

POLITICAL NOTES.

A Glance at the Leading Measures Carried in the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, from the Year 1854.

By G. E. FENEY, Fredericton, N. B.

No. 12.

Bill for Repealing the Prohibitory Law—Mr. End's Attack and the Provincial Secretary's Defence—Bill for Repeal Rejected—Strange Resolutions for Dissolving the House Voted Down—Strange Rumors about the Governor's Intentions—The Constitution Discussed—Politicians in Many Cases Changed Sides—Municipal Corporations.

April 8. Mr. End introduced his Bill for a repeal of the Prohibitory Liquor Law, passed during the previous Session, and made a long speech in support of it. The law, it was urged, had proved itself to be unsuccessful in its operation—more of an injury than a benefit to the country, having led to a system of espionage, evasion, contention, and engendered bad feeling all over the country. It was impossible for coercive legislation to be productive of good, especially when the people were hostile to the measure. Mr. End said many voters at heart opposed the measure and voted for it under the impression that it would be rejected elsewhere—or there would not have been a majority for it. Laws of the kind, all sumptuary laws, had failed to work wherever they had been tried. He also alluded to the inconsistencies and impracticabilities of many sections of the law—such as the mode of giving evidence, etc., etc., to convict parties. Referring to Neal Dow, he was glad that we had no such person in this Province who would murder and shoot down his fellow citizens. (Notwithstanding all this, Neal Dow still lives in his 91st year, highly respected by all who know him, while the speaker came to a miserable death some twenty years ago.) He held that it was impossible to keep liquor out of the Province. It would be manufactured in the private distillery, which was a perfect little hell. The evil had not been cured, but was augmented. In Fredericton there was more sold than ever, and throughout the Province during the last three months, there was more drunkenness than ever. He contended that this Act had produced more serious results than all the other Acts that had passed the Province since 1786. Mr. End said all that would react against the measure, (hence there is no occasion for extending the subject)—although the points of all he did say are not here given—but quite enough for the purpose required.

As the Provincial Secretary was the introducer and leader of the law, some of the points from his speech in its defence are here given. He first referred to some of the features of the Liquor Act of 1852, which he said were equally stringent with anything in the present law. And he thought that members who now condemned the law, were inconsistent in supporting the former Bill, during Sir Edmund Head's administration. The principle was precisely the same, although the two Bills differed in detail. The former Act was for curtailing or restricting the sale of spirituous liquors—the present one was simply meant to restrain the evil by the adoption of more effective means. Mr. End he said had pronounced the law as tyrannical. This objection was made because it suited the honorable gentleman's purpose, and without a valid argument being given. He denied that it was more tyrannical than other laws upon the Statute Book, intended for the repression of vicious indulgences. He charged Mr. E. with sinister motives for keeping his Bill back so late in the Session. The disposition was to embarrass the Government—to keep the flame of discontent burning before the country, and thus arouse from day to day the hostility of the opponents of the measure, and after gathering all the strength possible in this way to come down suddenly like an avalanche upon the heads of the Government. He asked how it was that members opposed the law, when they had supported others on the Statute Book which were of a coercive nature, and intended to regulate the moral welfare of a community. He maintained that it would be better to have such a law on the Statute Book. The very fact that it would keep £150,000 or £200,000 in the Province was a proof of the propriety of such an enactment. If the law could be carried out he would ask what was the paltry sum of £25,000 of the Revenue compared with the former amount. He wished to see the law have a twelve months' trial. If it did not improve the social moral condition of the Province, he should at the end of that time go for its repeal.

Upon a motion being made for postponing Mr. End's Bill for three months, the House divided as follows:—

Yeas.—Tilley, Fisher, Connell, Brown, Ryan, Tibbitts, Gilmore, L. R. Harding, Steadman, McAdam, Lunt, the Speaker, McLellan, Godard, Armstrong, Wilmot, Cutler, Ferris, Hayward, McLeod, Purdy, Stevens and Gilmore—23.

Nays.—End, Macpherson, Allen, Hatheway, Johnson, Watterson, Smith, Street, Sutton, Gray, Montgomery, Boyd, McPhelim, Northford, Landry, J. A. Harding, and McNaughton—17.

Mr. Kerr in the Chair.

And so the Liquor Law remained on the

Statute Book intact, but to come to a violent end in a few months later, by a proceeding which involved Constitutional considerations, which neither Delome, nor May nor Erskine can furnish a precedent. This little Bill of Mr. End's was like "the rumblings of the distant thunder," an expression that afterwards became quite an apothegm with some of our Parliamentarians.

Mr. McPhelim offered a resolution, calling upon his Excellency to dissolve the House and take the sense of the country upon the Prohibitory Liquor Law. This was taken up and discussed from day to day. He was supported by sundry honorable gentlemen who perhaps thought they had nothing to lose, but a chance of gaining a great deal by such an appeal. Indeed they must have pretty well understood that the public sentiment was generally averse to the measure. The resolution was finally voted down. It would have been a singular thing in Constitutional history to find a popular body passing a vote of condemna-



JAMES A. HARDING, M. P. P.

tion upon themselves. The biting off one's nose, so often spoken of, by means of one's own mouth, in order that his face might be revenged, would, in such an event, have furnished a practical illustration.

