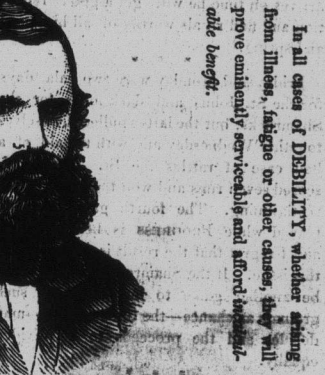


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VOL. II, NO. 75

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

SOME ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

BUT NOT THE KIND WHICH ADORN THE BRUSHING BRIDE.
The flowers that bloom in the Spring have nothing to do with the case—the relations between a Grand Master and his Brethren in the Orange Blossom.

Major Andrew J. Armstrong is district paymaster and superintendent of works of the Department of Militia and Defence in New Brunswick, and is an officer of eminence. He has been in the militia for 25 years, and has received the honor of being made a Knight of the Order of St. John, and an increase of salary, amounting to \$100 a year, was allowed him.

Everybody was glad of this, for the major is not only a good officer, but a good fellow.

The major is also Right Worshipful Grand Master of the Orange Grand Lodge of New Brunswick. As everybody knows, this is an eminently loyal institution, devoted to the Queen and her successors of the Protestant faith. It has no ulterior object, its primary obligation is the oath of allegiance, and its principles are purely defensive.

With these premises understood, it would be supposed there should be a perfect harmony between the major's position as a militia official, and his position as head of the order in New Brunswick. The members of Lodges 1 and 27 say there is not, and so do sundry others outside of these lodges.

Lodges 1 and 27, while legally "in the district," are looked upon by some of the brethren as being virtually out of the pale. They do not meet in the Orange hall, but have a "little Church-Round-the-Corner" of their own in the Market building. There they do all sorts of things without consulting their superiors, and the other night they went so far as to pass resolutions condemning the head of the order in New Brunswick himself and his fellow-worker, County Master James Kelly.

The delving did not fall. The policemen loafed at the corners as usual. The gin mills of Prince ward kept open to all hours in conformity with immemorial usage. Nothing happened except that the morning papers were brightened with an item of more than usual interest.

There was a good deal that the papers did not tell, which is necessary to a proper understanding of the question.

At the last meeting of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, Grand Master Armstrong submitted his annual report. It was a voluminous document, consisting of some twenty pages, and dealt exhaustively with the state of the order and the progress of the cause in various parts of the protestant world. While the committee on the address was preparing to report, Rev. A. McDougall, then master of Lodge No. 1, and now Grand Chaplain, took the floor. Apologizing for taking time when he supposed the matter was cut-and-dried, he begged to remark that while the address dealt with all kinds of strange and distant lands, it was peculiarly and painfully silent on the vital topic of the Jesuit question.

The reverend gentleman is a terse and vigorous speaker, and in the discussion that ensued, there was, as he and others supposed, a clear understanding in the matter. The resolution then passed that the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick considered the grant to the Jesuits a dangerous precedent, and that the Governor General be asked to disallow the same.

A few weeks ago Right Worshipful Brother Armstrong and Worshipful Brother Kelly attended the Grand Lodge of British America, at Toronto, as delegates from the subordinate body in New Brunswick. At that session, Worshipful Brother and Alderman Wm. Bell, of Toronto, moved an amendment censuring the Orange members of parliament for not supporting the motion of Colonel O'Brien opposing the grant.

This brought politics into the matter at once. The Right Worshipful and Honorable Mackenzie Bowell arose and almost wept as he treated his brethren to do nothing so rash and inimical to the government followed suit, and then the Right Worshipful Brother and Major Armstrong took the floor. He held it for 45 minutes, taking the ground that Brother Bowell was right and that there should be no censure.

Bell's amendment was carried by a majority of three, Brothers Armstrong and Kelly voting against it.

The delegates returned from Toronto so full of zeal for the order that they soon after established a Preceptory of Royal Black Knights, which is the high-church of Orangeism, despite the fact that Queen's Preceptory already existed here and was in working order. Scarcely had they done this and been installed in the principal chairs of the new body, when the thunder-bolt was launched from "the Little Church-Round-the-Corner."

