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THE WEEKLY SUR, ST. JOHN.

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VOL. 8.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1886.

Advices from St. John's, Newfoundland, say there is a great improvement in the foreign fish market and large orders have been received there from Spain and Portugal.

The Boston Fish Bureau reports the New England catch of mackerel to Aug. 13 at 33, 537 bbls., against 172,068 bbls. to the same date last year, 157,981 to same date in 1884, and 67 402 in 1883.

(Digby Courier, 20th.)

(Barrington, W. S., Advertiser, 19th.)

Bathurst Notes.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

congregation of the Sacred Heart R, C. church

here, held on Monday, the 16th inst., it was

unanimously resolved to cammence the work

on their new church at once. The edifice will

NEW R. C. CHURCH.—At a meeting of the

NO. 42

EVELYN HOPE.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side one hour,
That is her bookshelf, this her bed,
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think,
The shutters are shut, no light may pass,
Save two long rays through the hinge's
chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name, It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her, It was not her time to love; besid

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope? What your soul was pure and true,
The good tars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew,—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged

Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant as mighty to make, And creates the love to reward the love,—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not

few.—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you. But the time will come, -at last it will, When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall

say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's And what you would do with me in fine.

In the new life come in the old one's stead I have lived, I shall say, so much since then, Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's scope,—
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold,—
There was place and to spare for the frank

young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair young gold,
So husb, I will give you this leaf to keep,—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand,
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and under-ROBERT BROWNING,

LILIAN.

They had been engaged a month. The village had buzzed audibly over the news that Jack Murray had come home from Arizona to marry his old playmate, Janette Prayn, and had furthermore bought an interest in Grayton Mills, and gone into business with all his energy. The wedding was arranged for October, and meanwhile-

Yes. He was bound to Janette. There was no forgetting nor ignoring of the factbut Lilian? Her heart tugged at its chain each time she spoke to him or looked his way. The silken bond had become a fetter. Janette was the Janette he had always known—a womanly presence, gracious and gentle; but he had come home to find Lilian a beautiful surprise. Bright, audacious, wilful, almost reckless, she darted about from gayety to gayety like a humming-bird

among roses.

'Can't you see, Janette, that it is wrong for you to allow Lilian to ge on in this way? A girl of sixteen should not be permitted such entire freedom. You ought to curb her a little. You stand in the place of a

But she deem't do anything wrong. She likes to be gay—that is natural; and these young people about are boys and girls that have grown up with her—neighbors and Janette was smiling tenderly, but she could not smile away the gloom from her

lover's face. 'I have scarcely patience with you, Janette,'he said, almost angrily. 'Do you suppose she will ever fill your place to your father and the children? It was very unfortunate for her that she was left without a

mother. Tears filled Janette's eyes. She bit her lip hard in the effort to restrain them. Why was Jack always so severe in his censure on Lilian, and through Lilian on her? Why did he alone seem to regard with intolerance this bright young creature whom all the

This sad questioning had been growing daily in Janette's meek, loving heart. Suddenly Jack flung himself down beside her and kissed her check. 'Don't be sad, dear. I only meant that

but of course, it is not your fault. Janette—
and shall I—shall I reason with her? Do
you think it would do any good?'

'Not the least bit in the world dear; but
you might try.' she—that Lilian seems to be independent of

you might try.'
Jack did try the very next morning. Janette took the children and went down to the village, to give him an opportunity to deliver his lecture in good form. He found Lilian dawdling over a late breakfast, untidy as usual, but as usual exquisitely clean. Her wrapper had a torn sleeve that showed the ivory of one rounded arm—her hair was tumbling from its silky braids. She looked like a fresh-crushed rose.

Jack had dressed himself with unusual

care; but then, he was going up to the city on business presently. 'Well, Lilian!'

