have been and still are by modern necromancers or spiritualists, but the historian says he was not deceived,—that it was Samuel whom he saw, Samuel to whom he spoke, Samuel who spoke to him. All the circumstances agree to this; the whole tenor and scope of the narrative show this, and are unaccountable on any other hypothesis or principle. The woman had no time for collusive arrangements, such as modern necromancers require; the answers given by the apparition were true, and fulfilled most accurately to the very letter, and they were the very opposite of what any "cunning woman" in her senses would have thought of giving under such circumstances, by ventriloquism, as some suppose, or through a confederate. She would have been too much afraid of her life by arousing the wrath of the semi-insane king for that, but the answers were altogether such as Samuel would have been likely to have given had he been alive. They foretold not only the defeat of the army of Israel in the approaching battle, but that Saul himself and the sons that would be with him in battle would perish among the slain. No human sagacity could foresee and predict this latter sad circumstance, whatever it might have done in calculating the battle's result in a general way, and no sagacious human being would have dared to utter such a prediction, even if informed of the fact. Saul, if defeated,—a thing to human understanding not at all certain, for Saul had gathered together all Israel, a very great army, and Israel had often utterly routed the hosts of the Philistines and might do so now,—but if not, Saul, his sons and other leaders might withdraw with the forces that remained, muster another levy of younger men, rally again to the battle field, and this time return in triumph:—all that was possible, if not probable, so far as the most cunning men or women could see.

It was remarkable of the oracles at Delphos that they were so cautiously and cunningly framed that they would bear two distinct interpretations, each the very opposite of the other, so that whatever the result, the prediction could be claimed to be true and literally fulfilled. But this was no such dubious or indefinite utterance. It was clear, intelligible, unmistakable, definite, positive and precise. Israel shall be defeated, Saul and his princely sons shall be slain in the coming carnage, not at some indefinite future time, but on the morrow. Who ever heard of such a prediction by witch, sorcerer or necromancer, either ancient or modern? The chances on which alone an impostor would or could calculate, were wholly against it. It would have been entirely in the interest of an impostor to predict success. It would have secured her own safety to have foretold success. If the prediction were fulfilled, it would give her great credit, and probably high honor and rewards; if it should fail, there would be no king to bring her to account, and, at the least and worst, she would thereby gain time to escape to some asylum beyond the rage of the king.

It is saddening to hear the wail of woe contained in the words by which the wretched king addressed the phantom form of the prophet now before him. "God is departed from me and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams; therefore have I called thee that thou mayest make known to me what I shall do." Neither had he been answered by Urim, which was the most important, direct and regular mode of obtaining an answer from God. Why does he not mention that? There was, no doubt, a cause for it. The omission is probably significant. It may not unreasonably be supposed that he shrank from naming to Samuel that which must remind him of Saul's slaughter of the priests at Nob. The answer of Samuel is impressively, awfully terrible: "Wherefore dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee and is become thine enemy? The Lord has done as he spake by me, and hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand and given it to thy neighbor, even to David. The Lord will deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines; and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me," that is, dead like Samuel. Is this like the language of a demon, or an impostor or a confederate speaking the words of an impostor? Does the last utterance mean that Saul and his sons would be with Samuel in Paradise. It appears to mean fairly no more than that on that day they would die, and that the poet, John Gunning Seymer, in his poem "The Fall of Saul" has rightly interpreted those words of Samuel thus:—

> "And when shall sink
> In night, to-morrow's day, thou and thy sons
> Shall be with me in death."

But yet the paraphrase of Charles Wesley is beautiful and may be true.

> "What do these solemn words portend?
> A ray of hope when life shall end.
> Thou and thy sons, *though slain*, shall be
> To-morrow in *repose* with me.
> Not in a state of hellish pain,
> If Saul with Samuel may remain;
> Not in a state of damned *despair*,
> If loving Jonathan be *there*."

To this the voice of charity would re-echo an earnest, amen!

Those dreadful words laid Saul prostrate on the ground, as one void of life. "Then Saul fell straightway all along the earth;" literally he fell with his own length, or with the fulness of his stature. Exhausted by long abstinence, worn out by anxiety, despair seized upon him by this announcement, which left him without hope and assured him that all was lost, his doom fixed, and laid him in the dust. Revived however at length, by the kind ministrations of the woman and his attendants, and after urgent constraining solicitation prevailed upon to refresh exhausted nature by food, the king departed before the morning's dawn, with a broken heart, but with a composed and resolute demeanor, lofty looking and lordly as ever, to meet his doom. That was an eventful night to Saul, and the day that followed was still more eventful; it was fatal, for that in all probability was the day on which the battle was fought in which Israel was vanquished and Saul and his three sons were slain.

I am fully aware that the view of this transaction which has now been presented is opposed by many excellent people, and I may be denounced for uttering it. That to me however, is a matter of very little account. Other people may form their own opinions and express them or not as they please. I shall not concern myself about them; I suppose I have as much right to my opinion as they have to theirs. Nor have I any doubt that what has how been said gives the true interpretation of this much controverted subject, and I believe it is in entire conformity with other dealings of God with the children of men.

That is not the only time of which we have an account of the return of men to earth, and who had been longer dead than Samuel was. We read of Moses, as the representative of the law, and Elijah, as the representative of the prophets, coming back to earth to hold high converse with the Lord in regard to the decease which he was about to accomplish at Jerusalem. We are aware of no good reason why it was not as possible, or probable, or proper that Samuel should return and appear to Saul, by the will and direction of God, on this occasion, as that Moses and Elijah should come on a later occasion, nor do we think any one knows any such reason.

NECROMANCERS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

But this is very far from a concession that so-called witches, wizards, magicians or necromancers, of either ancient or modern times, have any power or authority over the spirits of the departed, or any other kind of spirits, by any arts, rites, incantations, practices, or spells whatsoever. So far as we know, no evidence whatever has ever been presented that is worth the thought of any reasonable man, with all the lights of science and revelation shining around him, to prove that any man or woman, by any arts, wicked or otherwise, ever brought, or ever will or can bring, any spirit from the world of spirits to appear to mortal eye, or utter thought in articulate language. The modern imposture of necromancy, called spiritualism, is to me a marvel and a mystery, as to how or why it is, or can be, that so many otherwise intelligent and reasonable people can be deluded by what, in every instance, are veritable, and most instances, such *transparent* frauds.

