POOR DOCUMENT

POETRY.

SIGHS OF THE INNER BROTHERHOOD.

BY PAUL CARSON.

Oh, to be utterly utter,
Quite too refined an æthete,
Speaking in words and phrases
Webster declared obsolete.

Oh, to be robed in a meal sack
Straight from my head to my feet,
Having its classical outline
Marred by no ruffle or pleat.

Oh, to eat nothing but rose-leaves,
Humming-birds, wings and dew.
Oh, to prefer cracked china,
Battered and banged, to new.

Oh, to learn how to admire
Japanese fans in a row,
Sunflowers blazing above them,
Old-fashioned dishes below.

Oh, to learn what is a "dado,"
What is a "placque," a "scroll,"
Why is a noiseless tea-pot
More than a bran new bowl?

I wonder if reaching after
The utterly unknown too
Is utter, intense completeness?
I certainly wish I knew.

SELECT STORY.

Mrs. Granger's Boarders.

"Ma," said tow headed Benjamin putting his mouth to the keyhole of the bed-room door, "there's a man down in the hall who wants a room. He's a big man and real fat."

Having shouted this information out loud enough to reach his mother's ears and also those of the large, portly gentleman in the hall, Benjamin slid swiftly down the banister of the back stairs and rejoined his brother Nicholas at a game of jack-straws, from which he had been interrupted to answer the bell.

Mrs. Granger dropped her sewing hurriedly as she heard what her eldest hopeful said, and with a crimson spot on either pale cheek hurried down into the hall.

"You've come to look at rooms, perhaps?" she said timidly to the portly stranger.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered in a gruff voice; "have you any large, square rooms with hot and cold water, furnace heat, and three burners?"

"I have such a room," said Mrs. Granger; "will you step up and see it?"

The stranger, whose name was Elihu Darvins, followed the plump, pretty little widow up the stairs, and entered the front room. It was all that could be desired, and Mr. Darvins was entirely satisfied, but he did not allow his satisfaction to be apparent in his tone of voice, as he asked the customary questions, which, however, were not customary to Mrs. Granger, as this was the first application she had received for summer board.

"Any other boarders, ma'am?" gruffly.

"O, no, sir, you are the first one who has applied," answered the widow, wondering if this will be an objection.

"How long have you lived here?"

"We moved in a week ago to-day, sir," dropping her brown eyes on the floor. "I have had no experience, but I will do my best."

A few more questions were put and meekly answered, and then Mr. Elihu Darvins left having engaged the front room and board at ten dollars a week. When he had asked the price she set, she had suggested five dollars, and Mr. Darvins had stared at her as if she had been a lunatic.

"You are evidently unused to business and know nothing about expenses," he had said brusquely, feeling a pity for her stirring in his heart. "The room and board are worth ten dollars a week, and I hope you won't ask such low prices of those to whom you rent your other rooms. How long have you been a widow?"

"Ten months. I found I hadn't enough to get along comfortably and support my children, so I thought I would try to keep boarders."

"Children," said Mr, Darvins with a slight start, "have you many?"

"Only four, s.r."

"Four children!" he repeated. If he had known there were four "little heathens" in the house, he wouldn't have applied for board, but it was too late to back out now, and then the widow was so much to be pitied. Mr. Darvins had a warm heart, in spite of his rough exterior and gruff voice. He came the next day, bag and baggage. A maiden lady was already installed in another of the rooms. A Miss Fogg, who regarded all single men as prey to be swooped down upon, and she went from boarding house to boarding house in her endeavor to meet some eligible masculine creature who would become enamored of her charms. In a week Mrs. Granger's house was full. She had nine boarders, and felt that she was on the road to making a fortune. Alas, that poor little woman knew nothing at all about the expenses of such an establishment, or the trials in store for her.

One day as Mr. Darvins was passing through the lower hall, he heard a sob, coming apparently from under the staircase.

He at once investigated, for he suspected the state of the case, and found Mrs. Granger hiding her face in an overcoat on the hat-rack, her whole frame shaking with emotion.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Darvins in his gruff voice.

"I—I—the—chambermaid has left," sobbed Mrs. Granger, showing a very tear-stained face.

"Well, well, is that anything to cry about? There are plenty more, so cheer up. Chambermaids are as thick as blackberries in August."

