

TRI-WEEKLY CIRCULATION
FOR WEEK ENDING
June 29th, 1889.

Tuesday	1,160
Wednesday	1,100
Thursday	1,310
Total	3,570
Average	1,190

The Gleaner.
JAMES H. GUNN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1889.

THE HOLIDAY.

Yesterday's celebration in this city of Canada's twenty-second birthday may not to some have seemed appropriate, nor so gorgeous as the occasion perhaps required, but to the great majority of the people it passed as a very pleasant day.

The base ball match between Houlton and Fredericton, witnessed by a large number, was generally well played and was indeed exciting. Houlton showed at its best. It has a good team in an excellent battery well supported. Our own team, with one or two conspicuous exceptions, is substantial and capable of fine work with a little more training.

The battery, that is imported players, is a well developed, keen, active and reliable lot of men, showing some signs of good advantage in the sharp contest they are prepared to put up with each other. A little better support from our local men in developed muscles and precision of play, is all they need to assist them to victory in the contests with some of the best clubs. Though our men lost yesterday, no doubt through the faulty playing of some of our local men, they made an interesting game.

The horse races at the Park in the afternoon were interesting and satisfactory to the many who had the pleasure of attending. The track was in good condition, the horses fairly well matched and the management all that could be desired.

The influx of visitors, particularly by the Northern & Western, was beyond expectation. So large indeed was the number from the North that the N. & W. were forced to put on additional cars at some of the way stations for the accommodation of the passengers coming to town to see the day's sport. This should go to show to our business men the direction in which a new trade may be developed if properly looked after.

We are somewhat proud of the large attendance from the North, inasmuch as the GLEANER is the only provincial paper regularly sold at these stations from which the crowds came, and the only paper which regularly advertised the sports and situations of the day. Here is further evidence of the value of advertising in THE GLEANER.

THE SUN UMBRELLA.

The last two days have shown that the American display company seems in carrying about with them in weather such as this their sun umbrellas. It may possibly appear to our ordinary taste a little "toy" for a gentleman to march along with a sun umbrella spread over his head, but whatever it appears like it at least makes one feel cool and comfortable. In extremely warm days it is amusing to see the apparatus that some people make use of to protect themselves from the sun-poke handkerchiefs scarcely presentable, floating down their necks, or their coat-collars turned up only to show the result of a powerful sun on the shoulders of a not-dyed-in-wool coat. Let us adopt the sunshade and feel like ourselves, even though we be charged with spinning somebody.

LISTEN, SIR KNIGHT.

The St. Andre cockpit in Belgium is 165 feet deep. If the Belgians had the Canadian militia as in through his neglect or incompetency, he would be that cockpit to crawl into. But the chances are he would know nothing about the Canadian militia, although he is in his land.—London Advertiser.

Yes, and take Mr. Haggart with him, where he could have time and opportunity to reflect upon his drop-letter more. If he can't see the light when he is in perhaps he could get a glimpse of it while below.

The Equinox.

While the Equinox have a far wider range and reach than any other race, there is evidence that the north and south limits of their territory have greatly narrowed. If the suggestion of Capt. Adams, that the Smith Sound has been narrowed 200 in number, be removed to south Greenland to prevent them from entirely encircling the landmasses of their isolated home, were carried out, the north and south range of these natives would be still further diminished. We know that the Equinox once hunted in the northern part of Grant Land, over 300 miles north of the present limits of the Smith Sound highlanders. On the other side of Eddling's bay, the Equinox has not long ago often went to Cape Sabine, where Greely's party passed their last winter, but they have not been heard of so far north for some years. On Banks Land, where they found very old remains of Esquimaux huts, but the natives south of Banks Land had not even any traditions of people living so far north, and the natives of Wollaston Land would be most likely to go there to hunt, have said they never go north of Prince Albert sound, which is far south of Banks Land. These facts point not more to the southern retreat of the Equinox than to the gradual extinction of the race. Even in southwest Greenland, where under Danish rule the hard lot of the natives has been considerably ameliorated, they are barely keeping up their numbers.—New York Sun.

