





# The York Gleaner

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Wednesday, October 31, 1893.

## THE CAUSES OF THE DEPRESSION.

What is the cause of the serious financial stringency and of the business depression which now admittedly exist in Canada? It was hoped that the decline in the prices of stocks would prove temporary. But although statements have been published showing that the leading banks have done a good business during the past year, having paid fair dividends after making what was considered ample allowance for bad and doubtful debts, and having added considerably to their rest, prices rallied but slightly and again declined. It is now evident that the decline is not to any great extent due to the efforts of those who gamble in stocks, and who sometimes succeed in disturbing the market for a few days.

We have had a succession of good harvests. We have exported largely, and generally obtained good prices for what we exported. During the past four years the total value of our exports has exceeded by many millions the total value of our imports in the four years previous. There should be a great deal of money in the country and in circulation, if no extraordinary causes tending to its withdrawal had been in operation. In the last period of depression, Canada was almost the last country to suffer. In the United States great distress prevailed for years before Canada suffered much, and the depression was felt severely in Great Britain while yet Canada was in comparatively easy circumstances. Now Canada, it is not the first to suffer, suffers more severely than either Great Britain or the United States from the reaction which usually follows years of expansion and prosperity. In those countries the business depression is but partial; in Canada it is general. In those countries there is no serious financial stringency, in Canada the stringency is serious indeed.

One of the chief causes of our troubles is that the Government have during the past three years abstracted so many millions from the business capital of the country. That the people have to pay more for the necessities of life and are directly deprived of many comforts is not the only evil effect of high taxation. The abstraction of any large portion of the capital of the country from business cripples trade, paralyzes industry, and in a thousand subtle, and sometimes incomprehensible ways, reduces the standard of general prosperity.

The revenue receipts and ordinary expenditures for the past three years are stated as follows:—

	Revenue.	Expenditure.
1891-2	\$20,532,297	\$25,532,297
1892-3	\$20,532,297	\$25,532,297
1893-4	\$20,532,297	\$25,532,297

According to these figures the receipts exceeded the expenditures in these three years by the enormous sum of \$17,532,100. According to the statement which Sir H. Langevin is reported to have made at the late Montreal banquet, nearly three quarters of a million should be added to this. In 1878 Sir L. Tilley stated in public that the public service could be maintained and all obligations met with 22½ millions a year. But if, allowing for the increased income from Public Works and the Post Office, and for proper increases in other departments, we place the proper expenditure for those years at 25 millions, we should have over five millions more to add to this amount. It is perfectly reasonable to put the amount unnecessarily abstracted from the people during these years by taxation at 25 millions.

The people were induced to place large sums of money in the Government and Post Office Savings Banks during these years. These amounted in round numbers to about ten millions more.

An increase in the issue of Dominion bank notes was forced during these years. Government taking to itself the exclusive right to issue all notes of denominations below five dollars. We have not the figures at hand this moment, but we believe we are under the mark in putting the amount of the increase at two millions.

In this way some 35 to 40 millions were unnecessarily taken from the capital of the country, and buried in public works yet unproductive; taken, as a commercial paper says, from the floating capital of the country, and converted into fixed capital, that is, capital not available for the business of the country. The surplus of which the Government and its friends love to boast was not a good, but an unmitigated evil; and the increase of deposits in the Savings Banks, of which they also boasted, was absolutely mischievous in so far as it was an increase in the amount of capital taken out of circulation.

All this was the direct effect of misgovernment—of an unwise fiscal and commercial policy recklessly carried out. In other ways also there was an enormous withdrawal and locking up of capital for which the Government are fairly responsible.

Many millions have been sunk in the North-West. Colonization companies were induced to hope that vast fortunes could be easily made by speculations in Government lands. Merchants and manufacturers were led to regard that part of the Dominion as an illimitable market for all they could make or import. How many millions speculators in land and speculators in trade have sunk there, it would be difficult to calculate. Those who want to the North-West to settle generally took money with them, which in the aggregate amounted to some mil-

lions. And although this movement of capital was legitimate enough, it contributed not a little to cause the present stringency. For the investment of so many millions of capital more than the circumstances of the country justified, in factories of all kinds, the Government is directly responsible. It was the Finance Minister who told men of business to put on all the sail they could, and assured them of at least seven years of prosperity.

Can anyone who reflects on these facts wonder that Canada now suffers from financial stringency and business depression as no other country in the civilized world suffers, or doubts that for this stringency and depression the Dominion Government are directly responsible?

The great increase in the amount of our imports is another cause of the depression. The Finance Minister promised that the policy of high taxation would prevent such excess, but in 1881-2 the value of imports exceeded the value of exports by 11 millions. In 1882-3 the excess amounted to 34 millions. This increase was also the subject of much inane boasting as it was the increase of imports which gave such an increase of revenue.

For this excessive over-production of manufactures and the diversion of capital and labor to channels in which there is not sufficient room for them, and for all the troubles and the misery resulting from that direction, the Government are manifestly responsible.

## HENRY IRVING AND HAMLET.

Henry Irving, the celebrated actor, has arrived in New York, and is delighting all lovers of the dramatic art. Mr. Irving is generally acknowledged to be, at the present time, without a peer on the stage. No one since the days of Garrick seemed to have exhibited such a Shakespearean universality in the representation of character. He seems equally at home in the highest flights of tragedy and the lowest depths of comedy. Macbeth was a fine and impressive actor, but he was more indebted for his success to art than to nature. The elder Keans could not be surpassed in his characters of Othello and Shylock, but Irving seems the perfect representation of whatever character he assumes, and has so mastered his art that artificialities are no where visible.