I do not mean to say nor imply that all the thousands of people called spiritualists are deluders of others, or frauds, or impostors. Many of them, I doubt not, are sincere believers in the truth of the whole system; but that does not hinder nor help the deceptions practised on them by those called or calling themselves mediums and their accomplices. It is pleasing to learn, at least occasionally, of one and another of those so-called spiritualists being detected in their impostures, convicted and put into jail. It is the proper place for them. They are deceivers, swindlers, impostors and brazen faced thieves, and while we pity their dupes, we are always glad when justice is done to them. In England they are fast going to their own place. The New York *Observer*, a journal that is seldom at fault on matters of this kind or any other matters, in a late issue informs us of a case of this kind that recently occurred in the fatherland, on this wise:—"Just now the Rev. Dr. Ward Monck, who some time ago gave up preaching and took to spiritualism, was before the Police Court, and so were a great many curious instruments which were used to delude Dr. Monck's credulous visitors. Among these were a long rod, fitted with telescopic joints and used to 'bloat' spirit hands, and tambourines in the half-darkened room; an instrument for producing raps; a modification of a lyre, which bore the euphonic name 'fairy bells,' while there were numerous pieces of gauze and muslin with spirit faces and other objects too numerous to mention painted upon them. Perhaps the most interesting articles were pale pink gloves, stuffed to represent spirit hands, and having elastic straps attached, by which they could be drawn up the medium's coat sleeve when the purpose in using them had been gained. Slates also were there with messages ready written for the seance, which cut short the Rev. gentleman's spiritual career. Dr. Monck was condemned to three months' imprisonment.

"Then two others of the same persuasion, Lawrence and Chandler, were brought up, charged by James Hubbert with spiritualistic swindling. The first complainant attended two *dark seances*, in the first of which the programme included the mysterious floating of a banjo and tambourine through the air, and the singing of one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. On the second occasion, one of the defendants retired inside of a cabinet, above a curtain, at the top of which a head and bust, clothed in white, were shortly afterwards visible. Hubbert ran to the cabinet, and being detained by some one, yet managed to grasp Chandler in his arms. His were the white robed head and bust, while Lawrence, without his coat, came from his place of concealment, begging not to be exposed. They two will get their deserts."

For that unmitigated scoundrel, Rev. Dr. Monck, ex-preacher, a prison is surely a far more fitting place than a pulpit, and it will be well for the church and the world when all the scoundrels who, by hypocritical professions and pretentious lying, have foisted themselves into pulpits, shall also, in consequence of their infamous courses, have been sent to their proper places. Such people may for a while impose on the public, but sooner or later their own conduct exposes them to the indignant and righteous retribution of outraged right and justice. It is an old saying and a true one that "the fox may run a while, but he is sure to be caught at last." Nor are spiritualists, by any means, the only class whose proper place is a prison, there are many other frauds and impostors equally guilty and whose conduct equally deserves such condign punishment, which British law, that is no respecter of persons, alone can, as it would appear, mete out to them.

The preacher closed with the proposition that nothing would stand the test of time and eternity but Truth,—the truth as it is in Jesus,—and advised all to seek this truth which delivers from the bondage of sin and Satan and all evil and prepares for the possession of that inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

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The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 1877

PERSONAL PUFFING IN THE PRESS.

The genius of Puffery—pure, unadulterated, unpaid puffery—seems to have taken possession of the daily newspaper offices, and to be managing matters after its own liking, and the puff-desiring people have found this out and are profiting by it. We cannot find an issue of our daily contemporaries, especially at this season, free from notices of presentations of canes, gloves, books, albums, etc., etc., addresses to Tom, Dick and Harry, and accounts of suppers and other festivities of a purely private character. The people interested in these things run to the newspaper offices with the information, and the editors willingly insert the elaborate notices. Sometimes names and other particulars are given, and again a veil of mystery is hung between the reader and the event. This, however, usually deprives the "item" of all point whatever, as when the daily makes the announcement that "six young gentlemen went on a snow-shoe tramp to Lily Lake last evening." As there is nothing unusual in young gentlemen going on snow-shoe tramps, and as a tramp to Lily Lake is neither hazardous nor difficult, it is clear that it requires the names of the trampers to give the paragraph any interest, even for the six young men themselves. But the unreasoning "local," in his eagerness for something to relate, does not stop to analyze the article. Of equal interest are such announcements, which we have often seen, as—"There was almost an accident caused in Prince Wm. street yesterday by a runaway horse." "A man fell off the New Pier last night, and got a good ducking," "A crowd gathered in King street last evening around a drunken woman." But these, though pointless, are not in bad taste, like most of the personal puffery which finds a place.

The approach of a wedding puts the active "local" on the *qui vive* for items, especially if the bridegroom elect be an official of any kind or degree—tide-waiter, postal clerk, conductor on the Government railway, or even a schoolmaster. First there will appear a mysterious announcement about "a popular official who is about to leave the ranks of single blessedness;" then there will be an account of a presentation to the "affable and courteous So-and-so on the eve of an interesting event in his life;" then a report of "the farewell supper given this genial young gentleman by the Ha-Ha Club, of which he is an honored member," and then comes a detailed description of the wedding and the breakfast which followed it, with due mention of "the lovely bride and her lovely toilette," and an outline of the intended bridal tour.

The relation between public employment and newspaper personalities is curious and rather recondite. The holding of any public employment condite. The holding of any public employment above that of a railway navvy opens the personal columns of the dailies to a man, and ensures the publication of his arrivals and departures, the publicity of his presentations of Christmas-boxes, a daily bulletin of his condition while ill, and a good notice of the funeral procession that follows his remains to the cemetery. Why this is thus is more than we will venture to say, but we may not be far wrong in suggesting that the prominence thus given to officials is one of the chief reasons for the hunger and thirst after office which so large a percentage of the male population manifest. When John Smith or George Jones gets a $1000 clerkship in a mercantile establishment there is nothing said about it outside of his own family and circle of intimate friends, but let either of them be appointed to a petty $500 Government office and the telegraph will flash the name from Ottawa to Cape Breton, and a hundred journals will simultaneously make the announcement as though an event of importance had transpired. Here is an opening for some philosopher. Or may we be permitted to hope that some medium will materialize the reasons which underly these phenomena, and show us unmistakeably why an official semi-pauper is of more consequence to the journalistic mind than a well-to-do farmer, a high salaried clerk, or a prosperous fish-monger?

