

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

SOLONS AT MADAWASKA.

INTERESTING DISCUSSIONS IN THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

Two Languages Necessary to Express the Sense of the Learned Legislators—Some Intricate Points—The Debate on the Salary Question.

On the third Tuesday in January the "body of the county" of Madawaska was left hollow because all the men "good and true" therefrom, assembled at Edmundston to witness the powers that be rectify law where it is deficient. Fourteen high and mighty legislators sat around the table in the court room. Some wore their mantle of authority like Norman conquerors; some felt the confidence reposed in them; others the gin that fumed in their windpipes; and the balance thought of the vanity of rank and position. Outside of the railing stood the applicants "for licence for rum shop," making an onslaught with their eyes, and their hearts beating pit-pat! Then came the office-seekers— aspiring secretaries, auditors, treasurers, license inspectors— lobbying and wire-pulling for all that they were worth. Many were the spectators from far and near, not the least among whom was Levite, shaking hands and promising "leettle breeches." It will take a good pot to put him asunder at the next federal election. Bulloffe was there grinning, his teeth and spectacles shining. "The king never dies"; neither does a municipal secretary, says Bulloffe. He having been once this official, he still continues g. b. ex-officio to advise the council and stands at the right hand of the warden. Rumor has it that he is the warden's right-hand man! On the left of the warden was C. A. D., the secretary, in his own flesh, and behind him was Barry. Thus surrounded by law and legal advice, sat the warden, surnamed the St. Mary's boy, who downed Richards last year and wrote it to the Gleaner.

The warden's duty is to write out all resolutions, select a mover and a seconder, read the resolution in English, then translate the same into jaw-bone French after which he says "passed" and hands the yellow slip of paper to the real secretary from whom Bulloffe snatches it and expounds the law, and failing to obtain an amendment, Barry addresses the jury as counsel with Bulloffe. Meanwhile C. A. D. is whispering into the ears of the councillors "you are not going to vote against me, are you?" "Order!" cries the warden, ready to read a yellow slip of paper "moved by councillors x x, seconded by councillors x x that the councillors receive one dollar per day for their services," and proceeds to translate as follows: "Movay and seconday that lay councillor's get une piastre per jour."

"Does that mean all the year round?" enquires Coun. Connors. "Hiah! hiah!" laughs the warden. "Ouah! ouah!" echoes the secretary. Bulloffe grinned and Barry looked over his spectacles. An amendment was made to suit Mr. Connors and the exigencies of the case. As there were only two "nays" the motion passed, and the warden handed the orange color slip to the real secretary. Bulloffe then took it and pronounced it all right, and handing it to Barry, the last court of appeal affirmed the judgment of the court below, each party paying his own costs.

Adjourned for dinner. The afternoon session was particularly interesting, as the license applications were considered. Thirty-five applications only! Two less than last year! Fifty dollars a license; loss to the county—one hundred dollars.

In mitigation of this deplorable depression in the treasury during his wardship, the St. Mary's boy, explained to the board that the parish priest of St. Ann's had forbidden his parishioners to sign any requisition for licenses and therefore the decrease in the applications. He felt the pulse of his wards previous to stretching the law, and then proposed to grant licenses without application, to two parishioners of St. Ann in view of the circumstances. Thereupon Coun. Cyr of St. Ann's remonstrated that it would be the height of nonsense to grant a license to a party without first knowing if such party would accept it. The warden in his turn thought it preposterous to suppose that anybody would refuse a license if it was granted to him, application or no application.

Coun. Cyr—"Why did they not make an application?" Warden—"The Cure forbid anybody to sign their requisition."

Coun. Cyr—"The Cure only spoke against rum, and left everybody free."

This was too much for the warden and in his fury he shouted "By Cripes, he made the county lose one hundred dollars."

