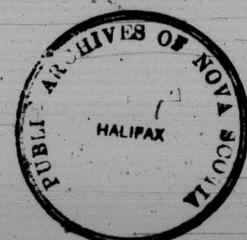


CHIGNECTO Post.



WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

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Vol. 1.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH, 2, 1871.

No. 42.

Literature.

Twice Mistaken.

CONCLUDED.

I believe I acquit myself creditably. Cumms declares that I did wonderfully well, and is inclined to believe, that I have wasted my talent by not being a waiter. I don't spill any thing on any body's dress, or knock any on the head. I carefully watch Cumms for his signals, and, thanks to having been at a dinner before, I am in the capacity of a waiter. I have some idea of what ought to be done, and so remove the right hand round such dishes as ought to be handed at the proper time. The greatest difficulty I have to keep my countenance, particularly when I hand any thing to Miss Linton. She is so bright-looking, it is such fun to see the sparkle in her eyes, and the way they drop if I meet mine, and a little repressible smile steal over her lips, that it is my power to the utmost to keep from laughing. I feel that I could very much like to change places with the young fellow sitting by her side. He does not seem to me very much to say for himself, he examines every dish, as if it is to him through an eye-glass. Inspection is so long and his eyes are so close, that I have a growing inclination each time to bob the tip in his face. For more than the dinner he is silent, then he looks at a little politics—starch, 'cons'—and Miss Linton immediately enunciates the strongest radical principles, upholds woman's suffrage, and their having seats in Parliament. This seems to overwhelm him, and he retires from the contest with a sigh.

After tea, he tries again, when the ladies are being handed round. "Will you have a happy month?" asks with a faint smile, which displays his eye-glass and brings it into his lap. He readjusts it, and, not trusting himself to eat the joke, asks her to have a cigarette.

"No, thank you; I never eat," she replies.

"Have you never tasted them?" he says, frowning as if he were a master cross-examining a witness.

"I have probably because his glass gives a monstrous slip."

"Oh yes; I have tasted them, but I can't care about them," she answers.

"He has no comment to make on my reply, and he helps himself in silence."

At 8 o'clock, Cumms and I solemnly put on the wine and the glasses, push the dessert-dishes one way or the other, and leave the room.

"Bravo!" whispers Cumms when we are in the hall. "Bravo, Sir! a little teaching you'd make a waiter. And Miss Linton taking you for a gentleman, too—at a joke! At least," he adds as she suddenly feels that he has rather a mistake himself, "of course that is what you are, and I am always a gent I say. But understand, Sir. It was so ludicrous."

"Perfectly. I understand," Cumms says.

"What are you going to do?"

"Well, Sir," he says coming nearer. "I generally have something in the housekeeper's bag. Why wouldn't you like that here? Going out to dinner? I want something to eat, and not particular where I get it. I'll hand you some stairs into the room. The servants there are washing up the plates and dishes, and a general smell of dinner-hot-water, which is far from pleasant. The housekeeper takes us into her room, where there is a spread upon the table, and of good things from up stairs. You are sure you don't mind, says Cumms to me, when we are alone, "because I'll wait till you

are done if you like. I am not hungry."

"But I am, and I shall not begin till you do," I answer; and we sit down together. The soup is cold, and fast becoming jelly; the fish looks mangled and unsavory; so I decline soup and fish. I find that the having a little something in the kitchen, after dinner is over up stairs, requires training before it becomes really enjoyable. Cumms evidently has had the full amount of training that is necessary. For a man who professes not to be hungry, and who has had a good dinner a few hours before, he displays a capability for eating, that is truly wonderful. I prefer the dishes that have not been touched up stairs; he on the contrary, is on equally good terms with all of them. However, I got quite enough to satisfy me, and there is a novelty in eating one's Christmas dinner with a waiter in a back-kitchen. The wine certainly is the best part. Cumms has taken care there shall be plenty of that, and makes a most liberal host with Mr. Donville's port and sherry.

Soon after 8 o'clock—Cumms says he must take the coffee up to the gentlemen, and leaves the room. No sooner is he gone than one of the servants comes in, apparently in search of something. Whatever it is, she does not find it. She hunts about vaguely for a minute, and then stops opposite to me.

"So Miss Linton took you for a gentleman," she says, with a laugh.

"How nice!"

"Miss Linton made an unfortunate mistake," I answer, gravely, imitating Cumms' manner.

"Well, I don't know about that," she replies. "There is certainly an excuse for her doing so."

