

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 21.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1886.

WHOLE NO.—906.

Poetry.

GOING HOME.

Where are you going so fast, old man,
Where are you going so fast?
There's a valley to cross, and a river to ford,
There's a clasp of the hand and a parting word,
And a tremulous sigh for the past, old man;
The beautiful vanished past.

The road has been rugged and rough, old man;
To you feet it's rugged and rough;
But you see a dear being with gentle eyes,
Has shared in your labor and sacrifice;
Ah! that has been sunshine enough, old man,
For you and me, sunshine enough.

How long since you passed o'er the hill, old man?
Of life o'er the valley of the hill?
Were there beautiful valleys on either side?
Were there flowers and trees, with their branches wide?
To shut out the heat of the sun, old man,
The heat of the fervid sun?

And how did you cross the waves, old man,
Of sorrow, the fearful waves?
Did you lay your dear treasures by, one by one,
With an aching heart and a God's will be done?
Under the wayside dust, old man,
In the graves 'neath the wayside dust?

There is sorrow and labor for all, old man,
Alas! there is sorrow for all;
And you, perditioner, have had your share,
For eighty long winters have whitened your hair,
And they've whitened your heart as well, old man,
Thank God! your heart as well.

You're now at the foot of the hill, old man,
At last at the foot of the hill!
The sun has gone down in a golden glow;
And the heavenly city lies just below;
Go in through the pearly gate, old man,
The beautiful pearly gate.

Select Tale.

THE LITTLE REBELLION.

AND HOW IT WAS CRUSHED.

'You can never keep that school, never, sir,' the boys are a hard set, the worst in town. Last winter they turned out three masters, and finally the school was broken up altogether.

Thus discouragingly spoke Deacon Sterne, chairman of the Tilton school committee, to the candidate before them for examination.

Perhaps the young man smiled a little at the expression, in a half-doubting way; but what ever he thought, he only said simply,

'I can try, sir.'

And when William said that, it meant much. Deacon Sterne did not believe his name. He must have forgotten his own youth; I think; no children called him father, and the few who came near him by the tie of relationship, not one was there but felt much awe, mingled however, with very little reverence in his presence.

Boys were his special antipathy. Good boys, even, on their best behavior, he looked on somewhat grimly, and it was 'woe' indeed to those who were blessed with the name of rogues, or anything savoring the slightest departure from the strictest rules of propriety.

This slight introduction may explain somewhat the opening remark; a remark, it may be, not wholly groundless. But we will not anticipate.

With this the little conclave broke up and separated, each member carrying away some what different feelings. Said one, 'I hope he will have no trouble,' which expression another echoed. But the inexorable chairman bore himself a little more stiffly than his wont, with an air that seemed in itself to renege against the fact, what he was pleased to term, 'inexcusable folly of choosing that little strippling to handle those great loaves.'

Gently, gently, worthy chairman, judge not harshly; and remember that oftentimes other and higher influences, than mere brute strength, have vital and lasting effects.

The young teacher—had he gone away unloved or disheartened? From youth upward he had won his way only by toil, and struggles to overcome discouragements, and the presentation of a coming trial acted only as an incentive to greater and stronger effort.

This was on Friday. There were two days before the commencement of his labors, and with eyes and ears open he gained in that time many ideas of the community—their character and principles, and the work before him.

Monday morning came at last, and though half-dreaded, it was anticipated with a half eagerness to commence on new duties. Seven, eight, half-past eight o'clock came, and found the teacher already at the school house on the hill. A few half-frightened children greeted him with a prolonged stare as he entered, which he returned with a cheery 'good morning.'

Then he looked about on the place which was to witness his success or failure. It was not promising, certainly. A large rusty stove stood on a feeble back; dirt and scraps of paper garnished the floor; and the walls, as well as the blackboards they upheld, were made the ground-work for sundry lessons in drawing, as witnessed the grotesque figures and impossible sketches with which they were (in one sense) well covered.

There must be a change here, he thought; no wonder the school was broken up; strange, indeed, scholars ever had the heart to come to such a place.