Bulloffe interposed that regardless of consequences no license could be granted without application according to law; and his conviction of the warden was brought up to Barry on a certiorari, and sustained unanimously. Meanwhile C. A. D. was canvassing those who wanted to bounce

him, but the St. Mary's boy would have his own way by shouting that there would be more liquor sold in St. Ann's than ever; whether he meant that he would start a liquor store himself, or that the people would sell without license did not more fully and at large appear. Levite then coughed, Bulloffe grinned, and it being late in the day Barry's eyebrows arched higher than previously. There was no movay, nor seconday, and the matter dropped.

Next in order was an intricate matter and owing to the excited state of minds not yet having abated, serious results were feared. One Pete M. had been fined twenty dollars for selling liquor on Sunday, and had paid the fine by giving ten dollars cash and his note for the balance, liable without notice of dishonor which had all been waived by those who bought the liquor. Pete now applied to have his note remitted to him.

"Movay and seconday that the billet de Pete be returned a lui," said the warden. "Wot! cried Raphael, "Sacre, make him pay twenty dollars more."

This made a martyr of Pete and he was given his note.

Adjourned till next morning. The morning session was one of economic retrenchment.

"Movay and seconday that the auditor's salary be fifteen dollars," began the warden. "That's a farce," said Bulloffe. "Shoo," said Barry.

The warden explained to the new auditor that he would have nothing to do but sign his name where the treasurer told him. This was satisfactory to the new appointee who went away whistling "I've fifteen dollars in my inside pocket," and the St. Mary's boy crowed "Passed."

The door opened and in came the tall form of Coun. Connors, carrying with appropriate dignity the consolidated statutes under his arm. All the eyes were turned towards him, but he flinched not in his duty and walking up to the warden laid down the book on the table before him, opened it and putting his finger down like a peevy on a certain paragraph "read that," said he. Everybody looked, listened and wondered. "Hish! Hish!" burst the Warden.

"Ouah! Ouah!" followed the secretary. Silence being restored the St. Mary's boy read; "No warden or councillor shall receive any salary for his services," which being by him translated sounded as followed: "Lah salair, say paw bonne."

So it was moved seconded and passed that the resolution of the previous day granting "lah salair" be rescinded. It leaked out that the book belonged to Lawyer La Forest and this fact spoiled his chances of ever being secretary as he was then and there condemned for having aided and abetted Coun. Connors in his misdemeanor with intent to do grievous harm.

No new secretary being elected Bulloffe stopped grieving, Barry was looking away up, when the warden announced "tante feenie" and everybody got up and went away. COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

WHY DEACON GOLAH FELL.

The Exposition of Brother Jonas in the way of a Funeral Sermon.

Referring to the remark of PROGRESS that Rev. L. G. Stevens was tempted by the devil, and fell, a Halifax correspondent has this anecdote:

At Preston, a colored settlement, a few miles back of Dartmouth, some years ago, Deacon Mundy Golah, a shining light in the church, had a sudden fall by yielding to the charms of a dusky maiden. In course of time Deacon Golah was called upon to lay down his burden of life. The lot of preaching his funeral sermon fell to one Brudder Jonas, who, in a solemn tone suitable to the occasion, said it was deeply to be regretted that so good a man as Brudder Golah should have made that one misstep of his life, but it was his own fault, he was too conceited, he boasted of his saving grace and his power to resist de debil. So den de good Lord thought he would take Brudden Golah down a notch, defore, set a trap for Brudder Golah, and Brudder Golah fell right into de trap. So, dear bruddern, this is a severe lesson to us all to not try to show we is better than odder folks or to parade our self-righteousness. Howsomeber, we hab reason to hope dat Brudder Golah got dar all de same, for if de Lord forgabe David who fell into a good many traps, surely he would dear Brudder Golah for just dat once.

It Upset the Verger.

