The History of John Toby's Conversion.

A Lecture by the Rev. C. A. Walworth.

I do not intend to make an argument in favor of temperance, nor to picture the sorrows of the inebriate. No man, with the education of a Christian, or even the ordinary intelligence of a heathen, can have any doubt of the sinfulness of drunkenness; certainly its misery will not be contested. The drunkard's wife sits weeping by too many a hearth, and his poor barefooted children clamor for bread in every street.

But I wish to call attention to this one fact in the philosophy of drunkenness. How hard it is for an intemperate man to be reformed by all the usual means employed for his conversion! It is in vain to appeal to his fears. It is in vain to appeal to any sense of shame. Not to his fears, for he is already in despair. Not to his sense of shame, for he has already lost all self-respect. In truth, this despair and this sense of shame are the worst symptoms in his case, for they have taken from him all hope, and all ambition, and therefore all power of manly resistance to temptation.

The only way to reach his case is to speak gently and encouragingly to him, and to seek to inspire him once more with self-respect and hope. I know of no better way to illustrate this truth than by telling the history of John Toby's conversion. His views on Temperance, the Liquor Trade, and the salutary restrictions upon that trade which, in New York, are embodied in what is called the Excise Law, may also be of some value to those who are interested in those questions.

John Toby was, in the commencement of his career, a smart, active, good-looking, talented young Irishman. For a laboring man, his education was good, and besides that mother wit, common to his race, he was possessed of an excellent judgment. He married in this country a sweet little woman of the same town, with eyes of the true Irish blue; and I venture to say that two or three years at a good school, with a little dash of what is called "good society," would have made little Katy Toby as charming and neat a young lady, as any that drive up the Fifth avenue.

They were a happy couple at first, but unfortunately this happiness did not last long. John took to drink, and all the usual effects of drunkenness fell upon him and upon his family. His health gave way, his flesh fell away, and his face grew to the color of variegated marble, white, with streaks of blue in it. The roses fled from Katy's cheeks, too. Her beautiful complexion was changed to a colorless white; a changeless white it would have been, except that sometimes John came home of a Saturday evening, wild with drink and put a pair of black goggles on her eyes to go to church with on Sunday. But all this is the usual thing. So far the history of all drunkards is the same. I want to tell you something now of John's peculiarities, and how he transacted business; I mean the business of drinking.

John almost always got his drink at Magreedy's grocery—the Hon. Michael Magreedy's. John was a great wag, drunk or sober, and sometimes, half in jest and half in bitterness, he called this grocery his heaven. When Katy scolded him for neglecting his family, and said he had no heart, John denied it stoutly. He said he had a heart, only he kept it at Magreedy's. "You know, Katy," said he, "the good book tells us to lay up our treasures in heaven, and when you've found a man's treasure you may look for his heart in the same place. Now I know well enough where all my treasures are; they are at Magreedy's. M' wages have all gone there; the best part of m' clothes too, and some of yours as well, Katy. Of course that's m' heaven, and m' heart is there. God help me, Katy," he would add, "I've broken yours." And then, poor fellow, he would cry like a baby, and Katy, sweet soul, would forget all her own wrongs and try to cheer him up.

If Magreedy's grocery was heaven, Michael himself was, of course, an angel. Blessed Michael the Darkangel, John used to ca'l him. John was much interested one Sunday on seeing him at communion. "It was m' own communion Sunday that same day b' rights," said he, "but I was put off to come again after good behaviour. I kept as straight as a Quaker for two weeks on tay and tobacco, up to the Saturday night when I was to finish; and, then, bedad, I brought so much of Magreedy's whisky wid me to the priest, that he put me on the wrong side of the doore in a jiffy. The blessed Michael was at communion though the same mornin'. An old woman that had a sayt in the same pew wid m'self was claen distracted wid edification, and allowed that he looked more like an angel than a gentleman. 'Yes, Mrs. McColgan,' said I, 'he is an angel. He is one of the ministering spirits. He ministered spirits to m'self only yesterday, until I got blind drunk, or very near it.'"

