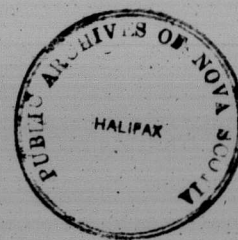


CHIGNECTO Post.



WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B. THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1872.

No. 36.

BUSINESS CARDS.

International Hotel.
(FORMERLY LAWRENCE.)
166 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 Hotel, and the Street Car 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, "EMPEROR."
May 26-1y

HARRISON & BURBIDGE,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARIES, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.
OFFICE—No. 4 Ritchie's Building,
Princess St., - - St. John, N. B.
L. R. HARRISON,
G. W. BURBIDGE. aug3

T. F. SHEPARD & CO.,
Marble & Freestone Workers,
Point Du Chene,
WESTBORLAND, N. B.

MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES,
Tables, Chimney Pieces, Table & Counter
Tops, Shelves and Brackets
Made of the best Materials, and cheaper
than at any other establishment in the
Province.
Samples may be seen at A. FORD'S.
Any orders left with him will be filled
with despatch.

A. FORD, Agent,
July 6th, 1871.—jus5 Sackville, N. B.

George Nixon,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
PAPER HANGINGS,
Brushes and Window Glass.
66 King St., - - St. John, N. B.
nov24-1y

NEW ERA
IN
Nails, Sho 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. apr3

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, HATS, CAPS, &c.
10 KING STREET,
June23 St. John, N. B.

CURRIE & 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.
dec29 C. & L.

D. R. McELMON,
Watchmaker, Jeweller, &c.,
AMHERST, N. B.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND—A nice assort-
ment of
Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.
Agent at this place for the Celebrated
BAGGLEY WATCHES.
Repairing done with neatness and des-
patch.
SHOP DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE
BAPTIST Church. may12

BUSINESS CARDS.

E. McINTOSH,
Tin-Smith,
SACKVILLE, - - - N. B.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND, a quantity
of Machine-made STOVE PIPE, TIN-
WARE, COOKING, HALL, & PARLOR
STOVES.

JOB WORK
promptly attended to. Having the latest
improved machinery I am enabled to fill
orders cheaply and at the shortest notice.
Oct. 11—oct12 1f.

Paints. Paints.
THOMSON
White Lead, Zinc Paint,
AND
PAINT MANUFACTORY,
69 PRINCESS ST., - ST. JOHN, N. B.
Wholesale Only.
oct5

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. oct19-2m

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,
aug31 Agent for N. B.

"WEED"
SEWING MACHINES!
Manufactured by the
NORTH AMERICAN
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
At St. John, N. B.

W. S. CALHOUN,
General Agent,
54 King Street,
St. John, - - - - N. B.
aug10-1f.

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. apr13

Bosnard & Co.,
Real Estate and Money
BROKERS,
Princess street, - - St. John, N. B.

Farms and houses to let and for sale.
Bonds mortgage and other securities
bought and sold. ly-sep22

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

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 DICAS—Of the Roll of Attorneys.
THOMAS WILDFANG—Superannuated Sea-
man.
MISS GRAYBROOKE—Sir Joseph's Sister.
NATALIE—Sir Joseph's Daughter.
LADY WINWOOD—Sir Joseph's Niece.
AMELIA
DOROTHEA } Lady Winwood's Step-
daughters.
PERIOD: The Present Time. PLACE: Eng-
land.

SECOND SCENE.
THE STORE ROOM.

