The Weekly Tribune.

VOL. II—NO. 44 SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1874. SUPPLEMENT

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE.

55 and 57 King Street.

NEW SPRING GOODS

Per Steamers Canadian, Minosa, Nestorian, Caspian, Scandinavian, and India

200 BALES and CASES

COMPRISING a general assortment in every Department, and to which we invite the special attention of parties commencing business as also close buyers.

BALANCE OF STOCK

Per Delta, Olympia, Sidonian, Saint Lawrence and every steamer to Halifax and Portland during the season.

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MISPECK MILLS, - - - St. John, N. B.

HOMESPUNS,

IN GREAT VARIETY.

All Wool Twilled Flannels and Tweeds!

ALL AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!!

Also, First Class

COTTON WARPS.

THE above named Seasonable Goods are all of SUPERIOR QUALITY, manufactured from the very best material, and warranted to give satisfaction.

☞ Orders from the Trade respectfully solicited.

WAREHOUSE.....Reed's Building, Water Street.

sep 3 1y d&w J. L. WOODWORTH, Agent.

DAVID MILLER,

MANUFACTURER OF

Hoop Skirts, Corsets,

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Real and Imitation

HAIR GOODS!

Sole Agent for the Maritime Provinces for the following first-class

Sewing MACHINES!

The Lockman, Appleton, Hespeler, Webster, And Singer Manufacturing.

79 KING STREET.

feb 6

Wholesale Warehouse

CANTERBURY STREET.

CAMP BLANKETING!

JUST RECEIVED:

5 Bales Camp Blanketing;
3 " Grey Blankets;
200 pieces Homespunns;
10 Bales Cotton Duck;
15 Cases Felt Hats.

mar 19 T R. JONES & CO.

Albion Liniment.

Saint John, Nov. 28th, 1873.

DR. LEARY—Dear Sir,—I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for thirteen years. I have tried every med cine recommended, but very little relief obtained, until I heard of your ALBION LINIMENT, which, after using three bottles, I am happy to say, it has proved a perfect cure. For the benefit of the afflicted, please give it publicity.

Your obd't. serv't.
JOHN AKERLEY,
Marsh Bridge.

Dealers supplied by H. L. SPENCER, Medical Warehouse, St. John, N. B. nov 29

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE—20 gross in Store. H. L. SPENCER,
nov 29 20 Nelson street.

BLACK OIL—For wounds on horses—10 gross in Store. H. L. SPENCER,
nov 29 20 Nelson strret.

WARREN'S BOTANIC LIFE TEA—A sure cure for colds—10 gross in Store.
H. L. SPENCER,
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Spencer's Non-Freezing Violet Ink.

SHIPPERS' to Manitoba, Alaska and Labrador will send orders to
H. L. SPENCER,
nov 29 20 Nelson street.

CUTHRIE & HEVENOR,

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Cake & Pastry Bakers,

64 Charlotte Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B

jan 30

COOPER BROS.,

MANUFACTURERS OF VARIOUS KIND OF

PATENT POWER LOOMS,

To Weave Plain Cloths, Twills, Drills, Checks, Ginghams, &c., &c.

MACHINES TO FOLD CLOTH!
Do. TO PRESS Do.

Thread and Yarn Polishers, &c.

BETHESDA STREET FOUNDRY,
Burnley, Lancashire,
sep 10 d w tf ENGLAND.

STEWART'S

TOOTHACHE ANODYNE,

AN Invaluable and Safe Preparation for Instantaneous Cure of the Toothache.

Apply on a little cotton, after cleansing out the cavity of the tooth. Some of the Anodyne may also be rubbed gently on the gums.

Prepared and sold by

GEO. STEWART, Jr.,
Pharmaceutical Chemist,
ap 21 24 King street, St. John, N. B.

CARD.

R. A. CHAPMAN & CO.,

Rockland, Dorchester, N. B.,

SHIP-BUILDERS,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Cordage, Canvass, Ship Stores, Flour and Meal, Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, &c., &c.

