

CHIGNECTO Post.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1872.

No. 35.

BUSINESS CARDS.

International Hotel.
FORMERLY LAWRENCE.
100 Prince William Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Hotel has been changed hands, and is now under the management of the Proprietor, who has secured the best of the American Hotels, and the Street Car runs past the door. 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 "EXPRESS."
May 25-19

HARRISON & BURDIGE,
Solicitors and Attorneys-at-Law,
100 Prince William Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. F. LAMBERT & CO.,
Marble and Freestone Workers,
Point du Chene,
WESTMORLAND, N. B.

MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES,
Tables, Chimney Piers, Table & Counter
tops, Sashes 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,
and orders left with him will be filled
with dispatch.

A. FORD,
July 26th, 1871-1872 Sackville, N. B.

George Nixon,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
PAPER HANGINGS,
Blinds and Window Glass,
66 King St. - ST. JOHN, N. B.
nov 24-19

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
Manufacturers of Canada, England and Australia,
to be unequalled for
QUALITY, FINISH AND DURABILITY.
For Price Lists and Samples, please ad-
dress as above.

Orders solicited; prompt attention and
satisfaction guaranteed.

22 Special attention given to the wants
of the SHOE TRADE.
april 6

Dixon & Fawcett,
GENERAL DEALERS IN
British, American & W. I. Goods,
FLOUR, MEAL & COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Sackville, - - - - - N. B.
E. M. DIXON. H. R. FAWCETT.

Thos. R. Jones,
IMPORTER OF
British and Foreign Dry Goods,
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, &c.
19 KING STREET,
June 23 St. John, N. B.

CURRIE & LOED,
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.
dec 29 C. & L.

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

(CONSTANTLY ON HAND—A nice assort-
ment of
Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.
Agents for the place for the Celebrated
BAIRD & CO. WATCHES,
repairs done with neatness and dis-
patch.
22 Shop DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE
Baptist Church.
may 18

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—oct 12 if.

Paints. Paints.
THOMPSON'S
White Lead, Zinc Paint,
AND
PAINT MANUFACTORY,
60 PRINCE ST. - ST. JOHN, N. B.
Wholesale Only.
oct 5

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 19-20

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

"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.
aug 10-11.

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.
april 13

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

Farms 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 18

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.

LAVINIA LIZIE—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.

FIRST SCENE.
AT SEA.
Continued.

Sir Joseph went on with his story.
"We were some ten or dozen miles
off the mouth of the Mersey—"

"Nautical miles, Joseph."

"It doesn't matter, Lavinia."

"Excuse me, brother; the late
great and good Doctor Johnson said
accuracy ought always to be studied
even in the most trifling things."

"They were common miles, La-
vinia."

"They were common miles, Jo-
seph."

"Let us waive the point. Mahog-
any Dobbs and I happened to be be-
low in the cabin, occupied—"

Here Sir Joseph paused (with his
amiable smile) to consult his mem-
ory. Miss Lavinia waited (with her
amiable smile) for the coming op-
portunity of setting her brother right.

At the same moment Natalie laid
down her knife and softly touched
Lance's hand under the table. When she
thus calmed his attention the six
pieces of ham were arranged as fol-
lows in her place: Two pieces were
placed opposite each other, and four
were ranged perpendicularly under
them. Lavinia looked, and twice
touched Natalie under the table.

Interpreted by the Code agreed on
between the two, the signal in the
plate meant, "I must see you in
private." And Lavinia's double touch
answered, "After breakfast."

Sir Joseph proceeded with his
story. Natalie took up her knife
again. Another signal coming!

"We were both down in the cabin,
occupied in finishing our dinner—"

"Just sitting down to lunch, Jo-
seph."

"My dear! I ought to know."

"I only repeat what I heard, bro-
ther. The last time you told the
story, you and your friend were sit-
ting down to lunch."

"We won't particularize, Lavinia.
Suppose we say, occupied over a
meal?"

"If it is of no more importance,
than that Joseph, it would be surely
better to leave it altogether."

"Let us waive the point. Well,
we were suddenly alarmed by a shout
on deck, 'Man overboard!' We
both rushed up the cabin stairs, nat-
urally under the impression that one
of our crew had fallen into the sea—
an impression shared, I ought to
add, by the man at the helm, who
had given the alarm."

Sir Joseph paused again. He was
approaching one of the great dra-
matic points in his story, and was
naturally anxious to present it as im-
pressive as possible. He considered
with himself, with his head a little on
one side. Natalie laid down her
knife again, and again touched
Lance under the table. This time
there were five pieces of ham ranged
longitudinally on the plate, with one
piece immediately under them at the
centre of the line. Interpreted by
the Code, this signal meant two omi-
nous words, "Bad news." Lavinia
looked significantly at the owner of
the yacht (meaning of the look, "Is
he at the bottom of it?") Natalie
frowned in reply (meaning of the
frown, "Yes, he is"). Natalie in-
stantly pushed all the pieces of ham
together in a little heap (meaning of
the heap, "No more to say").

