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FREDERICTON, N. B.

to be no place for liars. "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." And then we are plainly told what is to be done with liars. "And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." And then again what a fearful proof of God's disapproval of lying have we in the deaths of Ananias and Sapphira.

Aristotle, the celebrated Grecian philosopher, was once asked what a man could gain by telling lies, and he is credited with saying this: "Not to be believed when he shall tell the truth." Alongside of this we may put what is said of one Petrarch, a man noted for his strict integrity. When summoned as a witness in a case, the judge on the bench declined to put him on oath, saying, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

Lying is one of the commonest and meanest of vices. Society is foul with it. You meet with it everywhere, and it is brazen-faced. The waiting-maid stands at the door and she says "Miss is not in, when she is in." I was once making a call—not here—and the maid that answered my ring told me her mistress was out. I was turning away when the mistress herself, knowing my voice called to me to come in. It was a little awkward all round, but apologies are easily made. Of course it may not have been a lie, but I did not like the look of it. And the same thing is here, and everywhere. But it is none the better for that.

Business is full of lies. Both the buyer and seller lie to one another's face with all their might. The buyer stands before the counter, and handling a piece of goods that he does not know anything about, he pretends to know so much, and he tries hard to lower the price. If he succeeds, he thinks he has made such a grand bargain for himself, and he blinks all along the street about it. But he is a fool. Does he not know that the clever clerk is as good at lying as he is, and better? He gets his price out of the fellow and he does not know it. Perhaps he gives him short measure, or he substitutes an inferior article in the chaffering, or he anticipated the kind of customer he had to deal with and began with asking more than the article was worth. Thus the lying goes on, and nothing is really gained by it, but no little lost—truth lost, character sacrificed, a man's good name gone, and gone for what? for a few cents, or a paltry dollar or two.

Then as to politics, it has come to be a synonym of all that is false. And yet, why should not truth serve as well here as falsehood, and very much better, in the long run? But the lying goes on, sweeping far and wide over the land, and cursing wherever it goes. I suppose we will have a wretched year of it, one side outlying the other in misrepresentation and lying. Ah! little indeed will the lying do any political party. Let us be brave enough to speak and write and act the truth, no matter what the consequences.

Such are some of the chief pests that prey on the peace of society, and live and thrive on its faith. And they have all their representatives among us. I do not know that we are more infested with them than elsewhere. I do not think we are. It seems to me that I have been in worse places for tittle-tattle, and scandal-mongering, and all that sort of thing, than the city of Fredericton. But there is no little of it here, and the city does not bear the best of a name in the outside world. We talk a good deal about other people's business, when it would be just as well for us to mind our own a little better. We think we know a thing or two, because we are the capital, when we are not so very wise, or good either. A little more of both would certainly do us no harm, and would keep us perhaps from saying what had better be left unsaid.

But let us not overlook the fact that the social scavengers are not wholly to blame. If there was no filth there would be no flies, and if there were no tale-bearers there would be no tale-bearers. Let us hate tattling, and the tattlers will stop their tattling, or move away to some more congenial clime. But if we have ears to hear all that is said, there will always be some to come and fill them, and the evil will go on.

What we all want more than we know is the consecration of mouth and ear and heart. The Apostle Paul tells us of a love that thinketh no evil. That is the love we want to have, welling up in our hearts, and flowing away out in many a loving word and deed to bless society. Oh how much better it must be for us to speak kindly, sweetly, lovingly, mercifully, forgivingly, of others, even though they are not so very good, than to be talking scandal, vilification, utter trash!

Let us then, resolving, God helping us, to be more watchful than ever over what we say and what we hear. Not long ago I sat at a table, and they had a rule that whoever uttered one word reflecting on a creature had to pay a fine of 10 cents for every offence. A very good rule, they found, for keeping their tongues from running into wretch-

ed tattling and character-pilfering. If you cannot say anything good about others; try and not say anything bad. Bad words are two-edged swords. They cut the man that uses them as well as the one they are used against, and, if possible, they hurt him the most.

Drop follows drop, and swell  
With rain the sweeping river;  
Word follows word, and tells  
A truth that lives forever.

