

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898.

AN OLD MONCTON JOKE

HOW THE ORANGEMEN PARADED UPON ONE OCCASION.

And King William on His White Horse Refused to Pass Under an Arch of Spruce Because it was Green—A Story that is Told With Many Bits of Humor.

MONCTON, April 6.—Irreverent Moncton people who do not belong to any branch of the Loyal Orange Order themselves, and can therefore appreciate many of the little peculiarities which distinguish that well known association, tell a good story about a certain orange celebration which took place in their city a few years ago. As a sufficient time has elapsed since the incident occurred, to prevent the feelings of the main actors in the drama from being hurt by seeing it in print, a brief description may prove instructive to those who are either about to join the order, or who having enrolled themselves under the yellow banner, expect to occupy positions in the front rank, and take a prominent part in arranging the details of processions or managing the decorative portion of any public demonstration.

Moncton is well known to be a veritable stronghold of Orangism. There is scarcely a house in the place that is not painted some shade of yellow, the color scheme ranging from the deep flaming shade of a Florida orange, to the delicate lemon tint of the Jamaica variety. Even the bricks for the new station which is to be the glory of the city when it gets finished, were made to order, at great trouble and expense, in a peculiar shade of dull orange as conspicuous as it is hideous. Calceolarias in their rich and varied tones of yellow, daffodils, tiger lilies, cowslips, marigolds,

wallflowers, and garden chrysanthemums in vivid yellow tones, are the favorite flowers of the protestant Monctonian, and the stranger who visits the city for the first time, is usually rendered color blind for some days from the glare of yellow houses set in yellow gardens which meet his dazzled eyes on every side. It is said to be a matter of constant regret to the sturdy orange element which is so predominant in the city, that nature will persist in clothing the trees with green foliage for the greater part of the year, and the few weeks in autumn when everything is in the sere and yellow are far from being melancholy days to them, since only then can they enjoy true harmony of color.

Under conditions like these, it is indeed surprising that any member of the order could have made the mistake which led to the following sad fiasco; but the most plausible explanation is that he was suffering from a slight attack of jaundice which affected the optic nerves and made everything look yellow to him. The occasion was a very special one, and arrangements were made for having a demonstration on an unusually magnificent scale. Orange banners were displayed at every available point, and orange draperies and strings of streamers stretched across the streets in most imposing array. The preparations were almost completed when it suddenly occurred to one of the brethren of the order, that a triumphal arch spanning one of the principal streets on the route, would be just the one thing necessary to round off the decorations to perfection, and he immediately acted on the inspiration of the moment by constructing one with his own hands. It was a beautiful arch; a

combination of the Gothic, and early Byzantine styles of architecture, boldly carried out, and the material in which it was developed was spruce. Unfortunately the artist made the mistake of using fresh spruce, instead of securing some which had been cut the previous season, and turned the rich burnt orange, which would have suited the purpose so well, and blended so artistically with the other decorations; but it looked so well when finished that a thrill of pardonable satisfaction warmed the heart of the Orangeman as he contemplated his work, and no fear of the result disturbed him.

The eventful day dawned and the procession got together, and into line without any more hitches and false starts than are usual on such occasions. Each member of the order wore the historic "stovepipe hat" without which no Orange procession would be legal, and the regalia of the different degrees shone resplendent against the usual back ground of shiny black broadcloth; while the white gloved hands of the Loyal Orangemen dangling gracefully at their sides, formed a conspicuous feature of the procession with such startling distinctness did their sombre surroundings throw them into bold relief.

No matter how imposing an Orange possession may be in its own estimation there is always something delightfully funny to the spectator who does not happen to be an Orangeman himself; and this one was no exception to the general rule. It swept solemnly up the street until the crowning glory of the day, the triumphal arch was reached, and there it stopped! The white charger which King William bestrode so gallantly, receiving a sudden

check which he was far from expecting rose suddenly on his hind legs and executed an impromptu war dance which was not on the programme of the day's sports, and which seriously discomfited his royal rider; then he shied as if he had suddenly encountered a whole brigade of red haired girls, and the horses belonging to the standard bearer and the royal body-guard promptly did likewise. The rear, and middle portions of the cavalcade, unaware that there was an obstruction of any kind to the day's proceedings continued blithely on their way until they bumped up against the vanguard, while the latter in their determination not to pass under the arch crowded back against their advancing brethren until the arch itself was surrounded by a struggling, writhing perspiring mass of black coated humanity packed as solidly together as a swarm of bees. No one seemed to know what the trouble was until the author of the crowning glory of the occasion rose up in his stirrups and standing waving his hand towards the arch shouted encouragingly "Pass right along gentlemen, pass right along, it's as firm as a rock, no danger of falling and lots of room to let us under. I built it myself, and I ought to know!" "Pass under?" roared King William excitedly "Not if we know it we won't! Take the thing down or we'll go another street. Do you suppose I'm going to lead an orange parade under anything GREEN?" And down the arch had to come before any one of those broad minded heroes would proceed on his way.