No Miracle Here.

Grandma had taught our "boy old" to answer a great many little questions, and was fond of "showing him off." One of these occasions she asked him, "Who was put in the box when the ark was built?" "Daniel," was the prompt answer. "Did the lions eat Daniel?" "No." "Why?" The answer should have been, "Because God shut their mouths," but the little fellow related a somewhat different story. "I saw Daniel was 'brought to sea,'" he said. "I saw the first robin I ever had since!"

Two of Mr. Barnum's Conversations.

Mr. Barnum's breezy conversation was interrupted as frequent, interesting and anecdotal as a Boston artist's. He spoke at an old lady who said she had seen some playful things said a common name for the old lady's dog, she never saw him. "What was his name?" she asked. "That was a pretty fair story when I heard it some time ago," said the veteran. "But I heard a good one or two since that time." Two gentlemen were walking along a highway near a railroad. One of the gentlemen was somewhat deaf of hearing. Along came a train, and the engine emitted a frightful shriek. "H'm," said the deaf one, "that's the first robin I ever had since!"

MAKING MEN'S COLLARS.

How it is done in one of the Great Factories at Troy, N. Y.

A dozen or more operations are needed to make a gentleman's shirt collar and no person plays more than one part. The cutters, who were struck, because they are well paid, are the most important factors in the trade. They are magical workers. Each man makes his shirt upon which to spread layer upon layer of linen. When the pile is as thick as he wants to put upon his little pattern block of wood, which is sharp, thin blade of steel, as fast as the eye can follow the movement and leave beneath the block the dimpled shape of a score of collars. So skilful is he that he can make the cuttings close enough together to leave only threads of linen wasted. The pieces that he cuts out are sent to the factory hands, are called for by silk clad ladies in carriages and are taken home by school girls.

One set of workers sew the pieces together, another set simply turn the collars inside out after the manner of the wrong way out, another set make the buttonholes, and then there are the laundresses, washers, ironers, starchers, starchers, starchers, starchers.

The buttonhole makers and the starchers all use sewing machines run by power, and this power is often supplied in an interesting manner. Turbines are attached to an ordinary mill race, so arranged that they have a thin throat of water, which, despite its slenderness, furnishes power to run the machines. Some women control half a dozen, or even a dozen machines at their homes. These machines are run by larger turbines and operate on a system of water power. The speculative matrons make a small percentage of the profits.

Every operator at home, except the larger ones, owns her own machine and carries it to work, although she may be paid \$100 to set herself up in business. The factories used to supply the thread as well as the linen, but now the employees take more than ordinary or legitimate profits by selling the thread to the women and speculating in the transaction. They pretend that some women wasted that thread, but the truth is they were dissatisfied with it. They sold small quantities of one firm laid in stock of large spools, which they made their own, for \$3 each.

Shoppers' wives and daughters, the girls in the houses of the middle and piddlers and the working women within a great radius, make either their money or entire lives from this industry. They bring home from \$10 to \$15 a week, and some of them are able to send their children to school, and to pay for their own expenses, and to have a little left over for their own pleasures.

A L'EMPIRE.

Delia, they say, is but just severed. Yet she craved at a blow all the fogs of the past. The very first time she appeared on the scene. The fogs were not so thick as they are now. It is out in the picturesque fashion of old. With a limp, clinging skirt and the scented hair, she looked like a creature from a picture of some romantic epoch. They have faded, perhaps, since the wonderful night. When granddaddy danced at the emperor's ball. A dimpled young beauty who laughed with delight. To her husband whispered the faintest of hints. And though her lips were full of soft words, she was not so kind as she seemed. Who's a girl, never meant to be kept. For you are not so young as you once were. There's a tiny spot still on the ancient brow. Where the poor old gave him had late at her bed. But the piece—oh! Delia, never to be sweet. That, for granddaddy's sake, I am glad you look down. When you see the daughter who sits at your feet. Whom you were that day in the Century.