The Hon. Michael Magreedy kept a respectable place; which means, he never allowed a drunken man to be noisy about the premises when his money was gone, unless he happened to be a person of some consequence. Now John was often out of money; and so John was often turned out at the grocery, as he had been at the church. "They'll have none of me ayther in heaven or hell," said he; "I'm bound to get into purgatory."

It was very different when John set to work, as happened now and then, and earned a little money. Magreedy seemed to find this out by instinct. John Toby was then converted into Mr. Toby, and was received with a shake of the hand. It was the same at election times, for Magreedy was always up for some office. "God bless your honest face, Mr. Toby! How is the good woman? And how is the baby? Walk in, John, and take a seat by the fire. Is there anything I can do for you to-day?"

"Troth, I don' know, Mr. Magreedy: I wouldn't object to a drap; only I've invested all my ready money in the New York Centhral."

"Oh, the devil fly away with the money! who cares for money in times like this, when friends must stand up for each other? Walk up to the counter, Mr. Toby, and say you'll have it straight or with sugar?"

"Faix, then, I'll sweeten it," said John with a sly wink to the company, "sugar is the genteel thing in times like the present."

Sometimes, when in at Magreedy's, and the back door that led into the house was open, John heard the sound of a piano, and singing in some jargon that was neither English nor Irish, but, as John was given to understand, Italian. It was little Miss Magreedy, who had been educated in Canada, at a convent. It made him think of his own little girl, whose prospects were once as bright. "If I hadn't lived like a born devil," said he, "my little Katy would have a piany forty now, an' sing this monkey talk as well as any of them. M' hard earnings, and m' wife's, too—God forgive me!—have gone to pay for this fol-de-rol, and m' children do the dancing to it barefoot." And then he would wander off into the woods where no one could see him, and throw himself upon the ground to weep. He could not work, or thought so, for his time was spent between drunkenness and a sickly languor, enlivened now and then by the horrors. He thought sometimes of drowning himself, but had not the courage. There was some faith left in him yet, and he dared not die.

One day Mrs. Magreedy came into the grocery when John was there. He was not drunk, but had just enough to take the bashfulness out of him. Mrs. Magreedy was a dashing lady, well dressed in silk, and sleeves all slashed in the fashion of the time.

"How do you do?" she exclaimed, in a patronizing way. "I declare, Mr. Toby, I didn't know you, you've grown so thin; why, you've lost all your flesh."

"Yes, ma'am," said John, "there isn't much left outside the bones. I'm thinking Katy and I, and the little ones between us, might fetch somethin' at the glue facthory. I've been thrying to sell out to your husband, Mrs. Magreedy—he's got all the rest, but he says he won't take bones."

"Oh, Mr. Toby, how awful you talk."

"Do you know what has become of my flesh, Mrs. Magreedy?"

"No, John."

"I've sold it, ma'am, for whisky, to the ould bye—I mean to your husband, Mrs. Magreedy, axin' your pardon for the mishtake."

"Oh! John Toby!"

"You carry some of it about wid yourself, ma'am, I'm thinkin', in that gay dress of your own, and fancy head rig."

"Oh! John."

"Them's purty beads on your neck, Mrs. Magreedy. They look to me like tears, Mrs. Magreedy; my Katy's and my little blaggards' at home. If the tears they've shed was all soup, Mrs. Magreedy, they'd look as hearty as you do the day."

"Oh, John Toby, don't!" Mrs. Magreedy was a kind-hearted woman, and began to cry.

"Don't talk to me so, John," said she. "God knows I never did any harm to you nor yours."

"Well, that's true enough. I'm not blaming any one but m'self, Mrs. Magreedy. I thank you for crying. God bless you for the same. It'll mix wid my whisky better than the water that he puts in it."

Mrs. Magreedy never forgot this conversation. From this time she never ceased to urge her husband to give up the business. Often, too, she called in to see Katy and the children, and sent many things which Katy was too poor to refuse. Magreedy's mother took the same side. "You've never been the same man, Michael," she said, "since you took to liquor, and the legislatur', and the committee of railroads, and mean ways. Your own boys, too, are in the grocery more than's for their good. The times is coming when they'll be no comfort to you, nor to any of us."

