

POOR DOCUMENT

AGENTS WANTED in all parts of the Province to canvass for the WEEKLY HERALD. Liberal commission given. A few good men will be given regular employment on salary.

WEEKLY HERALD. CHARLES H. LUGRIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. FREDERICTON, JANUARY 7, 1882.

THE LOCAL ELECTIONS. Although the local elections must come on next summer very little attention is paid to them generally speaking, especially when compared with the interest manifested in the Dominion election.

THE INCREASE OF TAXATION. In 1874 the Mackenzie Government, which had just assumed control of public affairs, found that to meet the obligations of the Dominion it was necessary to add 2 1/2 per cent. to the unenumerated tariff list.

PERSONAL AND OTHER NEWS. The name of Thoreau has become extinct in this country, it is said, by the recent death at Bangor, of Miss Maria Thoreau, an aunt of the late Henry D. Thoreau, who was the last male descendant of a large family.

CITY COUNCIL. PREPARING FOR THE COMING ELECTIONS—WHERE ARE THE CITY ACCOUNTS?—A GENERAL OUTCRY, BUT NO ACTION. The regular meeting—and the last also before the Mayor's and Aldermanic elections—of the City Council was held Tuesday evening in the Council Chamber.

Table with 2 columns: FROM, PERFORMANCE. Lists financial data for the year ended June 30, 1880 and 1881, including revenue and expenditure figures.

PERSONAL AND OTHER NEWS. Mrs. Cruz, living at Florence, Los Angeles County, California, was delivered on Dec. 28th last of six perfectly formed female children—the most remarkable instance of the kind ever known in the State.

THE INCREASE OF TAXATION. A few bitterly disappointed politicians swear that all the new members of the Cabinet belong to the Arthur wing of the party, but why should they not?

PERSONAL AND OTHER NEWS. The Emperor of Brazil sent some toys to the two grandchildren of Victor Hugo on the occasion of New Year.

CITY COUNCIL. Queen's Ward—John Cameron or George Clifton. Returning officer on water question—William Lockhart. King's Ward—David B. Barker or Charles Whitaker. Returning officer on water question—James Burchill.

PERSONAL AND OTHER NEWS. The Paris Figaro and the Gaulois are now publishing novels by English writers. Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has returned to London. The Empress Eugenie lately fell down stairs at her residence in London.

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In all parts of the Province to canvass for the WEEKLY HERALD...

WEEKLY HERALD.
CHARLES H. LUGG, Editor and Proprietor.
FREDERICTON, JANUARY 7, 1882.

The success which is attending the WEEKLY HERALD is fully equal to our anticipations...

Those in the city and St. Mary's who have been accustomed to purchase the WEEKLY HERALD from news boys...

Business men who buy the tri-weekly edition ought to subscribe for the weekly edition to be delivered at their houses...

We have received scores of testimonials to the effect that the WEEKLY HERALD is the best weekly published in the Province.

THE GRASP OF TORIISM.

Sir John Macdonald is entitled to the doubtful merit of consistency. He is not only a Tory but a "Tory of Tories..."

It will be remembered that these are the comments, not of an enemy but of a warm friend of the Government...

It is to be hoped that these are the comments, not of an enemy but of a warm friend of the Government...

The Farmer admits the truth of the charges made against the Government on account of the North-West Land Regulations...

THE "CAPITAL" ON CAPITALISTS.

The Capital replies to our statement that the protective policy built up for the rich at the expense of the masses...

It is well known that, while the residents of St. Stephen have contributed a portion of the money invested in this enterprise...

These in the city and St. Mary's who have been accustomed to purchase the WEEKLY HERALD from news boys will please observe that it will not be sold on the streets hereafter...

Business men who buy the tri-weekly edition ought to subscribe for the weekly edition to be delivered at their houses...

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NOTES AND NOTIONS.

The Editor of the Capital quotes "change and decay in all around I see."

Sir Hugh Allen offers \$8,500,000 for the Q. M. O. & A. Railway.

Ottawa is going to try the electric light.

Bangles for the wrist with ten cent pieces attached are the newest female fancy in New York.

It was a high school girl who said that Monday's snow storm was "the compliment of the season."

The Boston Sunday Journal published "The Nativity," a Christmas poem by A. H. Chandler, M. D., of Moncton, N. B., and speaks of him as the distinguished author...

