IN LEISURE TIME.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Influence of the Club.

The Struggle Against Evil Habits and How to Conquer.

The Effect of Bad Clubs—The Test of Merit of a Club—Practical Talk.

This discourse of Dr. Talmage will be helpful to those who want to find places with helpful and improving surroundings and to avoid places deleterious. His text is II. Samuel ii., 14: "Let the young men now arise and play before us."

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time bangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordmen got an unlucky cut or in some way had his ire aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair and then with the sword thrusting him in the side, so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the twenty-four sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then and is true now, that that which is innocent may be made destructive?

At this season of the year the clubhouses of our towns and cities are in full play. I have found out that there is a legitimate and illegitimate use of the clubhouse. In the one case it may become a healthful recreation, like the contest of the twenty-four men in the text when they began their play, in the other case it becomes the massacre of body, mind and soul, as in the case of these contestants of the text when they had gone too far with their sport. All intelligent ages have had their gatherings for political, social, artistic, literary purposes—gatherings characterized by the blunt old Anglo-Saxon designation of "club."

FAMOUS CLUBS.

If you have read history you know that there was a King's Head club, a Ben Johnson club, a Brothers' club, to which Swift and Bolingbroke belonged; a Literary club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson and Boswell made immortal; a Jacobin club, a Benjamin Franklin Junto club—some of these to indicate justice, some to favor the arts, some to promote good manners, some to despoil the habits, some to destroy the soul. If one will write an honest history of the clubs of England, Ireland, Scotland, France and the United States for the last 100 years he will write the history of the world. The club was an institution born on English soil, but it has thrived well in American atmosphere. Who shall tell how many belong to that kind of club where men put purses together and open house, apportioning the expense of caterer and servants and room, and giving a sort of domestic establishment—a style of clubhouse, which in my opinion is far better than the ordinary hotel or boarding house? But my object now is to speak of clubhouses of a different sort, such as the Cosmos or Chevy Chase or Lincoln club of this capital, or the Union Leagues of many cities, the United Service club of London, the Lotos of New York, where journalists, dramatists, sculptors, painters and artists from all branches gather together to discuss newspapers, theatres and elaborate art; like the Americus, which camps out in summer time, dimpling the pool with its hook and arousing the forest with its stag hunt; like the Century club, which has its large group of venerable lawyers and poets; like the Army and Navy club, where those who engaged in warlike service once on the land or the sea now come together to talk over the days of carnage; like the New York Yacht club, with its floating palaces of beauty upholstered with velvet and paneled with ebony, having all the advantages of electric bell and of gaslight and of king's pantry, one pleasure boat costing $3,000, another $15,000, another $30,000, another $65,000, the fleet of pleasure boats belonging to the club having cost over $2,000,000; like the American Jockey club, to which belong men who have a passionate fondness for horses, fine horses, as had Job when, in the scriptures, he gives us a sketch of that king of beasts, the arch of its neck, the nervousness of its foot, the majesty of its gait, the whirlwind of its power, crying out: "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? The glory of his nostrils is terrible; he paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength, he saith among the trumpets ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting"; like the Travellers' club, the Blossom club, the Palette club, the Commercial club, the Liberal club, the Stable Gang club, the Amateur Boat club, the gambling clubs, the wine clubs, the clubs of all sizes, the clubs of all morals, clubs as good as good can be and clubs as bad as bad can be, clubs innumerable. During the day they are comparatively lazy places. Here and there an aged man reading a newspaper, or an employe dusting a sofa, or a clerk writing up the accounts, but when the curtain of the night falls on the natural day then the curtain of the clubhouse hoists for the entertainment. Let us hasten up now the marble stairs. What an imperial hallway! See, here are parlors on the side, with the upholstery of the Kremlin and the Tuileries, and here are dining halls that challenge you to mention [illegible] that they cannot afford, and here are galleries with sculpture and paintings and lithographs and drawings from the best of artists, Cropsey and Bierstadt and Church and Hart and Gifford—pictures for every mood, whether you are impassioned or placid, shipwreck or sunlight over the sea, Sheridan's ride, or the noonday party of the farmers under the trees, foaming deer pursued by the hounds in the Adirondacks or the sheep on the lawn. On this side there are reading rooms, where you find all newspapers and magazines. On that side there is a library, where you find all books, from hermeneutics to the fairy tale. Coming in and out there are gentlemen, some of whom stay ten minutes, others stay many hours. Some of these are from luxurious homes, and they have excused themselves for awhile from the domestic circle that they may enjoy the larger sociability of the clubhouse. These are from dismembered households, and they have a plain lodging somewhere, but they come to this club room to have their chief enjoyment. One black ball amid ten votes will defeat a man's becoming a member. For rowdyism, for drunkenness, for gambling, for any kind of misdemeanor, a member is dropped out. Brilliant clubhouse from top to bottom. The chandliers, the plate, the furniture, the companionship, the literature, the social prestige, a complete enchantment.

