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LY SUN ING COMPANY MORNING.

Establishment. John, N. B. ST. JOHN.

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VOL. 8.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1886.

IN SANTA CLAUS LAND. BY ADA STEWART SHELDON.

Of all the busy people, This busy Christmas-tide, None works like Mrs. Santa Claus None works like Mrs. Santa Clat
For days, and nights beside,
The good old Saint, her husband,
Has so much now to do,
If Mrs. Claus did not take hold He never would get through.

The home is bright and cheery,
They call it "Reindeer Hall,"
And icicles do thatch the roof,
And icebergs form the wall. The North Star bright and shining Gives all the light they need, For "How to Climb a Chimney," Is the only book they read.

They've dolls in every corner,
They've dolls on all the chairs,
Piled high on every cupboard-shelf.
And way up the front stairs.
But not a stitch of clothing, On any can be seen, Old Santa Claus is nice, but he Can't sew on a machine.

Mrs. Claus is working On petitcoats and sacks, And there are lots of shirts to make For all the jumping-jacks; And long clothes for the babies And hats and caps and capes, Then all the dresses must be cut In fashionable shapes.

Right on the fire a kettle Boils, and makes such a noise ! The lid pops up; how good they smell—
Those lemon-candy toys!
Such lots of candy cooking!
Such stacks of chocolate nice!
The kitchen is a sticky place—

So sticky—but so nice! The reindeer must be harnessed,
The toys packed in the sleigh;
And Santa Claus wrapped up in furs
To ride so far away.
Then Mrs. Claus he kisses,
And says, "I don's believe,
My dear, that I can get back home
Till nearly New Year's eve."

And then away he dashes,
While Mrs. Claus did call,
"Be very careful how you climb;
"I'll worry lest you fall!" "I never in my life Could do so much for boys and girls Without so good a wife !

"AGAMEMNON."

By Anna Richberg.

'Charity, Agamemnon Mow, am a beautiful ting;' and Mammy Mow dumped a great don't look as if she ever suffered from hungingham bundle on the floor, and sitting down on the old rocking chair with her black hands spread on her knees, she gazed thoughtfully at her son, Agamemnon, aged seven,

Agamemnon?"

Whereupon Mrs. Mow opened the bundle while her son watched her with great agitation, which he manifested by holding the baby up-side down.

Agamemnon was such a small darky, and the haby was so hig that the division of labor.

Than her, and they're all hungry.

Agamemnon gazed at the unhappy father with some compassion. He knew how Rosalba yelled when she was hungry, and he rapidly multiplied the noise by eight.

'Why don' you gib 'em someting to eat?'

'Coa' I aint got nothing. What's your treasures.

Agamemnon was such a small darky, and the baby was so big that the division of labor 'Agamemnon, what you doin' wid dat angel sister ob yourn?' his mother asked re-

Agamemnon, suddenly aware that ten little bronze toes were wriggling in the air, where one woolly head should have been, made a mighty effort and turned her right side up, then took a long breath, his burden smiling placidly meanwhile, for Rosalba was nothing if not good-natured, Bress her sweet heart, and put dis on her

head, Agamemnon.' Upon which the eversmiling Rosalba was crowned with an ancient poke bonnet, which Mammy had picked up n some dusty garret.

Mrs. Mow did 'chores' for a living, and

from the various houses she 'cleaned' she gathered those strange garments in which they were all arrayed. 'See yere, Agamemnon,' she cried, and fondly held up a pair of shabby trousers. 'I ain't noways 'fraid,' Agamemnon retorted, and then added, coming nearer, 'is

Dem's ole massa's, he telled me he wear 'em when he go courtin' missis. Mighty hig pity,' she added with a sigh, 'he hab sis so hard on dem. Dat am de waistcoat, an' dis mare de coat an' dis am a cap for you Aga-memnon, whereupon he was extinguished beneath a fur cap with a visor. Now I'se got some time else. Just you guess what it am! said in triumph and hid something in the shadow of the old

Agamemnon's eyes glowed in the depths of his fur cap.
'It's a watermelion,' he shouted, and at

melions, dey ain's jes' ripe yet. But I 'splain to de gard'oef de 'cessity of hurrying dem up a little and he's a berry 'bliging gen'leman Mammy retorted.

To the tramp and Agamemon disclosed the treasures of the cupboard.

