THE WATCHMAN.

VOL. I. SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875. NO. 6.

New Advertisements.

PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN
Warerooms,
64 GERMAIN STREET.
Sheet Music and Musical Instruments of every description.
CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
Terms,—2 cents per day.
LAURILLIARD'S FURNITURE POLISH always on hand.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has added to his Business Stock a supply of **Authorised SCHOOL BOOKS**, to which new works will be added as they are prescribed by the Board of Education.

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A. T. BUSTIN,
Opposite Trinity Church.
may 8

NEW FIRM!
JUST OPENED:
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
LADIES' SILK SCARFS AND HANDK'FS,
ALSO:
Black and White Brussels Nets;
Black and Colored Turquoise Silk;
Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Smallwares.
A good assortment of
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
SCOTT & BINNING, 28 KING STREET,
may 8 A few doors from Foster's Corner.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

MR. ALEXANDER JARDINE retired from the Firm of JARDINE & CO. on the 31st day of January last, and Mr. ALEXANDER C. JARDINE was admitted a Partner at same date. The name and style of the Firm will be continued as heretofore.
JARDINE & CO.

In retiring, Mr. JARDINE begs to thank his friends and the public generally for the liberal patronage he has received during the past thirty-seven years he has been in business and solicits a continuance of the same to his successors.
may 8

CHILDREN'S PERAMBULATORS.

WE have just received direct from the Manufactory, another choice lot of
CANOPY-TOP PERAMBULATORS,
among which are some of a STYLE AND FINISH NOT BEFORE IMPORTED, and which
CANNOT BE EQUALLED IN THIS MARKET.
C. E. BURNHAM & CO.,
may 15 55 Germain street.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

EDUCATION OFFICE, FREDERICTON, }
May 24th, 1875. }

UNDER the authority of the twenty-third Regulation of the Board of Education, a Teachers' Institute will be held, in the Temperance Hall, Fredericton, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 7th, 8th, and 9th of July next. The first Session will begin at 10 o'clock, a. m. There will be three Sessions each day.

The Teachers of the Public Schools in the COUNTIES OF YORK AND SUNBURY are requested to be present AT ALL THE Sessions of this Institute. In the event of any Teacher being unable to comply with the request (see Reg. 23), it is required that a written statement of the cause of absence from any Session be transmitted to this office.

THEODORE H. RAND,
Chief Superintendent.

N. B.—The Institute will be open to all Teachers in the Province who may be able to attend. The Examinations of the Public Schools of Fredericton take place on July 2nd, 5th and 6th; and professional exercises are conducted daily, throughout the summer, in the Provincial Training School. The exercises of all these Schools are open to the observation of Teachers.
may 29 4i T. H. R.

Gentian Root, Whole and Crushed.
Senna Leaves, Alexandria,
" " E. S.,
" " Tinnivolli.
CHLORIDE OF LIME, in 5lb. air tight packages.
TINCT. CHLORIDE OF IRON,
By R. Process.
AT LOWEST RATES TO THE TRADE.
J. CHALONER,
may 29 Cor. King and Germain streets.

CHALONER'S
ANILINE DYES!
CHALONER'S ANILINE DYES,
ROSINE PONCEAU (Rosy Crimson),
NICHOLSON'S SCARLET, MAGDALA PINK,
REGINA PURPLE (red shade),
ATLAS PURPLE (blue shade),
VIOLET, MAUVE, PHOSPHINE (orange),
ANILINE YELLOW (light),
NICHOLSON'S BLUE (light),
SOLUBLE BLUE (deep),
ATLAS GREEN,
BISMARCK BROWN,
IMPERIAL MAROON (shade of crimson).

The success of Chaloner's Aniline Dyes has excited the cupidity of certain covetous parties both at home and abroad to imitate them as far as lies in their power. The proprietor regrets having to caution the public against such parties, as their goods are liable to failure. Chaloner's Dyes are in colored packets, with simple directions. They work on Bone, Cotton, Feathers, Grass, Hemp, Paper, Silk, Wool, Wood, &c.

Nothing in the above is intended to apply to Messrs. Hannington Bros., Barker & Sons, or Geo. Stewart, Jr. H. L. Spencer is not guaranteed as formerly. These Dyes can be obtained of the Travellers for Messrs. Dearborn & Co. and Berton Bros., or at their establishments in St. John—also of all city druggists and merchants.

J. CHALONER,
may 22 Cor. King and Germain Streets.

W. C. MORRISEY,
Funeral and Furnisher Undertaker.
WAREHOUSE, 66 CHARLOTTE STREET; Residence 43 Charlotte street, opposite Horsefield street. Rosewood, Walnut and Covered Coffins, Grave Clothes, Coffin Mountings, &c., at lowest prices. Orders in town and country promptly executed by day and night. may 22

PATENT DETERGENT!
A SUBSTITUTE FOR SOAP.
FOR WASHING and CLEANING CLOTHS,
BLANKETS and Flannels, Windows and Looking Glasses, Greasy Dishes or Kitchen Utensils, Painted Woodwork and
POLISHING SILVER OR PLATED WARE.
For cleaning Printers' Types it is said to do its work well, and leaves no gumminess. For sale by
may 15 JARDINE & CO.

HAIR GOODS.
One of the Largest and most Complete Stock of
HUMAN HAIR GOODS
in the Dominion, is to be found at
CONROY'S HAIR STORE.
☞ The Stock of LADIES' SWITCHES now on hand cannot be surpassed.
BACK, SIDE AND FRAZEE CURLS, FRONTS AND PUFFS of every description. WIGS, TOP-PIECES, WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, &c.
Bazors, Brushes, Combs, Barber's Mugs, &c.
Orders from the Country attended to with despatch.
CONROY'S HAIR STORE,
Canterbury Street, - - St. John, N. B.

FIGS. FIGS.—Very Choice FIGS in small boxes. For sale by
may 29 R. E. PUDDINGTON & CO.

The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875.

MARKETING.

Scribner's Monthly deals after a practical fashion with a practical question when it says:—

"During the last year, with the great majority of families living in cities throughout this country, economy has become not only a necessity, but fashionable. When old dresses are revamped, or the chamber-work of the household has been successfully done by the young ladies, it is rather a matter of pride than mortification. Oddly enough, however, very few housekeepers strike the matter of expense at the foundation, which is, in fact, the purchase of provisions. As a rule, a city family is supplied with marketing, groceries, etc., through provision dealers and retail grocers who call for orders at the house. No matter how specious, or even honest they may be; no matter how anxiously the housekeeper limits the supply to the barest necessaries, the cost, brought to her in weekly bills, is likely to be appalling. The middle-man has his rent to pay, and profit to make, and the money for both must, in part, come from her pocket. The remedy lies in buying groceries by wholesale, and even if this should not be practicable, in going to the market rather than to provision dealers for marketing. It involves, it is true, the loss of an hour of sleep in the morning, and is a business which must be learned, like every other; but the hour's nap after sunrise is cheap payment for the large saving in both money and the quality of provisions, and it is quite as fitting that a woman's keen sight and smell should be trained for use on the vegetables and beef on which her husband and children are to depend for blood and muscle, as upon lace or bouquets.

"Philadelphia housekeepers have long been noted for both the profusion and daintiness of their tables, and much of their success is due to the universal habit among ladies of all classes of going to the morning markets in person, and there choosing and sending home their supplies. Vegetables, butter, poultry, and in many cases meat, are thus purchased directly from the farmer, without the intervention of any middle-man, at the first cost and of the first quality. Housekeepers can easily estimate for themselves the enormous difference between a table supplied with dewy fresh vegetables, and prime cuts of meat, at the producer's prices, and one which receives its food after it has passed through the possession of huckster, butcher, green grocer, and possibly restaurateur, growing staler in the hands of each, and certainly heavier as to price. Not only economy, but health, demands reform in this matter, which lies wholly in the sphere and and power of wives and mothers.

Scribner's remarks "in the abstract," are all right:—nobody will question their correctness. But are there not practical difficulties in the way? Take that "morning hour," for instance. How can the wife of one's bosom be expected to start out at six o'clock in the morning, in order to get ahead of the forestallers in the St. John Country Market? Or can she be expected to drive out the Marsh Road and meet the coming teams at the gray dawn, or loaf around the railway station in the hope of forestalling the forestallers? Even if she felt inclined to attempt what seems to be the impossible in our latitude, how is she to rise at six, or earlier, except at the cost of giving up those little suppers, parties, balls, and other species of pleasurable dissipation? At this writing we don't perceive the way clear for the ladies to indulge in the economical and health-giving habit of buying provisions at first hands, especially beef and greens. But why confine such blessings to the ladies? There is no reason why Philadelphia should set the fashion for the whole world. It may suit the domestic arrangements of the Philadelphians that their wives should do the "providing" for the house, but it may not be convenient in other quarters. Why not devolve this duty on the "lords of creation?" Why not send the old man off at six o'clock these fine mornings to beat down the unsophisticated country farmer, who knows little or nothing of the value of his produce? It is clear that it would be unfair to confine the merit of reducing the household expenses, or the advantage of improved health, to the ladies of the house,—the gentlemen should certainly share them. Some times, indeed frequently, in our city, the thrifty father of a family may be found in our Country Market at an early hour bent upon securing the "choicest" of everything, but it generally happens that higher prices are asked at this early hour, than are accepted later in the day, for the same articles, so that the early raid sometimes ends in disappointment. The advise to economize, however, is good; none better can be tendered in these dull times. By whatever means economy can be ensured, these are the means to use, whether beef be bought in the open market or at the meat dealer's table, or whether groceries be bought wholesale or at the corner store. But as regards putting the laboring oar in the hands of the female side of the house, against that we must protest, on the following grounds:—1. They have sufficient power in the household already. 2. The inner household and family cares are sufficiently onerous. It is possible, however, that our protest may go for naught, now that attendance in the meat market is seen to be "fashionable" in Philadelphia, and to this stimulant is about to be added the erection of a first-class Market House, commodious, well lighted, conveniently arranged, and calculated to attract ladies, as well as gentlemen, to its precincts.

GRIT FRIENDSHIP.

The following from the Toronto *Nation* conveys anything but a pleasing picture of the brotherly love which is supposed to exist in the Grit ranks at the homestead. The journals referred to are the Toronto *Globe* and the Toronto *Liberal*. Mr. George Brown having safely bestowed Mr. Blake in the Cabinet, and thus muzzled the great Independent, is apparently proceeding to smash Mr. Blake's paper, the *Liberal*. The *Nation* remarks:—

It is reported in literary and commercial circles, and we believe with truth, that a great effort is about to be made by the fallen, or falling, despots of the Press to crush their new competitors, restore their exclusive ascendancy and put down the liberty of opinion which, since something like a balance of power has been established among our journals, Ontario has begun to enjoy. It is not improbable that we may witness one of those struggles of which, as of the greater struggles of diplomacy, the banks are apt to become the ultimate arbiters. Sydney Smith used to say that consols were the greatest fools in Europe, and the same excessive and misguided susceptibility is not without examples in the case of banks. Experience shows that they may sometimes be frightened into a deviation from strict business principles by dread of the displeasure of a powerful and unscrupulous journal. Yet they are like the sheep in Cowper's fable, avoiding danger by leaping into the pit. If the domineering journal which demands their financial aid succeeds in crushing the competition, which is the only security for freedom, they become its slaves for ever; if it is defeated, they have brought on themselves the enmity of its victorious opponents. A balance of power in the Press is essential to the interest and the reputation of any one who is at all liable to injury from the hostility of journals; but above all, it is essential to commercial men, who, if one journal monopolizes power, are, in all matters affected by public opinion, absolutely at the mercy of its owners. Of course we have not a word to say about anything that is done in the regular way of business; but against any timorous proclivities we appeal to the inestimable value of the freedom from arbitrary Press rule which this community has now all but won. It is a comfort to think that in any event the country Press has of late years greatly gained in independence, as well as in ability, and is no longer the mere echo which, to a great extent, it was in former days."

The *Globe* and *Liberal*, in their mutual warfare in Ontario, are simply working out on a larger scale the hatreds and animosities which distinguish Government papers in New Brunswick. Scarcely a day passes that the St. John daily papers, now all on the Government side, do not fire shot and shell into each other.

SIGNING CERTIFICATES OF CHARACTER.—The following is suggestive:—

"An obliging gentleman, who thinks that personal favors do not cost much, while they make friends, was applied to by a colored man for a certificate of character by which he might get a situation. The testimonial proved to be more complimentary than Scipio himself had expected; and that worthy, on recovering from his astonishment, exclaimed: "Say, Mr. ———, won't you gib me somefin to do yerself on dat recommendation?"

The frequency with which "certificates" are granted, even by seemingly conscientious people, is a matter of profound astonishment to men of the world. There is scarcely a beggar who applies at your door who does not come armed with the inevitable certificate, signed, in too many instances, by soft-hearted clergymen or by philanthropists, who are apt to be over-reached by the concoctors of "harrowing" tales. The business,—for it has apparently become a branch of trade,—is greatly overdone and must soon die out. The practice of giving even really unfortunate people a certificate which they may use for years, and which tends to other forms of abuse, should no longer be tolerated in any community. It is simply begging, and the laws against beggars are surely strict enough to cover and suppress the begging by certificate; and if they are not, they should be made so.

VINELAND, NEW JERSEY.

Ten Thousand People without any Police or Poor: The Projector's Sketch of a remarkable Colony.

The following are extracts from a speech delivered in the Legislature of New Jersey, last year, by J. K. Landis, the projector of the Colony of Vineland:—

"When I first projected the colony, in 1861, what is now Vineland lay before me an unbroken wilderness. Nothing was to be heard but the song of birds to break the silence, which at times was oppressive. It was necessary that the fifty square miles of territory should be suddenly, thoroughly, and permanently improved. The land was in good part to be paid for out of the proceeds of sale. One hundred and seventy miles of public roads and other improvements were to be made, and the improvements were to be such as to insure the prosperity of the colonist in future years, as my outlay was in the early start of the settlement, and my returns were not to be realized for years to come. If the settlement shall not be prosperous in these years to come, I could never realize my reward, and besides, ruin, involving character and fortune, stared me in the face. It was by no temporary efforts or expedients that I could succeed, but by fixing upon certain principles, calculated to be creative, healthful, and permanent in their influences—principles which, while they benefited each colonist day by day, would have a growing influence in developing the prosperity of the colony. What where these principles?

"1. That no land should be sold to speculators who would not improve, but only to persons who would agree to improve in a specified time, and also to plant shade-trees in front of their places, and seed the road-sides to grass for purposes of public utility and ornamentation.

"2. That no man should be compelled to erect fences, that his neighbor's cattle might roam at large; but that the old and shiftless and wasteful system should be done away with.

"3. That the public sale of intoxicating drinks should be prohibited, and that this prohibition should be obtained by leaving it to a vote of the people.

"By the first principle, the continual improvement of the land was secured. Employment was furnished to laborers at remunerative prices. The value of the land was increased by the mutual efforts of the colonists. The value of the land was also enhanced, and it was made more and more marketable.

"By the second principle, a vast and constant expense was saved—greater than the cost and annual interest upon all the railroads of the United States. Stock was improved, and the cultivation of root crops was encouraged, and the economizing of fertilizers.

"By the third principle, the money, the health, and the industry of the people were conserved, that they might all be devoted to the work before them.

"I am in candor compelled to say that I did not introduce the local option principle into Vineland from any motives of philanthropy. I am not a temperance man in the total-abstinence sense. I introduced the principle because in cool, abstract thought I conceived it to be of vital importance to the success of the colony. If in this thought I had seen that liquor made men more industrious, more skillful, more economical, and more æsthetic in their tastes, I certainly should then have made liquor-selling one of the main principles of my project.

* * * * * * * * *

"The question then came up as to how I could give such direction to public opinion as would regulate this difficulty. Many persons had the idea that no place could prosper without taverns—that to attract business and strangers taverns were necessary. I could not accomplish my object by the influence of total-abstinence men, as they were few in numbers in proportion to the whole community. I had long perceived that there was no such thing as reaching the result by the moral influence brought to bear on single individuals—that to benefit an entire community, the law or regulation would have to extend to the entire community. In examining the evil, I found also that the moderate use of liquor was not the difficulty to contend against, but it was the immoderate use of it.

"The question, then, was to bring the reform to bear upon what led to the immoderate use of it. I found that few or none ever became intoxicated in their own families, in the presence of their wives and children, but that the drunkards were made in the taverns and saloons. After this conclusion was reached, the way appeared clear. It was not necessary to make a temperance man of each individual—it was not necessary to abridge the right or privilege that people might desire to have of keeping liquor in their own houses, but to get their consent to prevent the public sale of it by the small—that people in bartering would not be subject to the custom of drinking—that they would not have the opportunity of drinking in bar-rooms, away from all home restraint or influence; in short, I believed that if the public sale of liquor was stopped either in taverns or beer saloons, the knife would reach the root of the evil. The next thing to do was to deal with settlers personally as they bought land, and to counsel with them as to the best thing to be done. In conversation with them I never treated it as a moral question—I explained to them that I was not a total-abstinence man myself, but that on account of the liability of liquor to abuse when placed in seductive forms at every street corner, and as is the usual custom that followed our barbarous law that it incited to crime, and made men unfortunate who would otherwise succeed; that most of the settlers had little money to begin with, sums varying from two hundred to one thousand dollars, which, if added to a man's labor, would be enough in many cases to obtain him a home, but which taken to the tavern would melt away like snow before a spring sun; that new places were liable to have this abuse to a more terrible extent than old places, as men were removed from the restraints of old associations, and in the midst of the excitement of forming new acquaintances; and that it was a notorious fact that liquor-drinking did not add to the inclination for physical labor. I then asked them—for the sake of their sons, brothers, friends—to help establish the new system, as I believed it to be the foundation stone of future prosperity.