'How nice you look!' she said, with a smile, bright and indifferent. 'I am so tired, We did not get home till three this morning. I waltzed my feet right through

George Archer and Harry Chase came home with me. I'm sorry I'm so tired. We arranged to go up to Eagle Rock this afternoon. I don't see how I can.' 'I don't see how you can.' He had walk-ed away to the window, but now came back and seated himself near her, at the breakfast table. You are a puzzle to me, Lilian,"
'A puzzle am I. Will you have some coffee? It isn't very warm. Why am I

'Well, not a puzzle, either; only it seems trange you are so different from Janette.' 'Should you wish me to be more like her?' she asked, with a curious half-smile, balancing a spoon carefully on the edge of her

'In one respect, yes. Janette would not spend her time running about with a crowd of insignificant young men, for example.' 'Bat I am a very insignificant person,

she retorted, calmly,
'You will let yourself become insignificant,' he said, gravely. 'You are wasting your thought and time on people who are in no way worthy—'
Lillar's spoon fell with a clatter into her cup. She rose and crossed the room quickly.
'Ah now you are angry,' Jacksaid, leaning back and looking after her, 'You are of-

'Not a bit offended, I only thought I could listen to you lecture with some comfort. This is Harry Chase's glove.' She had begun to mend the torn finger. 'Is he one of the insignificant people? Surely,' she

devoted to me; but I should never think of

Jack was looking straight across the table, trying to keep back the angry flush that he felt rising to his cheek. 'I see you have no use for my advice. You resent my inter-

'I don't resent anything. Come here and ait by me. I am willing to hear all you may have to say about my friends. Of course you won't be just to them, that's not 'Not to be expected? I should very much like to know why I have any motive to be unjust to your friends!

'Oh, well,' she said, resignedly, 'the trouble is Jack, you're in love with me yourself. With a startled air he looked at her an instant. Then a smile broke slowly over her face.

her face.

'Well, that is a singular assertion,' he remarked, after a rather long silence.

'Yes; but the most singular thing about it is, that it's true,' she reterted, with a perfectly unmoved air. 'That's where the singular than a singular assertion,' he remarked, after a singular assertion,' he remarked, after a rather long silence. gularity comes in.' He bit his lip, regarding her with a sort of puzzled yet tolerant look. Suddenly his whole expression changed.

'Lillan,' he said, abruptly crossing to where she sat, 'I wish to God you were more of a woman or—more of a child. I can't understand you. Do you try to bewilder me—to make yourself a mystery?' she retorted, raising her free, calm glance to his troubled face. 'I don't see why you can't understand me. I understand you. I have only been afraid that Janette would underdon't try to make myself anything.

stand you, too.'
'But if this that you say is true—if I have been so unfortunate as to give my heart one way and my word another—surely you might have some thought for me, some consideration! Why do you delight to make me suffer?

'Why? Because you ought to suffer, Jack. Because, if I met you half way, you would throw Janette aside without a qualm of conscience—Janette who is worth a dozen auch women as I am. I may be frivolous and trifling Jack; but I have my own ideas 'You are a miserable filrt!' he said, slowly

and bitterly.

'That's not true, Jack!' but her young face wore a strange, hard smile. 'Talk of honor—you talk of honor? You have neither heart nor conscience—

Her voice stopped him half way in the sentence. A burning flush had spread over her face, and the next instant she burst into a wild passion of tears, and rushed out of the room sobbing like a hurt child. That was the end of Jack's reasoning with Lilian. 'Jack dear! As if I possibly could curb When they met at dinner she was her bright, pleasant self again, smiling and talking gayly, but Jack felt that the dis-

