

WHAT WILL BE THE END.

FAIR STATEMENT OF THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN FREDERICTON.

Open Violation of the Law and Persecution Lead to the Present State of Affairs—How the Trade of Fredericton is Suffering from the Effects.

FREDERICTON, May 28.—It is unnecessary for PROGRESS to say that it neither advocates the selling nor drinking of liquor. So strongly is it opposed to the traffic that it has always refused to accept liquor advertisements. Its policy in that respect is one of principle, and it seeks no praise on that account. When it is stated, therefore, that this paper sent a special representative to Fredericton some days ago with the view of getting full information as to the working of the Scott act there since Messrs. Edwards, Coleman, Greaves, Smiler, Crangle and Manzer were sent to jail it is fair to assume that it will not be charged with being too friendly to the imprisoned "rum-sellers" of the Celestial city.

I never remember, writes PROGRESS representative, having seen Fredericton so dull as now. I have been here, as you know, for nearly a week with orders to write up the situation so far as the enforcement of the Scott Act is concerned, and my inquiries and observations go to show that the imprisonment of the six convicted violators has done nothing in the way of preventing the drinking of liquor here, while the fact, published far and wide, that the two leading hotels are closed because of their owners being in jail, is doing much to keep travel away from the city.

The prominent men who are now in jail would probably never have been there were it not for two causes: One, an open defiance of the Scott Act on the part of one or two of those violating it; the other, a determination on the part of a handful of extreme temperance men to see Edwards and Coleman behind prison bars. The greater part of the temperance party here never had any idea that the leading hotel proprietors would be sent to jail under the act. They were, it is stated, willing that Messrs. Edwards and Coleman should supply liquor to those of their guests who wanted it, and to the latter's friends, and they still seem willing to make that concession. Their great desire appears to be that there shall be no bar-room selling or drinking, and considering that the Scott Act has been three endorsed here, some consideration should have been shown for their wishes, even by those who believe the law to be a dead failure.

I find very few temperance men who endorse the violent utterances of the Reporter in reference to the men who are now in jail. Mr. Pitts, its proprietor, seems to delight in the knowledge that he is regarded as a temperance crank. Referring to him, a leading York street business man and Scott Act supporter said: "All the temperance men of Fredericton must not be judged by the crazy talk of the Reporter. Temperance bodies, like all societies and churches, will always have their cranks and pimps; and because Pitts, the crank, endorses the conviction of Edwards and the others on pimp evidence that is no reason why all temperance men here should be held responsible for his brainless statements."

Rev. Dr. McLeod seems to have got himself into a heap of trouble by his attacks through the Religious Intelligencer on the ladies and gentlemen who have called at the jail to see the Scott Act prisoners. Instead of preventing the more respectable citizens from visiting the jail his attacks have had a directly opposite effect, the number of visitors keeping on increasing almost every day. The names of upwards of 800 visitors are already registered at "Hotel DeScott Act" (as the violators call their jail apartments). They include the solid men of the city, and while a few have visited the jail on business the great majority—95 out of every 100—have gone there to express their sympathy with the prisoners and to condemn the conduct of those responsible for their being there. Dr. McLeod, like too many others who have seen the errors of their earlier lives, has run from one extreme to the other. If he were to devote his energy to proving how much happier a man can be by leading a sober life than by indulging in liquor to excess he would do the temperance cause far more good than he does by such attacks as he has been publishing in his paper lately against leading citizens. It is understood that the Rev. gentleman's extreme views have driven at least one good member out of his church. I refer to Mr. James A. VanWart, a clever lawyer here, who was highly censured by the learned doctor for defending the Scott Act offenders. If Mr. McLeod had his way it would be a crime for any man in this country to dare to think for himself unless his thoughts were in accord with his (Mr. McLeod's) own!

The position of the Gleaner in reference to the Scott Act prisoners appeared somewhat peculiar to me when I read its articles before coming here. Being the only daily newspaper in the city I thought it strange that it should approve of the imprisonment of such men as Edwards, Coleman and Greaves unless it was backed up by a strong public opinion. One does not require to be here more than a few days, however, without being able to discover the causes of the Gleaner's temperance sincerity and its desire to prove that the city will not suffer by the closing up of the leading