There stood the noble loaf of bread as a solid background; the chicken hung by its yellow legs, the portly face of the cabbage Agamemnon's eyes nearly started out of his head. He lifted the tails of the ancient

coat he wore, and prepared to attack the mystery when Mrs. Mow held up—a chicken. Agamemnon had little experience in chickens, but instinct told him that this was a fine bird, combining the noble proportions of mature years and the tenderness of infancy. He howled with rapture and of infancy. He howled with rapture and considerately pushed back Rosalba's bonnet so that she also could share in the general joy. And that wasn't all. Mammy drew out a huge loaf of hread, a portly cabbage whose hard heart was a virtue, a quart bag of oranberries, and then, Oh, rapture! a newspaper parcel bursting with doughnuts so warm still and so greasy that they appeared to dissolve in their own richness.

sparsely settled that Mammy's shanty seemed have tumbled down there by accident. Over the way were fields rich in thistles,

rooks, posters and goats.

The next day being Christmas, Mammy, to do credit to the cocasion, scrubbed Rosalba until she looked like polished ebony, while Agamemnon suffered such tortures in a pail combined with yellow soap, that he decided to enlist as a pirate as soon as Rosalba could walk. In the mean time his spirits were depressed that only the recollec-tion of the chicken could sooth him. Mammy having scoured her family proceeded to array herself in untold splendor, and as she

son:—
"I'se a going down to a praise meetin' at
Ebenezer Chapel, Agamemnen. Just you
keep dat baby clean, an' if I come home an'
finds a spec ob dirt on dat chile, I'll just
spank you blue. I has invited Uncle Spooner to dine wid us hish after de meetin', cause dat ain't ebery day dat he eat such a chicken So she departed and left Agamemnon in a

lowness of spirits deepened by a surrepti-tious contemplation of the chicken.

He knew Uncle Spooner's appetite from painful experience, and it would be unneces-sarily aggravated by much shouting in the chapel. Whichever way he calculated, the end was equally unsatisfactory. If Uncle Spooner began with the neck of the fowl and ate his way down the most delicate calculation would prove that only a scaly drumstick could remain for Agamemnon. On the other hand, supposing Uncle Spooner began at the tail, it was a self-evident fact that only the neck would be left, which part Agamemnon knew to be a mockery and a delusion. Therefore was he plunged in

Extinguished under the fur cap and stag-gering under Rosalba, he leaned mournfully against the fence. Christmas had lost its in terest for him, and not even the contemplation of the goat taking a light refreshment off a tomato can could bring a smile to his lips. At that moment a dilapidated stranger sauntered down the road. He was terribly out at elbows, but he was extremely cheer-

ful and ready for conversation.
'Hallo, you little niggers, how do you do?' he remarked genially as the two black infants stared at him from the shelter of a broken-down fence. The infant with the bonnet smiled generously, while the other said with deep gloom that he was pretty

'That's your sister, I guess,' the stranger continued, leaning over the fence and tickling Rosalba's fat chin with the dingy end of

ger.'
'She don' be hungry jla' yet,' Agamemnon plped up shrilly.

The stranger leaned a little more heavily

on the fence.
Would you believe it, sonny,' he said who was nursing the baby. 'Charity he cover a multitood ob sins; d'you hear dat,

Agamemnon?''

Would you believe it, sonny, he said with much emotion, 'I have eight of them young things at home, not one of 'em older than her, and they're all hungry.'

'Agamemnon Mow.'
'Agamemnon, I ain't ate anything myself
for four days.' Whereupon he mopped his

face with the remnant of a red handkerchief. 'Perhaps your ma'il give me something, see-

'She's gone to Ebenezer chapel, an' dere ain't nobody in 'cept me an' de baby. First dere is a praise meetlog, an' den dere are chicken,' and young Agememnon sighed. 'Well, guess I'll go in and get a glass of water anyway, it's better 'n nothing,' and the stranger strolled in, followed by Aga-

memon and the baby.

'Pears like you might be a tramp, sir,'
Agamemnon suggested politely, as the other
sank into Mammy's favorite chair.

'It's what some call me, particularly policemen. But don't you be afraid, you little nigger, I won't hurt you.'
'I ain't noweys 'fraid,' Agamemnon re-

dey ber'y hungry?'
Who?' the forgetful parent demanded. 'De eight.' 'Oh yes, t'besure! Awful! I left 'em howling.'