We fear that, notwithstanding the spread of the Free School system and the onward march of intelligence, it is too much to expect a reform in these things. There seems to be a halo around office that is as attractive to man as the candle flame is to the moth, and equally destructive of his wings, for office enervates those who enjoy it, and unfits them for manfully battling with the world and plucking prizes for which their fellows are grasping. Hawthorne found the Salem Custom House officials, when he became one of them, "talking together in voices between a speech and a snore, and with that lack of energy that distinguishes the occupants of alms-houses and all other human beings who depend for subsistence on charity, on monopolized labor, or anything else but their own independent exertions," and he would find the same state of things in most of the Custom Houses in which Mr. Burpee creates posts for his pets. And yet, for an opportunity of suffering a living death like this, men abandon their trade, profession or business, change their politics, betray their friends, and stoop to every act of meanness, and when they secure the coveted prize the newspapers, as if they deemed the petty office a prize for any able-bodied man to gain, herald the appointment and congratulate him on his success. Every editor must feel that, in a majority of cases, nothing worse could happen to the man, but he seems impelled by some mysterious law, to express himself otherwise, and ever after continue, by giving undue prominence to the man's private and personal affairs, to pretend to consider him somebody of importance.

We should be reconciled to even a religious dispute, or almost any other calamity that would occupy the dailies to the exclusion of the personal rubbish they deal in so largely at present. If they knew the disgust which every mind above the lowest level of gossip-mongering experiences at the sight of the nauseating doses of suppers, presentations and reunions they would give their readers a rest.

THE "TELEGRAPH'S" FAIRNESS.

The *Telegraph*, several weeks ago, asserted that the decision of the Judges in the Brown Contempt-of-Court case was a victory for the defendant—a statement which was not borne out by the text of the judgments rendered by Chief Justice Harrison and Justice Morrison. When the editor came to examine these documents he discovered his error, but instead of admitting it, addressed himself to the task of abusing the Chief Justice. It would have looked more like fair play had the *Telegraph* at once admitted that since Chief Justice Harrison and Justice Morrison were agreed in regarding Brown's attack as a libel on Judge Wilson and as a contempt of Court, Brown had certainly got the worst of the encounter. He had not, it is true, been fined for his libel and his contempt of Court, but he had the Bench in accord in pronouncing him guilty of both one and the other, though on technical grounds one of the Judges hesitated to inflict the necessary punishment. The *Telegraph* (which seems to have a perfect hatred of all the politicians with whom it formerly co-operated), says of Chief Justice Harrison's very able judgment:—

> Most of that part of the judgment which precedes it is taken up with extracts from the *dicta* of other judges in cases of contempt. This is a cheap method by which judges sometimes contrive to appear learned, and by which they manage to conceal their ignorance of legal principles or their lack of reasoning powers.

And again, it says:—

> Chief Justice Harrison in the above presents us with a very delightful picture of what judges should be, but all judges do not compare well with this delineation. A judge, who is generally an active political partizan before his appointment, can not change his nature so suddenly as to remove all party prejudice from his heart the instant he takes his seat upon the Bench.

It also tells us that "Mr. Justice Morrison approaches the case in a very different spirit," etc., and winds up its fling at the Chief Justice of Ontario with the following:—

> It ought, perhaps, to be stated that Chief Justice Harrison and Judge Morrison, were both, as regards their politics, Conservatives.

And, of course, no stress is to be laid upon the adverse judgment of those who, "as regards their politics," were once Conservatives! The unfairness of the *Telegraph's* course in this matter will be recognized when it is remembered that Chief Justice Harrison, although a Conservative and an opponent of the Grit Government, was selected by them in preference to every other lawyer in Ontario to occupy his present position; and he was so selected because of his great legal ability, the judicial cast of his mind, and the purity and independence of his personal character. No lawyer or no judge stands higher in Ontario than Chief Justice Harrison. No man less deserves the attacks and mean insinuations of the *Telegraph*.

THE ST. JOHN ELECTION.—As most of our readers already know, Mr. Robert Marshall, on Saturday last, tendered his resignation of the seat to which he had just been elected. When the Chief Justice opened the Election Court on Monday, Mr. Thomson, Q. C., acting for Mr. Marshall, called his attention to the fact that the seat had been vacated, and explained that it had become known that some of Mr. Marshall's friends had acted recklessly in treating, and that, as it took so little under the law to unseat a candidate, the wisest course was to save the time of the Court and the money of the country by resigning. The seat was then declared vacant. Mr. Marshall at once issued his card and took the field again on Monday. The same evening a meeting of Mr. Everett's supporters was held, and at this meeting Mr. Everett announced that for "personal and business considerations" he would not be a candidate in the present contest. Up to the present moment, no one seems disposed to offer opposition to Mr. Marshall's return, while many who opposed him on the former occasion have offered him their support and signed his nomination paper. Mr. Everett's withdrawal appears to give pretty general satisfaction. The 19th is nomination day; 23rd, polling day.

OUR SUMMARY of Rev. Dr. Maclise's sermon on "The Witch of Endor," and Modern Spiritualism, (commencing on first page) will be read with a good deal of interest. Doubtless, also, it will provoke criticism. There will, of course, be differences of opinion as to whether the spirit or form which is said to have appeared to Saul was really that of the dead prophet, Samuel, and even at this late day we may expect to find champions of this or that theory starting forth to break a lance with Dr. Maclise.

PRICE OF GAS.—The following appears in the *Popular Science Monthly* for January:—

> If the German Continental Gas Light Company is able to declare 13 per cent. dividends on its capital of nearly $3,000,000, when paying $5.75 per ton for coal, and charging $1.01 and $1.35 per thousand for its 15.9 candle gas, what are the profits of the New York Gas Company, which pay $6 per ton for their coal, and charge $2.50 per thousand feet for a poorer gas?

And now what about St. John gas?

