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POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING GAZETTE

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JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Publisher

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ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, NOV. 5, 1889.

For the Latest Telegraphic News look on the First Page.

THE NEW ELECTORATE.

The politicians will find an interesting subject of study in a contemplation of the new electorate for the city and county of St. John. The other day we gave our readers an approximate statement of the figures of the new Dominion electorate for the city of St. John, showing a net increase of 1,501 names in the old city over the figures of 1887. To-day we present the following approximate figures of the new electorate for the city and county of St. John:

	Total votes, 1887.	Total votes, 1889.
Kings	704	881
Wellington	935	1,234
Prince	1,045	1,393
Queens	848	1,045
Dukes	627	752
Sydney	485	618
Carleton	951	1,171
Lorne	567	836
Lansdowne	604	866
Dufferin	671	899
Victoria	479	676
Stanley	113	252
Simonds	602	773
St. Martins	516	586
Lancaster	639	813
Musquash	243	269
	10,029	13,064

In connexion with the above, we present the following figures of the last Dominion election:—

	Everett.	McLeod.	Skinner.	Weldon.
Kings	216	215	326	329
Wellington	397	374	376	371
Prince	353	341	465	464
Queens	325	315	350	356
Dukes	210	209	293	283
Sydney	150	142	223	217
Carleton	423	407	351	351
Lorne	232	219	209	205
Lansdowne	229	220	272	260
Dufferin	264	250	285	266
Victoria	235	224	150	139
Stanley	61	57	37	37
Simonds	198	180	232	254
St. Martins	219	189	196	195
Lancaster	245	213	277	254
Musquash	83	73	99	82
	3840	3628	4136	4063

It will be seen from these figures that [illegible] has been in Stanley ward, which has more than doubled the number of its electors. The greatest actual increase has been in Prince ward, which has added 348 to its list of voters. It is followed very closely by Wellington, which shows a net increase of 299 votes. Lorne ward comes next with a net increase of 269 votes, Lansdowne following with 262, Dufferin with 228, and Victoria and Queens with 197 each. The net increase of Carleton is 220 votes. The country parishes have also increased considerably, Lancaster adding 174 and Simonds 171 to its voters. The net increase over the whole county is 3,035, which is sufficient to introduce a glorious element of uncertainty into the next contest. At the general election of 1887, there were about 8,000 votes polled, or 80 per cent. of the whole. The next election should show a poll of 10,400 votes, so that a successful candidate will have to poll more than 5,200 votes, or about 1,300 more than Mr. Skinner, who headed the poll, obtained in 1887. We believe that we are safe in saying that of the new electorate the Conservatives have at least their fair proportion, and that the lists no longer stand as evidences of the apathy of the Conservative party and the industry of their Liberal opponents.

THE NEW CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

We observe in some of the papers the announcement of the intention to begin the publication of a new Canadian magazine at Toronto in January next. The name of the new venture is to be the National, and a list of contributors is given which contains a very fair representation of those whose efforts have assisted to kill Canadian magazines in the past. Since Confederation, the Dominion has had three or four magazines, none of which has met with much public favor. They all appeared to lack something necessary to their popularity and success, and were, therefore, unable to compete with the magazines published in the United States. After lingering on for a few years in weakness, they all perished for lack of support. We trust that this will not be the fate of the new venture, but that it may prove abundantly successful. At the same time, it seems proper to say, that the name given to it, "The National," is not a happy one and is likely to be a source of weakness. The name of a magazine intended for all Canada should not provoke controversy, and this name undoubtedly does this. Canada is not a nation and few of her people have national aspirations, so that the very title of National, is calculated to work the new magazine injury by suggesting, that it is started with the object of disseminating Nationalist views. If so, it is doomed in advance; it will have the enthusiastic support of a few persons with "bees in their bonnets" for a few months, until their enthusiasm is required to materialize in the form of adequate financial support, and then it will begin to decline, and finally, will cease to exist as its predecessors have done.