But the evening is passing on, and so we hasten through the hall and down the steps and into the street and from block to block, until we come to another style of clubhouse. Opening the door we find the fumes of strong drink and tobacco something almost intolerable. These young men at this table, it is easy to understand what they are at from the flushed cheek, the intent look, the almost angry way of tossing the dice or moving the "chips." They are gambling. At another table are men who are telling vile stories. They are three-fourths intoxicated, and between 12 and 1 o'clock they will go staggering, hooting, swearing, shouting on their way home. That is an only son. On him all kindness, all care, all culture has been bestowed. He is paying his parents in this way for their kindness. That is a young married man who only a few months ago at the altar made promises of kindness and fidelity, every one of which he has broken. Walk through and see for yourself. Here are all the implements of dissipation and of quick death. As the hours of the night go away the conversation becomes imbecile and more debasing. Now it is time to shut up. Those who are able to stand will get out on the pavement and balance themselves against the lamppost or against the railings of the fence. The young man who is not able to stand will have a bed improvised for him in the clubhouse, or two not quite so overcome with liquor will conduct him to his father's house, and they will ring the doorbell, and the door will open, and the two imbecile escorts will introduce in to the hallway the ghastliest and most hellish spectacle that ever enters a front door—a drunken son. If the dissipating clubhouses of this country would make a contract with the inferno to provide it 10,000 men a year, and for 20 years, on condition that no more would be asked of them, the clubhouses could afford to make that contract, for they would save homesteads, save fortunes, save bodies, minds and souls. The 10,000 men who would be sacrificed by that contract would be but a small part of the multitude sacrificed without the contract. But I make a vast difference between clubs. I have belonged to four clubs—a theological club, a ball club and two literary clubs. I got from them physical rejuvenation and moral health. What shall be the principle? If God will help me I will lay down three principles by which you may judge whether the club where you are a member or the club to which you have been invited is a legitimate or an illegitimate clubhouse.

First of all I want you to test the club by its influences on home. If you have a home. I have been told by a prominent gentleman in club life that three-fourths of the members of the great clubs of these cities are married men. That wife soon loses her influence over her husband who nervously and foolishly looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art and literature and beneficence and public weal to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front doorstep and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic or nothing lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art or literature or religion or charity is breaking her own scepter of conjugal power. I know an instance where a wife thought that ten husband was giving too many nights to Christian service, to charitable service, to prayer meetings and to religious convocation. She systematically decoyed him away, until now he attends no church and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone and, I fear, his soul gone. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of God, or to charity, or to art, or to anything elevated, but let not men sacrifice home life to club life. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the clubhouse and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wife's dress and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a healthful recreation a usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is amazed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart. She is always wanting money, money when she ought to be discussing Eclipses and Dexter and Derby day and English drags with six horses, all answering the pull of one "ribbon."

CLUBBED TO DEATH.

