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VOL. 17.--NO. 41. SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1887. WHOLE NO. 874.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

A Mysterious Name.

ONLY THE HIGH PRIEST COULD SPEAK IT.

Once each year, on the Day of Atonement, while the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem remained, the high priest was accustomed to pronounce upon the bowed and awe-stricken multitude of worshippers the blessing which contained the mysterious name of God. On no other occasion, and from the lips of no other person, could this name be spoken, and when the sacred city fell before the Roman armies, and the temple itself was razed to the ground, the ceremony likewise perished and the name was lost.

A peculiar interest in this extraordinary name has always been evinced by scholars and antiquarians. There is something in the mystery that surrounds it, that appeals alike to the strict religionist and to the investigator whose only motive is the desire to explore the region of the obscure. What was this name that could not even be pronounced without blasphemy, and which has in consequence passed away from the knowledge of mankind?

As is well-known the consonants of the name are JHVH or YHVH; and since the time of the Hebraist Galatinus the popular usage has been to pronounce it Jehovah, following the example of that scholar. Yet no one believes this to be in any way correct, and the ingenuity of hundreds of commentators has been taxed to restore the original vowels. The name itself, however it was primarily pronounced, is one of marvellous antiquity. It is derived from a verb but was almost forgotten in the time of Moses, and its origin is absolutely lost in the mists of an antiquity that makes the pyramids seem insufferably modern. It was the essentially national name given to the Creator by the Jews—the name by which they thought of Him in the privacy of their own homes, in the presence of their own altars—too sacred to be spoken, save once each year and by the lips of the consecrated priest of the Most High. So hedged about was it with reverence that the Rabbins do not even dare to write about it, but allude to it mysteriously as "The Name," or "The Name of Four Letters," in which the Samaritans likewise follow them. Yet, although it seems so wholly Jewish, some of the most singular coincidences are to be found in the usages of other ancient languages. In the Chinese, some thousand years before Christ, there are allusions to a "name of three mystical letters IHV," denoting that which none can comprehend. Among the Phœnicians the name had equal reverence; the Greek writers speak of the "great name" which they imperfectly give as IEUO IAO; and an inscription in the *adytum* by the temple of Isis at the Egyptian Sais recalls the same dread tetragrammation. It would seem almost as though this were the title by which primeval man was divinely taught to worship his creator.

As has been said, the name, so far as can be learned, has never been pronounced since Titus destroyed the Temple at Jerusalem, A. D. 70. Whether before that time it was ever in any way fully committed to writing is quite unknown. Some of the Rabbins who are unable to deny that the recorded miracles of Christ were actually wrought, declare that he accomplished them by accidentally gaining possession of a parchment in which "The Name" was fully written and which thus conferred upon its owner extraordinary and supernatural powers. Whether previously written or not, it must have been so recorded after Jerusalem fell, for we learn of individuals who preserved the true pronunciation for many centuries. Josephus in his "Antiquities," speaks of the name, but says that it would be unlawful for him to explain it. The Jewish Mishna speaks of a Jew named Kamzar who was aware of the sound of the letters. In fact, as late as the year 1650 the Orientalist Leusden met a Jew at Amsterdam who professed to be able to utter them correctly. His family, he said, had preserved the traditional pronunciation by means of writing. Leusden offered the man a large sum of money if he would utter the word just once, and his offer was accepted; but shortly after, and before the payment had been made, so great a terror seized upon him as to seal his lips, nor could he be persuaded either by bribes or by entreaties to perform his promise.

The secret therefore must be regarded as wholly lost; nor, perhaps, would a spirit of reverence desire it to be discovered, though even the most orthodox Christians regard the Jewish feeling about the name as nothing better than a superstition. Whatever one may think, the mystery that surrounds the whole subject appeals very strongly to the imagination, as is seen in the melancholy end of a well-known American scholar who devoted his whole life to an investigation of the name, and upon whose mind the question wrought so strongly as to produce insanity.