☞ Vessels supplied at lowest rates and most liberal terms.

R. A. CHAPMAN. D. E. TAYLOR.
feb 6 d1 w tf

Elixirs, &c., &c.,

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Beef, Iron and Wine,

In bulk and in pint bottles.

ELIXIR CALISAYA; Elixir Calisaya and Iron; Elixir Calisaya, Iron and Strychnine; Liquor Pepsin, the best of its kind; Syr. Lacto Phosphates.

JUST RECEIVED.

mar 25 J. CHALONER.

Abssynian Hair Regenerator

A REAL HAIR RENEWER, (not a dye), highly recommended. For sale at
HANINGTON BROS.,
ap 30 Foster's Corner.

BENZINE.

6 D OZ. Highly Refined BENZINE, for removing grease, tar and oil of any kind from clothing. Just received at
HANINGTON BROS.,
ap 30 Foster's Corner.

Weekly Tribune.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 5, 1874.

The Tinkered Tariff.

The duty on paper was imposed for the express benefit of a Montreal concern, and has been practically prohibitory on some grades. The Montreal manufactures which newspaper proprietors are forced to use are not of the most satisfactory quality, and orders are not always filled with commendable promptness. The duty of fifteen per cent. has enabled the home manufacturer to charge a large price for his productions, and newspaper proprietors have felt the burden hard to bear. Now, according to one of the telegrams from Ottawa that duty has been advanced to twenty per cent! This is a great outrage on publishers, and will lessen instead of increase the revenue. The immediate effect of the advance in the duty will be an advance in the price of paper manufactured in Canada. Parliament, therefore, legislates to enrich the owners of a few paper mills by enabling them to rob a host of publishers! This is "Reform" legislation.

Everybody will be glad that the attempt to add to the enormous duties on sugar has been defeated, after Ministers had in vain made a personal canvass of members, promising and threatening, in its favor. Although the tax was in the interests of a Montreal concern most of the people and merchants of Montreal were hostile to it, and members did not dare sustain the Ministers. The Government has yielded exactly what was asked by the resolution offered in our Board of Trade by Mr. Lindsay—a resolution that was amended into impracticability by a popularity-hunting motion, a piece of bunoombe that was in some way allowed to pass.

Part of the proposed burden on shipbuilding materials is to be removed,—thanks to the efforts of those who have the good of the country at heart; and part of this burden is to be imposed on other industries that import iron manufactures,—thanks to the "Reformers" and the tariff they impose to meet the vast increase they have caused and propose to cause, in every branch of the public service.

A slight increase has been made in the duty on certain manufactured articles, very much, it seems, against the wishes of the Government. For this Government presents the wonderful phenomenon of being Free Trade with regard to most everything that can be produced at home, and Protection with regard to articles that must be imported. It is a curious combination resulting from some kind of a complicated compromise between the members of the mongrel combination called a Cabinet by courtesy.

Party Tyranny.

The dominant party in Nova Scotia professes to be entirely in accord with Alex. Mackenzie, and its tyrannical actions in the Legislature show that it is thoroughly imbued with his spirit. The Government of that Province has just made use of its great majority in the Legislature for the perpetration of the most disgraceful partisan outrage that ever disgraced the annals of Nova Scotia legislation. Mr. Woodworth, member for Kings, on the strength of information given him by a clerk in one of the departments, very properly preferred a charge against a member of the Government. The committee appointed to investigate the matter cleared it up satisfactorily, the fact being that the clerk had given wrong information to the member. Instead of being satisfied with this result, and waiting for Mr. Woodworth to make the acknowledgment that he would have felt bound to make, the Government dictates a servile and degrading apology and the Government majority votes that Mr. Woodworth cannot sit in the House until he has repeated, parrot like, this debasing formula! Mr. Woodworth would be less of a man than the spiritless tools who allowed themselves to be the instruments of the Government in this piece of petty tyranny if he should submit to this degradation. He refused, of course, and the tools of the Government voted that the Sergeant-at-Arms remove him from the House. This was done amid the groans of the indignant populace. Mr. Woodworth has, therefore, been practically expelled from the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia for having, as was his duty, preferred charges against an official whom he had reason to consider guilty of misappropriating the public funds. The outrage is justified by the Government papers, of course, for has not a recent return shown that those papers get $4,000 a year from the Government, but will an unsubsidized people justify it?