"To these self-evident facts they would almost all accede. Many of them had witnessed the result of liquor-selling in the new settlements of the Far West, and were anxious to escape from it. The Local-Option Law of Vineland was not established, therefore, by temperance men or total-abstinence men only, but by the citizens generally, upon broad social and public principles. It has since been maintained in the same way. Probably not one tenth of the number of voters in Vineland are what may be called total-abstinence men. I explain this point to show that this reform was not the result of mere fanaticism, but the sense of the people generally, and that the people who succeed under it are such people as almost all communities are composed of. This law has been practically in operation since the beginning of the settlement in the autumn of 1861, though the act of the Legislature empowering the people of Landis Township to vote upon license or no license was not passed until 1863. The vote has always stood against license by overwhelming majorities, there being generally only from two to nine votes in favor of liquor-selling. The population of the Vineland tract is about ten thousand five hundred people, consisting of manufacturers and business people upon the town plot in the centre, and, around this centre, of farmers and fruit-growers. The most of the tract is in Landis Township. I will now give statistics of police and poor expenses of this township for the past six years:

POLICE EXPENSES.		POOR EXPENSES.	
1867	$50.00	1867	$400.00
1868	50.00	1868	425.00
1869	75.00	1869	425.00
1870	75.00	1870	350.00
1871	150.00	1871	400.00
1872	25.00	1872	350.00

These figures speak for themselves, but these are not all. There is a material and industrial prosperity existing in Vineland which, though I say it myself, is unexplained in the history of colonization, and must be due to more than ordinary causes. The influence of temperance upon the health and industry of her people is no doubt the principal of these causes. Started when the country was plunged in civil war, its progress was continually onward. Young as the settlement was, it sent its quota of men to the field, and has paid over $60,000 of war debts. The settlement has built twenty fine school-houses, ten churches, and kept up one of the finest systems of road improvements, covering one hundred and seventy-eight miles, in this country. There are now some fifteen manufacturing establishments on the Vineland tract, and they are constantly increasing in number. Her stores in extent and building will rival any other place in South Jersey. There are four post-offices on the tract. The central one did a business last year of $4800 mail matter, and a money-order business of $78,922.

"Out of seventy-seven townships in the state, by the census of 1869 Landis Township ranked the fourth from the highest in the agricultural value of its productions. There are seventeen miles of railroad upon the tract, embracing six railway stations.

"The result of my project as a land enterprise has been to the interest of the colonists as well as my own. Town lots that I sold for $150 have been resold for from $500 to $1500, exclusive of improvements. Land that I sold for $25 per acre has much of it been resold at from $200 to $500 per acre. This rule will hold good for miles of the territory—all resulting from the great increase of population and the prosperity of the people.

"Were licenses for saloons and taverns obtainable with the same ease as in New York, Philadelphia, and many other country districts, Vineland would probably have, according to its population, from one to two hundred such places. Counting them at one hundred, this would withdraw from the pursuits of productive industry about one hundred families, which would give a population of six hundred people. Each of these places would sell about $3000 worth of beer and liquor per annum, making $300,000 worth of stimulants a year. I include beer saloons, as liquor can be obtained in them all as a general thing, and in the electrical climate of America beer leads to similar results as spirits. Think of the effect of $300,000 worth of stimulants upon the health, the minds, and the industry of our people. Think of the increase or crime and pauperism—the average would be fully equal to other places in which liquor is sold. Instead of having a police expense $50, and poor expenses of $400 per annum, the amount would be swollen to thousands. Homes that are now happy would be made desolate, and, instead of peace reigning in our midst, we should have war—the same war that is now carried on throughout the length and breadth of the land in the conflict that is waged with crime, where blood is daily shed, where houses are daily fired, where helpless people are daily robbed, and the darkest of crime daily perpetrated. Concentrate the work of this war that is carried on throughout the land for one day, and you will have as many people killed and wounded, houses fired or plundered, as in the sack of a city.

"The results in Vineland have convinced me—

"1. That temperance does conserve the industry of the people.

"2. That temperance is conducive to a refined and æsthetical taste.

"3. That temperance can be sufficiently secured in a community by suppressing all the taverns and saloons, to protect it from the abuse of excessive liquor-drinking. Here is a community where crime and pauperism are almost unknown, where tears are nominal, where night is not made hideous by the vilest of noises, where a man's children are not contaminated by the evil language and influence of drunkards."

— A lady has just brought an action against the Parisian jeweller Bloch, from whom in 1869 she bought a diamond necklace at 25,000 francs, paying for it partly in specie and partly in jewels, stipulating at the same time that, as she might get tired of it, he was to take it back whenever she pleased for 16,000 francs. Owing, it is said, to more solid reasons than a wish for a change of ornament, the lady in question, Mdlle. Latour, lately brought back the necklace and claimed the 16,000f., but M. Bloch was not disposed to abide by this agreement. It only held good for a short time, he urged, adding that in consequence of the events of 1870-71 he had lost much by the jewels given in part payment of the necklace, and that a crisis has taken place in trade, in consequence of the discovery of diamonds at the Cape having produced a great fall in the price of these stones, to which fact he attributed Mdlle. Latour's tardy recollection of the original stipulation. The Court found the agreement binding, declined even to allow M. Bloch the indulgence claimed for him by his lawyer of paying by installments, and required him, the necklace being returned, to pay Mdlle. Latour the sum of 16,000f., with interest from the day she preferred her claim.

THE WOMEN OF WARSAW.

The periodical uprising of women, and her protest against the dry-goods condition of things, has now afflicted Warsaw, Ky., and a spasm of economy as well as a shiver of indignation, has seized upon thirty-one of the ladies of that blue-grass community. These thirty-one, who are represented to be young and fair creatures, who are still susceptible to the attractions of dress, and not old ladies and spinsters long past the blandishments of gros-grain and moire-antique, have met in convention. They have all made speeches, and they have whereased and resolved, and the result of it all is that they have determined to purchase no dry goods exceeding in cost 25 cents per yard, for the space of a year. They have already commenced their penance, and the dry goods dealers of Warsaw are sitting in sackcloth and ashes as they contemplate the fabrics upon their shelves, doomed perhaps to lie there for a whole year, by which time they may be out of fashion, except for an Old Ladies' Home or a Home for the Friendless.

In view, however, of the excellent resolution adopted by the women of Warsaw, we have little feeling for the dry goods dealers of that burg. Their small financial inconveniences are as nothing compared with the sense and wisdom and the sound political and domestic economy involved in the position taken by the women of Warsaw. We need more of such women and more of such resolutions. If they could be adopted and carried out for the space of one year by the women of America, it would be a blessed thing for the financial condition of this country. If the women would resolve to abandon not only costly dresses, but costly flummeries and nonsense of all descriptions, and the men of America would for the same time cut off Saddle-Rocks, tobacco, whiskey, opera-boxes, and much of their nonsense, equilibrium in the financial market would be established, mortgages would be lifted, trade would get on a healthier basis, and the whole commercial world would start upon a new career of wealth and prosperity. We should then produce more than we consume, instead of consuming more than we produce, as we are now doing.

This is a very beautiful picture; but we fear it is Utopian. Like the *Rabbi* in "Uriel Acosta," we have seen all this before. The women of Warsaw are doing what has been done many a time before. How many conventions of women have assembled and virtuously and frugally resolved to wear cheap clothing? How many times have the economists rejoiced when lovely woman has solemnly determined to have nothing more to do with nonsense, and in a short time found themselves disappointed? Much as we admire the action of the women of Warsaw, we fear that the women of Warsaw, like the gentle sex everywhere, are "uncertain, coy, and hard to please." We fear that the women of Warsaw are fickle, and that they will change their minds before a month has passed away. We fear the effect of one single pattern displayed in a modiste's window,—one of those patterns which is sweet and pretty, and too lovely for anything. We fear that at the sight of one lovely creature from Louisville or elsewhere parading the streets of Warsaw in a killing gros-grain or stunning moire-antique all their resolution will melt away, and that they would rush into extravagance with an appetite increased by their temporary abstinence. In this fact lies some comfort for the Warsaw dry goods dealers. They can hide their time in the assurance that human nature is the same the world over, and that the women of Warsaw have as much of it as other women; that the female nature is fickle, and that the female nature of Warsaw is no exception to the rule.—*Exchange.*

MARRIED BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

(From the San Francisco Chronicle.)

On Tuesday morning the habitues of the Palace Varieties, on Geary street, were considerably astonished by the announcement that a marriage ceremony was to be made a part of the evening performance; in fact, a couple were to be regularly united in the presence of the audience. The idea that any minister of the gospel would lend his presence to such an occasion was generally scouted. A *Chronicle* reporter, however, called at the place just before the evening performance, and learned that the marriage was to be bona fide, and that the principals were to be Miss Vinnie Florence Radcliff, of the variety profession, and Morris Welch, a promising clog dancer, connected with the establishment.

The wedding was announced to take place at 10 o'clock. At that hour the dulcet notes of the stage bell caused a rush from the bar for front seats, and the curtain rose amid a flourish from the orchestra. The stage represented a drawing room scene, in which the bridal party, with the full strength of the company in the rear, make their appearance. The bride was dressed in white silk, with the usual veil and orange blossoms; the bridesmaids also in white. The bridegroom was decked in kids, white vest and claw-hammer coat. The members of the company appeared in their regular stage costumes. The waiter girls hovered next the wings, dressed in tights and short dresses, and altogether the appearance of the bridal party, flanked by negro minstrels, jugglers, and eccentric Dutchmen, and ballet dancers, was something novel. Amid a hush in which one might have heard a pin drop, the Rev. E. Z. Simmons, of the Baptist Church Chinese Mission, stepped forward, and, with the strange scene illuminated by the glare of red fire, and accompanied by strains of the wedding march from the band, he performed the ceremony in about three minutes. The most impressive silence prevailed while the benediction was pronounced, and even when the curtain fell the crowd seemed niggardly in their applause; but a few minutes after, when the bride appeared in a private box, their pent-up enthusiasm found vent in tumultuous demonstrations and continued calls for a song.

The bride was immediately led before the curtain, and rendered "Silver Threads Among the Gold," while the rude revellers in the body of the house yelled in a manner which made the building vibrate. Mr. Welch, the newly wedded husband, was then called out, and performed a clog dance with more than usual vigor.

QUEEN BESS.

Queen Elizabeth is thus described in John Hayward's Annals: She was a lady upon whom nature had bestowed, and well placed, many of her fayrest favours; of stature meane, (middle), slender, straight, and amiably composed; of such state in her carriage as every motion of her seemed to beare majesty; her haire was inclined to pale yellow; foreheade large and faire, and seeming seat for princely grace; her eyes lively and sweete, but short-sighted her nose somewhat rising in the middest. The whole compasse of her countenance somewhat long, but yet of admirable beauty; not so much in that which is termed the flower of youth as in a most delightful compositione of majesty and modesty in equal mixture. * * * Her vertues were such as might suffice to make an Ethiopian beautiful; which the more man knows and understands the more he shall love and admire. She was of divine witt, as well for depth of judgment as for quick conceite and speedy expeditione; of eloquence as sweete in the utterance as ready and easy to come to the utterance; of wonderful knowledge, both in learning and affayres; skillfull, not only in Latin and Greeke, but also in divers foraigne languages.

In "Paul Heintzner's Travels, 1506," is the following description: She was said to be fifty-five years old. Her face was rather long, white, and somewhat wrinkled; her small eyes, black and gracious; her nose somewhat bent; her lips compressed; her teeth black (from eating too much sugar). She had ear-rings of pearls, red hair (but artificial), and wore a small crown. Her breast was uncovered (as is the case with all unmarried ladies in England), and round her neck was a chain with precious gems. Her hands were graceful; her fingers long. She was of middle size, but stepped on majestically. She was gracious and kind in her address. The dress she wore was of white silk, with pearls as large as beans. Her cloak of black silk, with silver lace and a long train, was carried by a marchioness. She spoke English, French, and Italian, but she knew also Greek and Latin, and understood Spanish, Scotch and Dutch. Whenever she turned her eyes people fell on their knees. When she came to the door of the chapel, books were handed to her, and the people called out, "God save the Queen Elizabeth!" whereupon the Queen answered, "I thanke you, myn good people."

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

THEOPHILUS V. HAVARD.

This was an action brought by the plaintiff, a Welsh lady, to recover compensation in damages against the defendant, a young clergyman, for breach of promise of marriage. The case was tried before Mr. Justice Quain, at Cardiff at the last assizes, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff, with damages £250. A rule was subsequently obtained by the defendant calling on the plaintiff to show cause why the damages should not be reduced, or for a new trial, and the rule was now called on in the Court of Queen's Bench on Wednesday for argument—The facts were interesting. The defendant, it appeared, when only seventeen years of age boarded and lodged at the house of plaintiff's mother, at Lampeter, in Wales, convenient to a college at which he was studying, preparatory to his ordination; and while there he became enamoured of the plaintiff, then in her twenty-ninth year. She was, however, attractive and interesting, and he was much affected when leaving her to go and complete his studies. He wrote to her affectionately, and in his letter said, in his hurry in packing up, he forgot his "tooth-brush," but she might keep it in remembrance of him. When the case was now called on,

Mr. Justice Quain, addressing Mr. Giffard, Q.C., who was counsel for the lady, asked him if the parties had not come to an agreement.

Mr. Giffard: No, my lord.

Mr. Justice Quain: You know, Mr. Giffard, I recommended you to come to an agreement on the question of the amount of damages.

Mr. Giffard: Yes, my lord, but my client is not here, and I have not heard anything in the matter.

The Lord Chief Justice: What age is the defendant?

Mr. Bowen, Q. C.: He was seventeen, my lord, when he first paid his addresses to the plaintiff; but at the time of the breach he was a few years older; and at the trial I asked the young lady how old she was, and on answering "twenty-nine years." I said, suppose you add ten more years to it; and she began to cry..

The Lord Chief Justice: What do you propose to do now?

Mr. Bowen: I am ready to go on, my lord.

The Lord Chief Justice: What position was the defendant in?

Mr. Bowen: "A poor curate," my lord, "surpassing rich on forty pounds a year."

The Lord Chief Justice: And what has the lady lost?

Mr. Bowen: The promise, my lord, to become a clergyman's wife.

The Lord Chief Justice: What damages were awarded?

Mr. Bowen: £250, my lord.

The Lord Chief Justice: What age is he?

Mr. Bowen: He is a "very young" clergyman, my lord.

The Lord Chief Justice: Well, as you say he is "a very young clergyman," it is to be supposed he would have a very large family of children. (Laughter.)

Mr. Giffard: Your lordship has taken judicial notice of that. (Laughter.)

The Lord Chief Justice: You ought to come to some arrangement.

Mr. Giffard: I am willing, my lord; but I have had no offer.

The Lord Chief Justice: Well, I'll tell you what we think you ought to do.

Mr. Giffard: Very well, my lord.

The Lord Chief Justice: We think £100 at the outside.

Mr. Giffard: Very well, my lord; my client is not here, but I will endorse it on my brief.

Damages reduced accordingly.—*London Paper.*

— The weather in Australia last winter was excessively hot. In Melbourne, on Jan. 22, the thermometer stood at 111 in the shade. A gentleman on Soldier's Hill, near Ballarat, placed a school slate for a while out of doors, then spread some butter upon it and breaking an egg thereon, in a few minutes the egg was perfectly cooked, as i done in the orthodox pan over a fire.

—The Missouri river is playing the same trick that the great Father of Waters has been guilty of for so many years. Reports along the former river say that acres upon acres of the most fertile lands, with buildings and improvements, are being swept away by the turbulent stream. Nearly all the islands in the river have been swept away, and it is believed that the June freshets will do a damage that will be frightful.

—Dan Davis, of Virginia City, paid a visit to Promontory, on the Central Pacific railroad. He stopped at the principal hotel of the town. It was a nice place, and the landlord was a very agreeable and friendly sort of a man. Says Dan: "When dinner was ready the landlord came out into the street in front of his hotel with a double-barreled shot-gun. Raising the gun above his head, he fired off one barrel. I said to him, 'What did you do that for?' Said he 'To call my boarders to dinner.' I said, 'Why don't you fire off both barrels?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I keep the other to collect with.'"

— The London *Court Circular* says that Sergeant Ballantine has become the largest of forensic heroes in the Asiatic world. He has gained the virtual acquittal of the Guikwar of Baroda, and made a fortune. Before he left London, gossip spoke loudly of the magnificent sum he was to receive for going to India to defend the Guikwar, but the amounts that were then named will be trifling in comparison with the princely presents which will before this have been heaped upon him as a reward of his splendid success in his great and difficult feat of cross-examination. The sergeant will be more than ever a hero on his return to his beloved London, where his presence has been not a little missed at the clubs; for he is one of those remarkable men who seem to find time for any amount of work without appearing to be deeply engaged. His fee in the case was $50,000. But that does not include the money value of the presents from the plethoric purse of "the puny Persian prince."

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

BY GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

I had come from the city early
That Saturday afternoon;
I sat with Beatrix under the trees
In the mossy orchard; the golden bees
Buzzed over clover-tops, pink and pearly;
I was at peace, and inclined to spoon.

We were stopping a while with mother,
At the quiet country place
Where first we'd met, one blossomy May,
And fallen in love—so the dreamy day
Brought to my memory many another
In the happy time when I won her grace.

Days in the bright spring weather,
When the twisted, rough old tree
Showered down apple-blooms, dainty and sweet,
That swung in her hair, and blushed at her feet.
Sweet was her face as we lingered together,
And dainty the kisses my love gave me.

"Dear love, are you recalling
The old days too," I said.
Her sweet eyes filled, and with tender grace
She turned and rested her blushing face
Against my shoulder; a sun-beam falling
Through the leaves above us crowned her head.

And so I held her, trusting
That none was by to see;
A sad mistake—for low, but clear,
This feminine comment reached my ear;
"Married for ages—it's just disgusting—
Such actions—and, Fred, they've got our tree!"

THE COLONEL'S HAT.

He Did't Mean to Insult the Court.