Our local contemporaries are beginning to apologise for the Finance Minister's Bank Circular.

The United States Government has signified its willingness to let humberie in the matter of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty...

The United States claims over 30,000 immigrants from Canada during the past five months.

The Finance Minister has endeavored to prove that he does not tax the people any more than the Mackenzie administration.

The students at the Iowa Medical College are all laid up with the small pox.

It is said that James Gordon Bennett is fitting up a new polar expedition.

THE MAYORALTY.

Two candidates are in the field, one the present incumbent, the other J. Henry Phair, Esq.

Both these gentlemen are barristers of good standing, both have a good record as citizens...

The Reporter says: "The public have been favored with the reasons for Mr. Phair's candidature."

This may be said with equal truth and with greater force in the case of Mr. Fisher...

The office of Mayor is one to which any citizen may aspire...

Mr. Phair's long identification with the interests of the city and his experience both as City Clerk and a Councilor...

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The wind blew the balloon towards the channel, and the aeronaut opened the valve. When the basket touched the ground Mr. Powell's companions jumped out...

A British company has been organized to play the same part in Borneo as the East India Company played in India.

THE PAPERS' OPINIONS.
WHAT OUR CONTEMPORARIES ARE SAYING ABOUT THE MAYORALTY AND ADELMANIC ELEKTIONS AND THE CANDIDATES.

"A constant drooping wears away the stone," says an old proverb with which all are familiar...

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The City Treasurer for revision. There is no prospect, notwithstanding the assurance that have been made...

And, in conclusion, the Farmer sounds the following moral trumpet blast:—"Let men be elected to the Council this year who will be above serving their own spiteful personal ends."

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claims," but does not explain what they are; says that Mr. Phair has "apparently taken no interest whatever in civic matters..."

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POETRY.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

I've just come from the meadow, wife, where grass is tall and green; I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine; It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower now. And I haven't a sigh for the scythe I swung some twenty years ago. Many and many's the day I've mowed 'neath the rays of the scorching sun Till I thought my poor old back would break ere my task for the day was done. I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over the farm. Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old pain come in my arm. It was hard work, it was slow work, a-swinging the old scythe then; Unlike the mower that went through the grass like death through the ranks of men. I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its speed and power— The work that it took me a day to do, it done in one short hour. John said that I hadn't seen the half; when he puts it into his wheel I shall see it reap and rake, and put it in bundles neat; Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work and larn; To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it into the barn. John kinder laughed when he said it, but I said to the hired men: "I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my three-score years and ten, That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air. Or a Yankee in a flying ship a-goin' most anywhere." There's a difference in the work I done, and the work my boys now do; Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret in the new. But somehow I think there was happiness crowded into those toiling days. That fast young men of the present won't see till they change their ways. To think that I should live to see work done in this wonderful way! Old tools are of little service now, and farm'n's is almost play; The women have got their sewing machines, their wringers, and every such thing, And now play croquet in the dooryard, or sit in the parlor and sing. 'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long gone by; You ran up early, and sat up late a toiling for you and I. There were cows to milk, there was butter to make, and many a day did you stand A washing my toil-stained garments, and wringing 'em out by hand. Ah, wife, our children will never see the hard work we have seen. For the heavy work and the long task is now done with a machine. No longer the noise of a scythe I hear; the mower—there, hear it afar? A rattling along through the tall, stout grass, with the noise of a railroad car. Well, the old tools now are shovled away; they stand a paler'st rest, Like many an old man I have seen put aside with a crust: When the eyes grow dim, when the step is weak, when the strength goes out of the arm. The best thing a poor old man can do, is to hold the deed of the farm. There is one old way that they can't improve, although it has been tried By men who have studied and studied, and worried till they died; It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined from its dross— It's the way to the kingdom of heaven by the simple way of the cross.

SELECT STORY.

A Strange Nemeses.