hotels. Upwards of four years ago when there was to be an election for the repeal of the Scott Act the Gleaner, thought that Edwards, Coleman and Greaves, the leaders in the repeal movement, would pay its figure for publishing articles against the Scott Act. The liquor party got the offer in black and white and then refused to have anything to do with the paper, on the ground that the demand was little less than attempted blackmail. The "offer" to the liquor dealers as signed by the proprietor is still in the hands of one of the repeal committee. Since its rejection the Gleaner has posed as a temperance organ and has carried on a persecution against Coleman, Greaves, Edwards, and others, who in any way interfered with the acceptance of its offer in the election referred to. The Gleaner's great desire now in attempting to show that the present hotel accommodation of Fredericton is first-class in every respect and that there is no falling off in travel is also easily explained when one gets behind the scenes. For some time past it has had in contemplation the publication of a traveller's guide or something of that kind. Of course the profits of it were to be in the advertisements that it would contain. Hence the Gleaner's natural desire to prove that there will be no falling off in tourist travel. If the number of tourists should be small, merchants will not risk their money by advertising in the traveller's guide. The paper knows this and is printing the arrivals at the hotels that are now open with, no doubt, the hope of creating the idea that there is no falling off in the number of strangers coming to town. The lists are almost altogether "made up of the names of persons living within a few miles of Fredericton, and the great majority of them always put up at the hotels they now patronize."

It is a fact that can be corroborated by all steamboat and railway men that travel has not been so light for very many years as at present; and it is also true that the trade of Fredericton has fallen off to an alarming extent during the past few weeks. Friends of the convicted Scott Act violators say the latter fact is due to the closing of the leading hotels. Extreme temperance men say trade is not as dull as represented, and that even if it is that a backward spring is the cause. From what I can learn the closing of the hotels has almost all to do with the light travel and more than a little to do with the wretched state of trade.

If the object of sending the Scott Act violators to prison was to punish them it has certainly fallen far short of the mark. There is no punishment about it. The prisoners are simply detained from their business; they enjoy all the comforts of home; are visited daily by dozens of friends and acquaintances; are given an occasional serenade and have a good time generally. Where is the punishment? Will not their being in jail rob the prison of all its terrors for less prominent citizens and by that means bring all laws into contempt?

If the imprisonment of the Scott Act violators stopped the selling and drinking of liquor there might be some sense in keeping the prisoners away from their business even if there be no punishment to them in jail life. But it has not done so. While liquor is not yet as openly sold here as it was in what was formerly Portland, St. John, it is a well known fact that dens are being started all over town. Constable Roberts knows where some of them are, and, unless he is very much belied, Sergt. Vandine is not ignorant of the existence of many of them. If one might judge by the number of drunken men to be seen about town during the past several days he must conclude that the closing of the leading hotels, whatever else it may have done, has not stopped liquor drinking here. One of the sights to be seen near a Regent St. barber shop last night was the selling of liquor to three young men by an older one. The latter carried his bottle of liquor in his coat pocket; took his customers into an alley and gave them in his own choice language, "three slugs for a quarter." I am told that several persons have gone into this pocket bar-room business, and yet extreme temperance men talked about stopping liquor drinking by sending the leading hotel proprietors to jail!

Some of the grocers, bakers and butchers feel very keenly the loss of the hotel trade and country people are much exercised over it, as they had always good cash customers for their produce in the proprietors of the Queen and Barker. The grocers sold to the leading hotels the highest grades of goods and did an immense trade in fruits. Mr. Boyle, the butcher, will be a heavy loser by the closing of the hotels. He had a number of stall fed cattle ready to kill for the use of the hotels, but was obliged to sell them at a sacrifice in St. John owing to the sending to jail of Messrs. Edwards and Coleman.

It would be unfair to the Commercial, Long's, and the other hotels that are trying to give the best accommodation possible to make any reflections upon them. The proprietors have not the experience in running first-class houses and even if they had the experience they have not the facilities. To say that a visitor can get first-class accommodation here, with the leading hotels closed, would be to say what is not true. The poorest advertisement that Fredericton could get would be to have any considerable number of tourists come here while

the Queen and Barker are closed. They would never come again, and would advise their friends to give Fredericton a wide berth. The managers of two or three large excursion parties have written to Messrs. Coleman and Edwards asking when they intend to re-open their hotels. Their answers, so far as I can learn, have been in effect that they cannot say; that they cannot afford to run their houses while in prison, and that they cannot tell whether their prosecutors intend having them kept in jail two months or four months. If I am not mistaken, neither Edwards nor Coleman cares whether he ever again opens a hotel in Fredericton or not. I hear it whispered that both have had offers to go into the hotel business elsewhere, and that it is not improbable that they may decide to say good bye to the capital.

If the extreme men of the temperance party are sincere in their talk about building a first-class hotel, why, it is asked, do they not buy the Queen or Barker and run it on purely temperance principles? That would be a test of their sincerity, and if they successfully manager the hotel it would be unanswerable evidence in favor of their contention that a first-class hotel can be run without the assistance of liquor.