Colonel Bangs is very bald, and in order to induce his hair to grow again he is using a very excellent article of "Hair Vigor" upon his scalp. A week or two ago he was summoned as a juryman upon a case in the Circuit Court, and upon the day of the trial, just before the hour at which the court met, he remembered that he had not applied the Vigor to his head that morning. He had only a few minutes to spare, but he flew up stairs, and into the dark closet where he kept the bottle, and pouring some fluid upon a sponge, he rubbed his head energetically. By some mishap the Colonel got hold of the wrong bottle, and the substance with which he inundated his scalp was not Vigor, but the black varnish with which Mrs. Bangs decorated her shoes. However, Bangs didn't perceive the mistake, but darted down stairs, put on his hat, and walked off to the court-room. It was a very cold morning, and by the time the Colonel reached his destination the varnish was as stiff as a stone. He felt a little uncomfortable about the head, and he endeavored to remove his hat to discover the cause of the difficulty, but to his dismay it was immovable. It was glued fast to the skin, and his efforts to take it off gave him frightful pain.

Just then he heard his name called by the crier, and he had to go into court to answer. He was wild with apprehension of coming trouble; but he took his seat in the jury box and determined to explain the situation to the court at the earliest possible moment. As he sat there with a guilty feeling in his soul, it seemed to him that that high hat kept getting bigger and bigger until it appeared to him to be as large as a medium size shot tower. Then he was conscious that the lawyers were staring at him. Then the clerk looked hard at him and screamed:

"Hats off in court!" and the Colonel grew crimson in the face. "Hats off!" yelled the clerk again, and the Colonel was about to reply when the judge came in, and as his eye rested on Bangs, he said:

"Persons in the court room must remove their hats."

Bangs—"May it please your honor, I keep my hat on because—"

Judge—"Well, sir, you must take it off now."

Bangs—"But I say I keep it on because I—"

Judge—"We don't want

NOTICE.

THE WATCHMAN is issued from the Office, Canterbury Street every Saturday afternoon.

Subscription, Two Dollars per annum, post-paid. Single copies, four cents.

Advertisements: Twenty Dollars per inch, per annum. Transient Advertising, One Dollar per inch for the first insertion; fifty cents each subsequent insertion.

THE WATCHMAN is for sale at all the City Bookstores, in all the principal Towns in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and on all the leading Railways and Steamboats.

JOHN LIVINGSTON,
Proprietor and Editor.

Office:—Canterbury Street, next door North of the Post Office.

The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875

IS IT A SWINDLE?

Elsewhere will be found a communication reflecting strongly upon the legitimacy of a so-called "Grand Presentation Sale" now being extensively advertised throughout the city and elsewhere. We have given it insertion for two reasons. (1.) Because there is much in the writer's letter to condemn the venture. (2.) Because it is the duty of the respectable portion of the press (uninfluenced by advertising considerations) to expose any attempt at fraud, no matter in what garb it may be attired. But, setting aside even what the writer of the letter referred to, which is forcibly and graphically written, has to say about it, we have taken considerable pains to examine the feasibility of the undertaking for ourselves and to enquire into its details, as announced by the principal promoter of the scheme. In order that our readers may thoroughly understand the position of affairs we will state it as briefly and as comprehensively as possible.

It is announced that on the 15th day of Sept. next fifty thousand presents will be given away and distributed among the purchasers of a certain medicine called the "French Medicated Pastilles." These presents, or premiums, consist of two classes, cash and merchandise. The Pastilles are put up in boxes at the retail price of one dollar per box. According to the advertisement fifty cents out of every dollar is to be returned; so that the amount thus refunded will be $25,000. In addition to this there are also cash premiums in lump sums of $5,000, $4,000, $3,000, $2,000, $1,000, $500, $400, $300, $200, $100, $50, $10, $5, $4, $3, $2 and $1.00, making a cash total in all of $41,575. But there are yet more to come, in the shape of merchandise, viz:—One magnificent Piano is valued at $550, another at $500, a third at $450; six Cabinet Organs at a total of $1000; and "one horse, carriage and harness (can trot in 3 min.)."—we presume it is the horse that trots,—we quote the circular, $650. Thus the musical instruments, and horse, carriage and harness represent a total of $3,150. This item added to the $41,575 increases the amount, so far, to $44,725. But with that lavish generosity, so seldom seen, there are other valuable and useful articles to be tacked on to the preceding amounts. For instance, there are gold and silver watches, and rich jewellery; as the number of each of these articles to be distributed is not given we will put the moderate amount of *one* of each, viz:—One gold watch at $50, one silver at $25, and a rich sett of jewellery, say $20, making in all, for the three latter items, $95. Ninety-five dollars added to $44,725 gives a total of $44,820. But we have not done yet. According to advertisement there are to be distributed:—

50 Dress patterns, say at $10 each,	$500
20 Gentlemen's elegant suits, at $25,	500
60 First class silk hats, at $4,	240
60 Pairs of ladies choice boots, at $4,	240
60 Pairs of gentlemen's do., at $7,	420
Giving a total of	$1,900
To this is to be added the previous items, amounting to	44,820
Making a total of	$46,720

In addition to this there are to be barrels of flour, pork, sugar and crackers. Although the number of these articles is not given, we will make a reasonable allowance of $200 for these items, this swelling the total amount to $46,920. This sum deducted from the gross receipts, supposing the whole of the 50,000 boxes are sold, leaves a balance of $3,080 for cost of medicine and all expenses.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture. Cost of manufacture of 50,000 boxes of Pastilles, at 25 cents, $12,500
Advertising, say 3,000
Druggists and Agents profits at 10 p.c., 5,000
Printing, stationery and sundries, say 500
$21,000
From the above amount there is to be deducted the bal. in hand from receipts, 3,080
$17,920

The above shows a TOTAL LOSS upon the speculation, at a moderate calculation, of nearly EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!!! to say nothing of the promised "Season of Opera," which would cost the manager, at the lowest estimate, two thousand dollars more! No wonder, then, that any reasonable person would avoid such a sand-bank as this "enterprise" cannot fail to prove, unless the promoters are veritable idiots. Even the advertisement defeats its own object. It says that the premiums will be distributed on the same principle as those of the *Christian Union* and *Aldine*, both of which are eminently respectable American publications. The proprietors of these journals do not give money prizes,—only chromos, which are really worth the cost, to say nothing of the paper. The advertisement next says that "the award of premiums will be superintended and controlled by a committee of gentlemen, residents of St. John, well known for their uprightness and sagacity." Who are the gentlemen? We should much like to know. With regard to the two classes of premiums, "A being for cash and B for merchandize," we would also venture a question. Who is to regulate their distribution, or is it to be at the option of the General Manager as to who shall get "gold coupons" and who the merchandize? It will need, from now until the 14th day of next September, a daily receipt of over $500 worth of orders, even supposing the distribution of prizes comes off the next day. The general depression of trade, when every dollar is an object, upsets this supposition at once. People who earn their money by hard work know the value of it too well to throw it away upon fictitious speculations. Again, it says in the advertisement that "the Bonds are placed in the boxes by persons who have no knowledge of their value." This appears to be the only truthful part of the advertisement. They are probably valueless. How a respectable Bank can allow its name to be associated in so plausible a connection with such a doubtful affair, is a mystery to us, and we can only suppose that the officers have not taken the trouble to read the ungrammatical composition. Times are hard with a great many poor people, but if they are desirous of advancing a good cause we advise such to send their dollar to the relief fund for the benefit of those poor persons who have been burnt out by the recent fires. "The fool and his money is easily parted," is an old but very true proverb, and, in the present instance, will well bear repetition. Of the quality of the Pastilles we cannot express an opinion. If they are efficacious, they will need no artificial puffery. We believe it is within the power of the law to stop this operation before it assumes more gigantic proportions, but if its action is delayed the consequences will doubtless be, that, when too late, the birds will be found to have flown to another field for speculation. It is in order to prevent this experiment gaining ground that we have given it such a lengthy advertisement. We invite the attention of our contemporaries to the subject, so that they may caution their subscribers. Our final advice is: have nothing to do with it.

CHURCH NOTICE—CALVIN CHURCH.—Service in this church to-morrow, as usual, by the pastor, Rev. D. M. Maclise, D. D., at 11 A. M., and 3 P. M., and also at 7.45 P. M. Evening subject, "Moses and his Commission."

THE GOVERNMENT PARTY AND THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

The Montreal *Gazette*, in the course of an article on the local election pending in Quebec Province, says:—

"The truth is that there is not a particle of sincerity in this pretended horror of Roman Catholic influence. The last few years have shown that so far as profession goes there is, from the merely Protestant standpoint, no difference between the two parties into which the French Canadians are divided. Among the preparations for the elections of 1871 was the attempt on the part of the Opposition to discard the name "Rouge"—aye, even the name "Liberal," and to adopt that of "Parti National," in the hope of securing Ultramontane support. One at least of the most prominent of the Rouges, of whom it may be said to his credit that he has never been induced to play the hypocrite, we mean Mr. Joseph Doutre, was induced to avoid all interference with the elections, lest the game might be spoiled by his presence. Prominent men among the party formally withdrew from membership in *L'Institut Canadien*, with the same object; and in the Legislature, during the last four years, upon questions which might be supposed to be included in the programme, and in the Rouge press, the Opposition have sought to outbid their opponents for the support of the programmist party. If they have failed it is because their dishonesty and insincerity were too apparent."

In another column of the same journal, under the telegraphic head, we find the following, from Toronto:—

"There was a meeting of the Catholic league held yesterday, which lasted from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. John O'Donoghue occupied the chair, and 700 delegates from all parts of the Province were present. It was held that the promise of Government that the Catholics of this Province should have fair representation in Parliament was not carried out, as there was only one Catholic representative—Thos. Daly—in the Dominion House; and of 7 Catholics in the Local House, 4 are Conservatives, 2 Independents, and Hon. Mr. Fraser is the only Catholic. A series of resolutions were passed which are to be forwarded to the two Governments."

John O'Donoghue has been a special pet of the Grits, and the Catholic League, of Ontario, was formed to help the Grits into power. It is only just to the Government party to say that it was not the fault of the Party or its Press that more Roman Catholics were not seated, both in the Dominion and Local Houses. It seems, however, that as regards the League, a distinct agreement having been entered into by which the so-called Reform Party was to be employed to advance the ends of the League, it is claimed that the bargain has not been carried out to the letter by the Reformers, and the League is not disposed "to take the will for the deed." As regards Quebec Province, the *Gazette's* remarks explain how far the Reform Party was prepared to go to meet the views of the Ultramontane party in that quarter; and our Parliamentary history under Reform rule is dotted all over with evidences of the fact that the Reform leaders have been the most obedient servants of the Catholic Hierarchy.

The difficulty in the case of the Quebec "Reformers" is that they were not willing to jeopardize the safety of the Government for the sake of the Church,—in other words, they preferred the flesh-pots of Egypt to the Church's interests. They were willing to do anything for the Church not inconsistent with the loss of office and patronage, but salaries and official positions they would cling to at all hazards. A more sordid, unprincipled party than the Rouge wing of the Reform Party probably never existed; and more cowardly leaders than the gentlemen who have shelved and are about to shelve themselves beyond reach of the storm that was certain to come, it would be difficult to find in any country. While the support of the Church was a stepping stone to office, they were all for the Church. When they deemed the support of the Church no longer needed, they were all for themselves,—for Judgeships, Commissionerships, Postmasterships and other comfortable billets.

The Ontario League, it will be noticed, drew up resolutions which they ordered "to be forwarded to the two Governments," namely, the Dominion Government and the Ontario Government. What will the Governments do in the matter? Will they promise greater attention to Catholic interests? Will they undertake to seat more Catholics in Parliament and the Ontario Legislature? Will they exhibit even greater subserviency than in the past to Catholic demands? We have only to consider the attitude of the Premier and his Montreal candidate, Mr. Fred Mackenzie, when a Dominion election was recently pending in that city and the Catholics were pressing for a declaration in the North West Amnesty matter, to be convinced that the unprincipled leaders of an already beaten Party will do anything and everything that will help them to carry the Quebec Elections; and we have not the slightest doubt that it is understood that the Premier's absence will be made the excuse for Mr. Blake or some other subordinate member of the Government giving the necessary promises that will help to break the violence of Ultramontane wrath in the Province of Quebec. With Ontario slipping from their grasp; with Quebec overwhelmingly against them; with widespread and almost universal dissatisfaction in the Maritime Provinces, the North West and British Columbia; with the stamp of Corruption burned into the forehead of the Party by the Courts; with all their fine professions of "elevating the standard" turned to dust and ashes; with a record for misgovernment and public imbecility such as no other Government or Party in any country or clime has ever yet inflicted to its career in the same space of time; with internal jealousies, and wranglings, and bitter hatreds dividing the Party and coloring its action,—the leaders, driven to despair, will gladly yield whatever is demanded, will retain Catholic support at whatever price. The Ontario League evidently know their men, and they know when to strike. They are wise in their day and generation, and they will get what they ask,—*provided* the Quebec Elections do not go too badly against the Reform Party! But should all their quiet pledges prove of no avail in averting the overthrow of the Party in that quarter, then we shall not be surprised to find the Grits,—to-day so fawning, supple and sycophantic,—the Party in whose interest the League was originated,—assuming an intensely Protestant tone, denouncing Catholic "intimidation," and rousing the country to the danger in which it stands because of Catholic combination. Let our readers note carefully the election events of the Upper Provinces for the next three months and say whether THE WATCHMAN has not been tolerably correct in its surmises.

HATCHING PUBLIC SENTIMENT.—A writer in the *News*, who seems to take an unusual interest in the fishery regulations, "hatching houses," etc., says:—

Nor is the editor of THE WATCHMAN correct in saying that the *Telegraph* and the *News* defend the measure. His old paper, the *Moncton Times*, and the *Chignecto Post* have both heartily approved of the measure, as also the Halifax *Citizen*.

The Halifax *Citizen*, to whose Province the hardships of the new Fishery regulations do not apply, may not be unwilling to see New Brunswick bearing them, on the same principle that the patriotic Artemus was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations on the altar of his country; but it struck us that the approval of the *Times* was decidedly equivocal, and there is a prospect that the *Chignecto Post* may reconsider its position by the time the proposed vacancy on the Bench will have been filled, unless, indeed, the same description of thunder that appears to have been supplied *gratis* to the *News* and *Telegraph* in connexion with this Fishery discussion, has also found its way to the sanctum of the *Post*. When the *News* counts the roll of the independent journals representing "public opinion" on this fishery question, it ought, as a matter of taste, to omit those who receive their Editorials fresh from the Departmental "hatching house." It is quite a new thing in journalism to have a Government Department take charge of the press of the country, and then to have the Departmental writers appealing to these editorials as evidences of public opinion on a controverted point. What is equally extraordinary is to find articles inspired by a Department virtually condemning the acts of the Department, and declaring that certain Departmental regulations calculated to hamper an important industry should be more generally extended. Surely, we live in strange times!

AN OLD LANDMARK REMOVED.

The recent destruction by fire of "Saint Luke's Church," in the town of Portland, and the resignation of the Rectorate of it the preceding day by the Venerable and Reverend Canon Harrison, may be said to be the removal of old landmarks. When the late Rector took charge of that Parish, Portland was the merest skeleton of the present flourishing town. The induction of Mr. Harrison took place about 39 years ago. There was no Episcopal Church in the town, where to-day stands the commodious churches of several denominations, and among which towered, until a few days ago, the venerable Saint Luke's. The Rector was a young man of great energy, and of winning manners, and, as a Preacher, was eloquent and powerful, and the contemporary, in his own communion, of such men as the Rev. Dr. William Gray, long Rector of Trinity Church. They were giants in those days; and their power and popularity as evangelical servants and ministers of God, remained with them. On every side to-day may be seen the monuments of their piety and perseverance. Each was or has been allowed to reach beyond the three score years and ten; and to Canon Harrison it has been permitted to see his contemporaries one after another gathered to their fathers. The Parish of Saint John, the ecclesiastical centre of which was Trinity Church, reared by our Loyalist forefathers, reached from Saint Martins nearly to Mace's Bay, as by yearly toil the city grew, and the territory of the Parish became more and more, (though for many years sparsely) settled. How those sainted men, the successive Rectors of Trinity, Drs. Gray, father and son, performed their life work is not only memorialized by the Episcopal denomination which they did so much to build up, by their increased labors under the most trying circumstances, their physical endurance, their unquestioned evangelical piety, their learning and oratory, but is remembered with admiration and affection by all who knew them in this life, and who, knowing them, loved them. They were bulwarks of the Protestant faith. They adhered strictly to the simplicity of the purified Protestantism of the Reformation. And when the very first wave of Tractarianism was seen in England, they stood as a breakwater against it in New Brunswick. As this may be peculiarly said of Dr. William Gray, so it may also be said of his survivor, the Reverend Canon Harrison. Within two years after his appointment to the Rectorate of Portland, through his perseverance "Saint Luke's" was built. Then the Parish extended far toward Simonds, including the Church which preceded the present "Valley" Church, and which owed its erection also largely to Mr. Harrison, and in which, even in those days, he ministered also to large congregations. It was no unusual thing to find the congregation often made up by very many from the city, attracted by the eloquence, charmed by the manners, and influenced by the evangelical piety of the Rector. How the City and Parish have grown; how Churches and Sabbath Schools were multiplied; how the power of Zion waxed strong, while the poor also had the gospel preached to them! There was always the kindliest sympathy between Dr. Gray and Mr. Harrison. They often exchanged pulpits; they emulated each other in their ministerial work. In the scenes of happy and holy revelry they were kind and joyous—by the bedside of the sick they seemed to charm the sufferer as they beautifully expounded to him the Scriptures—and by the hearth where the desolation of bereavement sat brooding, they have brought "light and immortality" to view from the inspired page, making sad hearts burn again with hope. When Church accommodation was scanty, or, when from any cause, the people would not come to hear the gospel, they would carry it to them. The writer can recall scenes like these. Beyond the Marsh Bridge, in humble private homes, he has seen and heard one or other of these men, with a "little band" gathered around him in the "parlor," reading and preaching; while many "heard of them and learnt the way," some who went to mock remaining to pray. Although very young, the writer can now remember very distinctly Dr. Gray eloquently expounding the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, on one of these occasions, and making impressions which still live.

It has pleased God to preserve "Old Trinity," despite the ravages of fire, and to remove from a people who so dearly loved him, Dr. Gray; it has pleased Him to allow venerable "Saint Luke's" to fall before the flame, and to preserve the Rector, grey with the toils of a holy life and full of honors as of years.