KENT COUNTY.—A correspondent of THE WATCHMAN writes:—"There is more doing in lumbering this winter than last. All the logs were sawed up in the summer by all the water mills, except McLeod's, and he carries over in deals and logs about 14 million feet, but his was the only stock on hand when navigation closed. He is in the woods pretty strong again this winter. In Miramichi, I hear, they are doing more in the woods than ever before. I hear of nothing doing around Richibucto this season in fresh fish. The Warden tells me they do a little up the river in Smelts, which they take to Weldford station, and a party from Chatham buys them there. He says there have been only two very small hauls of Bass on this river so far this winter; these also went to Weldford. The Lobster fishery, which was large last year, will be still more extensive the coming season. O'Leary, not long ago, received a much larger quantity of tin than he made up last year; and all the other parties in the trade are going into it stronger.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND COLLEGE, which re-opened with increased members on Wednesday, may now be regarded as one of the permanent educational institutions of this city. Dr. Wiggins, having accomplished the difficult task—a task that many attempted before him and failed—of securing the confidence and patronage of that wealthy class of our citizens who have heretofore, at great expense, educated their sons in foreign parts, has conferred a lasting benefit upon the city. Already the college is spoken highly of in Fredericton and other places in the Maritime Provinces. We doubt if its superior is in the Dominion in the way of imparting sound and thorough mental training. It needs only to be known to be esteemed, and must soon attract the attention of parents in other and distant places.

AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC is now ready for delivery by the druggists, and we are free to say that we have read this welcome visitor with satisfaction and profit. It contains an astonishing amount of information which is useful to everybody, and shows how to treat nearly all the diseases from which people suffer. It invariably recommends the best remedies to be employed, irrespective of Ayer's Family Medicines, and furnishes, indeed, the best medical advice by which a great majority of ailments can be treated successfully. The anecdotes, witticisms and jokes are the best compilation that comes under our notice, and the book is a refreshing contribution to our enjoyments every year.—*St. Clair Observer.*

THE POLICE FORCE.—Sergeant Ryder having retired from the Police Force, the Chief has promoted Policeman Briggs to the position of Sergeant. Mr. Briggs has done good service as an ordinary policeman, and we have no doubt he will be found equally efficient as a sergeant. He seems disposed to do his full duty on all occasions.

[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

FASHION NOTES.

A French writer compared the work of a chronicler of fashion to the self-imposed task of Penelope—the task in which the work she did by day was raveled out by night. To the uninitiated, no doubt, this comparison may seem somewhat far-fetched, but speaking from a long experience, we fully endorse its point and aptness, fashion being truly more ephemeral in its characteristics than any other subject throughout the whole range of history. As a mild example of this we cite the fact that whereas last week we wrote that flowers for evening wear were not only *a la mode* but *the* height of style as well, a Parisian letter, received this week, informs us that French ladies now regard floral garnitures as only suitable for demi toilettes, full gala or ball costumes requiring as accessories touffes and bouquets of plumes, mixed with beads and agrafes of precious stones,—in a word, the favorite decorations of Marie Antoinette. The explanation of this extraordinary movement is that flowers have been rendered so common, by using them with comparatively *négligée* toilettes, that it is positively necessary to find something of greater elegance for state occasions. This explanation is, we suppose, highly satisfactory to those immediately concerned, but it occurs to us to wonder whether, in course of time, plumes and precious stones may not fall into disuse from the same reason. If those elegant flowers, many of which out-rival the beauty of the "lilies of the field," are considered worthy of disparegement, surely it is not impossible that the march of progress may at some future period also include those later objects of worship.

"Nextly" among new French modes we learn that

SATIN

is once more coming extensively into favor, not only as an adjunct in dress-making, but also for whole parts, as trains, basques and overskirts. New street costumes are often combined of three materials, as, for example, satin cashmere and faille. The cashmere gives the costume a heavy and substantial appearance, not to be imparted by simply combining silk and satin, but when substance and heaviness are not objects, satin and faille, mixed with brocade, make an elegant combination. New York dowagers wear, in their evening dresses of black satin and velvet, sleeves of black silk, gauze or lace, and the effect is not only lightening but very pleasing to the eye. Despite the fact that the Centennial year has drawn to a close, the bodices of those dresses are still often made after the Lady Washington style, but the draperies of skirts are not nearly so much bunched as formerly. The Louis Quatorze basque, with square plastron of black lace and extensive trimmings of rich chenille fringe is also very much worn. For the accompanying underskirt side trimmings of shirred satin are extended from the belt to the hem of the skirt; others have square aprons with each breadth kept separate and trimmed on three sides with passementerie or gallons of chenille; while others again are made in the Princess fashion and draped with scarf aprons, edged with a knotted fringe, which is in other words a

HOME-MADE FRINGE,

being simply bunches of sewing-silk passed through the hem of the overskirt and tied in close knots. The effect of this latter kind of fringe is very soft and pretty, besides being more durable than any imported fringe.

For

WRAPS FOR EVENING WEAR,

Dolmans of white basket cloth are often chosen, the trimmings being modified to suit individual taste, many ladies preferring wide bands of embroidery to fur, while others again choose feather bands, as, for instance, a band of peacock feathers above a deep white silk fringe. This latter makes a remarkably pretty trimming, as, indeed, however objectionable may be the alleged character of the peacock, its plumage forms one of the handsomest of materials for decoration. For real *sortie du bal* the long circular, such as those shown by M. Hammondi, remain the most popular style, their elements of comfort, convenience and elegance commending them heartily to all fashionable people. A novelty in those circulars is to put two large box pleats in the back in order to give sufficient fullness over the tournure. The effect is always good all clumsiness being concealed by the hood. The brightest and most delicate colors are often used for those cloaks, but when the wearers have any intention of converting them into street or carriage wraps black armure silk is the most suitable material. Other wraps, on a very much smaller scale, are little jackets for brightening up dark evening dresses or using for home wear. When used for special occassions those jackets are often very elaborate, being either knit or crocheted in the most delicate tints of Zephyr wool, or else made of white India cashmere, fitted to the figure and trimmed with India embroidery, worked upon bands of cardinal cashmere. The edge of the jacket is completed by a deep fall of Valenciennes lace, while at the back of the collar, on the elbows and down the front are gay bows of double-faced ribbon, showing the three predominant colors of the needlework, viz.: gold, cardinal and peacock blue. Another model is of white camel's hair with threads of blue and silver in shell pattern, and linings of pale blue silk; and yet another is of cream colored matelasse, lined with cardinal silk and edged with cream colored cashmere lace. All of these modes come properly under the heading of opera jackets, being distinct from ordinary house jackets, which are looser and shorter and are generally made of cloth or cashmere, embroidered in Oriental coloring or simply braided with various colored silk braids. When pale shades in cashmere are selected Hamburg embroidery makes a very appropriate trimming, although

SMYRNA LACE

is a newer idea.