At nine o'clock the bell rang out loud and clear, and for ten minutes the tramp of forty pupils over the hill, broke the previous stillness. The girls glided in and quickly settled on their side of the house; the boys more noisily and tardily graded themselves into position, the older with a swaggering air, farthest back, the youngest ones with elbows on the desk, and chin upheld, filling the lowest forms down to the front.

lence for a moment, broken as the teacher rose from his chair and stood beside the desk, and said:

'Before commencing on our work I wish to say a few words to you. We are strangers each to the other, but I see no reason why our acquaintance may not be a pleasant one. We are here for work, certainly, but that work may be rendered comparatively light by the earnestness with which we undertake its performance. It depends not on me alone, but on each of us, to make the few months we are to spend here pleasant as well as useful, and among the recollections we shall look back on and prize.'

The pupils received this little address wondering, for none such had ever greeted them before. If any words were uttered they embodied ideas of superiority of power, or vague hints of severe judgment; if certain opinions and principles were not carried out. Taken thus somewhat aback, there seemed little ground for opposition. It placed them also on a new stand—their responsibility—and that, from its being a new thing, they rather liked.

Books, slates and other accoutrements of school work, were rattled out with new zeal, and for a week all went smoothly and well. In that time there was a chance for insight into different characters, advance of acquaintance, and a sort of exposition of what future prospects might be. The exposition showed that while the majority appeared disposed to continue to the end as they had begun, there existed among a few a rebellious element, out of which trouble might arise.

Its limits were two rows of back seats on the boys' side, the occupants of which were excited not only by their first evident serious contentment, but by injudicious outside hints, of having been 'brought under at last,' having 'to give in,' and the like.

The fractious minority, for a leader, looked up to Jim Barrett, a wide-awake, reckless youth, more given to mischief for the very love of it, than from malicious or wilful disposition. Disturbances only revealed themselves at first in whisperings and scufflings, imperfect lessons, and other disorders during school hours. The elements were without doubt approaching the crisis, and it was without a great deal of surprise that, on reaching the school-room one fine day, after noon intermission, it was found in a perfect chaos of disorder, the door locked, and key gone.

Now was the 'trying time.' Other instructors had threatened and stormed, thrashed here and there, at such acts, and only made matters worse.

The missing key turned up at last in a remote corner, and the room soon assumed its wonted appearance. More than usual quiet reigned in the rebellious corner that afternoon, a sign in itself of guilt and complicity.

Ten minutes previous to the closing hour, books were by request laid aside, and a death-like stillness reigned. Rising, the instructor said:

'Will those who were concerned in the disturbance at noon rise?'—and he looked toward the back seat. Jim, if mischievous, was at least honest, and with a bravado air stood erect. One, two, three, four, five and six, slowly followed.

'Will you please walk up to the desk?' Tramp, tramp, they came down the aisle, and stood in line on the floor.

The performance on similar occasions had been a selection of the leader as an example, or thorough castigation of the whole, ending too often in disgraceful scenes, such as the school room should be a stranger to.

There was no sign of any punishment now, only a look of real pain on the teachers face.

'Will you answer me a few questions honestly?'

The bravado air was already fading, as they answered not loudly in the affirmative.

'Do you think you have, with the exception of my feelings, injured me in the act of this noon?'

The thought was a new one, and hesitatingly received the answer—'No, sir!'

'Do you think you have acted a gentlemanly or even friendly part, or treated me as you would wish a friend of yours treated if a stranger?'

Could they answer in the affirmative to that? plainly not.

'Well, then, since you have not affected me, and you acquiesce in the acts having been disorderly and improper, I can hardly see your motive. It is a principle of mine not to resort to so low a resource as a corporal punishment; when I cannot govern without that I will not govern at all. Such inflictions would only lower me in your estimation, as they would lower you in mine, and worst of all, surely lower us in our own. I wish to treat you not as brutes, which cannot think of reason, but as intelligent, responsible human beings. Let me hope sincerely that no act like this will again mar the harmony of the relations we have thus far sustained. School is dismissed.'

Seven shame-faced boys wended their way home that night, each with a new idea in his head. The report of the moral subjection spread like wild-fire, and those who had prophesied the downfall of the school, now rang themselves on the side of its friends and helpers, while the few who had stood there from the first were proud in justifying themselves for their desertion.

There was no further disturbance that winter, and under the gentle but firm influence brought to bear, marvellous changes were wrought.—The school aspect, and the school, from standing low in the scale of opinion, now ranked high.