Persons possessed of sluggish livers
and tender hearts find two serious
drawbacks to the enjoyment of a
cruise at sea. It is exceedingly diffi-
cult to get enough walking exercise;
and it is next to impossible (where
secrecy is an object) to make love
without being found out. Reverting
for the moment to the latter difficulty
only, life within the narrow and
populous limits of a vessel may be
defined as essentially life in public.
From morning to night you are in
your neighbor's way, or your neighbor
is in your way. As a necessary
result of these conditions, the rarest
of existing men may be defined as the
man who is capable of stealing a kiss
at sea with discovery. An inbred
capacity for stratagem of the finest
sort; inexhaustible inventive re-
sources; patience which can flourish
under superhuman trials; presence of
mind which can keep its balance victo-
rious under every possible stress of
emergency—these are some of the
qualifications which must accompany
Love on a cruise, when Love embarks
in the character of a contraband com-
modity not duly entered on the papers
of the ship.

Having established a Code of Sig-
nals which enabled them to commu-
nicate privately, while the eyes and
ears of others were wide open on
every side of them, Natalie and
Launce were next confronted by the
more serious difficulty of finding a
means of meeting together at stolen
interviews on board the yacht. Pos-
sessing none of those precious moral
qualifications of an accomplished
lover at sea Launce had proved un-
equal to grapple with the obstacles
in his way. Left to her own inven-
tive resources Natalie had first sug-
gested the young surgeon's medical
studies as Launce's unanswerable
excuse for shutting himself up at
intervals in the lower regions—and
had then hit on the happy idea of
tearing her trimming, and condemn-
ing herself to repair her own carelessness,
as the all-sufficient reason for similar
acts of self-seclusion on her side. In
this way the lovers contrived, while
the innocent ruling authorities were
on deck, to meet privately below
them, on the neutral ground of the
main cabin—and there, by previous
arrangements at the breakfast-table,
they were about to meet privately
now.

Natalie's door was, as usual on these
occasions, the first that opened; for
this sound reason, that Natalie's
quickness was the quickness to be
depended on in case of accident.

She looked up at the sky-light
There were the legs of the two gen-
tlemen and the skirts of her aunt
visible (and stationary) on the lee
side of the deck. She advanced a
few steps and listened. There was
a pause in the murmur of the voices
above. She looked up again. One
pair of legs (not her father's) had
disappeared. Without an instant's
hesitation Natalie darted back to her
own door, just in time to escape Rich-
ard and Turlington descending the cab-
bin stairs. All he did was to go to one
of the drawers under the main cabin
book-case, and to take out a map,
ascending again immediately to the
deck. Natalie's guilty conscience
rueful instantly, nevertheless to the

conclusion that Richard suspected
her. When she showed herself for
the second time, instead of venturing
into her cabin, she called across it in
a whisper.
"Launce!"
Launce appeared at his door. He
was peremptorily checked before he
could cross the threshold.
"Don't stir a step! Richard has
been down in the cabin! Richard
suspects us!"
"Nonsense! Come out."
"Nothing will induce me, unless
you can find some other place than
the cabin."

Some other place? How easy to
find it on land! How apparently
impossible at sea! There was the sail-
room (full of men) at one end of
the vessel. There was the sail-
room (full of sails) at the other.
There was the ladies' cabin (used as
the ladies' dressing-room; inacces-
sible, in that capacity, to every male
human being on board). Was there
any disposable inclosed space to be
found amidstships? On one side there
were the sleeping-berths of the sail-
ing-master and his mate (impossible
to borrow them). On the other side
was the steward's store-room. Launce
considered for a moment. The stew-
ard's store-room was just the thing!
Where are you going? asked Nat-
alie, as her lover made straight for
a closed door at the lower extremity
of the main-cabin.
To speak to the steward, darling.
Wait one moment, and you will see
me again."