This lace is now used, not only for trimming outer and inner clothing, but also upon bed linen and toilet sets. In ordinary widths, it is only twenty-five cents per yard, and thus cheapness is added to its other commendable qualities. Silk Smyrna lace is very expensive, and thus it is used only for trimming plush or velvet bonnets. A new kind of lace, called *Dentelle de Raguse*, is very much worn in New York for scarfs for the neck, though common black Spanish scarfs are more fashionable. Those scarfs are not very expensive, and are considered most stylish when they are only a yard and a half in length. Guipure or even figured silk net answer as well, so far as appearances go, as Spanish lace, that is, for street scarfs; but when fichus for the house are needed, fashionable ladies generally aim at having this article of ornamentation of the most expensive quality. For neckties, popular fancy runs upon scarfs of black or white grenadine, embroidered in quaint Japanese designs and edged with a knotted fringe, embodying all the colors of the embroidery. Almost any amateur embroideress can get up one of these for herself, though at present our embroidering friends have another crotchet in the shape of black velvet dog collars, to be worn outside the dress collar when this collar is very high, and inside when it is not. The simplest of these

DOG COLLARS

are merely bands of black velvet ribbon fastened at the back with a clasp or tied with hanging ends. More elaborate affairs are embroidered with gold or silver thread in a simple narrow pattern, while others, even more daring, are worked with bright colored silks or dyed porcupine threads, either of which produce an almost barbaric effect. Altogether, between dresses, jackets, neckties and other etceteras too numerous to mention, this is an age wherein imitative or ingenious fingers are of infinite value to those who fortunately possess them. Needlework, as a fashion, has enjoyed a long period of stagnation, but this stagnation is so completely over that it seems more than probable that by the time the next generation has attained maturity, the old heroic customs will have so far returned that among all feminine accomplishments "the skillful stabs imparted by a skillful needle" will hold a foremost place.

SUICIDE OF A DESERTED WIFE—HER TOUCHING LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

Last August Eliza Ebelin left the house of her parents at Gibson Station, I. T., and fled to Denison, Texas, where she married a telegraph operator against the wishes of her father. She lived happily with him for two months, when he left her. About the latter part of September he secured the position of night operator on the Missouri Pacific Railway at Washington. She heard where he was and went there last week to meet him. He learned of her coming and ran off. She next arrayed herself in her bridal robes, took poison, and lay down and died with the last letter she had received from her husband clasped in her hand. In a large blank book was the following, directed to her husband:

"The last act of my life, I say, George, I die for you. George darling, why did your heart freeze against me, when you thought so much of me a short sime since? We were so happy together, and now so miserable. Why do you deny, George? You can deny me to the ears of men, but you cannot deny me to God. When death takes your body where will your soul be, George? Only think of this unforgiving deed, I commit for you. Keep the ring on your hand where I placed it. Let it never be removed from the hand that I have kissed so many times. When the glitter shines, think of Lida; when you meet a happy face, think of Lida; when you see one in distress, think of Lida; when you love another, think of Lida, and as long as you live think of Lida. Never take another girl from her home and bring her to death. Farewell, George darling; I love you now! You have murdered Lida, and yet I love you! George you are my husband; you know you are. I go to the grave that you may live. Will you drop one living tear for me? I am done with life, now and go down in prayer and beg God to love you after I am dead. I now take my last drink. It is a cup of poison.

THE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY.

MR. OLIVE AND THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY AGENCY.

We judge, from a letter in Monday's *Telegraph*, that Mr. W. H. Olive, the ticket agent in this city for the Inter-Colonial Railway, construes a paragraph which appeared in last week's WATCHMAN into an attack on himself. Mr. Olive is unduly sensitive, just at present. We criticized the policy of the Government in paying Mr. Olive a salary of $1500 a year for the sale of Government Railway tickets, while leaving him free to sell tickets for rival lines on commission, his interests leading him to make all he could out of these commissions, the Government's salary being an assured thing. We know the public agree with us in condemning such an arrangement, and if Mr. Olive thinks to divert attention from it by a side issue he is greatly mistaken. Mr. Olive does not quite deny that he ever sold a ticket for any railway, except the Inter-Colonial, but he comes very near it. He says he has not had a Western Extension ticket for months. The months—indeed the days—we imagine are few since he paid over $500 to the Western Extension managers for tickets sold, and as they are still creditors of his to the extent of $1200 more, it is a fair assumption that he has been acting for them up to a very late date. He was an agent (not *sole* agent, as the printers made us say last week, in place of *sales* agent,) of the Grand Trunk up to the day he failed; notwithstanding his own and Mr. Small's certificates, which leave a different impression; and he was agent also for several other lines. These, however, are matters of small importance, compared with the general proposition that the principle on which this agency is managed is bad and its operation inimical to the public interests. The office, in fact, is a fifth wheel to a coach; it is unnecessary, a waste of public money, a mere reward, at the public expense, for electioneering and partisan services. It is to be hoped this leak will be stopped, and the $1500 or more thus saved applied to some work of public utility.

When Mr. Olive writes again for the Press he ought to be more candid. His quibbling is of no value whatever in a controversy. Such statements as this leave a painful impression as regards the writer's veracity:—"Nor have I at present any tick-"ets of competing lines with the Inter-Colonial in "my office,"—the truth being that when he was put into insolvency, a few days ago, his ticket agencies (excepting the Inter-Colonial) necessarily terminated!

ACCIDENTS.

Among the accidents of the last week or so must be included a collision between two engines—not trains—at Campbellton; also, the up Express train to River du Loup off the track at Metapedia on Thursday morning. The latter is said to have been caused by the breaking of a wheel. The matter to be most regretted in connexion with this accident was the detention for a part of a day of the Minister of War and Mr. Sandford Fleming, who occupied the Palace Car, this car having been sent to Halifax from Moncton to meet and carry the distinguished nabobs to Quebec. Of course, the Dominion found their grub. What the car itself did not provide was levied on the country along the route, one restaurant furnishing supplies to the value of twenty cents, which was "charged," altho' in another instance a high official claims the credit of having refused a similar demand. Is it any wonder that accidents happen?

FAST TIME.

A correspondent of the Sackville *Post* is striving to make out that the driver Davey did not run at the rate of a mile a minute between Springhill and Athol, recently. The matter is easily settled. The veracity of Mr. Domville or Mayor Smith need not be questioned in this connection. There was another party on board who held his watch and timed the train, A. E. Killam, Esq., and he states that the train was run between these stations at a mile per minute for the whole distance.

