

# The Evening Star

VOL. 8.

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### (FOR THE SUN.) THE STREAMLET.

MORNING.  
The streamlet glides with a ripple  
Of joy on its way,  
And the grass and the flowers are bright  
In the light of the new born day.  
The crystal lake in its slumber  
Is kissed by the sun's rays,  
And a halo of golden glory  
Over its surface plays.

From the peaceful homes of the village  
Rises columns of pale, blue smoke,  
For the bell, with its ringing clangor  
Has the slumbering denizens woke.  
And the rattling wheels of labor  
Again with their rush and din,  
And the sound of the busy workmen  
The work of the day begin.

EVENING.  
The breeze gently whistles  
As the sun sinks down to rest,  
While a halo of glittering glory  
Envelopes the setting west.  
And the sound of the bell's soft cadence  
Is echoed o'er vale and hill,  
Till it dies away into silence  
And all is hushed and still.

And the night comes treading slowly  
In the path of the setting day,  
As the rosette tapers gleam  
Sunk and vanish away.  
And the full moon sheds a glory  
Of light on the lonely plain,  
And the stars "keep watch" o'er the flowers,  
Till the morning comes again.

—MARTIN F. BURLIN, Brookton, Me.  
A PHANTOM.

A phantom there is which men call Death,  
And he follows where we go,  
Like the north wind's blast in his joy breath,  
And his eyes have a snake-like glow.

He sits at the King in his chair of state,  
And he walks by the plowman's side,  
For alike to him is the low or great,  
Mean birth or noble pedigree.

He sits at the board, and sits at our hearth,  
And he follows where we go,  
And often when loudest the strains of mirth,  
Or keenest the wit and jest,  
That which the least loves best,  
He shatters at will man's best laid schemes  
With a touch of his specter hand,  
And he dashes to earth the brightest dream  
With a word or a snake-like glow.

Wherever a thing of life is seen,  
On the land, or in sea, or air,  
Whom virtue dwells, or haunts of sin,  
His shadow has fallen there—  
Leading back the soul in peace to God,  
Or guiding in despair.

Oh, a grim, grim thing, 'tis this phantom Death,  
And he follows where we go,  
Like the north wind's blast in his joy breath,  
And his eyes have a snake-like glow.

—G. I. Brown and Co.  
—W. B. Deacon  
—C. H. Palmer  
—Gardner Bros

OLD JONES'S DEATH.  
I sat in my window, high overhead,  
And heard them say, below in the street;  
'Tis a poor fellow that old Jones is dead,  
And he's been dead for some time past.

But I sat and pondered what it might mean,  
And how it came that he should die;  
Did Jones see further than we have seen?  
Was he one with the stars in the watching sky?

Or down there under the growing grass  
Did he hear the feet of the daylight pass?  
Where day time and night time as one to him  
Came, and he knew not of the difference?

They called him "Old Jones" when at last he  
"Old Jones" had been for many a year;  
Yet his faithful memory 'till now  
And death in the days so distant and dear.

When first he had found that love was sweet,  
And wrecked not the speed of his hurrying feet,  
Does he brood in the long night under the sod  
On the joys and sorrows he used to know;  
Or far in some wondering world of God,  
Where the whirling seraphs stand, row on row?

Does he wake like a child at the daylight's gleam,  
And know that the past was a night's short dream?  
Is he dead, and a cloud there down below  
Or dead and wiser than any alive;  
Which! Ah, who of us all may know,  
Or who can say what the dead folk thrive?

But the summer morning is cool and sweet,  
And I hear the live folk laugh on the street.  
BY THE RIVER.

Each of them loving, each of them loved,  
Gazing down with the river,  
Nature smiled, and the sun above  
Brighter shone to behold such love.

Years had passed, and a woman wept,  
Wept for the love that was lost for aye,  
Wept for the love that was lost for aye,  
By the dull, cold banks of the river.

Years had passed, and a woman wept,  
Wept for the love that was lost for aye,  
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By the dull, cold banks of the river.

By the fire banks of the river,  
By the fire banks of the river,  
By the fire banks of the river,  
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### A TENNIS CLUB STORY.

'Well, I must say I never was so tried  
and perplexed about anything in all my life;  
whatever shall we do about it, Sam?'  
'Do!' said Sam, who was tilted back on his  
garden chair, with a straw hat resting on his  
nose and a pipe interfering with the distinct-  
ness of his enunciation, 'do about what?'