It may be of interest to give the various pronunciations that different scholars have considered the most probable. Cappell would have it Yahvoh; Furst, Yeheveh; Mercer, Yehveh; but perhaps the majority of Orientalists incline to *Yahveh*. In reading the Hebrew Scriptures the Jews themselves never pronounce the word at all, but substitute the ordinary *Adonai* or "Lord."

Mrs. Widgery Reported.

"Yes," said old Mrs. Widgery, giving her knitting-needles rather an unnecessary click in her excitement, and thereby dropping a stitch which she had to stop to take up before she could proceed further—"yes, the whole world is just gone crazy, in my opinion. It ain't crazy quilts alone, I can tell you, it's crazy everything. There ain't nothin' done accordin' to rule any more; there ain't no system—nothin' straight and orderly and regulerlike—anywheres. Why, when we were young, and was makin' a patchwork quilt, you know, we had a pattern, and a design—squares, or stars, or somethin'—and we knew beforehand how it would come out, and just how it was goin' to look. But now it's nothin' but them bits and scraps, odds and ends, of silk or satin or velvet—all shapes, all sizes, all colors, first one tacked on and then another, hit or miss, hilter-skilter, just as they happen to come. Makes a kind of a pretty showin', too—I don't deny that; but supposin' the Almighty had made the world that fashion—just throwed things together, and let 'em take their chance, and come as they would—what kind of a world would we have had then? Wouldn't there have been pretty works if a man's nose hadn't been put quite in the middle of his face, but a little grain more to the right than to the left, or vicy versy; and if one eye had been sot a little higher than the other, or one black and one blue may be, and everything else accordin'? But, I declare for it, it wouldn't have looked much worse to me, or more one-sided, that it does to see a girl's overskirt runnin' clear down to a p'int in one place, and hitched and bunched up so ridicerlous in another; or her dress made up of so many different sorts of stuff that you can't tell which is dress and which is trimmin'? But, it's all of a piece with the rest of their fixin's from top to toe, and a girl nowadays certainly does make a regular fly-away of herself, and nothin' else, with her hair all in such a mass and tangle as was never seen except on a 'crazy Jane' when I was young.

"However, girls will be girls, and what can you expect? But wouldn't you think a married would be more sensible? There's my Maria, now, that I brought up myself, just as bad as any of 'em. Why, I didn't half feel as if I was in a house the whole while I was there, it was all so different from anything I was used to. Where there ought to have been doors there was mostly them great heavy curtins—'porty' something, they call 'em; French, I guess. And the ceilin's was all the colors of the rainbow, and lots of furniture I didn't know the name on, and no two chairs alike hardly, and lookin'-glasses hung cornerways instead of straight up and down, and everybody drinkin' out a different kind of a cup and saucer, and—oh, I can't begin to tell you what all! Her parlors was the worst, though; them long, narrer rooms, you know, that they have in cities—dark as pitch, too, and nothin' sot back straight and orderly, but just standin' right out in the way so that you couldn't git through hardly, to say nothin' of them pesky rugs that I was always a-stumblin' over to the actual risk of life and limb. And then all the ornaments, and the 'brickyback' they tell about, around everywhere—I was a'most afraid to stir for fear I should make an unlucky move with my elbow, and knock the hijeous little image off from somewhere, or ketch my skirts against somethin' else stood up just where you'd least expect it, and have another smash-up. But, dear me! dear me! wa'n't the care of them rooms enough to take the flesh off from any woman? I used to think that city ladies didn't have nothin' in the world to do, but I've changed my mind some, I can tell you. As sure as I set here I'd ruther do all my work—wash and iron and bake all in one day—than to worry through one of Maria's sweepin' days when the parlors have to have a regular overhaulin'. You'd think cert'in they was movin', or takin' the house down, or somethin' as bad. Maria has to see to it all, and do all the dustin' herself, for she doesn't trust a girl with the handlin' of any of them precious jimcracks. Besides, the girl wouldn't git through before night, if she was left to do it all alone. Maria's dreadful nice and particuller, too—shows her bringin' up there if nowhere else—and she spies the least bit of dust any time, and goes for it as quick as a cat after a mouse. Her husband, he runs her about it dreadful, and says he's goin' to have her picture took with a feather duster in her hand. A man right across the street from them said somethin' worse than that, though. If his wife dies before he does he declares he'll put a duster alongside of her in her coffin, for she wouldn't look natural no other way. But what can a woman do with such a house on her hands? Upstairs rooms ain't much better than them down below. 'That man,' Maria says, 'is always bringin' home knick-knackery of some kind,' and when the parlors overflow, some things have to be toted off up above, till every room is just chuck full. Maria had tried to weed out mine a little before she put me into it, she said, for fear of accidents, but I couldn't feel to home in it, no way. There was so much to be took off of the bed before it was ready to sleep in that I shut 'em up in a closet after the first night, and wouldn't have 'em on again. I've made my own bed for over sixty years now—ever since I was ten years old, anyway—and I wa'n't goin' to give up to no chambermaid, I can tell you; but I could never have got it together again her fashion, without help. No, it wa'n't a bit like home, anyhow, and I'm so glad to get back to my bare walls, and my clean kitchen floor, and everything sot back so orderly out of the way, with the sun a-shinin' in at the windows, and the cat a-purrin', and I a-settin' down so quiet after my work is done, and 'nothin' to molest or make afraid,' as the Scripture says so beautiful, "Yes," with a long sigh of contentment and relief, "I'm so glad and thankful!"

