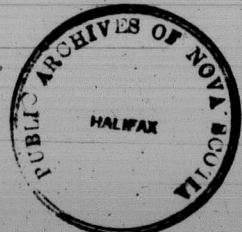


CHIGNECTO POST.



WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 in Advance, Or \$1.50 if charged.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1872.

No. 43.-Whole No. 91

BUSINESS CARDS.

International Hotel.

(FORMERLY LAWRENCE.)
106 Prince William Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS Hotel has since been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, at considerable expense. It is situated opposite the "Empress" Wharf, and within a few minutes walk of the American Consulate and the Street Car running to 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-ly

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.

T. T. SHERARD CO.,
Marble & Freestone Workers,
Point Du Chene,
WESTERNLAND, 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,
July 5th, 1871.—jus Sackville, N. B.

George Nixon,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
PAPER HANGINGS,
Brushes and Window Glass.
66 King St. - St. John, N. B.
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NEW ERA
IN
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
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Dixon & Fawcett,
GENERAL DEALERS IN
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IMPORTER OF
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CURRIE & LORD,
Confectioners,
FINE BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS,
45 DICK 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!
a branches, which we will dispose
of at our usual low rates. C. & L.
dec29

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

NOTICE.
ALL accounts due Dixon & Fawcett
up to Jan. 1st, 1872, not settled be-
fore the 10th of March, will be collected
by law.
DIXON & FAWCETT.
Feb. 1, '72.—51.

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-class style, and the
situation the best of any Hotel in the City,
(facing King street and the Square, with a
bird's-eye view of the whole City). Visitors
to this City will find it to their advantage
to enquire for the

Rothesay Hotel,
nov2 St. John.

Kirk Hotel.
(FORMERLY THE ADAMS HOUSE.)

Main Street, two minutes walk from the
Railway Station.

THIS 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.
THOMPSON'S
White Lead, Zinc Paint,

PAINT MANUFACTORY,
69 PRINCESS ST. - ST. JOHN, N. B.
Wholesale Only.
oct 5

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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, N. B.
Agent for St. John, N. B.
aug31

MARBLE & FREESTONE
WORKS,
DORCHESTER, N. B.

H. J. McGRATH,
B. 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.

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

Earns and houses to lot and for sale.
Bonds mortgages and other securities
bought and sold. ly-sep22

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 13-23

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 } Lady Winwood's Step-
DOROTHEA } daughters.

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

TENTH SCENE.
GREEN ANCHOR LANE.

AN hour later than the time at
which he had been expected, Richard
Turlington appeared at his office in
the City.

He met beforehand all the in-
quiries which the marked change on
him must otherwise have provoked,
by announcing that he was ill. One
of the servants from Muswell Hill
was waiting. Turlington received
the man in his private room. He
there heard, for the first time, that
Launcelot Linzie had been lurking
in the grounds (exactly as he had
supposed) on the day when the
lawyer took his instructions for the
Settlement and the Will.

In two hours more Turlington's
work was completed.

By this time his mind was made
up. The forecast shadow of med-
itated crime traveled before him
already as he threaded his way among
his fellow-men.

He had been to the vestry of St.
Column Major, and had satisfied
himself that he was misled by no
false report. There was the entry
in the Marriage Register. The one
unexplained mystery was the mystery
of Launce's conduct in permitting his
wife to return to her father's house.
Utterly unable to account for this
proceeding, Turlington could only
accept facts as they were, and de-
termine to make the most of his
time, while the woman who had de-
ceived him was still under his roof.

A hideous expression crossed his face
as he realized the idea that he had
got her (unprotected by her husband
in his house). "When Launcelot
Linzie does come to claim her," he
said to himself, "he shall find I
have been even with him." He looked
at his watch. No—the last train
had gone. Meanwhile he had the
hours of the night before him. He
could give his mind to the serious
question that must be settled before
he left London—the question of
repaying the forty thousand pounds.
There was but one way of getting
the money now. Sir Joseph had
executed his Will; Sir Joseph's death
would leave his sole executor and
trustee (the lawyer had said it)
master of his fortune. Turlington
determined to be master of it in four-
and-twenty hours—striking the blow
without risk to himself, by means of
another hand. In the face of the
facts, he had now firmly persuaded
himself that Sir Joseph was privy
to the fraud that had been practiced
on him. The Marriage Settlement, the
Will, the presence of the family at
his country house—all these he be-
lieved to be so many stratagems in-
vented to keep him deceived until
the last moment. The truth was in
those words which he had overheard
between Sir Joseph and Launce—
and in Launce's presence (privately
encouraged, no doubt) at Muswell
Hill. "Her father shall pay me for
it doubly: with his purse and with
his life." With that thought in his
heart, Richard Turlington wound his
way through the streets by the river-
side, and stopped at a blind alley
called Green Anchor Lane, infamous
as the resort of the most abandoned
wretches whom London can pro-
duce.

