

Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers, Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen, Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber. Milltown, St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday; E. McAllister. Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thursday; John P. Ball. Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Paterson. Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; J. S. B. DeVeber. Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber. Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart. St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Thursday; Robt. Wills. Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday; J. J. Steeves. Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday; J. C. Harner. Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednesday; A. Haines. Kingston, Kent Co.; Kingston, 44; Tuesday; E. S. Bailey. Newcastle, Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. McGrar. Point de Bute, West. Co.; Westmorland, 50; Thursday; J. Amos Trueman. Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51; Tuesday; L. R. Moore. Pennfield, Charlotte C.; Safeguard, 58; Saturday; W. N. Bucknam. Cambridge, Queens Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; George S. Wilson. Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow. Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R. Goodwin. Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; W. Steeves. Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday; Henry Finch. Derby, North. Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. Betts. Douglastown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson. Collins Corner, Kings Co.; Collisla, 129; Thursday; Jacob I. Keirstead. Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134; Saturday; James E. Coy. Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. Teed. St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164; Tuesday; Cudlip Miller. Moncton; Moncton, 183; Monday; E. McCarthy. Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191; Saturday; C. A. Beck. South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207; Monday; Wm. Roxborough. Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday; John Waring. Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Alex. Ford. Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main. Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; J. W. Mann. Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; H. Wather. Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler. Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251; Friday; E. Keith. Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. J. Donah. Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253; Saturday; R. Lewis. Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd. Millstream, Kings Co.; Britannia, 255; Friday; C. W. Weyman. Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256; Tuesday; A. F. Matheson. Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. Pitts. Kouchibouguac, Kent Co.; Union, 258; D. W. Grierson. River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday; J. H. Galbraith. Steeves Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose, 260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr. Lawrence Station, Char. Co.; Lawrenceville, 261; Saturday; F. S. Richardson. Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday; G. Barnes. Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263; Thursday; W. Moulton. Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednesday; Alex. M. McKenzie. Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Friday; Dr. J. G. Atkinson. Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday; S. S. Smith. Graves Settlement, West. Co.; Rockland, 267; Friday; G. Johnston. McAdam Junction, York Co.; Star Branch, 268; E. W. Brownell. 2d Falls, St. George, Char. Co.; Stewart, 269; Saturday; A. Sherwood. St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Saturday; T. McGowan. Penobscia, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thursday; J. W. Floyd. St. Nicholas River, Kent Co.; Milltown, 272; Friday; J. Murray. Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273; Tuesday; G. Flewelling. Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274; Thursday; O. A. Wetmore. Good Templar Hall, St. John; Gordon, 275; Friday; H. P. Sandall. Eagle Settlement, West'd Co.; Twilight, 276; Wednesday; G. A. Taylor. Salisbury, Westmoreland Co.; Middleton, 277; Friday; J. B. Henry. Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278; Tuesday; L. Hall. Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279; Thursday; D. W. Goodall. St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday; W. Vincent. Elgin, Albert Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; G. Smith, A. B. Springfield, King's Co.; Springfield, 282; Friday; G. M. Wetmore. Whites Cove, Grand Lake; Grand Lake; 283; H. E. White. Clifton, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division 284; Wednesday; N. R. Ritchie. Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday; Chas. J. Harris. Port Elgin, West Co.; Fort, Moncton, 286; Friday; W. M. Spence. Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Saturday; H. W. Falkins. Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Monday; John W. DeForest. Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V. Benn. Forest Glen, West. Co.; Forest Glen 290; Thursday; Miss A. Hubley. Bristol, Carleton Co.; Bristol Union, 291; Tuesday; Rev. John Gravinor. East Florenceville, Carleton Co.; East Florenceville, 292; Saturday; Wm. Tompkins. Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293; Saturday; J. T. Fletcher. Bath, Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday; Herbert Gray. Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale 295; Tuesday; F. A. Steeves. Canterbury, York Co.; Dufferin, 296; Friday; S. A. Baker. River Louison, Restigouche Co.; Louison, 297; Thursday; Donald Stewart. Kuland, Carleton Co.; Monument, 298; Thursday; Deputy not elected. Woodstock, Carleton Co.; Campbell, 299; Friday; S. McLeod. Campbellton, Restigouche Co.; Campbellton, 300; Thursday; J. E. Price. Manuhurst, Kings Co.; Lincluden, 301; Thursday; D. S. Mann. Dundee, Restigouche Co.; Dundee, 302; Thursday; Jas. Crawford. Moncton, Kings Co.; Rising Star, 303; Thursday; Martin Fraser. Scotch Settlement, Westmorland Co.; McCarthy, 304; David Murray. Upper Millstream, Kings Co.; Millstream, 305; Zebulon Gannoe. Gibson, York Co.; Gibson, 306; Friday; J. Piekard. Portland, N. B.; Silver, 308; Wednesday; Deputy not elected. St. George; St. George, 189; R. H. Davis.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE SILVER LINING.