'Guess dey'd like something to eat.' 'Of course they would, darkey,'
Agamemnon paused, reflected, and then, like all great characters, decided without delay. Charity was a beautiful thing, Mammy had said so, and rather than Uncle Spoon-

er, why the famished eight should eat that chicken. of his fur cap.

'It's a watermelion,' he shouted, and at the name of her favorite dish the baby joined in with a fat squeal.

'Tomorrow am Chris'mas, an' de water-to the tramp and Agamemon disclosed the

There stood the noble loaf of bread as a solid background; the chicken hung by its yellow legs, the portly face of the cabbage absolutely seemed to smile, and the cranberries glowed like garnets. As for the doughnuts, well it was a torture to part with them, but Agamemnon was reckless and resolved. As if to make the west and resolved. As if to make the ways of

'Guesr I'll put de tings in hish, but you done bring dat basket back fo' shush. Dem

a basket jes' like mine! Howebber as I done | end.

'I'se done come straight back an' cook dat dinner, Uncle Spooner, orled the unsuspect-ing Mammy.

Agamemnon watched Uncle Spooner pry

into the nocks and cerners, and he observe his start of surprise when on opening the familiar cupboard he found it empty. 'Hob your ma any udder 'ceptacle for the victuals,' he asked anxiously.

Agamemnon pretended not to hear. He felt nervous. He began to fear that his charity, being diluted charity, might go

wrong.

Mammy just then came down in a gorgeous new turban. She smiled until you could was thrusting a part of her great black hand see all her great white teeth. She skipped in a yellow kid glove, she thus addressed her to the cupboard and flung it open in triumph. to the cupboard and flung it open in triumph. Then she stared, rolled her eyes wildly, gasped and screamed. The beautiful Christ-mas dinner had disappeared.

Uncle Spooner turned ash color from disanointment.

'Agamemnon !' The culprit had discreetly hidden behind an ash barrel in the front yard. He was a prev to doubt and remorae. He dared not disobey. He crept along. He appeared.
'Whar am dat dinner gone to, you black nigger.'

'What?' 'I\_I\_gib it to—a gen'leman.'
Mammy made a dive fer him, but he used Rosalba as a shield. 'Gib dat dinner away?' 'He say dey was all so hungry-eight ob

'em—no bigger den Rosalba,' Agamemno. 'Jes' you come hish, I's gwine to'-'Mammy, you say it am beautiful to give things away,' Agamemnon pleaded, but in his secret soul he knew that diluted charity

Mammy gasped, grabbed the baby, dropped it in the air apparently, and then clutched her son by the seat of his patched velve teen breeches and laid him over her knee. 'Uncle Spooner, der am an ole alipper in de cupboard; jes' gim me dat, dere ain't nuffin elee dere. Agamemnon wailed and Mammy wielded

the slipper. Charity am a beautiful ting, you darkey, but he done begin to home, Agamemnon, don' you nebber forgit dat.' Some one knocked at the kitchen door, but as no one paid any attention a dilapi-dated head looked in and observed the situation. It was the parent of the eight hungry

'Oh I say, old lady,' he cried, 'here's your dinner. I guess that's what you are wallop-ing him for. I've brought it back.' 'So dat's you,' mammy exclaimined, re-

'Yes, but I thought better of it. I kind'er guessed how it would end for that engaging little nigger of yours. And, to tell the truth,' he added with an agreeable smile, 'the victuals being mostly raw, would set heavy on my digestion, my French cook's off on a vacation. So says I to myself, 'bring them victuals back and they'll invite you to dinper after they're cooked.' ner after they're cooked.'

Mammy flew at the baskets.

'They're all there, mum, excepting a doughnut or two—and the chicken's a very fine chicken. Tain't every gentleman would have done as much. I think, mum, you said I could stay and welcome—seeing it's Christmas. Seeing it's Chris'mas you kin stay,

Mammy cried, rejoicing over her recovered 'Hiah, Agamemnon, hish am a doughnut, an' you kin set on de cushion today. But dere's one ting don' you nebber forgit, you little nigger, Charity he done always begin to home.