The crowds which he has been the means of drawing to the theatre has stirred up a controversy in religious circles as to the morality of theatre-going. The controversy is confined on both sides to men well-known for their christian character. We reproduce from the *Scottsman* a portion of this controversy in the shape of a letter from the Rev. Dr. Kay, of the U. B. Church, Edinburgh, who seeks to vindicate the stage. Whatever may be the opinion of our readers on this debatable subject, they will be pleased with Dr. Kay's criticism on Irving and Hamlet:—

"Grindlay Street is a pandemonium! It is so, and it is a pandemonium of a different kind of place from what our best divines (and they should know) have presented it, for my part, found nothing but order and decorum. The pavement opposite the theatre was covered with decent-looking people whose attention was more fixed on the electric lamps than upon the doors of the 'dress circle.' Inside, I found everything quiet, and orderly from the lobby to the seat which I occupied. Neat-handed, obliging attendants, who did not seem bored as James and Tannum sometimes do, when I make a morning call, but who receive you civilly, and as if you were conferring upon them. In favor of being present. When I enter, I do not find the traditional glare and brilliancy which I have been accustomed to associate in my own mind with the theatre. Elegance, excellent food, ornamented rather than garish—that was what I found; and it occurred to me that there were some of our churches as well and elegantly finished inside, the eye would be refreshed when the car grew dimly lit. A glance at the inmates of the house was somewhat disappointing. For many years I have been told that the frequenters of the theatre were anything but respectable. I have somewhere in my desk a 'snack' which professes to photograph them; but the photograph must have been taken under the unfavorable circumstances which result in a man having two noses, and a lady having a bad squint; or, what is worse, the one hand that of a child the other of an ogre. The 'dress circles,' looked very much like the folk who meet on an evening in Moray Place, a region devoted to fashion, and happily altogether free from ghouls. Speaking of drawing-rooms that at the Lyceum is exquisite. I advise all young ladies who are about to set up house to visit it; in doing so, they need not go into the play. The pit I am sure I saw Charles Lamb there—a thin man, with a Jewish-like, brownish face, no whiskers, and an elderly, sedate looking lady, whom he seemed to have in safe keeping. I took it to be his sister. And the gallery? A gentleman near me spoke of the 'gods,' and I, in my simplicity, turned my eyes up, not towards, but to the ceiling, and have, just at this moment, a faint reminiscence of a creak in the neck got through the elevated nature of my investigations. Being advised to look a little lower, I then saw the 'gods,' and remarkably well-behaved 'gods' they were, too. I picked out a butcher's lad, whom I have seen pressing up and down our streets; but his familiar and distracting whistle had ceased, and I could see the glitter of a tear as Ophelia strewed the stage with the rosemary and the rue. O power of genius! thought I, that can bring a tear to the eye of a rubeated butcher's boy; but she did it, and so wrought upon him that the red handkerchief, which is the 'badge of all his tribe,' was brought into frequent use. Passing from that to a more delightful evening, or one more entirely free from evil, so far as the acting and actors were concerned, could not have been spent anywhere. 'Free from evil' is too negative; I therefore say 'more instructive and interesting.' First of all, Mr. Irving's Hamlet, of which I have read many criticisms, challenges my attention. I begin to comprehend wherein lies the mighty force of that interpretation, which leads me to say to myself—'Here are two poets, Shakespeare and Irving, both of them makers, creators of something new.' I am no longer reading about Hamlet; I am seeing him. I look and watch, and watch and look, for what some critics have called 'his mannerism,' but I cannot see it. I endorse all of praise which has been bestowed upon the representation of Hamlet by Mr. Irving, and begin to act as critic myself. Among minute things, which yet betray the master, and the result of incessant study, I note how the left hand begins to speak. There is a nimble deftness about it which I have never suspected to belong to the left hand, a motion of it is half a sentence. I saw how the hands move of the limbs, as he lies at the feet of Ophelia, tells more than half of the story which issues in the abrupt breaking up of the Court, as it witnesses Gonzago. I declare that the play of the features is indicative of the election perfect, save in one respect, which I now indicate. I saw