The policeman at the corner
caught him as he turned into the
alley. "They won't hurt me," he

answered, and walked on to a public-
house at the bottom of the lane.

The landlord at the door silently
recognized him, and led the way in.

There the landlord spoke. "He has
outrun his allowance, Sir, as usual.

On the miserable bed lay a gray-
headed old man, of gigantic stature,
with nothing on him but a ragged
shirt and a pair of patched, filthy
trousers. At the side of the bed,
with a bottle of gin on the rickety
table between them, sat two hideous,
leering, painted monsters, wearing
the dress of women. The smell of
opium was in the room, as well as
the smell of spirits. At Turlington's
appearance, the old man rose on the
bed and welcomed him with greedy
eyes and outstretched hand.

"Money, master!" he called out,
hoarsely. "A crown-piece in ad-
vance, for the sake of old times!"

Turlington turned to the women
"clothes are at the pawnbroker's,
of course. How much?"

"Thirty shillings."

"Bring them here, and be quick
about it."

The women took the pawnbroker's
tickets from the pockets of the man's
trousers, and hurried out.

Turlington closed the door and
said, in a whisper,

"Thomas Wildfang!"

"It's better than ten years, master
since you called me by name. If I
am Thomas Wildfang, what are
you?"

"Your captain, once more."

Thomas Wildfang sat up and spoke
his next words cautiously in Turling-
ton's ear.

"Another man in the way?"

"Yes."

The giant shook his bald, bestial
head dolefully. "Too late. I'm
past the job. Look here."

"The man is as old as you are.
And the money is worth having."

"How much?"

"A hundred pounds."

When the women came back with
the clothes, Turlington had left the
room. Their reward lay on the table,
and Thomas Wildfang was eager to
every question they put. He had
business in hand, which was not to
be delayed. They would see him
again in a day or two, with money
in his purse. With that assurance
he took his cudgel from the corner of
the room, and stalked out swiftly by
the back-door of the house into the
night.

ELEVENTH SCENE.
OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

The evening was chilly. There
was no moon. The stars were out,
and the wind was quiet.

The village was empty, except at
that part of it which was occupied by
the public-house. The one ray of
light that cheered the wintry dark-
ness streamed from the unguarded
window of a lonely house. A man
stood at the window, holding back
the shutter, and looked out attentive-
ly over the dim void of the burial-
ground. The man was Richard Tur-
lington. The room in which he was
watching was a room in his own
house.

A momentary spark of light flash-
ed up, as from a kindled match, in
the burial-ground. Turlington in-
stantly left the empty room in which
he had been watching. Passing down
the back garden of the house, and
crossed a narrow lane at the bottom
of it, and entered the church-yard.

The shadowy figure of a man of great
stature, lurking among the graves,
advanced to meet him. Turlington
spoke first.

"Have you taken up your quarters
at the public-house in the village?"

"Yes, master."

"Did you find your way, while the
daylight lasted, to the deserted malt-
house behind my orchard wall?"

"Yes, master."

"Now listen—we have no time to
lose. Hide there, behind the monu-
ment. Before nine o'clock to-night
you will see me cross the church-yard,
as far as this place, with the man
you are to wait for. He is going to

spend an hour with the vicar, at the
house yonder. I shall stop short here,
and say to him, 'You can't miss your
way in the dark now—I will go back.'

When I am far enough away from
him, I shall blow a call on my whistle.

The moment you hear the call, follow
the man, and drop him before he
gets out of the church-yard. Have
you got your cudgel?"

Turlington went on with his in-
structions.

"Rob him when you have dropped
him. Take his money and his jew-
elry. I want to have the killing of
him attributed to robbery as the motive.

Make sure before you leave
him that he is dead. Then go to the
malt-house. There is no fear of your
being seen; all the people will be in-
doors, keeping Christmas-eve. You
will get a change of clothes hidden
in the malt-house, and an old caudron
full of quicklime. Destroy the clothes
you have got on, and dress yourself
in the other clothes that you find. A
four-mile walk will take you to the
town of Harminster. Sleep there to-
night, and travel to London by the
train in the morning. The next day
go to my office, see the head clerk,
and say, 'I have come to sign my
receipt.' Sign it in your own name,
and you will receive your hundred
pounds. There are your instructions.
Do you understand them?"

Wildfang nodded his head and dis-
appeared again among the graves.
Turlington went back to the
house.

He had advanced midway across
the garden, when he was started by
the sound of footsteps. And he saw
the person pass across the stream of
light from the uncovered window of
the room he had left. The stranger
was walking rapidly. Describing the
man to the servant on "diering the
house, he was informed that a stranger
with a large beard had been seen
about the neighborhood for some
days past. The account he had given
of himself stated that he was a sur-
veyor, engaged in taking measure-
ments for a new map of that part of
the country shortly to be published.

