

FREDERICTON GLOBE.

The FREDERICTON GLOBE is published every Saturday from the office, Sharkey's Block, and mailed to any address in Canada or the United States for One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Advertising.

Advertisements such as: Wanted, Lost, Found, Houses to Rent, Etc., one dollar first insertion, 25 cents each subsequent insertion. Local Notices ten cents per line first insertion, 5 cents each subsequent insertion. Births and Marriages fifty cents each insertion.

Contracts for yearly advertising furnished on application. All communications business or otherwise to be addressed to FREDERICTON GLOBE.

Fredericton Globe

A. J. MACHUM, Publisher and Proprietor. FREDERICTON, N. B., JAN. 30, 1892.

VOTING BY BALLOT.

Now that the civic elections are all over, it may not be out of reason here to offer a few remarks upon the present mode of carrying on elections, whether civic, provincial or Dominion. If the ballot means anything it means secrecy, a protection to the voter that he may not be interfered with at the polls, but exercise his franchise independently of all men and all parties. If this principle were observed and practised as a rule, we should have purity and honest men to represent us, and what is now-a-days called "boodling," a term applicable to the West, or Canada proper, would be a thing of very rare occurrence. But to come immediately home—why should the honest elector be tampered with in advance, by a candidate asking him for his vote—why should not the honest voter resist the approach as if it were all but a personal insult? All this butter-holing was to be done away with on the introduction of the "ballot." Instead of this the practise is growing more and more with every election. These remarks have no reference to the dishonest voter, open to a bribe, one who sells his soul to Satan, we had almost said, for a dollar. We shall come to him shortly. We refer to the man now who would disdain to be bought, but votes upon principle. To this class of men it is a mortification to be solicited for their votes. They, themselves, know who to cast their ballots for and will—no matter what their promises may be, mostly made in an equivocal way—vote according to their convictions. This thing of being waylaid and dunned for your vote, is a small piece of business on the part of a candidate, and should be stamped out. During the recent civic elections voters were watched and followed at almost every corner by several of the candidates, for the favor of their support, instead of depending upon their own merits and fitness for the position, and should wait for the people to come to them, and not they run after the people, for the people are the ones to be served for nothing. Yes—you will say—electors in many cases think they are overlooked if their votes are not solicited by a candidate. No doubt this is true to some extent, but they are the poor mortals who have no public spirit, the exceptions to the rule, who do not know a voters' privileges. Let candidates refrain from buying and there will be no soulless beings to be tampered with. But a candidate ought to know that the asking for a vote even with a full promise that it will be given, is by no means a sure thing. The voter knows he is protected by the ballot, and will not heed his promise when he comes to fill in the name. We have frequently heard it remarked, "Oh, my election is sure—there are 250 voters in my ward and I have the promise of 150, a clear majority of 100, don't you see?" When the ballots come to be counted the poor fellow is left a long distance behind. So much then for election promises. Then there is a large class of electors who are in the market for sale to the highest bidder. We have known men called highly respectable who will not hesitate to sell their votes for a barrel of flour, and have no more compunction about it than if it were a bona fide transaction. This is the class of men all over Canada who are responsible for all the waste and extravagance our newsmongers are busy day after day in showing up in connection with the names of McGreiv, Mercier, Langevin, Connolly, and others of that ilk. Hundreds of thousands are spent out of these ill-gotten gains for the purpose of debauching the constituencies themselves, and they cry out the loudest against the thieves in office, forgetting that they themselves create the thieves. Thus are the people bought with their own money, and they wonder how it all comes about. The people of the Maritime Provinces made a sad mess of it when they came to enter into political co-partnership with the upper provinces. They got along among themselves by continually wrangling and fighting, the French dominating all, and will so continue so long as this "Canada of ours," as some are pleased to call it, holds together, or until there is a general smash-up—for with no trade, no market but one—the only market that keeps us alive, and as a most decimating debt, rolling up more and more every day the end must come and a new order of things be established.

BANK ROBBERS.