This strikes me as being very open flattery; but under the circumstances it loses its point; moreover, the speaker is rather warm from standing over her tub of hot water, and very plain into the bargain. As I don't answer, she tries another subject.

"You are out of a situation at present, ain't you?"

"I am not."

"Where were you?" she asks.

"In the country."

"Notts?" she says, knowing Cumms came from that part.

"And so now you've come to London."

At this moment Cumms shuts the dining room door; and the girl, without looking further for what ever it was she had pretended to come in to fetch, immediately makes a rapid retreat.

"Bech pumping you Sir?" says Cumms, jerking with his thumb in the direction of the kitchen.

"Trying to," I answer.

"I knew they would," he replies.

"They are awful curious about you—them women. I wouldn't stop here too long now. There ain't any thing more for you to do, and I can say you've got an appointment to keep, you know."

Acting upon his advice, we go up stairs to the hall, and Cumms lets me out, shutting the door very quietly behind me.

It is a fine clear night, and I turn my face homeward, and stroll slowly along the deserted square. I go all up the long straight Gower street without meeting any one. By the University I see a figure advancing quickly. We pass under a gas-lamp, and both pull up.

"Herbert, by jove!"

"Why, Roche, what are you doing here? Going out to dinner?"

"Just had it," he replies. "Been to see an old lady home."

He then naturally wanders what I am doing, strolling along the streets on Christmas night, I tell him I have been out to dinner.

"They have broken up very early," he says; and then asks suddenly, "You haven't sneaked off to read, surely?"

This is said in a tone as if it were a mortal sin for a man to read for an examination on Christmas-day.

"That's right," he says, when I had disclaimed any idea of reading.

"Well, you come home with me. My people will be very glad to see you. We always have a carpet-dance or something in the evening."

I accept readily, and go back with Roche to his house.

Nine o'clock.—We have cleared the room for dancing, and the first quadrille had just commenced. Not being able to get a partner, I am standing on the landing, when a carriage rolls up to the street-door, and there is a loud knock announcing the arrival of some new-comers.

Mrs. Roche hurries down and meets them in the hall. I hear her say as they come up stairs, "You are just late for the first dance, Helen."

The name quite makes me start.

"By Jove, if it should be Miss Linton!" is my muttered thought.

I half hope it may be; I half hope it may not be; and I haven't time to decide which half is the stronger, before Miss Linton herself comes laughing up the stairs.

At the very first glimpse of her I instinctively draw back into the shade, and she and her maids pass by without noticing me.

It seems very ridiculous to meet the same young lady twice in one evening, first as a waiter, and then as guest; but there—it is done, it is a fact accomplished; and Miss Linton and I are once more under the same roof. I wonder if she will recognize me; and I watch her with interest as she goes round the room. Sooner or later we must meet face to face; and the awkward moment comes sooner than I expect.

When Miss Linton reaches the door where Roche is standing with his partner, she stops there and talks to them when they are not dancing.

"Is there any lemonade, Edward?" she asks presently. "I want some, if there is."

"That's a bad sign, Nelly," after dining out," he answers, with a laugh. "There is some down stairs. I would get you a glass; but you see it is my turn. If you don't mind, you will find somebody outside, I think."

Roche leads off with the third figure; Miss Linton comes out upon the landing, and I move from the shadow of the wall into the light.

She gives a quick start with her head, and opens her eyes in surprise as she sees me. There is just a little tightening of her lips, a faint blush rises to her cheeks, and then she asks me quietly to fetch her a glass of lemonade.

Roche had said it was down stairs, and I find it in the dining-room. I am rather glad of the excuse to get away and have my laugh out; for the whole thing is more and more absurd, since Miss Linton has made a second mistake, and thinks I am a waiter. It is a very natural error, of course; and to keep up the deception, I put the glass on a tray and go gravely up stairs.

She is quite composed now, and thanks me unconcernedly as I hand her the lemonade. Then we stand side by side—I holding the tray in both hands—till the dance finishes, and Roche comes out to us.

"Have you got your lemonade?" he asks.

"That's right. Now you want a partner for the next dance. Who shall it be? I am engaged till after supper, unfortunately. Oh, here! Let me introduce you. Miss Linton, Mr.—"

Instead of waiting to hear my name, the young lady puts down the glass quickly and looks indignant.

"Don't be absurd, Edward!" she says as she walks off.

"Some mistake, old fellow," whispers Roche to me, and catches her up just inside the room.

"They are so close I can hear what they say."

"What is the matter, Nelly?" he asks.

"How could you be so ridiculous as to introduce me to him?" she replies.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Why shouldn't you! He is a waiter. I know that. He is waiting at Mr. Donville's."