AN ENGINEER'S LOSSES.

Among the creditors of Bond Brothers, Montreal, who have just failed for enormous sums through losses by speculations in stocks, is Mr. Collingwood Schrieber, C. E., late engineer in chief of the I. C. R. Mr. S. is a creditor for $49,433. Few persons imagined that our railway engineers were so well off as to afford to risk large sums in the gambling operations which have recently disgraced financial communities in the Upper Provinces. Another railway official who operated through Bond Brothers in stock gambling, was Mr. Joseph Hickson, of the Grand Trunk. Mr. Hickson, although, it is said, enjoying a united private and official income in the vicinity of $40,000 a year, had not one fourth of Mr. Schrieber's amount at stake.

TRAIN DELAYS; WANT OF EQUIPMENT, ETC.

To the Editor of The Watchman.

I will thank you to publish a few facts in connexion with my experience on the Inter-Colonial Railway, recently.

On Wednesday, the 3rd inst., I and some others left St. John for the North Shore by the 5 p. m. train, which, it was understood, would connect at once at Moncton with the train going North to Campbellton, my destination. It was by the merest accident that passengers in the last car learned at Sussex that the car was to be dropped there; we heard nothing of it from the officials, and we saved our passages onward by the merest chance. We reached Moncton two hours behind time, and there found that the train from Halifax, which was then due at Moncton, was snowed up somewhere about Folleigh Lake. It came in about 2.30 in the morning, or five to five and a half hours behind time. Now, although this train arrived at 2.30 a.m., we passengers for the North were detained at the station until 8 a.m. Altho' making repeated enquiries as to the cause of this detention, we could not get the slightest satisfaction. Nobody (who would tell) seemed to know the reason, and to this day I am in ignorance as to the cause.

Leaving Moncton at 8 a.m., (4th) we got on well enough until Jacquet River was reached. About three-fourths of a mile above that station the snow plough got off the track, and then we discovered that our train had been sent out from Moncton without a jackscrew or a crowbar, or a chain or a piece of rope, or even the slightest provision against accident. The passengers all had to turn out and help, and by the aid of fence poles and after three or four hours work, the plow was got on again. We started again, but soon discovered that in consequence of the want of proper appliances for righting the plow, it had got twisted out of shape, and we had not gone far before it got off again. This mishap being remedied, the conductor decided to run back to Jacquet River and leave the plow there, and after that we got to Campbellton without further accident. We arrived at Campbellton at 10 p.m., or 17 hours behind time. It had taken us 14 hours from Moncton, but in that 14 hours there was no chance to obtain any food. Passengers unaccustomed to the road had not received any notice of the fact that after leaving Moncton they could not hope for anything until reaching Campbellton, but fortunately, my experience of the detention at Moncton led me to expect the worst; so I secured a few sandwiches before leaving that station. Other passengers had to go the whole day and until 10 at night without food of any description.

I am, &c.,
A TRAVELLER.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

To the Editor of The Watchman.

Permit me briefly to show you how they manage things on the I. C. R.

On Friday, 5th inst., having occasion to leave Campbellton for St. John, we started at 7 a.m. in a train which should have left at ten the night before. About five minutes before reaching Newcastle station, the passengers in the Pullman car were waited on by the Pullman conductor for their fare for the day, which they paid. When the train reached Newcastle, these same "Pullman" passengers were coolly told that there was a broken wheel, and the car was taken off. They looked around to find their conductor, in order to get their fare refunded, but no conductor was to be seen, and they have heard nothing more of the swindle.

The Pullman being dropped at Newcastle, there was no other passenger car on the train, except a "second class," and into this all the passengers—men, women and children—were crowded. To add to the annoyance and discomfort, there was a broken pane in the glass of the door in the front of the car, and through this opening (which was not attempted to be closed in any way) the cold winter wind rushed in for the whole distance from Newcastle to Moncton.

From these facts you can form some idea of the way things are going on this road.

Yours,
PULLMAN.

STILL ANOTHER.

To the Editor of The Watchman.

I wish to occupy a little of your space in describing my experience on the Government Railways of these Lower Provinces. I am a business man of Ontario, and have made my first—and I think also my last—trip over the Inter-Colonial. The next time I visit these Provinces I shall prefer the Grand Trunk and Danville Junction route.

I reached Point Levis on the 20th Dec., and I and other passengers for the Lower Provinces were kept there 24 hours waiting for connection. This, of course, was on the Grand Trunk, but the delay was occasioned by waiting for the I. C. R. trains. 22nd I reached Truro. At Point Levis I paid $4 for the use of the Pullman for the day and night to Halifax, but at Truro passengers were all ordered out, and into an ordinary car, the Pullman going no further with our train. We were 3½ hours behind time at Truro. Here we found the conductor (who was to take the train on to Halifax) asleep in the dining room when we entered; he got up half asleep, went out, and, it appears, called "all aboard" and left, the train remaining at the station only 9 minutes; he never came to the dining room to call the passengers, and 8, including myself, were left behind. We had to wait at Truro until the departure of another train, at 6 o'clock, and I noticed that *this* train was in motion before the gong struck.

Returning, I left Truro for Amherst on the 2nd January at 5 o'clock. We had 2 engines, 1 first class and 1 baggage car. Passengers who paid first class, and those who paid second class fare, were all in the same car. We got to Folly Lake where we had to wait; a freight train was stuck on the track 2 miles ahead. We were in a snow storm,—very severe all day and drifting fearfully. The freight train had seven cars and *one* engine. *Behind* her came an engine and snow plow. Our engine went to the rescue, and, finally, near day-break, they got the freight train out in sections of 3 cars at a time, or one car for each engine. We were all this time snowing up nicely in the siding. The snow plow came along, of course filling up the siding we were on completely. It took a gang of men a long time again to dig us out. We got into Amherst at last at 10.30 a. m.. on 3rd. We were snowed up all night,—which would not have been so bad had there been a Pullman on as advertised on all express trains. We had on board parties who had only that morning got off the English steamer at Halifax, and while we were lying there with no one troubling their heads about us, the great English Express Mail was rushing ahead at any cost,—a feat which seems to be to all intents and purposes the climax of the Management's ambition.