Defalcation in banks by high officials and subordinate clerks, are no uncommon occurrences, during these latter degenerate days. Moral depravity seems to be considered by some folks of oblique mental vision to be gaining rank among the virtues. When we read of fifty and a hundred thousand dollars at a time being stolen out of bank vaults, by confidential officials the old restraining influences appear to be no longer binding upon the consciences of men. Temptation gets the upper hand. The modern stock exchange—such as is now-a-days conducted in Wall Street and bucket shops everywhere except in Fredericton, has charms for such worthies which their weak nature is incapable of resisting. Young men take other people's money and venture it upon their chances of making a haul in those nefarious quarters, and lose all and do not only bring disgrace upon themselves but great suffering to those whose little all may be deposited in one of the banks so plundered. Surely there ought to be some punishment to await those at the head of great monied institutions, when their clerks go astray and plunder through a system of duplicity in keeping their books. A few years ago a great monied institution in St. John became bankrupt involving tremendous sums of money "lost strayed or stolen"—not through the work of subordinates, but the culpable stupidity of the head of the concern who is unable to account for the upheaval, or rather "smash-up" and notwithstanding he was the means of distressing thousands whose all was in this bank, he is allowed to go scot free, walks the streets of St. John for days afterwards and then he himself off at his leisure to Uncle Sam's dominion. Now should not such men be punished for their stupidity even though they never touched a dollar? There ought to be a most rigid law upon the statutes of the Dominion affixing a high penalty upon, not only bank presidents, but bank directors—such as compelling them to make good all deficiencies the result of thefts, and thus they will look deeper into their business, so that clerks cannot tamper with their books without being found out. At present too much confidence is placed in subordinates—they act upon the principle which when put into words amounts to this—"O I would trust my life in the hands of Amiable, our chief clerk—he belongs to the Young Men's Christian Association—attends church regularly—is a teacher in the Sunday school, and a class leader—makes a beautiful prayer"—and much of the same sort. And yet how often are the least suspected found among the most guilty, who make a disguise of religion and its sacred influences to cover up their rascality. Where there is strong temptation to err, there should be a strict watch placed, no matter how high the supposed moral standing of the person employed. There is another loose practice that requires correction. It is a very common thing for persons to allow themselves to be placed on Boards of Directors of banks, and then pay no attention to their duties but leave the whole management of their affairs in the hands of one or two persons. Now the same remark just made as applicable to clerks are equally so to superiors, as happenings of late years in the United States and Canada stand out in evidence. It must not be presumed that our Fredericton institutions are thought of in making these remarks—for we believe that we have a pure set of bank officials in this place as any to be found the world over—indeed if it were otherwise there is not temptation enough to lure young men from the path of rectitude in Fredericton. If the law in Canada held over the heads of all directors alike the word "guilty" in cases of robbery—for neglect of duty—and were obliged to make good the losses, instead of considering their position as only formal and honorary they would feel there was responsibility upon them, and perhaps imprisonment, as was the case a few years since when the Directors of the Glasgow Bank found themselves condemned, to years of imprisonment for allowing that concern to collapse, the result of frightful mismanagement—and so would govern themselves accordingly. Until stringent laws are provided for the punishment of the careless and neglectful directors, whether of Bank or any other corporation, there is no guarantee safety for the public.

Mayor Hobbs, of Benton Harbor, Mich., was shot at on Saturday night last by unknown parties in the street, through the plate glass window at his house, while he was practicing with the choir for the Sunday services. There is no clue, but parties connected with the gambling rooms are suspected, as he has been enforcing the law in such places here. The bullet passed so near his head that pieces of glass flew in his face, passing through the dining room door, and lodging in the opposite wall. Neighbors passing a few moments before saw suspicious characters in front of the house. Mr. Hobbs is a most excellent mayor and one of the leading business men of the city.

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER,

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

Running Comments on Passing Events.

Sundry Ebulitions in Prose and Rhyme.

How the Domestic, Social and Literary World is Wagging.

An old lady in Holland scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through it into the cellar. Excess in all things is wrong.

"You talk a great deal in your sleep," John, said Mrs. Henpeck.

"It's the only chance I get," said John, meekly.

Gamekeeper (to one of his master's guests who has just missed another hare): "You don't seem in very good form to-day, sir."

Guest: "No—I'm not. Am only just back from elephant shooting in Africa, so I can scarcely see these little creatures."

Grateful Father: (with deep feeling) "It was a brave act, young man. At the peril of your life you've saved my daughter. How can I ever repay you?"

Brave Rescuer: "Would ten bob be too much, sir?"

Economy on All Occasions.

"I've a great notion to jump into the river," said Mr. N. Peck at the end of a little domestic discussion, as he picked up his hat and started out.

"You come back here," said his wife. "If you intend any such tricks as that just march upstairs and put on your old clothes before you start."

A newly appointed prison chaplain in Scotland, introducing himself somewhat pompously to a convict, was told that he was known there by reputation, and inquired how. "Well," was the reply, "I heard that the last two kirks ye wore in yer preached them bath empy; but I'll be shot if ye'll find it such an easy matter to do the same with this cin."

The musical instrument seller had succeeded at last, after an hour's hard talk in working off a cheap, wheezy, screeching fiddle on a customer at four times its value.

"Where shall send it?" he inquired.

"To No. 914, Slugg Street. My flat is on the third floor."

The fiddle dealer's jaw fell. He had moved with his family the day before to the flat on the second floor of No. 914, Slugg Street, on a three years' agreement.

He Didn't Pay the Fare.