disappointed with the well-known 'soliloquy,' and yet, had I either the time or the means to see Mr. Irving's Hamlet a second time, I might change my mind about this point. What authority is there for emphasizing the 'to be' in the sentence, 'To be, or not to be?' It seems to me that, in the well-known soliloquy, of which each man has his own ideal interpretation, Mr. Irving's manner is much too self-conscious. The words ought not to be spoken so loudly. He (Mr. Irving) wears to me the aspect of a man who wishes his audience to know that he is saying a host of good things. I miss the absorbed air with which I have accustomed myself to think of Hamlet in this wonderful outpouring of the fruit of a life's study. In a word, Hamlet should not meditate so much. Again, the transition from the feigned madness to the sharp, intense common-sense of the Prince is at times too violent. I could wish the shading to be a little more gradual. There are times in which the thought ought, as it seems to me, to run into the insanity, and vice versa. The scene in which the Prince probes the guilty soul of the Queen is, from first to last, exquisite; but in some parts, notably at the beginning of the interview, if such a thing could be compassable by the actor's art, of making love for his mother's sake like a streak of light through his anger, it would realize more perfectly, I think, the idea which Shakespeare had. To atone for what, I fear, is an imperfection in one who up till now has only read Hamlet, not seen him, let me say that, in one action in the 'graveyard' scene, I saw what I think the perfection of the player's art—'to suggest.' As Mr. Irving returns Yorick's skull to the grave-digger, you should see with what infinite tenderness, nay, with what reverence, he has laid the skull of the poor player. You are beginning to grow sentimental over it, and so is Hamlet, when the quick, short loss of the grave-digger recalls Hamlet and the audience to the fact that comedy may lie under the very cloth of death. In the last scene everything is perfect. When I see the rapiers, I think (such a wayward creature is many of the Masters of the Drama), and how the little one beats the big one, and up and at it again is the word *d'ordre* of the day. I smile at the contrast the two, the nimble, lightning-like flash of the temper steel, with the one, two, three of transposition conflict, and may I venture to suggest where a point could be made? Why does Hamlet, in dying, and as he raises his face to the face of Horatio, his friend, *not kiss him*? It seems to me the last touch which is wanting to a performance which is the crown of the *Scottsman*. 'Kiss me,' and he (Gandhi), the leader in many a heady light, vanished from earth with the tenderness of a woman's heart, and leaving a strong impression on the very touch of the younger man. It is wistfully that I shall ever have the opportunity of saying 'Thank you' to Henry Irving for his work last night. I do it now, and my much esteemed friend, the words. Of the subordinate characters, it is only just to say that, save in one case, Mr. Irving is admirably supported by his company. I purposely forego reading the remarks of the *Scottsman*, as I have not space to do so, so that I might come to a judgment unbiased by the opinion of others. After seeing Miss Pouncefoot as the Queen, I feel constrained to say, though with the utmost deference, that I differ from the critic. To me it seems that this secondary female part was equal to, if it did not surpass, the finished acting of Polonius. I differ, however, from Miss Pouncefoot in the emphasis laid by her upon the last word in the sentence, 'What have I done?' Ought it not to be, 'What have I done?' It is an attempt, you see, to put back the last word, and the last word is excellent; the first grave-digger I should have expected to be somewhat more deferential to Hamlet, even though the Prince is unknown to him; his dress demands it; but perhaps in Denmark his days are not so princely as ours. What a painstaking must I have seen in this production of Hamlet! I observed the dumb show of the two peasant girls in the rear of the funeral company, as Hamlet rushes off the stage. It reminded me of the saying of a conscientious sculptor who was in Athens bestowing infinite pains upon the hair of a statue which was to stand high up in the temple of Athens, I think. 'Seven times will I see it,' said a *latine facie* observer. 'The gods will see it,' replied the man, whose name I do not know, otherwise I would, *non propter scripta*, place a tablet to him on one of the pillars of our Scottish Cathedral. The King—well, nothing became him so much as his dying. When he is declaiming with the voice of a Stentor that first of all passages in the play, I watched him dead a hundred times—dead, that is, theatrically; because he has in him the stuff that makes an actor. And Ophelia—ah, my masters, to have seen Miss Terry's Ophelia is to see the most perfect personification of the character which can be seen in this great age of 1893. She realizes for me what I have always conceived to be the true Ophelia. 'O! curses,' the reader will say, 'she may do that, and not be perfect; because your 'dox' is my 'dox,' it does not, therefore, follow that either, or both, is orthodox.' Certainly not, but this in reference to Miss Terry is not to be urged. In the words of the *Scottsman* song—

She's a my fancy painted her,  
 She's charming, she's a diva!

I do not know where I can address Shakespeare. Some of my friends would like me prepared to give me his address, but I am not sure that that the letter to the editor, fitting about the 'dead office.' If I could get pariance with him, I would say, 'Do not, for my sake, litter the stage with four dead bodies,' as the *dramatist* of the finest tragedy that ever mortal man wrote. The curtain falls, and now for one long, lingering look at the Pandemonium without. 'Grindlay Street is a Pandemonium!' Yes, of horses and cars, but, as I have been able to see it, nothing worse. There may be, fitting about the 'dead office.' If I could get pariance with him, I would say, 'Do not, for my sake, litter the stage with four dead bodies,' as the *dramatist* of the finest tragedy that ever mortal man wrote. The curtain falls, and now for one long, lingering look at the Pandemonium without. 'Grindlay Street is a Pandemonium!' Yes, of horses and cars, but, as I have been able to see it, nothing worse. 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# POETRY.

## THE BELLS.

How fair the Sabbath morning  
Dawns on the quiet town;  
On hands from labor resting,  
On week-day work laid down.  
And weary hearts turn heavenward,  
In gratitude and love;  
And earth-bound souls are upward,  
Into the light above.  
O bells, how sweet your voices  
Ring through the Sabbath air;  
How welcome your glad summons  
Unto the house of prayer.  
What music do the bells send  
To wake the slumbering soul;  
What wealth of heart-felt praises  
Your happy tones unfold.  
Ye soothe like sweetest music,  
Ye calm the restless soul;  
A selfish interest ceases,  
To learn in quietude,  
Taught by the Sabbath bells,  
When in your hearts, ye humbly  
A selfish interest ceases,  
To learn in quietude,  
Taught by the Sabbath bells,  
When in your hearts, ye humbly

## LITERATURE.

### Jack Browne's Mistake.

Jack Browne and a select few of his brother officers sat in solemn conclave in the mess-room one evening after their seniors had retired, discussing the desperate condition of their affairs. Jack was a foolish, extravagant young subaltern in a line regiment, who had contrived to get deeply in debt without the slightest chance of extricating himself from his difficulties. His only relative was a strong-minded aunt, who not only refused to assist him, but even threatened to withdraw the allowance she had made him since he entered the army. Jack considered he was very hardy treated, for the truth is he did not properly appreciate what his aunt had already done for him. There was no doubt, however, that he was in an awkward predicament, for on the one hand he could not possibly remain in the regiment unless his debts were paid, and on the other, his aunt declared that if he resigned his commission she would have nothing more to do with him. Jack did not at all relish the prospect of being compelled to earn his living, especially as he had no idea how to set about it. Moreover, he was extremely popular in his regiment, and was consequently loth to leave it. His brother officers, unfortunately, could only assist him by their sympathy, and by suggesting various expedients for raising money, none of which were practicable. "I should try the old lady again," urged one of his friends; "make a clean breast of everything and work upon her feelings."

