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HERMAN H. PITTS, Publisher and Proprietor

New Brunswick Reporter.

SATURDAY, MAY 5 1888.

It is expected that Parliament will prorogue about the 15th inst.

The drill camps will begin to assemble this year on the 15th June. It is expected that upwards of 11,000 volunteers will drill in military camps this summer and 9,000 in the cities.

THANKS.—We have to thank the several subscribers from New Maryland for their assurances of satisfaction over the amalgamation of our papers, the Reporter and JOURNAL. We trust they may long continue to have the same good opinion of our publications.

The latest despatches from Germany with reference to the Emperor Frederick, are not reassuring for his permanent recovery. It is possible, however, that he may survive for many weeks. It was thought that his strong constitution and good nursing might carry him through, but it is now felt very doubtful.

The Royal Labor Commission began its session in this city on Thursday. A number of employers and employees have been examined, but little dissatisfaction has been found or causes of friction between the working men, and employers. Working men would like higher wages, and employers would like their business to warrant an increase, but it seems that labor is being paid as high as the results of the labor will warrant.

Mr. Hawke was sentenced on Saturday last by the Supreme Court to two months imprisonment and \$200 fine for designating the proceedings of the Bench in the Weir and election case "as the most disgraceful judicial scandal, the details of which has ever stunk in the nostrils of a free people" and for referring to Judge Fraser, as a judicial "Pooh Bah" etc. It is thought by many that the sentence is heavy, it being the first occasion resulting in conviction and imprisonment of an editor for a like offence in this province.

Bou langer.

Slowly but surely the Boulanger fever is dying out of France. Boulanger is now known as a man of very small calibre, and one who has been working for his own interests throughout. The Scottish American in referring to him, says:—

"One evidence of BOULANGER's littleness is apparent in his vacillation and lack of guiding principle. The one day he desires to have the French Republican Constitution revised so that he may eliminate from it all resemblance to that of Britain, and to assimilate it to that of the United States, and the next day he wishes to alter it so as to abolish entirely the office of President. If the French Republican Constitution is to be assimilated to that of this country then it is indispensable that the Presidency be retained.

While BOULANGER is good at finding fancied flaws in the Constitution he does not show any wisdom or ability in amending; he can tear down but he cannot build up. BOULANGER would alter the Constitution so as to abolish the Presidency entirely, and free the Government from the control of Parliament; but he has no suggestion to offer how the Executive could otherwise be properly undertaken and discharged. The idea of abolishing the office of President is very likely to be cordially taken up by the masses, for there is no doubt that during their term of office the Presidents of this country and of France wield more power than any Autocrat, and on that account the office is somewhat repugnant and antagonistic to Republican ideas. But before abolishing it the French people had better well consider some fitting substitute. Clearly BOULANGER has nothing to offer; and it is to be feared that he only desires to raise general discontent, and to land French affairs in that chaotic state from which another revolution would evolve that might possibly redound to his own benefit. Impulsive as they are the French do not lack wisdom sufficient to perceive this, and to prevent such dire results.

Enormous Immigration.

The immigration into Canada this year from the old country is estimated to be greater than ever before in the experience of Dominion. A late English paper referring to the number leaving that country, says that on April 17th there were upwards of 2000 souls left for Canada, on the Allen Line steamer, the largest number that ever left in one day. The bulk of the immigrants are British, although there is a fair sprinkling of German, Swedish and Norwegian settlers being forwarded to the various continental colonies in our Northwest.

The steamers sailing from the old country for the next months are well booked with immigrants, all of whom are in fair circumstances and will bring money and labor to our shores, and will not be like the pauper immigrants, we trust, that has been so disastrous to the United States.

The migration from the United States into Manitoba and the Northwest is also unprecedented this year, and there are not a few going thither from the older provinces. One day in March last, advice was received from Winnipeg that no less than five express and ten colonist trains arrived in that city during the preceding 36 hours. The total number of emigrants conveyed by these trains were 952, mostly well-to-do people, many from Dakota, where last years experiences of blizzards, and cyclones has discouraged many of the settlers. These settlers brought into Canada over 100 cars of pedigree live stock.

While our Northwest is thus booming with emigrants from the Western States, the old country and the smaller provincial towns, the large eastern United States cities are receiving considerable additions to their population from the provinces. Boston seems the most attractive place for the young men from this locality, although many who leave here for Boston do not remain in that city but branch off to some of the smaller manufacturing towns in that vicinity. This spring Boston is not the inviting field for young men that it may have been in former years. From Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island there have been numerous exodians left for that place, until like many places on the Pacific coast there are twenty persons standing waiting for every vacant situation.