"Well?" said Richard Turlington,
turning sharply on Sir Joseph. "Get
on with your story. What next?"

Thus far he had not troubled him-
self to show even a decent pretence
of interest in his old friend's perpe-
tually interrupted narrative. It was
only when Sir Joseph had reached his
last sentence—intimating that the
man overboard might turn out in
course of time not to be a man of the
pilot-boat's crew—it was only then
that Turlington sat up in his chair,
and showed signs of suddenly feel-
ing a strong interest in the progress
of the story.

Sir Joseph went on.

"As soon as we got on deck, we
saw the man in the water astern—
Our vessel was hove up in the wind,
and the boat was lowered. The mas-
ter and one of the men took the oars.
All told, our crew were seven in num-
ber. Two away in the boat, a third
at the helm, and, to my amazement,
when I looked around, the other four
behind me, making our number com-
plete. At the same moment, Malog-
any Dobbs, who was looking through
a telescope, called out, 'Who the
devil can he be? The man is float-
ing on a hen-coop, and we have got
nothing of that sort on board this
pilot-boat.'"

The two persons present who hap-
pened to notice Richard Turlington's
face when those words were pro-
nounced were Laurence Linzee. He
—and he alone—saw the Levant
trader's swarthy complexion fade
suddenly to a livid ashen gray, his eyes
fixing themselves on Sir Joseph
Joseph Graybrooke with a furtive
glare in them like the glare in the
eyes of a wild beast. Apparently
conscious that Lavinia was looking
at him—though he never turned his
head Lavinia's way—he laid his el-
bow on the table, lifted his arm, and
so rested his face on his hand, while
the story went on, as to screen it ef-
fectually from the young surgeon's
view.

"The man was brought on board,"
proceeded Sir Joseph, "sure enough
with a hen-coop—on which he had
been found floating. The poor
wretch was blue with terror and ex-
posure in the water; he fainted
when we lifted him on deck. When
he came to himself he told us a hor-
rible story. He was a sick and des-
tinate foreign seaman; and he had
hidden himself in the hold of an
English vessel (bound to a port in
his native country) which had sailed
from Liverpool that morning. He
had been discovered, and brought
before the captain. The captain, a
monster in human form, if ever there
was one yet—"

Before the next word of the sen-
tence could pass Sir Joseph's lips,
Turlington started the little party in
the cabin by springing suddenly to
his feet.

"The breeze!" he cried; "the
breeze at last!"

As he spoke, he wheeled round to
the cabin door, so as to turn his back
on his guests, and hailed the deck.

"Which way is the wind?"

"There is not a breath of wind,
Sir."

Not the slightest movement in the
vessel had been perceptible in the
cabin; not a sound had been audible
indicating the rising of the breeze.

The owner of the yacht—accustom-
ed to the sea; capable, if necessary,
of sailing his own vessel—had surely
committed a strange mistake! He
turned again to his friends, and
made his apologies with an excess of
polite regret, far from characteristic
of him at other times and under
other circumstances.

"Go on," he said to Sir Joseph,
when he had got to the end of his
excuses; "I never heard such an in-
teresting story in my life. Pray go
on."

The request was not an easy one
to comply with. Sir Joseph's ideas
had been thrown into confusion—
Miss Lavinia's contradictions (held
in reserve) had been scattered be-
yond recall. Both brother and sister
were, moreover additionally hindered
in recovering the control of their
own resources by the look and man-

ner of their host. He alarmed, in-
stead of encouraging, the two harm-
less old people, by fronting them al-
most fiercely, with his elbows squared
on the table, and his face expres-
sive of a dogged resolution to sit
there and listen, if need be, for the
rest of his life. Lavinia was the per-
son who set Sir Joseph going again.
After first looking attentively at
Richard, he took his uncle—straight
back to the story by means of a ques-
tion, thus:

"You don't mean to say that the
captain of the ship threw the man
overboard?"

"That is just what he did, Lavinia.
The captain declared he would have
no idle foreign vagabond in his ship
to eat up the provisions of English-
men who worked. With his own
hands he cast the hen-coop into the
water, and (assisted by one of the
sailors) he threw the man after it,
and told him to float back to Liver-
pool with the evening tide."

"A lie!" cried Turlington, address-
ing himself, not to Sir Joseph, but to
Lavinia.

"Are you acquainted with the cir-
cumstances," asked Lavinia, quiet-
ly.

"I know nothing about the cir-
cumstances. I say, from my own ex-
perience, that foreign sailors are
even greater blackguards than Eng-
lish sailors. The man had met with
an accident, no doubt. The rest of
his story was a lie—and the object
was to open Sir Joseph's purse."