"She has none," returned Jack, ruefully. "Her venerable bosom is insensible to tender emotions."

"I suppose you haven't concealed what a serious fix you are in?" suggested another.

"No. At least I've put my position to her as plainly as I dare," said Jack, "but it's no go."

"No," said Isaac, "do a post obit" suggested solemnly.

"My dear fellow, the only possible way I could raise a shilling would be by pawning my boots, and as they are not paid for I might get into difficulty over that," said Jack, as he plunged his hands deep, or into his pockets. "Besides, I've no evidence that I'm named in her will."

"I've an idea," exclaimed his particular friend, Charlie Bashford. "Why don't you volunteer for service in Egypt?"

"Volunteer to catch cholera! No, thanks," said Jack making a grimace. "Besides, there is no fighting going on now; so what would be the use?"

"There is a devilish deal more danger now than there was during the war," remarked Charlie, sagely.

"Yes, but no glory. If I wanted to exchange I would go to India; but the fact is I'm just that dodge. My creditors would be down on me directly if they heard I was off. They are down on me enough already," he added, despondently.

"What I meant was that you might bamboozle the old lady. Hang it all, Jack! She must care for you, or she would have thrown you over long ago," said his friend with charming candor. "Perhaps if she heard you had determined, in desperation, to go to Egypt, at the risk of your life, she might relent."

"Well, there's something in that," said Jack, brightening up; "at all events she might give me a cheque for an outfit. The worst of it is I don't want to go."

"I know a namesake of yours in the —th, Jack, who is going out next month," interposed another. "If the worst came to the worst, you might go by proxy."

"By Jove! I really think that might be managed," exclaimed Jack, excitedly. "It is just possible, as Charlie says, that the old girl would pay my debts to keep me in England. If she doesn't, seeing the other fellow's name in the papers she will imagine I have gone."

"You can easily keep up the joke by getting your namesake over there to post some letters for you," chimed in Charlie Bashford. "If she doesn't beg to return after a week or two, you can pretend to be laid up with cholera. That will bring the old lady up to time, if anything will; but in case it doesn't, you can be ordered home—see?"

"Meanwhile I shall have to keep quiet, and will go away on sick leave," added Jack, in a great state of excitement. "Here, give me a pen and paper. I'll fire off a letter to once."

Impulsiveness was one of Jack's failings, and on the spur of the moment he sat down and wrote the following heart-rending epistle:—

My dear Aunt,—Your refusal to assist me further leaves me no alternative but to quit my native shores for ever. I have volunteered for service in Egypt, where, as you know, the cholera is raging. I start on the 2nd of next month per P. and C. steamer Capua, and proceed to join the —th, which is stationed in the centre of the most infected district. It would be useless to attempt to conceal the fact that I shall encounter terrible risks from the dire disease, but the desire to serve my country at a post of real danger is no less an inducement to me than the prospect of being released by the hand of death from my debts and embarrassments. I can hardly hope, from your recent cor-

respondence, that my departure will be a source of concern to you, but, at all events, I shall always gratefully remember your many kindnesses. My outfit means a matter of £200, but whether you care to assist me in getting it is a question which you alone can decide. Hoping your rheumatism is better, believe me, your affectionate nephew,  
J. L. BROWNE.

All the company had a hand in producing this masterpiece of composition, which was universally admired. The general opinion was that the old lady would be entirely overcome. Jack was easily persuaded to indulge in hopeless anticipations, though he had secret misgivings.

Unfortunately his forebodings turned out to be well founded, for his aunt did not attempt to dissuade him from going. Her reply was so cold and formal that Jack could not help suspecting that she doubted his good faith, the more especially as, in consenting to pay for his outfit, she stipulated that the bills should be sent in to her for settlement. Jack was somewhat unreasonably aggrieved at this precaution, which, however, reconciled him to the idea of carrying out his project of deception.

He had no difficulty in securing the cooperation of his namesake, and by arrangement with this fatally good-natured young gentleman he succeeded in securing the best part of the money which his aunt advanced for his outfit. The old lady little suspected that she was paying the bills and the passage-money of a perfect stranger, and that the latter handed to Jack the amount he had intended to devote to that purpose.

Jack suffered considerable qualms of conscience while hatching his conspiracy. His necessities, however, were so pressing that he could not resist the chance of getting a little ready money. Had he anticipated that his aunt would have manifested genuine emotion when he went to bid her farewell, he would probably have abandoned his scheme. But by that time it was too late, for he had paid away the £200 among his hungry creditors, and the date of his supposed departure was fixed for the next day.

