THE UNITY OF TRUTH.

The following paragraph is going the bounds of the papers.

Wednesday, Docember 10, 1884.

THE "SUN"-ON THE DEPRESSION.

The St. John San ascribes the existing depression principally to the fire of 1877. Fhere is no doubt that this fire did have a most serious effect upon the business of the St. John; it could not well be otherwise, but, except so far fis it led to a reduction in the aggregate population of St. John and Portland, it did not reduce in the slightest degree the number of customers of the St. John in exchants. It is complete the country districts of New Brunswick and in Western Yows Soxia as there are to-day. Of course such an event would be just as many people in the country districts of New Brunswick and in Western Yows Soxia as there are to-day. Of course such an event would be just as many people who might be supplied with the mechants and luxuries of life by the St. John merchants. No doubt, in individual cases, the effect of the fire has been embarrassing but it is understood as questioning the reality of formery. The legacy of the state of the fact that the country districts of the state of the fact that the country districts of the state of the fact that the country districts of the state of this posting in St. John, which is due to the fact that the country districts of the fact that the country districts of the part of the fact that the country districts of t

WHAT IS IN THE WIND?

It would be interesting to know just what kind of a dose Sir John Macdonald

It would be interesting to know just what kind of a dose Sir John Macdonald is preparing for Parliament to swallow next winter. The air is full of rumors, but the ways of the wily Premier are not easily found out. He is the incarnation of variableness, being constant in nothing except his love of power. Because he advocates one thing to-day, it is not to be inferred that he will advocate it to-morrow. To morrow may take care of itself and yesterday should be quickly forgotten, how can I get through to-day? Is the fundamental principle of Macdonaldism, and its tools are the gullibility of the leaders. From such a man one can never tell what to expect, except surprises and the employment of base methods to carry them through.

Among the floating rumors is one concerning the Canada Pacific Railway, it being alleged on what seems to be good authority that the Company is again in financial siraits, but as has already been pointed out in these columns, they have so arranged matters that if it is to their advantage to step out of their bargain and leave the trans-continental road on the hands of the government they will be able to retain the lines in Ontario and Quebec, which they have purchased with money given them by the people of Canada. It is thought by many that the next turn of the political wheel of fortune will bring up something of that kind.

That some advantage is to be taken of the Macdonald "boom," which is now being worked by the Tories for all it is worth, everybody seems to take for granted. Even our own Tories, whose noses are ready to sneeze whenever their political deity takes snuff, admit that something is going to happen, but what that something is going to happen, but what that something is they neither know nor care, they only know that they will approve of it no matter what it may be.

ONE OF HIS FALSE PREDICTIONS. When Sir Leonard, then plain S. L. Tilley, was endeavoring to persuade New Brunswick to assent to Confederation, he told the people that if the Union were accomplished, the population of this province in 1881 would be 400,000. In view of the rate of increase in the twenty years preceding the census of 1861 this was not a high estimate. That census showed an increase of population census showed an increase of population in 20 years, or more correctly speak-ing in the 21 years, for the census was taken in 1840 not in 1841, from 156,000 taken in 1840 not in 1841, from 155,000 to 252,000 in round numbers or 96,000, that is a little over 61 per cent, or say 58 per cent for the 20 years preceding 1861. If the increase of population had continued at this rate until 1881, the census of that year would have shown a population of 389,000; so that if St. John had become the Liverwood of America and the tion of 389,000; so that if St. John had become the Liverpool of America and our wild lands had been settled with emigrants from Europe, as was so earnestly foretold, it is not improbable that 709 a year would have been added to our population during the 14 years after Confederation, whereby the figures set by Sir Leonard would have been realized. But what are the facts? We find that in 188; the resultation of the prevince instead. what are the facts? We find that in 188i
the population of the province instead
of being 400,000 or even 389,000, was
321,000, after counting thousands of people who were not in the country, that is
the rate of increase instead of being over
38 per cent as in the previous 20 years
was only a little over 27 per cent; the
numerical increase in the 20 years 1881,
being only 69,000 as compared with 96,000 in the previous 21 years. Comment
is needless; but we may add that if Mr.
Tilley was too extravagant in his estimated
increase of population, he was a long
way within the mark as to the increase
of taxation.

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TAKING THE RICH VIEW OF THE

Will the the St. John Son is a latengating of the company to the company to the company of the co

that.

T E Kenney thought the resclution should pass unanimously and they could deal with other questions afterwards. He mentioned that the resolution suggested a treaty being made on fair terms. The resolution passed unanimously.

unanimously.

Many others spoke on the question, including G-Troop, Senator Power, John Starr, and Robt. Pickford, and all favored Recipro-

ing G J Troop, Senator Power, John Starr, and Robt. Pickford, and all favored Reciprocity.

THE CANADA PACIFIC.