The closing was a memorable one. Parents and friends with whom the teacher had sought and won an acquaintance, were there to wonder

at all they saw. Even Deacon Sterne, encouraged by his dignity and invincible opinion, promised to allow the surprise he could not conceal to be shown; and that with him was considered equal to much greater demonstration in any other person.

The final separation was to pupils and teacher really sad, because their regret at parting was really sincere. Even the boys did not disdain to shed tears, and when 'big boys' compromise their boy dignity enough to do that, you may be sure they are in earnest. Much as the committee and all wished it, their favorite teacher could not return to them again. He moved soon after to a Western State, and where he once governed and judged boys, he now as an officer of justice, judged men. The winter at Tilton is not forgotten, and is often recalled as an event of as much importance to himself as to those he governed.

And Jim Barrett from that time changed perceptibly, and from devoting his energies to mischievous designs, turning them energetically to a work of reform. He holds a trusty position in the neighboring city, and is still advancing. But that winter is marked as the commencement of it all, and he often says now,—the time that I was put down as leader of that little rebellion at school, is the most important event I have to be thankful for in my life.

On Marrying.

Some fellow who seems to think well of the 'institution,' discourses of marrying. Hear him:—

Get married, young man, and be quick about it, too! Don't wait for the Millennium, hoping that the girls may turn to angels, before you trust yourself with one of them. A pretty thing you'd be alongside an angel, wouldn't you?—you brute! Don't wait another day, but right now—this very night ask some nice, industrious girl to go into partnership with you, to help clear your pathway of thorns and plant it with flowers. Suppose she 'kicks,' why don't you know, you block-head, there is such a thing as trying again, and that the 'minnows' having bitten at the hook and run away, there is now a chance to catch a better fish? Marrying won't hurt you—it won't. I'll sew the buttons on your shirt, and mend your breeches and your manners too—it will!

Get married! There never was a better time, for we are all subjugated rebels together, and no one will 'make remarks' about the scantiness of your wardrobe, or the carelessness of your furniture. You can cut the wool and she can do the cooking, with a nice little stove that won't cost much.

Plenty of freedwomen to wash and iron, and clean up generally. Stop your whining about being poor, and get married!

Stop drinking whiskey, chewing and smoking tobacco, and playing cards, and save the money thus foolishly—worse than foolishly spent. Your wife—that is to be—will take care of your savings, and furnish you in return with woman's affection, and pure coffee to warm your frozen members.

Get married!—you especially who are in the 'scar and yellow leaf' of bachelorism, and if you don't may you freeze to death some of these cold nights. You ought to freeze, you good-for-nothing, buttonless creature!

A 'STUDY' OF BOXERS.—The Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph writes:—'The one great object of my admiration in Paris is the bonnet—its ever-changing shape, its splendor, its disappearance, and its 'dark days of nothingness.' What do you think bonnets were yesterday? Not crumpe, nor tulle, nor silk, nor satin, nor velvet, nor straw. No, nothing but flowers. I saw one lady with a bonnet of daisies, and another who had on her head a handful of lilies of the valley, festooned with great ribbons. If it really is anything, a bonnet can scarcely be less than a few lilies of the valley, which at Florence would cost half a Paul.—Another lady had a wreath of wallflowers.

The vigor of the censorship of the press in some European countries is curiously manifested in the editorials printed. A German journal called the *Dort Zeitung*, published at Hildburghausen, a thriving town in Meiningen, recently appeared with a leading article consisting of two verses of the Bible, and nothing more. The verses are to be found in Micah vii, 3 and 4, and are as follows:—'That they may do evil with both hands earnestly, the prince asketh, and the judge asketh for a reward; and the great man will utter his mischievous desire; so they will wrap it up. The best of them is a bribe; the most upright is sharper than a thorn-bush; the day of thy watchman and thy visitation cometh; now shall be their perplexity.' The editor's aptness at quoting Scripture earned him an immediate warning from the authorities.

REMEMBER FOR SORROW.—There are only two genuine remedies for sorrow—prayer and work. Trust in heaven and keep doing is the best recipe for every human care. There are no wounds of the spirit which will not heal. Strength, fortitude, patience, resignation, are as sure to be vouchsafed to those who earnestly pray for them, and at the same time are diligent in the performance of their temporal tasks, as the harvest is to follow the planting of the seed.