The story was kept quiet for a time but being too good to keep it finally leaked out, and was told with such enjoyment that

if you want to try an Orangeman's temper now, all you have to do is to ask him what kind of triumphal arch the brethren intend erecting on the twelfth of next July.

The Expense of London's Lord Mayor.

A man must have a fat pocketbook to fill the office of lord mayor of London. The expenditure for subscriptions and entertainments are in excess of the salary and the official allowances. It costs the lord mayor in or about the sum of 100,000 to occupy the office. The preceding occupant, Sir George Faudel-Philips, has probably spent \$125,000 in excess of his salary and allowances. He has taken charge of the Indian famine relief fund and many of the jubilee funds and has been the patron of all the charities during an "annus mirabilis" of subscription lists and systematic codging. He has subscribed liberally to every fund. His gracious hospitality has been enjoyed by thousands of jubilee guests at the Mansion House. The last year has been an exceptional one, but the office is always a costly one. Whoever accepts it expects to pay heavily for the honor. No lord mayor ever emerges from the office without being at least \$50,000 poorer for the experience; but the honor of nighthood is invariably bestowed upon him, and his wife enjoys the distinction of being addressed as lady. No alderman who has passed the chair ever returns to it. Re-election to the office never occurs. No alderman is willing to pay the tolls twice.

Obdurate.

The Cook—"It's th' siccond complaint an' it'll be th' laast. Oi'll lave whin me month is up!"

He—"But, Bridget—"

The Cook—"That 'll do, sor! I'll lave at th' end of me month, though I did intend to give yez another month's thrial!"

7 BIG BOILS.

A Centralia, Ont., Man Cured in Six Days by B. B. B., the Best Blood Purifier in the World.

Mr. William J. Hepburn writes from Centralia, Ont., under date of Feb. 16th, 1898, as follows: "I can sincerely say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine on the market. Last spring my blood got out of order, and I had seven or eight good sized boils come out on my body, and the one on my leg was much larger than an egg. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and, inside of six days, when only half the bottle was taken, there wasn't a boil to be seen. I have recommended B. B. B. to different people in our village, and all derived benefit from it. I wish B. B. B. every success, as it is indeed a great medicine for the blood."

Burdock Blood Bitters

CONSTIPATION.

A New Brunswick Lady Cured by B. B. B. After Suffering Agony for Five Years.

Miss Marcelline F. Boutrau, Cocagne River, N. B., was a great sufferer from that too common complaint—constipation. She has been cured by B. B. B. and gives the history of her case that others may benefit by her experience: "To say all I ought to in favor of Burdock Blood Bitters would be impossible. It has been a great health restorer to me. I am a different girl now to what I was three years ago, when it was expected I would die. "I am today in perfect robust health, for which I have only B. B. B. to thank. "I suffered for five or six years from constipation so severe that at times I went out of my mind. I tried various doctors, both in Canada and the United States, but with little success. When I took B. B. B., it succeeded beyond all expectations, requiring only two bottles to effect a complete cure."

Purifies and Enriches the Blood--acts on the kidneys, liver stomach and bowels--cleanses and invigorates the entire system from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet.

Don't be sick, weak, tired, worn, weary this spring---Take B. B. B. and keep well.

STOMACH AND LIVER.

A Chesterville Ont., Lady Says B. B. B. did Her more Good Than Thirteen Years of Doctoring.

Plenty of people with disordered stomachs and sluggish livers at this season of the year. All they need is B. B. B. It never fails in the worst cases of stomach trouble or liver complaint. Read what Mrs. James Bailey, Chesterville, Ont., has to say about her case: "I am thankful that there is such a remedy as B. B. B. It has been worth its weight in gold to me, and I would not be without it in the house. It has cured me of sick headache, sour stomach and liver trouble, for which I have been doctoring for the past 13 years. The two bottles of Burdock's Blood Bitters which I have taken have done me more good than all the doctoring and I am only too glad to recommend this medicine to the public."

The Best Spring Specific.

SALT RHEUM.

A Little Boy's Legs From His Feet to His Body Entirely Raw and Ran a Blood-tinged Irritating Water.

His Mother Tells How B. B. B. Cured Him. "With gratitude I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. Our little son, Freddy, was afflicted with Salt Rheum, and was in a dreadful condition. His legs from the soles of his feet to his body were entirely raw, and ran a bloody water, which appeared to burn and itch until he was often in great agony. "After trying several remedies, we resolved to give B. B. B. a trial. "You can imagine with what delight and gratitude we saw our boy entirely cured after using one bottle and part of the second. We gave him the remainder of the second bottle, and from that time till the present he has never had a sign of salt rheum or a sick day." MRS. A. KEIRSTEAD, Snider Mt., N. B.