I tell you there are thousands of houses in the city being clubbed to death. There are clubhouses where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain club, tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his history if he be still alive. The man is a wine guzzler, his wife broken hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone or reduced and his home a mere name in a directory. Here are six secular nights in the week. "What shall I do with them?" says the father and the husband. "I will give four of those nights to the improvement and entertainment of my family, either at home or in good neighborhood. I will devote one to charitable institutions. I will devote one to the club." I congratulate you. Here is a man who says: "I will make a different division of the six nights. I will take three for the club and three for other purposes." I tremble. Here is a man who says, "Out of the six secular nights of the week I will devote five to the clubhouse and one to the home, which night I will spend in scowling like a March squall, wishing I was out spending it as I had spent the other five." That man's obituary is written. Not one out of every 10,000 that ever gets so far on the wrong road ever stops. Gradually his health will fail through late hours and through too much stimulus. He will be first rate prey for erysipelas and rheumatism of the heart.

The doctor, coming in, will at a glance see it is not only present disease he must fight, but years of fast living. The clergyman, for the sake of the feelings of the family, on the funeral day, will only take in religious generalities. The men who got his yacht in the eternal rapids will not be at the obsequies. They will have pressing engagements that day. They will send flowers to the coffin lid and will send their wives to utter words of sympathy, but they will have engagements elsewhere. They never come. Bring me mallet and chisel and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitaph, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." Then give me the mallet and the chisel and I will cut an honest epitaph, "Here lies the victim of a dissipating clubhouse."

I think that damage is often done by the scions of some aristocratic family who belongs to one of these dissipating clubhouses. People coming up from the humbler classes feel it an honor to belong to the same club, forgetting the fact that many of the sons and grandsons of the large commercial establishments of the last generation are now, as to mind, imbecile; as to body, diseased; as to morals, rotten. They would have got through their property long ago if they had had full possession, but the wily ancestors who earned the money by hard knocks, foresaw how it was to be, and they tied up everything in the will. Now, there is nothing of that unworthy descendant but his grandfather's name and roast beef rotundity. And yet how many steamers there are which feel honored to lash fast that worm eaten tug, though it drags them straight into the breakers.

Another test by which you can find whether your club is legitimate or illegitimate—the effect it has on your secular occupation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach commercial successes. I know some men have formed their best business relations through such a channel. If the club had advanced you in an honorable calling, it is a legitimate club. But has your credit failed? Are bargain makers more cautious how they trust you with a bill of goods? Have the men whose names were down in the commercial agency A 1 before they entered the club been going down ever since in commercial standing? Then look out! You and I every day know of commercial establishments going to ruin through the social excesses of one or two members, their fortunes beaten to death with ball players' bat, or cut amidships by the front prow of the regatta, or going down under the swift hoofs of the fast horses, or drowned in large potions of cognac and monongahela. Their clubhouse was the "Loch Earn." Their business house was the "Ville du Havre." They struck, and the "Ville du Havre" went under.

A TEST OF MERIT.

A third test by which you may know whether the club to which you belong, or the club to whose membership you are invited, is a legitimate club or an illegitimate club is this: What is its effect on your sense of moral and religious obligation? Now, if I should take the names of all the people in any audience and put them on a roll and then I should lay that roll back of the organ, and 100 years from now someone should take that roll and call it from A to Z, there would not one of you answer. I say that any association that makes me forget that fact is a bad association. Now to many of the cities there are two routes, and you can take the Pennsylvania railroad or the Baltimore and Ohio; but suppose that I hear that on one route the track is torn up and the bridges are torn down and the switches are unlocked? It will not take me a great while to decide which road to take. Now, here are two roads into the future, the Christian and the unchristian, the safe and the unsafe. An institution or any association that confuses my ideas in regard to that fact is a bad institution and a bad association. I had prayers before I joined the club. Did I have them after? I attended the house of God before I connected myself with the club. Since that union with the club do I absent myself from religious influences? Which would you rather have in your hand when you come to die, a pack of cards or a Bible? Which would you rather have pressed to your lips in the closing moment, the cup of Belshazzarean wassail or the chalice of Christian communion? Who would you rather have for your pallbearers, the elders of a Christian church or the companions whose conversation was full of slang and inuendo? Who would you rather have for your eternal companions, those men who spend their evenings betting, gambling, swearing, carousing and telling vile stories, or your little child, that bright girl whom the Lord took? Oh, you would not have been away so much nights, would you, if you had known she was going away so soon? Dear me, your house has never been the same place since. Your wife has never brightened up. She has not got over it; she never will get over it. How long the evenings are, with no one to put to bed and no one to tell the beautiful Bible story! What a pity it is that you cannot spend more evenings at home in trying to help her bear that sorrow! You can never drown that grief in the wine cup. You can never break away from the little arms that used to be flung around your neck when she used to say, "Papa, do stay home tonight." You will never be able to wipe away from your lips the dying kiss of your little girl.