This little history would be imperfect if I failed to give a conversation which took place once between John and a gentleman from New York city. He had been brought up in the small village where John lived, and was then on a visit to some relatives there. He was now a second-rate lawyer, a prominent politician and a member of the Assembly. He was what is called a rising young man; a man of good reputation; one who was as fair in his dealings as men are generally expected to be; a patriot, so far as his country could be of use to him; a conscientious politician, so far as his party would permit him to be; and a consistent Christian, so far as religion chimed in with his prospects, and did not interfere with the satisfactory buttering of his bread. In addition to all these virtues, he had taken the pledge of total abstinence, and was a member of a temperance society. His name was O'Gammon.

John did not like him. They were as different from each other as men well can be. O'Gammon was a polite man, and always put the best foot foremost. John, although himself a slave to intemperance, hated the vice, and detested everything belonging to it. O'Gammon was careful enough to himself; but did not allow his peace of mind to be disturbed by the sorrows of others, and always voted in the interests of liquor sellers. I solemnly believe that if a fair and free vote were taken among the drunkards of New York State, they would favor stronger excise laws than any we ever had. The danger would be in their liability to go to extremes. I doubt if they would be willing to leave a thimbleful, even in a druggist's shop. The liquor trade would find warmer partisans in some temperance societies. The spirit of many a temperance man (so called) seems to be this: If I only keep sober, let the whole world go drunk.

O'Gammon met John just as he himself came out of Magreedy's grocery. They had been discussing together the excise law and the interest of the whisky ring.

"Good morning, John, I hope to see you well," said he.

"About as well as a skinned eel, sir."

"Why, my dear fellow, what's the matter?"

"Oh! faix, nothing out of the common, sir. I've had a successful run of drink for about two weeks, and I feel a bit tired after the exertion."

"John, I'll tell you what you ought to do."

"Troth, man, I know well enough what I ought to do, and so does the devil; but he won't do it."

"It's too late for him," said O'Gammon, "but it isn't for you. Don't be discouraged, Mr. Toby; try once."

"What would you have me to do then?" said John.

"Take the pledge, and become a temperance man."

"Are you a temperance man, Mr. O'Gammon?" said John.

"To be sure I am; a thorough teetotaller."

"Well, now, according to my notion, sir, you may be a *temp'rate* man, but I'll be hanged if you are a *temperance* man."

"What is the diff'rence? I should like to know."

"There's a great diff'rence to my thinking. A temperate man is one that doesn't drink more than's good for him; perhaps none at all. But a temperance man is one that has that much pity for us poor devils, who are going to ruin through drink, that he is willing to do all in his power to put a stop to the mischief. Look at me here in my sorrow and my rags, a shame to my name and to my religion! Blaggard that I am, standing before you this moment, I tell you that I'm more of a temperance man than you are; for, if I were at Albany, in the legislatur', and standing behin' your desk, I let 'em burn the right hand off me before I'd be seen votin' for to plase Magreedy and the whisky ring. Faix, I'm a sorry Christian, God knows; but as between the two of us, I don't know but I could safely bet on meself there too."

O'Gammon was not a little offended at this strong rebuke, coming from such a quarter.

"John Toby," said he, "you are speaking in your Ignorance. You don't know the difference between Church and State. The one deals with heavenly things, and the other with earthly. As a Christian man I follow my conscience and the laws of my religion; but when I stand in my place in the Assembly I am a statesman, occupied with temporal affairs, and follow the laws which govern political bodies and political men."

"No doubt," said John, "no doubt, and I'm thinking that's just what's the matter wid you."

"I suppose you understand, Mr. Toby, that there are laws to govern political bodies, and principles which ought to control political men."

"Of coorse," said John, "of coorse, but I've small respect for 'em if God had nothing to say in the makin' of 'em. There is one law that tells you to love your neighbor as yourself. Is that parlimentary, Mr. O'Gammon?"

"I am sorry, John Toby, that I cannot make you understand plain distinctions. A man may act in two capacities. As a religious man, I am a Christian and a temperate man; as a citizen of the State, I am a party man and a member of the Assembly."