A cooper who was in need of hoop-poles beset a man to furnish him with some. 'Where 'll I get 'em?' questioned the man. 'Anywhere; steal 'em, if you can't do better.' The hoop-poles were furnished and paid for, when the cooper happened to inquire of the seller where he got them. 'Stole 'em, as you told me to,' was the answer. 'Where'd you steal 'em?' 'Oh up in your woods,' returned the man, jingling his profits.

How Sugar is Made.

It is in Cuba that all the details of the process are to be seen in the greatest perfection. By the time the crop is ready, the mill and all the machinery have been carefully examined, the walls of the boiling house whitewashed, and the pans and tanks cleaned and cleared of the thousands of rats and cockroaches which have been attracted to them by the remains of molasses.

The few days before work begins are kept as a holiday by black and white alike, time even for necessary sleep being hard to be had after that date.

In reaping, each cane is taken off with a knife as close as possible to the root, cut into two or three pieces of about a yard long, and then thrown back, to be gathered into bundles by the attendant women and children, and carried in bullock carts to the mill. There it is passed under iron or steel rollers, from which it comes out in the form of a crushed mass, having yielded, however, little more than half its juice—an amount of waste which it has hitherto been found impossible to materially lessen.

The juice is now a thin green fluid, closely resembling the white of an egg, and capable, like that, of throwing up a great proportion of semi solid matter when submitted to great heat. This is effected by passing the fluid from one to another of a series of copper pans arranged over a flue which extends for forty or fifty feet from the furnace at one end of the sugar-house to the chimney at the other.

As soon as the juice has grown warm in the first of these, a little cream of lime is added, which coagulates and brings to the surface the vegetable albumen, at the same time changing the color from green to yellow.

When the scum is removed, the juice is ladled into the next vessel, until, as the evaporation proceeds, the thickened syrup finally arrives at the smallest pan, which is placed directly over the furnace. How long it should remain in this last stage is a matter of extreme nicety only to be learned by experience, but as soon as it has boiled sufficiently, it is turned out into a shallow wooden trough and left to cool. When cool, the contents, now a dark brown mixture of sugar and molasses, are put into casks with perforated bottoms through which the molasses drains away. After thirty days of this discipline, the sugar is considered as sufficiently pure for shipment, and the casks are closed up. Sugar thus prepared is known to the trade as 'muscovado.'

Another and better class goes by the name of 'clayed,' and with this a different process is adopted in the latter stages of the manufacture. Instead of being put into the cooling trough, the juice is at once turned into cone-shaped moulds of metal or earthenware, holding from 80lb. to 120lb. each. These are turned upside down, and a mixture of clay and mortar spread over the base of each. The molasses drains away through the apex, and the water drippings from the clay percolates through the sugar and helps to carry away much of the impure and colored matter, which is considerably more soluble than sugar itself.

The object of mixing clay with the water is to make the passage of the latter more gradual and so diminish the otherwise enormous waste. In one or other of these forms most of the sugar we import reaches here.

The conversion into its purer state is usually effected in this country, as to be successful, it needs great mechanical skill and more complete mechanical appliances than are to be found in the West Indies. The process commences on the top story of the refinery, where the raw sugar is first collected in heaps, and then shovelled into a rectangular iron vessel capable of holding a thousand or more gallons, called the 'blowing-cistern.' Water is then turned on at the same time, and the whole rapidly heated to boiling point by the passage of a current of steam.

'Blowing up' causes a great deal of scum to rise to the surface, especially when, as is the case with all but the very purest sugars, black-locks blood, or, as the refiners call it, 'spice,' is added to the mixture. This scum is removed by filtration, the liquid being turned from the cistern into a shallow tank, whence it passes through a series of canvas bags, and when perfectly bright is allowed to flow on to a bed of animal charcoal. It is now of the color of old port wine, but some hours later, when it reappears below the charcoal, it has become as colorless as water. It is then ready for boiling, which takes place by means of a vacuum pan, at a lower degree of heat, and consequently with less injury to the sugar, than would be necessary under ordinary atmospheric pressure.

When the boiling has gone on long enough a valve in the lower part of the pan is opened and the whole mass falls into a heated vessel on the floor below, where it remains until the crystals have become large enough and hard enough to please the operator.

