

St. John Chronicle

"COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE."

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NUMBER 18.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental), Engravings, Blotting, and Printing generally neatly and expeditiously.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher. Terms—12s. 6d., if paid within the year, 15s. if not paid until after expiration of the year. Any person paying 10s. in advance will receive a copy for one year.

All letters, Orders, Communications, &c., must be post-paid, and addressed to DEWART & CO., Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Archibald McAllister, is an authorized agent for the Chronicle at Gagetown, and vicinity.

Boyan Wiggins, is an authorized agent for Grand Lake.

Joseph R. Perkins, Esq., is an authorized agent for Peterville, (Q. C.)

The Chronicle is sold, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 24 Strand, London. Professor Holloway is duly empowered to receive all monies due our establishment in London, and whose receipts will be regarded by us as valid.

Per Arthur White, from London.

100 CHESTS Bouchong TEA: 1 1/2 tons Brandram's No. 1 WHITE LEAD:

1 ton Brandram's Coloured PAINTS: 1 cask PUTTY: 1 cask STARCH:

1 cask INDIGO: 1 cask LADDER: 1 cask STATIONERY:

For Sale at the lowest market rates. June 12. L. H. DEWEART & SONS.

RECEIVED per Steamer America, at the N. American Clothing Store,

Splendid assortment of Broad CLOTHS: 1 cask PUTTY: 1 cask STARCH:

1 cask INDIGO: 1 cask LADDER: 1 cask STATIONERY:

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S. K. FOSTER'S,

Fashionable SHOE STORES,

New Goods for Fall!

JUST received per Ship Boston, a new and excellent variety of Ladies, Misses, and Children's Fall BOOTS and SHOES, of the very best English make.

Those Customers who desire a very Superior Article, and one suitable to the season, can now have their wishes gratified.

S. K. FOSTER.

Per Middleton and Alameda—THE Subscriber has received by the above 1 Ship, a choice selection of DINNER SETS, ERASER CHINA TEA SETS, VASES, Stone PITCHERS, and China Toilette SETS.

FRAS. CLEMENTSON.

St. John, June 20, 1897.

Beans and Shad.—40 B USHELS N. S. White BEANS; 20 half-barrels good SHAD. For Sale JOHN MARVIN.

HAY BAKES.—100 Dozen HAY BAKES of superior quality, for sale at 10s. and 12s. 6d. per dozen. THOMAS C. EVERITT.

Hope, Salt Twine, &c.—300 B VAS, assorted; 100 B Extra all long Flex, ditto; 100 do. Gourock Baled, ditto; 75 do. BOLT ROPE; 50 do. POINT LINE; 100 three-thread SAIL TWINE.

JOHN ROOP, Wishart's Buildings, Johnston's Wharf.

July 10. "JOHN DUNCAN"—6000 FIRE BRICKS. For sale by FRAS. CLEMENTSON, 29, Dock-street.

Sept. 25. FAIRBANKS' CELEBRATED SCALES, of every variety.

34 Killy Street, Boston. GREENLEAF & BROWN, Agents.

A full assortment of all kinds of weighing apparatus and store furniture for sale at low rates. Railroad, City, and Coal Scales set in any part of the Province. For Sale in St. John by WM. THOMSON.

Aug. 1, 1898. Building Lots for Sale. AT THE NINE MILES STATION

THE subscriber has laid out a portion of his farm at the above place in eligible Building Lots, either for the purpose of business or private residence. Early application will ensure preference, as after a short period they will be offered at auction.

JOHN A. SCRIBNER.

GLASS—25, Dock Street. F. CLEMENTSON respectfully solicits the attention of purchasers to his Spring stock of GLASS.

On the arrival of the John Duncan, the assortment of CUP GLASS will be completed, which will be superior in design to any to be seen in the Province. (July 16.) FRAS. CLEMENTSON.

FOR Sale at No. 108, Prince William Street.—1 BEST CUMBERLAND BUTTER. WILLIAM PARKS.

FOR Sale at No. 108, Prince William Street.—500 CHEESE from Clark's Dairy. WILLIAM PARKS.

FOR Sale at No. 108, Prince William Street.—1 BEST ISLAY MALT. WILLIAM PARKS.

St. John, August 7, 1897. No. Twelve.