"I see," said John, "I see it now. But there's one thing bothers me yet. What will Almighty God do wid the Christian man and the temperance man when the devil flies away wid the Assemblyman?"

O'Gammon began to get a little excited. "Don't you understand, sir," said he, "that there are ties which bind a representative to his constituency?"

"Oh! bedad, whats that? what's a constituency?"

"It's that which makes a man what he is, or constitutes him. A member of the Legislature is constituted by those who elect him. These are political ties, Mr. Toby, and cannot be broken."

"Faith then," said John, "I'm sorry to see you tied up in any such dirty way. Mr. O'Gammon, I knew your father and your mother well in their time, God rest 'em! He had the makin' of them all to 'imself, and, let me tell you, he knew his business better than that gang in New York, that's had the 'constitutin' of you."

The Assemblyman walked away without any answer; and it is not reported, in history that either of them ever changed his opinion.

And now I come to the principal part of my task. John Toby became a reformed man, and I want you to know how his reformation came about.

A new priest was sent to the village, a venerable old man, whose heart was deeply enlisted in the promotion of temperance. Now, priests have different notions in this matter. Some give pledges in one way, and some in another. Some favor societies, while others prefer to manage everything of the kind in the pulpit and confessional. But whatever his treatment may be, whenever a wise and zealous priest takes hold of the question, he makes it move. The new priest started a society with a pledge. He attended all the meetings himself, and on certain days, when all the members turned out, he headed the processions. It was a beautiful sight to see him on these occasions, all energy and enthusiasm, his thin, white locks streaming out behind in the breeze. He seemed like another Moses, leading another army out of Egypt. Many a victim was reclaimed by his exertions, and many a family made happy.

In the same village resided an excellent lady of the name of Averill. Her house was only a block distant from John's, and she knew him well. Hearing of the new temperance movement, Mrs. Averill conceived hopes for our friend John, and determined to make an effort to save him. So one morning she sent word down to John's house that she would like to see him. John was not at home; but Katy Toby knew very well where to look for him. "Run down, Barney," said she to her eldest boy, "to Magreedy's and tell your fader that Mrs. Averill wants him this minute. Off wid you, you little omadthaun, and look after your hat when you come back." The boy found his father leaning on Magreedy's counter, and trying to coax a drink out of the bar-tender on credit, but all to no effect. On receiving the message John's eyes fairly sparkled. "There's a good five-dollar job at Judge Averill's," said he, "let's have a drink at once widout foolin', and I'll pay you to-morrow." The bartender was impressed by this view of the subject and John got credit once more.

Thus fortified, he started off to answer the lady's summons. The house door, instead of facing the street, opened sideways on a piazza, the piazza being commanded by the windows of Judge Averill's office situated in the north wing. As John mounted the steps he saw the Judge busy writing at his table which stood close by an open window. He rapped timidly on the shutter, until he attracted the lawyer's attention. "Is Mrs. Averill wantin' to see me, Judge?" he inquired. Glancing down along the length of his nose, and through his spectacles, the Judge saw standing about three feet below him a dirty, uncombed, unshaven, shaggy looking creature, with a complexion like a piece of castile soap. "I rather think not," said he, very slowly, and the next moment was buried again in his papers.

This was discouraging certainly, but John had no idea of giving it up so easily. "My summons came from the Queen's Binch," he muttered to himself. "It's wid the lady I transact business; and I won't be turn'd out of coort b' a dusty lawyer." Afraid, however, to knock at the front door, as the Judge commanded that position, he walked around to the rear of the house. As good luck would have it, Mrs. Averill herself saw him from the breakfast-room window. She opened the door at once, smiled sweetly on John, and stretched out her hand with great cordiality. But John was afraid of it. In his confusion he wiped his mouth with his coat sleeve, and was stooping down to kiss the little hand, when it caught hold of him without ceremony, and hurried him in. "However it was," said he, afterward, "I never knew, nor never will between this and glory. To the best of my remimbrance, I never wint through that doore at all; but anyhow the next minute I was sittin' befoor the fire lookin' at the coals, and m'self as red as a cool wid the confusion."