Launce opened the store-room door
and discovered, not the steward, but
his wife, who occupied the situation
of stewardess on board the vessel.
The accident was, in this case, a
lucky one. Having stolen several
kisses at sea, and having been dis-
covered (in every case) either by
the steward or his wife, Launce felt
no difficulty in prefacing his request
to be allowed the use of the room by
the plainest allusion to his relations
with Natalie. He could count on the
silence of the sympathizing authority
in this region, of the vessel, having
wisely secured them as accomplices
by the usual persuasion of the pecu-
niary sort. Of the two, however the
stewardess, as a woman, was the
more likely to lend a ready ear to
Launce's entreaties in his present
emergency. After a faint show of
resistance, she consented, not only
to leave the room, but to keep her
husband out of it, on the understand-
ing that it was not to be occupied for
more than ten minutes. Launce
made the signal to Natalie at one
door, while the stewardess went out
by the other. In a moment more the
lovers were united in a private room.
Is it necessary to say in what lan-
guage the proceedings were opened?
Surely not! There is an inarticulate
language of the lips in use on these
occasions in which we are all profi-
cient, though we sometimes forget
it in later life. Natalie seated her-
self on a locker. The tea, sugar,
and spices were at her back, a side
of bacon swung over her head, and
a netful of lemons dangled before
her face. It might not be roomy,
but it was snug and comfortable.
"Suppose they call for the stew-
ard?" she suggested. ("Don't,
Launce!")
"Never mind. We shall be safe
enough if they do. The steward has
only to show himself on deck, and
they will suspect nothing."

"Do be quiet, Launce! I have
got dreadful news to tell you. And,
besides, my aunt will expect to see
me with my bride soon on again."

neck disclose itself to view! Who,
looking at it, could fail to revile the
senseless modern fashion of dressing
the hair, which hides the double beau-
ty of form and color that nestles at
the back of a woman's neck? From
time to time, as the interview pro-
ceeded, Launce's lips emphasized the more
important words occurring in the soft,
fragrant skin which the lifted hair
let him see at intervals. In Launce's
place, Sir, you would have done it
too.

"Now, Natalie, what is the news?"
"He has spoken to papa, Launce."
"Richard Turlington?"
"Yes."
"Damn him!"
Natalie started. A curse address-
ed to the back of your neck, instan-
tly followed by a blessing in the shape
of a kiss, is a little trying when you
are not prepared for it.

"Don't do that again, Launce!"
It was while you were on deck, smok-
ing, and when I was supposed to be
fast asleep. I opened the ventilator
in my cabin door, dear, and I heard
every word they said. He waited
till my aunt was out of the way, and
he had got papa all to himself, and
then he began it in that horrible,
downright voice of his. 'Graybrooke:
how much longer am I to wait?'"
"Did he say that?"
"No more swearing, Launce!"
Those were the words. Papa didn't
understand them. He only said
(poor dear!)—"Bless my soul, Rich-
ard, what do you want? Richard
soon explained himself. 'Who could
he be waiting for—but Me? Papa
said something about me being so
young. Richard stopped his mouth
directly. 'Girls were like fruit;
some ripened soon, and some ripened
late. Some were women at twenty,
and some were women at sixteen.
It was impossible to look at me, and
not see that I was like a raw being
after my two months at sea; and so
on, and so on. Papa behaved like
an angel. He still tried to put it off.
Plenty of time, Richard, plenty of
time.' Plenty of time for her? (was
the wretch's answer to that); but
not for me. Think of all I have to
offer her (as if I cared for his mo-
ney!); think how long I have look-
ed upon her as growing up to be my
wife! (growing up for him—mon-
strous), and don't keep me in a state
of uncertainty, which it gets harder
and harder for a man in my position
to endure.' He was really quite elo-
quent. His voice trembled. There
is no doubt, dear, that he is very
very fond of me."

"And you feel flattered by it, of
course?"
"Don't talk nonsense. I feel a
little frightened at it. I can tell you."

"Frightened? Did you notice him
this morning?"
"When?"
"When your father was telling
that story about the man overboard."

"No. What did he do? Tell me,
Launce."

"I'll tell you directly. How did it
all end last night? Did your father
make any sort of promise?"
"You know Richard's way; Rich-
ard left him no other choice. Papa
had to promise before he was allow-
ed to go to bed."

"To let Turlington marry you?"
"Yes; the week after my next
birthday."

"The week after next Christmas-
day?"
"Yes. Papa is to speak to me as
soon as we are at home again, and
my married life is to begin with the
New-Year."

