

ST. JOHN WEEKLY SUN.

VOL. 21—NO. 1.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898.

FIRST PART.

LIKE A WOMAN CHOPPING WOOD!

We are not doing this for fun,
we want more business and for
some years have been adver-
tising

UNION BLEND TEA,

with the result that it has by
far the largest sale of any tea in
the Maritime Provinces. But
still we are not satisfied and in-
tend to keep a hammering. See

Geo. S. De Forest & Sons.

"Usquebaugh Cream"

The Perfection of Scotch Whiskey.
8 Years Old, \$10.50 per case.

Extra Fine Old Irish Whiskey

8 Years Old, a choice old Whiskey, \$11.00 per case.

JUST RECEIVED FROM
Donald Macpherson & Co., Glasgow, Scotland
100 cases "Bonnie Lassie," Fine Old
Scotch, \$7.50 per dozen.

Goods shipped immediately on re-
ceipt of order.
Send remittance by post office order,
express order, or enclose money in
registered letter.

M. A. FINN,
Wine and Spirit Merchant,
112 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

ST. STEPHEN.

John D. Chipman as a Charlotte Candidate
—Mr. Grimmer May Also Run.

ST. STEPHEN, Dec. 30.—A joint
convention of the liberals and con-
servatives from St. Stephen and Mil-
town was held in the council room
here tonight to nominate a candidate
to fill the vacancy caused by the death
of Hon. James Mitchell. The names
of John D. Chipman and W. C. H.
Grimmer were balloted on. J. D. Chip-
man receiving thirty-two votes and
W. C. H. Grimmer sixteen. It is
understood that the nine conserva-
tives from Milltown voted for
Grimmer and the nine liberals from
St. Stephen for Chipman, so that
the choice was really made
by the union of liberals and
conservatives in St. Stephen. Mr.
Chipman was invited and appeared
before the convention and in a brief
speech accepted the nomination,
and promised to contest the election
if any opposition arose. Mr. Grimmer
has steadily declined to recognize
the action of any convention except
the one of the liberal conservatives of the
whole county. He was opposed to his
name being balloted on and did not
attend the convention. There are
many conservatives in the county op-

posed to the stand taken by the party
leaders here, and who feel that the
folly of sending a conservative to
support the local government has
been followed long enough. Mr.
Grimmer is not out of the fight nor is
he committed to the support of the
Emmerson government.

HAVELOCK-ALLEN MISSING.

He is Either Dead or a Prisoner.

CALCUTTA, Dec. 30.—Col. Sawyer, com-
manding the British forces at Fort Al-
ma, telegraphs:
"On learning that Sir Henry Havelock-
Allen had left his escort yesterday and had
not been seen since, a search was organized.
He rode a restless horse, and might have
been thrown near the camp. The search,
however, resulted in finding the horse
stripped and shot, with Sir Henry missing.
It is feared that he is dead or a prisoner
in the hands of the Zaka-Khils. The
search is being continued."

THE FAST LINE.
MONTREAL, Dec. 30.—The Star's
London correspondent cables: The sec-
ond deposit of \$50,000 made by Messrs.
Peterson, Tate & Co., with Canadian
government was made in securities,
not in cash, probably with the condi-
tion that it may be returned should
the negotiations with the ship-owners
and others now proceeding here, not
go through.

MANITOBA TEACHERS.

WINNIPEG, Man., Dec. 30.—The ad-
vising committee of the school board
resolved hereafter to recognize no
teachers' certificates unless issued by
the Manitoba, or Northwest Territories,
or the present time the board has
held out inducements to eastern teach-

JIM TILLEY'S WIFE.

"She Wasn't the Sort to Settle Down in Aroostook
County and Farm It Along o' Me."

(Boston Globe, Dec. 28.)

Jim Tilley leaned over the cracked
and rusty stove, and coughed and
coughed. Then he wiped the foam
from his lips and his nostrils, and
peered up at his questioner
through watery eyes.

"She was a master pretty woman,"
said he; "she was all-fired transom,
and that's the truth of the matter.
But she wasn't the sort of a woman
to settle down in Aroostook county
farm it along o' me. Come to think
it all over, I ain't no ways sorry that
she left when she did. She'd only
saddled me a dance."

Jim Tilley's wife sat on the opposite
side of the stove. She leaned her
back on her knees. She brushed back
her hair, and looked across at her
husband.

"Well, Jim," said she, "I'm always
glad to hear you talk that way. I
know, ain't so hard on 'em, but I
never was. But you know, Jim, I
ain't let you out of my sight a day
or a night, especially since you've
been took sick, and I've taken care of
our children, and I've loved you, Jim,
and I do now, even when we are so
swell poor that I would thank some-
one to come along here and kill me
and put me out of my misery. What
does God want to let such poor people
as we are live for? There ain't no
hope for us to ever be any better off.
I wish we were all dead."