But the advance of time has called upon Mr. Harrison to acknowledge that he cannot labor always even in His service. His Master permits him to retire for rest here, before he says, "Come up higher."

Surely we may say, then, that an old Landmark has been removed. The living Landmark has been removed from the Church—the inanimate Landmark has wasted before the flame. It seems a strange arrangement that God permitted his servant to occupy the Church which he built and removed the Church almost at the very hour in which He saw fit to call another to occupy the field. Nor can we wonder that the tears rolled down the venerable man's face as he viewed the smouldering ruins of the Church literally, under God, "of his own right hand planting."

The Landmarks are removed. Other hands may re-build the church; it may be costlier, handsomer; others may minister within its walls; but we presume to doubt whether ever the Gospel will be preached more faithfully than for 37 years it has been delivered in "Saint Luke's."

We can only follow the Reverend Canon Harrison with our sincerest wishes for his welfare, as he spends the evening of his life in the quiet of retirement, and amid the loving remembrances of those for whom he has so long, so successfully, so abundantly labored. The young and the old of his Parish will alike pray that the shadows of evening may gather softly around him, and that he may long be spared to evoke as he passes the most affectionate salutations of the parishioners of "Saint Luke's." *

MANAGEMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.

A record of the accidents and delays which have occurred on the Inter-Colonial Railway in the last nine months, would be an interesting document. It ought to be obtained and published, as, up to this time, the public have of late been able to obtain through the press comparatively little information in this "department" of the railway's mismanagement. Occasionally, however, a little light is shed on what the Management would like to keep concealed. The Halifax *Reporter* remarks:—

The Intercolonial Railway under the present management is noted for the readiness with which it provides the newspapers with misleading paragraphs intended to convey the idea that when there are accidents they are trivial. For instance, the other day a paragraph appeared stating that Thursday's train to St. John had been delayed by an accident, in consequence of a working train getting off the track at Londonderry. Now, what are the facts? The accident was a very serious one and resulted in great loss, besides showing how miserable a thing the cheese-paring policy of Mr. Brydges is. The accident occurred in one of the snow sheds on the line, and was caused by the fact that the danger signal had not been properly placed by the track master. A gang of men were in the shed removing several rails, and the freight train dashed in without seeing the signal flag and was consequently upset. Had the freight train been a passenger train, the same result would have happened, attended with possibly great loss of life. As it was, a new locomotive, which was being conveyed to Truro, was smashed up, and will probably be charged by Mr. Brydges to "wear and tear"—(there was a good deal of "tear" about the locality of the accident,) and the public kept in the dark about the way twenty or thirty thousand dollars were lost. The accident is attributed to the too great reduction of the staff on the railway, and is only what might have been expected.

Taken generally, the management of the Intercolonial is most disgraceful. Wednesday's train to St. John was delayed about two hours by the giving out of the wheezy old locomotive, some distance beyond Moncton. Friday's train to Halifax was delayed by some mishap, for over an hour. Thursday's train to St. John, which should have reached St. John at nine o'clock Thursday evening, put in an appearance at 6 o'clock Friday morning, and so on. Indeed, so chronic is the evil of delay that people seem to have got to look upon it as natural, while in the matter of accidents and in hushing them up, the Intercolonial is fast becoming the rival of the worst line in the Dominion.

The worst managed line in Canada was the Grand Trunk under Mr. Brydges. So badly managed was it that the Toronto *Globe*, when it published in one summary the record of a season's accidents under Mr. Brydges' management, created a sensation which the Upper Provinces will not soon forget. The *Reporter* goes on to say:—

The new tariff has not been the success it was expected. March and April have shown a diminution of receipts equal to $10,000 a month on freights and passengers, and the present month's deficit will not be less, and all this nothwithstanding the increased prices.

Altogether, the public are fast losing all confidence in the Intercolonial, and it is rapidly becoming, under present management, a bye word and a reproach.

Of the evils resulting from the special rate system introduced by Mr. Brydges, we have an illustration in the case of the Londonderry Iron Mining Company—a firm composed of influential men in Montreal and other places. It is asserted along the line (and we believe correctly, so far as we have had an opportunity to investigate) that the rates for freight allowed by Mr. Brydges to this company are, in many *cases one hundred* and in *some instances two hundred per cent.* below the rates charged other persons using the line.

Thus to benefit some of his Montreal friends, Mr. Brydges makes the rates so low as to be unremunerative to the railway and then puts up the rates for others so as to bring up the receipts. This may be "Commercial Principle." But we regard it as unjust, unfair preference and favoritism, corrupt and corrupting, and gradually transforming the line into a political engine. The special rates business should be abolished.

"Mr. Brydges and his Montreal friends," again! Between this gentleman and his Montreal friends, and his friends—shall we say partners?—in the Portland works and the Pullman Car works, the poor Inter-Colonial Railway, and our local freighters, and our workshops and mechanics stand a poor chance of getting fair play. But, then, he has been a "reformer," that is, he has managed to upset things and create difficulties and help his own friends, instead of other people's friends,—which seems to be about all there is in "reform" in these latter days. The railway may go to the Hades, as long as the patronage and the favors go to Mr. Brydges' friends and other "reformers." Let the unsophisticated agriculturist take comfort in the fact that although the railway may be a great extent now be useless to him, his loss is Mr. Brydges' great gain; and when the country hears of accidents and suffers from constant delays, let its indignation be moderated by the reflection that such sacrifices are necessary to prove the existence of a Reform Government and attest to the ascendancy of Reform principles.

THE CITY PRESS AND POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Opponents of the Dominion Government make a great mistake when they withhold any reasonable complaint they have to make on public matters from paper supporting the Government. These journals profess to be independent, and their professions should be put to the test. The leading business men of St. John and the Province, by their advertisements and subscriptions, support several of those journals, and they have a right to give expression to their opinions on public matters through these mediums of communication with the public. We noticed that in Tuesday's *Telegraph* somebody who had a complaint to make, made use of that paper in order to state some facts for public information. We quote:—

ST. JOHN, N. B., May 30.

To the Editor of the Telegraph:—

SIR,—Your article to-day, "Cutting Down Engines," is correct in principle, and should be read by all our mechanics. Why is it that so much work for the Intercolonial is going out of the Provinces? I would call the attention of our foundries to the quantity of iron pipes just now being imported to St. John for some purpose in connection with this road. These pipes are made in the United States, and I venture to say that there is hardly a foundry in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, but could have made them equally as cheap, and I think a little better finished; *it is a sire made daily by most if not all of the foundries* here, and it is a crying shame that our own workshops should be so completely neglected for the goods of foreigners. If, as you say, the failure is on the part of the people, let us be silent, but in this matter it can not be; the cause is higher, and it is quite time to know the cause of it. Some potent and sovereign influence must be at work, and if our representatives both in and out of the Cabinet will not see to it, then my advice to the machinists and foundries is to have a general meeting of the trades, and give such unmistakable evidence of their intention to know the cause, that no man, whether minister or manager, shall dare venture upon such a course again. OBSERVER.

Now, this is just the sort of information the public need, to convey a correct idea of the meaning of "Reform" Government; and if it can not be brought before readers of Government newspapers in any other way, then the information should be inserted and paid for as advertisements, and thus sent through the daily and weekly issues of the papers which are interested in bolstering up a tottering party. The practice which has grown up in connection with party politics, of sending political communications only to journals in sympathy with the writer's sentiments, is a practice more honored in the breach than the observance. The first consideration with such a writer should be, how can I best reach the public ear? Through what medium can I address the largest bodies of newspaper readers? Probably the *Telegraph* and *Globe* would be the fittest mediums through which to enlighten the public of New Brunswick in regard to the real merits of the Mackenzie Administration, and for the reasons following, viz:—That those journals profess to be great admirers of Grit rule, in the main; that they have the manliness, however, to differ from the Government, at times; that their columns are nominally open to all comers; that they are supported by the commercial classes, irrespective of their politics, and should, and, I believe will, respond to all moderate demands on their space in the interest of those who believe that everything is not well in the Government of the country. As for the *News* and its "fustian," they do not circulate; the *Tribune* has ceased to be, and the *Freeman* is only a personal organ. The duty, therefore, of circulating correct political information must be discharged through the columns of THE WATCHMAN, the *Telegraph* and the *Globe*, though there is little hope of much Editorial amendment in the conduct of our cotemporaries.

DUSTY STREETS.—The citizens of St. John may be thankful that the weather for the past few days has not been of a "gusty" character, otherwise, what with the thick coating of dust on our streets and refuse of one description or another on the sidewalks, the place would not have been fit to live in. The Corporation's pulverized stone, which soon crumbles into the finest dust and lies inches thick on many of our streets, moved by fierce winds is ruinous to health, clothing and the contents of shops. It would seem as if some other and better system of street making is necessary, and the time has come when the Street Department should devise a change, which must be for the better in this respect, as it can not well be for the worse.

A REFORM ALLY.—The Bishop of Montreal who has just issued his Pastoral directed against all who differ from the Church in any particular, is the same ecclesiastic with whom the Rouges or Reformers of Quebec joined hands to defeat Sir George E. Cartier and destroy the late Government of Canada. His Lordship and Mr. Anglin see eye to eye, and Mr. Anglin remains, after all, the greatest pillar of the Reform Party in New Brunswick. It was to meet the wishes of such ecclesiastics that Messrs. Burpee and Smith and the Government of Canada hastened to fasten Separate Schools on the North West Territory and pass other legislation intended to have a soothing influence on the Ultramontane Party. A few facts like these help to an understanding of the meaning of "Reform."

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.—The Assignee of the Estate of Mathew Ferguson offers for sale on Tuesday next at Rothesay, a number of building lots. These are beautifully situated beside Mr. Domville's splendid property and ought to prove a desirable investment.

OF THE Y. M. C. ASSOCIATION.

The Christianity of the last half century has fairly earned for itself the title "earnest." Prominent among the practical results of this "earnest" Christianity is the rapid growth of the Young Men's Christian Association, during that period.

In England, early in the seventeenth century, an association of young men was formed for the purpose of "mutual edification in godliness." This Society, by the end of the century, had grown into thirty-two distinct Societies in the city of London alone. In 1729 the famous "Godly Club," of which John and Charles Wesley, Geo. Whitfield, Hervey, and other eminent men, were members, was formed at Oxford.

Of these Societies, which seem to have been the first suggestions of the Y. M. C. Association, as it now is, little is known. In 1835, in founding his London City Mission, Mr. David Nasmith saw the need of effort for the moral and spiritual benefit of young men, and formed what was known as "The Metropolitan Young Men's Society." This Society did not last long, but, calling attention to the wants of young men, led to the formation of other Societies for their benefit.

THE FIRST ASSOCIATION.

In the year 1842, Mr. Geo. Williams, a clerk in a London dry goods store, commenced among his fellow clerks the formation of a Society for "Improving the spiritual condition of young men in the Drapery and other trades," which, on the 6th of June, 1844, was organized with the name, "Young Men's Christian Association." The Association, established in this humble way, has had such a thrifty and fruitful growth that from it have sprung over 200 Associations in England and Wales, with a membership of over 15,000; 64 Associations in Scotland, with a membership of 5,000; and 9 Associations in Ireland, with a membership of 1261. There are also 11 Associations on the Continent of Europe, one in Buenos Ayres, and one in Honolulu.

IN AMERICA.

The work of the Association on this Continent began with the organization of the Montreal Association, in 1851. Boston followed Montreal's example in the same year. The work advanced, until in 1860 there were in the States and Provinces over 200 Associations. Then the work was checked by the American Civil War, so that in 1866 the number of Associations had fallen to one hundred and sixty. Since then, however, the history of the Society has been a record of constant progress. From the last report of the International Executive Committee it appears that there are in the United States and Canada 945 Associations, with an aggregate membership of over 200,000. These Societies own fifty Y. M. C. A. Buildings, worth $2,000,000, and have building funds which amount to over half a million of dollars,—an amount which will be, probably, more than doubled at the Convention now being held in Richmond, Va. These facts show a progress which has hitherto been steady and rapid.

IN SAINT JOHN.

The Association work in this city has had a somewhat varied history. An Association, organized in 1854, existed for a number of years, and sent delegates to the International Convention in Montreal, in 1856, one of whom was Mr. E. E. Lockhart. It seems to have existed, however, more as a literary than as a religious Society, and after a few years its affairs were wound up. The present Attorney General, Hon. G. E. King, was one of its active members, and in a debate on the American war, made a speech on behalf of the North, which is still remembered as an able effort.

THE PRESENT ASSOCIATION

was organized in November, 1867. This revival grew out of the attendance of Mr. Wm. Welsh and some other gentlemen,—who had been members of the old Association,—at a Convention held in Halifax, in the Fall of 1867. Mr. Geo. Berteaux was appointed President, and at a meeting held in the school-room connected with St. David's Presbyterian Church, at which clergymen representing the various churches, and Messrs. James Smith, John Armstrong, John Boyd, T. W. Daniel, J. McMorran, E. Frost, J. Prichard, Z. Gabel, J. J. Christie, R. W. Crookshank, A. L. Palmer and others, were present, a Constitution and Bye-laws were adopted, and a resolution passed to raise $800.00 for the support of the Association during the then ensuing year. The Association, after meeting for several months in the St. David's school-room, engaged rooms in Horton's Building, on Charlotte street, where it continued until the completion of its own building, in 1873. Since its reorganization the Association has been an active and useful society.

SOME THINGS IT HAS DONE.

It has kept a reading-room, open daily. It has continued, without intermission, a prayer meeting on Thursday evenings, and a weekly Bible class, and, almost continuously, it has kept up a Tuesday evening meeting for literary exercises. It has disseminated a very large amount of tract and other religious literature. Through its Relief Committee, it has collected and distributed a large amount of money, among the deserving poor of the city. Its members have visited the Public Hospitals—held open air, and Cottage prayer-meetings—visited many of the sick, and assisted many young men to employment. The Association has always been on the side of moral reform, and a helper of other religious movements. The bills for the regulation of the liquor traffic, which have gone to the Legislature, from the City, since the organization of the Association have been largely promoted by it, and its rooms have been always freely thrown open for the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, the Tract and other undenominational Societies.

In 1870 the Sunday evening prayer-meeting was commenced. The inadequacy of the room in Horton's Building, to accommodate the many who sought to participate in this meeting, and its unfitness in other respects for the work of the Association, led, in 1871, to efforts being made toward the erection of a suitable Y. M. C. A. Building.

The efforts resulted, early in 1873, in the completion and opening of the handsome and commodious building now occupied by the Association.

THE BUILDING

is of brick, except the front, which is brown and gray freestone, is 50x80 feet, is centrally located on Charlotte street, and has cost $42,000. The street floor is occupied by two stores, the entrance to the building and an alleyway. On the second floor are the Reading Room and Library, Parlor, Committee Room and Class Room. The Reading Room is comfortably furnished and fairly well supplied with the current newspaper and magazine literature. It is open to visitors and is very well attended. The Library consists of some 540 volumes, and is for the use of the members. Next the Reading Room and entered from it, is the Parlor, which is 17x36 feet, neatly carpeted, is decorated with some handsome pictures, and, besides the usual furniture, is provided a cabinet organ, and with tables for chess and chequers. The aim has been to make this room as home-like as possible. It is a sort of social sitting-room, where the members meet for conversation and amusement, and now and then for a social reunion with their friends. At present the committee of ladies who are arranging for the Bazaar, in aid of the Building Fund, which it is proposed to hold during the first week of August, have their meetings here. Next the Parlor, and entered from it, is the Committee Room, a long narrow room, 9x40 ft., in which the committees of the Association meet every Thursday evening. There is also held in it an Anxious Enquirers Meeting for young men, each Monday evening at a quarter to nine o'clock, and a Bible Class for young men each Saturday evening at nine o'clock. These meetings, presided over by young men belonging to the Association, but free to all, are of an interesting and useful character. Opposite the Reading Room and Parlor is the Class Room, a handsomely furnished room, 30x34 feet; here the Thursday evening prayer meeting is held, and on Friday evening a class in elocution and literature. The Thursday evening meeting, presided over by Association men, and free to all, is visited by many strangers from the neighboring States and Provinces, who are always cordially welcomed. Prompt, brief and earnest addresses and prayers, and hearty singing, led by a cabinet organ, render these meetings particularly attractive to young people, by whom they are largely attended.

The Tuesday evening literary meetings were formerly held here, but these grew so in favor last winter that to make room for the many desirous of attending them, they had to be held in the large hall up-stairs.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

This hall occupies the entire third floor of the building and is capable of seating between 700 and 800 people. The floor is an inclined plane, and there being no pillars or other obstructions to the view, a speaker from the platform has full command of the audience. At the Sunday evening meetings the hall is crowded with young people representing all classes in society and every Christian Church, and also the class who frequent no church. These, like other meetings, are presided over by Association men. The exercises, which commence at 7.45 p. m., and close at 9 p.m., are of the same nature as those of the Thursday evening meeting. Hearty congregational singing, led by an organ, is one of their leading attractions. The sheet of hymns used was compiled for the Association, and includes many favorite and well selected hymns.

Returning to the second floor, passing through the hall to the rear of the building, and then down a short flight of stairs, we come to the

BATH ROOMS,

Wash Room and Water Closets. There are three Bath Rooms, each 4 feet 6 in. x 6 feet; they are painted and suitably fitted up, provided with hot and cold water and shower, and are well looked after by Mr. Thompson, the curator of the building. Descending still another flight of stairs we reach the

GYMNASIUM,

a room 30x34 feet—not as well placed or complete as could be wished, yet provided with the usual apparatus for muscular development and quite popular with the younger members of the Association. Here also are the various furnaces by which the Baths, the large Hall, and the building generally are heated.

THE OUTSIDE WORK

done by the Association at present consists of:—A service in the Marine Hospital each Sunday morning; visitation of the City Hospital each Sunday afternoon, and often on other days, by members of the committee; distribution of tracts and such illustrated papers as the *British Workman*, on board the vessels in the harbor; a largely attended cottage prayer meeting on Sheffield street each Monday and Friday evening; a prayer meeting at White's Potteries, at Crouchville, each Sunday evening; and the general visitation and relief of the sick and poor.

WHY IT EXISTS.

