

POOR DOCUMENT

SELECT STORY.

The Purple Scar.

"The next time Gus Rybolt is brought before me for some of his numerous misdemeanors I will sentence him heavily."

And Judge Johnson stirred his tea vigorously, while a deep wrinkle grew between his fine iron-gray brows, under which glowed his keen, earnest eyes.

His little daughter Janie lingered to pour his second cup of tea. She was very fond of waiting on papa, for Janie, though only twelve years old was the old Judge's house-keeper, her mother having died two years previously.

"Who pays his fines—for you often speak of his arrests, papa?"

"His brother Warren, who is as fine a young man as the town contains. I cannot understand Gus; he is handsome, bright and might be most anything he chose. He'll end at the gallows yet."

"Oh, papa?"

But reckless, wild Gus Rybolt, was soon forgotten when the parlor was reached, and Janie sat down to her piano.

A servant entered an hour later and handed the Judge a telegram.

"Uncle Rube is dying and has sent for me."

"Dying! Uncle?"

"Yes; are you afraid to remain with the servant and Mrs. Smith? I feel uneasy owing to that money. I ought to have put it in the bank, but have been overpowered with work and business. Too bad!" muttered the Judge a trifle anxiously, glancing at his little daughter dubiously.

"Oh, no, papa, I am not afraid. Poor Uncle Rube! you had better start at once. Don't worry about me; Mrs. Smith sleeps in the next room, remember."

But the judge did worry and fret, not only over the danger of his daughter and his money, but blamed himself severely for his carelessness.

Even among his graver fears for his brother, the thought of thieves and burglars haunted him.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself to leave so much money in the house even for a day, for the place is so isolated, the servants such arrant cowards, and cousin Sallie such a weak help. Only Janie's brave little heart to be depended on. Heaven bless the child. Now what can be the matter with Rube I cannot imagine; he was well enough last week."

Mrs. Sallie Smith, a forty-second cousin occupied the room on the right of Janie's, of the judge's, and a confirmed invalid, while the one on the left was her father's and in it the iron safe that contained the money referred to.

"I am afraid I am a bit nervous," mused Janie looking around her chamber with a shudder. "The servants are quite away off, and Sallie takes so much laudanum she would never awaken. I wonder if I would feel safer with the money under my pillow."

And foolish little Janie, having the combination of the safe, went to it, opened it, and took out the roll of bills.

"Oh, he," said a soft voice behind her, that is exactly what I want; I had no idea you would be so accommodating. Don't scream on my life."

And the bold fellow actually laughed as he seized her wrist.

Janie did not cry out. She gave him a sudden, startled indignation look, and bending her head, buried her white, strong teeth in the exposed wrist of the hand that held her captive.

"You little tiger-cat," he cried in a rage and intense suffering. "Let go or I will kill you."

But while the sharp pain had unmanned him, with the other hand she thrust the roll of money in the safe and sprung the lock.

"Now," said she, triumphant, "get it if you can, but—oh, Gus Rybolt, I know you."

"You—no you don't—ah, well, you will tell your precious father before another day closes. Come, hand over the cash; I want to have some chances of getting away."

"No, you cannot have the money. Oh, Gus Rybolt, remember your sainted mother, your good brother; what will they think now? How can you be so wicked?"

"I have no time for nonsense. Hand over the cash, or I'll—" and the click of a revolver hammer sounded.

Janie's eyes flashed in scorn.

"You harm a helpless little girl! You, who always boasted of bravery! For shame, Gus Rybolt; you are a coward! But in a gentler tone—"If you will make me a promise I will also make you one, and keep mine as long as you do yours, if you will leave me now and become a better boy an honest, honorable one—I will never tell."

The temptation to persist in his undertaking was great, but down in the wicked, dare-devil Gus Rybolt's heart there was a tender spot, which beautiful Jane Johnson had held ever since she was a mite of a child, and he had taken care of her at school.

Harm her! He wouldn't have harmed a hair of her head to save his own life, and she knew it.

"You cannot have the money, but won't you accept the promise—won't you make the compact?"

"Yes," he said at last, in a husky, strained voice. "Heaven bless you, Janie."

Johnson, and may Heaven help me!" and he was gone.

And Janie, with eyes full of tears, slipped into bed, and after a long time fell soundly asleep.

But wasn't the old judge furious when he came home.

"An abominable practical joke," he fumed. "There was Rube as well as I am and very much surprised to see me. I only wish I knew who did it."