The fascination of a dissipating clubhouse is so great that sometimes a man has turned his back on his house when his child was dying of scarlet fever. He went away. Before he got back at modnight the eyes had been closed, the undertaker had done his work, and the wife, worn out with three weeks' watching, lay unconscious in the next room. Then there is a rattling of the night key in the door, and the returned father comes up stairs and sees the empty cradle and the window up. He says, "What is the matter?" In God's judgment day he will find out what was the matter. Oh, man astray, God help you!

The influence which some of the clubhouses are exerting is the more to be deplored because it takes down the very best men. The admission fee sifts out the penurious and leaves only the best fellows. They are frank, they are generous, they are whole souled, they are talented. Oh! I begrudge the devil such a prize! After awhile the frank look will go out of the face and the features will be haggard, and when talking to you, instead of looking you in the eye, they will look down, and every morning the mother will kindly ask, "My son, what kept you out so late last night?" and he will make no answer, or he will say, "That's my business." Then some time he will come to the store or the bank cross and befogged, and he will neglect some duty, and after awhile he will lose his place, and then with nothing to do he will come down at 10 o'clock in the morning or curse the servant because the breakfast is cold. The lad who was a clerk in the cellar has got to be chief clerk in the great commercial establishment; the young man who ran errands for the bank has got to be cashier; thousands of the young men who were at the foot of the ladder have got to the top of the ladder, but here goes the victim of the dissipating clubhouse, with staggering step and bloodshot eye and mud bespattered hat set sidewise on a shock of greasy hair, his cravat dashed with cigar ashes. Look at him! Pure hearted young man, look at him! The clubhouse did that. I know one such who went the whole round, and turned out of the higher clubhouses went into the lower clubhouses, and on down, until one night he leaped out of a third story window to end his wretchedness.

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

Let me say to fathers who are becoming dissipated, your sons will follow you. You think your son does not know. He knows all about it. I have heard men who say, "I am profane, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you swear. I have heard men say, "I drink, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you drink. I describe now what occurs in hundreds of households in this country. The tea hour has arrived. The family are seated at the tea table. Before the rest of the family arise from the table the father shoves back his chair, says he has an engagement, lights a cigar, goes out, comes back after midnight, and that is the history of 365 nights of the year. Does any man want to stultify himself by saying that that is healthy, that that is right, that that is honorable? Would your wife have married you with such prospects?

Time will pass on, and the son will be 16 or 17 years of age, and you will be at the tea table, and he will shove back his chair and have an engagement, and he will light his cigar, and he will go out to the clubhouse, and you will hear nothing of him until you hear the night key in the door after midnight. But his physical constitution is not quite as strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks is more terrifically drugged than that which you drink, and so he will catch up to you on the road to death, though you got such a long start of him, and so you will both go to hell together.

The revolving Drummond light in front of a hotel, in front of a locomotive, may flash this way and flash that upon the mountains, upon the ravines, upon the city, but I take the lamp of God's eternal truth, and I flash it upon all the clubhouses of these cities, so that no young man shall be deceived. By these tests try them, try them! Oh, leave the dissipating influences of the clubroom, if the influences of your clubroom are dissipating! Paid your money, have you? Better sacrifice that than your soul. Good fellows, are they? Under that process they will not remain such. Mollusca may be found 200 fathoms down beneath the Norwegian seas; Siberian stag get fat on the stunted growth of Altaian peaks; hedysarium grow amid the desolation of Sahara; tufts of osier and birch grow on the hot lips of volcanic Snechattan, but a pure heart and an honest life thrive in a dissipating clubhouse—never!