How the Reporter Saved Him.

From the Chicago Herald.

"You may abuse newspaper men all you please," said a robust chap in the smoking room of a sleeping car, "but I want to tell you that I have a weakness for reporters. A reporter once saved my life." "How?" "Well, three years ago I thought I was dying with consumption. My friends thought so too. It appeared to be a clear case.

"One day a reporter bustled into my room, took out his pencil and notebook and began business without any unnecessary delay. "Mr. Johnson," said he, "I understand that you are dying with consumption. Will you please give me a history of your life?" Well, gentlemen, but for the reporter I should not now be alive. I summoned all my remaining strength, threw the reporter down stairs, slid down the banister and jumped on him before he could get up, pounded him into a black swelling and then threw him into the street. An hour later I heard he was likely die from his injuries, and so I took the first train for the West, going clear up into the mountains and roughing it like a prospector. Now, look at me!" "Did the reporter die?" "Not a bit of it. He's now the editor-in-chief of a paper in Cincinnati."

—The exhibitors of New Brunswick at the London Colonial Exhibition were so well pleased at the energy displayed by Mr. Ira Cornwall, the special commissioner for the Province, that a substantial recognition of his services has just been forwarded to him. In addition to an address, signed by the exhibitors, he was presented with a cheque for a handsome sum, as well as several beautiful contributions taken from the exhibits, consisting of oil paintings, specimens of game-animals, etc. Mr. Ira Cornwall, who is now a resident of Montreal, has received the congratulations of the whole Canadian press for his courtesy and kindness in the Press room of the Exhibition, which he organized. Mr. Cornwall has also conceived the idea of establishing a series of exhibitions in the various colonies, which is receiving favorable consideration.

—"Owing to ill-health," says Bill Nye, "I will sell at my residence in town 29, range 18, west, according to government survey, one crushed-raspberry colored cow, aged 6 years. She is a good milkster and is not afraid of the cars—or anything else. She is a cow of undaunted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, by means of a trace chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. Purchaser need not be identified. I will also throw in a double-barrelled shotgun which goes with her."

—A couple visiting Mount Vernon were so affected when they got to the Washington tomb, that after gazing longingly at the building, they burst into tears. One of the men attached to the place, passed by, and was asked by the man, "How long has this tomb been built?" The unfeeling wretch replied, "That ain't the tomb; that's the ice house. The tomb is off yonder.

