNE & HALL & SONS'
PIANOFORTES,
—AND—
The Smith American Organ,
ACKNOWLEDGED
The Best in the World.
A large assortment on exhibition
at 77 Prince Wm. Street.
C. FLOOD, ST. JOHN,
Agent for N. B.
aug 31

MARBLE & FREESTONE
WORKS,
DORCHESTER, N. B.
H. J. McGRATH.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
Grave-Stone & Monumental Work
Executed in the best style and
at short notice.
Having improved facilities for exe-
cuting the above work, I can furnish it
cheaper than any other establishment in
the Province and in the very latest
styles.
apr 13

Besnard & Co.,
Real Estate and Money
BROKERS,
Princess street, - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Paras and houses to let and for sale.
Bonds, mortgages and other securities
bought and sold.
ly-sep 22

Albert J. Hickman,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS,
Dorchester, N. B.
May 12

CARD.
Samuel Legere,
BUTCHER,
SACKVILLE, - - - N. B.

WOULD respectfully announce to the
inhabitants of Sackville that he has
opened a shop for supplying all kinds of
FRESH MEAT, and hopes by strict atten-
tion to business to merit a share of public
patronage.
oct 19-2m

Literature.

MISS OR MRS.!

A Christmas Story, in Twelve Scenes.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

SIR JOSEPH GRAYBROOKE—Knight.

RICHARD TURLINGTON—Of the Levant
Trade.

LAUNCELOT LINZIE—Of the College of Sur-
geons.

JAMES DICK—Of the Hall of Attorneys.

THOMAS WILKINS—Superintendent Sec-
man.

MISS GRAYBROOKE—Sir Joseph's Sister.

NATALIE—Sir Joseph's Daughter.

LADY WINWOOD—Sir Joseph's Niece.

AMELIA
DOROTHY } Lady Winwood's Step-
daughters.

PERIOD: The Present Time. PLACE: Eng-
land.

THIRD SCENE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The letter which had been handed to
him on board the yacht was from the
third partner, Mr. Branca, and
was thus expressed:—

"A crisis in the trade. All right,
so far—except our business with the
small foreign firms. Bills to meet
from those quarters (say), forty thou-
sand pounds—and, I fear, no remitta-
nce to cover them. Particulars
stated in another letter, addressed to
you at post-office, Ilfracombe. I am
quite broken down with anxiety, and
confined to my bed. Pizzutti is still
detained at Smyrna. Come back at
once."

His same evening Turlington was
at home in Austin Friars, investi-
gating the state of affairs, with his
head-clerk to help him.

This done, there were actually left,
between that time and Christmas, lia-
bilities to be met to the extent of
forty thousand pounds, without a far-
thing in hand to pay that formidable
debt.

How was the money to be found?
With his position in the City, he
had only to go to the famous money-
lending and discounting house of
Bulprit Brothers—reported to "turn
over" millions in their business every
year—and to supply himself at once
with the necessary funds. Forty
thousand pounds was a trifling transac-
tion to Bulprit Brothers.

Knowing where he could procure
the loan, he was by no means equally
sure of being able to find the security
on which he could borrow the
money. Living up to his income;
having no expectations from any liv-
ing creature; possessing in landed
property only some thirty or forty
acres in Somersetshire, with a quaint
little dwelling, half farm-house, half
cottage, attached—he was incapable
of providing the needful security
from his own personal resources. To
appeal to wealthy friends in the City
would be to let those friends into the
secret of his embarrassments, and to
put his credit in peril. He finished
his breakfast, and went back to Aus-
tin Friars—failing entirely, so far, to
see how he was to remove the last
obstacle now left in his way.

The doors were open to the public;
business had begun. He had not
been ten minutes in his room before
the shipping clerk knocked at the door
and interrupted him, still absorbed in
his own anxious thoughts.

"What is it?" he asked irritably.
"Duplicate bills of lading, Sir,"
answered the clerk, placing the docu-
ment on his master's table.

Found! There was the security
on his writing-desk, staring him in
the face! He dismissed the clerk
and examined the papers.

Bulprit Brothers, long desirous of
having such a name as his on their
books, received him with open arms.
The security (covering the amount
borrowed) was accepted as a matter
of course. The money was lent, for
three months, with a stroke of the
pen. Turlington stepped out again
into the street, and confronted the
City of London in the character of
the noblest work of mercantile crea-
tion—a solvent man.

The Fallen Angel, walking in-
visible being, in Richard's shadow,
flapped his crippled wings in triumph.
From that moment the Fallen Angel

had got him.

FOURTH SCENE.

MUSWELL HILL.