The way to conquer a wild beast is to keep your eye on him, but the way for you to conquer your temptations, my friend, is to turn your back on them and fly for your life.

Oh, my heart aches! I see men struggling against evil habits and they want help. I have knelt beside them, and I have heard them cry for help, and then we have risen, and he has put one hand on my right shoulder and the other hand on my left shoulder and looked into my face with an infinity of earnestness which the judgment day will have no power to make me forget, as he has cried out with his lips scorched in ruin, "God help me!" For such there is no help except in the Lord God Almighty. I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a ropemaker will take very small threads and wind them together until after awhile they become ship cable. And I am going to take some very small delicate threads and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day, a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I twist them together and I have one strand. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded, and a thread of the light that followed, and a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away for the resurrection. And then I twist all these threads together and I have another strand. Then I take a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones before the throne, and a string of the harp cherubic, and a string of the harp seraphic, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "Oh," you say, "either strand is strong enough to hold fast a world!" No. I will take these strands and I will twist them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it shall be removed; not to the pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages; but I wind it round and round the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and having fastened one end of the rope to the cross I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull for heaven!

DR. TALMAGE WEDS AGAIN.

Mrs. Eleanor M. Collier of Allegheny, Pa., Becomes His Bride.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 24.—The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage was married Saturday at noon in Allegheny to Mrs. Eleanor M. Collier, widow of Charles Collier, a son of Judge Collier of the common pleas court. The Rev. Dr. Wm. Robinson performed the ceremony at the bride's house, 47 Irwin avenue, Allegheny. Mrs. Talmage is taller than her husband. She and the doctor left for Cleveland on their honeymoon. They will live at 1400 Massachusetts avenue, Washington, where Dr. Talmage is pastor of the First Presbyterian church. Dr. Talmage says his family and that of his bride approve of the marriage.

This is Dr. Talmage's third marriage. His first wife was Miss Mary Avery of Brooklyn, who was drowned while boating on the Schuylkill river in 1862. By her he had one daughter, Jessie, and a son, who died. His second wife was Miss Susan Curtiss Whittemore of Greenpoint, whom he married in the following year. She was the daughter of a real estate broker. Dr. Talmage was introduced to her by his eldest brother, the Rev. Goyn Talmage, who then had a church in Greenpoint. They had five children—May, Edith, Daisy, Maude and Frank. The health of the second Mrs. Talmage began to fail directly after the burning of the last Brooklyn Tabernacle, and a trip abroad failed to restore it. She died in the Jacksonville sanitarium at Dansville, N. Y., on August 5th, 1895.

Dr. Talmage is now 66 years old, having been born at Bound Brook, N. J., in January, 1832. In addition to his ministerial duties he is editor-in-chief of the Christian Herald.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 23.—Today was passed by the Rev. Dr. Talmage and his bride at their hotel in this city. Tomorrow morning they will depart for Buffalo, and from that city they will go to New York for a few days' stay before returning to Washington. Dr. Talmage says today that there was nothing sensational about his marriage. He had known his wife, he said, for about three years. The wedding was necessarily a quiet affair, because of recent deaths in the family of his wife.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

Jan 25—Coastwise—Sch Edward Morse, 32, Calder, from fishing.

Jan 26—Sch Abbie and Eva Hooper (Am), 276, Potter, from Portland, R C Elkin, bal.

Coastwise—Schs E B Colwell, 18, Thompson, from fishing; Sea Foam, 10, Thompson, from fishing; Ethel, 5, Holmes, from Beaver Harbor; Bay Queen, 32, Barry, from do.

Jan 27—Str Lake Huron, 2,570, Taylor, from Liverpool via Halifax, Troop & Son, general cargo.

Cleared.

Jan 25—Stmr Lake Ontario, Campbell, for London via Halifax.

Coastwise—Sch Eliza Bell, Wadlin, for Beaver Harbor.