A fisherman sat at his home one day, Watching the clouds that heavy and gray, Obscured the sunlight's shining; And he said to Bright Eyes at his knee, "Look yonder out in the west and see The cloud with a silver lining."

I think when our skies are cold and gray, And we vainly seek to find the way, Somewhere the light is shining, If we bravely resolve to do our part, And bear our griefs with a patient heart, And free from all repining,

We shall be led to a higher way, To a better work than we do to-day And find love's sunlight shining; For truth of spirit and strength of soul Will make the darkest cloud unroll And show its silver lining.

-Helen Keith.

THE DEACON'S DINNER.

The good housewives of the neighborhood often said that Mrs. Smart ought to be the happiest woman in the world.

"Such a nice house that she lives in!" said Miss Bryce, who, poor soul, taught the district school and 'boarded around,' like the scape goat in the Scripture wilderness.

"Such a pious man as the dear deacon is!" added Mrs. Hopkins, whose better half had once been a sea captain, and who was still apt to be profane by fits and starts, when the cattle got into the clover field, and the midnight weasel marauded on his hencoops and turkey-roosts.

"With a store carpet on the best room floor!" put in Mrs. Jones, "and the weekly newspaper, and white sugar in her tea every day of her life, and a horse and a wagon to take her to meetin' Sundays!"

Such was the opinion of society as represented in Glen Hollow. Perhaps Mrs. Deacon Smart was a happy woman. But we are told on the very best authority, that—

The heart knoweth its own bitterness. Mrs. Smart was washing up her best china, one morning, preparatory to giving a grand tea-party, and her cousin, Ella Dale, was helping her, when the deacon put his shining bald head in at the door.

"My dear, he said here's a paper of pins for you."

Mrs. Smart nearly dropped a gilt-edged saucer in her consternation.

"More pins!" said she.

"Yes, my dear, said the deacon, unctuously. Pins are always useful."

"Oh, yes, pins!" said Mrs. Smart, giving her glass towel a toss as she wiped the last globule of moisture from a goblet. But not rows of rusty wire! I do say for it, Ebenezer—

"I'm going to Glen Depot, my dear, the deacon somewhat hurriedly interrupted, at this juncture, and perhaps I shan't be home till one o'clock."

He withdrew, and Mrs. Smart turned to Ella Dale with a halt laugh.

"There, my dear, said she, throwing down the faded green roll of pin-paper on the dresser, there, you behold the secret of my domestic unhappiness—the skeleton in my closet!"

Ella opened her round hazel eyes very wide.

"I can't think what you mean, Juliana, she said. You unhappy! and the dear deacon such a truly good man?"

"That's the trouble, said Mrs. Smart; he is too good."

"But I don't hardly see how that can be possible, protested Ella, more perplexed than ever."

"And it's all at my expense, said Mrs. Smart, dolefully. Do you see the paper of pins?"

"Why, of course I see it, said Ella."

"Well, Mr. Smart has bought that paper of pins of a peddler at the door, said Mrs. Smart. Peddlers always come here."

This house is a Mecca to the race of peddlars. They know that Mr. Smart always buys of them—he's to good hearted to say no; or, rather—let us speak the truth, and shame him who shall nameless between us—he is really too indolent to resist their importunities."

Ella burst out laughing.

"But what an insignificant little trial!" she said.

