

POOR DOCUMENT

SELECT STORY

UNDER THE JOB

All through the long, pleasant summer on the Williams farm the two girls had been rivals—almost to the death. Society has its restraints—well for many of us that it is so! But, on the last evening of her stay at the farmhouse, the heart of Kate Jarvis was full of a cold and deadly anger, as she reviewed the events of the campaign, and those that it had failed.

She had come to that lonely and secluded place only because Charles Edwards, the handsome and wealthy widower from Australia, was to be there. Throughout the good days of autumn, and the hay beauty of the Indian summer, she had lingered on, hoping continually that she might win him away from Lily Melville, whom, in her secret heart, she stigmatized as "a dark little thing, with not an atom of style about her."

But to the end of time the question, "Why does a man love one woman and not another?" will never be satisfactorily answered.

Miss Jarvis, large, tall, stately and fair, devoted to dress, and with social talents of the very highest order, had only received from the gallant widower, the ordinary attentions which every gentleman is bound to pay to the ladies near him.

While Lily Melville, who was poor and unworldly, who toiled daily with her pen for her daily bread, and who was utterly unable to follow the shiftless fashions of the day, even if she had wished to do so—Lily Melville had won the widower's heart, and need only say the word to receive the offer of his hand.

Kate Jarvis did not deceive herself. She had watched their parting only two days previously, and had read his own doom in Charles Edwards' face.

"May I write to you?" had been his last words to Lily.

For Kate, he had only the conventional regrets at parting mingled with his adieu. Not one word of hope as to any future meeting!

Yes, she had failed—utterly and ignominiously failed—and now she must pack up the useless finery, which had cost so much, and go back to the city boarding-house—to the narrow, pinching consideration of ways and means, from which, by the capture of this man and his fortunes, she had hoped to have been forever freed.

"If I could only spot her happiness, I would not so much mind giving up my own," she thought, as she walked along the road that led from the farm to the village, on the third evening after Mr. Edwards' departure. "But how? And how disgustingly self-satisfied she looks! I hate her! I hate her from the first day of her coming, though I did not then know why!"

At that moment she saw the boy who was employed at the farm to run on errands to the village. He was running up the road at a great pace, with a countenance black with discontent.

"Have you seen Farmer Williams, miss?" he asked, anxiously.

"He came home from the village half an hour ago," said Kate.

"Just my luck!" whined the boy. "I wanted to give him these, and now I must go all the way with them. And the minstrels are up in Telson's Hall. They'll be half through before I can get back."

He held out two letters as he spoke, with an appealing look at Kate, one for herself, the other sealed with a seal, and directed to Lily Melville in a hand that she knew only too well.

"I'm going back. I'll take them for you," she said mechanically.

The boy gave her the letters, thanked her and tore back to the village, whistling.

"Shall I? Shall I not?" thought Kate, standing still in that lonely place.

She opened her own letter. It contained only the dressmaker's bill for those pretty summer toilets which had been of so little use to her. How was she to pay that bill, now that the rich husband on whom she had so securely counted had turned out to be a myth?

"It is too hard!" she exclaimed, aloud, in sudden passion. "Why should this good fortune come to her and not to me? She shall never have the satisfaction of triumphing over me. I wonder what he has written!"

Crack went the seal as she trifled with it. But, in her frenzy of jealous anger and hatred, only an "iron clad" envelope could possibly have withstood her hand. The next moment the letter was opened out before her. With a sickening heart she read the manly, straightforward proposal of marriage. But her fair, proud face brightened at the concluding words—

"I had no courage to say this while we were together. Nor have I courage to meet your refusal, even though it should be a written one. So I will beg of you, if your heart is otherwise engaged, not to pain me by the knowledge. If you do not answer this letter, I shall understand that it is for that reason. If you do answer it, you will make me the happiest of men."

"Yours faithfully,"

"CHARLES EDWARDS."

"There is the answer!" said Kate, spitefully, tearing the letter across and across, and thrusting it deep into the hedge in its envelope.

Then she walked back to the farm.

That night the first snow of the autumn fell, and the next day the farmhouse was deserted by the last of its summer guests, good Mrs. Williams writing down the city address of Lily Melville, and faithfully promising "to forward any letter that might arrive," while Kate Jarvis looked quietly on.

Two months went by. Lily, toiling away at her paintings, found time to wonder, sadly, why the hoped for letter from Charles Edwards never came. Not for his fortune did she love him, but for himself.

It was a mild, open winter, and when the holidays drew near she took the few dollars she had so painfully saved, and went back to the old farmhouse where she had first met him.

Since she was to see his face no more, it would be some consolation, although a sad one, to visit the places where she had been so happy by his side.

The secluded road that led to the village had been one of their favorite walks. There Lily lingered through a whole sunny afternoon—the last of her stay that year, as her purse was nearly empty.

Some bitter tears were in her eyes as she turned to go. A carriage was coming from the station, and not caring to be seen there, weeping, she drew back, with her face toward the barren hedge.

At her feet something white gleamed. She picked it up mechanically, and, to her astonishment, saw a torn and stained letter, with her name upon the envelope. Under the ice and snow of the past autumn it had lain, waiting for her coming. She could still decipher it, and as she read, a mountain of snow and ice seemed to be lifted from her heart.

"Thank God! He did love me!" she exclaimed.

"Lily—Miss Melville!" said a familiar voice.

She turned. The carriage which she had seen stood waiting in the road; and at her side was Charles Edwards, looking from her happy face to the torn letter in her hand with a questioning gaze.

"I was coming back for a few days to the dear old place," he said. "Yet I am like the moth with the candle—not wise enough to keep away, even after getting severely burned."