Elsewhere will be found an interview with Mr. Graham, of Prince William, who has lately returned from the scene of railway operations among the mountains of British Columbia. Mr. Graham is well-known in Fredericton and along the St. John river 2s a 'level-headed man, not given to exaggeration. He went, to the west, not because it was necessary for kin to go but for the sake of the roange and largely to see what the country is like. His views are those of a practical common-sense man. This being the case, his representation of the sort of road the Canada Pacific people are building through the mountains is entirely reliable, and is worthy of consideration. To talk of such a road as Mr. Graham discribes becoming a great transcontinental highway is farcical. The country has paid enough money to have a good road built, and is being put off with one which is not even second class.

"Where is that monney Cartwright & Cannon's check for \$4,895? Philip Frone has said nothing to me of this sale, nor have I found an entry made of receipt of such an amount of money on our books. This is strange; perhaps Mr. Frone can explain it. He must."

At that moment a rap fell on the door, and a brawny mill-hand entered the room, hat in hand.

"I couldn't get here any sooner, Mr. Gray; I was busy at the—"

"Not so loud, Ellis! let him sleep," interrupted Gray, pointing to the clerk. Were there any goods shipped recently from the mills to Messrs. Cartwright & Cannon, of Boston?"

The man pondered a moment. Search. "I can tell you in a second, sir," he said, drawing a small leather book from his bosom, and consulting its well-thumbed pages.

"Yes, sir," he said, after a moment's search. "Here it is; Messrs, Cartwright & Cannon, State street, Boston—ten double bales of fine textures."

"When were they sent, Ellis?"

"On the 21st of last month, sir," answered the shipper, referring again to his book.

State St., Boston." "State St., Boston."

Ellwood Gray refolded the letter, and quietly placed it in his pocket.

"The first part of that communication I don't understand," he muttered.

"Where is that money—Cartwright & Cannon's check for \$4,895? Philip Frone has said nothing to

"Yours, resp't'ly,
"Carrwright & Cannon.
St., Boston."

went spinning to the sace of the baywindow.
Philip Frome was disarmed—and by a feeble-hunded woman.
But he was not at the mercy of his arrangeesful adversary; for old Elsie feeble-handed woman.

But he was not at the mercy of his more successful adversary; for old Elsie had struck with such force that the shock paralyzed her withered hand, which had been strung to desperation, and her own weapon flew from her nerveless fingers. A moment, and uttering a smothered cry of satisfaction, the strong man flung himself full upon her. His fingers gripped into her neck. Shaking her violently he managed to open the door, and draging her, half-strangled, into the passage, he bore her by main strength to the front door of the mansion. All the time his strong hand was closing tighter and tighter over ner throat, shutting in even the terrible gaspings that were trying to struggle forth.

The door was reached and opened, and summoning all his immense strength old Frone lifted the helpless, half-dead woman and hurled her head-long out.

"If you are found dead in the morning, with your neck broken, no one will be the wiser; and I'll be rid of an infernal shadow that has blackened my pathway for many—many years. And in the end it must come to that; for both of us can not—"

As his mutterings grew fainter, he reentered his study and closed the door. These again he started as he strode into the trible questions.

George Hart did not notice the over sight. He quietly removed his hat, and set the struck of the door. The graph of the struck of the door. The graph of the struck of the door. The graph of the struck of the struck

"What? Then why, in Heaven's—"
"I had business elsewhere," quietly in
terrupted the foreman, "business which
I could attend to without in any way
neglecting my duties at the mills. But,
pardon me, Mr. Frone," and the brawny
"fellow" drew his overcoat suggestively
around him, "I wish to see you a few
moments on what I consider important
business. 'Tis rather cold out here for—
you."

ground. With a low, wicked laugh, he strode on, paying no further heed to the

strode on, paying no further heed to the fatten woman, who in the distant past had been his victim.

Fifteen minutes later he entered the great Merrimac mills.

It was the strong arm of George Hart, the millman, which had flung Basil Frone's pistol aside, and which had leveled the half-drunken bully to the further side of the wretched room, in which huddled the poor Marsh family.

And the brave, sturdy fellow had reached the scene just in time. As it was, the vengeful bullet from the weapon just missed old Marsh, and flattened itself against the stove plates.

The reader remembers the situation.

Basil Frone had fallen, like a bullock shot through the brain, under the power from the forman's arm. But in an instant he scrambled to his feet, his bleared eyes fired with passion, his face lived with

I must meet him; and I'll go preparedfor any emergency."

He opened the table drawer and took
out his dirk. He hid it in his bosom and
lowered the light in the chandelier. The
key was still in the drawer lock. Mr.
Frone had forgotten his usual caution.

"By-Jove! I have it," he muttered, a
few minutes later, as he softly let himself
out of the front door. "An uncommon
bright idea; I see my way—when other
excuses fail, and when I see I must be
content with only half the money!"

With these strange words, he buttoned
his fur lined overcoat to his chin, and
strode away.

Just as he reached the Gorham street
bridge over the canal, he recoiled, as

Just as he reached the Gorham street bridge over the canal, he recoiled, as suddenly a bent figure arose before him, almost at his very feet.

"A little help, sir!" came a feeble voice. "Just a little, kind sir. I am old and —"

"L': 1 —!! you, Elsie Harebell" Out of my way!" and with a single blow of his heavy hand, he felled her to the ground. With a low, wicked laugh, he strode on, paying no further heed to the