The non-sectarian school party of St. Stephen propose to select, in conjunction with other parishes in that end of the County, two candidates for the Assembly, and invite the other end of the County to select two others. Three of the candidates will probably be Hon. B. R. Stevenson, St. Andrews; Charles McGee, St. George; and Jas. Mitchell, St. Stephen. It is understood that David Main, of the *Courier*, would be brought out if he would consent to serve in the House. As he has not caught the legislative fever that afflicts so many journalists he will continue to devote himself to the advancement of his wide-awake and flourishing paper, laying up treasures to be spent at some future day, in establishing a daily *Courier*.

A determined effort seems to be making at Ottawa to injure Messrs. King and Gough, Intercolonial Railway contractors. The fact that Mr. Gough is a relation of Mr. Mitchell seems to be the chief motive. The proceedings of the committee are strongly tainted with partisanship, and it is found extremely difficult to get witnesses examined for the defence. The engineer who prefers the charges is said to be an ass, ignorant of the first principles of his profession. The changes were made under the direction of engineers of reputation, and it is claimed that they benefitted the road.

No impartial observer can doubt the result of the coming electoral contest in this Province. The sectarian school advocates will be so few in the next House of Assembly that they will not prevent a split in the ranks of the other party in case cause for division should arise. The canvass is not conducted as a Government canvass, and members will be free to demand a reconstruction if they see fit to do so.

Bangor is organizing a "Crusade Club" to operate against liquor sellers, and yet Maine has a prohibitory law, ex-Governor Perham and Neal Dow.

The Tariff.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

DEAR SIR: The feeling against the tariff in place of subsiding, grows in intensity daily, and there seems to be a determination on the part of the whole people to accept no compromise in the matter of the duties on ship materials. The removal of every such duty will alone allay the excitement, and if the members of the Government from the Maritime Provinces do not insist upon this course or leave the Cabinet, they will be placing themselves in direct antagonism to those they are expected and supposed to represent. I have talked with hundreds on this matter and have failed to find any that justify these duties, and if time was given petitions could be got up signed by ninety-nine out of every hundred freeholders in New Brunswick, at least, against them. It is said they are to be taken off imports but left on what enters into construction of hull. This is adding insult to injury to the shipbuilders, as, certainly, owners are as able to pay as builders, though neither should be taxed unless the Government wish to act in the interests of our American neighbors in place of their own people. Again, goods can be brought into the Dominion in bond and shipped out again without paying duty (this being done to increase trade). The articles used in constructing and fitting out a ship are simply brought in, put into and upon such vessel, and sent out again (without being worn out here) to bring untold wealth into the country from all parts of the world. Hoping that our members who have so ably contended against this great injustice may succeed in their endeavors, I am yours,

A SHIPBUILDER.

The Cabinet Boor and his Apologist.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

The editor of the *Telegraph* seems to think it necessary to apologise for the rude, uncivil and impudent manner of his present employer, Mr. Mackenzie, the Premier of this Dominion. His insolence to gentlemen who have approached him on business is called "curtness," and the apology offered is that he is overcome with work! Sir John A. Macdonald was Premier and Minister of Justice, and had also to devise modes for organizing and carrying out the Government of this Dominion, and yet no unkind or rude word ever escaped him. Courteous and affable to all, he never forgot what was due to those who had business with him. The present Premier is not uncivil to applicants for aid from Ontario. He is ever ready to hear, and grant what is asked for there: but the "dwellers by the sea" are snubbed and treated as so many highwaymen who ask for what they will offer no return for. We were warned when we were so eager to displace wise and just legislators, for ignorant and partisan rulers, and we only hope that the course of the present Cabinet may not accomplish evils that will be permanent and cannot be remedied. How St. John now misses in Parliament and the Government men like Mr. Tilley, and Nova Scotia men like James McDonald; but we have hope that our present course of medicine will clear the political vision of our people, and enable them to see that your estimate of the Mackenzie-D. A. McDonald-Burpee clique was just and reliable.