The way certain railway servants handle the bags and portmanteaus of travellers is sometimes shocking to the most indifferent spectator, and has earned for them the familiar name of "luggage smashers."

A few years ago one of these men tumbled a long, peculiar looking box from the porter's truck into a luggage compartment, and stood it on end, in the usual rough fashion, when a stifled voice cried:—

"Oh, don't!"

"Don't what?" said the astonished porter, staring at the box.

"Don't stand me on my head! Turn me over quick!" said the voice.

The excited porter hurriedly placed the box in a horizontal position.

Then a voice, more stifled than before, called out:—

"That won't do! You've put me on my face! Oh! Oh!"

The man hastened to turn the box over, and was rewarded by a grunt of satisfaction from the voice. Then turning to the owner—a quiet looking little man standing by—he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead:—

"Look here! You must pay the fare for this boy in the box!"

"Oh no!" said the owner. "I have carried him thousands of miles on railways, and have never paid his fare yet."

"No matter," said the porter, "you can't smuggle nobody over this line, and if you don't take a ticket I'll set him out on the platform, and leave him standing on his head till you do."

"Why, sir, he's a dead-head! He has been passed many a time," remonstrated the traveller.

"We don't pass no live folks in boxes!" said the smasher, and he was about to tumble the box out, when the guard came along, and recognising the traveller, inquired:—

"Why, what is the matter, Professor B—?"

It was, in fact, Professor B—, the ventriloquist, and the occupant of the box was no other than his automaton "boy" Bobby, that figured in his performances, and always travelled with his owner in this way.

Puns on Proper Names.

It would be an interesting inquiry for some patient philosopher to trace the origin of that lurking tendency of human nature to make puns on proper names, just as the origin of kissing and hugging has been elucidated by Mr. Herbert Spencer. Few of the great ones of the earth have escaped the delicate attentions of the punster. Even Adam has not escaped, for Hood has said that it was a pity, when Eve offered him the apple, that Adam was not Adam-ant. Many of the distinguished men of our own country have gone through the mill of the punster. There was, for example, the distinguished marquis of whom it was said, "The nation's asleep, and the minister Rockingham."

All have heard of Dr. Mountain's bland and mild suggestion to King Charles when a bishopric became vacant, that he should "say to this Mountain, be removed and cast into the sea." Fairly familiar too, is the epitaph on Archbishop Potter—"Alack and well-a-day: the Potter himself is turned to clay." The signatures of the Bishops have always come in for a fair share of attention from the punster—indeed, the temptation to play on "Oxon," for instance, is almost too strong for human nature. Thus, in 1848, when Bishop Hampden was accused of heresy by the party led by the Bishop of Oxford, the satirist wrote: As once the Pope with fury fell, When Luther laid his heavy knocks on,

At the Reformer loosed a bull— So these at Hampden set an Ox-on.

Of Dr. Drake, an excellent clerical wit, it is recorded that he sometimes introduced his wife and himself Duck and Drake. The same gentleman in objecting to a closed book-case said he did not like a "Locke on the Human Understanding."

Even in Heraldry we find many puns on proper names. Perhaps the best example is the motto of the Manvers family, whose patronymic is Pierrepot, which is thus punningly written, "Pierrepot-toi"—"Repose in pious confidence."

Those ladies of beauty and fashion whose names were susceptible at once of pun and compliment have naturally inspired the wits of their respective days. Thus it was said of the charming sisters Gunning that Cupid, perceiving the deaux of the time to be proof against his darts, and now laid down his bow and conquered by "Gunning." Lord Erskine wrote of Lady Payne that "he never knew pleasure who never knew Payne" Lastly there is Lord Lyttelton's tribute to Lady Browne:—

When I was young and debonaire, The brownest nymph to me was fair; But now I'm old and wiser grown, The fairest nymph to me is Browne.

Well-dressed Stranger: "Madam, in the upper hand pocket of a vest that you gave to a miserable tramp a few months ago, there was a cigar belonging to your husband. I have—"

Lady of the House: "Why, is this the same man? What a great change!"

"Yes, a rich uncle died suddenly and left me all his wealth. As I was about to say, I have to thank your husband."

"Why, what for?"

"For the cigar. I gave it to my uncle."

Tom Barry: "Sorry, old man, but I learned to-day that her mother objects to you."

Jack Dashing: "Good! From what I know of human nature, that will prejudice both the girl and her father in my favour. I'm a lucky dog."

A farmer unexpectedly went into his field and found twelve of his labourers reclining under a tree. He sarcastically offered a shilling to the one who would prove himself to be the laziest. Eleven of the men jumped up at once, each one asserting his right to the money. The farmer, however decided that the shilling belonged to the twelfth man, who had remained on the ground. He announced his decision and offered the money to the winner, who thanked him with the inquiry, 'I say' can't you put it in my pocket for me?"