The next day Turlington drove to
the suburbs, on the chance of finding
the Graybrookes at home again.

"Have you lost any money?" Those
were the first words uttered by Sir
Joseph when he and Richard met
again, after the parting on board the
yacht.

"Not a farthing. I might have
lost seriously, if I had not got back
in time to set things straight. Stup-
idity on the part of my people left
in charge—nothing more. It's all
right now."

Sir Joseph lifted his eyes, with
heartfelt devotion, to the ceiling.

"Thank God, Richard!" he said, in
tones of the deepest feeling. He rang
the bell. "Tell Miss Graybrooke
Mr. Turlington is here." He turned
again to Richard. "Lavinia is like
me—Lavinia has been so anxious
about you." We have both of us
passed a sleepless night. Miss
Lavinia came in. Sir Joseph hurried
to meet her, and took her affection-
ately by both hands. "My dear!
the best of all good news—Richard
has not lost a farthing." Miss La-
vinia lifted her eyes to the ceiling
with heartfelt devotion, and said,
"Thank God, Richard!"—like the
echo of her brother's voice; a little
late, perhaps, for its reputation as an
echo, but accurate to half a note in
its perfect repetition of sound.

Turlington asked the question
which it had been his one object to
put in paying his visit to Muswell
Hill.

"Have you spoken to Natalie?"
"This morning," replied Sir Jo-
seph. "An opportunity offered its-
self after breakfast. I took advantage
of it, Richard—you shall hear how."

It had all ended exactly as Richard
would have wished it to end. Sir Jo-
seph had said, "My child! this is a
matter of experience; love will come
when you are married." And Miss
Lavinia had added, "Dear Natalie,
if you remembered your poor mother
as I remember her, you would know
that your father's experience is to be
relied on." In that way they had
put it to her; and she had hung her
head, and had given—all that maiden
modesty could be expected to give—
a silent consent. The wedding-day
was fixed for the first week in the
New Year. (No Joseph; not Janu-
ary—the New Year.) And God
bless you Richard! and may your
married life be a long and happy
one."

"When shall I see her?" asked
Turlington, with Miss Lavinia (in
tears which did him credit) in pos-
session of one of his hands, and Sir
Joseph (in tears which did him credit)
in possession of the other.

"She will be back to dinner, dear
Richard. Stay and dine."

"Thank you. I must go into the
City first. I will come back and
dine."

With that arrangement in pros-
pect, he left them.

An hour later a telegram arrived
from Natalie. She had consented
to dine, as well as lunch, in Berkley
Square—sleeping there that night
and returning next morning. Her
father instantly telegraphed back by
the messenger, insisting on Natalie's
return to Muswell Hill that evening
in time to meet Richard Turlington
at dinner.

"Quite right, Joseph," said Miss
Lavinia, looking over her brother's
shoulder while he wrote the telegram.

"She is showing a disposition to
coquet with Richard," rejoined Sir
Joseph, with the air of a man who
knew female human nature in its re-
motest corners. "My telegram, La-
vinia, will have its effect."

Sir Joseph was quite right. His
telegram had its effect. It not only
brought his daughter back to dinner;
it produced another result which his
prophetic faculty had altogether fail-
ed to foresee. The message reached
Berkley Square at five o'clock in the
afternoon. Let us follow the mes-
sage.

A London merchant advertised
for a clerk who could "bear con-
finement." He received an answer
from one who had been seven years
in jail.

To be Continued.

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To be Continued.

FIFTH SCENE.

THE SQUARE.

On the day when Richard Turling-
ton paid his visit to Muswell Hill,
two ladies (with a secret between
them) unlocked the gate of the rail-
ed garden in Berkley Square. They
shut the gate, after entering the en-
closure, but carefully forbore to lock
it as well, and carefully restricted
their walk to the westward side of
the garden. One of them was Na-
talie Graybrooke. The other was
Mrs. Sancerre's eldest daughter, re-
cently been raised to the position of
Lord Winwood's second wife. In
person, Lady Winwood was little
and fair. In character, she was dash-
ing and resolute—a complete con-
trast to Natalie, and (on that very
account) Natalie's bosom friend.

"My dear, one ambitious marriage
in the family is quite enough! I
have made up my mind that you shall
marry the man you love. Don't tell
me your courage is failing you—the
excuse is contemptible; I decline to
receive it. Natalie! the men have
a phrase which exactly describes
your character. You want back-
bone!"

"You are trifling with Mr. Linzie,
my dear. Mr. Linzie is a nice fel-
low. I like him. I won't have that."

"Louisa!"

