# HERICA STANTER

OUR MOTTO-NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Herman H. Pitts, Editor and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1886.

[ Vol. II., No. 11. 81.00 per Annum.

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## LITERATURE.

#### REMEMBERED.

Oh, shall I be remembered When this early life is o'er, When my feet have pressed the portal Of that far off better shore? When my weary hands are folded On my cold and pulseless breast; When I drop life's weary burden-And the mortal is at rest?

Have I helped the poor and needy, And in good works borne a part? Have I spoken words of comfort, To some sad and aching heart? have I caused one hour of gladness To some creature Thou hast made? Oh how prone we are to wander In the veil of flesh arrayed,

Have I filled in life its mission— Fought for right and scorned the wrong, Has my life been one that tended To make others pure and strong? When the early bands are severed And the sands of life are run-Oh, shall I be remembered For some good that I have done?

### DOMINIQUE.

Work had stopped on all the Acadian plantations in St Mary and Vermilion parishes. Was not tomorrow the first day of La Careme, when all fun and dancing and feasting must cease for forty days? Was not to-day Mar-di-gras? The excitement of the great carnival at New Orleans could not reach these remote, solitary parishes, but in all the isolated farmhouses scattered among the bayoux, the Acadians made ready to celebrate the fete.

There was to be a grand picnic in the live oak forest, near to Louis Des Vaches' plantation, and in the evening a dance at the Widow Bernard Baudry's. Every body went to early mass, and then gayly dressed groups, on foot, on horseback or in rickety caleches, began to cross the country to the plantation Des Vaches.

It was a sunny day in March. from the Gulf, rolling in heavy which blotted out the landscape for a the swamp in the morning to bring he believed it to be-leprosy! while, and then rose in trailing out certain pink flowers which the while, and then rose in trailing out certain pink flowers which the rose in trailing out certain pink flow mass of shadow in the distance showed asked him for some to dress her hair removed to the House of Lepers in could earn enough money to go home. Every body pressed towards it, cheeks burning, and eyes shining never returned.

guests. True, the fete was to be at water.

Dominique had enough fun and young men shouted for him again never kiss the poor baby again-nor Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers energy in him to start a dozen balls and again. At last he came out of his mother. and out-door fetes.

M. W. P.—B. F. Dennison, Philadelphia, Pa. in asking him to come over and who ran to meet him, told afterward all,—his mother would have nobody help them arrange the trays on the that his features were shrunken and to turn when he was gone, little Jean in the problem arrange the trays on the grass, which were to be heaped with bread, cheese and little sugar cups for Nisette cordial and coffee. The Acadians for Louisiana are as simple in their tastes as their French en, Conn.

W. Con.—Mrs. G. L. Sandford, New en, Conn.

Who Con.—Mrs. G. L. Sandford, New en, Conn.

Why, he had loved her since he was a child! And now, with death.

He (Des Vaches) alleged that he was so alarmed that he drew back, on which Dominique gave a hoarse, bitter laugh. Then he demanded what was wrong, thinking perhaps he had been widelight the sugar cups for Nisette cordial and coffee. The who he was gone, little Jean and —Gertrude. Why, he had loved her since he was a child! And now, which Brothen, Conn.

Who Allistor.

Market Building. St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesder, On which Dominique gave a hoarse, bitter laugh. Then he demanded what was wrong, thinking perhaps he had been suddenly struck when his hand was stretched out to seize this topmost joy of life, when he was snatched back to be—what?

A living corpse.

Then the temptal corps i

The scattered groups all gathered at last under the enormous trees, while the long waving moss made a spectral, uncertain shadow overhead.

The elder women sat apart and sipped their neighbor's cordials, gave each other recei pts, and petted spectral threw down the pink flowers on the gave each other recei pts, and petted spectral threw down the pink flowers contailed the child.

The scattered groups all gathered wrong, thinking perhaps he had been bitten by a moccasin snake, the bite of which is fatal.