"Oh sir, well do I like the day that you preach."

"My good woman, I am glad to hear it. And why do you like it when I preach?"

"Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge in arriving at a verdict, you must take the testimony of the witnesses for the defence into consideration, and give them full weight."

At the words "and give them full weight" one of the jurymen swooned away. He was a coal-dealer.

NOTICE! :-

The Subscribers take pleasure in informing their friends and the citizens of Fredericton generally, that they have entered into partnership under the name of Kelher & Smith. They have purchased the stock in trade of Mr. William Cameron, butcher and meat dealer, and will continue the business at the old stand, Queen Street. Customers will find our stock first-class, and we hope by strict attention to business to merit the patronage so liberally bestowed on our predecessors.

Sausages a Specialty. JOHN KELHER, PELEG SMITH. Fredericton, Dec. 10, 1891.

J. H. TABOR,

—DEALER IN—

CONFECTIONERY,

Ice Cream, &c.

QUEEN STREET,

Fredericton, - N. B.

KITCHEN & SHEA,

PHENIX SQUARE, Plumbers, Gas Fitters and Tinsmiths,

And Workers in all kinds of SHEET METAL.

Speaking Tubes, Stoves and Furnaces fitted up at short notice.

Importers and dealers in stamped and pressed Tinware. Iron and Lead Pipe and Fittings always on hand.

Houses Fitted up with Hot and Cold Water.

Prices Moderate and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Telephone No. 176.

MILLINERY!

WE INVITE you to inspect Our Stock of Fall and Winter Millinery. The very Latest Styles in Trimmed and Untrimmed.

MRS. I. BURDEN, Queen Street, Opp City Hall. Oct. 24—91—1y.

"IMPERIAL HALL".

New Goods JUST RECEIVED!

Oct. 14th '91

Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings in Latest Designs.

INSPECTION INVITED.

THOMAS STANGER, 280 QUEEN STREET. Fredericton, October 24th, 1891.

R. C. MACREDIE,

PLUMBER, Gas and :-

:- Steam FITTER,

Queen - - Street, Opp. County Court House.

JOHN H. FLEMING,

LIVERY STABLE.

152 Union Street, Saint John, - - - N. B.

Landing!

—AND TO— ARRIVE.

PICKLED HERRINGS, SALT, GRAN. SUGAR, YELLOW SUGAR, BEANS, CODFISH.

For Sale Low.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS,

The Largest and Best Stock in

MILLINERY

to be found in the city is at the Millinery Establishment

—OF— MISS HAYES,

QUEEN + ST.

C. C. GILL, Painter and Decorator

SIGN PAINTING A SPECIALTY.

Tinting in Oil or Water Colors, Papering and Graining. Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to. SHOP AND RESIDENCE: 59 BRUNSWICK ST. Fredericton, June 7.

DEVER BROS.

Bargain Sale

—AT— DEVER BROS. Tuesday, Jan. 19, '92.

—O— DEVER BROS. Jan. 15th, 1892.

W. E. SEERY,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

I have Just Received an Elegant Line of Spring Cloths for SUITINGS, TROUSERINGS and OVERCOATINGS, which I am prepared to Make Up in the Most Fashionable Styles.

W. E. SEERY, WILMOT AVE.



A COMPLETE LINE AT

J. H. FLEMING'S, 222 Queen Street.

FREDERICTON MARBLE WORKS.

ALL KINDS OF CEMETERY WORK

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

All orders promptly attended to. Material and Workmanship Guaranteed.

Carleton St., between Methodist Church and Old Burying Ground. JOHN MOORE, Proprietor.

Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

A New Stock of STATIONERY

—AND— School Supplies, JUST RECEIVED.

W. T. H. FENETY.

286 Queen Street.

Advertisement for 'HOPE FOR YOU' medicine, featuring a diagram of a human body and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

2,000 References. Name this paper when you write.

10 Per Cent. DISCOUNT FOR CASH!

In order to reduce my Stock with a view to winding up business in the near future, I shall give 10 Per Cent. Discount from regular prices for the Next Two months On All Cash Sales of 50c. and upwards.

The Stock comprises in part the following: Ladies Dress Goods in great variety, Prints, Parasols, Jackets, Jerseys, Hose, Gloves, Gossamers and Underwear.

Boys' Youths' and Men's Clothing. Hats, Caps, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Braces, Rubber Coats, Umbrellas, and Underclothing.

Cretons, Cottons, Flannels, Tablings, Towelings, Tickings, and all kinds of Staple Dry Goods.

Carpets, Table and Floor Oil Cloths, Trunks, Valises and Satchels.

A large lot of remnants very cheap. Wall Paper at a sacrifice in order to clear.

OWEN SHARKEY, Fredericton, Oct. 2nd.