Lilian's terrible frankness had defined his position and placed it openly before his eyes. And it had also shown him an undreamed of force and courage in her character. the restless passion her mere beauty had inspired, there began to mingle a higher form spired, there began to mingle a higher form of admiration, and for the first time the thought of breaking his engagement to Janette took form in his mind. This, too, might be done with her full consent, if he could make up his mind to throw himself entirely on her generosity and tenderness. She had been so good to him always-a friend, a sister, since he could remember, almost. Would she be less good to him now, if he came to demand from her the willing sacrifice of her dearest joys and hopes? He knew she loved—had loved him dearly. so dearly, Jabopes? He knew she loved—had loved him dearly. so dearly, Jabopes? He knew she loved—had loved him dearly. so dearly, Jabopes? He knew she loved—had loved him dearly. so dearly, Jabopes? I suppose a quiet nature like yours could never realize all my poor, wild, foolish heart endured those weeks after Jake came back from Arizona and before I with Harry I made have the statement of the statement Why else were women made compassionate as angels and heroic as martyrs. Kind,

smiling securely above her lace ruffles and embroideries and her happy dreams. It is not to be wondered at that Jack put off from day to day Janette's disillusionment. But a time came, after one of Lillan's rare evenings at home, when she had been more lovely, more gracious, more tender, subdued, thoughtful and loving than he had ever known her, that Jack made up his mind, with masculine vigor, to a final and determined effort for his freedom before another sun should set. He had seen of late an unmistakable sadness in Lilian's eyes, a wistful anxiety that not all her pretty smiles could cover; and on this esecial evening her hand had lingered long in his, and her glance had met his own with responsive kindness. He left her, thrilled and restless, his heart beating wildly at the thought that tomorrow would bring him at least the right to throw himself at her feet.

will not miss me much. You have your kind, good Jack to comfort you. . . . And papa will not miss me for he has you. But you must all love me, and know that, whereever I am, I must always he your own true, LILIAN.

And this was the end of Jack's feverish dreaming, of his plans and hopes and strong resolves! His high-built castles lay in ruins round him; but no one knew, thank God! of the wreck and havoc in his life! Janette hung sobbing on his shoulder. He shuddered as he kissed her, thinking how closely she had passed to keener and more lasting sorrow. He could not comfort her, he was too deeply hurt himself.

As the days went on the fact of Lillan's flight was followed by the discovery of another fact—that George Archer and Harry Chase were both missing. This established at once the personality of the bridgeroom. Archer had always been a facbridegroom. Archer had always been a favored admirer of Lilian's, and as Harry, had begun to mend the torn finger. 'Is he one of the insignificant people? Surely,' she looked at him archly, 'you can't say that of a millionaire's son? 'I should not say it in any case if I thought he was really dear to you.'

'Harry? Oh no. He's a good boy—he's devoted to me; but I should never think of the soul of generosity besides, must have placed money at the disposal of the young couple, for Archer was not known to have any visible means of support.

But what a rash step it was for Lilian though an admirer also, was Archer's bo

Several large schools of small mackerel have been seen during the week in our harbor. Some have taken the hook at Digby Stratt, so young, too-to leave her comfortable home and go off with one who might be a worthless adventurer for anything that was and what is even more unusual, have been caught from the wharves by visitors, who have known of him in Grayton.'

And so the tongues wagged, until Lilian came back and stopped them.

It was the day before the one appointed for her slater's wedding. Yet they had received no word from her, beyond her little farewell note, until they heard her voice in the porch. It was nearly twilight. Tea was just over. The children were dawdling at the table, Janette was talking to her father near his desk, Jack was smoking, and the roses from the porch were trailing over and nodding their pretty red faces through the window. No one heard the gate click, nor the footsteps, but they all heard Lilian's first word: 'Home! home!' she called out, in a gay voice,

that broke into a sob. Wicked, heartless girl! Unfeeling daughter! The tempest that met her was a storm of klases—and embraces—of sobs and laughter. But what was Harry Chase doing, holding his hat spologetically, in the background, with his usual little mild air of wonder? He was doing nothing, quite contentedly, until Lilian drew him forward with both her pretty hands, and said: 'My husband. when he proceeded to kiss, shake hands and even embrace his new relatives

with prompt enthusiasm.
'Harry Chasel' cried Janette, in utter You don't really mean that

amszement. 'You don't really mean that you've married Harry Chase? Is it a joke, Lilia.'?