"I only found it this moment under the hedge!" stammered Lily, giving him the fragments that she held. "It must have been lost, and hidden under the ice all this time."

"You would have answered me then, Lily?" he asked.

Her shy, happy eyes looked gently up at him.

"Drive on to the farm, my man. We will walk," he called, to the starting man.

And drawing Lily's little hand within his arm, they began their life journey happily together.

Landlordism in the Canadian Northwest.

The success of the government of Sir John Macdonald at the recent Parliamentary elections in Canada is an event of more significance than the mere approval by the people of the national policy of protection to home industry. It involves the approval of another policy of even greater importance to the people of the Northwestern provinces. The question of the disposition of the public lands of the Dominion was purposely kept in the background by the government during the campaign, for the premier well knew that it would not bear investigation. Ignorant, therefore, of the consequences of the land policy of the government, or careless as to its results, the people have in effect voted to sustain it for five years to come—a period long enough to consummate the purpose now in view by the directors of the policy; to transfer the Irish landlord system to Manitoba and the Northwest territory.

The immense grant of land to the Canadian Pacific syndicate has been the subject of much criticism by the opposition press, but this of itself would not have proved an unwise step provided the lands so granted had been disposed of to actual settlers who would assist in the development of the country. Instead of pursuing this course the syndicate has sold an immense domain, comprising all the lands thus far earned by it, some eleven million acres, to the Canadian Northwest Land Company, composed of the Duke of Manchester, Earl Dunraven, and other large landed proprietors in Ireland. The land embraces the tract two miles wide, reaching from Brandon to the eastern boundary of British Columbia, and the company has the option of a refusal of the land of the syndicate for the remainder of the line to the Pacific coast. It is the purpose of the company, as explained by a member of the Duke of Manchester's suite, to apportion the land out in farms, and induce farmers from England and Ireland to settle upon and improve them, paying at first but a nominal rental. It is estimated that within a few years the value of this estate will be augmented to a fabulous degree.

Supplementing the action of the railway syndicate and the Duke of Manchester's company, the government has pursued a course calculated to create vast estates in the North-west, and to keep ordinary farmers in the condition of simple tenants. More than a score of colonization societies have been organized, and each of these has received a grant of from one to six million acres of land. The shares of these companies

were at first subscribed by people of moderate means, who had an idea of settling in the new Northwest. But the freezing out process soon began, and the shares have gradually accumulated in a few hands. Each of these colonization grants will be the course of a few years, become individual estates in which the tenants will have no present or prospective proprietary interest. There is evidently an organized effort to make of the Northwest provinces such a dependency to Canada as Ireland is to Great Britain, and it is very evident that the movement has the sympathy and cooperation of the government.

With such a state of affairs existent in Manitoba and the Northwest territory, it is difficult to see how any man in his senses can seriously consider settlement there. The evils of landlordism have been proven in letters by blood upon the hearts of the Irish people for centuries past, and in England and Scotland there is no hope for advancement for the tenant farmers. There is no reason to believe that the same system in Manitoba will produce different results, and the outlook for that province, therefore, is not a bright one.—Chicago Herald.

Major L. W. F. Blair, Greenback candidate for governor of South Carolina in 1880, and Capt. J. L. Halle, who lives near Camden, met in Camden to-day, and Blair called Halle a liar, whereupon Halle aimed himself. Blair refused to retreat and made a motion to draw a pistol. Halle fired three times, killing Blair instantly. Halle gave bail in \$5,000.

St. Louis, Mo., July 4.—Small pox is making fearful havoc in the Indian Territory. In Muskogee alone there have been over 200 cases, nearly all of whom have died.

New York, July 4.—John Sullivan, the pugilist, fought Jas. Elliott, the latter to receive \$1,500 if not knocked out in four three minute rounds. In the third round Sullivan knocked Elliott senseless; he didn't recover for 20 minutes.

Mingo Junction, July 4.—The steamer Scioto, with about 500 passengers, collided with the John Louis, in the middle of the river to-night, sinking the Scioto in 15 feet of water, only the pilot being visible. The occupants are arriving here, but are so much excited that it is impossible to get any definite information as to the number lost. It is reported that a hundred are drowned.

It is now believed the first reports were exaggerated and that the loss of life will not exceed 20 persons.

There are over half a million French Canadians in New England.

It no longer pays to export fresh meat to England from America. This is owing to the high price here.

Niagara Falls, by careful measurement, is shown to recede at the rate of half an inch a year.

The prohibitionists carried Iowa by 27,000 majority.

The Malley boys and Blanche Douglas have been acquitted of the murder of Jennie Cramer.

Egyptian news are to the effect that the officers of the army do not want war. From India comes intelligence that the native troops are anxious to be sent to Africa to fight the battles of the Empress of India.

O'Donnell, M. P., has been suspended for a fortnight from the sessions of the Imperial Parliament.

A man was shot dead early on Thursday morning in Seville place. It is supposed that he was killed by Fenians. A person passing at the time noticed men apparently disputing with each other. Pistol shots were heard. One of the men fell and the other ran away; on the man who was killed was found a belt with the inscription "God save Ireland." The body had seven stabs and four bullet wounds.

LATER.—The man has since been identified as Kenney, an artisan.

Kenney was fired at two years ago as an informer. A man name Poole has been arrested, with two others, in connection with the murder. The police believe the arrest of Poole is important outside of the present case.

It is reported that a plot to assassinate Archbishop McCabe has been discovered.

A Missouri man rejoices in a beard which reaches to his knees, and twelve inches of a moustache.

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