Acadians and Their Future. (Special Correspondence to Yarmouth Times, Dec 14.) V. A. Landry, formerly inspector of schools in the province of New Brunswick, but now business manager of the Courrier des Provinces Maritimes-a paper published in Bathurst, N. B., in the interest of the French Acadians-B., in the interest of the French Acadians—has been among us for a few days, and has been addressing his compatriots of the subject of education and patriotism. Although not previously acquainted with Ma Landry, he has met with a cordial welcome from the inhabitants of our village. He had previously made a lengthy stay in P. E. Island, where he addressed the French people on the same subjects which will occupy his attention while with us, There he met with an enthusiastic reception. In Mr. Landry's address in our neighborhood, on Thursday. dress in our neighborhood, on Thursday, after a brief sketch of the past history of the Acadians, he considered the position they occupy at present, their numbers, their relation with regard to the English; their desire to remain faithful British subjects—though they cannot forget the sufferings endured by their cannot forget the sufferings endured by their forefathers. Here the speaker gave a graphic and pathetic picture of the dispersion and consequent misery endured by the French Acadians, as so well described by Longfellow in his "Evangeline." Although their descendants could not forget this, they were not less loyal to the Queen and government under whose protection they were, and who were not responsible for the wrong committed in the cast. Mr. tection they were, and who were not responsible for the wrong committed in the past. Mr. Landry then spoke at length of the great and paramount importance of aducation and temperance, and congratulated them on the absence of any shops for the sale of liquor in the vicinity, showing that temperance prevailed here. He then considered the importance of retaining their own language—la belle langue de nos peres—and teaching it to their children. Also of preserving their French names, which were so often corrupted into English form, as though any proper same could properly be sin easy, underneath stood Mammy's market though any proper same could properly be basket. ranslated. The two languages of modern civilization—the Eaglish and French should go hand in hand in this great Dominion of ours. He then touched on the subject of emigration, showing the passed a gorgeous colored lady, esteet he passed a g

Ole mass' tell de cook to gib dem to me, cos it am Chris'mas, bress his heart! Charity am a beautiful ting! It am a bress-ed ting to gib—Oh, you little nigger.' Mammy interrapted her reflections and pounced on a black paw that was absently soying with the doughnuts. 'Dis am Chris'mas eating! You go out ob doors an' git some air wid dat baby.' So the two discretity retreated into the front yard, where they cuddled tegether in a breken down washtub, while the goat, make a frugal meal off the limp roses in Rosalba's beanet.

Mow's residence consisted of two room, and atood on the highway leading to the small town. The neighbethood was so distinctly said charity is a beautiful thing?

WAS MCMUTT INNOCENT?

An Old Murder Trial Revived.

REPORTED DEATH BED CONFESSION OF THE MAN

WHO KILLED JOHN YEALCH. On July 2ad, 1875, John Yealch, an Austrian, was murdered below Partridge island, and for that crime George McNutt was tried, found guilty, and sentanced to be hanged. The sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life and after serving some years in Dorchester penitentiary, his health breaking down, he was pardoned in February, 1880. McNutt then went to his brother's home in the country and afterwards went to the United States. It is now stated by Capt. Thornton of Portland, that about a year ago the Protestant chaplain of a Liverpool infirmary published a card stating that one John Dunn, on his death-bed in the infirmary, desired him to make it public that he was the man who murdered a sailor named Yealch, near the harbor of St. John in 1875. Enquiries have so far

of St. John in 1875. Ecquiries have so far failed to find corroborative evidence of the publication of the card, but there are some facts connected with the statement which give it a certain degree of probability. There was a sailor hailing from Liverpool by the name of Dunn or Dean on the vessel at the time of the murder, and he was by many suspected of having committed the foul deed, for which McNutt was found guilty. The case, according to the reports published at the time, was a very complicated one. A sketch of the chief incidents in connection with the arrest and trial of McNutt will, in view of the above report, be of interest.

THE MURDER. The new ship King Ceolric, built by J. K. Dunlop for Mesers. Vaughan & Co., of Liverpool, G. B., salled from St. John on Friday,

pool, G. B., salled from St. John on Friday, July 2nd, for Liverpool. On the 3rd she put back to near Partridge Island, in consequence of the murder of John Yealch, an Austrian, one of the crew, while off the coast of Nova Scotia. Acting on Captain Berry's information, the police proceeded to the vessel and there arrested the entire crew, consisting of Wm. Munford of Newport, Chas. E. Hay of St. John, Jas. Doyle of Waterford, Fred. Freeman of Boston, Thos. Hackett of Newfoundland, Lois Joseph of Belgium, Peter Connolly of Liverpool, Wm. Gallagher of Finshing, L. Gustave of France, John Carnaer of France, John Dale of Liverpool, Jas. Whalen of New Orleans, John Higgins of Philadelphia, W. H. Manning of Dublin, George McNutt of St. John and H. J. Hatch of Maine.