There is good ground for the belief, that the existing American magazines have seen their best days, and that it will, every year, be found more difficult to maintain them. The New York Sunday papers now give for five cents more and better reading matter than any American magazine supplies for five times that sum. The only advantage the magazines have is in the quality of their illustrations. The outlook, therefore, is not bright for a Canadian magazine which attempts to follow in the path of Harpers, Scribners, and the Century. But if the new magazine strikes out a path for itself and becomes truly Canadian in the broadest sense, without being the organ of any narrow clique of theorists, it ought to succeed. Everything will depend on the manner in which it is edited. To make it a success there must be a respectable fund behind it for the payment of its contributors, a provision which will enable its editor to command the best talent in Canada, and to exercise the right of selection to the fullest extent. It is only by the adoption of such a course that the new venture can become a success.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

This is election day in the United States. Elections take place to-day in Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Rhode Island, Oregon, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. The most exciting contest of all will be in Virginia.

The difficulties between the Conservatives and Unionists in Birmingham, which were first made known to the public at the last bye election, appear to be quite serious. The Conservatives claim the seat now held by a son of the late John Bright, but to this the Liberal Unionists seem unwilling to agree. As the Conservatives are by far the most numerous in the constituency the request seems to be a reasonable one.

Mr. Mowat appears to have resolved to bring on a general election in Ontario, before Christmas, although the term of the Legislature does not expire until December 1890. The reason for this step is not quite apparent unless the Ontario premier desires to secure a Liberal majority in Ontario in advance of a general election for the Dominion. The last general election in Ontario was held just three months before the Dominion election.

The people of St. John were glad to learn that there is now a good prospect of the construction of a large dry dock here, and that the provincial government are likely to give the promoters of the scheme some financial assistance. There is no place in America where the erection of such a dock would be easier or where it would be more likely to be profitable. With the example of Halifax before us we cannot afford to stand still.

If the proposed line from Mattawamkeag to the crossing of the Grand Southern and New Brunswick Railways should be built reducing the distance between St. John and Montreal some 30 miles, what would become of the aspirations of the people of Fredericton in regard to the Harvey-Salisbury project? About 17 miles of the proposed line would be in New Brunswick and the remainder in Maine. This line would shorten the distance to Boston to the same extent as the distance to Montreal.

[illegible] number of other persons, expressed their resentment at the chanting of the Kyrie Eleison in St. George's church, Ottawa, the other day by marching out of the building during the service. The Kyrie is a supplication for mercy and we cannot see that it would do any man, even a Chief Justice, harm to hear it chanted. No doubt to withdraw from a church in the middle of the service is a very emphatic way of expressing disapproval, but it shows a degree of anger that is hardly consistent with dignity.

At the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance yesterday Rev. Mr. Fotheringham explained that he had wrongfully accused Judge Bourinot of making a statement in regard to affairs in the Province of Quebec, but that another Quebec Judge whose name he would only hand to the President of the Alliance in confidence, had made the statement. This appears to us to be a very unsatisfactory way of proceeding. In the case of Judge Bourinot the accusation made by Mr. Fotheringham could be traversed, but who is able to make a general denial on behalf of all the Quebec Judges? This Venetian system of making accusations will not answer in Canada.

The people in Venezuela are in a state of great irritation against Great Britain, in consequence of a boundary dispute, and it is reported that a number of outrages have been committed on British subjects by the people of that State. The government of Venezuela is probably not to blame for this, but it will be held responsible for the destruction of British property and the insults to British subjects, which have been committed by its people. There is some reason to believe that these outrages have had their origin in the attempts of outsiders to create difficulties between Great Britain and Venezuela, with a view of precipitating hostilities.

The Globe with its usual disregard for decency, in a mock defence of the Provincial Secretary against the Sun, said last evening:—

When the Premier was on one of the periodic sprees—of which, happily, so much is not heard now as was heard a few years ago—the Toronto Globe, then edited by the late George Brown, made a very sharp attack upon him, and moralized over the spectacle presented in Parliament by the First Minister's absence or presence, we forget which. The Toronto Mail, then as bitter a tory organ as the Sun is now, retorted that there was one thing certain: the people of Canada decidedly preferred John A. drunk to George Brown sober.