A CHOICE LOT OF FANCY COLORED BROADCLOTHS, SUITABLE for Gentlemen or Ladies' CLOAKS, SING, RIDING HABITS, &c., &c.

ADELAIDE, BOTTLE GREEN, MOSS OLIVER, MULBERRY, BROWN, BLACK, SCARLET.

THE above GOODS have been received per last steamer "Ningeta," and for sale from 15s. at No. 12, King street. 1m.

82, King Street. Saint John Hotel Building.

RECEIVED in good order, by last trip of steamer Eastern City, from Boston, a supply of the following Goods:

GREEN APPLES, DRIED APPLES, ONIONS, CHEESE, and BUTTER.

Which will be sold by the Subscriber cheap for cash. ROBERT STEWART.

April 9, 1898. New Books.

THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY, by Viscount de Chateaubriand.

St. John's MANUAL: a Guide to the Public Worship and Services of the Catholic Church; by the Dublin Review.

A Vindication of Italy and the Papal States, from the Dublin Review.

John Mitchell's Great Lecture on Thomas Devin Reilly, delivered in the Tabernacle, N. York; Hendrick Conscience's Tales, complete.

No. 1 to 4 of the Complete Works of Gerald Griffin—to be completed in 30 numbers; Luck is Everything, by W. H. Maxwell; Charles Lever's Works, 4 vols., octavo, cloth; Love after Marriage, by Caroline Lee Hentz.

The Bonds Slave, by Emerson Bennett; The Rats of the Seine, by Paul Preston; The Doomed Ship, by Harry Hassel; Don's Patent Harrows, new edition; Reynolds's Complete Works; Historical Maps, and Notes and Queries for May, 1s.; Harper, Putnam, the Youth, Household Word New York National, Waverley, and Blackwood for May.

The Festivity of the Rocks, by Hugh Miller. (Latter "New York Ledger," &c.) May 8. B. O'BRIEN.

4 CASKS Olive OIL, 300 gallons; 8 bbls. TALLOW, 2,000 lbs.; LONDON OAKUM.—10 tons London Oakum, or sale low.

One Wood Stock ANCHOR.—For sale by wood for May. JOHN WALKER.

August 7. Spring Style of Hat for 1898.

THE subscriber is manufacturing HATS of the above style, at 27, North 4th King street. A. MAGN.

HOME.

An image bright grew in my heart, I cherished it for years;

On blithe and flowered rain, And watered it with tears,

If shade o'er rested of my soul,— (What soul without its shade?)

If hope grew sick and pined away— If severed ties, were laid

'Neath the green sod and silent stone, And I were left all stunted and lone,

This image ('twas my child's home), No influence could fade.

In visions blest it came at night, When sleep the senses chain;

And softly as the evening dew, On blithe and flowered rain,

The twilight's dreamy gaze would bring, The least first season, youth, the spring

Of life: once passed, O, never more! Its light can we regain.

Long years had passed—a wife I seemed Toned on times to my bed,

The hope I'd nursed was in my grasp, I trod my native land.

'Twas mine no more,—my dream had flown, My friends were changed,—my self unknown,

At a single I, where once I roved— With school-mates hand in hand.

Home, home!—thy sacred thrill is lost— Thy pulse can beat no more;

No power can bind thy parted links, Thy long loved reign is o'er

Seeking in vain for some known spot I felt thy fading spell

And 'mid the busy tumult round I heard the dying knell.

O, doubly scarce, now I roam, Since 'on in heart, I have no home:

Sweet vision of my life, I give A tearless, and farewell.

Ormocoto, March 7th, 1899. ZILLA.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

When is the time for prayer? With the first beams that light the morning sky,

Eye the toils of day, and ere I rise, Lift up thy thoughts on high;

Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care: More is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour, If worn by toil or sad cares oppressed;

Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour, And he will give thee rest.

Thy voice shall reach him through the field of air— Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,— Whistled eyes bright look down the sky;

When with the loved at home, again thou'rt Then let thy prayer arise

For those who in thy joys and sorrows share,— E'er is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth— When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,

And the deep stillness of heaven is birth To pure bright dreams of heaven—

Kneel to God—ask strength life's life to bear— Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer? In every hour while life is spread to thee—

In crowds of solitude—in joy or care— Thy thoughts should heavenward flee—

At home—at noon and eve—with loved ones there, Bend on the knee in prayer.

Miscellaneous Selections.

MAURICE LEE.