For though the delegates had caused it to be understood that they had acted in the spirit of the resolution of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, and were supposed to have voted for Bell's amendment, the contrary was found to be the case. Brother

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

THE DUTY OF THE AUTHORITIES IN THE BOSTON CASE.
The City Police are not equal to the emergency, and a Special Police will be raised, headed by Detective, who can be sent where it is most needed.

A great and appalling crime has been committed, and a startled community cries out for its detection and punishment. It is of its kind more terrible than the acts of Jack the Ripper, and it is even more difficult to explain. The Whitechapel murderer has pursued his work among out-cast women with savage barbarity, but he has at least had the courage of what may be termed his convictions. He has taken the chances of being captured. That he has not been seen since, more to the stupidity or cowardice of the London police than to his own agility, great as it may be.

But the St. John assassin, for whom the backey'd daily paper term of "Island" seems ill-fitted, takes no chances. He works with almost certain security, armed with the most potent weapon at the command of man. One can guard against the ordinary methods of assault, but as against poison, the strongest is defenceless. With out wishing to be too pessimistic, it seems almost certain that the murderer will never be discovered. There is scarcely one chance in a hundred, but if there were more than one in a thousand, the effort should be no less earnest and immediate.

The danger is too great to permit of a false step or temporizing. For candy is not the sole or most convenient vehicle for poison, and none can tell where the next blow may fall.

The apparent absence of motive adds to the mystery. It is not the work of an immediate personal enemy. The candy sent to Rev. Dr. Macrae was not intended for his wife, but for him. Yet the sender of it knew so little of his movements as to be ignorant of the fact that he was absent from the province.

Then, too, a like attempt was made upon Rev. J. deSoyres, rector of St. John's, and Rev. T. J. Deinstadt, pastor of the Esplanade Street Methodist church. Neither of these had anything in common with Dr. Macrae, the Presbyterian, to create a common enemy. Indeed, on the questions likely to excite anger among any class, their opinions varied. They varied in their views on the Jesuit question, on the liquor laws, and on other debatable topics. They had nothing in common, save that they were ministers of evangelical Protestant churches.

The method adopted was the same in each case. A box, which, from its very size and shape, would have excited suspicion in some minds, was sent to each of the clergymen through the mails. It was mailed in the city, and each package was directed by the same hand. The writing is not that of an ignorant person. Mrs. Macrae, suspecting nothing, ate some of the candy, and died with all the symptoms of strychnine poisoning. The others were more fortunate. A marvellous instinct prevented the loss of more lives.

It is not unusual for clergymen to receive all kinds of packages through the mail. Mr. de Soyres, therefore, was not surprised when the candy came to his house. He laid it on his study table and mechanically bit a piece in two. Detecting a bitter taste, his suspicions of a trick were aroused, and his life, with that of others, was saved. In the case of Mrs. Deinstadt, the escape was even more remarkable. She suspected nothing, and was about to give a piece of the candy to a child—the most natural thing possible—when, by an instinct which no one can explain, she felt a presentiment of danger and refrained. So the additional horrors of wholesale murder were averted.

The problem what is to be done is the most serious one which has ever faced the authorities in the history of crime in this province. The one thing which is painfully apparent is that our police are wholly unfit to grapple with the matter. This is said in no unkind spirit towards the chief and his assistants. It would apply with almost equal force to any city this side of New York. It is out of the police line, and the authorities should recognize this fact at once. Unless the personnel of the Boston regular detective force has been improved within a year or two, there is not a man on it who could be safely trusted with such a case. It is one thing to deal with the ordinary murderer or criminal, and another to compass the mystery of a crime so subtle and extraordinary as this. A man of special abilities, not necessarily a big or bold man, is needed for the task. With no special admiration for the private detective in abstract, it is submitted that there are men in the employ of one or more agencies who are eminently qualified for such a task.

To secure the services of such a man is a pressing duty. It will cost money, of course, and there may be no results; but if there is any chance whatever, it is in taking such a course at once. Every hour of delay means danger, not only that the

GO TO THE POST OFFICE.