The Westminster vergers are famous for Bumbledom airs. Dean Stanley used to tell a capital story about one of them, which ran as follows: A gentleman visiting the Abbey one week-day noticed someone enter and kneel down in one of the pews, as is common in all foreign churches, upon which the verger went up and touched the worshipper on the shoulder, who rose and retired in disgust. Presently the same thing happened again, when the spectator had the curiosity to ask the verger for an explanation of his singular conduct.

"Bless you, sir," he was saying his prayers; if we once allowed 'em to do that we should have 'em praying all over the place!"

WHERE PAUL LANDED.

A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF THE APOSTLE'S SHIPWRECK.

The Odd Tradition that No Wrecks Have Occurred There Since that Time—Among the Ice at Labrador—Curious Rise of a Great Industry.

LONDON, Feb. 6, 1893.—When I first tramped over the heights of Nasciar, descending into the valley beyond, and saw spread before me the Bay of St. Paul, a sense of awe mingled with glorious elation came with the stillness and beauty of the spot where the heroic Apostle was shipwrecked. The bay, which is about two miles long and one in breadth, is situated on the northern coast of Malta, and is hardly distant a brisk two hour's walk from Valetta, the chief city of Malta. Countless excursions are made hither by water from Malta's capital, and often the roads are filled with all manner of vehicles conveying pious or curious pilgrims. I preferred coming in the early morning and alone.

As I stood on Nasciar heights, the sun was just rising above the promontory of Ras el Kaura. Its rays fell softly upon the sleeping waters. They gave the little memorial chapel a bright and smiling face. They deepened the shadows on the eastern shore, where fishermen were lazily spreading their nets. They pierced the copses and chimes of the Mellia slopes, disclosing the huts and cabins of the lowly folk who are nearly as naked and quite as listless of civilization as were their "barbarian" forefathers among whom St. Paul was cast nearly 2,000 years ago. They mellowed the grays of the massive walls of the ancient Salmona Palace, which crowns the Mellia rocks to the northwest. And where the little island of Gzeier, like a bit of the cliffs tumbled into the sea at the north, showed its saffron surface between the blue of the bay and the sapphire of the sea, they flooded the great statue of the saint with such transcendent shine and seeming, that the quickened fancy, for an instant at least, swept across the centuries and basked in the very presence of that far and mighty soul.

A winding road skirts the beautiful bay. An ancient wall half hidden with shrubs and flowers forms a boundary with a second pleasant roadway behind. The fishermen with their nets, some donkeys grazing at the edge of the hill-slopes, seagulls in countless numbers, and a half-naked lad urging along a herd of goats with rocks and pebbles, were the only living things in view. Soon a kindly-faced priest joined me. We wandered down the road together. He had come down with the key of the little chapel which is set on that point of the shore on which tradition holds Paul's bark was wrecked.

As we came leisurely along the shore something in the water attracted my companion's attention. We stepped closer to the wimpling edge of the sleeping bay. The face of the priest showed momentary excitement and he made the sign of the cross. There, softly bumping against a low-lying, shelving rock, floated a water-logged piece of a broken spar—wreckage flashing instantly to the fancy a wilder scene of nearly 2,000 years ago, when the fearless Apostle found a hospitable friend in "the chief man of the island." It proved a startling incident to my guide. He recalled the tradition that since St. Paul's shipwreck within this very bay, no craft had ever gone to pieces on this part