"Why, papa," laughed Janie, "you ought to be thankful that Uncle Rube is well and not dying, as you thought. How can you feel so provoked and angry? I am so glad that it was not true."

The next morning Gus Rybolt had disappeared.

Ten years later Janie Johnson was a lovely, staidly woman. The radiant promise of early girlhood was more than fulfilled, while the brave, tender heart was unchanged.

The wife of the Governor was receiving, and her rooms were filled with distinguished guests. The last comer was a man of thirty, of commanding presence, whose grave and noble face made him seem somewhat older. After paying his respects to the hostess, he made his way slowly forward and was met by many smiles and greetings. He was evidently a great favorite in society.

"Oh, there is General Rybolt, who has refused the Austrian mission, papa says, because he has another and a better mission among the poor of New York. You know him by reputation, dear; but very few know the half of the good and great things he is doing with his wealth and talents."

The speaker was the Governor's own daughter.

Janie Johnson then turned her lovely hazel eyes carelessly towards the person pointed out—looked one instant coolly upon him, and her face underwent a sudden, strange change.

"It is—yes, it must be Gus Rybolt! How marvelous are Thy ways, O God!" she breathed.

Slowly yet steadily he found his way towards her.

Her face was no longer pale, but flushed, and upraised eyes showed pleased recognition.

His first words were: "I have kept my promise; have you kept yours?"

"Yes, oh, yes," she breathed, then added, "thank Heaven!" to which he gave a low "amen."

To say the old judge was astonished is putting it mildly. To find in the eminent editor and reformer his old—as he supposed—incurable Gus Rybolt, utterly unrepentant. To an old friend he said confidentially:

"Yes, the boy has turned out a trump, and the wonder of it is Janie thinks so, too." And he laughed.

And Janie never told of her robber, yet she kisses sometimes a purple scar on her husband's wrist.

"It was the beginning of a new life," she says, "the beautiful new life of an honest man."

A Bootless Errand.

A good story is told of Peragallo, one of the managers of the Society of Authors and Composers, who died but a little while ago.

Once upon a time a dramatist, since become famous, called upon him and announced:

"Well, old fellow, I'm going to read my new piece to de Jaquot."

"Delighted to hear it! Wish you luck!"

"Thanks. Here is the notice to be on hand, you see, but I'm in a fix. Look at my boots. I couldn't venture to show myself before the company with such boots as these."

"You are right. Here are twenty-five francs to get a new pair with."

The author receives the money gratefully and hurries away.

A little while later Peragallo finds a parcel in a chair, opens it and discovers a pair of new boots. The author had changed his foot-gear on the stairway, so as to touch the managers' heart.

Presently the author comes hurrying back. "I say, Peragallo, did I leave a parcel here?"

"There it is, my son. And the next time you come to me for a loan, you'll come on a bootless errand?"

A story of a button: "Rosaland, my dear, said her mother, who was sweeping the front hall, 'does this button belong to your father's overcoat?' 'Oh, dear, no, ma! It comes from George's overcoat. Isn't it splendid?' 'I don't see anything splendid about it.' 'Oh, why, ma! If you were only young and such a nice young man as George should—should—' 'Well, I will not have any more such works in this house. I've no objection to a little moderate hugging, but young men can't hug their buttons off in my hall, not much.' And Rosaland went to her boudoir to indulge in a weep.

A sceptic at a social party engrossed general attention by an effort to prove that human beings have no souls. Seeing the company staring at him in wonder and silence, he finally said to a lady: "What do you think of my argument, madam?" She promptly replied, "It appears to me, sir, that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast." There was both wit and wisdom in the lady's reply, for if man be not immortal, what is he more than a beast?

The Baby's Photograph.

They were getting the baby's picture taken, and while the operator was manipulating the impression among his chemicals the baby's attendants were waiting in an ante room discussing the probability of the artist doing full justice to his subject; there was a baby to begin with—the brightest, sweetest, handsomest baby in the world—its father and mother very young and very proud of baby; its grandmother, who never took her eyes from its angelic countenance, its uncles, and aunts and cousins, and several unrelated personages, to whom the great privilege of seeing baby have its picture taken was vouchsafed. When the photograph man came out of his den very much smirched, with a piece of black glass in his hand, with several spots on it intended for eyes, nose and mouth and a pudgy outline of round cheeks, each one gazed at it with awe and admiration.

"So like the little darling!"

"The sweetest thing I ever saw."