"Are you in earnest, Natalie?"
Do you really mean to say it has
gone as far as that?"
"They have settled everything—
the splendid establishment we are
to set up, the great income we are
to have. I heard papa tell Richard
that half his fortune should go to me
on my wedding day. I was sick-
ening to hear how much they made of
money, and how little they thought
of Love. What am I to do, Launce?"
"That's easily answered, my dar-
ling. In the first place, you are to
make up your mind not to marry

Richard Turlington—"
"Do talk reasonably. You know
I have done all I could. I have told
papa that I can think of Richard as
a friend, but not as a husband. He
only laughs at me, and says, 'Wait
a little, and you will alter your opin-
ion, my dear.' You see Richard is
everything to him; Richard has al-
ways managed his affairs, and has
saved him by losing by bad specu-
lations; Richard has known me from
the time when I was a child; Rich-
ard has a splendid business, and
quantities of money. Papa can't
even imagine that I can resist Rich-
ard. I have tried my aunt; I have
told her he is too old for me. All
she says is, 'Look at your father; he
was much older than your mother,
and what a happy marriage theirs
was.' Even if I said in so many
words, 'I won't marry Richard,' what
good would it do to me? Papa is the
best and dearest old man in the
world; but, oh, he is so fond of money!
He believes in nothing else—"
He would be furious—yes, kind as he
is, he would be furious—if I even
hinted that I was fond of you. Any
man who proposed to marry me—if
he couldn't match the fortune that I
should bring him fly a fortune of his
own—would be a lunatic in papa's
eyes. He wouldn't think it necessary
to answer him; he would ring the bell
and have him shown out of the house.
I am exaggerating nothing, Launce;
you know I am speaking the truth.
There is no hope in the future—that I
can see—for either of us."

"Have you done, Natalie? I have
something to say on my side, if you
have."

"What is it?"
"If things go on as they are going
on now, shall I tell you how it will
end? It will end in your being Tur-
lington's wife."

"Never!"
"So you say now; but you don't
know what may happen between this
and Christmas-day. Natalie! there
is only one way of making sure that
you will never marry Richard. Mar-
ry me."

"Without papa's consent?"
"Without saying a word to any
body till it's done."

"Oh, Launce! Launce!"
"My darling, every word you have
said proves there is no other way.
Think of it, Natalie, think of it."

"There was a pause. Natalie drop-
ped her needle and thread, and hid
her face in her hands. 'If my poor
mother was only alive,' she said;
'if I only had an elder sister to
advise me, and to take my part.'"

She was evidently hesitating.
Launce took a man's advantage of her
indecision. He pressed her without
mercy.

"Do you love me?" he whispered
with his lips close at her ear.
"You know I do dearly."
"Put it out of Richard's power to
part us, Natalie."

"Part us? We are cousins; we
have known each other since we were
both children. Even if he proposed
parting us, papa wouldn't allow it."
"Mark my words, he will propose
it. As for your father, Richard has
only to lift his finger and your father
obeys him. My love, the hap-
piness of both our lives is at stake."
He wound his arm round her, and
he drew her head back on his
bosom. "Other girls have done it,
darling," he pleaded; "who shouldn't
you?"

The effort to answer him was too
much for her. She gave it up. A low
sigh fluttered through her lips. She
nestled closer to him, and faintly
closed her eyes. The next instant
she started up, trembling from head
to foot, and looked at the sky-light.
Richard Turlington's voice was sud-
denly audible on deck exactly above
them.

"Graybrooke, I want to say a word
to you about Launcelet Linzie."

Natalie's first impulse was to fly to
the door. Hearing Launce's name
on Richard's lips, she checked her-
self. Something in Richard's tone
roused in her the curiosity which
suspended fear. She waited, with
her hand in Launce's hand.