When Arthur Floriden married Paula Glenmore and went to America, he was a poor young man, but he thought himself as rich as a king and a great deal happier than most monarchs, with his pretty little wife, his good education, and two strong willing hands. They were prosperous, and when they returned to England, they returned not only as the possessor of a great fortune, but to find themselves Sir Arthur and Lady Floriden, for Arthur's older brother, the baronet, had died during his absence. They went to live upon the family estate in Yorkshire, and for a time were very happy; and then a great affliction, in the shape of a terrible illness, robbed Lady Floriden of beauty and health at once, and left her a faded, sickly woman. Soon after this event, Idalia Warrington, an orphan cousin of hers, came to live with Lady Floriden as companion. She was very beautiful, but here was the beauty of a Circe; and she lost no opportunity to contrast her appearance with that of Lady Floriden, her benefactress. Her complexion was made more dazingly clear and pure by her gloomy mourning robes, and her glossy red-brown hair was not less rich in color because she did not wear it in ringlets about her face, while her speaking dark eyes were not less beautiful, because the passive, long-lashed eyelids sometimes veiled them. There was a varying wild-rose color in her cheeks, her pouting lips were ruby-red, and she was altogether very beautiful, as I have said. Then, too, her ways were charming, and Lady Floriden soon loved and trusted her as sisters are supposed to be loved and trusted, while as for Sir Arthur—well, I am afraid he liked her a little too well. Everything went well and every one seemed happy until Lady Floriden became ill again; this time it was a fever which ended in her death. Idalia had been devotedness itself and had watched with her cousin night after night, until the roses had fled from her cheeks. One night the nurse sent her to take a little rest, and so Idalia, not being sleepy, went out upon the lawn and sat down in the broad moonlight, in sight of Lady Floriden's window. It was not long before Arthur Floriden, who had been wandering restlessly among the shrubbery, came up to where she sat and spoke to her.

"I can never repay you for your devotion to my wife," he said, as she arose. "But I can remember it, Cousin Idalia!" Circe said nothing just then. She only raised those glorious maddening eyes and looked up into his face with a world of expression in their liquid depths. While she sat there, her face toward the window, Arthur's hand on her arm, their lips talking common-places and their eyes speaking differently, while she stood there, I say, she was startled to see a figure come to the window—a figure clad in white, with long dusky hair falling to its waist. It stood there one moment, as if turning to stone, then wrung its hands and retreated. It was Lady Floriden; though very sick, she was at that time conscious and would probably have recovered, had she not heard the nurse mutter, as she went to the window: "The brute! he ought to be shot! And that siren! she is a fiend! How I'd like to strangle her!" She paused a moment, and then went on: "See them now! His hand on her arm, and she lookin' up into his eyes! My poor abused sick mistress! Poor, poor thing!"

Then the honest and indignant nurse left the room, bent on some errand to the kitchen. The sick lady lay quite still, and with her eyes closed, until the nurse had gone, and then she arose, and going to the window, looked out into the clear, full moonlight. No pen can tell the agony of that one moment, when she knew her trusted friend, and beloved Arthur, to be unfaithful. She moaned and crept back to her bed, and from that moment her fate was sealed. She must die.

When Sir Arthur came in with his faithful companion to inquire about her, he noted the change in her face. He may have felt something like remorse, for he bent over her and kissed her poor, thin cheek, and asked how she was. But she motioned him away, and turned with such a glance of horror and loathing towards her cousin, that Idalia shivered.

Then her eyes rested on Arthur's face, and he never forgot that steady, dying glance—a look of unutterable reproach, of mute surprise, of wounded love. "She saw us together on the lawn," Idalia whispered in his ear, and then said, half aloud: "She will haunt you if she can, won't she?"

Was it only a fancy, or did Floriden see his wife's lips move and hear a faint, inaudible "Yes?"

It was about a year and a half after Paula's death that there came a new mistress to Floriden Hall. She was far more beautiful than the first Lady Floriden, and seemed familiar with the place, and indeed she was, for the new mistress was no other than Idalia Warrington. For a time she was happy. She had everything that wealth could buy, she need not lift her hand, and she was now "my lady" to all the servants, and had at last attained a high social position.

"Yes, she was happy to a certain degree, until six months after her marriage, when she learned that her old lover, Roger North, had come home to England, and he, whom she had loved as well as it was possible for her to love any one, and whom she had rejected on account of his poverty, was now very wealthy.

"Why didn't I stay single six months longer?" she asked herself. "I could have then broken my engagement with Arthur and married Roger—my Roger!" she added, with a little womanly weakness—"for of course he loves me yet." Ah! but he was her Roger no longer, had she known it. "He will some day be Sir Roger, and so if I lose one title, I gain another. I will marry him yet."