Dominique made no answer, but threw down the pink flowers on the ground, motioning towards M. Caseau's day; A. Haines.

Then the temptation came. It was the Devil, as honest Dominique knew. Why need he go? It would be weeks, months, perhaps, before the disease would develope. He could sie as would develope. He could ground, motioning towards M. Caseau's day; A. Haines.

To spread death about him?

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To spread death about him? the babies, throwing a gay joke now Des Vaches then called the child and then to their husbands, -busy Jean, to come and see what ailed Dom-

was he who piled a heap of moss for the bunches of roses, gave them to afraid of his own weakness that he Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; W old Mere Flandreau, and set the cross Gertrude saying that M Baudry would ran to the house, gathered up a few Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday; old Mere Flandreau, and set the cross old body to laughing; and it was he who started games for the children. When Dominique was who started games for the children. That he had returned before night fell was pushing his bit of fun his mother, that he had returned bateau far down the bayou.

Carleton, St. John; Gramte 100tk, 11, Puckary, Inches and his mother's picture, and before night fell was pushing his bateau far down the bayou.

Carleton, St. John; Gramte 100tk, 11, Puckary, Inches and his mother's picture, and before night fell was pushing his before night fell was pushing his bateau far down the bayou.

Calling Carner Kings Co.: Colling, 129; Thurstone and his mother's picture, and before night fell was pushing his bateau far down the bayou. for everybody, even the poor negroes home to make ready for his guests. who had followed their masters. But when the Widow Baudry went by this way, to New Orleans. Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134
Nobody blamed the Venue Baudy to her house early in the evening (a Though flats the thick jungles of Saturday; James E. Coy.

banner crop of rice in your parish last lighted nor fire kindled.

mother had been his only confidant. life. His mother cried out helplessly would follow him to the House of Little Ridge, Char. Co; Spreading Oak, 276 Tuesday; A. F. Matheson. creature, who had apparently cared neighbors came trooping in, and then than ever before. His mother had ture watched the blushes come and go
whenever Dominique came near her.

The Baudrys had no kinsfolk who whenever Dominique came near her.

The Baudrys had no kinsfolk who night for food. He would take it from the negro cabins, leaving a coin the negro cabins, leaving a On the whole, it was well that M mons. Dominique was a hard-work in payment. Caseau should know what manner of ing devout lad with no enemy, nor man it was who had chosen his secret tendency to crime. daughter.

Little Jean trotted about after Gertrude, perhaps. But the young it was found, however that he had fellow had a big heart, with plenty taken his mother's picture out of his captain found him lying with his day; T. McGowan. made him frantic with happiness to-day, but he did not forget little

Jean for a moment. Indeed, he took him aside and whispered to him.

All through the solemn season of Carbination and whispered to him.

The day which begun in joy set in a blank horror.

The day which begun in joy set in a blank horror.

The day which begun in joy set in a blank horror.

The day which begun in joy set in a blank horror.

All through the solemn season of Carbination and that hight.

The day which begun in joy set in a blank horror.

All through the solemn season of Carbination and that hight.

The day which begun in joy set in a blank horror.

All through the solemn season of Carbination and the properties of the solemn season of Ca is dead. But hush-h!'

Jean nodded his wise little head, and kept the secret.

The innumerable bayoux, streams and ponds that covered the flat, green kept all the parishes from Bayou pull on his long worsted stocking wild with excitement. 'It is not leprosy. It is poison from dead

chattering and laughing and singing. with pleasure, ran up to where the One thinks swiftly in such throes enough for many Mardis Gras.

the thicket and halted looking at He hid in the swamp like a wild The Des Vaches had no hesitation them. Young Jacques Des Vaches, beast that afternoon, watching them

Yes, said old Jacques Des Vaches must be ill, ran up to his room. It it at night and when the sun warmed Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursand Dominique is foremost in play was open and vacant Dominque it the alligators thrust their jaws out. as in work. A good looking dog, too! I think he resembles me as I etc., were always arranged as by a litthe alligators thrust their jaws out. and watch him with hungry eyes and watch him with hungry eyes letc., were always arranged as by a litthe malaria would give him the as in work. A good looking dog, too! I think he resembles me as I etc., were always arranged as by a was forty years ago,' at which they neat woman. But now drawers, and armoire stood open, some of the gar-him down! If death in any shape him down! If death in any shape him down! If death in any shape him down! Friday; E. Keith.