The train was due at Amherst at about 7 or 7.30 that day, and did not arrive till 11.30 p. m. Passengers had to wait at the Amherst station at this time of night an hour; it was bitterly cold; there was no fire in the waiting room; no one to sell tickets or check baggage. Finally, I told the telegraph operator I would report him for having no fire. He then checked baggage, and five minutes before the train came in he asked me into his private office to warm myself, and here, of course, there was a nice cheerful fire.

There were numerous incidental annoyances which I need not mention.

Yours, etc., TORONTO.

SUSSEX, January 7th.

To the Editor of the Watchman.

I would like to enquire for what purpose the station houses are erected on the line of the Inter-Colonial R. R.? Are they built for the accommodation of the travelling public, or as snug rookeries for salaried officials and their attendants?

I am led to make the inquiry by the fact that a gross piece of imposition was inflicted on some passengers in this place on Sunday morning last (Dec. 31.) Six passengers were in waiting for the next train from Halifax, said to be due at Sussex at 7 o'clock, a. m., or thereabouts. After waiting in the station for upwards of an hour, without any fire, we were informed by the night watchman that he was going to lock up and wished us to leave. In reply to the explanation that we were waiting to take the train which was due, this railway party gruffly responded: "I have got my orders to lock up and I am going to do it."

Being in this manner shut out of the building we were fain to seek the nearest shelter, it being one of the coldest mornings this winter. After the lapse of two hours or so we managed to gain admittance once more, this time by means of the station master, who, by the way, urged as an excuse for the doings of his subordinate that the depot had been infested with loafers, and they had to keep the station locked up to get rid of them, which, I submit to any one of common sense, is no excuse at all.

There seems to be much cause for complaint at the way things are managed at this station.

Will you please ventilate the above facts through the medium of your valuable paper, and oblige many of your readers.

Yours respectfully,
JUSTITIA.

To the Editor of the Watchman.

Mr. Olive states, through the *Telegraph*, that he receives no such sums from the Government as those you name—that is, $1,500 salary, and $100 for office rent. He had himself stated that he received $1,500 a year from the Government. I understand a railway official says the $1,500 is divided thus: salary $1,200; office rent $300,—which amounts to the same as a salary of $1,500, as Olive had to keep an office and pay rent for his other business, such as his baggage express, custom house work, agency of the Brantford Works, agency for the sale of tickets for Western Extension, Grand Trunk, Fall River Line, Lake Shore and Michigan, International S. S. Co., and other private companies. What's the difference whether the Government add $300 to his salary or pay $300 for rent which, otherwise, Olive would have to pay out of his own pocket?

Yours, ENQUIRER.

INTERCOLONIAL AND TEMPERANCE.

To the Editor of the Globe.

The managers of the Intercolonial have caused to be posted up in their works a notice that "any employes seen either drunk or drinking intoxicating liquors whilst on duty, will be instantly discharged." All temperance men will at once applaud this step; and all who travel on the Intercolonial will be pleased at it; as many accidents on railways have and do occur through negligence—negligence caused by intemperance. While the action of the officers of the Intercolonial is pleasing, it is regretable that they permit the keeper of the restaurants at their stations to sell beer—and at one place even spirits,—true, they give instructions not to sell liquors to officers or those connected with the railway, but this demand is not kept, as I have seen on several occasions. The men of the Intercolonial do drink at the restaurants, and will do so as long as liquor is sold at any place on the railway premises, or on any other premises in the neighborhood of the stations. It may seem hard to travellers to prohibit the sale entirely of liquors in connection with the restaurants; but if the Intercolonial managers having found that intemperance is interfering with the effectual government of the service, and if it can be shown, as it can, that the restaurants along the line will not strictly adhere to agreements, they would be justified in prohibiting the sale of liquors on all places under their control—in pure self-protection.

Let the managers consider the question, and if they want to stamp out the intemperance that unhappily lingers among their employes, let them stamp out the sale of that which causes the intemperance, so far as the places are concerned on their premises.

Yours, etc.,
MONCTON.

THE OLIVE TICKET AGENCY.

[From the Fredericton Reporter.]

The remarks of our correspondent "Accommodation" bring to light some of the strange doings of our "wise and honest rulers." That a good officer should be displaced on the ground of economy, and another appointed to fill the vacancy, with an increased salary, would almost seem incredible, after the many assumptions of purity on the part of the Mackenzie *regime*. But such seems to be the fact, and what is still more culpable is the increasing of the salary of an officer whose receipts were falling, and whose time was largely occupied in the business of other roads and his own private business. We should have thought that the Government would have been particularly watchful that in appointing a gentleman to an office with a salary of $1500 yearly, he would devote the largest portion of his time, if not the whole of it, to advancing the traffic on the road, and should not have countenanced his acceptance of a similar position in connection with rival roads. If a Government is to be judged by its acts, what are the people of New Brunswick to think of this?

THE PROBABLE RETURN of Mr. Marshall, unopposed, to the Assembly is a severe shock to Mr. Willis. We don't betray the secrets of the Party who supported Mr. Everett when we state that they found Mr. Willis's assistance a great drawback to success, and we have not the slightest doubt that in stating that Mr. Willis is the worst sold man of the crowd, we are giving expression to the thought that at this moment has fullest possession of Mr. Willis's mind.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE COMEDY OF THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ, by Christopher North, selected and arranged by John Skelton. New York, Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

To those who cannot afford the famous Nights of Ambrose, in the original high priced editions, this clever abridgement will prove an incalculable boon. Or to those pressed for time and who wish to make some acquaintance with the writings of burly John Wilson, this excellent album of selections from his best and chiefest works will supply the vehicle to that end. For our own part, we dislike abridgements and prefer original copies at any time. Mr. Skelton has, however, proved himself to be an able editor, and has succeeded in preserving in his edition of the Noctes nearly all that was valuable or is interesting at this time. The reader who has leisure will receive from the book before us the zest or appetite to read more of Wilson, and he will find in Skelton Mackenzie's edition, in five large volumes, the whole of the comedy in its primal form. One cannot read too much of this genial author, whole-souled "Kit North," the editor of Blackwood, and the companion of Hogg and Scott, and the other great worthies of Scottish literature. His grandest achievement in letters is this delightful volume of literary gossip and chaff. It is a work by itself, and every page sparkles with humor and pleasant bits of charming talk. It is full of information and interest. All mankind are made better by the perusal of books of this class, and Mr. Skelton's neat and cheap edition should have a place in the library of every home in Canada. The rising youth cannot do better than read North's Conversations at old Ambrose's Tavern and kindred spots, and older readers will renew again an acquaintance with a writer whose works are as fresh and delightful to-day as they were half a century ago. The mechanical execution of the book is deserving of the highest praise, and we hope it will meet with good success throughout the Dominion. Other British classics will follow from this enterprising publishing house. The Noctes sell at $2.00 a volume.