IT IS BETTER THAN TRUSTING THE STREET LETTER BOXES.
Why the Letter That She Longed for Never Came, or Came a Day Too Late—A Bad System That Ought to be Abolished, and the Sooner the Better.

The letter-box is gone from the doorway of Parker's drug store, Market square. Nobody stole it. It was removed by the post office officials, at the request of Mr. Parker.

He objected to having the public fooled by dropping their letters into the box under the impression that the collector was sure to collect. He knew as a matter of fact that there was no certainty about it, and that mail matter of importance might lie there to the serious loss and inconvenience of the senders.

The merchants of the vicinity have had no confidence in that letter-box for the last year or so. They take the trouble to walk as far as the post office at night, in order to make a sure thing of it.

So does anybody else who wants to be sure that his letter will be forwarded by the mail for which it was written.

It is said that no less a person than the inspector of post offices himself had occasion to post a letter at a street box, not long ago. It related to a matter in which a prompt answer was expected and required. Not hearing from his correspondent, after a lapse of three days, the inspector telegraphed him, and found he had not received the letter. Investigation showed that the box had not been visited by the collector.

The Paisley system of numbered double boxes, the inner of which is removed and its receipt at the post-office checked, is as near complete as a system can be. It is found practicable in as large a city as Toronto, but on some pretext or other it was abandoned in St. John. Under the system now in vogue, the collecting is supposed to be done by a contractor, who entrusts the work to a boy. There is no check either on the number of boxes visited or the number of letters collected from any box.

Once in a while, somebody from the post office drops a letter into this box or that, and when it reaches the office on time, it is presumed the service is being faithfully performed all over the city.

When the existing contract expires, a new one should be made, either with the present contractor or anybody else. The system is as extravagant as it is unsafe. The post office could and should do better, at less than half the price now paid for inefficient service. When that is done, the public may learn to trust the street boxes. At present, when haste is an object, there is every reason why they should be avoided.

REMEMBERED THE UMBRELLA.
One of the Reasons Why Harry Doherty Makes a Good Hotel Clerk.

All the travellers were sorry when it was reported that Harry Doherty intended to leave his place behind the desk of the Royal and run an hotel of his own at St. Stephen. They were not sorry for Harry, because they thought there might be a future for him in the busy border town. They were sorry for themselves. They had been so accustomed to seeing him that they were afraid the Royal would seem lonesome after he had gone.

Harry has a right to be regarded as a fixture there, and now all the travellers are glad that he has decided to stay. He has been around the Royal, old and new, ever since Mr. Raymond was in the business. His history goes even further back to the days of Macintosh, in the old Stubbs Hotel. He has grown up in the business until he has learned all there is to know about it. It is a tough question about railroads, steamboats or hotels in this county that he cannot answer off-hand, and he never forgets a fact.

In the summer of 1877, after the fire, when the Royal on King square was packed like a box of sardines, a gentleman from Montreal registered there. He had with him an umbrella, which in the innocence of his heart he left lying carelessly around the office, where scores of people were passing in and out every hour. Naturally enough, he lost it, and just as naturally he reported the loss to Harry, who made a vigorous but unavailing search. The umbrella had gone for all time, the owner philosophically accepted the loss and in the course of time wholly forgot the matter.

Not long ago, Harry took a vacation, and chanced to be a fellow passenger with the man who had hailed from Montreal. During a lull in the conversation, Harry asked in a most natural manner: "By the way, Mr. —, did you ever get any trace of that umbrella you lost?" "What umbrella?" asked the astonished traveller.

Then, to his amazement, Harry recalled the incident of twelve years before, which he himself had wholly forgotten. During that time, Harry had probably heard of the firm, presented each player with a silk handkerchief and souvenir of St. John.

A HOME RUN.
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THE SINFUL COUSINS LAUGHED.

Because the Ancient Mariner Gave the Order to Prey at His Wedding.
A brave sea captain of my acquaintance, after various vicissitudes and a chequered career on the briny deep, having amassed a comfortable fortune, and approached perilously near the age of 40, decided that all work and no play would probably make Jack, if not a dull, at least a discontented boy. He searched the scriptures and found that it was not good for man to live alone, so he decided to forsake the incognito sea and settle his affections upon a sickle goddess.