If think it an excellent joke for me,' said Harry, radiant.

Of course I've married Harry. You didn't suppose I'd marry any one else?' Lilian asked, reproachfully.

'Certainly not,' said Janette, still bewildered. 'But you were always playing off little pranks on Harry. You know you were.'

'She has played the final one,' said Harry, with an air of fond ownership; there are no more pranks to be laid at Mrs. Chase! The children selzed on the name instantly and began a wild dance of delight around its owner. It was altogether such a wonderful idea that Lilian should be Mrs. Apything,

Jack had kissed her heartily with the reat; he had shaken hands and congratulated.

Lilian should be Mrs. Anything,
Jack had kissed her heartly with the Jack had kissed her heartily with the rest; he had shaken hands and congratulated Harry, and then stood spart, looking on like one in a dream. He noticed the large beautiful diamonds that glittered from the pride's fair neck and ears.

'Poor, empty, worthless heart,' he thought bitterly, 'you have brought your price!' Through all these years of his life he never knew why Lillan had married Harry Chase. But Janette knew in time. When Jack was dead, and she had lived through her widowhood, and her children and Lillan's children were courting and being courted, she learned the unwritten romance of her sister's life. They were talking, as gray-haired women will, of love and marriage, and the heart's deep joys and sorrows, when Lilian said earnestly:

'You must have wondered often, Janette about my marriage, because you knew me too well to believe, as many did, that I married Harry for his wealth.'
'Oh never for that, dear,' Janette said.
'I know you never did, but I have wondered, sometimes—if—you married him for love.'
'No,' said Lilian, simply; 'I married him because I loved some one else; because I

loved Jack. 'Jack!' said Janette, blushing as she looked at her. 'My Jack!'
'Your Jack,' she smiled softly as she said the words. 'Oh, Lilian!'

went away with Harry. I went because I could bear it no longer. I was so glad when he sked me to be his wife.' 'Oh, my poor Liliani' Janette's tears are lowing fast as she holds her sister's hand. 'And I never dreamed—'

'No one dreamed of it, dear-Jack, least 'No one dreamed of it, dear—Jack, least of all,' said Lilian, calmly. 'I lived it down years and years ago. And I have been happy with my dear, Harry, in our comfortable, common-place way. Yet, you see I've had my romance, too, like other people.' She smiled, but her eyes were full of tears.

'Lilian, dear! And you loved Jack, and -you knew that he loved me. Oh, that was hard! 'I am glad I loved him,' Lillian said, Madeline S. Bridges.

Fishery Notes.

of Harwichport, has taken only 10 bbls., mackerel, and will now haul up.

21 lbs. Next!
CARAQUET RAILWAY.—This road, in which

CARAQUET RAILWAY.—This road, in which the people of the Northern counties, particularly Gloucester, are so much interested is very rapidly being pushed forward. Rails are now laid to Little River Bridge, a distance of 46 miles from the juncton with the I C. R. The bridge across Little River will, it is expected be finished about 1st September next, and tracklaying will be resumed below that point immediately after its completion. It is thought probable that regular freight and passenger trains will begin to run to and from the business centre of Caraquet or to the end of the fiftieth mile about the 20th day of September next, It is really surprising what an amount of freight comes and goes over the road. Large quantities of lumber are daily arriving from Barseville from the mills of Messers, R. F. Burns & Co., to Bathurst for shipment to Europe, and indeed the general freight traffic with also the passenger traffic, exceeds all the expectations of the company. If the 56th mile be completed by 15th Sept., it will be in good time for the oyster trade which in Carequet, St. Simon, at a large quantity of compositions. by 15th Sept., it will be in good time for the oyster trade which in Carsquet, St. Simon, etc., is very extensive. Large and commodious station houses at Clifton and Grand Anse are now finished, and one at Caraquet is in course of erection, and the siding to a deep water terminus at Caraquet will soon be commenced. The whole line is well provided with sidings and all other convenience for the results. sidings and all other convenience for the pro-per runing of freight trains, while the passen-gers need not be at all afcaid of any incongers need not be at all areal or any inconvenience as the cars are in every way cemfortable, and are in charge of Conductor D. J. Kearney, whom all (especially the ladies) concede to be very careful and obliging, That the traffic over the road is destined to be very great, cannot be gainsaid if the experience of one short year is any index. Engineers now locating the road toward Shippigan.