Sir Joseph mildly shook his head.

"No lie, Richard. Witness pro-
ved that the man had spoken the
truth."

"Witnesses? Pooh! More liars,
you mean."

"I went to the owners of the ves-
sel," pursued Sir Joseph. "I got
from them the names of the officers
and the crew; and I waited, leaving
the case in the hands of the Liver-
pool police. The ship was wrecked
at the mouth of the Amazon. But
the crew and the cargo were saved.
The men belonging to Liverpool
came back. They were a bad set, I
grant you. But they were examined
separately about the treatment of the
foreign sailor, and they all told the
same story. They could give no ac-
count of their captain, nor of the
sailor who had been his accomplice
in the crime, except that they had
not embarked in the ship which
brought the rest of the crew to Eng-
land. Whatever may have become
of the captain since, he certainly
never returned to Liverpool."

"Did you find out his name?"

The question was asked by Tur-
lington. Even Sir Joseph, the least
observant of men, noticed that it
was put with a perfectly unaccount-
able irritability of manner.

"Don't be angry, Richard," said
the old gentleman. "What is there
to be angry about?"

"I don't know what you mean
I'm not angry—I'm only curious.
Did you find out who he was?"

"I did. His name was Goward.
He was well known at Liverpool as a
very clever and a very dangerous
man. Quite young at the time I am
speaking of, and a first-rate sailor;
famous for taking command of unseaworthy
ships and vagabond crews. Report
described him to me as having
made considerable sums of money
in that way for a man in his position;
serving firms, you know, with a bad
name, and running all sorts of des-
perate risks. A sad ruffian, Richard!
More than once in trouble, on both
sides of the Atlantic, for acts of
violence and cruelty. Dead, I dare-
say, long since."

"Or possibly," said Lavinia, "alive
under another name, and thriving in
a new way of life, with more dis-
tinct risk in it, of some other sort."

"Are you acquainted with the cir-
cumstances?" asked Turlington,
retorting Lavinia's question on him;
with a harsh ring of defiance in his
brassy voice.

"What became of the poor foreign
sailor, papa?" said Natalie, purposely
interrupting Lavinia before he could
meet the question angrily asked of
him, by an angry reply.

"We made a subscription, and

spoke to his consul my dear. He
went back to his country, poor fellow,
comfortably enough."

"And there is an end to Sir Jo-
seph's story," said Turlington, rising
noisily from his chair. "It's a pity
we haven't got a literary man on
board; he would make a novel of it."
Life looked up at the sky-light as he
got on his feet. "Here is the breeze,
this time," he exclaimed, "and no
mistake!"

It was true. At last the breeze
had come. The sails flapped, the
main boom swung over with a thump
and the stagnant water, stirred at last
bubbled merrily past the vessel's
sides.

"Come on deck, Natalie, and get
some fresh air," said Miss Lavinia,
leaving the way to the cabin door.

Natalie held up the skirt of her
nankeen dress, and exhibited the
purple trimming torn away over an
extent of some yards.

"Give me half an hour first, and
to my cabin," she said, "to mend
this."

Miss Lavinia declared her vener-
able eyebrows in amazement.

"You have done nothing but tear
your dresses, my dear, since you have
been in Mr. Turlington's yacht. Most
extraordinary! I have torn none
of mine during the whole cruise."

Natalie's dark face deepened a shade.
She laughed a little uneasily. "I am
so awkward on board ship," she re-
plied, and turned away, and shut
herself up in her cabin.

Richard Turlington produced his
case of cigars.

"Now is the time," he said to Sir
Joseph, "for the best cigar of the
day—the cigar after breakfast. Come
on deck."

"You will join us, Lavinia?" said
Sir Joseph.

"Give me half an hour first over
my books," Lavinia replied. "I
mustn't let my medical knowledge
get rusty at sea, and I might not
feel inclined to study later in the
day."

"Quite right, my dear boy, quite
right," Sir Joseph patted his nephew
approvingly on the shoulder. Lavinia
turned away on his side, and shut
herself up in his cabin.

The other three ascended together
to the deck.

To be Continued.

A charming actress who plays
light parts in one of our theatres,
and who is also an excellent wife
and mother, had been annoyed by
the ever widening attentions of a
young down-town jeweler. At last,
his notes and bouquets becoming too
frequent, she mentioned the fact to
her husband who immediately fired
up and threatened to punish the
infatuated youth. A powerful athlete
he armed himself with a cane of the
genuine blue-gum, and left his hotel
the next morning with the avowed
intention of giving his rival a few
blows and teaching him to mind his
own business. Entering the shop
where he was employed, he strode
bastily through and inquired if there
was a young man there named I—
— "There is," said the owner of the
establishment; "he is at the
window tinkering watches. Mr. I—
—, you are wanted." As the little
male flirt arose and confronted the
tall man, he trembled and turned
pale. "Did you send my wife these
notes?" said he, producing some of
the offending billet-doux. "I—I—
yes I did," stammered the culprit,
trembling in every limb. He saw
the weapon, and he thought his time
had come. "Well, well," said the
broad-shouldered, big-hearted actor,
reaching over the counter and patting
the poor, frightened fellow gently on
the top of the head, "look here,
buddy, you must not do so any more.
And he left poor I—the tender
mercies of his fellow clerks.—New
York Sun.