—Advices from Montana state that severe storms have prevailed there for some time and that there is much suffering from cold and lack of fuel. The snow is badly drifted in all localities, and at the mountain base is higher than the habitations. Unless the weather moderates very soon the loss of life from freezing and starvation will be appalling.

—The March number of *The Popular Science Monthly* will contain a portrait of the late Professor E. L. YOUMANS, engraved on steel by Schlecht. The likeness is considered remarkably vivid, while the execution of the work is much superior to ordinary book-plates.

—The Queen has consented to accept from the women of England the Jubilee gift of an equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort.

—It is stated the Pope offers to act as mediator in the Russo-Bulgarian dispute and the Franco-Germanic misunderstanding.

The Sunday Fisherman.

(Tid Bits.)

A good old man, on fishing bent,
One Sabbath morning left his tent.
The Tent, Λ

He took his can, and very quick
He dug his fish worms with a pick.
The Pick, ⊢ The Worms, ∞ ∞

In case some fish of size he'd get,
He took along a landing net.
The Landing Net, ⊐

As fishermen get hungry, too,
Of pretzels he procured a few.
The Pretzels, ϑϑϑϑ

Some lines he took along on spools
To teach them to the finny schools.
The Spools, ⊢⊢⊢

He had some entertaining books
Of highly-tempered Limerick hooks.
The Hooks, J J J

And thus prepared he got his boat,
And out upon the stream did float.
The Boat,

Some bites he straight began to get,
It was the gallinipers bit.
The Gallinipers, ⋊⋊⋊⋊

One of his lines spun off the reel;
He landed in the boat an eel.
The Eel, ∽

Then quickly it began to rain,
But his umbrella was in vain.
The Umbrella, ⊤

Above his head the thunder crashed,
And all around the lightning flashed.
The Lightning, ≋

The storm blew and the boat upset,
That man went down into the wet.
The Upturned Boat,

And as he sank, the bubbles rose,
Smaller and smaller toward the close.
The Bubbles, O O o o :

A WOMAN'S WIT.

I used to laugh at the idea that a woman could outwit a man. I used to say, that, smart as she might be, a man with his senses about him was smarter still. That she could be detected in an instant, and that whatever her purpose was, she showed it so plainly in her face that no one could be deceived for a moment. And that, as she could go nowhere without attracting attention, and needed a male protector whenever she did anything out of the common way, such as taking a journey, or going out after dark, as she never knew how to dispatch parcels or messages quietly, and had no idea of the hours of railway trains, or the way to get anywhere or do anything legally, the man who suffered himself to be outwitted by her, was little less than an idiot.

I have altered my mind, now. I have been the guardian of Miss Matilda Middlebury for twenty-four hours, and I revoke all that I have said. A woman cannot tie up a parcel, get to an unknown part of the world, cut anything with a knife, or give a direction properly, but when she makes up her mind to marry some one who is willing, old cloven hoof and all his imps could not baffle her. She'll have her own way.

Miss Matilda Middlebury is a young lady of twenty-two years. I, as her father's legal adviser, know her exact age. Before last Thursday I had never seen her face to face. It was in this wise: there came to me, per post, a letter dated Clemence Hill, and written, as I saw it once, by some person in a violent rage. Lines all crooked. Letters any shape. This is what it said to me:

CLEMENCE HILL, Saturday.

MR. MARTIN, *Dear Sir:*—I shall make no apology for troubling you about a matter which you will perhaps consider a little out of your sphere. I should not make any apology to the king of anywhere for asking him to pull me out of the water if I were drowning. This is a life and death matter to me, you must help me. Besides, you are my legal adviser, and I want you to take the law into your own hands. That is all.