Dominique wherever he went. Jean Some of his friends thought that he was the son of Louis Baudry, who had been bitten by a serpent, whose crew of a lugger bound to New S. S. Smith. was the son of Louis Baudry, who had been bitten by a serpent, whose crew of a lugger bound to New was dead, and Dominique loved the poison had maddened him, and others Orleans saw the boat, took him abroad Graves Settlement, West. Co.; Rockland, 267. child who had slept in his arms since that he had met a Voudou witch who and nursed him earefully he was a baby, as dearly as he did had cast an evil eye on him. When he was a baby, as dearly as he did had cast an evil eye on him. When he was a baby, as dearly as he did had cast an evil eye on him. When he had Dominique regained his senses. The Saturday; A. Sherwood.

You must put her in your prayers now, mon bebe, for perhaps, she will some day live with us, and be kind to you as your dear mother was who little boat?

Were hunted with bloodhounds, the should be were dragged, but all in vain. Dominque Baudry had vanished. He had been carried to you as your dear mother was who little boat?

Were hunted with bloodhounds, the and memory struggling back into his sluggish bright bayoux were dragged, but all in vain. Dominque Baudry had vanished. He had been carried little boat?

The should be should to you as your dear mother was who off, it was now believed by an evil To the House of Lepers

The key to the mystery was simple.

Coming out of the swamp, his arms all of roses, whistling and singing pointed to his leg.

Coming out of the swamp, his arms from him in horror Dominique pointed to his leg.

Company a Dien P shouted the centain that one of the crew, who had come into the cabin started back w. Vincent.

Elgin, Albert Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; G. Smith, A. B.

Springfield, King's Co.; Springfield, 282; Fringfield, W. Wetween Co.; Springfield, 282; Fringfield, W. Wetween Co.; Springfield, 282; Fringfield, W. Wetween Co.; Springfield, 282; Fringfield, 282; Fringfield, W. Wetween Co.; Springfield, 282; Fringfield, 282; Fringfiel It was just at this time that the full of roses, whistling and singing pointed to his leg. country glittered like silver in the sun, as the wind swept over them long time.

Teche to La Fourche in wonder for a Below his knee he saw a white shin-shell fish. You ing spot on the skin. It had not been 'Yes—Yes!' Dominique, with some of the there this morning. He stooped - struggling out of his bunk, and thrusting

To spread death about him? 'Why not?' he shouted madly.

Jean, to come and see what ailed Domnique, knowing how dear the boy was, to him.

Sut Baudry at that cried: No, no!

Everywhere, as they all remembered afterward, Dominique Baudry was busy, saucy, handsome, joking.

It was he who piled a heap of moss for the bunches of roses of purple and then to come and see what ailed Domnique had bow was, to come and see what ailed Domnique, knowing how dear the boy was, to him.

Why not? he shouted madly.

Why shall I not have my wife, my love, my home? I. too, am a man!

There in the swamp alone, the poor Acadian fought his fight with selfishness and greed and passion. We all of us have that fight some day.

Des Vaches was so bewildered that he did not follow him, but gathering was he who piled a heap of moss for the bunches of roses gave them to a freid of his own weekness that he again.

who had followed their masters.

Nobody blamed the Veuve Baudy to her house early in the evening (a that she sat silent, watching him with evident pride.