The meaness and malice of the above needs no comment. There was not the slightest reason for mentioning the name of the aged premier, yet the Globe which professes to have such a high regard for decency, could not forbear from attacking him in this contemptible fashion.

There are Trunks and Trunks.

Muggins (to clerk in express office)—"I wish you would send a wagon to No. 27 Smallway street to take a trunk to the ferry."

Clerk—"Lady's or gentleman's?"

"A gentleman's"

(To assistant)—"Here, Bill send a messenger boy around after this gent's trunk."—Time.

Meant What He Said.

Hennpek—Really, I'm becoming discouraged about my martial relations.

Syngleman—Got it wrong, old fellow. You mean your marital ralations.

Hennpek—The terms are synonymous. They both mean warfare.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

TO HIS MILLION FRIENDS.

IMPRESSIVE FAREWELL SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE.

He Addresses His Parting Words to Everybody on the Eve of His Departure for the Holy Land—He Asks All to Pray for His Safe Return—A Loving Benediction.

NEW YERK, ON BOARD THE CITY OF PARIS, Oct, 29. Rev. T DeWitt Talmage, D D., of Brooklyn, on his embarkation for the Holy Land by the steamer City of Paris, addressed his millions of friends through the press, taking for his text Acts xx., 38: "And they accompanied him unto the ship." His sermon is printed below in full:

To the more than twenty-five million people in many countries to whom my sermons come week by week, in English tongue and by translation, through the kindness of the newspaper press, I address these words. I dictate them to a stenographer on the eve of my departure for the Holy Land, Palestine. When you read this sermon I will be mid-Atlantic. I go to be gone a few weeks on a religious journey. I go because I want for myself and hearers and readers to see Bethlehem, and Nazareth and Jerusalem, and all the other places connected with the Saviour's life and death, and so re-enforce myself for sermons. I go also because I am writing the "Life of Christ," and can be more accurate and graphic when I have been an eyewitness of the sacred places. Pray for my successful journeying and my safe return. I wish on the eve of departure to pronounce a loving benediction upon all my friends in high places and low, upon congregations to whom my sermons are read in absence of pastors, upon groups gathered out on prairies and in mining districts, upon all sick and invalid and aged ones who cannot attend churches, but to whom I have long administered through the printed page. My next sermon will be addressed to you from Rome, Italy, for I feel with Paul when he said: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also." The fact is that Paul was ever moving about on land or sea. He was an old sailor—not from occupation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vessel across the Mediterranean as well as some of the ship captains. The sailors never scoffed at him for being a "land lubber." If Paul's advice had been taken, the crew would never have gone ashore at Melita. When the vessel went scudding under bare poles Paul was the only self possessed man on board, and, turning to the excited crew and despairing passengers, he exclaims in a voice that sounds above the

THUNDER OF THE TEMPEST

and the wrath of the sea: "Be of good cheer." The men who now go to sea with maps and charts and modern compass, warned by buoy and lighthouse, know nothing of the perils of ancient navigation. Horace said that the man who first ventured on the sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. People then ventured only from headland to headland and from island to island, and not until long after spread their sail for a voyage across the sea. Before starting, the weather was watched, and, the vessel having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it off, they at the last moment leaping into it. Vessels were then chiefly ships of burden—the transit of passengers being the exception—for the world [illegible] tory as in our day, [illegible] of those of a man in one place to be [illegible] another place. The ship from which Jonah was thrown overboard, and that in which Paul was carried prisoner, went out chiefly with the idea of taking a cargo. As now, so then, vessels were accustomed to carry a flag. In those times it was inscribed with the name of a heathen deity. A vessel bound for Syracuse had on it the inscription "Castor and Pollux." The ships were provided with anchors. Anchors were of two kinds; those that were dropped into the sea, and those that were thrown up onto the rocks to hold the vessel fast. This last kind was what Paul alluded to when he said: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail." That was what the sailors call a "hook anchor." The rocks and sand bars, shoals and headlands, not being mapped out vessels carried a plumb line. They would drop it and find the water 50 fathoms, and drop it and find it 40 fathoms, and drop it again and find it 30 fathoms, thus discovering their near approach to the shore. In the spring, summer and autumn, the Mediterranean sea was white with the wings of ships, but at the first wintry blast they hied themselves to the nearest harbor, although the world's commerce prospers in January as well as in June, and in midwinter all over the wide stormy deep, there are palaces of light, trampling the billows under foot, and showering the