"But I have no time to look for one," said the little widow, "and the cook has just broken the big soup tureen, and Nicholas cut his hand on the bread knife, and Louisa spilled her soup over the only decent morning dress I had."

"Put on your hat and cloak," said Mr. Darvins, "and I'll go with you to find a chambermaid."

"O, will you?" cried the little widow, her face brightening. "I am so much obliged. I'll be ready at once. I did not know where to look for one."

As Mr. Darvins stood waiting for her to get ready, he smiled very grimly as he muttered, "That is not the sort of a woman to keep boarders. What was her husband thinking of to leave her without a cent and with four children on her hands? And *you*, Elihu Darvins, are in a nice business, running around after chambermaids for your landlady."

The couple departed through the hall door, just as Miss Fogg came tripping down the stairs with her bonnet and mantle on.

"So," she said, "the little widow is making way with the burly banker!" and she smiled in a sour, ugly way, and set her false teeth together, as she shook her fist at the hall door.

Mrs. Granger came back with a radiant face, accompanied by a chambermaid who was "warranted." She had enjoyed her walk with Mr. Darvins and found him gruff but pleasant. To her great surprise there stood a large handsome soup tureen on the dining-room table.

"Left by a boy," said the cook, and of course Mrs. Granger had no difficulty in imagining where it came from; but when she tried to thank Mr. Darvins for his consideration he walked out of the room and slammed the door.

One night there was a terrible confusion in the house. Mrs. Granger was awakened out of her sleep by the sound of curses and blows. Frightened nearly to death, the little widow slipped on her dressing wrapper and slippers and ran out in the dimly lighted hall. Hardly knowing what she did, Mrs. Granger ran to the door of Mr. Darvins' room, and pounded vigorously.

"Oh, Mr. Darvins," she shouted, "somebody is getting murdered. Please come, or we shall all be dead."

In a few momes Mr. Darvins made his appearance, looking like a wild man, with his hair all on end, and his suspenders hanging down, while a door-mat was wrapped around his shoulders. At the same time Miss Fogg appeared and began to shriek and scream. She wore a very pretty wrapper and the loveliest of slippers, while her hair was dressed with care. Miss Fogg was always prepared for any emergency.

"What is the matter? Oh, dear Mr. Darvins, save me, save me," she shrieked, while Mrs. Granger stood trembling from terror.

"I'll go and see what the matter is," said Mr. Darvins, roughly taking Miss Fogg's arms from around his neck where she had thrown them. He left the two women and went rapidly down the stairs. There he found Mr. Augustus Puffens pounding the hall sofa and groaning and cursing.

There was no doubt of it; Mr. Augustus Puffens was drunk. For some minutes Miss Fogg refused to believe this. She had cherished hopes in regard to the exquisite Augustus, and now insisted that he must be laboring under temporary insanity.

At Mr. Darvin's request, Mrs. Granger roused up Mr. Burford, who occupied a room near that used by Mr. Puffens, and with his assistance the laughing, shrieking Mr. Puffens was removed from the hall sofa to his own room.

"He must leave in the morning," said Mr. Darvins. "You must not keep him in the house another day."

Mrs. Granger tried to follow Mr. Darvins' directions, and when Mr. Augustus Puffens descended from his room about noon on the following day, he was meet by his landlady, who timidly told him she "hoped it wouldn't inconvenience him, but could he find some other room where he would be as comfortable?"

Mr. Puffens simply glared at the little widow for a full minute. Then he said:

"No, I can't. I shall keep this room," and left her alone.

All in a flutter Mrs. Granger sat down in the hall on the sofa Mr. Puffens had so abused the previous night in his fit of "temporary insanity."

"Oh, dear," wailed the little women, "I was never meant to keep boarders for a living. Why did Charles leave me to this? And yet what else can I do? I must keep on trying."

Just then the hall door opened, and in came Mr. Darvins.

"What's the matter now?" he asked, as he saw the troubled expression on her face.

"Oh Mr. Darvins, it seems as if I was putting all my burdens off on you, but Mr. Puffens won't leave."

"Won't, eh?" said the banker. "Well we'll see about that. You let *me* manage him."

So well did Mr. Darvins "manage him" that Mr. Puffens, after a storm of fury, left the house that night.