I have a daughter—Matilda Middlebury. You have made my will in her favor. It is possible that you may have to alter it yet; but that is neither here nor there. That daughter is now twenty-two years old; consequently, of age and her own mistress. She has chosen to fall in love with a contemptible, good-for-nothing rascal, whom I have forbidden to speak to her again, and she is determined to marry him. She tried to humbug me, the jade, and promised to give him up; but I have positive information that she intends to marry him on Thursday afternoon. All preparations are made, and the trunks packed for a departure to Europe. I forgot to say that she is visiting a friend at ——— Street, New York.

The rascal comes there every evening, plays the piano, sings sentimental songs, and make's love. The other girl is in the plot, and is going to be bridesmaid. And here am I with the gout in my right foot, chained down at Clemence Hill, without friend I dare trust in the world save you.

For Heaven's sake, find me the girl. Take her into custody. Arrest her. Do what you choose with her—only don't lose sight of her until you bring her safe to me. I don't care what it costs; do it. I'm a rich man. Any bill will be considered reasonable. You have the undying gratitude of your old friend in the bargain, of course.

Matilda does not know anything about law, and is awfully afraid of it. Remember, out of your sight one moment, and all is over. Thank heavens you never married and have no daughter.

Yours truly,
J. P. MIDDLEBURY.

P. S.—No ——, ——Street. Lady by the name of Stark, wife of Dr. Stark, is the person she is visiting. J. P. M.

My friends, the man who would desert his fellow man under such circumstances must be lower even than the brutes. I confided the business to my partner, telling him that affairs of importance called me from home, and with a small carpet-bag containing some linen, and a brush, and comb, walked over to No.—, ——— Street, without any further delay, and requested to see Miss Matilda Middlebury.

In five minutes she came into the room—a short, plump, very broad-shouldered young woman, with a turned up nose, big black eyes, long eyelashes, and crisp, curly black hair. Her color came and went, so that one moment her cheek was dappled with red, and the next a clear, brunette tint. She had white teeth, and pretty hands, and I knew by the way she looked at me that she had spirit; but I knew, also, that women are ignorant of law, and so I thought that I could manage her.

"Miss Middlebury?" said I.

"Yes, sir," said she.

"Mr. Martin, of Martin, Grub & Co.," I said, bowing.

"I am very much pleased to see you, Mr. Martin," said she. "I've heard papa speak of you."

"My dearest friend—one of them, at least," I said. "Your father is a

(Continued on fourth page.)

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January 18th, 1887.
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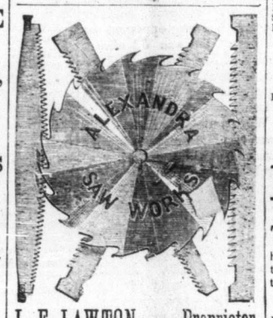


J. F. LAWTON, - - Proprietor.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

OXFORD FOUNDRY
And Machine Shop.

MANUFACTURERS OF
All kinds of Engines and Steel Boilers, Rotary Saw Mills with Improved Board Guage, Turbine Wheels, Machine Castings of all kinds, Wrought Iron Bed Fasts, etc., etc. jan27

C. P. CURTIS & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Dry and Pickled Fish.
Also, Butter, Cheese and Eggs specialties. Fresh Fish of all kinds received and sold, also Poultry and Game.
List of Prices, with instructions how to dress poultry for Boston Market, will be sent to any address on application.
Room 6, 176 Atlantic Ave.,
BOSTON, - - MASS.
nov18 4m

CHARLES L. CHISHOLM,
VIOLINIST,
SACKVILLE, - - N. B.
A LIMITED number of pupils can get instruction either at the Academy or residence.
First-class Instruments furnished pupils. Best Italian Strings. Bows, etc., etc. nov18-3m

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers
(Consulate of the Netherlands,)
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)
No. 127 WALNUT STREET,
L. WESTERGAARD, GEO. S. TOWNSHEND, Philadelphia.
july 24

Hotels.