A SKETCH.—By IDA SPRUCE.

It was evening—holy, calm and beautiful. The moon hung like a silver crescent in the heavens,

looking sweetly down on the earth as though dwelling there. Occasionally borne upon the evening breeze came the sound of human voices

and the merry laughter of a boating party upon the river, who with song and mirth charmed away the lovely summer eve. The sounds were wafted up to an open window of an aristocratic looking mansion which, situated upon a gentle eminence overlooked the river and harbor, where was seated a gentleman; one lone watcher there that starry night.

But the sounds of music and mirth jarred painfully upon his ear, for his spirit was not in unison with their glad, free intercourse.

He was noble looking and in the prime of life, yet deep traces of care were visible upon his lofty brow, and many a thread of silver had interwoven itself amid the luxuriant masses of dark hair with which the wind now idly sported.

The stranger leaned warily upon his hand for a few moments, then starting suddenly from his position he drew forth a small golden locket, and opening it gazed long and earnestly upon the countenance of a beautiful girl there portrayed, while the fast falling tears coursed down his cheeks and fell upon it. Very youthful and lovely was the picture. It was indeed a dream for an artist's pencil, and Maurice Lee was an artist—

whom the world delighted to honor, whom America claimed proudly as her gifted son. But what mattered it to him that he had won the wealth and fame his noble gifts had won him? He was busy with the memories of the past and the heart of a fair form which he had often folded to his breast and whispered, "mine own beloved, mine."

But that it was she who had been the star of his existence was quietly forgotten beneath the sod of the valley, and his dream of happiness was over.

Carrie Liston had been the beloved of his boyhood. In early years he had loved her for her free, ardent manners and for the kindness with which she uniformly treated the poor orphan boy; and in all their little troubles at school he was always Carrie's champion and bold defender, for Maurice was a spoiled boy, and the success which marked his later life might have been foretold them by the energy which displayed itself in his character. As years passed on their footsteps

grew into an affection for each other which amounted almost to idolatry, and Maurice looked forward to the time when he should call Carrie his bride as confidently as to any moment of his future existence. Well did he remember when and how they had parted; he remembered the going forth to meet the rude buffeting of the world; she the petted daughter of wealthy parents.

Mr. Liston had observed with a jealous eye the growing intimacy between Maurice and Carrie, and the young artist was only informed that his presence at his home was considered an intrusion, accompanied with the request that his visits would be discontinued.

It was at the house of a mutual friend, in the midst of a brilliant assembly, that they met for the last time. Slowly the hours wore on and Maurice found no moment to whisper a parting word to Carrie. At last they met in the door.

"Dear Carrie," he whispered, "I go to-morrow; do not forget me. In other lands I will win fame and honors to place them at your feet, dearest. Good bye."

With a despairing sigh Carrie heard the last word, and as her hand unclasped from the fond pressure of his own she was whirled rapidly away in the dance. How mournfully the music sounded in her ears, and how anxiously her eye wandered through the rooms in search of Maurice, but he was not there. His only object in attending the party had been to bid a farewell to her, and this accomplished he had taken an early departure, for he had no heart to mingle that night in those gay festivities. Of one thing he was assured; he knew his love was fully returned and this was all he cared for or wished to know.

Maurice Lee left his native land with a heart filled with high hopes for the future and burning with a desire for fame. He sought a foreign city, thinking to perfect himself in art. In despair he gazed upon the works of great masters and compared them with his own pictures, but the contrast between them was such that beside them his own sketches appeared as mere daubs, and sadly he returned to his lodgings, feeling that he could never paint like those who had gone before him. He despised of becoming a painter, and he saw nothing but misfortune on every hand.

A sudden thought struck him. There was to be an exhibition of paintings in a few months and a large premium was offered for the best art. He determined to paint the portrait of Carrie from the locket miniature and submit his work to the judges appointed. He began his task; one indeed over which he loved to linger. First the outlines of the face were drawn, then came the classic moulding of the features and the delicate coloring. But although the locket lay open before him, he had no heart to paint. The image in his hand of heart, and the remembrance of that loved one gave inspiration to his art. Day and night he labored at his work. At last it was finished, and Maurice, as he swept the curtains aside again and again to gaze upon it, felt that this indeed was his masterpiece; he could no better; and if he failed now he wished to die and die in that far away land, bidding adieu forever to the hope of fame and wealth. The evening day arrived, and with a heart agitated alternately by hope and fear he awaited the result. He was successful, and to his was awarded the golden prize, and the laurel wreath was placed by fair hands upon his brow; while every where it was spoken of him, the young American artist, "He is so young and yet so gifted."