Jack applied for three months' leave of absence from his regiment to obviate the risk of his presence in England coming to his aunt's ears. The Colonel, knowing nothing of his plans, but sympathizing with his pecuniary troubles, granted his request without asking in convenient questions. Jack's brother officers were pledged to secrecy, and one of them—the incorrigible Charlie Bashford—wrote the old lady a pathetic account of his friend's departure. Jack, on his part, retired to a remote village in North Wales, where he could console himself with trout-fishing, while awaiting the issue of his equivocal manoeuvres. He was not without hope that his aunt would speedily recall him from Egypt with a promise to pay his debts. He had authorised his namesake to open the old lady's letters, and to telegraph to him immediately in case his anticipations should be realized. Meanwhile, he had furnished his fellow-conspirator with a number of letters to be posted in Egypt from time to time, and these contained such harrowing details of the ravages of cholera that his aunt could hardly fail to become seriously alarmed and uneasy.

Jack remained a month or six weeks in Wales, during which his schemed without a hitch. His aunt was completely deceived, and even forwarded his first letter from Egypt to his friend, Charlie Bashford, to read. The note in which she enclosed the letter plainly showed that her heart was softening towards him, and Jack began to feel a good deal ashamed of himself. During his solitary walks and rambles he had fits of penitence which considerably dampened his satisfaction at the success of his experiment. He even felt to a little at times to abandon to the deception he was practicing, but before he had arrived at any determination to do so he was surprised at receiving a visit from his friend Charlie Bashford.

"Hullo! What brings you here?" demanded Jack, apprehensively, as they shook hands.

"You've heard the news, haven't you?" said Charlie, mysteriously.

"What about?" said Jack.

"Haven't you seen the papers lately?" asked Charlie, opening his eyes.

"Not for a week or ten days. What is it?"

"Then you don't know poor Browne is dead?" said Charlie. "We all of us thought you knew of it, or I would have written. It was in all the papers a week ago. He died of cholera, poor fellow."

"What! you don't mean the man who went to Egypt the other day?" gasped Jack.

"Yes—your *alter ego*, or double, or whatever you like to call him," said Charlie, unable to repress a grin at his friend's dismay.

"Well, but this is devilish awkward for me! My unit must be under the impression that I am dead. What the deuce shall I do?" exclaimed Jack.

"I wrote the poor lady a letter of condolence to keep up the deception," said Charlie.

"What an infernal fool you were, then!" exclaimed Jack, vigorously. "What on earth did you want to do that for?"

"Well, I did it for a joke, but I was sorry for it afterwards. In fact, as far as the poor old lady was concerned, I've repented it ever since. However, there is no harm done as far as you are concerned," added Charlie, cheerfully.

"I'm not by any means sure of that," growled Jack. "I can't be *perdu* for ever, and the matter must come to my aunt's ears. If you had written and hinted that there might be a mistake, you would have done me a good turn. As it is, you've only made matters worse."

"We thought you would be in a devil of a stew when you heard the news, and wondered at your keeping so quiet," said Charlie. "I came down out of pure charity to ease your mind. You have had a lucky escape."

"An escape!" repeated Jack, vaguely.

"Yes. The poor old lady is dead, so, as I said before, there is no harm done to your prospects. The announcement was in this morning's paper, and I thought I would be the first to congratulate you," said Charlie, seizing his hand.

Under the circumstances, it is perhaps excusable that Jack's first sensation was a feeling of intense relief. A moment ago he was fairly horrified at learning the awkward position in which he was placed by the death of his namesake. Considering that his future prospects depended entirely upon his aunt's goodwill, it seemed as though ruin stared him in the face. Exposure of the trick he had played upon her was apparently inevitable, and her forgiveness could hardly have been hoped for. Of course, he had known all along that he had run this risk, but he had never anticipated the sad event which had just occurred, and he had considered himself tolerably secure from detection, whatever else happened.

The grief and remorse which lurked in Jack's bosom in consequence of his aunt's death were therefore, at that moment, overshadowed by mingled relief and excitement. The vital importance of the end event as regarded his private affairs not unnaturally pre-occupied his mind. If, as he not unreasonably believed, he was the old lady's heir, he would be able to pay off his debts and make a fresh start on his favorable conditions.

He hurried up to town without a moment's delay, and went straight to the office of his aunt's legal adviser. He knew that this gentleman was her executor and had the management of her affairs, and he was anxious to put an end to the suspense and uncertainty regarding his future prospects. In his eagerness he forgot the surprise his sudden appearance was likely to cause, and consequently felt rather abashed when the lawyer started back on seeing him.

"What, Mr. Browne?" exclaimed the old gentleman, as soon as he could speak. "Why, I—I—and everybody else, thought you had died in Egypt the other day."

"No. The fact is, it was all a mistake," said Jack, in a shamefaced manner.

"Oh! Then I suppose you never went there at all," said the lawyer, after a short pause, during which he fixed his sharp eyes on the young man's face.

"No; I did not," said Jack, overcome with confusion, "I—I am very sorry."

"Well, so you ought to be, sir, for you killed your aunt. Alas! did, indeed? I mean what I say," he added sharply.

"When the news of your supposed death appeared in the papers, she had a fit and never recovered the shock. But if she had not cared for you more than you did for her, she would be alive at this moment."

"She—did not suspect, then, that I had deceived her?" said Jack, who had sunk into a chair overcome with horror and remorse.

"No, poor lady on the contrary, she blamed herself for being the cause of your death, and that intensified the shock," said the lawyer, somewhat softened at Jack's evident distress. "Had she followed her own inclination she would have made any pecuniary sacrifice to keep you out of danger. But she thought, for your own sake, you had better do a little campaigning; and besides, she was inclined to suspect rightly—as it now appears—that you did not really intend to go."

"I'm glad, at all events, that she never found me out," said Jack, wiping away the beads of perspiration that had gathered on his forehead. "She did not suspect what a brute I was in return for all her kindness."

"No," said the lawyer, fixing his keen glance upon Jack's face again. "Unfortunately for you, she never doubted you were dead."