AN INQUEST was held by Coroner Rigby and Jurors John Swift, John R. Parker, Henry O. Black, Harris Allan, Wm, McAndrews, Geo, Carr and Wm. J. Adams. The evidence showed that there had been a a clay pipe.

'Please let dat chile alone, sar. She done been cleaned up fo' today, cos' it am Christ'Yes, but I thought better of it. I kind'er

'Yes, but I thought better of it. I kind'er below his left eye with a knife, the blade pene-trating to a distance of three inches and being so firmly fixed in the wound that one witness testified he had to grab hold of the wounded man's head and steady it while he with great man's nead and steady it while he with great difficulty pulled out the weapon. "As it was pulled out the man turned and trembled and drew a deep breath." No one saw the blow struck and at the inquest no one appeared to know anything about the affair except McNutt.

M'NUTT'S STORY was as follows: I live in St. John. It is my home. For the last 12 or 13 years I have followed the sea. Shipped on King Ceolric. We left on Friday morning. I was working. We were all pretty well in liquor; the whole of us on board ship. I saw a row commence on deck between an Italian sailor and a sailor like deck between an Italian sailor and a sailor like myself. Do not know his name. He called himself Peter Connolly. The Italian who was fighting was not the one who was hilled. I went to take Connolly's part in the row. I took some part in the row, but it was quisted by the officers. I then went into the forecastle and saw a man run in. When I went in a man named Gallagher was there and this other man came after gher was there and this other man came after me. I saw him jump at a man in his bunk and make a plunge with his hand, and afterwards saw the knife sticking in the man's forehead. He ran out and I ran aft and told the captain there was a man murdered in the forecastle. I did not know the man who was stabbed. The man who was carried on deck was the man I saw him strike. I do not know the name of the man who stabbed him.

. . . My knife was taken away before the row. It was whiskey that was doing the

testified he had heard McNutt and Connolly say that the young fellow had driven his knife into Yealch. Duon was in his bunk drunk, but said, "it don't make any difference if half a dozen sailors are killed, I want to go to Wm. Mounford swore, however, that when he taxed McNutt with it he replied, "I did not want to hurt the fellew, but could not

On the 7th July, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against George McNutt, Peter Connolly and John Gallagher. On August 10th, the trial of the three prisoners began before JUDGE FISHER.

who in charging the grand jury said the evidence was very contradictory, and that the chief testimony against the prisoners was their own admissions.

The attorney general argued that it was im-

possible for Dunn, who was drunk in his berth, to have committed the murder.

Mr. Jordon, for the prisoners, contended that there was no evidence except Dunn's to contradict McNutt's story that Dunn ran into into the forecastle and committed the murder.
The jury after being looked out all night disagreed and were discharged—they stating to the judge that they were agreed as to Connolly and Gallagher's innocence, but not as to Mc-

THE SECOND TRIAL. The crown at the second trial proceeded against McNutt alone, who was found guilty, and on August 28th was sentenced by Judge Fisher to be hanged on Saturday, December 4th.

At the conclusion of Judge Fisher's remarks, McNutt arose to his feet and said: "If I die I will not have the blood of the Austrian to

A THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF

BATHURST.

Church Building-The Haunted Ship-Curling and Skating Rink.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.) BATHURST, Dec. 21.—The basement of the new Roman Catholic church of the Sacred Heart was opened and divine service held therein, yesterday. Is, of course, not nearly completed, but in a short time will serve in an admirable manner all the wants serve in an admirable manner all the wants of the congregation. Yesterday there were this line of railway is of great importance to a large number present, and all were surprised, not only at its capacity but also the comfort (with regard to heat) which it affords. Workmen are still busy furnishing. lathing, etc. The superstructure will or 50 miles into the forest to make a home. ing, lathing, etc. The superstructure will be of stone and will be begun as early as possible in the spring. Much credit is due to the patter, the Very Rev. Thomas F. Barry, for the manner in which the work has been pushed forward. A meeting of the ladies of the congregation was held on Sun-day afternoon, when it was decided to have a grand bazaar some time during next sum-