AMEN.

### DECORATING VASES.

The glazed ware can only be decorated with mineral colors, and unless the use of the paints is thoroughly understood, the piece will prove, after firing, probably, a disappointment. No such result need be anticipated in decorating the unglazed ware, for oil colors are used, and the glazing can also be done by the artist, as there are many kinds of varnish or glazes that can be applied without difficulty, and with excellent effects. Of shapes and sizes there is an endless variety, and the design should be in accordance with the vase which it is to decorate.

The vase must first be coated thoroughly inside and out with a solution of shellac. Several coats will be necessary to fill the pores of the ware, and each one must be thoroughly dry before putting on another.

A pair of tall, straight vases will be easy for the first attempt, and after they have been decorated fill them with long stemmed cat-tails and tall grasses, and stand them on the hearth at either side of the fire-place. They will prove very handsome ornaments.

The ground color may be the same for both vases, Naples-yellow. Put the color as smoothly as possible on the interior as well as the exterior. Let the first coat dry, and then apply a second. After this is dry and hard, trace the designs upon the vases, on one a spray of Virginia Creeper, with its rich autumn coloring of scarlet and crimson. Trail the vine as if it were falling over the top of the vase and clinging round the sides. The colors necessary will be vermilion and crimson lake. On the other vase a blackberry vine with the berries will be pretty. Paint the leaves green and the berries black, with a little crimson lake, and here and there touches of white for the high light. When the painting is entirely finished stand the vases away from all dust to dry and harden. They will then be ready for glazing.

Copal varnish, or one of the many glazes which can be purchased all ready prepared, may be used for this purpose. Stand the vase in a warm place where it will be free from dust, to dry, and if there is not a sufficiently high polish apply another coat. Do not on any account handle them until they are perfectly dry, and this will require several days. Then when filled as directed with cat-tails and grasses, they will certainly be pleasant pictures for the eye to rest upon.

### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

Of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action.

The spirit of man which God inspired cannot together perish with this corporeal clod.

It is the sublimest power man ever puts forth to be able to say, "Not my will but Thine be done."

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

Fools with bookish knowledge are children with edged weapons; they hurt themselves, and put others in pain. The half-learned is more dangerous than the simpleton.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire" conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many, poker, tongs, and all, keep them all going.

Do not be a spy on yourself. A man who goes down the street thinking of himself all the time with critical analysis, whether he is doing this, that or any other thing—turning himself over as if he were a goose on a spit before a fire, and basting himself with good resolutions—is simply belittling himself.

The world always judges a man (and rightly enough, too) by his little faults, which he shows a hundred times a day, rather than by his great virtues, which he discloses perhaps but once in a lifetime, and to a single person—nay, in proportion as they are rarer, and he is nobler, is shyer of letting their existence be known at all.

### VICTORIA'S FOOTMAN.

A Good Story of Lord Melbourne, Once Prime Minister of England.

In the days when Prince Albert had come to woo the Queen of England the crowd of people who wished to catch a glimpse of royalty as it promenaded upon the terrace at Windsor Castle was greatly increased by reason of the general interest in the young couple. One day a Yorkshireman, who had determined to get a good look at the Queen, appeared at the gates by which the spectators were usually admitted, and thus accosted a man, a footman evidently, who was at that moment crossing the courtyard:

"Look here, John, Robert, whatever they call you, I come from the country."

"So I hear," said the footman.

"Well, I've never seen t' Queen, and I want to get a good sight of her. Now, can't you just let me through them gates, just afore t' rest o' t' folks? I want to get a good place, ye see."

"Well, sir," said the man. "I don't know whether I dare. I might lose my place, you see."

"Nay, mun, thou'll never lose thy place for such a thing as that. Thou can say to t' Queen that she hasn't got a more loyal subject than John Stoke, not in all Yorkshire. I nobbut want to go in just afore t' rest on 'em."

"Well, come along, then," said the man. He opened the gate and the eager Yorkshireman rushed through. As he did so an idea seemed to strike him, and he stopped to tender the footman a half crown.

"No, thank you, sir," said the man, "we are forbidden to take fees."