"Why unfortunate?" inquired Jack, absently.

"Because she sent for me at the last moment and made a fresh will, in which your name is not mentioned. Up till then you were her residuary legatee."

Truth.

Mr. James Guthrie on Temperance.

Mr. Jas. Guthrie, son of the late Rev. Dr. Guthrie, who like his father is a strong temperance advocate, addressed a meeting in Dundee a few weeks ago. He said that it appeared that the end of temperance meetings was to reduce crime, to induce health, and to produce wealth. (Applause.) The end of these meetings was to teach them that the cure of illness was work, the cure of selfishness was sacrifice, the cure of sin was the Gospel, and the cure of drunkenness was total abstinence. Mr. Guthrie proceeded to say that whisky was like nothing else. People said they might take too much of anything. He supposed that was possible. But if they took too much food they were only full, and if they took more than enough they were fatter. But if they took too much whisky they were "four" and if they took more than enough they were foolish. (Laughter.) The Dundee Advertiser had lately said that because one man ruined himself with drink that was no reason why another should go without clothes; and that because a man spoiled his digestion with eating too much that was no reason why another man should not have his breakfast. In answer to that he had to say that there was no analogy between the question of food and clothing and strong drink. People must dress, or, Provost Moncreuf would have them locked up. But they could do without whisky, and were far better without it. Whisky slackened the tongue, and it slackened the ankles; it weakened the understanding above and it weakened the understandings below; it was a perfect fool in good spirits because he had no dealings with his spirits. (Laughter.) The effect of drink depended on two things

—the strength of the drink and the strength of the man. Moderation depended not on the quantity of drink a man had, but on the amount of drink he could carry. (Laughter.) What, he asked, was drink worth? It was worth less than nothing, and vanity. In buying a bottle of whisky what did the working man get in return for his half-crown? He got 5d worth of barley, a shilling's worth of water, a shilling went to the Queen, the bottle cost a penny, and the buyer got the cork into the bargain. (Laughter.) When he was told that whisky was a good creature of God, to be received with thankfulness, he had three answers to the statement. First, that it would not hold water nor bear examination; second, that it was a creature (which he denied), although the Irishmen called it a "craytur" it was not a good creature, because it was the result of Sabbath labor; and third, if alcohol was a creature of God it was not to be received with thankfulness any more than a box constrictor or a rattlesnake. (Applause.) Some people said they drank on account of the climate. That remark reminded him of the Irishman who wrote home that Scotchmen came out to Ceylon, and they ate, they drank, and they drank, and then they died; and after they were dead they wrote home to their friends and blamed the climate for it. (Laughter.) Other people put down the cause of drunkenness to the customs of the country. Unfortunately it was too true. They had drunk other people's health until they had nearly drunk away their own. (Laughter.) He was told by some persons that they drank to cure thirst. But it was notorious that drink created thirst, and every publican in Dundee knew that the thirstiest customers were always the heaviest drinkers. He was told that the tea kettle on the platform had run dry that evening. He did not believe it. The only thing that ran when it was dry was the old toper, and the drier he was the faster he drank. (Laughter.) Most people's reasons for drinking were invariably unreasonable. Whisky prompted language, he was told. He was happy he did not require it for that. (Laughter.) If they wanted to hear loud talk they had just to go to a public-house. There was only one reason why people drank, and that was because they liked it, and the reason they liked it was because of the alcohol that was in it, and the reason they liked the alcohol and the drink was because it intoxicated them. If the intoxicating property were taken out of a bottle of champagne it was likely that a Dundee jute lord would give it a bottle for it in the Queen's Hotel! Never. It was not right to speak ill of the dead; but there was no thing so worthless and stale as dead ale. (Laughter.) Moderation, he was told, was a higher virtue than total abstinence. Of course, moderation was better than drunkenness; but moderation in one man was helpless drunkenness in another. (Hear, hear.) What he wanted to impress upon moderate drinkers was that they made a mistake in putting forward their moderation as an example. They might drink until they died, but they dared not say to young men in their midst that they set a good example. (Applause.)

LEE & LOGAN,  
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF  
Brandies, Gins, Whiskies,  
WINES, ALE, PORTER, JAMAICA  
RUM, SYRUP, ENGLISH TEAS,  
PICKLES, SAUCES, RAISINS,  
CURRANTS, &c.  
45 & 47 DOCK STREET,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
—  
Just Receiving  
39 CASES ROCK AND RYE, QUARTS & PINT  
25 " CHERRY WHISKY, "  
25 " CHERRY BRANDY, "  
30 " Old Crow Bourbon, "  
30 " 6 YEAR OLD RYE, "  
25 " CAMP BOTTLES, QUARTS, "  
100 " MILK PUNCH, "  
100 " SYRUP ALL KINDS, "  
25 " BUCKS . . . IRISH WHISKY "  
25 " SCOTCH WHISKY, Quarts & Pints "  
25 " JAMAICA, "  
100 " GLEN ROE IRISH WHISKY "  
FOR SALE LOW  
St. John, Sept. 12, 1883.  
—  
Just Received:  
BRANDON'S  
PURE  
PARIS  
GREEN  
—AT—  
DAVIS, STAPLES & CO  
Fredericton, June 26th, 1883.

**DOUGALD McCATHERIN**  
—HAS BEEN APPOINTED—  
**SOLE AGENT**  
For York and adjoining counties for the  
**CELEBRATED BELL ORGAN.**  
This organ stands without a rival in the world.