"Oh, yes, I dare say!" said Mrs. Smart. The sting of a hornet isn't so very terrible in itself, but when a whole swarm is let loose upon you, what then?"

"A whole swarm?" repeated innocent Ella.

"My dear, said Mrs. Smart lowering her voice to a confidential whisper, up stairs in my bed-room closet, I have eighteen papers of just such cheap pins—utterly useless for anything but to bend themselves up double when you try to put them through a single thickness of calico, and to deprive you of your temper just when you need it most; six cards of porcelain buttons, an article which I never use, nine packages of stove blacking thirteen bottles of machine oil; five papers of rusty needles; a dozen pairs of shoe strings, and eight rolls of tape, which is an insult to one's common sense! If I could reconcile it to my conscience, I'd fling the whole collection into the fire; but I was brought up to economize. What do you think, Ella, would it be a sin to annihilate all these pitfalls to my equanimity?"

"It's rather a hard problem, said Ella, soberly."

"And with all this, said Mrs. Smart,

waxing vehement, as she went on, Ebenezer is unwilling to give me money to buy decent darning needles and respectable tape. He wonders why I can't make my dresses last a little longer and thinks I am extravagant in wanting a new feather for my old velvet bonnet. He says that I use too many raisins and spices, and asks me why I can't raise poultry and have eggs to exchange for groceries at the village store. And yet—oh, the inconsistency of men—he expects me to give a bowl of coffee and a sandwich, to say nothing of wedges of apple pie, and three-cornered bits of cake to every able-bodied tramp and stout peddler woman who happens to come along.

"Doesn't he make any allowances for it in the housekeeping money?" asked Ella.

"Not he! Just look here!" Mrs. Smart opened the drawer of the kitchen-table. This is where I keep the housekeeping money—which he gives me every week—and he came here twice this morning—once to get a quarter for a lame beggar, and again to get ten pennies for that same outrageous paper of pins!

And she cast a paleful glance at the article, which still lay on the dresser.

"This is piracy, said Ella, judicially."

"It's highway robbery!" declared Mrs. Smart. And there comes the butcher's cart, and I haven't money enough left from my week's allowance to buy a single steak, and here it is only Wednesday.

"Can't you buy on credit?"

"Never!" said Mrs. Smart, with spirit. It's a thing I never have done, and I never will do!"

Ella's hazel eyes sparkled, as she shook her head vehemently at the butcher, who was just checking his old horses at the door.

"Nothing, to-day, she said."

Mrs. Smart dashed away a tear.

"Give me some of that shelled corn, Ella, she said. I suppose I can catch a chicken for dinner."

"Do nothing of the sort, my dear, said Ella."

"But what are we to do?"

"Why, have a picked up dinner, answered Ella. You just leave me to manage it for you."

"But I'm afraid the deacon won't like it, said Mrs. Smart."

"Well, and if he doesn't? You don't like the peddler business, do you?" quickly retorted Ella."

"At one o'clock the table was all spread, with three huge central platters carefully shielded with the covers which were ordinarily brought out only on state occasions, and Mrs. Smart and Ella were peeping out of the window and wondering what kept the deacon so late."

"There he comes now!" laid Mrs. Smart. Good gracious me! And there is Willis Mildmay coming home with him! We never counted on his bringing company to dinner, Ella!"

"What signifies company?" asked Ella stoutly maintaining her composure, although her pretty face had turned pink all over, Willis Mildmay won't care when he comprehends it all. Willis is a sensible man."

"Come in, Mr. Smart—come in, Mr. Mildmay, said Mrs. Smart. You're half an hour late, Ebenezer. Ella and I could not imagine what had become of you."

"I hope I'm not intruding," said Mr. Mildmay, looking at Ella as if one glance at her rosy face was all the dinner he wanted."

"Oh, not in the least!" replied Mrs. Smart. Pray sit down, we have but a plain dinner today, but it is all that my housekeeping allowance would admit."

"No apologies, my dear, said Deacon Smart—no apologies. Hunger is the best sauce, as we well know."

Thereupon, they all seated themselves at the table, and the deacon whisked off the big platter covers with a countenance of expectation—

"Hullo!" said the deacon."