The man wanted—what the man
found a little lower down the lane,
hidden in a dismantled part of the
church-yard wall—a letter from a
young lady. Read by the light of
the pocket-lantern which he carried
with him, the letter first congratulated
this person on the complete success
of his disguise—and then promised
that the writer would be ready at her
bedroom window for flight the next
morning, before the house was astir.

The signature was "Natalie," and
the person addressed was "Dearest
Launce."

TWELFTH SCENE.
INSIDE THE HOUSE.

On entering the room, Turlington
purposely closed the door with a
bang. Natalie started. Miss Lavinia
looked up reproachfully. The object
was achieved. Sir Joseph was roused
from his sleep.

If you are going to the vicar's to-
night, Graybrooke," said Turling-
ton, "it's time you were off, isn't
it?"

Sir Joseph rubbed his eyes, and
looked at the clock on the mantle-
piece. "Yes, yes, Richard," he an-
swered, drowsily, "I suppose I must
go. Where is my hat?"

Observing his indecision, Turling-
ton cunningly irritated him by af-
fecting to venture out in the dark.

"I'll see you safe across the church-
yard," he said; "and the vicar's ser-
vant will see you safe back." The
tone in which he spoke instantly
roused Sir Joseph. "I am not in my
second childhood yet, Richard," he
replied, testily. "I can find my
way by myself." He kissed his
daughter on the forehead. "No fear
Natalie. I shall be back in time for
the mulled claret. No Richard I
won't trouble you." He kissed his
hand to his sister, and went out into
the hall for his hat; Turlington
following with a rough apology, and
asked as a favor to be permitted to
accompany him part of the way. The
ladies, left behind in the drawing-
room, heard the apology accepted by
kind-hearted Sir Joseph. The two
went out together.

"I fancy he must have heard bad
news in London."

Turlington came hurriedly into
the drawing-room, as if he had some
reason for wishing to rejoin the two
ladies as soon as possible. To the
surprise of both of them, he sat down
abruptly in a corner, with his face to
the wall, and took up the newspaper,
without casting a look at them or ut-
tering a word.

Turlington suddenly threw aside
the newspaper and left his corner.
"Let's be good friends," he burst out
with a clumsy assumption of gaiety.
"This isn't keeping Christmas-eve.
Let's talk and be sociable. Dearest
Natalie!" He threw his arms rough-
ly round Natalie, and drew her by
main force away from her aunt. She
turned deadly pale, and struggled
to release herself. "I am suffering
—I am ill—let me go!" He was deaf
to her entreaties. "What! your hus-
band that is to be, treated in this
way? Mustn't I have a kiss?—I will!"

He held her close with one hand, and
seized her head with the other, tried
to turn her lips to him. She resisted
with the indignant nervous strength
which the weakest woman living has
in reserve when she is outraged. Half
indignant and terrified at Turlington's
roughness, Miss Lavinia rose to in-
terfere. In a moment more she would
have had two women to overpower
instead of one, when a noise outside
the window suddenly suspended the
ladies' struggle.

There was a sound of footsteps on
the gravel-walk, which ran between
the house wall and the garden lawn.
It was followed by a tap—a single
faint tap, no more—on one of the
panes of glass.

They all three stood still. For a
moment more nothing was audible.
Then there was a heavy shock as of
something falling outside. Then a
groan, then another interval of sil-
ence—a long silence, interrupted no
more.

Turlington's arm dropped from
Natalie. She drew back to her aunt.
Looking at him instinctively, in the
natural expectations that he would
take the lead in penetrating the mys-
tery of what had happened outside
the window, the two women were
thunderstruck to see that he was, to
all appearances, even more startled
and more helpless than they were.

"Richard," said Miss Lavinia, point-
ing to the window, there is something
wrong out there. See what it is."

He stood motionless, as if he had not
heard her, his eyes fixed on the win-
dow, his face livid with terror.

The silence outside was broken
once more; this time by a cry for
help.

A cry of horror burst from Natalie.
The voice outside—rising wildly
—then suddenly dying away again—
was not entirely strange to her ears.
She tore aside the curtain. With
voice and hand she roused her aunt
to help her. The two lifted the heavy
bar from its sockets; they opened the
shutters and the window. The cheer-
ful light of the room flowed out over
the body of a prostrate man, lying
on his face. They turned the man
over. Natalie lifted his head.

Her father!

His face was bedabbled with blood.
A wound, a frightful wound, was
visible on the side of his bare head
high above the ear. He looked like
a man who had been struck by a
bullet.