It was the privilege of the editor of the Reporter to recently visit the "Hub" as Boston is sometimes aptly designated, and while there had the opportunity of conversing with some of the former residents of this city. The general opinion seemed to prevail that half the wages received here would go farther, and they would have much more pleasant time than where they were. One young man in a Furniture Factory in Chelsea remarked that the boys did not know what work was, down in the provinces. "Why," said he, "it was just a picnic to work down there in comparison to here. Of course we get much better wages, but every time you turn around you have to pay for it here. You have to sleep in one place and get your meals in another, there is car-fare and hundreds of little things that run off with the money as rapidly as it is earned. I tell you a person that is strapped here knows what it means to be strapped. Then as for the pleasure, and seeing the world, why, we have to work so hard, and so steadily that when six o'clock comes, we are glad enough to get home and to bed. This is a country where the almighty dollar is the god of the thoughts of the men, and the bosses think of nothing but how to get the most out of you. There is no chance to be cheeky either, for there are so many standing watching for your job that one has to keep his 'nose tight on the grind-stone' for fear of getting bounced."

This was but one of the many expressions of the feelings of provincialists who were at work in Boston all going to show that there were many discouragements and hardships to be endured by those leaving the provinces to go there. If it could be the lot of our young men who contemplate a move, and who have now steady employment to visit that city for a few days, without being obliged to procure employment there, we believe they would many of them return, in fact by far the greater majority would; as it is many of them do.

Electric light patrolman Webber, of Halifax, met with a horrible death Sunday night. He climbed a lamp-post to fix the carbon on a lamp that had gone out, and thinking the current was not on, he threw his leg over the wire. Immediately the fatal current struck him, he reeled, grasped the wire with his naked hands and a moment later his corpse was suspended from the wires. The lower part of his body, thighs and hands, were terribly burned. With his death grip he hung on to the wires for a quarter of an hour before the current could be turned off and the body could be taken down. This is the first fatal accident that has happened in connection with the Halifax electric light works.

A Trip to Southern California.

BY JABEZ.

(Continued.)

During one of these excursions we passed through a portion of the old French town. Everybody here, black, white and yellow, talks a sort of French patois. The houses look as if they might have been imported three hundred years ago from some sleepy town in France. The second story in many places overhangs the street, making them seem like alleys. The sidewalks for the same reason are very pleasant to walk on in the heat of the day—that is when one can escape the odors for a moment. The streets were muddy, although paved with cobblestones. We should have much liked to explore the whole quarter, but our time would not permit. The newer portion of the city as far as we saw it, impressed us favorably. Streets broad, and regular. Houses large and handsome. The United States Mint stood near the landing. It is a large and imposing structure. Some of our party were shown through it and were much interested in the various operations of coin.

At last to our great joy, the gateman shouted 'All aboard,' and we were aloft on the 'Father of Waters.' The river here is not very broad, hardly exceeding in width the St. John at Fredericton. It is very deep, swift and turbid, hurrying along to the Ocean quantities of debris washed down from the upper country. Many sea-going vessels lined its banks, taking in cargoes of cotton for the mills of Manchester and Glasgow. Here, too, were laid up, the magnificent steamboats of the Mississippi, large, and handsomely painted, veritable floating palaces.

All this we had to hurriedly take in as we were crossing, but the time was all too short. We were soon at the ferry landing, and again came the bustle and hum of embarking. Each had his car, and his berth previously allotted, so there was little confusion. In a few minutes we were off again, making rapidly through a flat country—the land of the sugar cane, a deep black soil, sloping not to the river, but from it. We were actually below the level of the Mississippi but its waters were kept out by immense embankments called levees extending for miles along the river. On the side of the road opposite to these fields, was the dense jungle or cane-brake, several feet deep with water, and absolutely impenetrable. It used to be the refuge of fugitive slaves 'befo' de wah.' Once here they were safe from dogs and men. Now all is changed. Old things are passed away.

Evening fell as we stopped at Lafayette for supper. The air was soft and balmy, the skies cloudless and starlit, far different from the night then falling at home in old New Brunswick. An accident to one of the car wheels detained us here for a time. One of our coaches was disabled and had to be left behind, while its occupants, many of whom had just turned in, were compelled to pass the night in the smoker. Sitting upon a pile of luggage surrounded by bundles, and parcels, while young squallers made the night hideous, at best is not a very pleasant way of travelling. The night seemed endless.