Mrs. Averill busied herself for a while in clearing away the breakfast things, until John had time to recover his self-possession, and was beginning to steal a few glances at her sideways. She then commenced as follows:

"John, I remember you years ago, when you first came to this town."

"Yes, ma'am," said John.

"To the best of my opinion there was not a likelier young man in the place."

John said nothing, but sat up a little straighter.

"Nor a more talented." John wondered what was coming next.

"Nor a handsomer young man, John." John blushed somewhat, but did not dislike the idea.

"There was scarcely a young girl in the place but was ready to set her cap for you."

John laughed a litt'e and then coughed. He was afraid of giving offense to any unseemly levity. He pulled up his shirt collar a little, and then remembering how dirty it was he tucked it away again under his black neck-cloth.

"But what a miserable man you have got to be now, John." John settled down in his chair, four inches at the least.

"Yes, ma'am," said he, sorrowfully.

"What can be done, John, to make you look like a gentleman once more?"

"I don' know, ma'am, exactly," said he, "but I'd recommend the town poomp to begin wid."

"Ay, John, but it takes more than a clean face or fine clothes to make a gentleman. You were a gentleman once in my sense of the word. You wer once a man of noble heart, of gentle ways and fine feelings, a man that could look the world in the face without shame."

"God help me," said John, the tears starting into his eyes, "I'm far from that thin now."

"Don't be cast down," said the good lady, "there's nothing done yet but can be mended." And then she went on to encourage him, sometimes praising him to awaken his confidence and self-respect, and sometimes drawing such flattering pictures of his future prospects that John's heart at last grew too big for his body.

"Don't say a word more, m' lady," cried he, "but if there's anythin' you'd be puttin' me up to, out wid it, an' I'll do it this same minit, if it's to break Magreedy's head, or my own; axin' your pardon for mintionin' aither of the blaggards in your pressence." She informed him then that all she wanted of him was to go to Father Boylan and sign the pledge.

"I'm a taytotaler," said John, "from this minit."

This was, however, only a part of the good lady's plan. She sent down at once for Katy Toby; and in the meanwhile she searched up from her husband's wardrobe, a complete new outfit of clothing, coat, pants, shirt, stockings, collar, neck-cloth, shoes and hat. "Now Katy," said she, "take him into that room and take him out a handsome gentleman, such as he used to be in his courting days."

When John reappeared, she did not fail to praise his good looks. There was one improvement still very much needed, and that was to get the stubble off his chin, and to have his hair cut. She was afraid as yet to trust her neophyte with money, but sent him down to the barbar's with a promissory note of her own. "After that," said she, "you'll be all ready for the temperance meeting to-night, and let me see you to-morrow, John, with Father Boylan's medal. I have something else to say to you."

John Toby was the first that walked up to take the pledge that night. The good priest was delighted. "Why John," he exclaimed, "you've been among the fairies and got changed off for a dandy. What makes you look so handsome, and what good angel brought you here?"

"I'll tell you all about it, Father Boylan, afoor the Sunday comin', between you and me alone. I feel like a man the night, an' wid the blessin' of God and your Reverence, I'll come out of this a good Christian yet."

The next morning John called again on Mrs. Averill. She had a job ready for him, for she was anxious to set him at work. Now, there was not the slightest need of a well behind Mrs. Averill's house. The kitchen was furnished with a good penstock, and inexhaustible public pump stood in the street; but she had taken it suddenly into her head that there must be a new well, and for fifty good reasons that the Judge urged to show that she didn't need it, she brought forward five hundred poor ones to prove that she did. God bless these good women! When once true charity begins to boil and bubble in their hearts, they are perfectly irresistible. There is more good sense then in their bad logic than passes through a man's frozen head in a twelvemonth. The Judge said: "Let well alone," a dry lawyer's maxim, which all good women detest. However, where once you got down through the first stratum of hard-pan, there was a strong natural fountain of good feeling in the Judge, and his wife knew how to pump it out. John dug the well in about ten days and got thirty dollars for it; fifteen for the digging and fifteen for some symptoms of miasma contracted in the job. Now, John never would have known anything about the miasma until his dying day if the lady had not discovered it. She gave him a handful of pills, to be taken every day, two at a time. Not trusting to his memory, John took them all the first day, and always afterwards maintained that Mrs. Averill had saved his life. "Now, a fool of a doctor," said he, "would never 'ave found out I was sick till I discovered it m'self widout em."