The concluding processes closely resemble those in the corresponding stage of the raw material. The sugar is poured into molds, and the moisture allowed to drain away. Even then, however, it is still colored, and the last trace of impurity is not removed until the cones have been 'clayed,' the clay in this instance, however, consisting only of a solution of sugar and water, which sinks through the sugar-loaf and leaves it in that state of whiteness with which we are familiar in the sugar-basin. The drippings of this final purification are saved, to be made into an inferior sugar.

A widower, who was accused of never having shed a tear on the occasion of his wife's death and burial, defended his conduct, on the ground that she had caused him to shed so many before her death, that the briny fountain was utterly dry.

Foreign Missionary Societies.

The whole number of American Foreign Missionary societies is sixteen, having under their charge 2388 missionaries and native preachers, 54,000 church members, 22,000 pupils, and receipts amounting to \$1,100,000. In Great Britain there are 20 missionary societies; missionaries and native preachers, 5215; members 185,000; pupils, 201,000, receipts, \$3,094,000. On the continent of Europe there are 12 societies, of which six are in Germany. They have 811 missionaries, 70,000 church members, receipts, \$267,000. Total Protestant missionary associations, 48; missionaries and native helpers, 8418; church members, 518,000; pupils, 235,000; receipts, \$4,481,000. This is exclusive of minor missionary efforts undertaken, as on various Pacific Islands, by converts among the heathen, for the benefit of other and still more degraded tribes.

Making a Needle.

Needles are made of steel wire. The wire is first cut by shears from coils into the length of the needles to be made. After a batch of such bits of wire are cut off, they are placed in a hot furnace, then taken out and rolled backward and forward on a table until they are straight. They are now to be ground. The needle point, or takes up two dozen or so of the wires, and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstone, first one end and then the other.

Next comes the punching of the eyes; and a boy does it so fast that the eye can hardly keep notice with him. The splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps of these twin needles. A woman with a little anvil before her files down the head and separates them. They are now complete needles, but all rough and rusty, and they easily bend.

The hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and when red hot are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next they must be tempered, and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth needles are spread, to the number of 40,000 or 50,000. Emery dust is strewn over them, oil is sprinkled and soft soap daubed by spoonfuls over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled up, and with several others of the same kind, thrown into a sort of a wash-pot, to roll to and fro for 12 hours or more.—They come out dirty enough; but after a rinsing in clean hot water, and tossing in sawdust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be sorted and put up for sale.

Does it Apply to You?

The Dayton (Ohio) Journal publishes the following as having occurred in that city. We submit it to our readers and the consideration of the public generally, without the least thought that any one will find anything in it that could possibly be of personal application. We take it, however, that there are several wives in this city who will herein discover something that might be construed into personality. Little 'Mamma' was discussing the great heretofore with her mamma, when the following ensued:—'Mamma—Mamma, will you go to heaven when you die?' 'Mamma—Yes, I hope so, child.' 'Mamma—Well, mamma, I hope I'll go too, or you'll be lonesome.' 'Mamma—Oh, I hope your papa will go too.' 'Mamma—Oh, no, papa can't go; he can't leave the store.' 'Mamma thought she had a good one on papa, as he can't often leave the store to go to prayer meeting.

There is a simplicity that is a defect, and a simplicity that is a great virtue. Simplicity may be a want of discernment. When we speak of a person as simple, we may mean that he is credulous, and perhaps vulgar. The simplicity that is a virtue is something sublime; every one loves and admires it, but it is difficult to say exactly what this virtue is.—*Fenelon.*

The chief and common companion of pride is ignorance. Vanity feels itself by dwelling upon the possession of some ornament which we believe to be extraordinarily brilliant. But did we see the precious jewels which adorn many others in like circumstances, we would shun to wear ours, and would meekly set ourselves to increase our store of grace and goodness.

Is there any person you would particularly wish me to marry? said a widow expectant to her dying spouse, who had been somewhat of a tyrant in his day. 'Marry the devil, if you like,' was the gruff reply. 'O no, my dear,' retorted the wife; you know it is not lawful to marry two brothers.'

He who seeks to expand the mind and enlarge the faculties, and who combines with this a steady, firm attempt to educate and train aright his moral nature, has the highest aims in view. However humble may be his station in life, ay, though he may drink to the very dregs of the cup of poverty, he is the noblest specimen of man.