Instead of looking contrite, Roche goes off into a roar of laughter.

"It was very stupid of you," she says, half crossly. "It forced me to be rude to him."

"What nonsense, Nelly! I should not play you such a trick as that, of course. That is Herbert; he is in the same office as I am."

"You're not joking, Edward, are you?" she asks, quite seriously.

"No; upon my word I am not."

"Oh, I am so sorry, then," she says immediately. "But there was somebody just like him at the Donville's. What shall I do?"

"Come and be introduced, that's all. I'll put it right." And they come together on to the landing.

"My cousin made a mistake, Herbert," he says, while she stands by him blushing deeply. Then he adds, laughing, "She mistook you for a—"

"I made a mistake," she breaks in very quickly, coming a step nearer. "I beg your pardon."

"To save her from any further embarrassment, I ask her at once for the next dance; and it is immediately granted.

"By-the-by, Miss Linton," I say, when the dance is over, and we are standing on the landing again, "you have never told me what you took me for. Annoyed?"

"No."

"What then?"

Her laughing eyes look up with their old merry sparkle into my face. They seem at the same time to question me whether I shall be annoyed if she speaks the truth. She pauses for a moment, and then says, "A waiter," and presses her lips tightly together.

"Thank you."

"But it was quite excusable"—she begins, hurriedly.

"Thank you again," I remark interrupting her.

"You won't listen," she says, plaintively; "I want to explain."

"That I look so much like a waiter," I add, breaking in again, "that it was quite excusable taking me for one."

"Oh no; I didn't mean that, of course," she says, forced to laugh.

"But where I was dining, there was a waiter like you—so exactly like you," she emphasizes the word "exactly," and glances quickly up at me as she does so, "and I mistook him for a gentleman, and thought he was one of the guests."

"So you make up for it, by taking me for a waiter," I answer. "Well, I think the waiter had the best of it."

"But it was excusable, was it not," she asks, "you two being so much alike?"

"You mistaking the waiter for a gentleman? If he was like me, certainly."

"No," with a little stamp of her foot; "my mistaking you for a waiter."

"I can't grant that," I answer.

"Very well," she says with a laugh. Then she adds mischievously over her shoulder, as her partner comes for the next dance, "I think my first mistake was the more excusable of the two."

"And I think the last by far the worst," I reply.

"Do you? Well, I am very sorry," she answers; but her eyes belie her as she goes off laughing into the drawing-room.

Fortunately I secure the dance before supper, and take her down.

"You don't wait so well as your double," she says, as I hand her some mince-pies. I had just put them before her for a minute, and then taken them away.

"I am sorry for that," I answer; "but then, you see, I know you never eat mince-pies."

"How do you know that?" she asks, turning round quickly.

"Your cousin has told me a great deal about you," I reply.

"Did he tell you, pray, that I never eat mince-pies?"

"How should I know it if he did not?" I say with assumed simplicity.

She looks very incredulous. "He didn't tell you that, I know; though I know you men talk a great deal of nonsense—as much nonsense as women do."

"You own that about women, then, and yet you want them to have seats in Parliament?"

"Oh, now I am certain you must have been at Mr. Donville's," she cries; "for I never said so till to-day at dinner, and then only in opposition to my neighbor. If you were not there, how could you have known what I said?"

"Do you believe in the theory—Miss Linton, I begin with a grave face, "of a person knowing, by a sort of affinity, the thoughts and actions of another person whom he has never seen, but whom, when he is permitted to see, he is at once, by fate, most deeply interested in?"

"No, I don't," she replies laughing. "How nonsensical, you are!"

Before I can go on expounding my impromptu theory, Roche comes up and claps me on the shoulder.

"Well, Herbert, how's Cumms?"

Roche has often been to my rooms, and knows my landlord, of course; but what demon possesses him to come at this moment and pronounce that fatal name, I can't imagine.

"Bravo!" cries Miss Linton, clapping her hands. "Now I know; you went there with Cumms."

"Went where?" asks Roche, in surprise.

"To the Donville's," she answers.

"Mr. Herbert was there with Cumms waiting—now weren't you?" she asks, turning to me.

"So, driven up in a corner, at last I make my confession."

"What fun!" she says. "Won't I laugh at mamma! She read me such a lecture as I came here. And I have not made a mistake, after all."

"Except when you took me for a waiter, Miss Linton."

"Oh, that was your fault. I am not a bit sorry about that now."