'This trouble between the professor and  
sister Nellie.'

The speaker, Mrs. Elliston, was a pretty,  
dark-eyed little woman whose five years of  
conjugal felicity sat lightly upon her. Sam  
was her brother and rejoiced in the dignity  
of Secretary of the Cavendish Lawn Tennis  
Club.

It was an abominable nuisance that had  
come to disturb the serenity of their tennis  
club—a club that had hitherto been the  
sanctuary of content and good fellowship,  
wherein envy and malevolence and unchari-  
tableness had no place, whose members had  
always been as brothers and sisters—more  
so even. There had been girls in it, but they  
had been content to speak of it as of an  
external, sparing each other; there had been  
men and women, but they had been content  
to batle over a net, and volleys with Ayres'  
rather than Armstrong's. And many pass-  
ing summer days, days of mirth and of  
laughing, of friendly contests on the  
greenward when the sun was bright and  
jestful chatting as twilight came and the  
lengthening shadows crept, line by line over  
the courts, had drawn the nearer together,  
men and maid, till the years passed by  
seemed far away, and the world and bitter  
foes, and evil thoughts were but as a  
dream, here in the golden present, where  
the works of Mrs. Grundy were not, it had  
been strange how men had ripened, as it  
were, in those sunny hours.

But none of them had changed—not one,  
like the professor. When it had been about  
three weeks that a professor was about to join  
the club, a real live professor, skilled in all  
the ologies, and prepared to expound on  
the greenward when the sun was bright and  
jestful chatting as twilight came and the  
lengthening shadows crept, line by line over  
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were, in those sunny hours.

When he made his first essay in tennis,  
three discoveries were made: that the profes-  
sor was diametrically ignorant as to the  
conditions of its ownership of limbs, and the  
management thereof; that he was humble to  
an incredible degree, and did not scorn to  
accept advice even from the intellectual in-  
ferior; and lastly that conversancy with pre-  
terrestrial geological formations, and such like,  
was not incompatible with a nature the  
frank and kindliest of others. But when at  
last they understood him, never was profes-  
sor so loved. They adopted him, one and  
all, with a sort of proprietary pride. He  
was their professor, their own peculiar pos-  
session in which the outer world had no  
part. To outsiders he was a name, an ab-  
stract, expounding from a text, or a  
scientific pedestal to his audience, a  
grave teacher to be viewed with reverence  
by the Cavendish Lawn Tennis Club.

It was his friend, their comrade, unfolding to  
them alone the kindly personality that  
lurked beneath his scientific exterior. On  
the greenward he was a teacher, but on the  
court, he was a pupil; most diligent and grateful  
for tuition. They were his teachers, these  
young people to whom the world had not  
yet been so kind as to open its eyes.

Not tennis, the unobscured lesson, no power  
on earth could teach him proficiency in that  
sport. But they taught him to be a teacher, to  
teach with a firm hand and a kind heart,  
and to be a teacher, to teach with a firm  
hand and a kind heart, and to be a teacher,  
to teach with a firm hand and a kind heart.

'You've got to be a teacher, to teach with a  
firm hand and a kind heart, and to be a  
teacher, to teach with a firm hand and a  
kind heart, and to be a teacher, to teach  
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years ago. Hence the deliberation of Sam  
Mason.  
It was evening. Three gentlemen con-  
sisted with the Cavendish Lawn Tennis Club  
were sprawled on the grass. Mr. Colthurst,  
the treasurer was smoking the pipe of peace  
—and digestion; a venerable merroncham,  
extensively spotted and banded, and Eshlop-  
ton's complexion.

'Well, my venerable sage, said Sam to  
him, "the first and most important thing  
we want your help and counsel in, is—  
"What's that?"  
"An affair of the heart."  
"Mr. Colthurst looked at them in con-  
sternation."  
"Here's how it is. Nellie's sister—you  
know the kid—came home, and was pro-  
posed for the club last week. Some one  
gave her a black bean at the ballot. Nellie  
imagines it was the professor, and the bean's  
spoke to him since. He is quite miserable  
about it, but I suppose it's too proud to ask  
or give any explanation."  
"Yes, but what can you do?"  
"Well, what has that got to do with—"  
"Oh, nothing, of course, it's Beale, in  
fact, who has been bothering me about it.  
I'd like to tell you straight, if I could do so."  
"Now we're coming to it," said Sam.  
"Just what we want you to suggest!"  
"Indeed!" said Colthurst, not very grate-  
fully.