"Isn't it perfectly wonderful, his very expression—so wise and—sensible?"

"One dozen, cabinet size!" said the young father in a business-like tone. He could have hugged the photographer, the baby and the company; he was so happy and proud; but a man does not like to express all he thinks, so he kept within bounds.

Then they squeezed the baby several hundred times, put on his cloak and mittens and a comforter, and more comforters, and an Afghan and leggings, and when he looked like a little Esquimaux they all fled after him, one with his carriage cushions, another carrying his toys, and all the rest with some badge of loyalty that belonged to him. And who seeing them, could help saying, "It's love, love, love that makes the world go round?"

The Present Outlook.

The signs that a reaction has set in in Ontario in favor of Blake and the liberal party are at the present moment unmistakable to anyone occupying the mid ground between the two contending forces. The World records this fact as a matter of news, born out by the evidence received from many quarters.

It is a fact unquestioned and unquestionable that the enthusiasm which greeted Sir John and his lieutenants in the combat of 1878 has been transferred to his opponents in the present election.

It is a fact that the conservative candidates in many constituencies which they accounted safe at the prorogation of parliament are calling for outside help to carry them through the contest.

It is a fact that Sir John has been thrown back on resources he hoped not to have required, among them a personal tour through the doubtful constituencies, an urgent call to the manufacturers for assistance and the appointment of an additional representative of the Irish Catholics to his cabinet.

It is a fact that the betting men—those to whom an election contest affords simply an opportunity for gambling—are raking their money evenly on a liberal victory.

It is a fact that pronounced conservatives, well informed as to the progress of the contest, concede that Sir John's majority will be found largely reduced on the 20th of June.

It is a fact that many manufacturers and mechanics depending upon them, disregarding the loose and unauthorized diatribe of the *Globe* regarding the National Policy, and believing the duty on coal and bread stuffs to be mere excrescences upon an otherwise truly national policy, are throwing in their sympathies and their assistance with the liberal party, on the strength of Mr. Blake's declaration of policy on that subject. *Toronto World.*

THE CONTEST AT OTTAWA.

Taking the Capital as a criterion of popular opinion throughout the country, it must be evident to the keenest comprehension that the present electoral contest must result disastrously to the ministry. With one exception Ottawa has always returned Conservative representatives to Parliament, but now all the indications point to the return of two Liberals. The reason for the change of sentiment here is undoubtedly the action of the government with reference to the excessive taxation on the necessities of life, the dismemberment of Ontario, the disallowance of provincial rights in legislation, and the gerrymander. *Free Press.*

TEA. TEA.

FORBY packages CHOICE TEAS. Large assortment. First Class Groceries.

May 10. G. T. WHELFLEYS. Under the Barker House.

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Just received from Hamilton, Ontario 24 Cook Ranges and Stoves; 6 doz. Tea Kettles, assorted; 6 doz. Pots, assorted; 6 doz. Spiders, assorted.

For sale low by JAMES S. NEILL.

Iron, Steel, Cable Chain, Etc.

Just received per Steamship "Hibernia" from Liverpool via Halifax.

24 TONS Bar Iron, 167 tons Siles and Steel Sheet, 18 doz. Galvanized Buckets; 1 case Cutlery, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives, Pickers, Pocket Knives; 1 case Pad Locks; 1 case Fish, (Bibber's).

For sale Wholesale and Retail. JAMES S. NEILL.

CITY DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

FREDERICTON RAILWAY.—Trains for St. John leave the Station, on York street, daily at 7 a. m. and 2.15 p. m.; and arrive from St. John at 11.45 a. m. and 7.45 p. m., daily, Sunday excepted.

Trains for Fredericton Junction, Saint Stephen, Bangor, and all points West, leave Fredericton at 9.15 a. m., and arrive from the same points at 4.40 p. m., daily, Sunday excepted.

New Brunswick Railway.—Trains leave St. John daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.45 a. m. for Woodstock, Ardenbrook, Carleton Place, Grand Falls, and Edmundston; and arrive from these points at 4.30 p. m. Passengers for St. Leonard and Edmundston remain over night at Grand Falls.

INTERPROVINCIAL RAILWAY.—The Halifax express leaves St. John at 8 a. m., daily (Sunday excepted); and arrives at St. John at 1.30 p. m.; and leaves St. John at 7.30 a. m., and arrives at 1.30 p. m., daily, Sunday excepted.

THE POST OFFICE.