What Miss Linton did say to her mamma, of course I don't know; if she did laugh at her, Miss Linton must have taken it very naturally; for when I go up stairs after supper, she calls me "Mr. Waiter," and the name sticks to me for the rest of the evening. Just as we are all leaving, she comes to me and invites me to a party at her house in the following week.

"How shall I come, Miss Linton?" I ask, as I put on her cloak: "as a waiter or a guest?"

"In the capacity you think suits you best," she answers. Then she adds more softly, "We shall be glad to see you in either."

There is a farther note in my diary for that Christmas-day—something about Miss Linton—which perhaps it will be as well to let remain private. But about two years afterwards, and not so very long ago, there was a wedding-breakfast given at the Donville's. Cumms was there to wait, and Cumms' feelings had overpowered him, and required soothing. From being usually calm, Cumms became unusually excited, and was with difficulty prevented from solemnly blessing the happy couple, and making a speech to the effect that the joyous occasion was brought about by his taking the bridegroom out waiting on a certain Christmas-day.

COMPENSATION to W. O. Keepers and Post Masters. The following regulations have lately been made: 1. A minimum salary of \$10 per annum will be allowed to all offices where the Postage Revenue for the year does not exceed \$25. 2. A salary equal to 40 per cent (instead of 33 1-2 as heretofore) on amount of Revenue to an office from both letter and newspapers postage, not exceeding \$800 per annum, graduated at the rate of \$2 per annum salary for every \$5 of Revenue, so as to avoid fractions. 3. When the Revenue arising at an office exceeds \$800 per annum, salary on the excess, or amount over and above the first \$800, will be at the rate of 25 per cent. 4. Also: Advices of Money Orders drawn on Post Offices out of New Brunswick, are forwarded direct to such paying Offices. Formerly they were forwarded to the General Office of each Province making considerable delay.

ANOTHER practical discovery has been made in Germany—namely, that a mixture of glue and glycerine makes good rollers for printers.

Shipping Owned in Westmorland County.

Ship	Tonnage	When built	Where built	Owner
Barbie Ametta	418	'65	Dorchester	G. Palmer
"Anity	535	'55	Sackville	H. Purdy
"Charlie Wood	325	'64	Cape Tormentine	M. Wood
"Cynthia Palmer	335	'64	Sackville	W. Miller
"Capella	191	'65	Sackville	A. Taylor
"David Taylor	399	'69	Rockland	R. A. Chapman
"Fanny Atkinson	626	'65	Hillsboro	A. J. Smith
"Thos. Cochran	627	'67	Dorchester	W. K. Chapman
"Gussie Trueman	461	'65	Sackville	J. F. Taylor
"Jue Armstrong	361	'69	Shediac	J. Armstrong
"Maggie F. Carvill	867	'70	Dorchester	W. Hickman
"M. Wood	550	'66	Sackville	M. Wood
"Mary Lowerison	573	'69	Dorchester	G. Palmer
"Robert Godfrey	774	'68	Rockland	R. A. Chapman
"Sarah M. Smith	774	'69	Dorchester	W. K. Chapman
"Maggie Reynolds	494	'67	Dorchester	G. Palmer
"Brig Joshua King	270	'69	Dorchester	G. Palmer
"Brig G. P. Sherwood	399	'58	Rockland	R. A. Chapman
"Gem	196	'66	Sackville	R. M. Dixon
"John Boyd	193	'67	Port Elgin	M. Lawrence
"Katie Upham	290	'61	Dorchester	A. L. Palmer
"Louisa	163	'61	Moncton	M. J. Bell
"Leona	300	'66	St. John	J. F. Masters
"Lucida	171	'66	Bay Verte	M. Wood
"M. A. Palmer	300	'65	Dorchester	A. L. Palmer
"M. J. Wilbur	350	'66	Dorchester	Oulton Bros.
"Magdala	215	'68	Shediac	A. L. Palmer
" "	208	'68	Bay Verte	C. Turner
"Maggie Gross	183	'67	Moncton	W. Haines
"Village Belle	177	'60	Dorchester	D. J. McLaughlin
"Schn. Albert Edward	62	'60	Port Elgin	Simpson
"Victory	26	'69	Sackville	R. M. Dixon
"Bee	20	'55	Cape Tormentine	S. B. Oulton
"Elfa	62	'67	Port Elgin	M. Wood
"Elizabeth	25	'67	Botsford	F. Dugay
"Enterprise	42	'68	W. Peacock	
"E. B. Ketchum	42	'68	Dover	J. Irving
"Ida May	100	'62	Dorchester	G. Palmer
"Independence	46	'60	"	G. Buick
"Rockport	103	'70	Sackville	Capt. Tower
"J. Dare	23	'69	Port Elgin	T. H. Grant
"Jacy Ann	20	'66	Botsford	J. Nollis
"Moncton	46	'60	Dover	J. Elliot
"Mount Whatley	28	'67	Mr. Whatley	J. K. Lowther
"Maria	13	'64	Sackville	A. Ford
"Rosebud	47	'63	Dorchester	G. Palmer
"Sarah Ann	34	'66	Botsford	J. A. Allen
"Scotia	95	'69	Tidnish	H. Davidson
"W. K. Chapman	132	'64	Dorchester	W. K. Chapman
"William	140	'66	Sackville	M. Wood

A Progressive Establishment.