There was silence. At last George Car-  
stairs, a young fellow whom Sam had in-  
vited to the conference, said, "Find—"  
"Certainly," Colthurst acquiesced. "Find  
who did it—really."  
"That's a capital suggestion," said Sam.  
"A brilliant one indeed. You're blossoming  
into a regular Oracle of Delphi, you are.  
Would you mind mentioning how?"  
"This hadn't occurred to George. He  
meditated for a while, and at last said, diffi-  
dently, "Parson."  
"They didn't welcome the idea with abso-  
lute enthusiasm. After a while Colthurst  
said, doubtfully, "Have you got them,  
Sam?"

Sam produced them with some pride, as  
if it was an instance of forethought not to  
be expected from him.  
"There were the ballot papers. Not much  
information to be had from them. Only ob-  
scure slips of paper, fifteen of them, each  
bearing the young lady's name, and ruled in  
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two columns 'Yes' and 'No.' Fourteen  
marked with a pencil cross in the column  
'Yes,' and one mark in column 'No.'"  
"Certainly," Colthurst acquiesced. "Find  
who did it—really."  
"That's a capital suggestion," said Sam.  
"A brilliant one indeed. You're blossoming  
into a regular Oracle of Delphi, you are.  
Would you mind mentioning how?"  
"This hadn't occurred to George. He  
meditated for a while, and at last said, diffi-  
dently, "Parson."  
"They didn't welcome the idea with abso-  
lute enthusiasm. After a while Colthurst  
said, doubtfully, "Have you got them,  
Sam?"

minute, instead of merely experiencing it, he  
could not have been more delighted, nor  
have demonstrated the correctness of that  
interestless thesis more palpably. He looked  
over at Nellie, now playing, and clearly  
thoughts of at once rushing over, regardless  
of the laws of ceremony and of tennis, to  
bury the hatchet, and effect a new treaty of  
peace. That was the unselfish charm of the  
man. Not a word of reproach, not a thought  
of resentment for the ignominy she had in-  
flicted on him. He had not the faintest  
idea of being a party to the indignity, of  
parading his innocence, and tacitly intimat-  
ing by his demeanor that he expected some  
sort of apologetic sacrifice for his outraged dig-  
nity.

'But it was not to be—not yet. For when  
Nellie had finished her game and, before  
going away, looked over at the professor,  
much smiling and frowning, what his senti-  
ments might be, that estimable but luckless  
individual did not see her.  
The fair lady's eye sought his in vain,  
and when another glance, and yet another,  
had been fruitlessly directed to him, she de-  
parted, very unwillingly convinced that the  
professor really did "bear malice." As for  
him, finding presently that the indignity  
made no sign, his bewilderment was indif-  
ferent. The club was puzzled.

'What are they puzzling now?' Mrs. Elliston  
wanted to know, again assailing her re-  
ferring brother, who, to do him justice, as  
generally knew as little about anything as  
was possible for one man unassisted.  
"Oh, blow them!" I don't know. Carrying  
on some moonshiny game of their own,  
I suppose. You know people who are  
generally so. I remember when  
Mrs. Elliston retired, and privately deter-  
mined to take Nellie to task.

But before she got the opportunity of doing  
so, something happened. Professor Saxton,  
whose health was really suffering with his  
mental gymnastics, saw fit to desert his  
study one afternoon and seek fresh air in  
the garden. And, having done so, he found  
where once a river ran its slumberous  
course, and from whose umbrageous shelter  
one could catch a glimpse of a bankrupt  
waterfall, he had to rest, and leaning on a  
rustic railing which was adorned with  
much quaint and late English lettering, medi-  
tated on many things.

He was, however, soothed by the faint  
plash of water and the shaded stillness  
of the place, he almost slept, and so  
nearly knew whether he lived or lolled in  
his dreamland. And it was then that he  
saw the footstep tread right to him, and a  
hand touched his own tremulously. Where-  
upon he looked around and was persuaded  
that he had seen a ghost. A good cricket  
pleasant dream, and he said wonderingly,  
"Nellie!"