The same morning that John got his pay, he went sauntering down the street feeling very rich and able to buy out the whole town. As luck would have it he passed in front of Magreedy's grocery. The Hon. Michael was standing in the door. Seeing how smart his old customer was looking, he accosted him with great courtesy.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Toby. I'm glad to see you looking so well."

"I'm not altogether that well," replied John. "I've got something on me mind."

"I'm sorry to hear that, John. What's the matter?"

"Faix thin, I've got thirty dollars on me mind, that Judge Averill gave me the morning for digging a well. It goes agin me conscience to inthroduce so much cold water into a town where whisky is so weak already."

"Ha! ha! that's a good joke even for you, Toby; and you are the very phoenix of jokers. Come in, my old friend, and I'll give you a glass of whisky without the least drop of water in it."

"Now isn't it misfortunate, Mr. Magreedy? to think wonst—that wid such an invitation befoor me, I should have jined the temperance. Lord, save us, thin! if I haven't bethrayed m'self intirely and become a taytotler!"

Magreedy saw that he w[illegible] did not count much on [illegible] John's good resolutions, a[illegible] getting his share of the thir[illegible] fore they were gone. He [illegible] there-fore, a very confidential air.

"I'll tell you what I think of this temperance business, Mr. Toby. Take my word for it, it's all a speculation."

"A speculation!" echoed John. "It is a speculation thin. You never said a truer word in your life. By the congregation of all the holy bagpipers, I've got thirty dollars of that same speculation in my own pocket! Look at that, you covetous villin, and take your last look of it too, for you'll never see a cint of my money any more. It's goin' for bread and butther, afther this for me wife and children. A speculation, is it? It's one that pays then. I've been in speculations before, an' little good they did me. My own share of the profits was poverty and sickness, and a sore heart, an' all me money went to stuff your great belly wid. Good mornin', Mr. Magreedy, I'm going to a parthy the night, an' can't affoord to spile me good looks wid gettin' angry."

John's parting words had a meaning in them. It happened to be the anniversary of his marriage, and he meant to celebrate the event that evening. He bought Katy a new shawl during the day, and presents for the little ones. He had them handsomely done up, with the names appropriately writen, and left directions to have them sent up by eight o'clock. Two or three neighbours with their wives were invited to supper. They came, of course, and had no reason to complain of their entertainment, although they got nothing stronger than tea or ginger pop. A merrier party never assembled together, and when John's presents arrived Katy and the children were wild with joy and admiration. A little later a boy came in from Mrs. Averill's with a huge basketful of pies and cakes and candy enough to craze a regiment of children. Tears of joy came into their mother's eyes. John affected to be scandalized at this, declared that she had drank too much tea, and ought to take the pledge as well as himself. Katy stoutly denying this, he offered to bet her a new bonnet that she couldn't walk straight across the floor to which she replied that she was able to dance a jig with a younger man than himself. At it, therefore, they both went, in the middle of the floor, to the immense delight of the whole party, especially the children. Little Barney, intensely excited and unfortunately reviving some reminiscences of the last election, cried out: "Hurra! for Magreedy!" For this his father cuffed his ears instantly, protesting that he would allow no profane language in the house on such a day.

Here, then, must we leave the Tobys in the midst of their newfound joy. I have only this to add, that John persevered manfully in keeping his pledge. Two years afterwards he moved into a new house, two storeys high, small but comfortable, and which has gone through a constant course of improvement ever since, inside and out. If you visit Katy to-day, she will show you into a cheerful parlor, neatly furnished and carpeted, and treat you as a lady should. You may perhaps get an invitation to dinner, when you will see what nice things grow in her garden. But if you happen to have a red nose, or bear the smell of whisky about you, keep away. Katy is sensitive on certain points, and can turn her sweet face into cold marble when she conceives an ill opinion of any one. The Hon. Daniel O'Gammon continued to do the dirty work for his party, for a few years, until he was shoved aside to make room for a younger man of like ambition. Magreedy lived long enough to become his own best customer; and, among those who went in shame and sorrow to the grave before him, were his two sons, and the little girl that used to play the *piano forte*.