Jan 26—Str Dunmore Head, Burns, for Belfast.

Coastwise—Schs Westfield, Cameron, for Quaco; Wanita, Magarvey, for Annapolis.

Jan 27—Str St Croix, Allan, for Boston.

Sch A P Emerson, Odell, for New York.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Arrived.

At Halifax, Jan 24, sch Avalon, from St John.

HALIFAX, Jan 25—Ard, strs Halifax City, Newton, from St John; Lake Ontario, Taylor, from Liverpool, and proceeded to St John; sch Ida, Fraser, from Demerara.

Cld, sch Minnie J Heckman, Vinot, for Waterford, Ireland.

Sailed.

HALIFAX, Jan 27—Sld, str Taymouth Castle, Forbes, for Bermuda, Windward Island and Demerara; Halifax City, Newton, from St John, for London; schs Minnie J Heckman, Venot, for Watrford, Ireland, Crescent, Conrod, for Oporto.

BRITISH PORTS.

Arrived.

GALWAY, Jan 25—Ard, bark Eva Lynch, from St John.

LONDON, Jan 25—Ard, str St John City, from St John, NB, via Halifax.

At Liverpool, Jan 26, str Laurentian, from Portland.

At Newcastle, NSW, Dec 11, ship Celeste Burril, Trefry, from Melbourne, for Manila.

At Glasgow, Jan 27, str Furnessia, from New York.

At Port Spain, Dec 22, sch Mystery, Richards, from Alberton, PEI; Jan 3, sch Bessie Parker, Carter, from Fernandina.

Sailed.

From Fort Natal, Dec 14, sch Spray, Slocomb, from Sydney, NSW, Guam, and supposed passed Cape St Francis at 5 p m 19th, bound W, all well.

From Queenstown at noon Jan 26, stmr Platea, Allen, from Liverpool for St John.

From London, Jan 27, str Cheronea, Marsters, for St John.

QUEENSTOWN, Jan 27—Sld, str Teutonic, for New York.

LIVERPOOL, Jan 27—Sld, strs Sylvania, for Boston; Vancouver, for Portland.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Arrived.

At St Thomas, Jan 9, stmr Duart Castle, Seeley, from Halifax (and sailed 10th for Windward Islands).

MARRIAGES.

HOWARD-SHEWEN—On Jan. 26th, at St. John's (Stone) church, by the Rev. John deSoyres, M. A., rector, Alfred de Walden, eldest son of William Brunswick Howard, to Gwendolen Travers, second daughter of Edward Thornbrough Parker Shewen.

KIRKWOOD-BAYARD—At the residence of Dr. William Bayard, uncle of the bride, on Jan. 22nd, by the Ven. Archdeacon Brigstocke, Thomas Kirkwood, eldest son of the late Thomas Kirkwood, Dunbar, Scotland, to Catherine Francis, eldest daughter of the late Charles R. Bayard of Welsford, N. B.

DEATHS.

DAMERY—In this city, on Jan. 27th, after a lingering illness, Catherine, beloved wife of the late James Damery, and daughter of the late Thomas and Margaret Donovan, aged 84 years, leaving two sons and two daughters to mourn their sad loss.

GANTER—At her son's residence, Woodstock, Eliza J Ganter, wife of Peter Ganter, aged 75 years, leaving a husband, four sons and three daughters to mourn her loss. (Boston, Lowell and Chicago papers please copy).

KENNEDY—In this city, on Jan. 26th, at the residence of his son-in-law, W. S. Morrison, M. D., Rev. James Kennedy, D. D., late of New York.

McALLISTER—At Sussex, Jan. 27, Lily, aged 16 years, youngest daughter of Charles and Mary McAllister.

MORGAN—In this city, on January 23rd, after a short illness, Mary Ann, wife of Patrick Morgan, aged 72 years.

TIPPETT—At Cambridge, Mass., of diphtheria, on Jan. 22, Arthur R., twin son of Fred and Nellie S. Tippett, aged 3 years, 6 months and 19 days.