SPARKS OF TERRIBLE FURNACES

on the wild wind; and the Christian passenger, tippeted and shawled, sits under the shelter of the smokestack, looking off upon the phosphorescent deep, on which is written in scrolls of foam and fire: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

It is in those days of early navigation that I see a group of men, women and children on the beach of the Mediterranean. Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached, and they are come down to see him off. It is a solemn thing to part. There are so many traps that wait for a man's feet. The solid ground may break through, and the sea—how many dark mysteries it hides in its bosom! A few counsels, a hasty good-by, a last look, and the ropes rattle, and the sails are hoisted, and the planks are hauled in, and Paul is gone. I expect to sail over some of the same waters over which Paul sailed, but, before going, I want to urge you all to embark for heaven. The church is the dry dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage the first need is sound timber. The floor timbers ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it, vessels that looked able to run their jibboums into the eye of any tempest when caught in a storm have been crushed like a wafer. The truths of God's word are what I mean by floor timbers. Away with your lighter materials. Nothing but oaks, hewn in the forest of divine truth, are stanch enough for this craft. You must have love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither pride nor ambition nor avarice will do for a rudder. Love not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye and tingling in the hand—love married to work, which many look upon as so homely a bride—love, not like brooks, which foam and rattle, yet do nothing, but love like a river, that runs up the steps of mill wheels, and works in the harness of factory hands—love that will not pass by on the other side, but visits the man who fell among thieves near Jericho, not merely saying: "Poor fellow, you are dreadfully hurt," but, like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine, and pays his board at the tavern. There must also be a prow, arranged to

CUT AND OVERRIDE THE BILLOW.

That is Christian perseverance. There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh and the devil; and that is a well-built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have put back and never started again. It is the broadside wave that so often sweeps the deck and fills the hatches; but that which strikes in front is harmless. Meet troubles courageously and you surmount them. Stand on the prow, and as you wipe off the spray of the split surge, cry out with the apostle: "None of these things move me." Let all your fears stay aft. The right must conquer. Know that Moses, in an ark of bulrushes, can run down a war steamer. Have a good, strong anchor, "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable and windlass hold on to your anchor. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the father." Do not use the anchor wrongfully. Do not always stay in the same latitude and longitude. You will never ride up the harbor of eternal rest if you all the way drag your anchor. But you must have sails. Vessels are not fit for the sea until they have the flying jib, the foresails, the topgallant, the skysail, the gaffsail and, other canvas. Faith is our canvas. Hoist it, and the winds of heaven will drive you ahead! Sails made out of any other canvas than faith will be slit to tatters by the first northeaster. Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crush foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior, a crank to the most ponderous wheel, a lever to pry up pyramids, a drum whose beat gives strength to the step of the heavenly soldiery, and sail, to waft ships laden with priceless pearls from the harbor of earth to the harbor of heaven. But you are not yet equipped. You must have what seamen call the running rigging. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew lines and such like. Without these the yards could not be braced, the sails lifted, nor the canvas in anywise managed. We have prayer for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tackling you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes, you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong prayer for a haliard.

ONE MORE ARRANGEMENT,

and you will be ready for the sea. You have a compass—which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, as its needle points towards the Star of Bethlehem. Through fog and darkness, and storm, it works faithfully. Search the scriptures. "Box the compass."

Let me give you two or three rules for the voyage. Allow your appetites and passions only an under deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come upon the promenade deck. Mortify your members which are upon the earth. Never allow your lower nature anything better than a steerage passage. Let watchfulness walk the decks as an armed sentinel, and shoot down with great promptness anything like a mutiny of riotous appetites.