So she began a plan to rid herself of her husband. She did not shoot or stab him in the dark—as most of such characters do in stories—and then manage to lay the blame on some innocent young persons; not she! Now Arthur Floriden was still in love with the beautiful woman he had married, and though he knew she was far from being an angel, he could not cast her from his heart, and Idalia used that very love as a means of torture.

When Lady Floriden persecuted him, and even told him openly that she did not love him, and never had, he remembered poor Paula and her loving kindness. While in London, or at his country house, since his first wife's death, Sir Arthur Floriden seldom went to evening parties, balls, or even to the opera or theatre; he spent a good part of his day-time away from home, and most of his evenings he spent in his own house. After his seven o'clock dinner he would retire to the library to remain during the evening, while the brilliant and beautiful Lady Floriden was enjoying herself at the opera or some ball.

One night he was in the library, while Lady Floriden was supposed to be at a fine concert. He was not reading—no; he had not lighted the gas, and was now lying on the soft, dark-green sofa, staring into the darkness. At the other end of the long room there was a French window, curtained with dark-green satin, looped back, and now open, so that the fresh spring air might enter. He chanced to look towards the window—the air was becoming damp. What was that he saw? Did he really see a white figure standing there, with

long, dusky hair falling about it?—a white figure wringing its hands? He started up, while a cry of horror, came from his pale lips. He rubbed his eyes; he had only been dreaming, he thought, for the ghost, if ghost it were, had swiftly retreated at the sound of his voice.

"Only a dream!" he said; "but a terrible one!" And then he settled himself back on the sofa, rather uneasily, and closed his eyes. It was not more than an hour later that he was aroused from the slight slumber into which he had fallen by the touch of a hand upon his forehead. He was instantly awake, and, rising to his feet, cried, as he saw a white figure standing in the clouded moonlight (for the moon had now risen):

"Great heavens! it was no dream! It is her phantom! Oh, Paula! why do you haunt me!" and he, strong man that he was, and not inclined to be superstitious, fell into a dead faint.

He never knew how long he lay there, and then awoke to find his wife bending tenderly over him, the gas lighted, and the window closed. But he could not shake off that vision. He began to grow thin and pale, and seemed almost afraid to stay alone, but still he had not confided in his wife. She did not know his secret, he thought. He did not see the ghost again while they remained in London, but when they returned to their country-seat his nocturnal visitor appeared more than once.

As for Idalia, matchless actress that she was, she was very exultant as she saw him dying slowly before her eyes, but she hid her joy, and acted the part of the devoted wife to perfection.

And he, poor fellow, (we can't afford to pity him, for he was punished for his sins) he thought to himself, "Ah, she loves me now that she is afraid of losing me." It was well that he could not read her heart.

One evening she had gone to a grand ball at the residence of Sir John Bartlett, as he supposed, while he, as usual, spent the evening alone. He was lying on the lounge in his own room when, for the fifth time since his stay at Floriden Hall, he saw the apparition. He had closed his eyes for a few moments, and when he opened them again, the waxen candles had burned low in their sockets, and there, in the dim, uncertain light, stood that white figure—Paula's figure.

It surely was her shade, he thought. Once he asked Idalia, soon after he first saw the ghost, whether she believed in ghosts, and she had said she did, and told him a frightful story of her grandmother's ghost—a story true in every detail. So of course ghosts must be real.

The apparition appeared once too often for his well being, for as soon as he saw her there, he cried: "Leave me, leave me! Leave me, haunting fiend! You cannot be my Paula. She would never torture me so. Who are you, then?" and when he saw the white lips frame the words, "The ghost of Paula," he fell back with a shriek, and there, like one dead, Lady Floriden found him.

But he was not dead. After the usual restorative had been applied he became conscious, but only to sink into a nervous fever, from which he never recovered. It was at sunset, after a foggy day of clouds and rain, that he died. His wife was with him constantly, but she was well rewarded, for his will made her a rich young widow.