WELSH—On Monday, Jan 24th, Mrs. Ann Welsh, in the 87th year of her age.

PROVINCIAL NEWS.

MONCTON, Jan. 26.—The fourteen year old daughter of Jude J. LeBlanc, collector of customs at Buctouche, is suffering from a mysterious illness. She has not taken any nourishment except an occasional mouthful of milk for five weeks, and her medical attendant is unable to diagnose her illness.

The Moncton and Buctouche railway got through the drifts on her first attempt yesterday, and is expected to make regular trips hereafter. This road is well managed and gives satisfaction to its patrons.

James Hackey, I. C. R. brakeman of Moncton, had a narrow escape from death yesterday. He was standing on top of a snow plow when his head came in contact with the bridge that spans the Northwest Miramichi. His head was badly bruised, but he was able to be removed to his home here this morning. His escape from death was miraculous.

General Traffic Manager Harris of the I. C. R. spent yesterday and today inspecting the freight and passenger departments. A number of business men have also had interviews with him, with the result in some cases, it is stated, that the local freight rates recently withdrawn have been restored.

Conductor John A. McBean of Helena, Montana, son of the late contractor, A. McBean, of Moncton, is suing the Northern Pacific Railway company for $50,000 damages received in a railway wreck. His train ran away, it is alleged, on account of the negligence of the company, and Mr. McBean received injuries which resulted in paralysis of the lower limbs. His mother lives in Moncton.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., Jan. 26.—The most exciting and hotly contested election for many years was fought here today. Nearly the entire possible vote was polled. L. A. Mills, T. K. McGeachy and John Lockery were re-elected assessors without opposition in the three wards.

For councillors in Kings ward, Isaiah Bridges was returned, and George P. Ryder elected without opposition.

In Dukes the old councillors, E. M. Stuart and A. A. Laflin, had no opposition.

In Queens ward, W. S. A. Douglas, Silas C. Stewart, Daniel A. Vaughan, J. D. Bonness and Hiram Mills were nominated for councillors. W. S. A. Douglas has 155 votes; S. C. Stewart, 108; J. D. Bonness, 94; D. A. Vaughan, 68, and H. Mills, 23. The first two were elected.

For mayor the candidates were Geo. J. Clarke, barrister and editor, and Almon I. Teed, wholesale grocer. The vote was, for Clarke: In Dukes, 100; in Kings, 94; in Queens, 121. For Teed: In Dukes, 59; in Kings, 101; in Queens, 133; majority for Clarke, 22.

Tonight a great bon fire burned in the square, where Ryder's band played a number of selections. They afterwards serenaded the mayor elect at his residence. Mr. Clarke fought a long fight against great odds.

Frank Todd, president of the Liberal club, left nothing undone to secure Mr. Clarke's defeat, but only Mr. Teed's personal popularity saved him from a greater defeat.

Councillor Douglas, a young man of many good points, should feel greatly pleased with his return, for some of his work at the board has been severely criticized.

BATHURST, N. B., Jan. 26.—The funeral of the late John Sivewright, M. P. P., took place at two o'clock this afternoon from his residence to St. Luke's cemetery. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. A. F. Thompson, assisted by the Rev. W. M. Harrison, and were most impressive. The choir sang, What a Friend We Have in Jesus, and Come Ye Disconsolate. The pall-bearers were P. J. Burns, P. J. Venoit, M. P. P., A. N. DesBrisay, N. A. Landry, W. R. Payne and S. Bishop. Hon. H. R. Emmerson and W. A. Mott, M. P. P., were present. A telegram was received from Hon. L. J. Tweedie regretting his inability to be present. The funeral was very largely attended, including many from a distance, manifesting the high respect for the deceased and the afflicted home. Deep sympathy is felt for the aged mother, who has buried two of her children within six weeks.

A single bell is made by a German manufacturer to give more than one note. A number of dents divide the bell into sections of different sizes, and each section when struck emits a tone corresponding to its size.

A truly great man is one who can live in a very small town and refuse to become small in his opinions.

Most people have seen worse things in private than they pretend to be shocked at in public.