Rumour with her busy tongue now began to weave strange stories as to what were the Governor's views of the Liquor Law, and what he intended to do—in behalf of the "rummies," as they were called. [Note—Those who were instrumental in bringing about the Liquor Law, outside as well as inside of the House, (viz: the "Sons of Temperance," were dubbed by those in opposition, "sons of guns,"—while the latter retorted by calling the others "rummies." The designation in either case is perhaps too slangy to be noticed here.] His Excellency's intention being nothing more nor less than to dissolve the House of his own mere motion, or as it was called by virtue of his prerogative. Then it was reported that his Excellency had differences with his Council upon other matters besides the Liquor Law, which on one occasion has gone so far, that he had not yielded his Council would have resigned. These and such like rumours were so current, that they began to assume the importance of "fixed facts," with editors and contributors of lively imaginations. Discussions in the newspapers went on upon the principles of Responsible Government—as to how far a Governor had a right to go with his Council and where it was his duty to stop. Every man became an expounder of the Constitution, Delome, May, Harward, Russell and every other writer upon the British Constitution were ransacked and liberally quoted by the one side, to show that the Governor had the sole right to dissolve—by the other side, that "the prerogative" was a mere state fiction as far as the Governor was concerned only to be exercised by those who were responsible to the people for whom he could do no wrong (the Sovereign, or rather his representative), and were therefore answerable for any errors committed no matter by whom. New parties and new combinations now began to form. It was "appetite for drink," or rather hostility to an arbitrary enactment (as the Liquor Law was called) on the one side; and Constitutionalism on the other. Liberals and Conservatives changed sides. It mattered not to many how far the Governor was right or wrong, so long as they could get the "vile enactment" expunged from the Statute Book. Indeed the country generally seemed to side with the Governor, as will more fully appear hereafter. The real constitutional issues were cast aside. Old politicians who had aided largely to bring about Responsible Government, such as Dr. Livingstone of St. John, set themselves in battle array against the Government. Liberal journals changed sides. Perhaps no period ever furnished a more complete state of political demoralization. And rum was at the bottom of it all.

April 14. After the presentation of the Reports of several Committees, the House resolved itself into Committee of the whole in consideration of a Bill introduced by

Hon. Mr. Fisher, to make some amendments in the law relating to the establishment of Municipal Corporations. The mover explained the alterations he contemplated to make in the Act. He proposed to give Municipalities greater power by enabling them to make regulations for their better working, and to be afterwards submitted to the Governor in Council. The Bill also provided that the notice for a call of the inhabitants to establish Municipalities, should be confined to one month instead of three. Further provision was made, that in the absence of the Warden from the Province, the Secretary Treasurer, at the request of five members, should have power to call a meeting of the Municipal Council. The other alterations were unimportant.

This Bill was carried by a large majority.

HOW THE FRENCH RUN FUNERALS.

Striking Contrasts Between the Burial of the Rich and the Poor.

The distinction between rich and poor does not always cease with death, and in Paris it seems more sharply defined than in life.

The poor people have a pathetic way of saying that "although it costs much to live in Paris, it costs still more to die." This is in a measure, true, and that it is so is due to the fact that the Government has a monopoly of the work of burying the dead, and has established a scale of prices by which the style of funerals is regulated, from that costing hundreds of pounds to the one which opens the fosse commune (common grave.)

As a rule, the French are fond of fine funerals. For statesman of the first rank the government decrees a state funeral, which is an occasion of great display, and frequently leads to political demonstrations; but private funerals are also costly, and many a man who has lived in utmost meanness all his life is laid to rest with princely pomp.

The door of his residence is hung with black curtains, embroidered with silver, his monogram, in silver, is on all the mourning coaches which follow the hearse; the drivers are dressed in black, with knee breeches, high boots, three-cornered hats; and long crape streamers on their arms; the horses for the hearse are caparisoned with sweeping draperies of black and silver, and on the hearse itself are plumes and silver figures of angels and cherubs.

Then, too, the custom of sending out notices of the death and invitations to the funeral is very common, and sometimes those notices are as elaborate and as elegantly engraved as the most expensive wedding cards or invitations to a ball.

Perhaps the desire for all this was the cause of the man's meanness in life; perhaps to pay for it his wife and children must stint themselves for years. Still, it is done, and, with the chanting of priests, the pealing of grand organs, and the blaze of wax lights, the man is buried.

In striking contrast with the decorous funerals of the rich are the scenes when the body of a very poor person is to be laid in the grave. The city is strict in regard to them.

The body can be kept only twenty-four hours from the time of death, and it must be buried in a coffin made of thin deal boards, unpainted, unvarnished, and so slight that it is always wrapped up and fastened with ropes lest it should come to pieces. It is taken to the grave in a hearse which is hardly better than a drag.

At the fosse commune the priest is allowed to include six funerals in one service.

Fully to explain the necessity for the fosse commune, it is necessary for me to say a word about French graveyards.

They are governed very differently from ours, and their object seems to be to afford graves to the millions who are dead, without taking too much space from the millions who live.