'For it seemed that a dusky figure stood  
by his side, a pleading, honest, satisfied  
face, that blue eyes, with a shadow of chestnut  
hair cast near them, sought his own, and  
the darkness of gathered brows shaded them.  
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short time the remains of seven persons had been discovered, and up to ten o'clock Monday morning, six bodies, some of which were burned beyond recognition, had been found.

The Weekly Sun

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JUNE 23, 1886.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In remitting money to this office please do so by Post Office Money Order or Registered Letter, otherwise we will not be responsible for the loss of money by mail.

LEGAL NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his address or another, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the pay.

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears due, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not.

HOME RULE AND COERCION.

Preparations for the coming elections for the British House of Commons are going forward with astonishing rapidity. Already 350 candidates are in the field for the 670 seats.

ST. MARTIN'S.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. ST. MARTIN'S, June 21.—Mr. Chubbuck, evangelist, has just closed a series of religious meetings held in the Baptist meeting house.

POINT OF VIEW.

It is hard to believe that some of the most eminent and influential public men in the United States would deliberately and knowingly urge the nation to dishonest proceedings.

LOCAL MATTERS.

A correspondent, in relation to the above, writes: Mrs. Grogan had a belief that the body of her husband would rise to the surface, and every afternoon at four o'clock she would take a walk to the river bank and watch the river in the direction of where her husband was drowned.

DEER ISLAND.—It seems now clearly understood that a cable is to be laid to Deer Island. The government deserves our thanks for this.

A NEW INCURSION.—On Tuesday morning of last week, an elderly lady of this place put a hen's egg on the back part of her kitchen stove and about an hour afterward she was greatly surprised in seeing a chick break through the shell and chirp.

BOAT FOUND.—The body of Joseph Grogan, drowned by the upsetting of his mill, was gaged with a raft of logs on the 17th May, opposite Campbellton, has been found.

W. O. STERLING has severed his connection with the Herald and accepted the position of business manager of the St. John Sun.

THE Halifax Chronicle says:—The result of Tuesday's balloting was not of course exactly to the Sun's liking; indeed, it was so overwhelmed on Wednesday morning that it descended to the gutter by a landslide.

THE only reference made by THE SUN on Wednesday to Mr. Longley's supposed defeat was this:—

Attorney General Longley is the only minister who has fallen in the fight. His loss will scarcely weaken the government.

It will be seen that THE SUN was offering consolation to the government and not to itself. If the attorney general has secured his election by a dexterous temporary replacement of a ballot box, it is no doubt a pleasing feature of the election to him, however it may be with the electors whose ballots have been thus left out of the count.

A HANDSOME hand-book of Canada has been prepared under the direction of the minister of agriculture for the Indian and Colonial Exhibition.

A ST. JOHN BOY IN BOSTON.—A young man who left here some time ago and who found out to his sorrow what Boston was like, writes home to a friend as follows: "If you hear of anything that I can get in St. John, write me at my expense and see how quick I will be there."

A LAD NAMED FRED, dressed full through a hole in Rankin's wharf, Portland, Sunday, and was badly injured. He is being attended by Dr. Wm. Christie.

A LAD NAMED COLLINS of Portland, got one of his arms caught in the belting at the Nut and Bolt Works and was severely injured.

THE UNITED STATES North American squadron arrived at Portland, Me., Sunday.

Monday heavy forest fires raged in the woods to the north of Millford, about opposite Indiantown. Sparks flew in all directions and soon a dense and dense smoke rose.

THE following brief but suggestive dialogue is going the rounds of the Ontario press:—

Taxid Reformer.—Let me show you the infiquity of the system. You are a woman and will understand it. I have a chart of the world on which I have marked the various countries.

Mrs. Bagley.—Twelve yards. Mr. Reformer.—Well, now the first coat was ten cents a yard. That makes \$1.20, doesn't it?

T. R. (sternly).—Woman, the tax on that dress is ten cents a yard. Here we have a total of \$2.40 which the fiscally government.

Mrs. B.—But the whole dress only cost \$1.15. I don't really see. Geo. Goodness! What is the use of arguing with a woman?

THE Baker mill was owned by the Carvell estate and insured for \$3,000. It had not been running for some time.

A heavy brush fire prevailed yesterday between Sand Point and Millville.

THE following letter was received by a resident of this city from a man who left New Brunswick some time ago and who found out to his sorrow what Boston was like.

DEAR SIR.—I believe you asked me to write you when I reached this country.

I am much displeasur'd with the country. The West is overdone, a good deal more so than East; large capitalists control everything.

