POOR DOCUMENT

JINGLES OF HUMOR

She—You see all this talk about hoop kirts coming back again has died out Windows From the Outside skirts coming back again has died out He-Yes, The women have compromised by putting the hoops in their sleeves — The Man Rushed Into the Restaurant Cry-New York Herald.

Spratts-Who was the most miserable man you ever saw? Jacks-A fellow who

Blinks-What would you do first thing if you should come into a big fortune? Winks-Jupiter! Sail out of here before any of the folks I've borrowed of found i

He smiled when he put his frock coat on. But afterward how he did snort, When he found his last fall overcoat

Was just about a foot too short. hear him sing.

A Paisley gentleman, hearing that two of man who stood glaring at the brilliant his female relations had quarreled, asked; scene within. Ha's they ca'ed each ither ugly? Na, na.

them yet. Annie-You should be excused when you leave the table. Little Nephew-Should I? now and for all time! I thought, from the way you acted about

Oh, whether fixed in curls or bangs-A woman's glory is her hair, But not when through the night it hange

Man in the Moon was not a lunatic!

Tenderfoot-And you say that tough looking party is one of your leading citizens? Inhabitant-Yes, sir. There hain't been a lynching in this section for five years which there was the wildest kind of scurrying

grass grow where but one grew before? Dunno. Some lawn mower manufacturer, I suppose.

The Old Cow-

I used to go a-milking when the shades of night were falling

When the crickets from the thickets in their piping strains were calling.

brooding everywhere, But the twilight peace I felt not, night's odorons balm I smelt not,

And the black night gloomed about me with a melancholy frown.

When I strained each manual mnscle in an agonizing tussle

But the old cow wouldn't give down !

The old cow wouldn't give down!

O, Brindle most lacriferous of all the herd

her biverous, Nearly always non-withholding, grandly gen-

erous wert thou; No cow grazes with such praises, for thy praises were vociferous

For thou wert our most beloved and our most

unbelauded, Did our loeks of admiration darken to a

gloomy frown?

we went to get a pailful. And the old cow wouldn't give down.

The old cow wouldn't give down. Milking since has been my mission, and my

cow is young ambition, And I've milked her night and morning, milk-

ed her early, milked her late; But my butter-sad to utter-my sweet butter of fruition.

Does my most persistent churning often fail top speed he bounded in the restaurant as to concentrate.

Though my milking seat's adjusted still my cow.cannot be trusted,

Aud the smile of fickle fortune often to a frown. When I pull with tearful traction, but I get

no satisfaction-For my old cow won't give down,

My old cow won't give down.

And all ye who read this jingle who peruse this little lyric,

Will ye say, His cow was stubborn when he botched that verse, the clown?

You can say who read this lyric, if you wish to be satiric. When the author wrote that lyric, why his

cow would not give down, Though he milked with much compul

strained with great convulsion

She heeded not his prodding heeded not his ing and subdufug the crank. kick or frown;

And she showed the bard no pity tried to milk this ditty, And his old cow wouldn't give down,

His old cow wouldn't give down.

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER.

CRANK IN DELMONICO'S in West Thirtieth street, until it was dis-Guests and Waiters Fled Before

His Revolver.

o'clock Thursday evening will never for- one? Harry-One never loses anything by get the shrieks of terror, the whistling of The prisoner is by trade a stone cutter. He keeping his engagement punctually. bullets and the crash of splintered glass was locked up for the night in the best pos-Charlie-My experience is, he is apt to that brought the meal to a panic stricken lose half an hour's time waiting for the close. The cause of it all was a well built, sharp featured young man, with a and cracking jokes with the policeman depair of glarin; blue eyes who, just before tailed to watch him. the excitement commenced, turned into

taurant. Under ordinary circumstances at this George Hancock, and the police have summo early hour the fashionable dining rooms ed him to appear as witness. would have been practically empty, but this evening there was scarcely a table per over the manner in which Mr. Deltenaatless when the sharp featured young monico saw fit to treat the affair. No one How is it your little baby sister goes te man leaned against the iron railing and representing the restaurant would perfer sleep as soon as you father takes her? peered in through the Fifth avenue win-Little four-year-old—I 'spec it's 'cause dows. It was a busy corner, and the tide monico wishes to shirk all trouble, and she'd rather do that than stay awake and of humanity rushed headlessly by withoct a thought a thought for the young out of the case.