INFELICE, by Augusta J. Evans Wilson. Toronto: Belford Bros.; St. John, N. B., J. & A. McMillan.

This is the second volume of Belford Bros' Library of selected novels, uniform with "St. Elmo," by the same author. The book is a crown octavo, and can be had either in linen or in cloth binding. Of the story itself, we can only reiterate what has been said of it time and again. The author possesses a fascinating style of her own, and all her stories are distinguished for the marvellous amount of character which they contain and the subtle plots which they develop. The admirers of "St Elmo" find in "Infelice" a companion volume of much power and interest. There are touches of nature about it which remind us somewhat of William Black, and the book is one of the best of its class.

MAIDEN MONA THE MERMAID, by F. A. D.. Toronto, Belford Bros.; St. John, J. & A. McMillan.

This is a little fairy play, which was written for the children of the Governor General of Canada and performed at Government House on New Year's day. It is in the form of burlesque, and some of the situations are exceedingly funny. The puns are of average merit, the wit is rather thin and the plot is about as old as the city of Quebec. F. A. D. should do better and depend more on himself, if he would succeed as a dramatist or even a writer of burlesque. The play is brought out in the Messrs. Belford's best style, on tinted paper.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE MASTER, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Toronto, Belford Bros.; St. John, J. & A. McMillan.

This is a fine volume of religious truths, culled from the best writers, and ably edited by Mrs. Stowe, who also contributes a number of poems and hymns. The papers and verses appear under the headings Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, Passion week, Easter and Ascension, and such writers as Alfred Tennyson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Cowper, Wesley, Gerhardt, Faber, Hastings, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Keble, John Newton, St. Francis Xavier, Baptist Noel and others equally famous, furnish the letter press. The book makes a fine presentation volume, and its teachings are noble in character and illustrious in sentiment, "Footsteps of the Master" should be in the library of every Christian. It is a book which will do a vast amount of good in a community; and it breathes a true spirit of Christianity, not narrow and bigoted but liberal and wide-minded. The introductory chapter, which is charmingly written, gives the scope of the volume. The paper and type are excellent, and the illuminated texts are richly executed.

THE PEARL FOUNTAIN AND OTHER FAIRY TALES, by Bridget and Julia Kavanagh, illustrated by J. Moyr Smith. Toronto: Belford Bros.; St. John: J. & A. McMillan.

This is a real old-fashioned book of fairy tales, the delight of childhood at any age. It is written intelligently, and contains a great variety of amusing and interesting reading. All of the stories are charming, and the engravings, some thirty in number, are quite clever, and illustrate with pleasing effect the graphic context.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Halifax Academy of Music was opened by the Directors with Musical Entertainments on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The Directors appear to have heaps of money. They refused to rent the Academy for two evenings to Professor Baldwin's agent, who offered them $500 for its use for two nights.

Baldwin's exposure of modern spiritualism and so-called spirit mediums, in our Academy of Music, this week, was very thorough and enjoyable. The dailies have given very full notices of his tricks and explanations. It is said the gross receipts for the two evenings amounted to about $1,000.

The Carnival at the Rink, on Thursday night, owing to a number of circumstances, was not quite as successful as it was expected to have been. About 125 characters took the ice, 33 or 34 of them being ladies. The attendance of spectators was fair. The prize, $20, for the best female character, was awarded to "The fish-women,"—Mrs. W. W. Street and Miss Harriet Peters. The Committee, for ladies' costumes, were Mrs. L. R. Harrison, Mrs. A. B. Sheraton and Miss Fannie Jack. The ice was in good condition, and the Directors' arrangements all very satisfactory.

LETTER FROM CAPT. BROWN.

WOODSTOCK, Jan. 9th, 1877.

To the Editor of The Watchman.

Had you been present at the meeting on the Kintore road on the 5th inst., or were you now to glance over the documents in my possession in regard to the colonists, you would then see that your doubts were merely the natural offspring of your hopes in this very regretable matter. Were you acquainted with the late unheard of proceeding of the tax-gatherers in the colony, you would then have found that the colonists even at this moment are the victims of severities unprecedented in any civilized country. In regard to these severities, you will probably hear through the same channel that you suggested for the Government defence.

Yours very respectfully,
W. BROWN.

To the Editor of the Watchman.

SIR,—The proverbial cheek of the highwayman's horse has been surpassed, and hereafter the name of W. H. Olive will be locally used as a standard of comparison when this attribute is in question.

If Mr. W. H. Olive has not rushed blindly in "where angels fear to tread," he would still have been a private individual, and the columns of the public press could not have been opened in criticism against him. No matter how bad we might feel, his creditors would not have been enabled to give open mouthed expression of their opinion.

Referring to his letter in the *Telegraph* of Jan. 8th, he says: "I am not a defaulter to the Government." He forgets to add, that in order not to be *in default to the Government* he has had to become a *defaulter to all of his friends*, who were gullible enough to be deceived by him. The former position would warrant a prosecution for misdemeanour, the latter, *in this country*, is only a matter of debtor and creditor, even if large sums had been borrowed within twenty-four hours previously to "putting up the shutters."

It would be well for the Government to take due notice of such a man, for their turn "to be stuck" may come next; besides the keeping of such a man in any office, of their gift, has a decidedly weakening effect, especially in a constituency like St. John.

I am, yours, etc., CREDITOR.

TEMPERANCE.—The Independent Order of Good Templars will hold their usual Sunday evening meeting in their Hall, corner of King and Germain streets. James Tufts, Esq., and others will address the meeting. Admission free.

—The country is safe. The Minister of Public Works is reported to have reduced the wages of the labouring men in the employ of his department, but he has kindly refrained from decreasing the salaries of the horde of officials appointed since his advent to power. But you know some stroke of economy was necessary to recoup the interest upon that steel rail speculation.—*Hamilton Spec.*

ST. JOHN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. James Bennet will preach Sunday evening on "The Bramble, an old parable with a new application." Seats for strangers provided.