I saw one or two towns in Washington Territory that had some life and size, Tacoma for instance; but it would be the last place I should like to live in.

I have a very strong desire to keep out of the land money game, and I don't want to lose what little I have in wild-cat speculations.

THE COUNTRY MARKET.

This has been another slim week in the country market, but there is every indication of a large display today in the way of seasonable vegetables and meats.

A good quality of wild strawberries came down river yesterday, and late in the afternoon 10 cents for a quartet pail was asked.

THE quotations are: Butcher's beef, 6 to 7 1/2; mutton, 7 to 8 per lb; real 3 lb lamb, \$1 to \$1.50 per quarter; butter, 18 to 20; eggs, 12; chickens, 10 to 15 per pair; turkey, 15 to 16 per lb; lettuce, 20 to 25 per doz; heads; radishes, 25 per doz; cabbage, 10 to 15; cauliflower, 10 to 15; potatoes, early rose, per barrel, \$1.15 to \$1.25; kidney, \$1.70 to \$1.80; other varieties, \$1.50 to \$1.60; peas, 10 to 15; green beans, 10 to 15; grey do., \$1.90 per cwt; calf skins, 10 to 11.

PRESENTATION to Sir Leonard Tilley. At the annual meeting of the Ontario Manufacturers' Association, it was unanimously resolved: That a special committee be appointed to prepare an address expressive of their regret that Tilley had necessitated the retirement of Sir Leonard Tilley from active public life, and their admiration of the able manner in which for many years, he performed his arduous duties on the steamships by which the Dominion was served.

THE address was presented to Sir Leonard on Monday last by Mr. Nicholls, the secretary, who also presented a copy of the address to Sir Leonard. It was read by Sir Leonard and he expressed his appreciation of the address and the manner in which it was presented.

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CANADIAN FOOD PRODUCTS.

Published in the Canadian Section of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, by E. B. Biggar.

During the past two weeks several meetings have been held in the Canadian court by those interested in the question of exporting Canadian fruits and food products to the English market.

On motion of S. C. Stevenson, seconded by C. R. H. Starr, Messrs. Cornwall, Hunt, Maguire, and Biggar were appointed a committee to consider the subject of the export of Canadian fruits and food products to the English market.

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ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.

OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND ST. MARY'S CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The pews in the centre of St. John's (Steele) church were filled Sunday evening by the pupils in the Sunday schools of the parish of St. Mark, who joined in the hymns arranged for the occasion.

Prior to the collection, Rev. Mr. Raymond announced that this was the only appeal made directly to the congregation during the year in behalf of the Sabbath schools of the parish.

There is still a debt due on St. Mark's church Sunday school building, and the necessary steps are being taken to complete it.

There was a meeting of the Board of Education on Monday evening last, when the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—Write on one side of the sheet only, and make your letters as brief as possible. In every instance the name of the writer must be forwarded to secure attention, and the name of the contributor is promptly acknowledged to the writer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—In a recent issue of THE SUN under the heading of "Byring Wiser than they know," you refer to the opportunity afforded by the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, London, England, for clearing away a good many misconceptions as to Canada and for bringing the quality of Canadian produce clearly before English consumers.

There is a decided prejudice against Canada and Canadian produce in the minds of most Londoners. Hudson on Legate Hill, the Civil Service Supply Association, and other large co-operative stores sell Canadian produce as such but with indifferent success, I believe. People think they are doing Canadians a favor by taking the articles.

The cause is ignorance on the part of the London public. Send articles of a good quality to send and merit good names and they will sell quick enough.

Farm produce from New Brunswick that will stand the voyage can be sold in London as cheap as any, and in many cases, cheaper than produce from other countries and return a fair profit. I sent a very small shipment of potatoes 90 per cent, good, and the Farmers' Exchange is favorable. The Farmers' Exchange is favorable. The Farmers' Exchange is favorable.

I saw one or two towns in Washington Territory that had some life and size, Tacoma for instance; but it would be the last place I should like to live in.

I have a very strong desire to keep out of the land money game, and I don't want to lose what little I have in wild-cat speculations.

I am going to New Westminster on Wednesday next to see Mr. Elford, and if I see nothing I shall go east to Calgary, and if that don't suit, I shall go back east.

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BY THE DESTROYER.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK DESTROYER.

THE Boiler in the Heavy.

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