How long—oh! how long?

REFORMER.

Out in Missouri, doctors are treated as in China; they must cure or be killed. Because a certain Dr. Pitman allowed one Pickles to be bottled up by death, the other half of the deceased and two of his sons undertook to put the doctor in pickle by assassinating him; first decoying him into a trap by the pretence of wishing to pay his bill. And now the whole lot of pickles are in the jug, known as the jail. Justice has soured on them.

SOLD AGAIN.

We had lingered out the season,
Far into the cooler days,
And the votaries of fashion
All had flown their different ways.

Ours had been no light flirtation,
Such as watering-places know,
But an earnest love-creation,
Laying every barrier low.

I had felt my pulses beating
At the warm touch of her hand;
I had followed in her footsteps—
Dreamed I was in a fairy land.

She had hung upon my accents,
With her lovely violet eyes
Glistening at the words I whispered,
Beaming with a glad surprise.

We had wandered down the sea-beach
With the moonlight o'er us straying,
Listened to the night wind's whisper,
Wondered what the waves were saying!

And again we stood together
Near the ocean's ebb fast flowing,
While the blushes of the sunset
On the waves were redly glowing.

"Dearest," said she, hesitating,
"Ah! too long we both have tarried,
To-morrow we must part forever:
For, my darling, I am—married!"

"Married!" I exclaimed, upstarting;
"Married," murmured with a sigh:
"Then is this indeed a parting,
For—my darling—so am I!"

DUDLEY'S ESCAPE.

"Well, Master Dudley, and what news have you now? How fares the cause of his Majesty the King?"

The speaker was a Worcestershire squire. The person whom he addressed was a man of fine presence and military bearing; of good descent, yet with a decided business turn. His father had been a nobleman and at the same time an iron manufacturer. This son had left Oxford at twenty to assume direction of his father's forge and furnaces. In such work he was deeply interested and actively engaged when the great civil war broke out—the war between Charles I. and the people of England. Dudley had, by reason of birth and education, espoused the cause of the King, and had risen to the rank of General of artillery. After many successes by the Parliamentary army a lull had fallen, which was broken in 1648 by tumults and uprisings in Wales. The influence of this commotion had extended through all England, but the vigorous measures of Fairfax, the Parliamentary commander, had compelled the concentration of the insurgents at Colchester, in Essex. Against them a strenuous siege was being carried on by Fairfax at the time our story opens.

"Ill enough, master Hodgson," was Dudley's answer. "Our friends are here bestead in Colchester, and the Roundhead Cromwell is sitting down before Pembroke. Yet both places make gallant resistance, and the right cause may yet triumph."

"'T were a good deed now to raise troops here in the west and strike a blow for King Charles while the crop-ears are busy otherwhere."

"Yes, neighbor; you have reason on your side, and my blood tingles to recover for his Majesty something of what he has lost in these evil times. Beshrew me, but it shall be done."

So Dudley rode forth among his neighbors. "Harcourt," he said to one who had been a Major in the royal forces during the struggle that ended in 1646; "Harcourt, shall we not make head once more for our good lord and king? He hath right to our swords and lives; and it is to our shame that we lie still when our friends elsewhere are in peril for the cause."

"With all my heart, Dudley, was the answer. "Yea, I will ride with you to rouse the country side, and take the field against the frantic rebels whose successes have made them more insolent than I can bear."

They rode together, therefore, and gathered about them many more gentlemen and their adherents, until they could number two hundred men.