We invite the attention of the public to our New and Beautiful Styles for this year. They will be found in Design and Musical Capabilities, to far exceed anything at present in the market. With an experience of 18 years, and starting expenses to enable us to produce a Perfect Instrument, we can confidently promise them the Best and Purest Toned Organs made. That they are the best is admitted by the principal Professors, and confirmed by the fact of number one in use, and the highest awards at the principal exhibitions at home and abroad. Intending purchasers should bear in mind that the Bell Organ is only made in Canada, and every Organ is warranted to be first-class, and a consideration of same consequences from a responsible firm. We employ only the most skilled labor and our aim shall be in the future, as in the past, to keep the Bell Organ, for tone, appearance, and lasting quality.

**AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS.**  
**Beware of Imitations.**

The Bell Organ having become so popular among musicians, some manufacturers in Canada have constructed an instrument which they call the "Bell Organ," and are endeavoring to force it upon the market in place of the world-renowned "Bell Organ." That instrument, however, while it is, in fact, somewhat similar to the "Bell Organ," is a much inferior one, and possesses none of the three points of the celebrated organ. Relative to the "Bell Organ," here is the trade mark—Two BELLS—pointed upon it, and NONE ARE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS MARK.

Our Chapel, Sunday School, and Lodge Organs are without a rival. They are furnished in Walnut and Rose, and solid substantial case in every respect. All the Styles of these Organs contain Sermons' Patent Qualifying Tables.

STYLE E.—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Gander and Vox Humana, 9 Stops. Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Clarinet, Vox Humana, Forte, Dulcet and Dulciana.

STYLE F.—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Gander and Vox Humana, 10 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Clarinet, Vox Humana, Forte, Dulcet and Dulciana.

STYLE G.—5 Octaves, 2 Sets of Reeds, Gander, Vox Humana, Grand Organ (Knee), 12 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Clarinet, Vox Humana, Forte, Sub-Bass, Dulcet, Dulciana and Grand Organ (Knee).

STYLE H.—5 Octaves, 1 Set of Reeds, Gander, Sub-Bass, Vox Humana and Grand Organ (Knee) 14 Stops—Melodia, Diapason, Vox Celeste, Flute, Viola, Oboe, Clarinet, Vox Humana, Forte, Sub-Bass, Dulcet, Dulciana, Grand Organ, Forte, Gander, Sub-Bass, and Grand Organ (Knee).

**THE UNIVERSAL,**  
is the Neatest, Cheapest and Most Popular Organ Manufactured. Solid Walnut Cases.

**LA BELLE.**  
A handsomely finished and Popular Organ, in six different styles.

**THE CABINET.**  
Finished with Beautiful Gold Transfers.

A Substantial and Durable Organ in every particular. Beautifully Finished Rich Ornate, Strong and Durable, altogether one of the Best Organs in the Market.



**LEE & LOGAN,**  
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF  
Brandies, Gins, Whiskies,  
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RUM, SYRUP, ENGLISH TEAS,  
PICKLES, SAUCES, RAISINS,  
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St. John, Sept. 12, 1883.  
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Just Received:  
BRANDON'S  
PURE  
PARIS  
GREEN  
—AT—  
DAVIS, STAPLES & CO  
Fredericton, June 26th, 1883.

Register Grates, Nails &c.  
4 REGISTER GRATES complete.  
12 Sets Water Pipes.  
100 Feet Double Tape Pipe.  
1000 Leather Axe Washers.  
Just received.  
R. CHESTNUT & SONS

**SPRING 1883.**  
I have now on hand the largest and best assorted Stock of  
**HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS**  
Ever shown in my Warerooms.

A large proportion in the Furniture Department is finished the premises from first-class stocks, purchased at lowest figures in the best markets and I am prepared to quote prices which cannot be surpassed in this Country.

All kinds of Furniture for Parlour, Chamber, Hall, Dining Room or Kitchen; Crockery and Glassware, Cutlery and Silverware, Woodware, &c.

J. G. McNALLY.  
Fredericton, May 26th.

**D. BREEZE,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**GROCER,**  
Wine and Spirit Merchant,  
No. 1 KING SQUARE,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
Saint John, N. B., Aug. 25, 1882.

**FEED! FEED!**  
—JUST RECEIVED—  
12 Tons of Short and Heavy Seed.  
—ALSO IN STOCK—  
**WHEAT BRAN,**  
**Lime! Plaster!**  
—AND—  
General Groceries of the Finest Quality.  
—ALSO—  
**CROWN OF GOLD FLOUR.**  
—AT—  
**W. E. MILLER & CO'S**  
Feed and Seed House.  
Fredericton, August 15, 1883.

**JUST OPENED,**  
—A—  
**FINE LOT**  
—OF—  
**Youth's**  
—AND—  
**Boy's**  
**CLOTHING,**  
which will be sold very cheap  
**FOR CASH.**  
—AT—  
**THOS. W. SMITH,**  
Fisher's Building.  
Fredericton, August 1st, 1883.  
**M. A. FINN,**  
IMPORTER OF  
**Wines, Liqueurs**  
—AND—  
**CIGARS,**  
Cor. Prince William and Princess Streets,  
Saint John, N. B.  
April 18, 1883.  
**STOVES! STOVES!**  
WE HAVE NOW A GOOD LINE OF HOTEL Stoves, Cooking Stoves for small and ordinary families; Ranges double and single, with and without hot water tanks and warming closets. For Stoves, something new and beautiful, high art suitable for rich or poor. Our very large Hotel Stove, probably the largest cooking stove in the Dominion of Canada, is 6 feet six inches long, and three feet six inches wide, with two immense, open burning flues and a copper tank which will hold thirty-six gallons of water, also six inch holes for hot and cold water, also the fire box takes a thirty-eight inch stick of wood—JUST PLATED TRIMMING. See the Monitor.  
"Come and see the Monitor."  
R. CHESTNUT & SONS,  
Ft. St. Aug. 8.