The aims of the Society may be gathered from the resume we have given of its work. Concisely stated, however, they may be said to be the moral, spiritual, intellectual and physical development and culture of young men, and the exercise of that practical Christianity which seeks to help and comfort the fallen and distressed.

WHO MAY BE MEMBERS.

The membership of the Association is made up of two classes, those who are communicants in some Protestant evangelical church, who are called active members, and who alone can hold office in the Association and vote on its affairs; and those young men of good moral character, not communicants as above, but who acknowledge their faith in the doctrine of "salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ;" these are called associate members, and differ from the active members only in the respect that they cannot vote or hold office. These classes may be again divided into annual, life and honorary members. The annual membership fees at present are:—For all the privileges of the Association $5.00, without the Baths, $3.00, without the Gymnasium, $4.00, without both the Baths and Gymnasium, $2.00. The fee for life membership is $50.00.

DEBTS.

The present debt on the building is about $19,500, of which $15,000 is due on Mortgage to the estate of the late Benjamin Smith; the balance is a floating debt and is largely due to Mr. John Stewart. It is confidently expected that this floating debt will be entirely wiped out by the Bazaar, which ladies representing the various churches are so energetically preparing to hold in August next. One of the most satisfactory Bazaars which has been held in this city, was that held in aid of the Building Fund in August, 1873; and the committee who have this one in charge seem quite confident that, with added experience, they can readily surpass that effort.

EXPENSES.

Of course, it takes a large amount of money to sustain an institution like the Association. Salaries, gas bills, fuel, keeping the building clean, water rates, contributions to the International and Provincial Executive Committees, papers and magazines, printing hymn sheets, tracts and papers for distribution, and other charges bring the yearly expense of carrying on the Association up to about $2,000.

To meet this there are the following sources of

INCOME.

In 1874 the fees from 362 members amounted to $348, only about 100 having renewed their tickets. The balance has to be made up from donations, the side of moral reform, and a helper of other religious movements. The bills for the regulation of the liquor traffic, which have gone to the Legislature, from the City, since the organization of the Association have been largely promoted by it, and its rooms have been always freely thrown open for the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, the Tract and other undenominational Societies.

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ing that I could convince the trade of the thoroughness of the Enterprise.."

"I will give you plenty of advertising matter. As soon as I can get away I intend going out of town myself, but I am so pressed with business that I have, as yet, not been able to."

"I would advise you not to advertise in the newspapers," I remarked.

"Why?"

"Because they may be dubious of the stability of the concern. Supposing you gave a lecture in some small town. You would then have a better chance of reaching the masses."

"Yes," replied the manager; "I thought of organizing a quadrille and giving a musical entertainment, admission free; or perhaps charging a small fee, the proceeds to be handed over to a local charity. I have had some experience in that way."

Strange to say, I thought I had seen the man's face before, and it just then flashed upon my memory that I had seen him as "middle-man" in a negro minstrel troupe. But as I was not sure, I did not say anything.

Telling him that I would think over the matter, I bade him good morning and appointed an interview for the next day.

After leaving the General Manager, I took my way to the Bank of New Brunswick, sent in my card, and was shown in to the President's private office.

I stated my business and asked that gentleman what he knew about the honesty of the concern I had just left. As near as I can remember, he stated as follows:—

"All I know about it is that a sum of money was deposited in the names of certain persons as trustees of the undertaking. I believe the money is here yet, *and may be drawn out at any time.*"

"Then, sir, you do not guarantee that such a drawing as advertised will positively take place?"

"Certainly not. *We do not guarantee anything of that nature*, and whenever they come for the money they can have it."

Having thanked him for his courtesy, I withdrew, fully persuaded that the whole thing was a myth.

Next morning, according to appointment, I again saw the General Manager at his office, and told him that I had thought over the matter, and wished to know that in the event of getting any orders, how I could secure my commission. His reply was,—

"Supposing you take, say an order for an hundred dollars worth of goods, you send the order to me, with your endorsement, and we send the goods to the party ordering them, and your commission we send to you. We shall be ready to supply you with samples or anything you may require, and I have no doubt but that it will pay you handsomely."

Fully impressed with the idea that he had got an agent hooked," he began a long list of flattering appellations about my "ability as an agent," and so forth; but unfortunately his eagerness to catch his fish proved his imprudence, and his very willingness to trust an entire stranger with a large amount of goods made me somewhat dubious about how I was to get my commission for what I should sell, so I mildly enquired (having in view the result of my visit to the Bank), what other guarantee beyond what was already stated in the advertisement he was prepared to give, in order to place business matters on a thoroughly reliable basis?

Whether or not the abruptness of the enquiry startled him, or whether he thought that I was simply a spy in the camp, I don't know; but disdaining to give me any reply to so pertinent an enquiry, he went to the door, opened it, and, with a flushed and heated brow, exclaimed, "Sir, I do not propose to be insulted in my own office."

Thus ended my interview with the General Manager of one of the most transparent systems of fraud that has ever been attempted within my recollection.

Should the worthy doctor attempt its introduction in Ontario, he may rest assured that his operations will be nipped in the bud.

In conclusion, I would state that so far as the truthfulness of what I have written is concerned, I am ready to make affidavit of the correctness of the substance of these remarks.

To those of your readers who live by the sweat of their brow,—and I hope that there are many such,—I would say, have nothing to do with this humbug, organized by adventurers, who lack the average amount of brains which those of their class usually possess. Such people are known as quacks.

Trusting you will give this letter insertion and that it may have the desired effect,

I remain,

Yours, obediently,

VERITAS.

St. John, N. B., June 3rd, 1875.

[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

INCIDENTS IN A LETTER CARRIER'S CAREER.

Last Tuesday was a memorable day in the history of St. John and its vicinity. I shall expect to see it duly chronicled in the local almanacs of the future as having been the first day of a free postal delivery. But now, the "march of progress" has it drawbacks, as the following experience of my friend Tompkins, the letter carrier, will show.

About nine o'clock on Tuesday evening I met Tompkins limping along towards his solitary home like a broken winded horse with the spavins. His No. 10 feet, swollen and maimed, were visible through a dilapidated and torn No. 8 pair of boots, which had evidently seen their best days. The wearer looked a melancholy instance of ships wrecked hopes and blasted expectations.

"Why, old man," said I, "what's the matter?"

"Matter enough," he replied sullenly; "I feel as if I had lost a twenty dollar bill and had picked up a counterfeit ten. The fact is that I'm played out with walking. Guess I've walked thirty miles to-day if I've walked an inch."

My sympathy was aroused, so taking him gently by the arm I called him in to the house, and, over a friendly cup of tea, I bade him make a clear breast of it at once and tell me of his troubles. After his excitement had passed over I let him tell his story in his own way, and I trust the reader will pardon any apparent exaggeration of which my friend may be guilty under a conscience weight of fancied injustice.

"Well, you see, to-day's the first of the free delivery and of course there was twice the number of letters to go out than there would have been if there hadn't been any."

This profound truth was so evident that I could not but agree with the speaker.

"Its my belief," Tompkins continued, "that people wrote them on purpose just to give us fellers something to do; just to see how the thing works, you know. In my district the houses are scattered and wide apart. There's only one street that's numbered, and half of them is wrong. Well, the first thing I did was to try and go up one street and down another, in and out like, but, bless you, it wasn't any use. Some of the people I knew and some I didn't know. The first two or three houses worked well enough, and I thought I was getting along first rate. Presently I came to No. 5 —— street, gives a knock and out comes an elderly woman. Miss Johnson live here?

"'Which Miss Johnson d'er mean? there's three on 'em.'

"Why, Miss M. Johnson.

"'Which Miss M. Johnson is it? there's Martha and Mary.'

"I began to grow impatient, so I asked if either of 'em was in, because, you know, our orders are very strict about delivering the letters, when the elderly party shouts out:—

"'Are you at home, Miss Mary?'

"Miss Mary was fixin' her hair, I guess, but presently she comes down, and I hands her an unpaid letter. Three cents to collect.

"'You'll,' says she, 'wait a minute, or perhaps you can change me a five dollar bill?'

"I was getting pretty mad, but I had to be civil, so I waited nearly five minutes for change. I guess I was nearly ten minutes at that house. Not being used to the business, and feeling anxious to do my best, I tried the next house. There I delivered my letters all right. Now I got along nicely for about fifteen minutes. This brought me to a corner when I commenced to turn down the next street, and that I managed to get over in pretty good time. Having done the most thickly settled part of my district I got into a large open space where the houses were few and wide apart. None of them were numbered and very few of the streets had any names to them that I could see. However, I did the best I could. There was one party though that I shan't forget in a hurry, by the name of Simpson—John Nathaniel Simpson. Well, I had two letters for him, but I couldn't find the house, so I went into a corner grocery and asked if they knew of any such person. 'There is such a name, I know,' said the storekeeper; 'if you follow this street until you come to a pile of rock at the corner, there's a cousin of his lives in the next house to that, he'll tell you, I guess.' I followed these directions and I came to the house, knocked and asked if they knew where John Nathaniel Simpson lived. An old, miserly looking fellow came to the door.

"'What d'er want?' he enquired.

"John Nathaniel Simpson. The man at the grocery told me he lived somewhere near here.

"'Well, I'm a sorter cousin of his; if you got any money for him yer can leave it with me, he's gone to the States.'

"After spending about twenty-five minutes in search of John Nathaniel Simpson, I finally discovered that the letters were for his wife and that I had passed the house at least twenty times. You'd scarcely believe the insults, taunts, and things a' letter carrier's got to bear. It is hard sometimes to be obliged to take letters away from poor folk's houses who haven't got the money to pay for the over weight, but a postman can't afford to trust everybody even if he has the mind to. Then there's another class of persons who systematically give you the biggest hill they've got to change, just to keep you waiting, and if you say a word they threaten to report you to the chief. Then there's the inquisitive class who want to keep the letter carrier gossiping. There's one of them I know about thirty-five years old, a Miss Greene. She is always very anxious to know how many letters Miss Black gets over the way, whether they are written in a male or female hand. She's particularly anxious to know if they come from Carleton, and lots of other useless questions. Then there's what I call the jolly class who ain't particular about taking any change. But I'm sorry to say this kind are few and far between. Though there are some I know who would scorn to take the change for ten cents, so I get so used to *their* ways that I don't hurt their feelings by offering it. Why, I wouldn't offend such people for the world! A great many people there are whom I might call the suspicious class. They always get mad if you ain't got any letters for *them*, and seem to suspect the postman of having destroyed them to save the trouble of delivery. No one could please such people as these. They're too mean for anyone to write to, or to trouble themselves about. It takes a good many people to make a world; don't it? A letter carrier is trained in a good school for teaching him a knowledge of human nature. Many's the the time I've seen the tear start in the eye of the poor woman, glad to receive a letter from her boy miles away. I could almost tell you word for word what Tom had to say. The dear old mother tells me how her lad is getting on, and all about him until I'm obliged to hurry off and make up for lost time. And talk about love letters! Why I can tell a love letter about at first sight. Why, I'm in the confidence of no less than sixteen young ladies, each one of whom thinks that her beau never writes a letter to anyone else but her, and so, by way of keeping her hand in, she practices by writing experimental letters to others. Then there's the beaus, they try to appear indifferent and unconcerned when they get a letter written in a female hand, but it won't do. The letter carrier knows well that its from some one more than a cousin. We have our ups and downs its true, but it isn't such a hard life after all, though I can't help thinking that if it is necessary to number and paint the name of one street, why not all? But there's one thing I'm sure of, that is, I'll never wear a No. 8 boot on a No. 10 foot again if I know it."

PAUL FORD.

PINIONED.

[From the Toronto Mail.]

Grip has an excellent cartoon this week: it represents "Mr. Davenport Blake put into the "Cabinet." The cabinet is open, Mr. Brown holding on to the door, and Mr. Mackenzie standing by on the other side. Mr. Blake appears in the doorway; on his breast is a medal on which is inscribed "Canadian Disturber:" his legs are bandaged about the thighs with a band called "*Globe* "Dictation," and about the ankles with another band marked "*Globe* Instruction," while lying around his feet are a tamborine, bell, and bugle, marked respectfully "Advanced Liberal Views," "Aurora Sentiment," and "Canada First Notions." Mr. Brown, with a cunning smirk on his face, observes across the Cabinet to Mr. Mackenzie, who stands rubbing his beard with evident self-satisfaction: "He canna play thae instruments noo! I have tied him o' fast," and the latter replies: "Lock the door, Geordie! We have him this "time!" The whole cartoon is capital. The conception, it will occur to most persons, is in literal accordance with the facts. Mr. Blake made a bold fight for independence, but the Premier and the Dictator proved more than a match for him; and he stands to-day before the people of Canada as the captured "Disturber," pinned down to a repudiation of his own particular views, and caught in the strongest meshes of the Grit net.

HOW TO TREAT CRIMINALS.

[Boston Journal of Commerce.]

Let it be distinctly understood, when a man is arrested for a crime in this city, the Mayor holds an interview with him, he is trotted round in a hack with an escort of mounted police, his every action and word is reported in the papers, and a column daily devoted to his doings is made public. This is before conviction. When found guilty, eloquent sentimentalists take up his cause, women write warm, sympathetic letters in his behalf to the papers, editors join the throng, and even the reporters who jots down his conduct in prison, surround the whole with a sympathy that is pathetic. In fact, he is treated so that one gradually gets to look upon him as a badly used man instead of a blood-thirsty criminal. Who is the next to enjoy these distinctions? Early application necessary!

THE WORKS OF ART advertised by Mr. T. H. Keohan, Germain Street, appear to be worthy the attention of all lovers of art, and of those who contemplate expenditures in this line of investment. Mr. Keohan himself is an admirable judge of a picture or painting, and the selections which he has made do great credit to his taste and judgment. Persons capable of appreciating good pictures will do well to examine Mr. Keohan's specimens, although they may not desire to purchase immediately.

"CIVIC TAXATION."—When we commenced our articles on this subject we supposed we would have had the benefit of a perusal of a printed copy of the City Accounts for 1874, but although we are in the month of June, 1875, there is still no sign of the accounts being forthcoming in this form. The Corporation printers can not say when they will be out, and nobody else can add any information on the subject. In our next issue we shall résume consideration of the Taxation and Assessment questions.

GOOD APPOINTMENTS.—E. L. Wetmore, Esq., of Fredericton, to the vacancy created in the Law Commission, and G. W. Burbidge, Esq., to the Secretaryship vacated by Mr. Wetmore,—both very promising members of the profession.

CLEVER AND AUDACIOUS SWINDLERS.

A few days ago a Parisian jeweller was the victim of a robbery to the amount of 106,000f., organised with rare audacity and perpistency. A week or so ago, a well-dressed gentleman, accompanied by a young and handsome lady, very elegant and very shy, followed by an irreproachably attired man-servant, installed themselves in apartments on the *entresol* of an apparently very respectable house in the Avenue d'Eylau. The rooms were completely furnished, the rent, 650f. a month, paid in advance, and they were let for two months. The gentleman, lady and servant affected a marked English accent. Costume, manners, gait, and mode of saluting corresponded to their accent. They brought with them numerous trunks, conducting themselves as if they meant to make a long stay. The servant, who expressed himself with difficulty in French, took his meals with the concierge, and soon became friendly with everybody. He was thought to have a little curiosity, but appeared much attached and very respectful to his master and mistress, and he was very ready to stand a glass to the servants of the rich houses around. Monsieur and Madame went out a good deal. Shopmen almost every day brought articles which they had bought and paid cash for. Among these was a jeweller's employee, who brought something or other nearly every day, sometimes a ring, at other times earrings, studs, pins, &c. The concierge was more and more deferential to his wealthy tenants. He calculated that within a week they must have spent about 8000f. The jeweler alone had supplied them with articles worth 6000f. As, however, the old servant, with his large blond whiskers and his prepossessing air, always stood at the door, as soon as the shopman arrived he politely conducted him to the *entresol* so as to save people the trouble of accosting the *concierge*. Thanks to this the tradesmen—above all, the jeweler—did not know but that their customers occupied rooms furnished by themselves. A few days ago, Monsieur and Madame treated for a set of diamonds, for which the jeweler asked 112,000f., and for which they offered him 100,000f. After several visits, Monsieur called and offered 105,000f., which was accepted. He wished to surprise Madame by giving the extra 6000f., for she was ill, and he asked the jeweller to send the casket and bill to the Avenue d'Eylau. When the shopman arrived the servant was at the door, and hastened to usher him to the *entresol*. Monsieur was in the drawing room, which bore traces of Madame having been in it. An old shawl was thrown on a chair, a workbasket was placed near the window, on a table in the corner bundles apparently of bank notes were in readiness for settling the bill. The shopman entered. Monsieur took the casket, and begging the shopman to wait, carried it to Madame, who was in bed. The shopman waited, looking through two or three amusing newspapers which were on a table beside the couch on which he had been directed to sit. The reading entertained him, but after glancing over the three papers he raised his eye, and, looking at the timepiece, he perceived that it was nasionetes. Seized with a vague uneasiness, he took out his watch. He had been waiting three-quarters of an hour. He instinctively rushed to the table containing the bank notes. He began to count them, but perceived that they were only prospectuses. He hurried to the door leading to Madame's room; it was locked. He went from one door of the drawing room to the other; all were locked. He tried the ring. The bell-pull fell off into his hand. He opened the window and called the *concierge*. The *concierge* had been sent to the Boulevard Malesherbes by the incomparable domestic to get a portmonteau repaired, and his lodge was intrusted to a little girl. He ran over to the street, perspiration on his face, his countenance distorted by the fear of how matters stood; he gesticulated, he cried "Je suis vole! Je suis vole!" Passers by looked up at him, took him for a lunatic, and laughed. There was nothing to be done but to wait for the *concierge's* return. Three-quarters of an hour elapsed before the *concierge* arrived. The stairs were ascended with some precaution, the unfortunate man was found locked in, and no longer knowing what he said. A thorough search was made. The occupants had disappeared. The neighbours saw them quietly voting out with boxes under their arms, looking publicly, and getting into a cab waiting at the corner. They had been gone two hours. The police commissary of the district was sent for, put his questions, and sealed up the apartments. When they were inspected, trunks were found entirely empty, and a little dirty linen without any mark; in a closet there was a man's hat without any hatter's address, some false light chestnut tufts of hair, two or three pairs of whiskers of various shades, a beggar's dress, a workman's ditto, a lady's old dress, an old shawl, carpeting, and the famous bundles of bank notes. Everything else had disappeared, and the unfortunate jeweller swells the list of victims of his class to similar enterprises.