mer. It will, no doubt, be a great success. THE WEATHER here has been quite stormy of late. On Saturday night snow fell to a depth of one and one half feet. We have now about 3 feet of snow. Local weather ropheta say that we will be visited by another big snow atorm in a day or two. THE HAUNTED ship Squando still lies at

the point with her ghostly crew and has not yet been sold. Nothing definite is known as yet as to what disposition will be made of the ship and cargo. The captain is still in Bathurst. He is firm in the belief that something supernatural exists in the ship. The Illustrated Sporting World announces that its issue of Dec. 20th "will illustrate now the wrecked ship Squando is supposed to be haunted, so no one can be got to work on her." We may look for something good in the way of apparitions. Some of our local wags would be good subjects for an illustration of that kind. I mean the "break o' day boys."

CURLING .- The winter's talk on this subject has begun, but up to the present our ourlers have been unable to have a game on account of the difficulty experienced in flooding the rinks. The skips last evening selected their respective rinks as follows :-

M Elhatton, C H Mann, John Ellis, P J Burns, skip. B Mullins, W J O'Brien, skip. H Bishop,
Dr Duncan,
C H McLaughlin,
A J H Stewart, skip. J E Baldwin, skip. Thos Salter, Jas Ferguson D Leaby, skip.
J J Power,
Robt Miller, F Miller, John Black, Henry White, skip. J R. Miller, R R Hickson, skip.

P H Melvin, D J Kearney, K F Burns, W H Buck, skip. THE SKATING RINK will be opened and run this winter by the proprietor, E. D. Bassett, who lately returned from San Franwhere he had been for nearly two years. Judging from what we know by experience of Mr. Bassett, the patrons of the rink will have no reason to doubt that it will be conducted as in "days of yore," if not better.

Centreville.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT,) CENTREVILLE, Carleton Co., Dec. 20 .-Times have not been very brisk until lately and everything has been moving along "in the even tenor of its way" and there was the even tenor of its way," and there was and that the debt per head is \$190. If blue but little for a correspondent to write about that would be at all interesting. Now the village stores are well patronized and all most everything necessary for the Xmas season can be found in one of the six stores in the village not to mention the attractive.

fighting.

John Duun was pointed out by McNutt as the guilty party, and John Gallagher teetified that he saw McNutt trying to stop a man from their numerous customers. The only strictly cash store of Mr. Sherwood is fairly well cash store of Mr. Sherwood is fairly well patronized and the proprietor seems satisfied with the share of trade he receives. G. W. White & Son are also kept busy. At Mrs. Caleb Merritt's and Dr. Baker's the yearly examination of the Gibson and St. usual amount of Xmas toys can be pur- Mary's school, York Co., was held on Frichased.

THE SUN'S subscribers here are much pleased with the stand it took with reference to refusing to publish the full account of that social scandal in high life in England. I heard subscribers to the TeleB. M. Mullin, principal. The pupil graph say he regretted that his favorite different departments were examin paper had published so lengthy an account thereof. Papers which publish such reports should not be admitted into Christian ready answers which they gave

WE HAVE had several snow storms of late. eo that the roads are just now in a bad con-dition. Yesterday the ministers of the dition. Yesterday the ministers of the gospel had no easy duty in passing from church to church on account of the drifts, and when they reached their places of appointment, they found but small congregations. not overcheering.

was exhibited, which renected reducing ordinary oredit upon both pupils sees. In Principal Mullin's room we some excellent specimens of mappointment, they found but small congregations.

THE LODGE of I. O. G. T. is in good working order, that veteran in the temperance cause, Samuel A. McKerzie, being its chief. A temperance meeting is to be held this evening in Howard B. White's hall under the auspices of the lodge.

Sussex, Dec. 22.—The oldest inhabitant is heard declaring that such beautiful weather was never known here before, and while there is an observed an experience of a constant of the constant is an absence of snow our streets present a busy time, and the stores are crowded to the utmost with anxious customers waiting to be

will not have the blood of the Austrian to answer for."

As above stated the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. McNutt while in the penitentiary consistently affirmed his innocence.