Things went on very quietly then for a week. Only little worries about the cooking and the four children annoyed Mrs. Granger, whose cheeks were losing their color and growing thin. Then one day the cook asked leave to spend the afternoon out, promising to be back in time to attend to the supper. Mrs. Granger weakly consented. The cook had not been gone an hour, when Miss Fogg sent down for some tea and toast, as she declared she was not feeling well. Mrs. Granger went into the kitchen with a sigh. She had to leave her sewing, and she was very busy with the children's spring clothes. The fire was out. She went up to Miss Fogg's room and told her that the cook was gone and the fire out.

"You're a nice one to keep boarders," said the spiteful woman.

"I know I am not experienced," said Mrs. Granger with a sad smile, "but I try to do all I can for your comfort."

"Make up the fire then, and give me my tea," said the spinster, who had been "huffy" ever since Mr. Puffen's departure.

Mrs. Granger prepared to obey. She was putting some kindling in the stove when she heard a step behind her. She turned, and there was Mr. Darvins.

"You here at this time of day?" she said, trying to speak lightly. "I came home for some papers I forgot at noon," he replied, "and overheard Miss Fogg's impudence to you. Mrs. Granger, you will never get along if you allow yourself to be so imposed upon. Go up and tell that woman that you must refuse to build a fire in order that she may have tea this time of day."

So saying Mr. Darvins left the house; and Mrs. Granger; not hesitating to obey, went to Miss Fogg and tremblingly told her that she couldn't build the fire. The spinster indulged in a tirade of abuse which so unnerved the poor little widow that she couldn't finish her sewing, but spent the rest of the afternoon in tears.

The next morning Mrs. Granger went to market. She was gone two hours, for she had to visit groceries and milk stores as well as the market. When she returned, she was met by Benjamin Granger at the hall door.

"Ma, Miss Fogg's left," were the first word she said.

It was true. The spinster had packed her trunks and departed for scenes unknown, leaving a board bill of three weeks unpaid.

There were now only seven boarders and even these did not stay. Mr. Burford, who had an expensive room, left the city, and a week later Harriet, the youngest child, was taken down with the scarlet fever. Every boarder in the house at once left, with the exception of Mr. Darvins.

Poor little Mrs. Granger! her days and nights were spent in the sick room, and Mr. Darvins was left to the tender mercies of the cook. Then Louisa took the fever and Benjamin and Nicholas had slight attacks. When they were at last all well, Mrs. Granger was word to a shadow, and a tremendous doctor's bill, and one for rent, stared her in the face, and she hadn't ten dollars in the world. Every cent she had possessed was gone in buying furniture to fit up the boarding house, and then it had been so much more expensive than she had calculated on, and she had been cheated on every side.

Mr. Darvins found her crying on the hall sofa the day after Louisa was pronounced out of danger. He took a seat beside her, but didn't say anything.

"O, Mr. Darvins," she sobs, "it is a shame for me to trouble you, but what shall I do?"

"Marry me, ma'am," said Mr. Darvins gruffly, "that's the only way left for you to do that I see."

Little Mrs. Granger nearly fell off the sofa in her surprise. "You don't mean it, really?" she said.

"Certainly I do. I am well off. You won't have to keep boarders."

"But the children?" she faltered, for she knew he considered them nuisances.

Mr. Darvins made a wry face. "I won't back out," he said, "Nicholas and Benjamin shall go to boarding school, and Harriet and Louisa to day school. Dry up those tears, little woman. You are done keeping boarding houses."

So she was. She never had any need to keep boarders again, but she often tells Mr. Darvin with a shy laugh that she made a great success in her venture, for she captured the heart of her richest boarder.

"What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded youth answered, "Seventeen dollars for hack hire for self and girl for two hours."

A man in the suburbs calls his wife "Shadow," because she is continually following him around. We take it for granted that he is afraid of his shadow.

A polite notice in a saw mill reads: "Do not handle the buzz-saw while in motion." "Hands off" would be more concise and quite as appropriate.

Christmas poem by our pickled poet: Pater famalies, daughter; Lamb to the slaughter; a sealskin he bought er: he did what he ought er. Sing.

First Freshman to second ditto—"Did you get her photo while you were away?" Second F.—"Well, no, the fact is, she gave me her negative."

Some one says talk is cheap. It is not when it comes in the shape of a session of the Legislature, and must be paid for by the Province.