In the neighborhood of the village of Madeley in Staffordshire, the place where John Pletcher lived and wrote more than a century later, was a wood called Besco Bello. The rendezvous of Dudley and his friends was appointed there for safety and secrecy until such time as, being drilled and organized, their forces might be fit for some feasible enterprise.

But in the meantime, the adherents of the Parliament had not been idle, either.

One bright morning a company of Puritans marched into the wood with the firm purpose of destroying the "malignants," as they termed them. In vain Dudley and his fellow officers urged their followers to the conflict. The desperate intensity of the Parliament men was not to be withstood, and in comparatively a few minutes they were wholly triumphant. Many of the poor fellows who had meant to fight for the divine right of kings lay dead under the trees of Bosco Bello, and of those who remained alive nearly all were taken prisoners. Among these were the officers and men of mark, with Dudley at their head.

"So, Master Dudley," said the leader of the successful party, "here is but an ill end of your misplaced loyalty. A man like you had better have feared God, and fought for the Parliament, than to be misleading tenants and servants to death, for a tyrant and traitor."

"False traitor, thou," cried Dudley; "on thee and such as thou be the curse of all the blood split and the desolation made in our fair country."

He would have gone on in his passionate utterances, but the Puritan commander cut him short.

"Take master Dudley and his fellow maliguants to Worcester," said he; he once fortified it against us; now that it is in our hands let him test its strength as a prison."

Sir Dudley and Harcourt, with Major Elliott and others, were taken away to Worcester, which Dudley had indeed strengthened and fortified for the King, but which had since fallen into the hands of his enemies. The treatment of the captives was far from gentle, for those were rough as well as earnest times. When they reached the city they were conducted to the prison like dangerous felons, and strict measures were taken for their safe detention.

"Let double guards be stationed at the prison doors, to be relieved every four hours. Double guards likewise at every gate at the city, and strict watch at every outlet, that no knaves and traitors may escape." Such were the orders given in the presence of Dudley and his company, who were then pushed into the courtyard of the prison, and presently locked in a large upper room. There they were left to such meditations as the place and circumstances might suggest.

Immediate escape is what they suggested to Dudley. He looked carefully for means to that end.

The window was barred with iron; Dudley, helped by his comrades, climbed up and looked out. Far below lay the roofs of the adjacent houses, which, as always in the crowded, old, walled cities, stood close together, and were even built against the very walls of the jail.

"If I had but a knife or a dagger, and you would bear me up," said Dudley, "I would soon dig these bars out of their bed, and risk the leap to the tiles below."

But neither knife nor dagger was in the company. They had been too thoroughly searched and completely plundered. Wherefore, Dudley came down again, and sat among his fellow prisoners, helpless but not hopeless. Revolving many things in his mind, and looking all about, he spied a steel knee-buckle worn by Cornet Hodgetts, a young man who had fought beside him for the King in more than one contest.

"The very thing," he exclaimed, "Hodgetts, give me but that buckle, and I will make such a hole in this den as shall give us all our freedom."

The buckle was quickly torn off and put into his hand. "Now, Elliott, man, lend me your broad shoulders for a standing place, and I'll begin my operations."

"Nay," interposed Major Long, a wise old soldier, "you surely will not work at the window in open daylight. You will be seen from the street below, and so your hopes will be defeated."

"You say well, Major," was the reply, "but I'll e'en mount up and try which is the softest stone in the casement."

This he did. The sharp corner of the buckle soon made impressions upon the old stone in which the bars were set. Dudley was satisfied that two hours work would suffice to open a passage. He made a careful survey of the neighborhood, and noticed in what direction the open country lay nearest at hand, when he was contented to wait for night.

The long summer twilight came and waned. As the shadows grew thick the royalist climbed up again and began his task. By and by the moon looked in. "You will be discovered," boded the old major. But friendly clouds rolled up and covered the moon save for a few occasional glimpses.

"How goes it now?" inquired Elliott, after what seemed a long interval, in which gentle showers of dust and lime had been falling steadily upon his head.