TWO KINDS OF BOYS.

One Who Always Up to mischief, and Another Who "didn't think."

We have all met the malicious boy who is a nuisance to everybody who comes in contact with him. He is the boy who is the mischief-maker to the dog's tail; breaks windows with slings and air guns; rings door bells, and strikes a child. There is a great upsurge of malice and very little invention in saying that he "didn't think."

The next day he exploded a torpedo or shoots off a fire cracker in the street near a high spirited horse. The animal runs away, demolishes the vehicle, and perhaps the occupants. But the boy assures everybody he was not to blame—he simply "didn't think."

It never is possible to punish this boy for his misdeeds, because he never means to do mischief. His parents and his teachers will tell you that he is such a good natured lad and so kind that he will not harm a fly; yet he is continually doing mischief because he "didn't think."

It is a pity that the boy who grows more and more of a nuisance, if he possibly is one, is the malicious boy. He finds the best customers because he "didn't think" they would mind; if he is a mischief-maker, he is sure to do something which he "didn't think" the firm minds very much.

Some boys, as men, must stay in one place through their long lives, and many friends, and losing them all, they are rich, and some are poor. It is a pity that the boy who grows more and more of a nuisance, if he possibly is one, is the malicious boy. He finds the best customers because he "didn't think" they would mind; if he is a mischief-maker, he is sure to do something which he "didn't think" the firm minds very much.

THE MODERN MAIDEN.

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On, beautiful spirit! A cheek so fair No more can sleep. And the just part, rosy cheeks, are Two eyes of sweet discharge. The light into her chamber streams, In its own golden morning. And she awakes from her dream To greet the sun's own morning.

She springs from bed; how fair is she At all in dress! She opens her door, the charming sight, As fresh as morning dew. To look her own the fire to light And greet the dawn's own morning.

What she is dressed she goes down stairs And gives the cook some orders. Then to the dining room she goes, To make the young man hoarse. The breakfast over she returns, To wash her face and hands. To wash the table with the slug And change the glass.—Boston Courier.

CONDUCTORS OF SOUND.

As a general rule, the greater the density of a substance and the more elasticity it possesses the more perfect is its conductivity. It is found that while sound travels at its usual rate of 1132 feet per second in the ordinary atmosphere, it will travel at 4,708 feet per second in water. This is due to the fact that the molecules of water are much more elastic than those of air. The traveling power of sound through water is so great that it is stated generally to be more rapid than through either air or water. The fact is, however, that the sound naturally travels at the head of the list. The sound of a bell, for example, means of the empty water pipes of a house, is heard at the rate of 16,822 feet per second, or about fifteen times faster than in air. It has been proved that if a bell be struck in a vacuum, the sound will not travel whatever can be heard, and that if hydrogen be introduced the sound is heard in fact very loud. It is a fact, while in the desert, is the best quality of sound, and is commonly called the best conductors of sound.—New York Telegram.

THE SHIRK.

The essential nature of every shirk, however small, is that it is a shirk or civil is selfish. The shirk thinks only of himself, his own ease, his own comfort, his own indulgence, and his regard for self so fills his whole horizon that he does not perceive any one in the world who should be consulted, or whose interests he should be prepared to sacrifice. To tear this self of selfishness from the eye of the shirk is a task so difficult, that it is often easier to do his work for him than to make him do it for himself.

But the willing worker should not be limited by the shirk's selfishness. If any man will not work, neither shall he eat, in a precept of divine authority. The shirk, who complains, the helpless should be cared for, but he should be made to do his own work if he is able to perform it. The mother who permits her daughters to array themselves in fine clothes and to sit in the parlor at fancy parties while she drudges in the kitchen, does them no less than herself an irreparable injury, and the daughters who permit themselves such indulgences are culpable of making good wages and mothers.

