## BUTLER'S JOURNAL; JUNE, 1896.

#### A Plea for Toleration.

The little recontre with Mrs. True of Lincoln, we mention in another place, shows to what an extent the good will and friendly understanding between Catholics and Protestants is being under: mined by narrow sectarian bigots of the class of Pitts, Rossborough, Anderson, Col. Hewitson and "Bishop" Wiley ; who work on the fears of such people who with more zeal than wisdom imagine that their religion and liberty are in danger if a Catholic is allowed to live in the country. With the "Raw head and bloody bones " of Popery everiastingly held up before their eyes by such men and such papers as the Orange Truth and Boston Citizen, which were circulated among them last winter by the ton by designing politicians and contained the stalest calumnies and most abomin. able falsehoods against the Catholic clergy and people, they have been blindeds: and though a good, kindhearted, noble class of people they have let their fears get the better of their good sense and are turning their backs upon their Catholic friends and neighbors and refusing so far as they can to have any intercouse with them.

Lincoln is only a sample of what the blighting breath of religious bigotry has done among the people of this province wherever its baneful shadow has been cast.

We remember when we first started out peddling we were as we are now thrown largely among Protestants and Orangemen. No better friends could we have, and it was they who restored our faith in human nature after it had got such a shock by our harsh treatment among the Yankees and showed us that the world was not all bad yet and that there were noble hearts who could feel for the wronged and unfortunate and extend to us the right hand of fellowship regardless of sectarian or political bias

By far the larger number of those friends made in early years have re mained staunch and steadfast, but the defection of the few who have turned their backs against us in this city, Nashwaak, Keswick, Stanley and Lincoln for no other cause show what a potent factor for evll this sectarian agitation is in smothering down all the better feelings of the heart and letting loose the wild beasts of bigotry, intolerance and proscription.

We are told by Orangemen in high standing, whose words we must believe, But next day they succeeded

the past twenty years, shared their hospitality, played with their little children and slept with their big boys. Were they afraid that we would do them any injury because we happened to have our name enrolled among the ranks of the "Scarlet Woman" Hardly. Then why should they be afraid now? Have we changed? Don't we love their little children quite as much as those of our Catholic friends? The fact is that we have formed many more friendships among Protestants than Catholics. We have dealt altogether, with very few exceptions, with Protestant dealers, because we began with them, and finding them good, honorable men and disposed to treat us squarely and honestly have seen no reasons for making any change Albough Mrs. True refuses to take our paper any longer, does she suppose if she comes to town with butter, eggs, potatoes or buckwheat, that we would not buy from her as quick as from a Catno olic ? Certainly we would ; but at the bidding of men like Rush, Rosborough and Bishop Wiley, whom we have shown up, not because they are Protestants or Orangemen, but a disgrace to the parties to which they belong, she is resolved to throw us over, and induce all her friends and relations to do the same. Well, so be it. There are other people with better and sounder reasoning.

Wreck of the "Mary George" Toll for the boat

Which came near being no more---She struck against a pier Close by her native shore.

'Twas near the Iron Bridge Where she received the shock That knocked her bowsprit off And made the vessel rock."

The Captain did his best To save the good old boat, But soon the fact was plain That long she could not float.

'Twas with an anxious eye He scanned the waters o'er, Then ordered his good men To pull him to the shore.

He chanced to spy a tug And with heart filled with joy He put his hand up to his mouth And shouted, " Ship aboy."

The tug came steaming down And saw the good boat's flight, But in spite of all their efforts She remained there for the night.

Ladies' Blouse Waists. Ladies' Wrappers, Ladies' Cloth Capes, Ladies' Rainproof Capes,

Also a large stock of Colored and Black

# Dress Goods, Prints, Lawns, Challies, Jacconette Plisse.

And a great variety of other goods such as

# Carpets and Oilcloths, Lace Curtains and Chenille Portiers, Roller Blinds and Curtain Poles, Art Squares and Rugs.

All these goods will be sold at prices as low as any in the trade.

# DEVER BROS.

THIS SEASON'S IMPORTA-HARTNEY TION.

Purple Top,

Sweedish,

Yellow Aberdeen,

White Globe

AND

Dale's Hybrid

THORBURN, MAKE A SPECIALTY OF Hot Air Heating,

Plumbing and

Gas Fitting

hood or uncharitable feelings toward anyone, that the principles of the Or. ange order are in no wise antagonistic to the Catholic people, that all they ask is equal rights for all, regardless of creed, color or nationalty, that they are banded together to uphold the principles of the Protestant religion and British rule. So far they are clearly within their right and no Catholic can find any fault with them, if their papers and certain evil) disposed persons did not give the he | If e'er you run amuck again to their declarations.

We hate above all things a religious controversy and would gladly eliminate all religious discussion from the pages of our paper, but when it is forced upon us we owe it to ourselves and our Protestant friends who are amendable to rea. son, to set ourselves right with them. big day's work out of the laborin' man, We have travelled among them for ye can bet.'

And towed her to St. John And just as good as ever, now She rides she waves upon.

#### MORAL

Now all ye Schooner captains Wherever you may be, Be sure and take your bearings true When you put out to sea.

In spite of all your seamanship, Your bluster and your brag, You're sure to strike a snag.

### PRINTERS' DEVIL.

Rooney-"Say, Pat, your a bit of a scholard, kin ye tell who it was ordered the sun to sthand still ?"

Noonan- "I dunno. Some son of a gun of a contractor who wanted to get a Turnip Seeds. AND REPAIRING FOR SALE LOW, IN BULK. IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. GEO. C. HUNT,

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**REGENT - STREET**,

Opp. St. Dunstan's Hall.