We notice all around us the extensive preparations going on among our energetic business men, in order to meet the largely increased trade anticipated for the coming season. "A Telegraph and Journal" reporter called last Saturday at the extensive Nail, Shoe Nail and Tack Works of Mr. S. R. Foster, and was much pleased to notice the improvements which are being pushed forward rapidly there. To meet the demands of an increasing foreign trade, Mr. Foster has found it necessary to enlarge his manufacturing establishment for the reception of additional machinery, some of which is now being put into position and some in course of construction. The warehouse department is in process of undergoing thorough remodeling, and when completed will be large and commodious. Every improvement and convenience is being added for the purpose of facilitating the reception of the raw material—iron, zinc, brass, copper, etc., and also to expedite the departure of boxes and cases of manufactured goods which now find their way to almost all parts of the world. Among these conveniences, we notice the "Intercolonial Railroad," a miniature road, about two feet wide, with neatly laid rails, running the entire length of the building, and by which runs a substantial car. When completed this road will extend out into the street. By an ingenious contrivance, to be attached to the street end when needed, the teams will back up alongside the track, and the car will be run out loaded with freight for shipment to London, Australia, etc.

The "Telegraph and Journal" reporter, partaking the privilege supposed to be accorded to newspaper men, availed himself of the free ride on this miniature railway kindly offered him by the gentlemanly proprietor, who acted in the double capacity of locomotive and conductor in this instance.

Notwithstanding the various changes going on in this hive of industry, the manufacturing operations continue without interruption throughout the winter, keeping a large number of hands fully employed.

We noticed some time ago, the fact that Mr. Foster had received some large orders for his manufactures to be shipped to London. There is a good prospect of a continuance of this trade. In addition to this, we have now to notice that his manufactory is at present at work on goods ordered for export to Australia, which are to be forwarded via Liverpool.—*Telegraph and Journal.*

Practical Discovery.

A Professor at Munich has published the results of his experience on the seasoning of wood, which, as a practical question, is worth attention in many quarters. Growing-wood, he says, contains in winter about 50 per cent. of water, in March and April 46, and 48 per cent. in the next three months, with but little variation up to November. Timber dried in the air holds from 20 to 25 per cent. of water; never less than 10 per cent. Wood dried by artificial means until all moisture is expelled, is deprived of its elasticity, and becomes brittle. If the natural qualities of the wood are to be preserved, the drying must begin at a moderate heat, and be carried on very slowly. For the drying of small pieces of wood, such as are used by joiners and cabinet-makers, the professor recommends a bath of dry sand, heated to a temperature not exceeding one hundred degrees. The sand diffuses the heat, and absorbs moisture; but it must be cold when the wood is first buried therein.

BLACK lead pencil drawings, or charcoal drawings, may be fixed by a process which involves but little expense and trouble. Thus: Prepare a solution in moderate strength of bleached shell-lac in alcohol; wash over the back of the sheet of paper with this, and the drawing on the front will become fixed. In this way, as will be understood, there is no risk of smearing the lines of the drawing.

"Nothing," says Bourgoigne, contrasts more with the gravity of the Spanish nation than the dance of the Fandango. It is related that the Court of Rome, alarmed at the extreme indecency and wantonness with which all classes, appointed a Consistory in Spain to judge it, and condemn it. At the trial, however, it was suggested that, in common fairness, the dance should be seen before it was condemned. Two Spanish professionals, a man and a girl, were introduced. At first the judges looked on with due gravity and severity of demeanour; gradually, however, they began to applaud. At length the temptation was too strong for even judicial eyes, and one by one the judges joined the revel, till at length the whole Consistory,—learned judges, reverend priests, staid lawyers, curious spectators, and even the very door-keepers and attendants, were dancing the fandango madly and furiously. Of course, the fandango was triumphantly acquitted."

ARRANGEMENTS are being made to open a new Female Hospital in Montreal.