When day broke, however, we found ourselves out on the Texan prairies. Our discomforts, past and present, were forgotten while gazing on so much that was new and strange. In this part of the State large quantities of cotton are raised. We did not see much of the cotton itself, but passed several immense store houses filled with cottonseed. These invariably adjoined a mill where the oil was expressed and prepared for the tables of Northern epicures as pure Italian Olive oil. In this way, we were told most of the product was used. The seed remaining after this process is ground and used as food for cattle.

The country in all to-day's travel was low, flat, and with much water standing on its surface. Soil a deep black loam capable of raising anything. Many wild ducks were seen, and large flocks of our northern birds. Towards evening, however, the character of the country gradually changed. It became dryer, and covered in places with dense thickets of thorn, chapparal as they call it here. Few settlements were here. For miles the only sign of life would be a solitary turkey-buzzard wheeling in wide circles high up in the air, or rising in a flock with hoarse croaks as the rushing train disturbed them at their loathsome feast. They are the scavengers of the country and are protected by law.

We thought Western Texas a poor God-forsaken dried up country, but it was a paradise compared to Arizona. No green grass here, no herbage at all except here and there a few withered stalks stood up, having escaped the notice of the hungry cattle. Dust and desolation everywhere. We had heard of the immense herds of cattle fed here, and of their prime condition. We saw none of the great herds, and the few cattle we did see looked

half starved, and ready to drop off at any moment, as gaunt and hungry they knawed the coarse sage brush or prickly cactus their only food. Poor brutes, many a carcase and skeleton bleaching in the sun attested to the suitability of Arizona as a stock raising country.

In the afternoon a mirage appeared as we were crossing a sandy alkali plain, surrounded by dry barren mountains not a tree nor a shrub on their naked sides. A beautiful lake seemed to be close beside us, with the mountains and clouds reflected in its bosom. Many believed it was a river or lake. It soon faded, however, the contrast leaving the plain more desolate than before. We did not think much of Arizona, nor of New Mexico, a territory similar in climate and productions. The mining industry is very important though we saw none of the mines.

At last we neared California 'the poor man's paradise.' Just before entering its gates, however, we passed through a portion of the Mohave desert. This certainly came up to our ideas of what a desert ought to be. A dreary waste of shifting, ever drifting sand, heaped up into great banks like snow by the action of the winds. No sign of life, plant or animal to be seen, nothing but the grey sands everywhere. The telegraph poles were some of them almost cut through by the grinding of the sand forced against them by the wind. Here and there sand fences were placed as snow fences with us, to keep the sand from covering the track. They were always on the south west side from which quarter the winds continually blow.

At last the valley contracted, the mountain walls approached till they formed a narrow canon. We rushed through, and were at once in Banning in the midst of orange groves, lemon trees and pleasant flowers. What a change. The canon was only a mile or two long. On the one side dust, and the desert, on the other orange groves and vineyards. Everything looked green. We seemed to have suddenly burst into the midst of spring. As we ran on we could see in the distance teams ploughing and sowing on the big wheat farms. Many three horse double furrow gang plows were following each other around the field. The soil is so easily stirred that the three horses do the work quite easily. Notwithstanding the length of the season, and the absence of snow and frost, one crop of wheat is all that can be raised without irrigation. The seed is sown in the winter, catches the winter and spring rains and is cut in May and June.

The farther we advanced down the valley, the more beautiful became the landscape. Houses embowered in gardens of orange and lemon trees and overshadowed by stately palms, clung here and there to the hillsides. Soon the valley broadens out to a plain, whereon is situated the towns of Pomona, Ontario, and many another. Some were 'paper towns' others assumed facts. Our stay at any of them was very short, however, and gave us very little time to see their beauties. At three o'clock we reached Los Angeles and a few minutes later was safely domiciled in the Natick House, ruminating on the events of our transcontinental trip already a thing of the past.

(Continued next issue.)

The mysterious disappearance of Gannon, a well to do grocer of Montreal, is still the fruitful subject of discussion in commercial circles. His friends state he will return from New York in the course of a few days. His liabilities amount to about \$50,000, but it is expected his estate will pay at the most 75 cents on the dollar. The real reason for Gannon's action is believed to be that a short while ago he went security for Elliott, a wholesale oil merchant who recently assigned, and as that gentleman went to New York and did not put in an appearance when the case was called, Gannon stood to lose ten thousand dollars or go to gaol. This practically meant ruin. Rather than bear the consequences of his friendly act he determined to abandon his business and leave the city.

Card.

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