AMHERST HOTEL,
AMHERST, N. S.
GEO. McFARLANE,..... PROPRIETOR.
ENTIRELY renovated and newly furnished. Good rooms, good table, and good attendance. First-class Stabling on the premises. june10 1y

Clifton House,
74 PRINCESS & 143 GERMAIN STREETS,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
A. N. Peters, Proprietor.
Telephone Communication. Heated by Steam throughout. sept'85

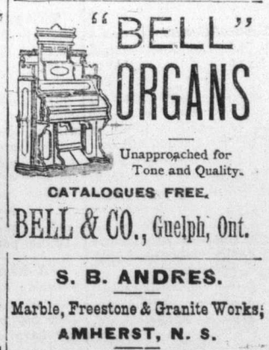
THE QUEEN HOTEL
HALIFAX, N. S.
VISITORS to Halifax will find the QUEEN HOTEL the best house in the city. Being fitted throughout with all modern improvements, furnished with new and handsome furniture. The CUISINE is the best in the Maritime Provinces. SAMPLE ROOMS a SPECIALTY. Private and Public Parlors, Gent's Writing and Reading Rooms. Building of Solid Brick and Stone, with improved FIRE ESCAPES. The location is convenient to Post office, Parliament Buildings, and the principal business houses of the city. A fine view of the harbor is obtained from its windows.
A. B. SHERATON,
MANAGER.

Railways, &c.

N. B. & P. E. RY.
1886 Winter Arrangement 1887
UNTIL further notice Trains will leave Sackville for Cape Tormentine at 1.55 P. M.
Returning, will leave Cape Tormentine at 5.10 P. M.
Trains run on Eastern Standard time.
W. C. MILNER,
Secretary.
Railway Office, Sackville, Dec. 9th, 1886.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1886 WINTER ARRANGEMENT 1887
ON and after Monday, November 22nd, 1886, the Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE.
Express for Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave. 5.45 a. m.
Accommodation for Moncton..... 8.22 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou..... 12.58 p. m.
Express for St. John..... 1.05 p. m.
Spring Hill Accommodation..... 7.12 p. m.
Express for St. John and Quebec..... 8.18 p. m.
WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER.
Express for Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave. 5.12 a. m.
Accommodation for Moncton..... 9.10 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou..... 12.28 p. m.
Express for St. John..... 2.50 p. m.
Spring Hill Accommodation..... 6.30 p. m.
Express for St. John and Quebec..... 9.05 p. m.
All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., November 22nd, 1886.

NEW
Harness Shop.
THE subscriber having taken Mr. Alex. Ford's Building, opposite the warehouse of Messrs. M. Wood & Sons, begs to notify the public that he will carry on the
Harness Business
In all its various branches, and hopes by strict attention to business and moderate charges to receive a share of public patronage.
Repairs neatly and promptly done, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.
JOSEPH W. DOBSON.
Sackville, 23rd June, 1886.



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S. B. ANDRES.
Marble, Freestone & Granite Works;
AMHERST, N. S.

On hand, a Choice Lot of Monuments, Tablets and Head-Stones of New and Elegant Designs. The subscriber has taken pains in the selection of the best Quality of Stock for Durability and Fineness of Texture, and is prepared to attend to orders to the satisfaction of all who may favor him with their patronage. Designs furnished on application free of charge. S. B. ANDRES.

N. B. & P. E. RY.
ON and after Monday, 3rd Jan'y, 1887, until further notice, a Passenger Train will leave Cape Tormentine every Monday morning at 7.30, a. m., Standard time, arriving at Sackville at 9.54 a. m.
Mileage Tickets for sale at all booking stations.
JOSIAH WOOD.
President.
dec30

Springhill Coal
BEST AND CHEAPEST!
T. A. H. MASON,
Agent.

J. R. WOODBURN & CO.
Were Awarded the ONLY MEDAL given for
CONFECTIONERY
At Dominion & Centennial Exhibition.
Samples now on view in our Warerooms. An inspection is invited.
DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.