The butcher shops are well stored with extra quality of meats. Today Evans & Friars, who a short time ago leased the well known stand opposite the L. C. R., station, had on exhibition an unusually large two year old steer, raised and fed by Daniel Alton, it., of this place. Its girth was seven feet four inches and it tipped the beam at 1,985 pounds, and was followed through the streets by large numbers who had come in to seel it. George Evans of this firm is a scientific butcher and presents the mest of the firm in a manner wise of a workingman in Montreal informed her husband that he would find in one of the drawers of her bureau a sum of money which she had saved cent by cent since their marriage. Upon examining the drawer a sum of meany the drawer as sum of meany should be considered and presents the mest of the firm in a manner to the collector of customs of this place, and has turned out not only a credit to himself and his country, but a useful ci 'zen of Sussex,'

Northwestern N. B. Railway.

To the Editor of The Sun :-SIR-The project of building a line of railway beginning at Hartland and extending northeasterly through the fertile parishes of the County of Carleton to the Tobique river, and thence coalesing with the Tobique Valley railway scheme, extending it to the I. C. R. at Campbellton is daily becoming more assured. Some thirty miles of the route has the welfare of the province. In this way, and only in this way will the "fertile belt" of New Brunswick be opened up to settlement. It is vain to expect our young men-They cannot and will not do it. They will, instead, seek a country which does not ex-pect so much of its young men-and does not ask them to make such sacrifices—but which pushes railways into its fertile lands in every direction. All that is required for the northwestern counties of this province is facility of communication. This given the vast extent of fertile vacant land consisting of two and a half or three million acres will speedily be taken up. If settled and cultivated with any degree of skill, this part of the province will austain a population of at least 600,000, and will produce annually not less than 30,000,000 bushels of grain and proportionate crops of hay and roots. The settlement of this portion of the country would certainly "add another prov-ince to Canada." By extending the northern and western up the valley of the Miramichi to connect with the proposed line, a direct route would be obtained connecting this fertile northwestern section of the province with Fredericton and St. John, and the dream of the "Central route" would be fally realized. It is impossible to appreciate the beneficial results which would accrue to the province from the construction of this line of railway. The manufacture of short-lumber would receive a strong impulse. Milling industries innumerable would be the strong in the construction of the construction started. The forwarding of the immense quantity of supplies recessary to the presentation of the vast lumber operations on the head waters of the Miramichi, Nashwak and Tobique, the Miramichi, Nashwak and Tobique, would be greatly cheapened and facilitated. The fertile land now the home of the moose and caribon would be at once occupied, the pioneers who have aircady penetrated far inland would be filled with hope, and the sense of isolation and exile entirely obliterated. The products of the forest field would be impassed to the forest field would be impassed to the forest field would be impassed. be immensely increased, the population of the province doubled is a very few years and a period of "boom" set in, resulting in

and a period of "boom" set in, resulting in great prosperity to the whole province. It rests with the people of the province and with their representatives. It rests with the the local and Dominion parliaments whether this great undertaking be pushed forward or nor, and whether we are worthy of the great heritage given us by a beneficient providence the near future will show. We are given the fertile acrage of these northern counties. Shall we go in and presses the counties. Shall we go in and posses the land? Shall we add to our riches, to our resources, to our population, to our ma-terial prosperity? or shall we draw back from the good work by the cry of those who to the detriment of the country are perpetually standing in the way of every kind of progress, and contenting themselves by shouting taxation? In comparison with other countries, we know nothing about taxation in this province. The interest on our provincial debt per head is less than twelve cents annually, and on our federal season can be found in one of the six stores in the village, not to mention the attractive millinery shop of Mrs. G. D. Perkins.

Howard B. White has bought a great many cattle and much pork this fall, 600 head of the former and about 30 tons of the latter. Messrs. J. G. & R. W. Ballock with the latter of the board waiting money.

About two clarks are best busy waiting money.

School Examination at Gibson.

day, the 17th inst., in the presence of a large number of parents and visitors. The school consists of four departments, all of had undergone a careful training different branches taught. In ea departments some specimen of mar was exhibited, which reflected r ness could not be well surpassed. regular work of examination was the visitors and teachers assem! principal's room to witness a spel between the pupils of that ro must be said in justice to both

teacher, that they may well be their ability to spell. One could be struck with the fact that a g cipal of our school for four years, much cannot be said in commenda the excellent work he has done to ra