His eyes recognized her, before he
fainted again under her arms. His hands
and his clothes were covered with
earth-stains. He must have traversed
some distance. In that dreadful
condition he must have faltered and
fallen more than once before he reach-
ed the house. His sister wiped the
blood from his face. His daughter
called on him frantically to forgive
her before he died—the harmless,
gentle, kind-hearted father, who had
never said a hard word to her! The
father whom she had deceived!

The terrified servant hurried into
the room.

Their appearance roused their
master from the extraordinary stupor
that had seized him. He was at the
window before the footman could get
there. The two lifted Sir Joseph into
the room, and laid him on the sofa.
Natalie knelt by him, supporting his
head. Miss Lavinia stanchd the
flowing blood with her handkerchief.

The women-servants brought linen
and cold water. The man hurried
away for the doctor, who lived on the
other side of the village. Left alone
again with Turlington, Natalie noted
that his eyes were fixed in im-
movable staring on her father's
head. He never said a word. He
looked, looked, looked at the wound.

The doctor arrived. Before either
the daughter or the sister of the
injured man could put the question,
Turlington put it—"Will he live or
die?"

The doctor's careful finger probed
the wound.

"Make your minds easy. A little
lower down, or in front, the wound
might have been serious. As it is,
there is no harm done. Keep him
quiet, and he will be all right again
in two or three days."

Hearing those welcome words,
Natalie and her aunt sank on their
knees in silent gratitude. After
dressing the wound, the doctor look-
ed round for the master of the house.
Turlington, who had been so breath-
lessly eager but a few minutes since,
seemed to have lost all interest in the
man now. He stood apart at the
window looking out toward the
church-yard, thinking. The questions
which it was the doctor's duty to ask
were answered by the ladies. The
servants assisted in examining the
injured man's clothes; they discover-
ed that his watch and purse were
both missing. When it became neces-
sary to carry him up stairs, it was
the footman who assisted the doctor.
The footman's master, without a word
of explanation, walked out bare-
headed into the back garden—on the
search, as the doctor and the servants
supposed, for some trace of the
robber who had attempted Sir Joseph's
life.

Sir Joseph partially recovered his
senses, and they were taking him
down stairs, and up narrow stairs. The
first room was Natalie's. She in-
stantly offered it for her father's use.
The doctor accepted the proposal.
Sir Joseph had been laid comfortably
in his daughter's bed; the doctor had
just left them, with renewed as-
surances that they need feel no an-
xiety—when they heard a heavy step
below stairs. Turlington had re-
entered the house.

(To be continued.)

EXTRAORDINARY BREACH OF PROMISE
CASE.—There is now, if not pend-
ing, at least impending, in Phila-
delphia, one of the oldest suits ever
brought before a civilized and Chris-
tian tribunal. A is a young gentle-
man of that city; B a young lady of
Boston.—They met, loved and agreed
to wed. After the engagement B
became a convert to free love, and
notified A that, while her feeling to-
ward him remained the same, only if
anything, a little more so, she
could not be a party to any marriage
ceremony, religious or civil. A re-
monstrated; B was firm. She argued
that, in the absence of a legal bond,
he would be more devoted because
more anxious to retain her love; and
she told him frankly that if ever she
loved another better than him she
would have to follow her heart. A
demanded to this view of the holy
estate and regarded the engagement
as "off," but B now sums him for a
breach of promise. He is still will-
ing and anxious to marry her in the
conventional—license, and par-
son, and "sleigh," and she refuses to
become Mrs. A on any terms but
her own. If the case comes to trial
we shall watch with some curi-
osity to see what the Philadelphia
lawyers make out of A's precise offence
to have been.

Our course, says the London
Morning Advertiser, ought to be
clear. The Americans have reputa-
tion for one treaty. We ought now to
reject the other, and utterly refuse to
recognize further in the matter. It is
truly a magnificent position for
a nation to take up—"Give us
twenty millions of money, and a
sense of injury will be for ever bur-
ied in the past." Was ever malice
and envy so bought off? Do we not
see in this American indictment that
all our concessions, all our apologies
at our speaking ex post facto excu-
ses for playing the poltroon have
been in vain? "A sudden thought
strikes me," exclaims the Anti-Jacobi-
n—"let us swear eternal friend-
ship!" At Washington friendship
means dollars, by a friend who will
after they are paid, only come for
more dollars. We have evidently
failed to buy conciliation; where,
then, is the case of paying for it?
Butler, the New York Herald, and
summer have openly avowed that
they want to take Canada in payment.
Let us, then, cease any longer to
negotiate or arbitrate, and keep our
powder dry. The New York Herald
says "any evasion of the settlement
must lead to a deplorable war. The
lanternes awarded will either be paid
peaceably or collected at the point
of the bayonet." Is England so
lax as not to know how to use
such menaces as these?