Bathurst, Aug., 23rd.

Willian Cullent Bryant was the first New (Cape Ann Advertiser, 20th inst.)

Since May 12 schooner Nellie T. Campbell
f Harwichport, has taken only 10 bbls., mack, rel, and will now haul up.

Willian Cullent Bryant was the first New York editor to indulge in a country seat. Now Mr. Dorsheimer has purchased a villa near Dosoris, the beautiful retreat where Mr. Dana divides his time between raising chickens for in and concocting plans for raising shoel

ON THE STAR.

Up the Washademoak-A Reporter's Ruminations.

date last year. 157,981 to same date in 1884, and 67,402 in 1883.

A lobster caught the other day off Winthrop, Mass., by Belcher Bros., weighed 112 pounds, and its other dimensions were: Length over all, 292 inches; legal length, 102 inches; length of large claw, 11 inches; small claw, 10 inches. Can any of our readers produce a larger one?

The beam trawl fishing at Griusby, Eagland, as we learn through the American Fish Bureau increases at the rate of 100 settles. MER BOUTE FOR TOURISTS AND TOWNSMEN. Old as the world is only 282 years have elapsed since Champlain rediscovered the harbor of St. John. Rediscovered? Yes; else he would not have found here the descendants of Nosh and of the animals and birds that were Bureau, increases at the rate of 100 sail each year. The size of the vessels employed is also being increased, up to 100 tons for sailing vessels and 200 tons for steamers. Steamers are now used from all the ports on the North Sea for trawling, line and herring fishing. his companions in the ark. It seems strange that until within a few hundred years men were so forgetful of their past. In times of which we have no history brave men explored these rivers and lakes and it was with wonder that their descendants greeted Champlain and Small sized mackerel have been taken dur-ing the present week in the weirs at St. Mary's Bay in considerable quantity. his companions, whom we credit with the discovery of this land from which its original The Cape Cod shore mackerel fleet are haulossessors have been expelled. May it not be that centuries hence some atrange people from some strange land will sail into these harbors ing up; crews discouraged; one vessel, four weeks out, took 35 bbls; another cruised six weeks and did not have her seine out. A num-ber of Cape Cod vessels have gone to North

in ships as far superior to ours as ours are to the bark cances of the aborigines, and may it not be that those strange people will plant their banners on our shores and claim the soil by right of discovery? In the dead centuries, no doubt but that things no less strange have occurred: -in the centur-ies that are unborn no doubt that circumstances

equally strange will be unfolded.

Thank God for the gray mou green woods and the pleasant fiel green woods and the pleasant fields! They never frown—they never chide. Unmoved as the ephinx, they look upon our follies, green, golden, and pallid with snow, sorrowing not with our sorrow, joying not with our joy, for our sorrows and joys are inevitable. And thank God for the grand river, that sincs time began has pursued its way unobstructed by man and unmindful of his arts. Men lived here thousands of years ago, wiser perhaps than ourselves, but they are forgotten, while the river flows on, murmuring to the willows and oaks and elms that cast their shadows on its surface, the story that it told to prehistoric man. It neither laughs nor moans; its flow is like the flow of time; its ways are as ungovernable as the ways of fate.

The rivulet seeks the river, (Barrington, M. S., Adverliser, 19th.)