Duty is the little blue sky over every heart and soul—over every life—large enough for a star to look between the clouds, and for the skylark Happiness to rise heavenward through and sing in.

A poor Irishman who applied for a licence to sell ardent spirits, being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust replied:—'Ah! sure it is not much of a character that a man needs to sell rum!'

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.—CUTTEN, when opposed to Lord Cairn, said that he reminded him of a chimney sweep who had raised himself by dark and dusky ways, and then called aloud to his neighbors to witness his dirty elevation.

Items Foreign & Local.

'Why not eat horses?' is the title of a sober and able article in a prominent periodical.

The Canadian Parliament is summoned to meet on the 8th June.

The Legislature of P. E. Island have determined not to enter the proposed Confederation of the Provinces.

The income of Great Britain is more than £200,000,000.

Minnesota, two years ago, sent no wheat into the market; this season she will have exported ten millions of bushels. This indicates the manner in which the new States of the North-west are developing their resources.

The British and Foreign Bible Society is about to erect new buildings in London for its accommodation. The Prince of Wales has consented to be present on the occasion and to lay the foundation stone.

The two branches of the Presbyterian Church in the United States have for some time been making overtures for reunion. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the two General Assemblies both meet this year, at the same time, in St. Louis.

The American Bible Society has just held its fiftieth anniversary in New York. It has printed 72 editions of the Bible in 33 different languages, and the whole number of these issues is 21,499,995. The receipts of the Society from 1811 have been \$10,434,953.

The cholera has made terrible ravages in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. At Diekirch, between the evening of last 1st inst. and the morning of the 3d, there were a hundred deaths in a population of less than 3000.

At St. Ament, France, a boy was playing in a farm yard, when he fell head foremost into a water cask. A colt, three years old, which he had been in the habit of leading, was seen to take the clothes in his mouth and lift him out.

Mr. Wilnot, at a meeting in St. John recently, denied a statement made by Mr. Gilman in reference to himself. He (Mr. W.) said he had prepared Mr. Gilman's Estimates for him, and he was surprised that Mr. Anglin should have published Mr. Gilman's statement, as he knew the circumstances.

The Globe says:—'The prospects for the construction of Western Extension never appeared brighter than at the present time. Those who are best acquainted with the condition of affairs are certain of this, and now look to a vigorous prosecution of the work on the line. Col. Pierce and others will arrive by the steamer on Tuesday prepared to let large contracts on the road. It is hoped that a thousand men will be employed at various points of the line during the summer months.'

According to the Berlin papers, a Hungarian girl, born at Ogdenburgh without lands, now twenty years of age, has been giving some curious performances in the Prussian capital. She performs with her mouth the functions of hands. She sews, embroiders, executes the most delicate work with pearls, even threads her needles and makes knots, all with her tongue, apparently without difficulty.

The rebel spy and horse thief, Sterling King, who has made some noise by a statement that he was prominently concerned in the assassination of President Lincoln, has committed suicide by starving himself to death. He ate only rice and forty days, and then he died.

He offered, just before his death, to begin eating again if the parties appearing against him would compound his felony on receiving payment for the property stolen; but they declined to compound, and he refused to eat until death released him.

Count Koucheleff, the incredibly rich Russian who made Paris stare five or six years ago, has refused to pay a mantua maker's bill of \$4000, his wife incurred in Paris recently. His defence was that there was a marriage contract between his wife and himself by which each agreed to pay their respective debts;—that he had already paid \$100,000 for bagatelles bought by his wife within the last three years—that he had sent her away from Paris to keep her out of temptation, giving her a beautiful home in the South of France, and allowed her \$15,000 a year for pocket money, but that jewelers, mantua makers, and milliners sent their tatters to her Southern home to tempt her into all sorts of extravagance which exceded his ability to pay, although he has \$6000,000 a-year income. The court decided he was not liable for the bill.