The house was but one room. There
are no chimneys on the walls with-
out. The roof is only partially
shingled. Within there are no plastered
walls, no ceiling.
There are cracks through which the
sky can be seen. Some old news-
papers soaked between the studding
serve, in a fashion, to keep the drafts
of the family bed.

Perched on a treeless, lofty hilltop
in the town of Caribou, Aroostook
county, this little structure, built by
inherently shrewd, but half-don't-
people who call it home. There are
James Albert Tilley, his wife and
their children. The winds are shrill-
ish in Aroostook, and the thermometer
scales in the hall. As one hears Jim
Tilley and his wife coughing in their
full duet, shivering over the old stove,
one who knows the story decides that
Jim is the profoundest anti-climax of
a romance that ever was.

Fifteen years ago all Washington
county was agog over the beauty of
a woman. She was brilliant, vivacious,
polished, traveled, swift in speech,
the keenness of which was accentuated
by her eccentricities. The distin-
guished men of the national capital
whom she fascinated were her slaves.
Nature had made her in her person
the model of complete and perfect
beauty in feature, form and com-
plexion. And with her personal
beauty was coupled a character no
less out of the common course.

Such women, brilliant, erratic, way-
ward, live to make a corner of the
world. They reverse the general
accepted situation, and become the
prey instead of the quarry. This
was she who came upon the Wash-
ington horizon, first as a wealthy di-
vorcee, and later as the wife of Prof.
Nature had made her in her person
the model of complete and perfect
beauty in feature, form and com-
plexion. And with her personal
beauty was coupled a character no
less out of the common course.

And yet who, after all, was she?
A woman, like to make a corner of the
world. They reverse the general
accepted situation, and become the
prey instead of the quarry. This
was she who came upon the Wash-
ington horizon, first as a wealthy di-
vorcee, and later as the wife of Prof.

Mrs. Tilley broke in. "Twice she
came home later than 12 o'clock at
night, half frozen, and she wouldn't
tell me where she had been. And
still she made believe love him just
the same. Now, I couldn't fool a man
in that way, and she leaned her trou-
ble-drawn face on her hands and look-
ed intently at Jim.

"Well, I followed her the second
night," pursued Jim, stolidly, and I
saw where she went. But I didn't say
anything to her then, for I knew it
would do no good. When I twitted
her when she came home, she said that
if I didn't keep still she would go
a-roaming, and I wouldn't ever see
her again."

"It was right in the middle of the
night, but she set right up in bed and
says, 'Jim, I ain't got no business in
these parts. I've seen visions.' (In
later years Washington society heard
this woman describe some of her vi-
sions from a witness stand.)
"Yes, she said she saw visions, and
one of them was her mother. She said
it had been revealed to her that her
real mother wasn't Sarah Ann Shain,
but a Spanish girl, and that her father
was a Spaniard. She said her father
would take her to go a-roaming and
find her fortune."

"Well," says I, "would you leave
me?"
"I don't want to, Jim," she says, "but
if you twist me my Spanish mother will
come and take me away from you."
She says that if I will go I can al-
ways ride in my carriage, and never
need to walk again."

"Well, I didn't take any stock in
that, for Welch always had been a
sort of a queer girl, with notions. But
when I come home from the woods
next night she was gone for good, and
she had taken everything with her."

"Yes," broke in the wife, "I've
looked Jim's new necktie he bought for
his wedding."

Then Jim went on to detail the rest
of this curious romance as Jim him-
self had been able to survey it from
the remoteness of an Aroostook back-
woods settlement, and entirely through
the medium of "hearsay."

"I never seen her again for four
years and over. She didn't write, but
I heard about her—what a great swell
she was getting to be and all that. I
knew she wouldn't come back, and I
didn't know how to go to work to get
a divorce, so I got married to marry
over there."

"We went to live over Portage way.
One night after dark there was a rap
on the door of our log camp. We

didn't go at first, for we thought that
the boys were around playing tricks.
Falls up this way allus walked in
without knocking. Then in a minute
the door opened and in walked Welch.
Thunder! She did look handsome. She
had come into the woods on horse-
back, and she had on some sort of a
green velvet dress with a long tail to
it, and a broad-brimmed hat with a
long feather, and long gloves and all
that sort of fixing, and she was the
prettiest sight I ever did see."

"Well, I didn't know what to say.
My wife—I mean this one—was, for I
had told her about Welch—now she
had dark hair and black eyes and red
cheeks and all that. So my wife—this
one—up and says, 'Do you want my
husband?'"