The Post Office is situated in the Square on the corner of Queen and Carlton streets. The General Delivery, Stamp, and Registry Office are open from 7 a. m. until 8.30 p. m., daily (Sundays excepted). Box holders have access to their boxes until 9.30 p. m. The Money Order Office is open from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m. Letter Boxes are located as follows:—Near the corner of Watkinson Row and Scurry streets, at the Auditor General's Office, the Queen Hotel, the Barker House, the W. U. Telegraph Office, the Brayley House, and Long's Hotel. These boxes are served as follows:—At 6.30 a. m., and in the afternoon, the Waterloo Row boxes at 12.30 p. m.; the Auditor's office boxes at 12.30 p. m.; Queen Hotel 12.35; Barker House 12.40; Brayley House 12.50; Long's Hotel 12.55; W. U. Telegraph Office 1.00.

The mail for England, via New York, is made up on Tuesday of each week at 8.30 a. m., and via Halifax on every Friday at 1.40 p. m.

THE CITY OFFICES

are on the ground floor of the City Hall. They are open on Tuesday (Sunday excepted) from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Church of England Temperance Society.—Patron, His Lordship the Metropolitan; President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary, G. Douglas Hazen.

St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A. No. 106.—Geo. J. Bliss, President; J. T. Horseman, Secretary. Meets every second Thursday in the Reform Club Rooms, Queen Street.

Women's Christian Temperance Union.—Mrs. Slessman, President; Mrs. Sampson, Secretary. Meets every Wednesday at 4 p. m., at its rooms in Reform Club building.

St. Dunstan's Total Abstinence Society.—President, James E. Barry; Secretary, F. McGoldrick. Meetings are held weekly in their Hall on Regent Street, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

York Division S. of T.—W. P., R. H. Mackey; R. S., G. G. Roberts. Meetings are held weekly in the Temperance Hall, on York Street, on Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Reform Club.—President, George J. Bliss; Secretary, Richard H. Phillips. Meetings are held in their rooms on Queen Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Young Men's Christian Association.—President, G. F. Albertson; Cor. Secretary, E. G. Colward; M. D. D. Secretary, R. E. H. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30, and on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Royal Arcanum, Fredericton Council, No. 101.—W. J. Crawford, Regent; G. E. Coulthard, Secretary. Meets at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms the second and last Thursday in each month, at 8 p. m. Limit of insurance, \$3,000.

Royal Arcanum, Lorne Council, No. 486.—Regent, G. S. Peters; Secretary, E. S. Waycott.

American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton Council, No. 218.—Herbert G. Green, Commander; C. A. Sampson, Secretary. Meets in Fisher's Building, on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 8 p. m. Insures from \$500 to \$5,000.

Horn Circle, Maple Leaf Council, No. 28.—John J. Weddall, Leader; G. B. Coulthard, Secretary. Meets in Masonic Hall, Carlton Street, first Thursday in every month.

Fredericton Historical Society.—George E. Fenety, President; A. Archer, Secretary. Regular meetings on the second Thursday in January, April, July and October in each year.

Hiram Lodge, No. 8 F. & A. M.—Harry Beckwith, W. M.; T. G. Loggie, Secretary. Meets in Masonic Hall, Carlton Street, first Thursday in every month.

Fredericton Royal Arch Chapter, No. 77.—Reg. G. R. A. Chapter of Scotland—G. D. Lugin, F. Z.; R. M. Pinder, H.; N. Campbell, J.; A. Street, P. P. Seible E. Regular Convocation third Wednesday in every month in Mason Hall, Carlton Street.

Alexandria Lodge, F. and A. M.—Alfred Seely, W. M.; Edgar Hanson, Secretary. Meets first Tuesday in each month in Haines' Hall, St. Mary's Ferry.

Victoria Lodge, No. 13, I. O. O. F.—J. D. Fowler, N. G.; J. F. Richards, Rec. Secretary. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgcombe's Block, York Street.

Grand Lodge, L. O. A.—William Wilson, Grand Master, Fredericton.

Graham Lodge, L. O. A., No. 20.—W. Wilson, Master, Joseph Walker, Secretary. Meets in the Orange Hall, Queen Street, west end, on the first Friday in every month.

Walker Lodge, L. O. A., No. 35.—H. S. Carman, Master; Geo. Parker, Secretary. Meets in the Orange Hall on the first Monday in every month.

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

EVERY THURSDAY,

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CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor, Fredericton December 5 1881.