Herring is plentiful at Cape Negro Island, and netmen make large hauls.

The arrivals at Pubsico from the Banks since August 1, have been as follows: Schr. Hazzl Glen, Goodwin, 1,700 quintals; schr. Jonathan, Amiro, 1,000 quintals; schr. Coral Leaf, Goodwin, 1,200 quintals,

Large quantities of tinker mackerel were found high and dry on the Hawk Point flats on Monday morning. They had been swiarming among the islands, and losing their reckoning, got into the shallow water, which ebbed and left them. Such occurrences were quite frequent about that place 20 years ago.

Haddock seem lately to have almost taken Haddock seem lately to have almost taken possession of the codfish grounds off the Cape. They make up the larger part of the boat fares now. The market price of them when salted and cured in the usual manner scarcely pays the expense of saving them.

The rivulet seeks the river,
And the river seeks the sea.

The roses open to the sun,
And the clover to the bee;
And day and night my heart goes wanderitg,
Pondering where my love can be.

Dances she among the daisies?
Sieeps she where the shadows fall?
Drives she home the cows from pasture?
Wears she bangs or waterfall?
Is she plump or is she slender?
Is she short or is she tall?

I don't knew, for never, never, Have I met her in the flesh. Altogether in her mesh, And I sigh to think that truly But she's got my heart. I tell you It was on the steamer Star, and that is the

It was on the steamer Star, and that is the song that was aug by the dude with an eye-glass, as we drew up at Klogston landing. He left us there, and THE SUN'S reporter wondered if he was going to disturb the peace of his friend, W. E. Carvell, whose beautiful residence peeped out at him through the trees, with his presence and his remarked.

dence peeped out at him through the trees, with his presence and his songs.

So much has been written of 'the St. John that one quails at the thought of recapitulation. Let it pass—the world knows that the Saint John, the Hudson, the Mohawk and the St. Lawrence are the noblest rivers in America, and that the tributaries of the St. John—the Kennebeccacis, Belleisle Bay, the Washademook and Grand Lake are beautiful beyond comparison.

ful beyond comparison.

Aside from several beautiful ladies the Star doors has been built in the rear of the building under the supervision of William Fraser of Charlo, and the necessary wood work is now going ahead, of which Samuel Gammon is the contractor. The location in a business point of view is a good one, and the building will certainly have a more imposing appearance than the one in which the bank now is.

The new post office has been roofed and the galvanized iron work on the tower is now going on. The carpenter is well ahead with his was, he never was eblivious to the world, work and plastering will be commenced in a selves. One Sunday as he quietly slept in his The new post office has been roofed and the galvanized iron work on the tower is now going on. The carpenter is well ahead with his work and plastering will be commenced in a few days. It is expected that it will be entirely finished by lat of January next.

HA, HA!—Two of our 'sports' were summarily arrested and punished on Sunday last, for having appropriated 'the Doc's' horse to their own use without the necessary license. Moral—Don't forget to hide the whip.

FISH STORX.—T. M. Burns and R. Hickson have returned from a three-day's trout fishing excursion on Pokemouche river. They brought home a barrel of fish, each of which averaged 2½ lbs. Next!

Manual one of the river steamers. Devout as he was, he never was shilvlous to the world, the fiesh and the devil, any more than ourselves. One Sunday as he quietly slept in his selves. One Su

father of C. A. Everett, M. P., came to the province, with other loyalists, in 1783, and settled at Upper Hampstead: how he owned slaves, of whom the colored population of Ctnabog are the descendants; and how he had fifteen sons and daughters, one of whom while quits young lost his life in an effort to rescue a slave from drowning, while all the rest lived to an average age of more than seventy years. Three of the daughters and one son are still living, and what is most remarkable, the family has been represented in every session of the local legislature, with two or three exceptions, from its organization to the present time.