"He ain't your husband at all—he's
mine," says Welch, and she said it in
a way that showed she had got book
learnin' since she left Aroostook."

"But you needn't be frightened," she
says. "I don't want him, and I wouldn't
have him. I've found better."

"I suppose you think he's better be-
cause he don't have patches on his
panties?" says I.

"Look at him and see," says she,
and then she opened the door and
called in a handsome gentleman whom
she introduced to us as her intended
husband. Right behind was another
man whom she said was an officer who
had papers of divorce to serve on me."

"The man who accompanied
Welch as her accepted lover was Al-
bert Munson, who married her a few
days after she left Aroostook, the divorce
was granted by Judge
Kent, the justice presiding at the term
of court then in session. The farcical
charge named in Welch's libel, ac-
cording to the court records, was de-
bauchery, and she described Tilley as an
idle, dissolute fellow, who had no
means of supporting her."

"When she said she was going to
get a divorce," continued Jim, "I told
her that since she had run away from
me and got me laughed at by all the
neighbors, I was going down to Houl-
ton to appear against her in court,
and tell the people what she was."

"When I said that, she seemed to
come right out of her eyes. She
pulled a little revolver out of her
pocket and jumped at me."

"If you do that," she said, "I'll shoot
you like a dog."

"She looked savage," broke in the
wife, "and I was scared for Jim. I
pulled him back and jumped in front
of her. If you are going to shoot
anybody," I said, "you can just go
ahead and shoot me. I love Jim too
much to see him hurt."

"Then Jim spoke up to Welch and
said, 'Hold on, you catamount, and
I'll sign the papers.' So he signed,
and she and the man sat down
and stayed until daylight. We spent
the time talking, and Welch told us
of her travels. She had been across
to Europe. I believe she told me she
had been to nine different places in
the world, wherever they were. When
she went away she gave us a pressing
invitation to the wedding with Munson."

"She said if Jim and me would come
she would send a coach and four
horses after us. But we wouldn't do
it."

"She was an awful pretty woman,
and I was glad I had a chance to see
her, but—here broke out one
flash of jealousy—I told Jim after she
had put red paint on her cheeks to
make them look so pretty."

Therefore Welch's movements were
followed by Jim and as best he could
through the obscurity of his retire-
ment. According to her, he never
looked on her as a bird of too bright
plumage for his cage. He was grate-
ful for her short stay with him while
she was planning her wings, and af-
terward fully watched her flight
without feeling that any one had
cheated him of that which was his own.

"I'd rather live as we are now," said
Jim's wife, throwing a comprehensive
glance around the poor interior, "than
to have Welch's money and the con-
science that must go with it. They
do say that she died an awful hard
death. She never let us any of her
money. We didn't want what had
come in the way she got it."

Tilley says that a few years before
her death she wrote a letter to him
and asked him to come back to her,
and she would support him in com-
fort the rest of his days. "She said I
wouldn't ever have to lift my hand
again," said he.

"In that letter," continued Jim's
wife, "she said I might come, too,
and bring the oldest girl, and she would
employ us as servants. I asked Jim
why he didn't go, for he could get the
money, and rest of us would live the
best we could in Aroostook. He was
sick and couldn't work. But he took
the letter and he let it sit on the stove
cover and put it right in, and never
opened it at all. That's the kind of
a man Jim is."

The court records at Houlton show
that Mrs. Tilley was married to Mun-
son at that place in January, '71.
Three years later she met Prof. Em-
merson, who became infatuated with
her, and begged her to obtain a di-
vorce from her husband and marry
him. The divorce was secured, and in
1876 she and the professor were mar-
ried. They visited Europe and were
happy for a time, but disagreements
resulted in separation, but no divorce.

The final sensational chapter in her
life occurred in 1888, when Prof. Em-
merson endeavored to have her com-
mitted to an asylum for the insane.
There was a trial at Washington to
prove her sanity, and the whole country
watched the contest
through the newspapers. All of the
woman's eccentricities and traits
were paraded before the public and
some of them were even exhibited in



the court room, for Mrs. Emmerson
was irrepressible.
She never recovered from the strain
of the trial, and died in Washington
Feb. 12, 1888.

SHE WAS CURIOUS.
She was a giddy little thing.
Not forty summers old.
And when she met Alaska Joe
She wanted to be told:

"Juneau the way to Klondike gold,
Up where they mine out brass?
Then tell me how does Norton sound?
Who let the Chilkoot pass?"

"Tell me, is Mr. Behring straight?
And tell me if Yukon
What makes the Mountain Wrangle so?
Alaska Joe was gone!"

—Indianapolis Journal.