Mr. Turlington has nothing to re-
commend him. He is not a well-bred
old gentleman of exalted rank. He
is only an odious brute who happens
to have made money. You shall
not marry Mr. Turlington. And you
shall marry Launcelet Linzie."

"Will you let me speak, Louisa?"
"I will let you answer—nothing
more. Didn't you come crying to
me this morning? Didn't you say,
Louisa, they have pronounced sen-
tence on me! I am to be married in
the first week of the New Year. Help
me out of it, for Heaven's sake!"

"You said all that, and more. And
what did I do when I heard your
story?"

"Oh, you were so kind!"

"Kind doesn't half express it. I
have committed crimes on your ac-
count. I have deceived my husband
and my mother. For your sake I
got mamma to ask Mr. Linzie to
lunch (as my friend!). For your
sake I have banished my offending
husband, not an hour ago, to his
club. You wretched girl! who ar-
ranged a private conference in the
library? Who sent Mr. Linzie off to
consult his friend in the Temple on
the law of clandestine marriage?"

Who suggested your telegraphing
home, and stopping here for the
night? Who made an appointment
to meet your young man privately in
this detestable place in ten minutes'
time? I did! I did! I did! All in
your interests. All to prevent you
from doing what I have done—mar-
rying to please your family instead
of to please yourself. Now what do
you owe me on your side? You owe
it to me at least to know your own
mind. You don't know it. You coolly
inform me that you don't run the
risk after all, and that you can't face
the consequences on second thought.
I'll tell you what! You don't deserve
that nice fellow who wrings the
very ground you tread on. You are
a bread-and-butter miss. I don't
believe you are fond of him!"

"Not fond of him?" Natalie stop-
ped, and clasped her hands in despair
to find language sufficient for the oc-
casion. At the same moment the
sound of a closing gate caught her
ear. She looked round. Launcelet
had kept his appointment before his time.
Launcelet was in the garden rapidly
approaching them.

"Now for the law of Clandestine
Marriage," said Lady Winwood.—
"Mr. Linzie, we will take it sit-
ting." She led the way to one of the
benches in the garden, and placed
Launcelet between Natalie and herself.

"Well, Licet Conspirator, have you
got the License? No? Does it cost
too much? Can I lend you the mo-
ney?"

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Objects of the Internationalists.

Prof. Hume, a prominent Inter-
nationalist, delivered a lecture in
New York Thursday evening on the
objects and aims of the organization
to which he belongs. He asserted,
firstly, that the Internationalists were
fighting to abolish all class privileges;
secondly, to compel social and
political equality for both sexes, and
equal payment for equal labor to
man and woman; thirdly, the na-
tionalization of land, the freedom of
land and its productions, and also
freedom of the means of transit;
fourthly, the reduction of the hours
of labor, so as to give the laborer
more time for improvement and
recreation, intemperance and ig-
norance being, in Mr. Hume's opinion,
the result of so much manual labor
as ten hours a day; fifthly, education,
to be undertaken by the State, to
be obligatory, gratuitous and secular,
sixthly, religion to be ignored, as
being a speculative subject, concern-
ing individuals only—no religious
creed to be recognized; seventhly,
by the substitution of a direct system
of taxation passed upon property, in-
stead of the present indirect system,
such taxation to be progressive;
eighthly, the abolition of standing
armies, as being a provocative to
war; ninthly, the adoption of the
principle of associated production,
instead of that of capitalist pro-
duction, and the consequent reduc-
tion of the hours of labor, and the
time has come when they must be
altered."

A day or two since a ruralist from
Anson or thereabouts visited the
city on business, and in the course
of his peregrinations purchased a
package of Roman candles for the
purpose of amusing his progeny on
his return. His fireworks were
carefully deposited in a rare pocket,
and a short time thereafter he went
his way to the depot to take the even-
ing train. While loitering in the
waiting-room, vamping the socks of
ginger-bread, hard-boiled eggs and
doughnuts temptingly displayed on
the lunch-counter, he carelessly
whisked his left coat tail against the
red-hot stove, and trouble immedi-
ately ensued. The first rocket nar-
rowly missed the face of a native
who was in a half-conscious condition,
caused by much extract of hops, and
without waiting to inquire into
particulars, he made the door in two
gigantic leaps. All the occupants
of the room immediately endeavored
to follow his example, and with a
worthy determination not to be
disturbed, the proprietor of the
candles forced himself into the midst
of the throng endeavoring frantically
to escape. In the meantime the
candles fizzed and popped, giving
strength to the evident impression
that the party was being bombarded
with some sort of infernal machine
and, strange as it may seem, the
innocent cause of all the trouble was
the worst frightened man in the lot.
Not until fearful holes had been