**Horse Shoes & Horse Nails.**  
Just received from Montreal.  
100 Boxes Horse Shoes.  
Furnished low by  
J. S. NEILL.

**New Brunswick Railway Co.**  
(Operating 413 Miles.)  
**WINTER TIME TABLE.**  
COMMENCING MONDAY, OCT. 15, 1883. Trains will run as follows:

**St. John Division.**  
**DEPARTURES.**  
8:30 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Passenger and Mail Express (leaving West and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and all points North, south of St. John).  
9:15 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Accommodation for Fredericton.  
9:30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Night Express (leaving West and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, and all points North, south of St. John).  
7:00 A. M.—From Fredericton—Accommodation for St. John.  
9:30 A. M.—From Fredericton—Passenger and Mail Express (leaving West and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, and all points North, south of St. John).  
7:45 A. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.  
**ARRIVALS.**  
7:00 A. M.—At St. John—Fast Express Train from all points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North of St. John.  
10:30 A. M.—At St. John, Water Street—Through Accommodation from Fredericton and local stations.  
9:00 P. M.—At St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, and all points North, south of St. John.  
4:45 P. M.—At Fredericton, from St. John and points West.  
7:30 P. M.—At Fredericton—Accommodation from St. John.  
12:15 P. M.—At Fredericton—Passenger and Mail Express from St. John.  
5:25 P. M.—At St. John, from Woodstock and points North.  
5:30 P. M.—At St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, and all points North, south of St. John.  
No Train leaves St. John Saturday night or Sunday morning.  
A train arrives from the West on Sunday morning and a Train leaves for the West on July 1st.  
Through connections are made from Boston on Sunday morning.  
Connections are made at St. John with trains of the Atlantic Coastal Railway, and at all points West, at Fredericton, a Train for Fredericton, and at all points North, south of St. John, and with Union Line of Steamers.  
Tickets for sale in St. John at New Brunswick Railway Ticket Office, and at J. B. F. Ticket Agency, Corner Prince William and Church streets.  
N. T. GREATHAM, E. R. BURPE, General Managers.  
St. John, N. B., Oct. 15, 1883.

**New Brunswick Railway Co.**  
(Operating 420 Miles.)  
**SPECIAL LIMITED TICKETS.**  
GOODS to be sold by CONTINUOUS TRAINS (ONLY) will be sold at the undermentioned ticket stations at the following reduced rates:

ST. JOHN	TO	WOODSTOCK	\$3.00
CARLETON	TO	ST. ANDREWS	\$3.00
WOODSTOCK	TO	ST. JOHN	\$3.00
ST. ANDREWS	TO	CARLETON	\$3.00
ST. JOHN	TO	ST. STEPHEN	\$2.50
CARLETON	TO	ST. JOHN	\$2.50
ST. STEPHEN	TO	ST. JOHN	\$2.50
CARLETON	TO	ST. JOHN	\$2.50

N. T. GREATHAM, E. R. BURPE, General Managers.  
Gen. Pass and Ticket Agent.  
Woodstock, July 2nd, 1883.

**DE FOWLER'S**  
EXTRACT-WILD  
**STRAWBERRY**  
—CURES—  
**CHOLERA**  
**CHOLERA INFANTUM**  
DIARRHŒA,  
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS  
—SOLD EVERYWHERE—  
**EVERY MAN**  
In York wants the cheapest and best Stove he can get. If you call at  
**The New Foundry**  
WEST END QUEEN STREET,  
Opposite the Orange Hall, where you will find a new kind of cooking stove called the  
**"FARMER"**  
The best of stoves, best draft and cheapest stove in the city. To further induce the sale we warrant to give perfect satisfaction. If not return it to our foundry and we will refund your money, and make you a present of five dollars. Constantly on hand a new and first-class assortment of Parlor Cook, Close and Cylinder Stoves. Fancy and ornamental castings of all kinds done, cheaper than the cheapest in this city. We pay cash for old iron or take it in exchange for our stoves. Our Motto is "Quick sales, small profits, and first-class workmen."  
O'Toole & McCaffrey  
West End, Opposite Orange Hall,  
Fredericton, Feb. 2, 1883.

**BLOOD BITTERS**  
ACTS UPON  
THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS  
AND THE BLOOD.  
**LONDONDERRY IRON.**  
1 CAR LOAD LONDONDERRY IRON,  
25 Bars and 20 Bundles, well assorted.  
R. CHESTNUT & SONS,  
Fredericton, Aug. 8th, 1883.

YARMOUTH, N. S., Oct. 15th, 1882.  
To Mrs. BENNET & HERSON, 43 HORSFIELD Street, St. John.  
Dear Sir,—I desire to express my feelings of profound gratitude to you for having helped me so much by the use and application of your wonderful BLOOD BITTERS two years and spent a large sum of money, but received very little benefit until I tried your BLOOD BITTERS. I had such a weakness across me, and now I can walk a mile at a time and attend to household duties, and feel only too glad to recommend this truly great treatment to any person or persons who may be afflicted as I was. You are at liberty to make any disposition of this note you may deem proper.  
MRS. R. HIGGARD.  
Residence can be bought any time from GEORGE H. DAVIS, who is the agent at Fredericton, N. B., March, 1883.