'You bave a good son, madame,' said her old friend Caseau, from the said her old friend Caseau, from the simple present the said her old friend Caseau, from the said her old friend Caseau, Teche Country. I hear he had the as she had left it, but no lamp was rich sugar plantations and the rice flats, the sluggish bayou crept. His mother, crying out that her boy Heavy malarious mists hung over Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Wallace

Madame Beaudry was not ill ments were trailed on the floor, every-would come to his help! He thought day; D. Jonah. pleased to hear this praise of her son thing showed the preparation for he could bear what was coming better Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253; from Monsieur Caseau. It was sudden flight. Gertrude Caseau that Dominique had Now, the lad had never been for his mother, to explain what had loved since he was a boy. His twenty miles from his home in his happened. But if she knew she had been his only confident. His world had been his only confident.

His leg burned and swelled. He had been gentler and more tender and all was wonder and wild conjectin the bottom of the boat and drifted River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday, down the stream creeping on shore at Steeves' Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose,

Every day the fever in his veins rose higher and grew weaker, until when the little boat drifted out of the bay into the gulf, Dominique lay Gak Hill, Char Co.; Oak, 265; Friday: Dr. J.

Oo you see that beautiful lady? were hunted with bloodhounds, the and memory struggling back into his

The man and one of the crew, who The key to the mystery was simple. had come into the cabin started back

You were in a swamp'-

where the forest of live oak stood. for the fete, and Dominique, his New Orleans? Who went there But when he did, there was rejoicing in Jornatic Glen, West Co; Forest Glen 290; Thurs

In the woods young Dominique thicket was dense, that he might be of life as this. Dominique Baudry the leading men among the planters. Baudry was busy helping the Des hidden while he rolled up his understood all that awaited him, be- But there is a strange flavor of mystery Vaches family make ready for their trousers, and plunged into the fore Jacque came to him in the swamp and heroic adventure about him, and his guests. True, the fete was to be at water That was the end—the last! Jean his proud neighbors as the tales of the Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.: Coverdale his mother's house that evening, but He was gone so long that the should not come to him. He could Troubadours were to their ancestors.

Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

B. S. Bailey. Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. Mc-

It was a journey of several weeks Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday, Local J. Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday, 129; Thursday, 129; Thurs

Monday; Wm. Roxborough, Milford, St John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday John Waring.

Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. nothing for him. But to-day she Jacques Des Vaches told his story, was not able at least to row, but lay Kouchibouguac, Kent Co.; Union, 258; D. W.

Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday;

F. iday; G. Johnston.
McAdam Junction, York Co.; Star Branch, 268;
E. W. Brownell.

of room in it for all who were dear desk, these stories were not believed. eyes open looking out on the water. The girl's kind words Search was made all that night. He, too, was a 'Cajan.'

Penobsquis, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thursday; J. W. Floyd. St. Nicholas River, Kent Co.; Milltown, 272;

Tuesday; L. Hall. Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279; Thursday; D. W. Goodall.

day; G. M. Wetmore.

Whites Cove, Grand Lake.; Grand Lake; 283; H. E. White. Clifton, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division 284; Wednesday; N. R: Ritchie

gasped Dominique, Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday; Chas. J. Harris. purple clouds a mist now and then, other young fellows, had waded into staring at it, trembling. It was—or which blotted out the lead of the swamp in the morning to bring the believed it to be a lead of the swamp in the morning to bring the believed it to be a lead of the swamp in the morning to bring the believed it to be a lead of the swamp in the morning to bring the believed it to be a lead of the swamp in the morning to bring the believed it to be a lead of the swamp in the morning to bring the believed it to be a lead of the swamp in the morning to bring the believed it to be a lead of the swamp in the morning to bring the swamp in the morning to bring the swamp in t day; W. M. Spence. Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Satur day; H. W. Falkins.

The rice was ready to harvest before he Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V

Benn. Vermillion and St. Mary's parishes enough for many Mardis Gras.

Dominique is married now, and one of Dominique is married now, and one of Dominique is married now, and one of East Florence eville, Carleton Co.; East Florence day; Miss A. Hubley.

ville, 292; Saturday; Wm. Tompkins. Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293 Saturday; J. T. Fletcher. Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday;

Tuesday; F. A. Steeves