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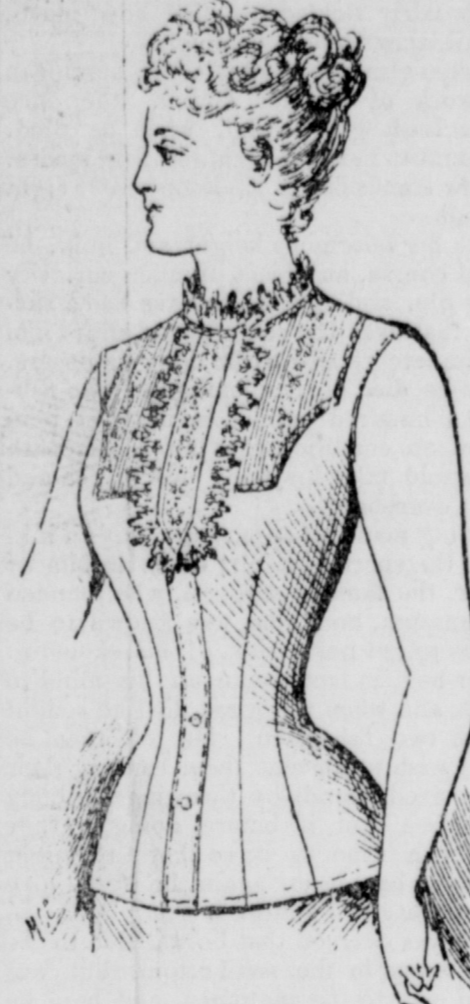
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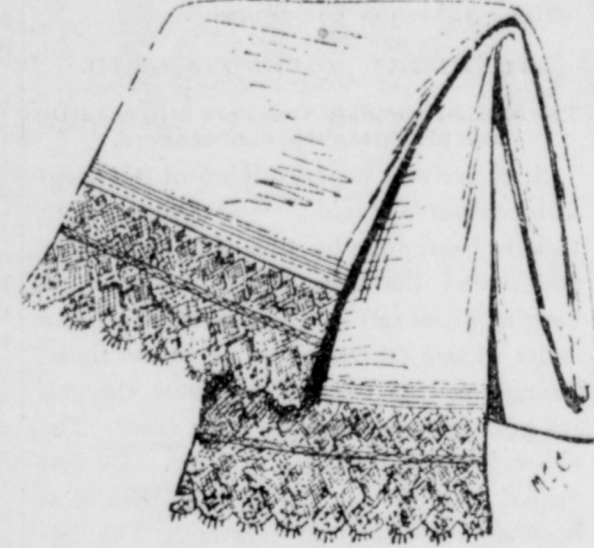
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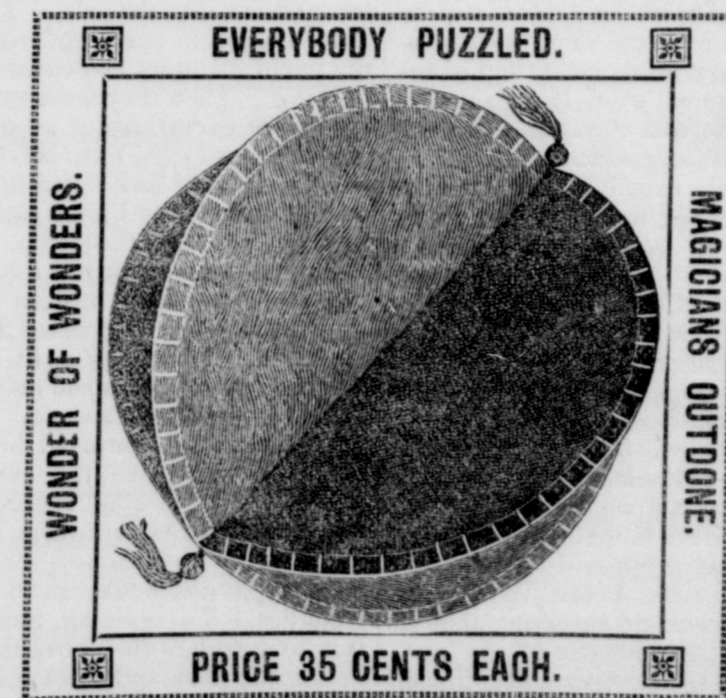
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The grape is a fruit with a very old history; so old, that the mention of the big bunches in one of the books of Moses is a comparatively modern story, if we may believe Chinese historians, who claim to have had grapes at least eleven centuries B. C.