Just before he died he called her to his side. "Idalia," he said, "kiss me, and then I wish to make a little confession. I have been richly punished for my sin. Forgive me, my darling, won't you? for telling you even by my eyes, before Paula died—you remember out on the lawn—for telling you that I loved you. In that hour I dragged your womanhood down by that confession. My wife must have seen us there, for Idalia, she has haunted me." (here his voice sank to a whisper,) "and that is what has killed me. Ah, I have suffered cruelly—my punishment has been bitter."

And was it not "a strange Nemeses!" The beautiful woman—nay, fiend—who led him away, who caused his wife's death, if the truth be told, by her conduct, also played the part of an avenger. She avenged the wife's wrongs when she caused the husband's infidelity; but she did not, of course, visit vengeance on her own head.

She was the ghost. Arthur Floriden had lain under the sod six months when Idalia next saw Roger North. How handsome he had grown, though bronzed and graver in looks, she thought, and so wealthy, too! She met him at the house of a mutual friend; of course she had not gone into society yet. It was at a very quiet dinner. He was kind and attentive, as he was to all ladies, but if she had not been as blind as a mole she must have seen that he no longer loved her. As for her, she showed her liking a little too plainly.

It was after dinner that they all went to take a sail on the lake near by. It chanced that the hostess, Mrs. Trehern, Lady Floriden and Sir Roger North were to occupy one boat, but just as they reached the shore, a servant announced the arrival of Sir Richard Markham, Mrs. Trehern's only brother, and so she, excusing herself, went to receive him.

Sir Roger and his fair companion now had the boat to themselves, and Idalia was delighted. She tried her best to draw him out, she brought up incidents of the days when they played together as children; she looked her best she knew, but it was in vain.

He was very silent, and his eyes had an absent, far-away look that she had never seen there before. She thought in her vanity, "He is afraid to speak. I will pave the way for him. He's thinking of those days when we were so happy. Oh! all will end well!"

Lady Floriden *did* pave the way. They, Sir Roger and herself, returned to the shore before the others, as the lady complained of being chilly; she had left her lavender shawl of Shetland wool at the house, she said. Just like her carelessness!

"Why, I don't think you're careless," said North. "Well, I used to be, anyway. Don't you remember, Rog—Sir Roger, I mean, how I left my new straw hat with the long blue ribbons on the island we played on so much, and how you waded back and got it? You always were good to me, Sir Roger!"

Sir Roger began to feel uncomfortable. Was Lady Floriden about to make love to him? "And how the housekeeper—I lived with my bachelor uncle then—how Mrs. Meggs gave me a scolding for spoiling my clothes?"

"Yes; and I was to blame. I always was a sinner; but I am sorry for that, and all my later sins. You know what I mean, Roger. I have been bitterly punished. Ah, forgive me; forgive me, for I still love you, Roger!"

Sir Roger stood quite still for a moment, and gazed at her in amazement, while he blushed for her want of delicacy. "Idalia!" was all he could say for an instant. "I did not suppose that you had sunk so low as that," he said, as soon as he had found voice to go on. "You love me yet! Let me tell you that I love you no longer. In the hour when you rejected me on account of my poverty, my love for you died, not without a struggle, I confess, but surely, I am perfectly indifferent to you; and even if I were still unmarried, I would scorn to marry you!"

"Married!" gasped Idalia. "Married, did you say? Ah, then I have lost the game!" (to herself). "Yes, married," said the baronet; "and to one as far above you as the angels in heaven are above Satan!"

You want to know how this story ends—whether Idalia, driven to desperation by Sir Roger's words, made away with herself by taking poison, and thus dying a horrible death; or whether she plunged into some deep, black pool on a pitch-dark night, and thus ended her miserable life?

No; she did neither. She went into society again, after the twelve months of mourning (a farce, of course, with her) had expired. She had received as deep a wound as such shallow hearts as hers are capable of receiving, and so she was not exactly happy. But still she had wealth, beauty and youth—three things much desired in this world.

And did she not thirst for revenge? Did she not wish to steal Sir Roger's only child, and break its fair-haired mother's heart? Yes, but she was powerless. Sir Roger was on his guard.

You may think she did not receive her due; but she was punished. She lost the man she loved; and there came a time when she was no longer young, and beautiful, and brilliant, and there was no lack of gold in her coffers. There came a time when life was but a dreary treadmill, and she, yearning to be loved, was still unloved, and, wishing to die and leave the hollow world, was yet afraid of death.

So ends my story.

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