Here endeth the story of John Toby's conversion; and I declare that the main facts of it are true, and happened within my own knowledge. If I have succeeded in my purpose, I have indicated the true way to reform an intemperate man. It is not by abusing him; not by denouncing him; not by shunning him; but by kindness and encouragement. Mrs. Averill's way is the true way, and I wish that all temperance reformers, and all zealous persons who undertake the conversion of a drunkard had the same good sense and charity as she.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED.

THE WEEKLY "MAIL."

Enlarged to Eght Pages AND No Increase in Price.

It is nearly six years since the "MAIL" was established, and during that time it has gradually acquired circulation and influence, which renders it second to no other newspaper in the Dominion. The Publisher takes great pleasure in announcing that he purposes to still further increase this circulation by greatly improving the WEEKLY MAIL during the ensuing year, whereby he hopes to make it

The Great Family Paper of Canada.

Special Editors have been engaged for the various Departments, and no expense will be spared to make the whole paper

INTERESTING AND RELIABLE.

The MAIL will remain true to the principles it has always advocated, and it is intended to make it, by the aid of such additional strength as ample capital can afford, even a more potent champion of the Conservative cause.

ALL THE OLD DEPARTMENTS OF NEWS, POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE AND EDITORIAL, will be continued with unabated vigour.

During 1878 the following Departments will receive special attention:

Agricultural in its various branches, made specially interesting by a series of prize articles on leading subjects. We propose that our subscribers shall make this a Mutual Improvement Club, and that each one shall add his mite to the general fund of agricultural knowledge.

Our Market Reports will be a specialty; we will use every means to secure their complete reliability.

Our Literary Department will be a leading feature. Stories both short and continued from the pens of the best authors, and in many cases illustrated.

Our Ladies Department, under charge of Ladies of experience, will, we have no doubt, prove an interesting and valuable feature. Fashions, Household, Culinary Matters, the care of Children, &c., will be included in this department.

Health in the Household, under charge of an able medical man, will add to the value of the WEEKLY MAIL.

During the year we will treat our readers to a tour through a portion of Canada, with descriptions of the Homes, Farms, Factories, Natural Scenery, &c. Arrangements are being made for illustrating the WEEKLY MAIL during the coming year. **Price as before, $1.50 Per annum.**

DAILY MAIL, $5.00 per annum. Special Agents Wanted Everywhere.

dec29 Address, THE MAIL, Toronto

BASS' ALE.

IN WAREHOUSE:—30 Packages BASS' ALE, in hhds., bbls. and kilderkins.

For sale low.

M. A. FINN,

mar23 Hazen Building

THE AMERICAN Door and Sash Depot

(Next to Dominion Dining Rooms,

CHARLOTTE STR

SASHES, MOULDINGS, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL DOORS, constantly on hand at Lowest Prices.

WAREROOMS—No. 26 Nelson Street.

'The Faith of our Fathers'

BY BISHOP GIBBONS.

THE Most popular Book of its kind ever published in this country

30,000 COPIES SOLD IN THREE MONTHS!

Every Catholic in the Dominion should read it.

PRICE IN PAPER COVER 50 cts., OR IN CLOTH $1.

☞ Sent postpaid on receipt of price to any part of the Dominion.

EDW. HANEY & CO., - - KING STREET

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

LANDRY & CO.,

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE

CELEBRATED ESTEY ORGANS

ACKNOWLEDGED THE

FINEST ORGANS IN THE WORLD

WE refer with pleasure to upwards of 600 of these Beautiful Instruments sold by us in the Lower Provinces during the past four years. They are

Favorites Everywhere.

Their prices range from $70 upwards.

A Beautiful illustrated CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST sent free on application.

Pipe Organs built to order, at prices from $500 to $5.000.