THE DRAMA.—Messrs. Lanergan and Nannary and their Company, including not a few, but all of its members, gave the patrons of their Season unmistakable satisfaction and pleasure in the presentation of "Rosedale," on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Even on the third evening there was a good house, and the applause elicited was as hearty as on the opening night. The piece is sensational from beginning to end, but not unpleasantly so,—on the contrary, the surprises are to a considerable extent agreeable, though startling, and the interest of the audience is not permitted to flag for a moment. The splendid tableau, in which the military in the mountains are introduced, together with the righteous cause in whose behalf they put in an appearance, is fitted to call down the house, and frequently as the audiences have witnessed the scene, the house was as enthusiastic on the last night as on the first over this exciting episode of the play. Altogether, "Rosedale" has taken well, and we trust the managers have found it to pay, although their receipts must have been affected considerably by the performances of Howes and Cushing's Circus on the same evenings. Many of our citizens have not yet witnessed "Rosedale," a circumstance which leads us to suggest that, in our judgment, the play will stand one or two more representations this Season, and we trust the managers will not finally withdraw it until as many as possible have had an opportunity of seeing one of the most popular plays that have ever been placed on the American stage.—On Thursday and Friday evenings "Ours" was played with a strong cast to appreciative houses. To-day "Rosedale" will be given at the Matinee, and, we should say, will draw out the ladies and young folks in force. This evening "Richard the Third," will be put on, with Mr. Neil Warner in the part of "Richard," Miss Sopie Miles as "Queen Elizabeth," and the other parts well cast. So powerful a play so ably presented is deserving of public recognition in tangible form.

ARCHIBALD ROGERS, charged with murdering Linus Seely, was, on Thursday morning, placed on trial before the Circuit Court, Chief Justice Ritchie presiding. There was difficulty in obtaining a jury, but at last twelve good men and true were seated in the jury box. John Kerr, Esq., appeared for the prisoner and the Attorney General prosecuted. A number of witnesses were examined for the Crown, including chiefly Sheffield street characters and members of the Police Establishment. We note that Chief Marshall, who was called for the Crown, was obliged to confess that Seely who was shot was such a disreputable character that he would not believe his oath, which was almost tantamount to saying he would not believe his dying declaration a piece of evidence that was produced in the trial. A number of witnesses testified to Rogers' "good character," and a young man named William Demill, understood to be respectably connected, who was present when the difficulty occurred in this vilest of vile quarters, swore that Seely was attacking Rogers with a knife when he was shot. The theory of the defence would seem to be Justifiable Homicide. While we write the case is not concluded, but enough is developed to satisfy us that it's no "hanging matter." The Attorney General appears to have conducted his side of the painful case with great moderation, and Mr. Kerr has handled the defence quite skilfully. The Chief Justice charges this morning, and a verdict will probably soon be reached.

Marriages.

On Tuesday, 25th ult., by the Rev. W. P. Everitt, Mr. John M. Warn, to Miss Ella M. Corey, daughter of the late Samuel Corey, all of this city.

In the Palace, on Wednesday evening, the 2nd inst., by the Rev. F. X. Michaud, Mr. Patrick McKenna to Kate T., daughter of the late John McBrearty, Cold Brook, N. B.

On the 22nd May, at St. George's Church, St. Catharines Ontario, by the Rev. Henry Holland, Rector, J. W. Marling, Esq., of Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Emma Sophia Bingham, daughter of T. W. Burchill, Esq., of St. Catherines.

On the 3rd inst., by the Rev. Dr. Walters, at the residence of Mr. Duncan Beaton, Mr. Samuel A. Caldwell to Miss Mary S. Lannon, both of Portland.

At the Cathedral, on Thursday morning, 3rd inst., by the Rev. F. X. J. Michaud, Richard Coughlan, to Hannah Brown, both of this city.

At Westfield, King's County, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. E. S. Woodman, William Burges, to Emma A., daughter of the late J. Q. Nase, Esq.

On Wednesday, 2nd inst., at Saint George's Church, Moncton, by the Rev. Canon Medley, Rector of Sussex, the Rev. Elwyn S. Pentreath, to Clara Wolsforde, daughter of the late Thomas S. Sayre, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

On the 3rd inst., at the residence of the father of the bride, by the Rev. Henry Pope, Jr., Orlando H. Warwick, to Ida M. Lockhart, daughter of Alexander Lockhart, Esq., of this city.

Deaths.

Suddenly, in this city, on the evening of the 30th of May, Fannie H., in the 25th year of her age, beloved wife of Captain W. N. Deville, of Shanghai, China, and daughter of the late Captain William Bell, formerly of this city.

Suddenly, in Portland, on the 30th ult., Samuel K. Willis, aged 61 years.

Suddenly, on Monday morning, 31st ult., at his residence, Indiantown, W. P. White, printer, in the 54th year of his age.

At Lepreau Settlement, King's County, on the 25th ult., of scarlet fever, after a few days of severe illness, William, youngest son of Mr. Edward Hamilton, in the 20th year of his age. Deceased was a young man of great promise, and his death has caused a gloom, not only in the family circle of which he was an ornament, but also among all his acquaintances.

At French Village, King's County, on Sunday morning, 30th ult., after a short illness, William Hill, aged 64 years.

On Monday, 31st ult., Jeremiah Murphy, aged 71 years, a native of Cork, Ireland, leaving a wife and family to mourn their loss.

On Tuesday, June 1st, Archibald Douglas, aged 57 years.

In this city, on the 31st ult., in the 24th year of her age, Lizzie, wife of John Wilson.

In this city, on the 1st inst., Patrick Gorman, aged 76 years, a native of the Parish of Dromore, County of Tyrone, Ireland.

In Carleton, on the 1st inst., after a severe illness, Timothy O. Sullivan, in the 47th year of his age, a native of Balymorah County Cork, Ireland.

On Wednesday morning, 2nd inst., after a lingering illness, Mrs. Catherine Gannon, aged 65 years.

In this city, on Saturday evening, 29th ult., James Murphy, son of Michael and Mary Murphy, aged 16 years and 11 days.

In Carleton, on Friday, 4th inst., Marion Nice, aged 11 years, daughter of Eliza and David Nice.

☞ Funeral from her late residence, Princess street, Carleton, at 2 p. m., Sunday, 6th inst. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

On Wednesday, 2nd inst., Charles Grover, a native of Brighton, England, aged 40 years.

New Advertisements.

CONCERT

FOR THE

BENEFIT OF THE SUFFERERS

BY THE

LATE FIRE IN PORTLAND,

AT

THE MECHANICS INSTITUTE,

ON

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 7, 1875,

UNDER THE

MANAGEMENT OF E. PEILER & BRO.

With the assistance of the principal PROFESSIONALS and AMATEURS of St. John and Portland.

Tickets 50 cents, to be had at J. & A. McMillan's, and at the usual places.

MOHR'S SILVER ANODYNE,

FOR TOOTHACHE.

ONLY ONE APPLICATION NEEDED TO STOP THE PAIN.

Instantaneous Relief.

Bottle of Silver Fluid, Metallic Red, &c., complete for 50 cents.

(Twelve applications in each bottle.)

J. CHALONER,

SOLE AGENT.

june 5

Bankrupt Sale of Real Estate.

109 BEAUTIFUL BUILDING LOTS to be sold without reserve, at Chubb's Corner, in the City of Saint John, at Twelve o'clock, noon, on TUESDAY, the Eighth day of June next.

These Lots form a portion of the Estate of Matthew Ferguson, Insolvent, and are beautifully situated near Riverside Station, in King's County, N. B. Plans of the property can be seen at Waterbury and John McSweeny & Co., Prince William street, or at the office of A. C. A & G. E. Fairweather, Solicitors.

St. John, N. B., May 31st, 1875.

A. C. FAIRWEATHER, Agent.

june 5

THOMAS H. KEOHAN,

GILDER,

AND MANUFACTURER OF

PORTRAIT, PICTURE AND OVAL FRAMES,

AND DEALER IN

ENGRAVINGS, PRINTS, LOOKING-GLASS PLATES AND CLOCKS.

21 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Old Frames Re-Gilt to Look as Good as New.

jnu 5

Leno Muslin, French Embroidered and Lace

WINDOW CURTAINS.

ALSO,

NOTTINGHAM LACE!

BY THE YARD.

FOR CURTAINS,

in great variety.

JUST OPENED AT THE

LONDON HOUSE

RETAIL.

june 5

FRESH ARRIVAL OF

DRESS GOODS, &C.,

AT THE

COMMERCIAL PALACE!

Great Reductions!!

OWING to the present depressed state of the Money Market, JAMES MASSON will show to-day and during the coming week the following

EXTRAORDINARY CHEAP LOTS:

2,500 yds. STEEL LUSTRE, for 16c. a yd., worth 22c.
5,000 " Summer Dress Stuffs, for 12½c. a yd., worth 18c. a yard.
2500 " Norma Dress Stuffs, for 17½c., worth 25c. a yd.
2,500 " American Factory Cotton, for 10c. a yd. worth 12½ cents.
4,000 " East Color'd Prints, for 12½c. a yd., worth 16c a yd.
250 DRESSES, assorted colors and fabrics, at Half Price.

A FEW REMNANTS OF

Dress Goods, Prints, Cottons, &c., &c.,

AT A SACRIFICE.

june 5

SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

H. ROBERTSON has now in STOCK and to arrive the following goods.

CHINAWARE.

Breakfast and Tea Setts of splendid designs, Tea and Coffee Cups and Saucers (by the dozen,) Plates, Side Dishes, Butters, Creams, Pitchers, Muffin Dishes, Bowls, Cake Plates, Egg Cups, etc., etc.

GLASSWARE.

Glass Setts, Pitchers, Creams, Plates, High and Low Dishes, Cheese Baskets, Sweetmeats, Card Baskets, Water Bottles, Goblets, Cut Tumblers, Cruets, Decanters, Salts, etc.

EARTHENWARE.

Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Setts, in White Stone and Common Wares; Toilet Setts, Covered Dishes, Side Dishes, Plates, Spittoons, Bed and Commode Pans, Milk Pans, Cream and Covered Crocks, Flowerpots, with a well selected Stock of other GOODS, to be sold cheap for Cash.

HENRY ROBERTSON.

june 5 3 KING SQUARE.

New Advertisements.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC!

LESSEES AND MANAGERS - - - - LANERGAN & NANNERY.

Matinee, Saturday, at 2.30, P. M.

ROSEDALE.

Saturday Evening, June 5, Shakespeare's Five Act Tragedy,

RICHARD III.

Or, the Battle of Bosworth Field!

☞ PRICES AS USUAL. ☜

Box Office open from 10, A. M., to 2, P. M.

MASONIC REGALIA.

BLUE LODGES, ROYAL ARCH, Encampment of St. John Malta Commandary, OUTFITS, JEWELS, SWORDS, GAUNTLETS, &c., &c.

All orders for the above attended to with promptness.

MACKENZIE BROTHERS,

Hosiers, Gloves, and Regalia Manufacturers.

45 KING STREET.

Knights of Pythias Regalia and WHITE BUCK GLOVES, now ready for delivery.

Gold and Silver Laces, Braids, Cords and Fringes.

Stock complete in every department.

WORKS OF ART

AFTER THE

OLD MASTERS AND BEST MODERN PAINTERS,

On Sale at 21 Germain Street.

[From the Daily Telegraph, May 19.]

GENUINE WORKS OF ART.

We doubt if even all our local readers, who know a good picture when they see it, have any idea of the number and character of the fine pictures to be found in Mr. Thomas H. Keohan's little shop, 21 Germain street. His portfolio now contains a lot of engravings as superior to what are sometimes called "Works of Art," as one of Shakespeare's sonnets to a poem by Martin Farquhar Tupper. The fine line engraving is now almost the only form in which the great master-pieces of painting can be so reproduced as to come within the means of admiring purchasers. Of these engravings Mr. Keohan has a choice lot. They include some of the finest products of the pencils of several of the old masters, and of the greatest modern painters in France, Italy and the British Isles. The art of the engraver, in some instances, is as notable as that of the painter.

The raising of Lazarus, by Piombo, is a most striking picture. The original is of extraordinary value.

La Virgine au Rosaire, by Murillo, and Christ bearing the Cross, by Raphael, are among the chief works of their illustrious authors.

Hogarth before the authorities of Calais, by Claxton, is desirable on account of the original portraits it contains, but even more so, for this reason, are the pictures of a Drawing Room Scene in the reign of the present Queen, and the portraits of British men of Science and Literature. The individuality of the court beauties and of the *savans*, is quite a study and illustrates the marked nationality of Old England. There are other desirable portraits of the Queen and members of the Royal Family, one delineating Her Majesty's visit to a Crimean Hospital; another a like Royal visit to a Soldier's Widow's Cottage, etc. These and some of the pictures of scenes in the life of the great Duke of Wellington, are worthy of a place in any collection.

The Queen's Visit to the Crimean Hospitals is not the only historic memorial of that war. It is illustrated by two fine works by O'Neill, namely, Eastward Ho! and Home Again, which are true to nature, and would be an acquisition to any collection.

The lovers of animals will delight in the many fine pictures of Landseer. Those of the dogs, deer and horses are particularly attractive. The weighing of the Deer, by J. F. Taylor, is a gem; perhaps, to some, the delineation of the English Derby,—with genuine portraits—will be even more so.

The morning before the battle, and the Evening after the Battle, companion pictures, by P. I. Barker, are touching contrasts, very perfect of their kind.

Among the pictures turning on religious themes we should include the Crown of Glory, The Deathbed of Wesley, and The Presentation in the Temple. The second includes some nine portraits. The first is by Le Jeune. It represents a female deathbed, cheered by the reading of the Scriptures, with the expectant angels hovering above. This picture is most tastefully framed.

Lastly comes, including The Shores of Old England (bathing scenes), and Summer pictures by first-class artists, help to grace the collection.

Our young lady readers would find pleasure in looking at Yes or No—a thoughtful female figure holding a letter behind her back and trying to solve the conundrum.

These are only a few of the valuable engravings to be found in Mr. Keohan's collection. The fact that these pictures were selected by himself, shows that he is possessed of excellent taste and judgment. We may add that the prices of the pictures are very moderate. They range from $5 or $6 to $15 or $20. The same pictures have frequently been sold for as many pounds sterling as they are now offered for in dollars. A few such pictures form a valuable addition to household treasures. The ministry of true art is of the most beneficent and the most powerful character.

Inspection invited.

june 5 THOMAS H. KEOHAN.

CITY OF FREDERICTON, SS.

To all whom it may concern:—

KNOW YE.—That the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of Fredericton did, in the year 1875, purchase from R. FLAHERTY & CO., of Saint John, a double door Fire-Proof Safe, handsomely painted and well finished in every respect, which Safe was placed in the City Clerk's Office, City Hall, and in which were stored the principal part of the CITY RECORDS. That the said City Hall was destroyed by FIRE on the 26th January, 1875, and that the Safe above mentioned, fell in the ruins, from the City Clerk's Office to the basement, being a height of seventeen feet, and remained in the ruins among the hot bricks, at a white heat for Forty-Four Hours, when it was opened, and the papers and records therein contained, found undamaged, undefaced, and in good order, and the cabinet lining of the Safe with even the varnish perfect.

We the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of Fredericton do therefore hereby certify that the Safe purchased by us from R. FLAHERTY & CO., of St. John, has fully met every guarantee made to us by the Manufacturers in regard to superior finish and painting, strength of workmanship, and fire resisting power, and we do most heartily accord to MESSRS. R. FLAHERTY & CO. this TESTIMONIAL of our esteem for this wonderful proof of the superiority of provincial manufactures in general, and of MESSRS. R. FLAHERTY & CO. in particular.

[L.S.] In testimony whereof the said Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of Fredericton have caused their common seal to be affixed thereto, and signed by the proper hand of the Mayor, of the said City, this Sixteenth day of February, A. D., 1875.

CHAS. W. BECKWITH, City Clerk. E. L. WETMORE, Mayor.

R FLAHERTY & CO.,

No. 98 PRINCE WM. STREET,

june 5 Factory, City Road.

NEW CHEESE.

30 BOXES CHEESE,

JUST RECEIVED.

JARDINE & CO.

june 5

STOVE WAREROOMS,

Corner of Church and Canterbury Streets,

THE Subscriber has just received a large and well assorted Consignment of COOKING STOVES AND RANGES, HALL STOVES AND FRANKLINS in all the latest and most improved designs.

Also, a large supply of Kitchen Tinware, Coal Scuttles, Coal Shovels, and all kinds of Pantry Furniture of the most improved patterns, all of which he is prepared to sell at a very slight advance on cost.

A liberal discount to cash purchasers.

Housekeepers requiring outfits will receive prompt attention and a good article.

JOHN ALLEN.

may 29

HOSIERY.

W. W. JORDAN

INVITES an inspection of his COMPLETE STOCK of the above

BALBRIGGAN HOSE, Ladies' and Misses' sizes, low priced;

LADIES' HOSIERY, Plain and Ribbed, White and Colored;

MISSES' HOSIERY, Plain and Ribbed, White, Striped, Heather, Steel, Oxford;

BOYS' and YOUTHS' HOSIERY, Cotton and Merino;

Children's Socks and ½ Hose;

GENTLEMEN'S HALF HOSE—Cotton, Silk, Lisle, Merino, Cashmere, Wool—all sizes and prices.

may 29.

FRESH HOPS.

Received this day:—

SIX CASES FRESH PRESSED HOPS,

Half Pound Packages.

may 29 JOSHUA S. TURNER.

M. N. POWERS,

UNDERTAKER,

No. 33 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

KEEPS ON HAND:—Mahogany, Walnut and Covered COFFINS, HEARSES and PALLS furnished. GRAVE CLOTHES and COFFIN MOUNTING of all kinds, and every article in the line for sale at the Lowest Prices.