Suddenly the solitary figure drew a re-Ah, weed, then, I can mak' it up atween volver and shaking it in a frenzy of excitement above his head, shrieked

Curse the Rich! Curse Them

With the last word and before a hand that third piece of pie, that you'd be glad to could be outstretched in interference, he leve'led his revolver at the restaurant windows and fired. Crash! went the glass in the second window from Twentysixth street as the bullet passed through, burying itself in the decorated ceiling and spread panic through the restaurant She-Oh, the irony of life! The man who Yelling like a madman, the crank dash wrote Home Sweet Home never had a home. ed toward the door of the restaurant fir-He-Yes. And the fellow who wrote The ing as he ran. The second shot struck tge fourth window from the Twenty-sixth Farmer-What yer settin' on that fence street corner, piercing it in the very cenfer? Tramp-'Cause I'se tired. mister. Far- tre and psssing into the restaurant dir mer (scornfully)-Tired! Tired of what I'd ectly over once of the tables at the height like ter know? Tramp-Answering fool of a diner's chest. That shot barely missed the head of a fear-petrified waite and buried itself in the western wall of the

In the bombarded restaurant and street for cover. The hackmen grouped in front vanished, heads and heels into their cabs; Who was the author of the saying that a pedestrians darted in every direction man is a benefactor who makes two blades of away from the madman's revolver, and Fifth avenue or at least a block of it, was in undisputed possession of the armed

Shrieking, down with the rich! at every jump the frenzied man rushed straight at the main door opening into the restaurant lobby. Shot No. 3 flattened against the And the sunset's bendiction sanctified the iron decorations of the door as the crank dashed through it.

Delmonico's waiters are not men of war, and as the crank's first shot pierce.l And the twilight peace was brooding, softly the window tney figuratively speaking. went to pieces. As he reached the dining room door terrorized ladies crouched behind pale faced escorts while the waiters were seen in acrobatic efforts at escape which baffle description.

He Disappeared Under it

at shot No. 2, and from this reasonably safe retreat filled the house with trumpettoned cries of "murder."

His worthy example, however, went for nothing among the panic-stricken su bordinates Throwing hauteur and dignity to the four winds, they made a man break for the windows opening into West Twenty-sixth street.

Unfortunately, only two of these win dows were open, and into them the ter-But sometimes all unapplauded, unbeloved, ord had securely wedged itself— Watches and Jewelry three separate masses of kicking feet and waving arms-when the crank jumped into the restaurant. He promptly fired a Yes, our looks were black and baleful when fourth shot aimlessly at the ceiling. bringing down a shower of plaster, and was levelling his revolver for a fifth when one plucky man, small and wiry, sprang straight at his throat.

The new actor in the scene was no match physically for the frenzied intruder but help was at hand. Felix J. Jewell, engineer of fire engine 16, was standing in front of the Hotel Brunswick when the crank began his fusillade. Running at the crank and his plucky little antagonist were whirling around in a lively fight for possession of the revolver. Jewell tore the smoking weapon from the madman's hand, but not before the fifth and final shot was fired, the bullet burying itself in the floor close to the engineer's foot.

A policeman on duty in Madison square had meanwhile been making lively time toward the scene of the shooting. He heard the first three shots, but they sounded to him like sharp strokes of a heavy hammer, and knowing that tinsmiths were at work on a neighboring roof he paid no attention to the reports. The wild scurry of cabs and pedestrains told him an instant flater that something was wrong, and he plunged into the restaurant just as Jewell and the plucky

little gentleman had succheded in disarm-According to the testimony of Police man Dillon and Engineer Jewell, at the moment of the capture there was not a single employe in sight beyond those wedged in the windows.

The prisoner's frenzy subdued rapidly. Mrs. B. Atherton Prop. An Enermous Crowd

escorted him to the station and massed itself

persed by the reserves.

Once inside the station the prisoner re

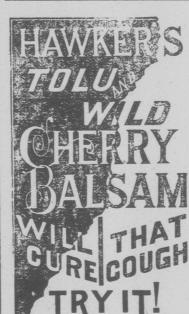
ponded readily-in fact, cheerfully-to Sgt. Lane's question. My name is Garoeth, said he. I am 28 years old and live at 530 West Forty-sixth street. You see, sergeant,—he laughed

pleasantly as he said it-I don't like to see the rich people enjoying all the blessings of life while the poor starve. I did this shooting to-night with the idea of frightening diners-men and women-who surround- them into a change of heart, don't you see? couldn't read his paper, smoke his cigar rounded the tables in Delmonico's at 5.30 On the dead level, I did not intend to kill any

> the evening singing German student songs The plucky little gentleman who grappled Fifth avenue from Twenty-sixth street, with the crank disappeared immediately after and halted in front of the brilliantly res- the capture, modestly refusing even to men-

sible humor, and passed the greater part of

The officers were in decidedly bad tem-



edies had failed. Do not desnair, take courage

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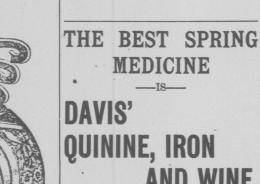
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