The Stark County (Ind.) Ledger
welcomes a new comer to the town
of Knox after this fashion: "Miss
Boty Opple: h intends locating in
this place soon. She is intelligent
and handsome, and don't smoke,
chew tobacco, drink whiskey, pain-
play sweet, wear false dimples,
or chignons—is opposed to woman
suffrage, free love, and things that
squeeze her out of shape. She is not
on the ferry, and will entertain no
proposals. Her card announcing
her biz, will appear in our columns
when she arrives."

Statistics.—Of the 1,000 young
ladies who fainted last year, 997 fell
in the arms of gentlemen, 2 fell on
the floor, and 1 into a water-butt.

How Axes and Dresses.—This
description is from the N. Y. Con-
necticut. The dress is six feet two
inches high. It is old ex-senator
Morgan, on the Mary Powell, that
he was on such taller than his fa-
ther, Alexander H. His hair is comb-
ed straight up and back, and is in
color a light auburn. His forehead
is high, gently sloping back, like
Mr. Beecher's. His nose is regular,
eyes large and mellow, and lips soft
and velvety. His moustache is short,
and like his side whiskers, is of a
golden hue. He is a handsome man.
Stand him in a crowd of one hun-
dred handsome men, and he would
be picked out as the handsomest.
He is handsomer than any member
of the executive committee, which
is composed of the best blood in the
metropolis. He wears a pair of Pol-
pington trousers, double-breasted
cutaway coat, boots, brown collar,
and a plain scarf. His large hands
were unmoved. His head was
surmounted by a drab crash hat.
During the entire parade his hands
remained ungloved. His overcoat
was smothered with velvet collar and
lapels, with smoked pearl buttons.

The Holy Land.—A new expedi-
tion for the further exploration of
the Holy Land is now being orga-
nized, and will leave England next
month under the command of Captain
Stewart, R. E. The committee of the
fund have made arrangements with
the Association which has been
started in the United States, in
accordance with which the latter
undertakes the survey and exploration
of the country to the east of Jordan,
Moab, Bashan, the Lejah &c.,
whilst the Western district, which
we generally exclusively call the
Holy Land, remains in charge of the
English Society. We have every
confidence that in a generous rivalry
each will only provoke the other to a
speedier completion of the good
work.

The floor of the court room at
Kittyloger, in Leitrim, Ireland,
gave way while a trial was in pro-
gress; the room was crowded, and
300 persons were precipitated thirty
or forty feet; the number killed is
unknown; some thirty were badly
injured, most of them fatally.

Four Greek briggs were wrecked in
the Black Sea and all hands on
board have perished. A com-
mission of the French Assembly has
made a report approving of the project
for the steam ferry between Dover
and Calais.

Some time since a Northern Ver-
mont clergyman visited New York,
and was invited to fill a city pulpit.
He knew nothing about quack
doctors, and had never heard a church
organ. After the first hymn showed
him what the organ prelude was,
he announced the second as follows:
"The audience will now join with
me in singing a good old Methodist
hymn, and those fellows running
that bag of wind in the gallery will
please not interrupt."

REAR CROCKERY.—A recent
English work says the royal plate at
Winwood is kept in a tolerably-sized
room and an adjoining closet, and is
valued at £1,750,000 sterling! There
is one gold service, formed by
George IV., to dine one hundred
and thirty guests. Some pieces
were taken from the Spanish Armada
some brought from India, Burmah,
and China. There are thirty dozen
of plates, which cost twenty-six
guineas each plate.

A correspondent of the "Chroni-
cle," writing from Lower Prospect
(West Halifax) sends the follow-
ing:

"I have just returned from a visit
to Mrs. Countess of Tara's Bay,
who presented her husband on Fri-
day last with New Year's gift of
four babies—three girls and one boy.
Mrs. C. told me she was ten years
married, and gave birth to thirteen
children. The first three single,
the next three, twins each time, and now
four. Beat that if you can."

At a social party, where humors
and levities was one of the games
of the evening, the question was put:
"What is religion?" "Religion," re-
plied 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."

It is cheerful to be sitting in a
railroad 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."

A letter writer, describing a ball,
says the feature which made the
deepest impression on him was the
"unusual number of very plump wo-
men foaming over the tops of their
dresses."