In his native village there lived a damsel, whose dark eyes had already pierced his susceptible soul till it was riddled with holes, so he plucked up courage, proposed and was accepted. Neither of them had any object in putting off the happy day, so immediate preparations were made for the wedding.

Now, this valiant mariner considered himself a member of the Church of England, but he had been on shore very little since he had attained man's estate, and his knowledge of her ceremonies was rather confused. To add to his troubles, he possessed a number of pretty, but mischievous young cousins, who amused themselves by making chaos out of confusion in his mind on the dreaded subject of the marriage service. He visited the parson, and begged him pathetically to make that service just as plain as he could, "but all vain, the wicked cousins predominated largely, and by the time the eventful evening arrived he was thoroughly convinced that the ordeal before him was a sort of cross between a naval engagement and a presentation at court.

All went better than he had anticipated, however, for to his great joy the clergyman told him to "repeat after me." All he had to do was listen and follow suit. So he manfully promised to honor and cherish, and following closely at the parson's heels, and growing more confident each moment, until, having endowed his bride with all his worldly goods, the clergyman finished abruptly with the pious exhortation, "Let us pray." "Let us pray," shouted the bridegroom, in a voice that might have been heard above an ordinary hurricane.

And three sinful cousins in the front seat tittered aloud at the success of their wicked machinations, while even the clergyman experienced a slight difficulty in swallowing before he finished the service. ***

Fishing Out of Season.
Fishing parties are the popular amusement of the hour in Moncton. I suppose it is a little late in the season for practising the gentle art, but we have the advantage of doing our fishing without leaving the house. Sometimes the plumber assists, that is, of course, where the family is in affluent circumstances; but usually the mode of procedure is merely to open the kitchen tap and catch the finny spoil, as it appears. Of course luck varies. Sometimes a morning's fishing is rewarded only by a succulent eel and a few minnows. Sometimes the fishing party captures its prey already dead, very dead indeed, and so goes away as not to require hanging. But the excitement is the same, and people are beginning to keep very quiet about it now, lest the water company should charge them for fishing privileges. So it is best not to grow too arrogant about the advantages one enjoys in the railway hub.

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FROM EVANGELINE'S HOME.
Valuable Relics Secured by the American Abroad in Nova Scotia.

There were two of them on the Windsor & Annapolis morning express, a few weeks ago, and they were gazing out of the car window, exchanging rapturous exclamations as to the majesty of Blomidon and the vastness of the meadows of Grand Pre.

To these romantic souls, brimming with romance and Longfellow, every farm-house, however glorious in new white paint, was a possible Acadia relic, and the very cattle in the fields were surely descendants of those which had been blest with the gentle ministrations of Evangeline.

A certain conductor, whom Progress need not name, seeing that his fame is world-wide, is all kindness and attention to these American tourists, especially if, as in the present case, they happen to be ladies. To all who are so fortunate as to travel under his care, he is always courteous itself, but on the American tourist, astray in a strange land, he looks with special and active compassion.

Noticing the ardor of these ladies, the conductor jumped off the train at Grand Pre station, and gathered a couple of liberal handfuls of the late autumn dandelion, or hawk-bit, fresh with dew.

As the train moved out from the station, he strolled up to the eager tourists, and dropped the flowers in their laps.

"Why, what are these?" queried the pleased recipients.

"Keep them," said Joe, as he moved off with a tender smile; "they grew right 'round the heartstring of Evangeline herself."

Now those hawkbits are a worshipped relic in some remote New York or Washington home. The thought is a touching one.

When to Tap Them.
Take the children to church. It is pleasant always to see young children in the place of worship. Somebody has said, it is like seeing the young trees in a maple grove. There is the promise of sap in them: they will be ready to tap by and by.—*Intelligent Intelligence.*

When the church gets in debt, for instance.

The Season Closed.
The base ball season closed Thursday. The St. John's played their best ball and got there. The New Brunswick league pennant, and three out of four from the Shamrocks, undoubtedly placed them at the head of the lower province base ball community.

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