"Have a little patience, good Elliott," was the response, "this bar is almost unseated."

Presently the bar was entirely detached from its setting, and a man could easily pass through the space thus made.

"'Tis a long leap to the housetops, but I'll venture it," said the sturdy Dudley. "Follow me, comrades, as you best can. Here is no time for ceremony."

With that he crept out of the opening, and holding to the stone sill by his hands, lowered himself as far as possible; then let go his hold and fell upon the tiles with a thud that was heard by his companions in the prison. A silence followed.

"I fear he hath taken some hurt," said Long. "He was ever over-bold. Climb thou up the window, Elliott, and see if he be dead or alive."

Helped by the others, Elliott did so. In the darkness he could barely distinguish a shadow from the window.

"Hist, Dudley," he cried. "Art hurt man?"

"Nay! Safe and well so far, and but waiting for thee and the rest. 'Tis no great fall. Come on and leave the Roundhead curs their empty room!"

Major Elliot turned back and held council with his comrades. They united in urging him to make the attempt to escape, although they, for various reasons, could prosecute it no further. Thus encouraged, the soldier followed Dudley's example, and in a few moments stood beside him.

The city was altogether quiet. A few lights might be seen twinkling from windows here and there, and the steeple of a great church was illuminated for some reason; otherwise all was dark.

"These houses continue in direct line to the city wall," remarked Dudley. "If we can but reach that, undiscovered, I make little doubt but that we can get away."

"Have you," replied Elliot. "'Tis but a bold push, and if we fail, our case can be but little worse."

Creeping carefully along the roof, they set forward, and in a few minutes reached the wall on the southern side of the city, not far from the river front. The street was closed by a gate, whereat double sentries were stationed. The adventurers heard their step, the rattle of their match-locks, even their voices as they spoke to each other in subdued tones. When these were hushed, they heard the Severn flowing through the night. There was a sense of freedom in the sound that made them more resolute than ever to obtain their own liberty.

The only possible escape was over the wall, and that was extremely high. To drop from it involved great loss of life and limb. Even if that danger were escaped, the noise would certainly attract the attention of the vigilant guard, and swift pursuit, if not death from their match locks, was inevitable.

For a moment they were brought to a pause; but Dudley's fertile mind conceived an expedient. He went to a window in the roof, on the slope more distant from the guards. There was no light in the room, nor any sign of occupation. He shook the casement gently; there was no token that any one heard. The window seemed to be securely fastened, but Dudley had his steel buckle, and with it he cut away the lead that held one of the diamond shaped panes in its place. He then removed the glass, thrust his hand through the opening and drew the bolt. He stepped softly into the chamber. The moon was struggling with the clouds, and sometimes overcoming them, so that it was not so absolutely dark. With cautious movement the royalist advanced until his hand rested upon a bed. If it was occupied, and the sleeper, being awakened, should give the alarm! But it was empty.

Dudley stripped off its sheets and blankets and carried them to the window. Elliott answered his whispered call and took them from his arms. Ensconcing themselves behind a chimney, the two soldiers applied themselves to tearing the articles into strips and knotting them firmly together. Soon they had a long and strong rope.

"If they are Roundheads we have robbed, 'tis lawful spoil of war," whispered Elliott; "and if they be on the King's side, they will count it no loss if it have helped his poor servants in their need."

One end of the rope was fastened securely around the chimney, the other was thrown over the wall. "Go you down first, Elliott," urged Dudley. "Make no stay for me, but hasten directly to London. There or otherwhere we shall surely meet, if we both get safe away."

The soldier went to the edge of the wall, running his hand along the rope. He tested its strength by two or three pulls, and then committed himself to it for the descent. Hand-over-hand he went down, bracing his feet against the wall. The cord swung loose, and Dudley, watching above, knew that his friend was on solid ground. A great clock in the city struck "two." A sentinel cried "All's well." The call was repeated from gate to gate around the circuit of the walls. Dudley swung off from the parapet. A minute and he was free, standing in the open country with his face towards London.