Orders in Town or Country executed with promptness by day or night.

Personal attention given to the Selection of Burial Lots.

☞ Funerals attended. All articles delivered in the City and vicinity without extra charge.

Residence—Over Warerooms. may 29—1y

New Advertisements.

REFINED SUGARS.

We have in store, now landing, and to arrive:

4000 Bbls.

Crushed and Granulated SUGARS.

For sale low, by

JAMES DOMVILLE & CO.,

may 15 No. 9 North Wharf.

HARDWARE.

C. G. BERRYMAN,

12 Charlotte Street,

has in stock a large assortment suitable for

HOUSEKEEPERS,
HOUSE BUILDERS,
CARRIAGE BUILDERS,
CABINET MAKERS,
BLACKSMITHS, JOINERS,
MASONS, SHIP CARPENTERS,
SHIP BUILDERS,
MILL OWNERS,
BRIDGE BUILDERS,
FARMERS,
STORE KEEPERS, &c. &c.,

which he offers very low for CASH or APPROVED PAPER.

☞ PLEASE REMEMBER THE ADDRESS,

12 CHARLOTTE STREET,

may 15 Nearly opposite Y. M. C. A. Building.

WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS.

The Subscribers have

NOW READY FOR INSPECTION,

THE LARGEST AND NEWEST

STOCK OF

DRY GOODS

To be found in the Provinces.

TO WHICH THEY

Invite the attention of the Trade.

ORDERS FILLED AT CLOSEST PRICES.

T. R. JONES & CO.,

may 1 CANTERBURY ST.

KING'S SQUARE LIVERY STABLES.

HORSES, Carriages, &c., of every description, to let. Superior Coaches in attendance at all hours. Boarding Horses kept on reasonable terms. Horses bought and sold.

J. B. HAMM,

may 15 Proprietor.

RUBBER COATS

—AND—

OIL SUITS!

WE HAVE ON HAND—200 Suits SINGLE YELLOW OIL SHIRTS, 100 Suits Double Yellow OIL SHIRTS:

200 Drab Cambric RUBBER COATS;
250 Heavy Lined RUBBER COATS;
168 COUTINON'S RUBBER COATS;
144 New Check Twill RUBBER COATS;

100 pair Edinbro Rubber Leggings;

9 pair RUBBER SPONGE BAGS.

LOWEST PRICES.

EVERITT & BUTLER,

Wholesale Warehousemen,

55 & 57 KING STREET.

may 15

STOCK, FRUIT TREES, PLANTS, &c.

2 CHOICE AYRSHIRE COWS, with or without Calves, (Bulls;)
1 choice Durham Cow and Bull Calf 6 months;
2 choice Jersey Cows, of best butter stock;
A few thoroughbred Jersey Bull Calves, very cheap;
3 or 4 fine grade Cows, unsurpassed for rich milk;
1,000 healthy Apple Trees, all varieties, Sharp Stock; any quantity of Strawberries and other small Fruits from D. P. Wetmore's stock.
Choice Pot and Bedding Plants, cheap if ordered early.
Stock of Pure unadulted Pedigree.
And all offered at very low prices. Address,

C. E. GROSVENOR,

Canterbury.

Canterbury, May 2, 1875. may 1

NOTICE.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of the COLD BROOK ROLLING MILLS COMPANY, of the Dominion of Canada, will be held on SATURDAY, the Fifth day of June next, at the Company's Offices, Mosspath, at eleven o'clock, in the forenoon, for the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of all other necessary business.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES SCOVIL,

may 22 Secretary.

THE

MARITIME MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

A HOME INSTITUTION.

THE object of the Company is to secure to its Members

☞ Insurance at Actual Cost. ☜

Risks confined to isolated and non-hazardous property.

DIRECTORS AND BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

PRESIDENT:

C. N. SKINNER, Esq., Q. C., Judge of Probates, (President of St. John Building Society;

VICE-PRESIDENT:

THOMAS PARKS, Esq., St. John.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES CHRISTIE, Esq., M. D., Vice-President of the St. John Building Society;

FIRST-BORN.

Seventeen years of shine and shadow,
Since the rosy light of morn
Made the sweet June roses redder,
In the hour that you were born;—
Hour that brought to flesh and spirit
Such an ecstasy of pain—
Such a rapture of rejoicing,
As will never come again!

I remember how the tender
Rose of morning flushed the gray,
How the sun with sudden splendor
Changed the dawning into day;
How the dappled clouds went sailing
All across the summer sky,
How the robins trilled and twittered—
When I heard my baby cry!

Seventeen years! but I remember
Still the passionate delight
Of that radiant June morning,
After all the weary night.
Haply, born to woman-nature,
It may come to you to learn,
With your own child for a teacher,
Such a story in your turn.

If it ever does, my darling,
May the time be rosy June—
May the robins trill and twitter
Such another happy tune,—
And the child that God shall give you,
All I ask is, it may be
Just the daily joy and comfort
That my first-born is to me!

LOVE'S VICTORY.

BY B. J. FARJEON.

SCENE THE SECOND.—IN BELGRAVIA.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. CHAPPELL'S PARTY.

Rank, fashion, and intellect were always to be found at Mrs. Chappell's parties, and at the party to which Laura and her father were invited there was a more than usually select and brilliant gathering. The occasion was an important one, for Mr. Chappell could now write M.P. after his name, having been elected for Burlingham. There had been a severe contest for the representation of the borough, but from the first Mr. Wakefield, the Parliamentary agent, had been confident of victory. "Leave every thing to me," Mr. Wakefield had said, "and I will pull you through." Mr. Chappell had left every thing to his agent and was duly pulled through; all that he had to do was to ask no questions, to advance money as it was required, and to make a few set speeches. Mr. Wakefield did all the rest, and Mr. Chappell paid the piper. When he footed up the figures he was rather serious, but he cheered up presently, and consoled himself with the reflection that the money was well spent. To his wife the triumph was greater than it was to him. The Opposition Candidate was her next door neighbor, Mr. Mercer, to whom slight reference has been made in the early part of this story, and who had risen from nothing. "A nobody," said Mrs. Chappell, "whose wife used to sell caps and dresses, and who has made his money Heaven knows how! We must teach these persons a lesson." The lesson had been taught at a somewhat expensive rate, but Mr. Mercer did not seem much the worse for it. No doubt, however, he suffered in secret, said Mrs. Chappell. The wives took much more interest in the contest than their husbands. They looked daggers at each other, but spoke none, not being on speaking terms. There was talk of a petition against the new member, on the usual grounds of bribery and corruption; Mr. Wakefield snapped his fingers and defied the defeated candidate, who very wisely saved his time and his purse.

Mrs. Chappell was not only a fashionable but an ambitious woman, and she thought, now that her husband was a member of Parliament, that she saw her way clear to becoming Lady Chappell. In secret, she wrote the name frequently, to see how it looked, always tearing up the paper carefully into very small pieces, after she had indulged in this stry realization of her ambition. On the day that Mr. Chappell was returned for Burlingham, when she received the telegram announcing his victory, she opened her desk and began to scribble, "Lady Chappell presents her compliments;" "Lady Chappell has much pleasure;" "Lady Chappell. At home;" "Believe me, *very sincerely yours*, Lady Harriet Chappell"—no, that would not do; why should she not put M. P.'s after her name? It was not right that custom should deprive her of her honors. She destroyed two or three quires of note paper in this way, and when the footman came into the room, was inclined to be angry with him because he did not say, "My lady."

With Mr. Chappell affairs had been going on in the usual way since our introduction to him. He suffered a great deal, but did not let the world see it. His speculations were not turning out fortunately, but little bits of luck occasionally came to him and kept up his spirits. His chief concern was still the safety of the *Golden Mariner*, in which he had so large a stake. Nothing had been heard of the vessel, and the ominous silence that prevailed regarding it was almost worse than bad news. He had tried to insure a part, nay, the whole, of his risk, and had failed, so that he was compelled to stand or fall by the ship. The extent of his interest in the *Golden Mariner* was not generally known; Mr. Armstrong and himself were the only persons who knew the full particulars of his transactions in that direction, and he hoped that the American, for his own sake, would not speak of the matter. Mr. Chappell was very polite, and attended to Mr. Armstrong, and did not, even to his wife, exhibit aversion to him. Mrs. Chappell herself liked the American gentleman, and was strongly attracted toward him for one special reason. She was much interested in spiritualism, and she believed in her heart that Mr. Armstrong was a spiritualist, and could enlighten her or the subject. When she referred to it, he generally evaded it; in truth, he was to a certain extent a believer in mesmerism, but he did not parade his belief. There were other reasons for Mrs. Chappell's liking for him; he was rich, handsome, clever, and most attentive to ladies; besides, the tone of his remarks gave a piquancy generally to the conversation, and she knew how important it was that her company should be amused. Then, again, she liked all persons who were both clever and rich.

When Richard Barton made his appearance in Mrs. Chappell's brilliant reception rooms, the guests were arriving in quick succession, and the scene was very animated. He looked about him for Mr. Armstrong and Laura, but neither had yet arrived. Mrs. Chappell was conversing with Lady Barebones, who, with her three marriageable daughters, had a remarkable regard for eligible single young men.

"Here is a great favorite of mine," said Mrs. Chappell, "a young Australian, enormously rich, only lately arrived home."

"I have heard of him," observed Lady Barebones, putting up her eye-glass at Richard, who was slowly making his way toward the lady of the house. "Single?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Chappell, who, having no daughters of her own, could afford to be generous. "Single and disengaged. I do not know how many thousands of miles of sheep runs and cattle stations he is the owner of. I am told there is no end to his money."

The hearts of the three honorable Misses Barebones fluttered in their breasts, and when Richard was introduced to them, they made the most gracious of courtesies. Lady Barebones took him in at a glance, and settled his fate for him. He should marry Millicent. I should be afraid to say how many men Lady Barebones had settled should marry Millicent; yet Millicent was still a spinster. Lady Barebones was not a good general; she took possession of the men at once, and frightened them by her violent method. She would have married them to her girls by force if she had had the power. Those who had experience of her took care to keep their distance. The young ladies were not remarkable for beauty, nor were they rich in the world's goods. Richard, however, was unconscious of Lady Barebones's intentions, and presently found himself in conversation with Mr. Forman, with whom he had some slight acquaintance. Mr. Forman was a rising lawyer, with a brother in the colonies, and the conversation was therefore interesting to both the gentlemen. Richard was satisfied to be thus employed until the arrival of his friends, and he stationed himself near the door, so that he might see them enter.

"A strange case has come under my notice lately," said Mr. Forman, "in connection with New South Wales. A very wealthy gentleman there, whose name it is not necessary to mention, being anxious to visit England, for the purpose of settling here with his family, I believe, consulted my brother—knowing that I am a lawyer—as to the best means of accomplishing his wish. You will understand that when he was a young man he was transported for life. He is now old and very wealthy, and the desire to come home is like a disease in him. For the last three years letters have been passing between us on the subject, but of course nothing can be done. I believe the old man would give fifty thousand pounds if it could be managed. To satisfy him, I have made inquiries and applications with no successful result. From a letter which reached me last week, I learn that the disappointment is likely to be the death of the man. 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage,' and yet a country as large as Europe may become a hateful prison when you are forbidden to move out of it. Is it not so?

"It is so."

Richard Barton moved away with a strange thoughtfulness upon him. The words the lawyer had spoken recalled him to the duty which lay before him. He had not forgotten the purpose which had brought him to England—it was impossible that he could ever lose sight of it; but during the five weeks he had been in the country he had not prosecuted his inquiries with energy. He reproached himself for it now. Certainly he had not been idle; something he had discovered, and it had brought a sweet pleasure to him in the promise it held forth. And there was an excuse for him in the temptations by which he had been surrounded. But he would waste no more time in idle pleasures. A great duty was before him, and he would set to work upon it at once.

In the midst of these reflections, a hand was placed upon his shoulder. He turned, and saw Mr. Armstrong.

"I have been looking for you," said the American. "Have you been here long?"

"About half an hour."

"We have a grand company here to-night. But two-thirds of them will be gone in an hour or so. There are two great balls elsewhere to which most of those present are invited, I expect. See—a few are clearing away already."

"Laura has not arrived yet?"

"No; she and her father will come in a few minutes. I thought it best that they should not be here too early. It is a trying ordeal for the old man to pass through, and Laura herself has been very nervous over the affair. Hark! the Hungarian band is playing in the garden. Mrs. Chappell's parties are always worth attending. You may be sure of the best of everything—the best wines, the best company, the best music, the best singing. The Swedish quartette are here; some of their glees are very suggestive. It was a good idea of Mrs. Chappell's to station the Hungarians in the gardens. It is a lovely night; let us walk into the grounds. The music of these Hungarians is very distinctive. There is something wild and heroic in it, and if you look upon the musicians while they are playing, its character is not destroyed. See how the leader stamps his feet, and flourishes his bow. His body sways in unison with the strains. He feels what he is playing. Confess, my young barbarian. Is not this worth coming to London for? The lights, the music, the beauty, the murmur of soft voices, the thousand and one fascinations that conspire to lure one's senses, and steep them in a heaven of happiness. Presented to us in such a scene are all the brilliant facets of human nature, shining and sparkling like stars. Not to be seen, and not to be enjoyed anywhere but in a large city. You are silent. Do you not agree with me?"

"Yes," replied Richard, abstractedly. "You are right."

He scarcely followed his friend's words; his mind was filled with but one subject. His thoughtfulness and abstraction were not lost upon Mr. Armstrong, who, however, made no open comment upon it.

"You see dark clouds in the picture, probably," proceeded Mr. Armstrong, but why should they disturb us? Let us enjoy the outside of things. I confess that there are occasions when it pleases me to look no deeper. There are peris and worse than peris standing on the outskirts of this paradise, we know; but we are here—let us enjoy it. I like to see human nature dressed in its best, as it is to-night. I like to see it when it is on its good behaviour, nestling prettily in smiles and bright looks and pleasant speech. These fascinating experiences must have brought a new sensation to you."

"They have, and one so enthralling that I begin to fear I have been unwise in yielding to it."

"You will singe your wings to a certainty, if you have not done so already. Be thankful if you do not burn them off. Listen—the Swedish girls are singing."

They stood in silence until the glee was finished.

"Neither of us understand a word of the language," said the American, "and yet I make a story out of the song. Standing here in the garden, I imagine that at a little distance from us—there, where the shadows are—stands a beleaguered city. The inhabitants have risen in its defense, and every man is a soldier, armed with rude weapons. The besieging army lies before it, and around it. The defenders watch through the night. It is dark, and they pass their signals from one to the other. The women within the city listen to the sounds of their men's voices; the children in their beds hold their breath. "How goes it?" asks a citizen-soldier. 'All is still,' answers another; 'our foe sleeps; we hear no sounds. Pass the word.' Sentinel speaks to sentinel, and the words, 'All is still; we hear no sound; our foe is sleeping,' travel onward, until they die away in the distance. The glad tidings breathe comfort into the hearts of the women and children; their protectors are on the alert, and all may yet be well. The brief silence that follows the last dying strains of the sentinels is broken by the sweet night-song of the women, praying for their men and their land. The wives pray for their husbands; the girls for their lovers. The citizen-soldiers, in their turn, listen to the prayer. 'Sleep in peace,' they sing, when the prayer is ended; 'we watch over you and our children.' 'God protect you,' reply the women. 'Good-night. 'Good-night.'"

CHAPTER V.

SECRET FOR SECRET.

RICHARD listened to this description with wonder and delight. It was to him a new revelation in the character of his friend.

"You have charmed me out of myself," he said. "I am ashamed to confess that while those girls were singing I paid no heed to them. My thoughts were wandering to past times and distant lands, but your words brought every note of the song back to me."

"I charmed you out of yourself," repeated Mr. Armstrong. "Do you believe in mesmerism?"

"No."

"At least, in animal magnetism—a more comprehensible term?"

"I believe in nothing of the kind. Do you?"

"Yes; to a certain extent, I have some faith in it."

"Had any person but yourself told me so, I should have doubted him."

"Why? Perhaps you have not given any serious thought to the subject. When I speak with more than usual earnestness, do you not listen with more than usual attention?"

"Undoubtedly."

"That is animal magnetism. I impress you with my earnestness. I did so by my description of the Swedish girls' glee, and I succeeded in my distinct intention to divert your thoughts from the current in which they were running. I don't go far; table-talking, spirit-rapping, and spiritualism—which are at present the property of charlatans and dupes—I have no belief in."

"Nor I, in those or any other quackeries. My wonder is that sensible men are gulled."

"All sensible men are not gulled; some few are. There never yet was a delusion without its followers. I have seen cleverer men than either you or I sent into a mesmeric sleep, about the genuineness of which there could be no question."

"I stand by my opinion; it is a delusion from first to last."

"You prick me. I should like the opportunity of convincing you."

"I offer it to you," said Richard; "mesmerize me."

"If there has been a time," said Mr. Armstrong, with a smile, "within our acquaintance when you would be a favorable subject for mesmerism, it is now, for I see plainly that you are excited. But I doubt if under any circumstances you could be affected according to the popular mode. You are too full of healthy blood; your mind is not sufficiently diseased; you are not morbid. I know of no especial weakness in you that could be worked upon."

"Ah, you want something of that sort. Ignorance, credulity, imbecility—these are your mesmerists' foundations."

Mr. Armstrong looked at Richard with closer attention.

"Has anything gone wrong with you?"

"No."

"You have heard no bad news?"

"No.'

"You said just now that you feared you were unwise in yielding to the attractions which society has held out to you. Have you not found them pleasant?"

"Very pleasant."

"Yet you are disturbed and excited, apparently without cause. I am almost tempted to make a shrewd guess that you are in love. Are you?"

Richard stammered confusedly, "Yes—no—that is—"

Mr. Armstrong laughed in a kindly manner. "A sure sign," he said, and added earnestly, "whoever she is, may she be worthy of you!"

"She's more than my equal," replied Richard, softly; "wish rather that I may be worthy of her. And you, Armstrong? I have read somewhere that love comes to all men. You have moved much in the world. How is it that you have escaped."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Armstrong, sententiously, "it is because I have moved much in the world that I have escaped."