The INTER-COLONIAL RAILROAD.—It is current, and we believe true, that one of the most influential members of the Legislative Council, when recently in England, took the opportunity of calling upon Mr. Cardwell to confer upon the Colonial affairs, and among others, the Inter-Colonial Railroad provided for in Confederation. Mr. Cardwell assured him that the building of a road which would cause the circulation of millions of money in New Brunswick; a road that would open up our country, enhance the value of our timber lands, our farming lands, and of the entire property of the country. The building of the road in question is the duty of the Imperial Government, and the Colonies will be broken down, the representatives of the Maritime Provinces will take their seats in Ottawa, and the Imperial Parliament ratify Confederation. The faith of the empire was at stake. The Colonies will be pledged, and more we cannot ask and do not need.—*Journal.*

Is it necessary that we should say a word to a St. John constituency in relation to S. L. Tilley? Perhaps we are no worshippers of his, but just as ready to criticize his acts as we would those of Mr. Smith or Mr. Cardwell. Some of Mr. Tilley's friends would say more so—perhaps, in these circumstances our opinions may carry some weight with them. Who is Mr. Tilley? He is a New Brunswicker who by his piety, energy, and integrity, has amassed a moderate fortune in commercial pursuits, setting an example to our young men which can never be lost on them. He is a gentleman who has, as all admit, a particular aptitude in dealing with financial matters—has acquired the office of Provincial Secretary, and whose word and name would go far, would go farther, at Barings, on the London Exchange, and at the Colonial Office, than those of any other man in New Brunswick. If inquiry is made of any of our first class merchants who have had opportunities of learning the facts, they will corroborate what we say. Mr. Tilley's name and time stand equally high in the United States, in Canada, and in the other sister Provinces. He has dealt frankly with the people on the subject of Confederation. He has not sailed under false colours. He has put himself and his friends in the hands of the people. It is no wonder that the constituency of St. John should wish to be represented by a man who can advocate and serve its interests at home or abroad. He lost his election by a small minority vote last year, but he is likely to gain it now by a majority of the whip over the re-announcer of his defeat.—*Journal.*

It is necessary that we should say a word to a St. John constituency in relation to S. L. Tilley? Perhaps we are no worshippers of his, but just as ready to criticize his acts as we would those of Mr. Smith or Mr. Cardwell. Some of Mr. Tilley's friends would say more so—perhaps, in these circumstances our opinions may carry some weight with them. Who is Mr. Tilley? He is a New Brunswicker who by his piety, energy, and integrity, has amassed a moderate fortune in commercial pursuits, setting an example to our young men which can never be lost on them. He is a gentleman who has, as all admit, a particular aptitude in dealing with financial matters—has acquired the office of Provincial Secretary, and whose word and name would go far, would go farther, at Barings, on the London Exchange, and at the Colonial Office, than those of any other man in New Brunswick. If inquiry is made of any of our first class merchants who have had opportunities of learning the facts, they will corroborate what we say. Mr. Tilley's name and time stand equally high in the United States, in Canada, and in the other sister Provinces. He has dealt frankly with the people on the subject of Confederation. He has not sailed under false colours. He has put himself and his friends in the hands of the people. It is no wonder that the constituency of St. John should wish to be represented by a man who can advocate and serve its interests at home or abroad. He lost his election by a small minority vote last year, but he is likely to gain it now by a majority of the whip over the re-announcer of his defeat.—*Journal.*

It is necessary that we should say a word to a St. John constituency in relation to S. L. Tilley? Perhaps we are no worshippers of his, but just as ready to criticize his acts as we would those of Mr. Smith or Mr. Cardwell. Some of Mr. Tilley's friends would say more so—perhaps, in these circumstances our opinions may carry some weight with them. Who is Mr. Tilley? He is a New Brunswicker who by his piety, energy, and integrity, has amassed a moderate fortune in commercial pursuits, setting an example to our young men which can never be lost on them. He is a gentleman who has, as all admit, a particular aptitude in dealing with financial matters—has acquired the office of Provincial Secretary, and whose word and name would go far, would go farther, at Barings, on the London Exchange, and at the Colonial Office, than those of any other man in New Brunswick. If inquiry is made of any of our first class merchants who have had opportunities of learning the facts, they will corroborate what we say. Mr. Tilley's name and time stand equally high in the United States, in Canada, and in the other sister Provinces. He has dealt frankly with the people on the subject of Confederation. He has not sailed under false colours. He has put himself and his friends in the hands of the people. It is no wonder that the constituency of St. John should wish to be represented by a man who can advocate and serve its interests at home or abroad. He lost his election by a small minority vote last year, but he is likely to gain it now by a majority of the whip over the re-announcer of his defeat.—*Journal.*

It is necessary that we should say a word to a St. John constituency in relation