Plans and Specifications furnished on application. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PIANOFORTES from the the best makers in the United States, at lowest possible prices.

CATALOGUES sent free.

Sheet Music, Music Books, &c.

☞ Write to us for anything wanted in the Musical line and your orders will receive prompt attention.

LANDRY & CO.,

No. 52 King Street, (Old Stand) St. John, N. B.

HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES

ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR

Costiveness, Dyspepsia and Piles!

They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical Pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results, viz:—

Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Palpitation, Sick Headache. Also, the Best WORM MEDICINE ever used.

They RESTORE NATURE, are pleasant to take, act promptly, cause no pain, NEVER REQUIRE INCREASE OF DOSE, effect a thorough Digestion of the Food, do not weaken the bowels, require no detention from business. Physicians prescribe them; Clergymen use them; Lawyers recommend them; the Medical, Religious and Secular Press praise them, and every man and woman who has ever tried them advise their friends to use nothing else. Price 30 and 60 cents per box, and sold by druggists, or will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.

may23 E. S. HARRISON & CO., Sackville, N. B

Three Building Lots to Lease

TO lease for 14 years, with usual conditions, except that spirituous liquors are not to be sold on the premises, the following desirable Building Lots, viz:—

No. 1, on the corner of Carmarthen and Brittain street, has a frontage of 30 feet on Carmarthen street, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rental $90 per annum.

No. 2.—lot on Carmarthen street adjoining No. 1, 35 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rental $70 per annum.

No. 3.—Lot on Carmarthen street adjoining Lot No. 2, 35 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in rear. Rental $70 per annum.

This whole property has a frontage of 100 feet on Carmarthen street and 80 feet on Brittain street. Total area 8,000 feet.

By order, ROBERT MARSHALL, Treasurer Protestant Orphan Asylum.

eb23

CANDAGE BROS.,

Dealers in

Wines Liquors, Cigars, &c

14 CANTERBURY ST.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

B. W. Candage. C. A. Candage

feb23

HAWKES BROTHERS,

Dealers in

Ales, Wines and Liquors,

48 GERMAIN STREET,

AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

nov8

NEW HATS.

SPRING STYLES FOR 1878.

HAVING received our new Spring style of

SILK HAT BLOCKS,

we are now prepared to finish the Broadway Style of Silk Hat, and orders for the same will be executed with despatch.

—ALSO—

Just received 4 cases of new and desirable Styles of American Soft and Stiff Fur and Felt Hats, in Black and Seal Brown Colors, fine and Medium qualities.

BARDSLEY BROS., 22 Charlotte street, and cor. Brussels and Richmond sts

mar2

HAVANA CIGARS.

Just received from New York:

THIRTY-FIVE M. LaReal, LaUnion, El Borcan and Moses CIGARS, in Regalia Fina de L Reinas, Princesas, Infantas and Londres.

Daily expected from New York:

45 M. Republica Espanolas and La Union CIGARS in CONCHAS and REYNITAS.

The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.

nov17 M. A. FINN. Hazen Building.

R. J RITCHIE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

LAW OFFICE:

Opp. Court House, King Square

mar 9

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL

WINE STORE.

M. & H. GALLAGHEIR,

No. 8 Charlotte Street,

BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.

By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best

Wines, Brandies, &c.,

on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

une2 M & H. GALLAGHER 8 and 12 Charlotte street

STEAM BRICK & TILE WORKS,

Legrange Yards, Little River.

LEE BROTHERS have constantly on hand large Supply of

PATENT MACHINE BRICKS,

Common and Pressed

DRAINING TILES From 2 to 6 Inches in the Bore For land and other purposes.

Also, PAN TILES, for flooring purposes.

Orders filled by addressing L. B., P. O. Box 539 John, N. B.

SPRING, 1878.

—o—

NEW GOOD.

—o—

ex S.S. "Scandinavia" and Allen Line.

—o—

WE ask the attention of our Customers and the Public to the large and varied assortment

IN EVERY DEPARTMENT,

FOR SALE LOW.

W. G. LAWTON,

48 KING ST. & 64 GERMAIN ST.