Be sure to look out of the forecastle for icebergs. These are cold Christians floating about in the church. The frigid zone professors will sink you. Steer clear of icebergs. Keep a log book during all the voyage—an account of how many furlongs you make a day. The merchant keeps a day book as well as a ledger. You ought to know every night, as well as every year, how things are going. When the express train stops at the depot, you hear a hammer sounding on all the wheels, thus testing the safety of the rail trains. Bound, as we are, with more than express speed toward a great eternity, ought we not often to [illegible] the work of self-examination?

Be sure to keep your colors up! I know the ships of England, Russia, France and Spain by the ensigns they carry. Sometimes it is a lion, sometimes an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a cross. Let it ever be known who we are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the vessel's front, with a figure of a cross, a crown and a dove; and from the masthead shall float the streamers of Immanuel. The pirate vessels of temptation will not molest you unharmed as they say: "There goes a Christian, bound for the port of heaven. We will not disturb her for she has many guns aboard." [illegible] on this policy: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." When driven back or laid over under great stress of weather—sometimes changing from starboard tack to larboard and then from larboard to starboard—look above the topgallants, and your souls shall beat like a war drum as the stars shine out on the wind. The sign of the cross will make you patient, and the crown will make you glad.

BEFORE YOU GAIN PORT

you will smell the land breezes of home and Christ, the pilot, will meet you when you come into the narrows of death and fasten to you and say: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Are you ready for such a voyage? Make up your mind. The gang planks are lifting. The bells ring. All aboard for heaven! The world is not your rest. The chaffinch, the silliest bird in all the earth for building to make its nest on the rocking billow. Oh, how I wish that as I embark for the Holy Land in the East I may take with me all those whom I preach by tongue or by pen would embark for heaven! What we all most need is God, and you need him now. Some of you I leave in trouble. Things are going very rough with you. You have had a hard struggle with poverty, or sickness, or persecution, or bereavement. Light after darkness has gone out, and it is so dark that you can hardly see any blessing left. Jesus who comforted the widow of Nain and raised the deceased to life, with his gentle hand of sympathy will wipe away your tears. All is well. When David was fleeing through the wilderness and pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph graduated. The hurricane that rent the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the world. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who are always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had been rendered "William Tell" the 500th time a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amid all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said: "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says:

The hill of Zion yield
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march,

AMID GREAT PRIVATIONS

and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a large flock of quails and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh! my friends, it is not hardship or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails! it is the quails!

I cannot leave you until once more I confess my faith in the Saviour whom I have preached. He is my all in all. I owe more to the grace of God than most men. With this ardent temperament, if I had gone overboard, I would have gone to the very depths. You know I can do nothing by halves.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!

I think all will be well. Do not be worried about me. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and if any fatality should befall me, I think I should go straight. I have been most unworthy, and would be sorry to think that any one of my friends had been as unworthy a Christian as myself. But God has helped a great many through, and I hope he will help me through. It is a long account of shortcomings, but if he is going to rub any of it out, I think he will rub it all out. And now give us (for I go not alone) your benediction. When you send letters to a friend in a distant land you say via such a city, or via such a steamer. When you send your good wishes to us send them via the throne of God. We shall not travel out of the reach of your prayers.

There is a scene where spirits dwell,
Where friend holds intercourse with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around the common mercy seat.

And now, may the blessing of God come down upon your bodies and upon your souls, your fathers and mothers, your companions, your children, your brothers and sisters, and your friends! May you be blessed in your business and in your pleasures, in your joys and in your sorrows, in the house and by the way! And if during our separation an arrow from the unseen world should strike any of us, may it only hasten on the raptures that God has prepared for those who love him! I utter not the word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word for me to speak or write. But considering that I have your hand tightly clasped in both of mine, I utter a kind, an affectionate and cheerful good-by!

A Nasal Injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

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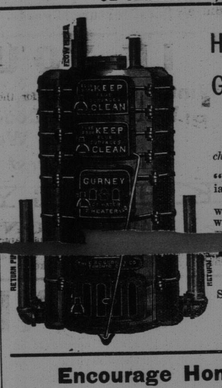

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