"If you remember," the brassy
voice went, "I doubted the wisdom
of taking him with us on this cruise.
You didn't agree with me, and, at
your express request I gave way.
I did wrong. Launcelet Linzie is a
very presuming young man."

"Sir Joseph's answer was accom-
panied by Sir Joseph's mellow laugh."
"My dear Richard! Surely you
are a little hard on Launce!"

To be Continued.

A Mrs. Talbot, somewhere out
West, recently tried the experiment
of placing the muzzle of a loaded
gun to her abdomen, and pulling the
trigger with her toe. A local, in
speaking of it, says: "She made
one scream when the gun went off,
and died in two or three minutes,
without further utterance." The
majority of people don't care a
"hoater" for the fate of the gun,
but feel some desire to know if Mr.
Talbot has worn craps on his hat
since the event.

A CATHEDRAL.—It appears that
Halifax is to have a Protestant
Cathedral, shortly. Hon. Justice
Bliss (father-in-law of Bishop Binney)
has given an eligible site, and an-
other member of the Episcopal
Church, whose name does not appear,
has promised to give a magnificent
contribution. The Bishop and his
sister have also contributed the sum
of \$3,000 towards a church endow-
ment scheme, and it is expected that
the diocese will raise the remaining
\$7,000 needed for its completion.

TEMPERANCE.—The Truro Sun
says:—The Roman Catholic clergy
with commendable earnestness are
urging upon their adherents total
abstinence from all intoxicating
liquors. On New Year's Day we
met the Rev. R. Mines where he
had administered the pledge to 100
individuals. The Casket says that
through the influence of Bishop
McKinnon and others of the clergy
hundreds of people in Antigonish
County have imposed upon them-
selves the obligation of totalism.

A Mrs. Miller resident in Canton
Massachusetts, last week, under
singular circumstances. While en-
gaged in a quarrel with her husband
she broke a kerosene lamp she was
holding, spilling the oil upon her
clothing and setting it on fire. She
ran out into the darkness, her hus-
band being too intoxicated to follow
her. The next morning she was
found a short distance from the house
dead from the burns she had re-
ceived.

A "ring" composed of three Prin-
gles, has been engaged for several
cars back in stealing Holloway's
pills, and selling them for their own
benefit. They were trusted employees
of the great pill men, and consequen-
tly made a good thing out of it, realiz-
ing, perhaps, \$50,000. The matter
has been duly investigated, and the
Pringles will be compelled to disgorge
the pills had often been through
the pills.

On Thursday last while the East-
ern Extension train was on its way
from Sackville the brakeman named
W. H. Williams, fell from one of the
box cars. He was not missed until
the cars reached Annapolis, when the
immediately returned to search for
him. When they met him he was
walking towards Annapolis not having
received the slightest injury.

At a social party, where humorous
definitions was one of the games of
the evening, the question was put:
"What is religion?" "Religion,"
replied one of the party, more famous
as a man of business than a wit, "is
an insurance against fire in the next
world, for which honesty is the best
policy."

A Massachusetts editor says: "A
man who is owing us a little bill said
he would call last week if he was
alive. He still appears on the street,
but, as he did not call, it is naturally
supposed that he is dead, and is walk-
ing around to save funeral expenses."

Alexander Lafford, shot and fatally
wounded William Butler, at Grand
Grove, Richmond County, C. B., on
the 5th inst. Butler died 28 hours
after. The cause for the shooting
was that Lafford did not want Butler
to marry his sister. Lafford was
grieved, and the Coroner's Jury
returned a verdict of wilful murder.

A letter writer, describing a ball,
says the feature which made the deep-
est impression on him was the "un-
usual number of very plump women
foaming over the tops of their dress-
es."

It is cheerful to be sitting in a rail-
road car, going at the rate of forty
miles an hour, and have a man pass
through the train and have a tract put
in your lap entitled "Prepare to meet
your God."

The bachelors of Wyoming Terri-
tory object to women having made
constables and sheriffs, lest such
female officers have too many attach-
ments for them.