In certain parts of the cemetery graves may be bought outright, though at enormous prices, and remain for ever in the possession of a family. In other sections the graves are bought singly, for five years from the date of burial, and at the end of the specified time the bones are taken up and buried in the fosse commune.

The fosse commune—the lowest grave of all—is a ditch twelve feet deep, twelve feet wide, and as long as the size of the graveyard permits. Here the coffins are put side by side in two rows, the heads meeting in the centre. When a certain number are in the ditch it is closed, and on another layer of earth more coffins are laid. When the ditch is filled to the surface another one alongside is opened, and so on until the available space is used up. Then the first ditch is reopened, and fresh coffins are put in place of the old ones which have decayed.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Some people tell the truth for truth's sake: some for the sake of their reputation.

I was Cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Bay of Islands. J. M. CAMPBELL.

I was Cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Springhill, N. S. W. M. DANIELS.

I was Cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Albert, Co., N. B. GEORGE TINGLEY.

There are people in this world who, when they have something definite to do, always have a faculty for starting in and doing something else.

There's a Bridge of Sighs at Venice, At Montreal a Bridge of Size; But Puttner's Emulsion is the Bridge of Health.

Which all sick men should prize.

About the most aggravating thing that can happen to a man is to go contrary to his wife's wishes and then fail.

In Doubt.

"What's the matter, Tom?"

"I'm in trouble. I don't know whether I ought to die while I'm young and become an angel or wait 'n' grow up to be a man 'n' have a mustache 'n' side whiskers."

The Age of Invention.

Mrs. Binks.—My back is most broken.

Mr. B.—What have you been doing?

Mrs. B.—Trying to fix some of our labor-saving machinery so it will work.

DID NOT APPLY TO THE PONY.

The Ingenious Argument of a Clergyman Who Rode on Sunday.

A well known and highly-esteemed clergyman, of venerable age, who for the benefit of his health resided in the country about a half-a-dozen miles from his church, was accustomed, not being able to walk the distance to and fro, to ride into town on a strong little pony.

At a big meeting that was called to protest against railway trains running on a Sunday in the neighbourhood, and at which the old clergyman was the principal speaker, a man interrupted him with a request for the fourth commandment, and got him to admit that the law given there applied as much to the pony as it did to the ox or the ass.

The result was that for two Sundays the venerable cleric came on foot, but on the third he came on the pony as usual, explaining to the people that he had consulted the early fathers of the church and the Geneva divines, and had come to the conclusion that the institution of the Lord's day, as observed by all christian churches and sects whatsoever, applied to mankind only, and was for their benefit, and that, in appointing the first day of the week to be the Sabbath of the christians instead of the seventh, which was the Sabbath of the Jews, the intention was to leave the Sabbath of the brute creation as it originally stood; and so he had resumed his pony.

It was the general opinion that the old divine deserved his ride for his ingenious argument.

A BRILLIANT CAREER.

And Its Too Frequent Sequel.

Few men in his native city had brighter prospects than Frank L. Young, intelligent, educated, a keen business man, socially popular, and well settled in life, he gave promise of a useful and highly successful career. His business ventures were almost invariably crowned with success, and money flowed into his coffers. Other men in business envied him. But his very success proved the cause of his downfall.

He soon became completely engrossed in his business operations to the exclusion of social pleasure, recreation and even the pleasures of home. But presently his friends began to note a singular change in the man. He grew irritable, uneasy, often moody and morose. His manner became abrupt and repellent. His appearance also changed. From an erect and stalwart man he became gaunt and hollow-eyed. The constant mental strain was too much, and in a comparatively short time the man was a complete physical wreck. This is no fancy sketch. The case is a real one, and one of thousands similar. But there is a remedy within the reach of all whose physical system has been broken down by overwork. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a perfect nerve restorer and invigorator, and blood and flesh builder, as well as a valuable stomach tonic and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure condition of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hysteria, and the prostrating effects of la grippe, or any nerve weakness of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body or excesses of any nature. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic can be obtained from all druggists and dealers. Price fifty cents a bottle or six bottles for \$2.50.

Ahead of Euclid.

Teacher—What is a right angle?

Boy—Two straight lines around a corner.

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Soap Saves

the worker. It takes only half the time

and work to do the wash, without

boiling or scalding the clothes.

the clothes are not rubbed to pieces;

there's no hard rubbing—but the dirt

drops out and they're left snowy white;

the hands after the wash are

white and smooth—

not chapped.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

—FOUND—
—BY A—
—LADY.—

A WAY TO SAVE MONEY.

SEND that SKIRT, that WAIST, that SPRING ULSTER

to Ungar's and have it dyed—no need to buy another this spring—the stuff is in the old one—only needs to look well.

Remember UNGAR makes the old New.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

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No antiquated Log Cabin with lean-to attachments. The same old ink ribbon, double scales and rickety print will not pass in this electric age. Something all modern architecture, with electric bell and all the new conveniences, is what the people want at the present day.

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ILLEGIBLE WORK.
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BOTHERSOME SHIFT KEYS.
DOUBLE SCALES, ETC.,

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