CITY DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

FREDERICTON RAILWAY.—Trains for St. John leave the Station, on York street, daily at 7 A. M., and 2.15 P. M.; and arrive from St. John at 11.45 A. M. and 7.45 P. M., daily, Sunday excepted.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.—The Halifax express leaves St. John at 8 A. M. daily (Sunday excepted); and arrives at St. John at 8.25 P. M.

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The Post Office is situated in the Square on the corner of Queen and Carleton streets. The General Delivery, Stamp, and Registry Offices are open from 7 A. M. until 8.30 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted). Box holders have access to their boxes until 9.30 P. M. The Money Order Office is open from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. Letter Boxes are located as follows—Near the corner of Waterloo Row and Sunbury streets, at the Auditor General's Office, the Queen Hotel, the Barker House, the W. U. Telegraph Office, the Brayley House, and Long's Hotel. These boxes are served as follows: At 6.30 A.M., and in the afternoon, the Waterloo Row box at 12.20; the Auditor's office box at 12.30; Queen Hotel 12.35; Barker House 12.40; Brayley House 12.50; Long's Hotel 12.55; W.U. Telegraph Office 1.00.

The mail for England, via New York, is made up on Tuesday of each week at 8.20 A.M., and via Halifax on every Friday at 1.40 P.M.

THE CITY OFFICES

are on the ground floor of the City Hall. They are open daily (Sunday excepted) from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M.

THE COUNTY OFFICES.

The Office of the Registrar of Deeds is on he corner of King and St. John streets. Office hours 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

The Secretary-Treasurer of York County s on Carleton street, near Queen.

The Clerk of the Peace on Queen street, opposite Phœnix Square.

The Sheriff on Queen street, near St. John.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

A. F. Randolph, Chairman; C. A. Sampson, Secretary.
Meets at their room, on the Officer's Square, on the last Saturday of every month.

SOCIETIES.

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St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A., No. 166.—Geo. J. Bliss, President; J. T. Horseman, Secretary.
Meets every second Thursday in the Reform Club Rooms, Queen Street.

Women's Christian Temperance Union.—Mrs. Steadman, President; Mrs. Sampson, Secretary.
Meets every Wednesday at 4 p. m., at its rooms in Reform Club building

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Meetings are held weekly in their Hall on Regent Street, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

York Division S. of T.—W. P., R. H. Mackey; R. S., A. G. Jarvis.
Meetings are held weekly in the Temperance Hall, on York Street, on Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Reform Club.—President, George J. Bliss; Secretary, Richard H. Philips.
Meetings are held in their rooms on Queen Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Young Men's Christian Association.—President, G. F. Atherton; Cor. Secretary, G. E. Coulthard, M. D.
Meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30, and on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Royal Arcanum, Fredericton Council, No. 165.—W. J. Crewdson, Regent; G. E. Coulthard, Secretary.
Meets at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms the second and last Tuesday in each month, at 8 p. m. Limit of insurance, $3,000.

Royal Arcanum, Lorne Council, No. 486—Regent. G. S. Peters; Secretary, E. S. Waycott.

American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton Council, No. 274.—Herbert C. Creed, Commander; C. A. Sampson, Secretary. Meets in Fisher's Building, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 8 p. m. Insures from $500 to $5,000.

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Meets in Masonic Hall, Carleton Street, first Thursday in every month.

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Regular Convocation third Wednesday in every month in Mason Hall, Carleton Street.

Alexandria Lodge, F. and A. M.—Alfred Seely, W. M.; Edgar Hanson, Secretary.
Meets first Tuesday in each month in Haines' Hall, St. Mary's Ferry.

Victoria Lodge, No. 13, I. O. O. F.—W. A. Quinn, N. G.; John Withrow, Secretary.
Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgecombe's Block, York Street.

Grand Lodge, L. O. A.—William Wilson, Grand Master, Fredericton.

Graham Lodge, L. O. A., No. 20.—W. Wilson, Master, Joseph Walker, Secretary.
Meets in the Orange Hall, Queen Street, west end, on the first Tuesday in every month.

Walker Lodge, L. O. A., No. 35.—H. S. Carman, Master; Geo. S. Parker, Secretary.
Meets in the Orange Hall on the first Monday in every month.

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

The Weekly Edition of the HERALD will be issued on

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CHAS. H. LUGRIN Editor and Proprietor.

Fredericton December 5 1881.