It is impossible to say how much longer the present farce is to continue and the leading hotels kept closed. If the prisoners would consent to it, a petition a yard long could be signed, addressed to the proper authorities, asking that the prisoners be released. The latter, however, refused to accept any favors. Hon. Mr. Pandolph is a prominent leader in Scott Act circles and is largely interested in the city's welfare. He is too good a business man not to see that the city is suffering by the closing of the Queen and Barker hotels. If he were to interest himself in the solution of the present difficulty a satisfactory arrangement might be made within twenty-four hours. Why not give to the hotels here the same privileges given to the leading hotels in Maine and at Amherst and at St. Andrews? If this suggestion is acted upon I believe that before another week the leading hotels of this city will be again running, and that there will be a more hopeful feeling in business circles than at present. Will moderation and common sense, or fanaticism and hypocrisy carry the day? SPECIAL.

AN IDEAL CLERGYMAN.

The Pen Picture which a Correspondent Has Drawn from Life.

So much is expected of clergyman nowadays that for any merely mortal man to hope to ever approach the ideal would be indeed a hard task.

Yet, I suppose, in every heart, or in every imagination, there is a certain ideal of what would constitute perfection in each of the many and various classes and professions with which we are brought in contact in our daily life.

In giving my ideal of a clergyman, I am afraid I shall end in drawing a portrait, but I will try to make it as general as possible. In the first place, he is a man who has been in the world, and of it; not one who was transplanted directly from school to the glass sheltered forcing house of a theological college, from which he emerged, full of theories, but woefully lacking in practical knowledge, either of life, or of his fellow men outside the college walls. Such a one can never hope to get really near to suffering, and sinning, and sorrowing humanity. Least of all can he ever hope to do any good among men. A man has no use for theological christianity, he does not want a college bred boy, who knows less than he does himself to probe his wounds, spiritual or physical. He wants some one who can say, "I know all about it myself, I too have suffered, and sinned, I know just what your temptations have been, for I have felt them all. I have been in the depths too. I wasn't born a clergyman, and I didn't grow into one. I came to my present haven through deep waters, and the peace I have now I battled for. But you see I came out of the conflict in comparative safety, and so will you. Cheer up! there has no temptation come to you but that which is common to humanity, and with it comes the way to overcome it."

That is the man who wins hearts, who touches them through his own faith, the power of his own unobtrusive example.

Yes! I think my ideal must be a man who has suffered, because nothing softens the heart to the sorrows of others like the knowledge from one's own experience of all they are going through. When we can say in humble thankfulness: my burden Has fallen from me, it is buried in the sea, And only the sorrow of others throws its shadow over me,

then we are fitted to comfort those whose burdens still weigh them down. I think he must have a sense of humor, too, and be able to laugh heartily with his flock, and even help to furnish them a little fun, for a man whose sudden appearance in a room full of young people has the effect of causing a silence so dense that it can be cut into blocks and used to fill the refrigerator will never do a great deal of good in the world. As Dr. Holmes puts it, "A clergyman who is only good at a death

Slight derangements of the stomach and bowels may often be corrected by taking only one of Ayer's Pills. Through not having the pills on hand, your disorder increases, and a regular fit of sickness follows. "For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost," etc.—Add.

bed is like tassels on a hearse." I may not have quoted it quite correctly, but that is the idea.

Somehow human nature does not take kindly to a religion that depresses its votaries and makes them sad and gloomy. The world is so seductive, so charming, and the broad path has such an easy down grade to it and is so strewn with flowers that if the narrow and stony road is made any less attractive than it is already, I am afraid young sinners will want to embark on the broad gauge train and have a merry life, if a short one.

It sounds terrible I know, but I am sure there is more truth than poetry in it, and so the model minister must have a gift for making religion attractive to the young, the young, who are so full of life, and all its beautiful possibilities, that somehow religion and serious things of all kinds seem farther away from them than from older folk. And the ideal minister must be gifted with a patience almost divine, so that he may sow the seed, and not be discouraged if it be long in coming up. He must have so true a love for humanity, and so broad a charity, that if the backslider persists in backsliding he will patiently fish him out of the slough of despond and set him on his feet, even until seventy times seven.

He must be willing to face winter's cold, and summer's heat, to be always ready when called upon, even as a soldier is, and he must be able to crush down and hide his own sorrows under a cheerfulness that know no variation. He must be ever ready to help those who are poorer than himself, out of his scanty means. He must be brave as a lion, and gentle as a lamb, patient under affliction and sound provocation. He must in short earn his title of soldier of the Cross, as valiantly as ever brave warrior won his V. C.

Does the picture sound overdrawn? Perhaps so! Well I can only say that my pen has had its own way, and drawn not a picture, but a portrait, and one so true, that I see the original as I write, and he is my ideal clergyman.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Consumption Cured.
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-creatures. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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IT IS ACTUALLY A LINE.