One told of the pleasant days he had spent

One told of the pleasant days he had spent at Oak point, and another of old time adven-tures at the "Rat Tavern," and still an-

Spoke with loving truth
Of a long vanished youth—
Of childhood's hopes and memories ever green;
And one unto the West
Turned eyes that could not rest,
For far off hills whereon his joy had been.

For far off hills whereon his joy had been.

Opposite Hampstead, which grows more charming every year, John P. Case has a place of resort which is deservedly popular, the quaint old house, its surroundings and the polite attentions that are shown to visitors being especially restful to city visitors. At times this season Mr. Case has had as many as forty or fifty guests from the city and elsewhere.

From the upper end of Long Island the Washademoak is entered through a narrow passage about one and a half miles in length, bordered en one side by Lower Musquash Island and on the other by the shores of Wickham. On either side are wide rich intervales over which the spring inundations spread fertilizing soil, and the landscape is enlivened by clumps of stately elms and maples. The lake at its entrance is about two miles in width, soon narrowing to a width of one half a width, soon narrowing to a width of one half a mile, which it maintains for a distance of near twenty miles, except at the Narrows where it is almost cut in two by a bold bluff from the eastern shore, its entire length being in the vicinity of thirty miles. A peculiarity about the passage leading from the St. John to the Washademoak is that it never treezes except elegations. it never freezes except along its banks. Dur-ing the past ten years the farms which border the Washademoak have been greatly improved by an intelligent system of agriculture, and the taste shewn in the dwellings, churches and school houses is hardly excelled elsewhere in the province.

distance thence to the Narrows the landscape on either side of the lake abounds in pictures of peaceful beauty. But the village at the Narrows and its surroundings surpass in picturesqueness all else to be seen within a day's journey from St. Jehn. The residences of the Mesers. Robinson, and Mr. White, the quiet hostelrie of Mrs. McCutcheon, the church and the temperance hall, scattered over the hillside, with orchards and grain fields here and there, draw one towards them with almost irresistible force. A good summer hotel at the Narrows is greatly needed and would prove profitable to its proprietor. For a former resident of the Narrows, who is now established in California, John C. Miles has painted several views in the neighborhood, as well as several sketches of Long Creek scenery for American visitors. THE UNION LINE OPENING UP A GLORIOUS SUM-

The country about Cole's Island has under gone little change during the past twenty years; still it is evident that as less attention is years; still it is evident that as less attention is given to lumber more is paid to the farm, most likely to the advantage of the locality. There are at the place two stores, one small hotel, and saw mill and a half dezen dwellings. When the Star drew up at the wharf here yesterday afternoon one could hardly help wondering as to the purpose of her visit. But the country on both sides of the Washademoek and en Canaan river which empties into the lake at Cole'z Island is thickly settled, and the amount of live stock and farm produce shipped thence by the steamers to St. John is by no means inconsiderable; the return freight is proportionately large, as well as the local travel.

Though the Star was placed on this route without any view to a reduction in the prevailing low rates of freight and fare, her arrival ing low rates of freight and fare, her arrival mountains, the fields! They Unmoved as follies, green, so srowing not with our joy, for ble. And thank nea time began ted by man and ived here thou-

other day during the week.

The reporter's thanks are due to W. E. Humphrey, superintending manager of the Star, sailing master Robert Dingee, Pilot Kincard, and Steward White, who provides a first-class table, for courtesies which greatly enhanced the enjoyment of two days outing on the Washademoak.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

[To correspondents-Write on one side of as possible. In every instance the name of the writer must be forwarded to secure attention, as anonymous correspondence consigned to the waste-basket.