There upon the centre platter lay the eighteen green papers of pins. At the right and left, on smaller platters, were arranged the cards of porcelain buttons and the rolls of tape and the shoestrings while the bottles of machine oil and packages of stove-blackening were arranged like a child's block-house on a side table, beneath a white napkin, by way of dessert."

Ella burst out laughing. Mrs. Smart joined in. Willis Mildmay, spurred on by the infectious sound, laughed too, although he had not the least idea what he was laughing at. The deacon stared as if he had suddenly become all eyes."

"Juliana, he said, what is the meaning of all this?"

"It means, Ebenezer, that you have spent my housekeeping money for peddler's cheap wares, and that Ella and I determined to serve them up to you for dinner; and what you don't eat we are going to burn, and henceforward, whatever is bought has got to be of good quality, or I won't have it in the house! And if you give me money for housekeeping it isn't fair for you to spend it in buying articles which no one can use!"

"Certainly it isn't!" said Ella, coming valiantly to the rescue."

"The deacon's under jaw dropped; he had half a mind to be angry, but he thought better of it, and broke into a chuckle."

Mr. Mildmay, he said, turning to the young man, be warned in time! You see what tricks women folks will always be up to."

But Mr. Mildmay, who had somehow or other got hold of Ella's hand under the folds of the table-cloth, did not seem to heed these words of wisdom as deeply as he should have done under the circumstances."

"Ladies, he said, there's a bushel of oysters out in the wagon, that I was taking home. If you will build up a good fire we'll have a good roast, and I'll be head cook. I suppose you've got plenty of good bread and butter?"

"Yes, and nice hot coffee, said Mrs. Smart. Make haste, Ella, and start the fire to a blaze, and we will stimulate it a little with machine oil and pins."

The deacon sat by and made no demur. He only laughed in a sheepish, silent sort of way."

"And they dined of hot roast oysters, bread and butter and coffee. Toward the close of the repast a stout, itinerant vender, with a basket on his arm, tapped on the door."

"I hope I see your honor well?" said he, with a regular professional whine. Will 'ee buy something to-day? Pins, needles, shoe-laces, hairpins, or a little—"

"But Deacon Smart shut the door in the midst of his oily oration."

"No!" he said."

"And that monosyllable sealed Mrs. Smart's triumph for good and all."

A PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one evening preached on baptism. In the course of his remarks he said: "Some believe it necessary to go down into the water and come up out of it to be baptised. But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the preposition into of the scriptures should be rendered differently, for it does not mean into at all times."

"Moses, we are told went up into the mountain, and the Saviour was taken into a high mountain, etc., etc. Now we do not suppose that either went into a mountain, but unto it. So with going down into the water; it means simply, going down close by or near to the water, and being baptised in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring. He carried the idea out fully and in due season and style closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to rise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of the brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion; that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction—a stranger to all present—arose and broke a silence that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mister Breacher, I ish so glad I vas here to-night for I vas had explained to my mint some dings dat I never could peleaf before. Oh, I vas so glad dat into does not mean into at all but shust close by or near to for now I can peleaf many dings vat I could not peleaf before. Ve reat Mister Breacher dat Taniel vas cast into de den of lions and came joud alive. Now I nefer could shust peleaf dat for de vild peast would shust ead him right away up but now it is ferry clear to my mint he vas shust close by or near to and did not get in dat den at all. Oh I vas go glad I vas here to-night."

"Again we reat dat de shildren vas cast into de fiery furnace, and dat always looked like a pig story too, for dey would have pen purnt up right away; but it vas all blain to my mint now, for dey vas shust close by or near to dat furnace. Oh, I vas so glad I vas here to-night."

"Und den, Mister Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah vas cast into the sea and taken into de vale's pelly. Now I nefer could peleaf dot too. Dot always seemt to me like one pig fish story; but it vas all blain to my mint now, he vas not into dot vale's pelly at all, but shust shumpt onto his pack and rote ashore. Oh, I vos so glad I vas here to-night."