Life is full of burdens to be borne, of struggles to be done, of labors to be performed, and of duties to be done. The shirk who begins to apply his self to himself to the tasks to be done, who escapes no duty, who perceives any one in the world who should be consulted, and who is willing to sacrifice himself to the interests of others, will find that his life becomes a life of success in life.—Golden Days.

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MONEY TO LOAN.

FRED. ST. JOHN BLISS, BARRISTER.
Office—Queen Street, Fredericton, opposite Post Office.

London and Lancashire FIRE INSURANCE COY.

Risks accepted at lowest rates. Claims promptly and equitably settled.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS, AGENT, QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.

Fredericton, Aug. 11th, 1888

222.

Bathing Suits.

MEN'S BATHING SUITS, BOYS BATHING TRUNKS.

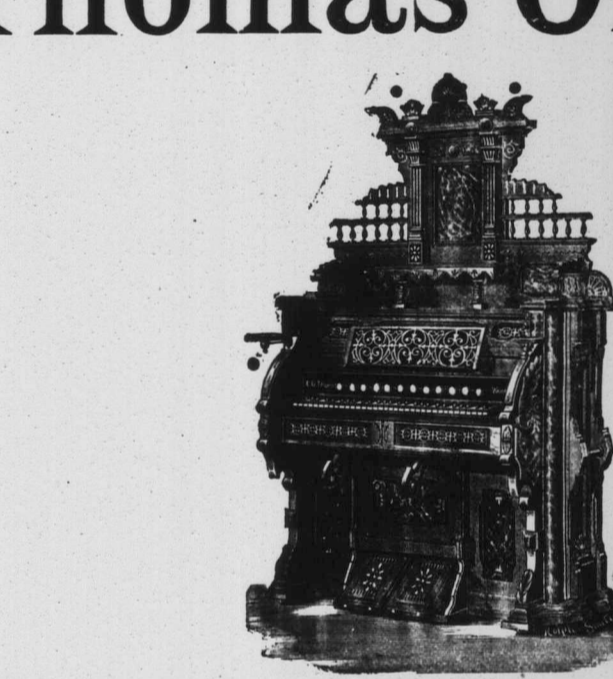
J. H. FLEMING'S.

222 Queen Street.

We Have Added to Our Stock

THE GRAND

Thomas Organ,



One of the Best Makes of Organs in the World.

A First-Class

SEWING MACHINE FOR

\$25.00,

At Our Warerooms, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THOMPSON & CO.

Fredericton, N. B. June 11, 1889.

Mrs. Gunn The Best is Cheapest.

Has Re-opened the Dressmaking Department

This time under the management of a First Class Cutter and Draper.

One who understands the business in all its branches.

WANTED.

Skirt and Waist Makers. A few good sewers will learn the Dressmaking.

LEMONT & SONS.

Therefore buy the WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZER, for it is acknowledged by everybody to be the best. We have them in a variety of sizes, and the price is lower than ever this year.

PARIS GREEN.

Now in Store: Pure Paris Green. As we have a large stock on hand, we will sell very low to clear.

SALT.

IN STORE: 450 SACKS COARSE AND FINE SALT.

LABRADOR & BAY HERRING,

Paris Green at W. H. VANWART'S.

RAYNE'S EXTRA NO. 1 LIME,

MANUFACTURED AT GREEN HEAD. W. E. MILLER & CO., 150 and 159 QUEEN STREET.

SPECTACLES ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES

D. HARRIS ENGLISH OPTICIAN.
33 Cornhill Street.

Farm for Sale.

THE FARM IS SITUATED IN THE PARISH OF ST. JOHN'S, and is well adapted for the raising of stock and the cultivation of the soil. For terms and particulars apply to MRS. EDWARD WOODRUFF, 33 Cornhill Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, June 26—3rd