"Take it, mun, take it. Noboddy'll know."

"No, thank you, sir."

The Yorkshireman secured a foremost place, and in due time appeared the Queen and Prince. More than that, conversing familiarly with her Majesty was the footman.

"Just look there!" cried the country visitor to a bystander. "He's a laughing and talking to t' Queen like any thing!"

"Who?"

"Why t' chap that opened me the gate—t' footman—him with the blue coat and red collar."

When the listener's laughter would allow him to speak, he explained:

"Blue coat and red collar! Why that's the Windsor uniform, and your footman is Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister!"

### Grit and Culture in Petticoats.

Miss Maria M. Dean is a homeopathic physician, who took a little office and hung out her sign three years ago in Helena, M. T., which has a population of about 18,000 souls. Miss Dean never practiced anywhere else. Her income last year was between \$11,000 and \$12,000. Dr. Dean is about thirty years old and is one of the most popular residents of Helena. She is an excellent shot, and can hit eleven or twelve birds out of thirteen on the wing. On one occasion, when she and her sister were the only ones in the house, a burglar was heard at the window. The sister went down stairs, and the doctor, armed with a gun, prepared to shoot across the piano through the window, when the burglar escaped, leaving his tools behind. "Had she shot him," said one of her family, "she'd have gone outside and dressed the wound." Dr. Dean does not want to marry, and probably never will.

### Arkansas Spelling.

The city marshal of Winfield, Ark., has posted the following proclamation on the lamp-posts of that town:

"All persons as owns dogs are hereby certified that sed dogs is indebted to this city in the sum of one \$, and if they don't pay will be persecuted to the fullest extent of the constitution, this means bizness."

### "SITY MARSHAL."

### Remarkable Translation.

A French manufacturer of cycles has printed a pamphlet translating the advantages of his machine into the following English: "The 'Family Tricycle' is an entirely new machine of form and organs. It is quickly convertible to be ridden by one, two, three or four persons. It supplies with advantage as roadster machine the ordinary Cripple, and particularly the tandem, which looks disgraceful and without comfort. It is the only real machine for family, and can easily be moved with the greatest security, even at a considerable pace."

### Obscure Service.

It is said that the elder Booth used often to take a subordinate character in a play, like that of the grave-digger in Hamlet, and play his part so perfectly as to glorify not only the humble role which he assumed, but the whole play. With many of us, the position which we occupy in society will necessarily be a very obscure one, but if we will perform well our part our life will become of interest both to ourselves and to others.

### A PARVENU SQUELCHED.

Miss Upstart Meets a Nice Woman with a Long Memory.

The rich, especially the newly rich, have their burdens as well as the poor. Witness the following from the Pittsburgh Times: "Oh, dear!" said a young lady (whom it would have slighted painfully to have called a young woman). "Oh, dear! I suppose we will have to get a new carriage. I see the liverymen—who hire carriages to anybody, you know—are putting their drivers down on a front seat, level with the occupants. That used to be our way, and the livery people mounted the driver on top. I dare say we will have to put ours up there now, if they are going to imitate us."

This same young lady, who was pained at foregoing the distinction of two feet of difference in the altitude of her hired man as compared with that of a possible "anybody," at an afternoon reception a few days later exclaimed to an acquaintance: "Just think of it, Miss Blank. We have become quite separated from our chaperon and haven't seen her for almost half an hour."

"Do you know that young woman?" asked Miss Blank of an elderly friend who has a merciless memory.

"I can not say that I do," she responded, "but I knew her grandmother when she kept a little millinery store in Diamond alley, and she would cuddle a shawl over her head and a basket on her arm and trot off to do her small marketing, without bothering about a chaperon at all—even when it was much later in the afternoon than it is now."

"So you use a bell to announce that dinner is served?" remarked the daughter of an iron manufacturer's family, which acknowledges but six others in this community as its social equals. "We always have the servant announce it."

"Indeed!" said her hostess, who had inherited one of these unfortunate memories. "When your mother kept the boarding-house across the street from us I remember that you rang a bell at dinner time, and a very loud bell it was, too."