"No," it is not because of that. I am beginning to know you, Armstrong. Those words are not from your heart."

Mr. Armstrong did not immediately reply, and when he spoke his voice was low and tender. "I am corrected—the subject is too sacred for light speech. Secret for secret, Richard. I have not escaped. Love comes to all men, you say. After all these years, it has come to me, and, cynic and old worldling as I am, it has brought into my life its sweetest promise. I live in the hope of a happy future with the best and purest woman I have ever known."

Richard held out his hand with cordial affection "I am rejoiced to hear it. But I must not allow my dream of love to cause me to forget the task, to perform which I came to this new world. A few words which were addressed to me to-night suddenly recalled me to a sense of my duty—a stern and sacred duty, Armstrong—and I was reproaching myself for neglecting it when you came upon me."

"Can I assist you in any way?"

"You can, I think. With the exception of a few words which passed between me and Mr. Chappell, this is the only time that I have spoken openly since my arrival in England, and you must forgive me for my excitement. You shall know all, Armstrong; I can trust you and depend upon you, for you are a just man. Before we part to-night I will tell you my story. It is a story of bitter, cruel injustice committed upon—upon my father, a man whom, if you had known, you would have loved and respected, as all did who knew him. It is to remove a stain from his memory—for he is dead—that I am in England. Singularly enough, the story of this bitter wrong is connected with the very bank of which Mr. Chappell is the head. When I was making arrangements for leaving the colony, it seemed to me like a decree of fate that I should be advised by my best friend there to come straight to Mr. Chappell's bank."

"You have had some conversation with Mr. Chappell upon the subject? He knows your story, then, and your purpose?"

"He knows nothing. Not a word of explanation has passed my lips, and the secret is mine and will be mine until we leave to-night. The first thing I have to do is to discover what has become of a man who was a clerk in Mr. Chappell's bank."

"What is his name?"

"Charles Davidge."

In his excitement, Richard did not see the startled look that flashed into Mr. Armstrong's eyes, nor hear the exclamation that escaped his lips.

"I must find this Charles Davidge, if he be alive. My fear is that he may be dead. Armstrong, there are good reasons why I can not go to Mr. Chappell, and ask him openly for information concerning this man. In return he would ask me for particulars which must not be known until I have accomplished by task. But if this Davidge be alive, I will track him. I would give half my fortune to meet him face to face! I would give all my fortune to wring confession from his lips! You will help me?"

"Yes, when I hear the full particulars of your story. Not until then, for I never work in the dark."

"I do not ask you to do so until you hear my story. But that I have a purpose in remaining here for a little while, I would beg of you to come away at once, so that I might relate it to you. I would tell it to you now if it were not too long; and I must tell it my own way, and without fear of interruption."

"What was the nature of the conversation that passed between you and Mr. Chappell?"

"I simply told him that my principal reason for coming to England was to correct a mistake which Justice made. I told him, also, that in the performance of my task I might ask for his assistance, and he promised to give it to me."

"This is all?"

"That is all. Now advise me in what way I shall commence. I thought of putting the matter into the hands of private detectives, but the idea seemed to me revolting. It is a degradation to have to do with hired spies. And I had another objection. I did not wish to tell my story to strangers. This is a task I am performing for a dear father, and it will be more truly a labor of love to perform it myself and in my own way. If I knew a man who had interest and influence in a newspaper—"

Mr. Armstrong interrupted him with a smile. "You do know such a man. He stands before you."

"You, Armstrong! What newspaper?"

"*The Moon!* The little *Moon*. Price one half-penny, with all the latest intelligence, and unknown correspondents in every part of the world. But this is a secret between us; it must not be known that I am a proprietor."

"There is nothing that you are not, Armstrong, I have bought the little paper—"

"Of dirty little boys and girls, who deal in *Moons* and matches. Both the same price. A box of Vesuvians and a *Moon* for a penny. There is a belief among some of our small ragged merchants that the Vesuvians are manufactured in the editor's rooms; hence the connection. When *The Moon* was first started, people thought it a strange name for a newspaper; I considered it appropriate, by inference. They delicate morning and evening sheets to the Sun; they sacrifice to the Stars. Why should not the moon have its literary altar? We publish a dozen editions a day, and *The Moon* shines by day as well as by night. Now, in what way can *The Moon* serve you?"

"I propose to insert an advertisement in the paper, without its being known that I am the advertiser, offering a reward of five hundred pounds, for information concerning Charles Davidge, once a clerk in the banking-house of Chappell, Chappell, and Chappell."

"A shell," thought Mr. Armstrong, "straight into the enemy's camp." And said, aloud, "I will manage it for you, Richard, but you must leave it to me to choose the proper time for its insertion. I promise that it shall appear before many days have passed. In the meanwhile, the fact that I am a proprietor of the paper must not be divulged. It is time we made our appearance in the house. Mrs. Chappell will remark our absence, and I dare say by this time Laura and her father have arrived."

They entered the house, and stood at the door of the reception-room, watching the company.

"As I told you," said the American, "the company is thinning, but there are many notable persons present. You see that old gentleman, with the star on his breast. That is Lord Beaumorris, an old gentleman whose society is eagerly courted. He was a great buck in his younger days, and the reputation attaching to him is that he is a man of honor, whose word is law upon doubtful points. To be 'cut' by him after being on speaking terms with him, is sufficient to hurt a man's standing in society. He is a pompous, conceited, high-spirited old lord, proud of his order and his dignity. Mrs. Chappell's *bete noire*, Mrs. Mercer, who occupies the house next to this, and whose husband made his money anyhow, would give her little finger if Lord Beaumorris would attend one of her assemblies; and this is one of Mrs. Chappell's triumphs and consolations. Observe that young exquisite, who looks as though he had just stepped from the modeler's hands. That's Mr. Frederick De Vere Saint Fitzfaddle, a great young man, very rich, with thirty thousand a year, and about twenty words of conversation. Such young men as he, with their weak faces and their hair parted in the middle, inspire me with profound admiration for my species. There is Mr. Wakefield, the Parliamentary agent, and there is Mrs. Huntly, talking scandal: see how the heads cluster around her. Mrs. Chappell's looking toward us; let us go to her.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. CHAPPELL IMPOSES A PENANCE UPON THE AMERICAN.

Mrs. Chappell held up a chiding finger as the two gentlemen approached her.

"Throw your ægis before me, Richard," whispered Mr. Armstrong; "mine is battered and full of holes."

"You need no shield," replied Richard, with a smile. "Your weapons are quite strong enough for self-defense, and you know how to use them."

"I have been consulting some of my friends," said Mrs. Chappell, "as to which of you two gentlemen I shall visit with my displeasure."

She appealed to Mr. Frederick De Vere Saint Fitzfaddle, who was standing by her side, for confirmation of her statement, and he, finding nothing to say in his limited vocabulary, elevated his fair eyebrows, and bowed vacantly.

"As you are strong," pleaded Mr. Armstrong, "be merciful; yet if you must strike, strike my friend. I am weak and old. But you have not explained, my dear madam, in what way we have been unfortunate enough to displease you."

"In what way? By absenting yourselves from my rooms, of which you are the most brilliant ornaments."

Mrs. Chappell, like a diplomatic lady, was careful that these words should reach only the ears of the gentlemen she addressed.

"I make you a present of that, Richard," said Mr. Armstrong. "My humble ambition is to be useful."

"Lady Barebones has been most anxious about you, Mr. Barton, and I have sent into every room to find you, without success. She herself peeped into the conservatory; you have made a conquest in that quarter. You need not look around; she and her daughters have left."

"For these and all other mercies—" murmured Mr. Armstrong.

"Hush, you naughty man!"

"But three, my dear Mrs. Chappell!" remonstrated Mr. Armstrong. "And such graces! The triple blessing is too great for any man of woman born."

"You are incorrigible," laughed Mrs. Chappell, always disposed to receive Mr. Armstrong's eccentricities graciously.

"We were listening in the garden to the admirable music of your Hungarian band. It is really you who are to blame for providing such attractions at your entertainments."

"Mr. Barton," said Mrs. Chappell, "did you ever know an American who was at a loss for an excuse or a compliment?"

"Mr. Armstrong, at least," replied Richard, "has always a reply ready."

"But," continued Mr. Armstrong, "after all, I am responsible for keeping Mr. Barton away from you. To tell the truth, I am jealous of him. He is an attraction so powerful that it mortifies me to be thrown completely in the shade."

"Ah," said Mr. Saint Fitzfaddle, at length finding something to say. "Very good!"

"Our friend Armstrong," said Richard, "indulges in satire occasionally."

"I can not say," observed Mrs. Chappell, playing with her fan, "that I am an admirer of satire. Define it, Mr. Armstrong."

"It is an overdose of bitters in the glass of sherry."

"Then as good sherry is spoiled by bitters, truth is injured by satire."

"I am on your side, my dear Mrs. Chappell," said Richard. "Truth requires no flavoring."

"It is awkwardly biting, sometimes," said Mr. Armstrong, "when administered neat."

"That depends upon the character of the patient," retorted Mrs. Chappell, turning to Lord Beaumorris and her husband, who came up together. "Lord Beaumorris, allow me to introduce to you our very intimate friend, Mr. Richard Barton, a friend of whom we are all very proud."

Lord Beaumorris, who spoke in jerks, pausing between every two or three words, and omitting a preposition and an adverb now and then, received the introduction with remarkable condescension.

"Delighted," he said, "delighted. Have heard entrancing stories—Mr. Barton. Lady Barebones—enthusiastic. Millions of sheep—eh?—millions! Wonderful. Creditable, too—very. Mr. Barton's reputation—in every body's mouth. Charmed—to make acquaintance—young gentleman—so distinguished."

"Pompous old bore!" muttered Mr. Armstrong, under his breath, and as a relief, said to Mr. Saint Fitzfaddle, "Distinguished—don't you see?—for money. Heaps of it!"

"Don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Saint Fitzfaddle.

"So much," said Mr. Armstrong, gravely, "that he really does not know what to do with it. Then those millions of sheep, and a hundred thousand horses—"

"Gad!" cried Mr. Saint Fitzfaddle. "What a stable! Introduce me."

"With pleasure. Richard, allow me. Mr. Frederick De Vere Saint Fitzfaddle, one of our pillars of fashion."

"Ah!" simpered Mr. Saint Fitzfaddle. "Very good."

"Mr. Richard Barton, a Crœsus from the South Seas. The place he comes from is rather rough—"

"One would not suppose so," interposed Mrs. Chappell, shaking her head in gentle reproof at Mr. Armstrong, "from Mr. Barton's manners. They have just that dash of open-hearted freedom which would give a rare charm to the manners of our too-ceremonious and somewhat affected English gentlemen." Richard bowed and smiled. "I really must protect you from the dreadful satire of your friend."

"I do not mind it," said Richard, with a pleasant look at the American. "It does not sting."

"That," persisted Mrs. Chappell, "is because you are so full of good-nature."

"Then," said Lord Beaumorris, statelily, "what is country? What does it matter—born here or there! Good blood—to be sure—a great deal in it—great deal. But good name—every thing. English gentlemen—ready to receive—with open arms—worthy representatives—and intelligence—"

"Set in a gold frame," murmured Mr. Armstrong.

"—Of its young—and flourishing—colonies."

In proof of which Lord Beaumorris presented his hand for Richard to shake.

"I have great hopes, my lord," said Mr. Chappell, taking part in the conversation for the first time, "of inducing Mr. Barton to purchase an estate in the country, so that he may remain and become entirely one of us."

"Shall be happy—to hear, sir—you have done so."

"To a gentleman of Mr. Barton's wealth and ability," proceeded Mr. Chappell, "no position is unattainable. The Australian colonies have already supplied us with very able statesmen; in Mr. Barton's person, one might be added to the number."

"He would have to enter Parliament first," observed Mr. Armstrong.

"It would not be difficult," said Mr. Chappell; "that is, not very difficult. Mr. Wakefield here would put him in the way."

Mr. Armstrong glanced at Mr. Wakefield, the Parliamentary agent, who had joined the party. When these men met, which was but seldom, they always crossed lances.

"Mr. Wakefield will put him in the way!" repeated Mr. Armstrong. "How?"

"Sir," said Mr. Wakefield, pulling out his snuff-box, an invariable habit with him when he was about to delare war or accept it, "these things are not to be spoken of too freely. They are understood without explanation."

"Like the shrugs and innuendos which sometimes accompany a speech, making what sounds fair objectionable."

"I don't quite understand you," said Mr. Wakefield, offering his snuff-box.

"I am very sorry, really," returned Mr. Armstrong, accepting the courtesy, and secretly admiring the Parliamentary agent's coolness.

"Don't apologize, I beg. There are other persons besides yourself who make a clear comprehension of their words desperately difficult by expressing their views in ambiguous language."

Impartial in his advocacy, Mr. Saint Fitzfaddle exclaimed, "Ah, very good!"

"You perceive, sir," said Mr. Armstrong, "that Mr. Saint Fitzfaddle's inclined to rival you in your want of comprehension."

"Let me compliment you," returned Mr. Wakefield, with perfect urbanity, "upon the skill you display in concealing your wit. One would be a long time discovering that you possessed sufficient of it to make a tolerably good repartee."

"Well answered. I admire the wit *you* display in endeavoring to convert a defeat into a victory."

"Well parried. Compliment for compliment, you know. I shall be happy to fence with you again."

"The pleasure, sir," said Mr. Armstrong, whom something in the Parliamentary agent's manner drove to the verge of madness, "will be entirely on your side."

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it," returned Mr. Wakefield, with unruffled temper; "those laugh who win. Mr. Armstrong," he said, addressing himself to the others, "has good reason for being a purist in politics, for he hails from the country of political morality."

Mr. Armstrong did not wince at the blow. "From which you may be assured," he said to Richard, "that if you really wish to enter Parliament, it will be—for you—the easiest thing in the world."

"But why the easiest thing in the world for me?"

Mr. Armstrong rapped Richard's breast-pocket lightly. "You have a check-book, my dear friend."

Lord Beaumorris took up the ball, and said, with some asperity, "Yes, sir—happily—it costs money. Happily, I say, democracy has not a large banking account."

"If it had, my lord," remarked Mr. Wakefield, "democracy would no longer be democratic."

Mrs. Chappell, deeming it prudent to change the subject of conversation, questioned Mr. Armstrong as to a fete which it was whispered he intended to give.

"It is more than whispered," she said; "it is actually talked about; many persons have asked me to tell them all the particulars, and would scarcely believe me," she added, with a fascinating smile, "when I answered that I was not in the secret."

"You shall be my confidante," said Mr. Armstrong, "and my only one at present. Rumor, for once, is close to the truth. I do intend to give a kind of garden entertainment, and the arrangements are very nearly completed. In two or three days the cards will be out, and I hope to have the pleasure of your company."

"Indeed, I shall be delighted to be there. A garden entertainment! What a charming idea! Tell me more."

"My house and grounds will be open to my friends from three or four o'clock until any hour in the night that they may please to honor me with their company. There will be a variety of entertainments—croquet, music, singing, conjuring, flirtation, and a few surprises. In the evening the gardens will be lighted up with ten thousand colored lamps—(see advertisement) I propose to have dinner-tables spread in the gardens, and all I wish my friends to do is to make themselves at home and enjoy themselves without restraint. I am not sure whether the entertainment will be a success, it is so entirely new, and out of the conventional order of things, but I shall do my best to make it a pleasant affair."

"It must be a success, it is so charmingly original, and so like you, Mr. Armstrong. It will be the event of the season. May I mention it to my friends?"

"I shall be proud to have it known that you approve of my ides. Do not speak plainly of it, however. Surround it with a halo of mystery—it will make the affair all the more successful. I frankly confess, my dear Mrs. Chappell, that I am vain enough to wish that society shall be curious about it."

"Mr. Armstrong," said Mrs. Chappell, "are we on sufficient friendly—nay, I will say, intimate terms, to warrant me in putting a delicate question to you?"

"To be permitted," replied Mr. Armstrong, "to reply in the affirmative is the highest compliment you can pay me."

"Flatterer!" she exclaimed, tapping him lightly with her fan. "I shall take the liberty then? Why do you not marry?"

The American paused before replying. "Even that wonder," he said gravely, "may take place one day; but I am not in a position to say more at present."

"Thank you for so much of your confidence. And now, as I am full of questions to-night, and as success makes even a woman bold, I am going to ask you a very particular favor. You have been very satirical within the last quarter of an hour to more than one of my friends, and I insist that you shall make reparation to me.

"Inflict any penance upon me you may think fit, my dear madam," he said gayly.

"You promise to perform it?"

"Yes, if it is within reason. I think I may trust you."

"America is the land of spiritualism, and you are an American. One of my friends whispered in my ear that she was certain you are a spiritualist, and I am quite curious on the point.

"A lady has scarcely need to tell me that. Nevertheless, your friend is wrong. I am not a spiritualist. Curiously enough, Mr. Barton and I have had a conversation this evening upon mesmerism."

"I do not know the difference between them, and I have had my curiosity excited so strongly that I am dying to see something of it."

"Spiritualism or mesmerism?"

"Either. I do not care in what way it is shown, and I lay my commands upon you to give me some proof, at your delightful garden party, of one or the other."

"I cannot lend myself to trickery. As I told Mr. Barton, I have some belief in animal magnetism—"

"What's that?"

"A form of mesmerism."

"Then my friend was right, notwithstanding your denial. These things *will* peep out. Now, mind; I have your promise."

"Indeed, my dear madam," said Mr. Armstrong, much perplexed at Mrs. Chappell's pertinacity, "I do not see my way."

"And you an American! As though you could not do any thing you set your mind upon! I will not be denied, and I shall keep you to your promise."

Mr. Armstrong was glad, at this juncture, to see Laura and her father in the room; they had just arrived, and were looking around in search of Mr. Armstrong and Richard.

"What a pretty girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Chappell, putting up her eyeglass.

Mr. Armstrong seized the favorable opportunity.

"She and her father are particular friends of mine," he said; "I shall esteem it a favor if you will welcome them for my sake."

And advancing to meet Laura and Rigby, he presented them to Mrs. Chappell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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