WELSFORD, Aug. 24,

To the Editor of The Sun :-SIR-I beg leave through your columns to call the attention of the management of the New Brunswick Railway to some matters that are of interest to them and that would be a great boon to farmers and traders in all this parish of Petersville. The management has of late received great praise on all sides for their enterprise in raising the standard of their road, both as regards track and rolling stock, and also for their kindness and ing stock, and also for their kindness and courtesy to the travelling public excursionists, all of which is just and right, and I would also add my humble voice and say that the appearance of our station and grounds well deserve to be praised. But to the point. The people here consider the rates of freight and fares altogether too high, consequently they carry nearly all their goods to market by teams. They can thus compete with the present rates at a loss to the railroad and considerable labor and loss themselves. Now, if the rates were lowered from 20 to 30 per cent., the farmers would find it a benefit for them to patronize the road and the company would find an increase is their earnings.

Fishery Matters.

To the Editor of The Sun:-SIR—The case of our Deer Island fishermen is truly a hard one. Not alone are they suf fering from scarcity of fish, low prices, and an. noyances from the government's special customs officers, but now to completely destroy them, new customs regulations have been issued.

Yours,

and are now being enforced. Something over a year since in order that they might be allowed the privilege of "rusning sardines" to Eastport, our boat owners had
their boats made over into American ones, paying therefor a heavy duty in the Eastport custom house. I will not attempt to justify the
wisdom of this course, but to them at the time
it seemed their only resource. Since that time
they have been allowed to convey sardines into
Eastport as American citizens, free of duty.
But now comes forth the fact from our government, through the officials, that no longer shall
sardine boats—being to all intents and purposes American ones—be allowed to enter
British waters for the purpose of carrying sardines, and further if all such boats are not
forthwith entered into the customs house and
again converted into British boats they will be
seized and confiscated for infraction of the revenue laws. On application to the customs
house of Eastport, these same boatmen are informed that no British boat will be allowed to
enter Eastport with sardines. Here they are
thus reduced to a condition that will ensure
them starvation, unless some remedy is speedilly found for their pseuliar case. While I am
fully convinced that the American government
has been wrong in its course of action, and
while also I feal justified in asserting that our they might be allowed the privilege of "runhas been wrong in its course of action, and while also I feel justified in asserting that our men did wrong in making their boats American ones, yet under the peculiar circumstances of the case, I think our government for the present should deal leniently with our men.

Their living is dependent solely on the sar-dine business, and if that is destroyed they have

no other resource.

Trusting that this matter may be speedily arranged. I am, yours, Deer Island, Aug. 24.

thought that tomorrow would bring him at least the right to throw himself at her feet.

But tomorrow brought him something widely different. By breakfast-time the deal with the fisheries question.

The Boston Globe calls for the resignation of Secretary Bayard, because of his incapacity whole household was in wild consternation; Lilian had disappeared. Her pretty white bed was unruffled; but on its pillow lay this little note, addressed to Janette;

The value of the fish of all descriptions landed bed was unruffled; but on its pillow lay this little note, addressed to Janette;

Hereafter the French troops will be supplied with codish, which creates a new market for gone away, of my own free glad will, to be gone away, of my own free glad will, to be gone away, of my own free glad will, to be give me, and love me until I come again. I have give me, and love me until I come again. I have give me, and love me until I come again. I have give me, and love me until I come again. I have give me, and love me until I come again. I have gone away, days gone away, days gone away, of my own free glad will, to be with a capital of one million frances, for lay graph to the effect that it is told in St. Paul bester known it cannot fail to draw many to make the children in Minneapolis, its near-by one stranged. Occupation in connect minty of earning from £500 to £1,000 a year possible weekly, monthly or as may be arranged. Occupation in connect minty of earning from £500 to £1,000 and year possible weekly, monthly or as may be arranged. Occupation in connect minty of earning from £500 to £1,000 and year possible weekly, monthly or as may be arranged. Occupation in connect minty of earning from £500 to £1,000 and year possible weekly, monthly or as may be arranged. Occupation in connect minty of earning from £500 to £1,000 and the provided fails and Wella full of full of the constitution of fail to draw many to the cell deswhere in the possible cooking of the provisions, but as its attractions become the children in Minneapolis