Years passed on, but they only added fresh laurels to the wreath already won. Wealth and honor were heaped upon him, but they did not efface from his mind the bright vision of Carrie, which was ever present there. In foreign lands many a high-born, dark-eyed beauty smiled winningly upon him, but he remembered one with far beyond the sea, and away up among the granite hills of New Hampshire, she mingled in his every scene of joy or sadness, she inspired every hope and prompted every action, and he dreamed Oh how fondly, of the time when they would be united. But alas for the frailty of human hopes!

Maurice Lee came once more to his native land—to his native village. Old friends greeted around him with words of friendly thronging and joyful welcome. He stood in the mansion which had once been Carrie's home, but she whose voice had made his sweetest music was gone forever!

The silver moonbeams fell with a softened light upon her low grave, where a marble monument, bearing her name, and the sacred figure of a girl with unfurled wings, as if ready to soar to heaven, and the words beneath, "Let me go, for the day breaketh," were all that remained to him of Carrie Liston! But he buried the bitter remembrance in his heart, and lived on, in the hope of a reunion in heaven! It was a sweet satisfaction for him to learn, that until the very hour of her death Carrie had been true to him, and he felt no disposition to win the love of another, for his heart was still pledged to her. Many gazed admiringly upon his works and many bared his golden prize, but few were they who knew of the bitter heart-struggle within, and the disappointment which had clouded his life, and the dark grave where lay buried his boyhood's hopes and dreams!

How many are there in this cold world, for whom the link of love has been irremediably broken, to be united only in that land where the secrets of all hearts are unveiled, but how few are those whose stainless faith has trod for years its dreary pilgrimages, growing stronger as it nears the end.

"Alas for it, who thou wast all," And sought beyond, O Earth!

SERMONS.

When a man sets himself to prepare a sermon or to preach I beg him ever to remember that the measure of his being is a bad preacher must be his conveying distinct ideas to the understanding, and calling up religious feelings of the people (whatever class they are) to whom he is speaking. To preach Christ effectively to a village congregation—to see that the members of a village parish, men as well as women and children, receive that degree of kindly individual advice and guidance to which, from his manageable state,

they are entitled—and to see that our village schools their peculiar difficulties, are the best possible of the kind—I think there is no man, however great his ability, who will not find this a task requiring much energy for its due fulfillment, and making large demands upon his time. And when we take into account the great temptations which beset him to indolence—to a preference of discharges of duties which at the first glance seem very easy—to a disconcerted mind, if he allows himself to dwell on the dangerous thought that he is thrown away in so narrow a sphere—I think we shall allow that the village pastor has much to do on his guard, to brace himself by often looking very carefully at his responsibilities in a prayerful spirit, by that light which is reflected from the thought that the Lord loves all souls and has died for the very souls which one by one the narrow limits of his village ministrations have so brought within his influence; that the everlasting state of each of them does far more than a wider sphere depend upon the zeal with which the pastor seeks them one by one. And if these difficulties beset the pastor of a village parish they are certainly found even in a greater degree, in those cities which are the population of which, it seems, has sunk below that of villages. I have only time, on this matter, to give to all in passing this one piece of advice already given in speaking of a village—which I am sure the experience of those many reverend fathers around me in the ministry will approve and commend to their younger brethren—that whether we preach to rich or poor, men or women, learned or unlearned, men of fashion, lawyers, merchants, tradesmen, or day-laborers, the only measure of our preaching being good is, whether in all sincerity, while we do not neglect the understandings, we are reaching the hearts of those we speak to—telling them truths respecting Christ and their souls, which we have mastered in our own experience—speaking to them because we have something to say, and that in our Lord's name, something which intimately touches our hopes in life and death, and we know that it concerns our own. After all human beings with all their diversities of rank, education, and character are more alike than we would suppose. They have all been much alike in infancy they will all be alike in the weakness of their decay. It is one of the most marvellous parts of the gospel of Jesus Christ that it suits the wants of all. If we are speaking to them sincerely, we shall find our words will be heard, and as to those other parts of our ministry which are the