A THOUGHT OF CHRISTMAS.

(New York Star.)

She lay there in the solemn midnight hour,
Her babe upon her breast.
Gazing in rapture upon the infant's face,
Striving in the dim recesses of her mind
To understand the mystery!

The wonder of the angel's voice yet sound-
ed in her ear.
Tremendous power and awful light that had
encompassed her
Lived in her memory still.
She had a girl so lately with all her youth's
fair dreams.
Now a holy mother!

And one looked at this wondrous pair,
While solemn silence filled his heart:
They were so far apart from him,
They towered so high!
His knee and held them both in his embrace,
And thus he held his God!

"JACK TARA."

By Tenyson.

They say some foreign powers have laid
claim to the British Isles.
To break the pride of Britain, and bring
her on her knees.
There is a treaty, so they tell us, of some
discreet fellows,
To break the noble pride of the Mistress
of the Sea!

Up, Jack Tara, and save us!
The whole world shall not brave us!
Up and save the pride of the Mistress of
the Sea!

We guard her all home, and they plot
against us yonder.
They will not let an honest Briton sit at
the table.
Up, Jack Tara, my darling, and the D-1
take the parties!
Up and save the pride of the Mistress of
the Sea!

Up, Jack Tara, and save us!
The whole world shall not brave us!
Up and save the pride of the Mistress of
the Sea!

The haases and the little ones, Jack Tara,
they look to you!
The deprecate overboard, let 'em do what
e'er they please!
God bless the little isle where a man may
still be true!
God bless the noble isle that is Mistress of
the Sea!

Up, Jack Tara, and save us!
The whole world shall not brave us!
Up and save the pride of the Mistress of
the Sea!

THE IDEAL WOMAN.
Blended not in song or story for some great
and famous deed.
Not proclaimed from the house-top in the
basis of her creed.
Neither fame nor subtle logic hath she chosen
for her guide.
Her religion, like her being, finds its centre
in the heart.

She is a woman of service, scattering truth's
eternal seed.
That shall yield abundant harvest in im-
mortal thought and deed.

Firm of purpose, clear of vision, pure of
heart and fair of face.
With a quiet minor music, and her man-
ner quiet grace.
With a mother's born of courage, brave
but gentle, strong but good.
Stepping in the spotless grandeur of her
gracious womanhood.

Though men wander, slaves to custom, serv-
ile through ignoble fear.
Brave she never in dissimulation, seeking to be
insincere.

Wears she on her face the record of a rich
and well-stored mind.
Treasures of the living present with a sa-
cred past combined.
Bearing in refined trading mark of high and
cultured thought.

Blessed with a heavenlyunction by the
Holy Spirit wrought.
Noble in its quietly aspect, yet with soft
and tender touch.
Shining through the mobile features that
doth glorify them much.

Not by garbs on the beauty of unclouded
nourish age.
Come the unflinching, steady gazing of her
calm and steadfast eye.
Nor from gratified desires, or the thrill of
human pride.

Shines that smile of melting sweetness—but
from sorrow sanctified.
Walking with her Lord and Master where
the tither waters flow.
Cometh she at last to Him, where the living
fountain ever flows.

True unto the holy vision that her woman-
hood receives.
Soweth she beside all waters, and the res-
ult golden sheaves.
Loyal to her highest mission, pointing dis-
ciple men to God.
From her fearless truth and honor evil
spirits shun and awe.
Walking onward with her brother, hand in
hand, with even gaze,
Dropping dowers of peace and plenty o'er
earth's dark and dreary ways.

Serene in a narrow circle for the bound-
ary of her sphere?
Lift aloft by cleared vision, it is rather
there she hovers.
Watchtower to her is given by Eternal Jew.
She planned.
Lendeth she the willing service of efficient,
ready hand.
All the world doth not encompass the re-
source of woman's mind.
Only in Eternal wisdom will her "sphere"
be boundary find.

Would you seek to stay her progress, turn
from her accustomed path
Blazing sun in yonder heavens, check the
storm-cloud's baneful rain,
Nay, the ideal woman rises in the night of
conscious strength.
In an onward march of triumph, reaching to
Eternal length!
God's ideal, by His moulding fashioned out
of limbo clay.
Reaching up into His stature, by His power
from day to day.

—Grace Ellitich Oak.

WHAT A LOT OF EGGS
The Hen Lay When Fed on GREEN CUT BONE.
FROM
200% to 400% More than without it.
With only a Dozen Hens, the increase of
Eggs will More than Pay for one of
MANN'S GREEN BONE CUTTERS
WHICH YOU CAN PROCURE FROM
W. H. THORNE & CO. Ltd,
MARKET SQUARE . . . ST. JOHN.