Notwithstanding his counsel to the contrary Elliott had waited for him. They set out together. But Dudley did not fancy a journey of a hundred miles on foot.

He proposed to visit the stables of some of the near-lying farms. Passing through the fields with that intent they found one grazing, already saddled and bridled; no unusual thing in those troubled times, when no man knew at what moment he might need to ride for his own life or for the good of the cause he espoused. This animal Elliot took, Dudley going on to the stables, where he soon provided himself with a spirited steed.

He rode down to the Severn, where a bend in the river brought him in full view of the sleeping city. He turned in his saddle to look. The moon came out from a dark bank of cloud. The image of walls and roofs and spires was faintly reflected in the swift current. The light in the illuminated steeple shone through two round windows that had a grotesque resemblance to glowing eyes. But they did not discern the escaping royalist. No outcry rose on the silence; no sound that indicated discovery or threatened pursuit. With a sigh for the friends he left in captivity Dudley shook his bridle, struck his horse with the whip and galloped swiftly towards London and liberty.—*Harkness's Magazine.*

Miss Kate Stanton in Boston.

It is always interesting, and ought to be profitable, to read the opinions of metropolitan critics on artists and lecturers whom we have seen and heard. We are thus enabled to compare the judgments of others with our own impressions. Miss Kate Stanton lectured for the second time before the Young Men's Christian Association, Boston, Tuesday evening, and the *Journal*, a paper usually economical of praise, says:

In spite of the steadily falling rain and the muddy streets, the large hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the corner of Tremont and Elliot street, was filled last evening with those who had braved the elements to hear Miss Kate Stanton deliver her brilliant lecture upon the fascinating theme of the "Abolition of Poverty." The excellent reputation which Miss Stanton has won upon the lecture platform in the past few years has been more than sustained the present season, and her lecture last evening was delivered with so much grace and force that the salient points were welcomed with hearty applause. Though the lecture has been previously delivered in Boston, those who had listened once found new thoughts were suggested by the lecturer's treatment of the subject, and those who listened for the first time were entertained and profited by the new ideas presented. The key to the solution of the whole trouble between capital and labor she finds in co-operation, the benefits and justice of which she pictures in the most eloquent terms. She also urges a reform in the currency as one of the pressing needs of the day.

Miss Stanton intends to sail for Europe early in the month of June, where she will make a short lecture tour in England and Scotland and visit France and other places on the continent for the purpose of collecting materials for a new lecture for the fall season, which will be entitled "Uncrowned Heroes."

A Frenchman's English.

This is how a Westmoreland Frenchman applied to a Shediac merchant for a situation:

Dear Sir: Having heard that you wanted to hire a clerk, I beg to inform you that I will ingage with you in fair and reasonable conditions. I have pretty good education, and also pretty well advance in figure and for your considerable stock you have on hand, you shall have a man that had great ability to tend in business, and also could devise every thing correctly and separately without any trouble and a man that could keep book keeping very well and therefore could soon be use on that branch.

Dear Sir, I would not make brag on me, during that my learning is sufficient to conduct almost everything that can be bring according in my power. Please to answer and state your conditions, and I will go on your honest word.

I remain, yours truly, ——

A man was killed by the express train between Truro and New Glasgow on Monday.

Sydney harbor has had a whale in it, but the united efforts of all the shipping in port could not kill it.

A new boat is expected from England by next steamer for George Brown, who will commence practice in about a fortnight.

The London *Athenæum* is severe upon Miss Dickens' novel, "The Mill Wheel," and recommends to the author a course of grammar and English reading. It says the book abounds in slang, rhapsody and vulgarity. George Eliot has in press a volume of her poems.

That much printed book, Boswell's "Life of Johnson," is to come forth in a three volume edition, edited by Percy Fitzgerald. Mr. Croker's liberties with the text and enormous scaffolding of notes will be abandoned, and the original readings restored as Boswell wrote them.