"Und now, Mister Breacher, ov you vill shust explain two more passages of scripture, I shall pe oh, so glad I vas here to-night. One ov dem ish vere it says de vicked shall be cast into a lake dat burns mit fire and primstone always. Oh, Mister Breacher, shall I pe cast into dot lake if I vas vicked, or shust close by or near to—shust near enough to pe comfortable? Oh, I Lopes you well me I shall be cast shust py a goot vay off und I vill pe so glad dat I vas here to-night. De oder passage is dat vich says plessed are day vat do dese commandments, dat dey may right to de dree of life und ender in troo de gates of dat city, und not shust close by or near to, shust close enuf to see vat I hef lost, unp I shall pe, oh, so glad I vas here to-night."

"TABLE MANNERS.—Good manners at the table are almost an infallible evidence of refinement and careful breeding. A safe general rule to be followed there, as elsewhere, is that of consideration for the feelings of those about you—a desire to avoid giving offence by uncouth or coarse actions. It is well, however, to remember the following timely precepts:

Eat and drink leisurely and without noise—it is not appetizing to have the hog trough and its accompaniments brought vividly to mind at a meal; do not scrape your plate, tilt it up to get the last drop, or wipe it dry with a piece of bread—stinginess on the part of host or hostess might be implied; if you mix messes on your plate, it looks as if your desire for hash had not been gratified; carrying your mouth to the food, instead of the food to your mouth, indicates an acquaintance with chop sticks, or something worse; taking chicken and other bones in your fingers is uncouth, and might imply ignorance of the use of knives and forks; loud talking or mysterious whispered conversation are both in bad taste; discussions of distempers, medical treatment, etc., is trenching on dangerous grounds; avoid sneezing by pressing your finger against your upper lip, under the nose; keep your elbows at your sides and your hands in your lap when you are not eating, and do not lounge in any way or tip back your chair."

THE EDITOR'S DIFFICULTIES.—Editing a paper is a pleasant business—if you like it.

If it contains much political matter, people won't have it.

If the type is large, it don't contain much reading matter.

If we publish telegraph reports, folks say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them, we have no enterprise or suppress them for political effect.

If we have a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but rattleheads.

If we omit jokes, folks say we are nothing but fossils.

If we publish original matter they damn us for not giving selections.

If we give selections people say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we gave a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial.

If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, the men become jealous, and vice versa.

If we attend church, they say it is for effect.

If we remain in our office attending to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out they say we don't attend to our business."

SHE WILL DUST.—He had a backload of feather dusters as he rang the bell, and when a woman opened the door about two inches and said that she wanted nothing, he inquired,—

"Madam will you kindly inform me who lives next door?"

"Next door?" she queried, coming out on the step. "Why, it's a new family, and I don't remember the name."

"Lady in there puts on a deal of style, doesn't she?"

"Rather."

"I thought so. That's the way with that sort of people; they put it all on their backs. I asked her if she didn't want a duster to dust off her upholstered furniture and a bric-a-brac, and she slammed the door in my face. She didn't have any to dust, you see. People who have plush furniture and articles of value and taste always want my goods. It's a pleasant day, madam."

"Y-e-s. What did you say the price was?"

"Seventy-five cents, madam, and the woman in the next house is peeping through the parlor blinds at us."

"Is she? Well, I'll take one; and if there should be any other invention to dust bric-a-brac and oil paintings you might call round. You may also bring me a box of polish for my silverware."

A blatant, braying sample of the loud-voiced, self-conscious, look-at-me variety of men took his seat in a Philadelphia street car, and called to the conductor:

"Does this car go all the way up Eighth?"

"Yes, sir," responded the conductor politely.

"Does it go up as far as Oxford street? I want to get off there."

"Yes sir was the reply."

"Well I want you to tell me when you get there. You'd better stick a wafer on your nose or put a straw in your mouth or tie a knot in one of your lips so that you will not forget it."

"It would not be convenient for me in my position to do so, said the conductor courteously; but if you will kindly pin your ears around your neck I think I will remember to tell you."

"Amid the roar of the passengers, the man said that he had forgotten something, and got off at the next corner."

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