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE WONDERS OF MONCTON.

How the People marvelled When They Beheld the New Omnibus—Its Triumphant Progress to the Music of the Band—Small Boys Made Very Happy.

MONCTON, May 29.—All who boast of the least sense of humor, and can appreciate a really funny thing when they see it, enjoyed a rich treat on Wednesday evening when Blake & Co's. line of omnibuses made its initial trip down Main street, accompanied by the Moncton Cornet Band, fully one quarter of the entire population of the town, and all the small boys. Oh! it was delightful. I would not have missed that scene for anything; it was one of those true refreshments of the spirit that are worth more as a spring tonic than whole gallon of dandelion beer or wormwood tea.

What was it we were taught at school about the correct definition of a "line"? I ought not to forget it I am sure, for if I did not exactly "take it in at the pores" like Mr. Ladle, I at least had it thoroughly dusted into my inattentive little jacket by means of a birch switch. Mathematics and geometry were two among the many things at which I was not clever at school. But still, thanks to that switch, a hazy memory comes back to me that line meant "length without breadth," if so, Mr. Blake's line differed a little from the ordinary interpretation of the term, for it began and ended in the one vehicle proving sufficient to draw a crowd that would not have disgraced circus day in a country town.

By seven o'clock the citizens had gathered on Main street in such goodly force that the uninitiated stranger, who did not know that "Blake & Co's omnibus line" was about to make its trial trip, might easily have fallen into the error of thinking that a Dominion election had taken place, and all Moncton was waiting in breathless expectation for the returns.

All eyes were directed towards High street, for this triumph of modern civilization was like young Lochinvar, to "come out of the West," and after considerable delay and many false alarms, it came! First there was a distant rumbling, which to the highly imaginative mind resembled the sound sent forth by Mount Vesuvius when about to erupt. Then there came a cheer, followed by a stampede of small boys, and the "line" hove into sight.

Truth compels me to say that it was not by any means Hogarth's line of grace and beauty, for a more distinctly unbecoming structure I never gazed upon before. Indeed not only is it very plain looking in all its features, but it has an almost disreputable appearance, bearing a close resemblance to the brunette Maria, provided by a beneficent government for the conveyance of ladies and gentlemen who have "got into trouble"—as they delicately phrase it—to the government retreat, that one would require to bear a very irreplicable character, indeed, ere he could afford to drive down Main street, locked in the dusky embrace of that line of omnibus.

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I did not get in myself, as I have no ambition to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, neither do I care to lose what little reputation I have accumulated during my short life in the yawning jaws of an omnibus, so I stood amid the crowd and looked on.

On went the 'bus! nor wave, nor wind, Could yet her course impede; She braved the wildly shouting crowd As a strong man braves his steed.

But not for long! There were breakers ahead! The 'bus had been loaded to the very muzzle with small boys, but small as they were, numbers told, and ere the Brunswick was reached one of the most prominent features of the procession was a break down. A few small boys were fired off, a ball of string procured, and with the aid of a few rubber bands and a box of hair pins things were soon working order again, and the rest of the trip down as far as the Opera House was made in comparative safety.

At the corner of Church street, nearly opposite the city building, the horses felt that they had done all that could possibly be expected of them for the time being, so they calmly sat down to rest, and remained in a sitting posture, until the inspiring strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," which had been especially prepared for the occasion by the Cornet band, burst upon the air, when they arose, and languidly hauled their burden down towards the East End, followed by the plaudits of the admiring crowds who lined the sidewalks on both sides of the street, and going slowly both from their natural inclination and also to avoid stepping on the heels of the bandmen who preceded them and cheered them on to victory. Taken altogether it was a scene worthy of the pen of Dickens.

I heard one old lady who had evidently arrived very recently from the country exclaim excitedly:—

"Well I never saw the like in my life!"

And I felt as if I must shake hands with her immediately, and claim the friendship of a common sentiment, for I acknowledge freely, that I had certainly never seen the like in my life, and, what is more, I honestly doubt whether I shall ever see the like again if I live twice as long.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Is the Bishop a Bachelor?

The Bishop of Liverpool is not in entire agreement with some of the directors of societies for the care of young women. At a meeting of the Liverpool Rescue Society he said: "I do not quite agree with the White Cross and other societies which look upon all young women as lambs and angels, and all young men as ravening wolves going about seeking whom they can devour. I think human nature is the same in females as in males, and that young women are often as prone, unless there is a good principle in them, to run into sin as young men. We must look at the matter in a common sense manner."—Ex.

It Cries When Struck.

School Marm—Now, little ones, what animal is it that has four legs and lives in the house with the family and often makes a dreadful noise when people want to sleep? Master Tommy—I know. The piano. —Chatter.