

THE BATTLE OF YORK.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE EXCITING STRUGGLE.

The Tenderfoot Home-Guards Were Reassured, and the Colored Troops Fought Nobly—Pinder's Thrilling Message and the Tragedy at Cork Settlement.

The sun rose upon a cloudless sky. By seven o'clock both armies were in motion and about to plunge into the fiercest fight that York had ever seen.

The left wing of the government forces at the mouth of Keswick and extending as far north as Burt's corner, was led by Brigadier Wilson; at Fredericton, General Blair in person commanded the Home Guards, while fighting Tom Colter with a flank column was forcing his way up Hamtown hill.

The struggle at the mouth of Keswick was a grapple to the death. The opposition had the heavier artillery; the government army was stronger in numbers and enthusiasm.

Wilson drove the enemy before him at all points, so much so that Orderly McKeown brought the news to town that they were hopelessly beaten.

At Gibson, with his rear resting upon the cotton mill and his left upon the Northern and Western railway, General Macfarlane routed the government host at every point; at no time in the day was the issue uncertain.

At Bloomfield, too, Adjutant Lynch drove McCatherin into the Miramichi and turned his own guns upon him.

But while the government army was being hard-pressed upon its wings, the Tenderfoot Home Guards at Fredericton (which had never known defeat) led by General Blair in person upon his noble charger Harry Wilkes, were driving Brigadier Allen's force along Queen street on the run.

It was at Cork Settlement that the most tragic incident in the day occurred. Here the Fighting Irish brigade was posted to guard the rear, and Captain O'Brien was detached from the city to dislodge them.

At noon he sent the thrilling message to the city—"Have captured one man; send some cheese and crackers and another case of whiskey and I think I can take another."

In the meantime the government left wing at Harvey was being hard-pressed by

General Gregory in person. His commanding presence, at the head of his rugged Scotch followers, caused many a stout heart to wish that either boodle or night would come.

At Canterbury, Luke Lawson's men made a gallant but unavailing fight against the superior forces of the government.

"I won't move a step till I have a thousand," was Lawson's message to Gregory, and the fierceness of the fight, together with the dying statement of Ozy Crockett, proved that he must have had a thousand at least.

Not until the sun was sinking low in the west did the din of battle cease. So uncertain had been the ebb and flow of the tide of war, that for hours many of the outlying detachments of the opposition did not know that they were beaten.

LET THE WOMEN STAY HOME.

Keep Them and the Babies From the Sadness of Death.

"Don," the clever writer of "Around Town," in Toronto Saturday Night is of opinion that women should go to funerals, should follow not only their own dead, but those of friends and acquaintances to the grave.

The idea of seeing our loved ones off on their last, long journey, as we go to the station to see some friend off for a pleasure trip, is a very beautiful one.

The one where our lover, or friend, our child or our brother goes forth for a brief journey, perhaps a pleasure trip of a few weeks or months, which must soon pass over, and ere they have they have fairly gone, almost before the lump which rose in our throats at the prospect of parting with them has subsided, we have begun to make plans about their return, and to look forward to it with hopeful eagerness.

An eternal farewell as far as this world is concerned. The wanderer will never return to us; never more shall we clasp his hand or hear his voice.

There is a gentleman in town known as the "Lewisville Express." He is celebrated for always being in a hurry; his ordinary gait would leave the professional pedestrians of the old world bruised and bleeding on the track.

Grasping his umbrella still more firmly by its middle ribs, and never for an instant slackening his pace, the faster express shouted gratefully over his shoulder, "Thanks! Thanks! Thanks! but I'm in a hurry this morning."

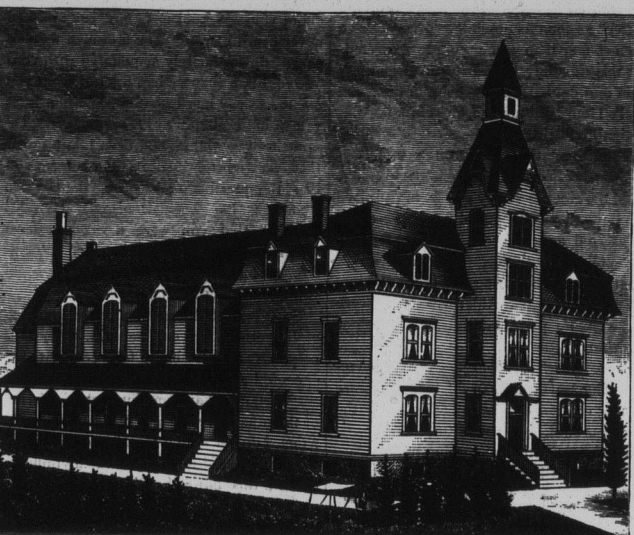
Think it over again, and see if you don't agree with me.

BUCTOUCHE'S CONVENT.

SOME OF THE THINGS THAT IT AIMS TO DO.

Erected Through the Perseverance of Rev. Father Michaud—The Advantages of the Institution—Some of the Misfortunes of the Parish.

The accompanying engraving is a faithful representation of an institution which is rapidly becoming known throughout the country, for the superior advantages it offers in the way of education; the convent of Buctouche, which promises to be one of



THE CONVENT AT BUCTOUCHE.

the educational institutions in the province, although it has been in existence for little more than a year.

It was founded last year by the Rev. Father Michaud, and stands a monument of his unceasing zeal in the cause of education. Its object is the higher education of young ladies.

CHAFF FROM THE SMOKEY CITY.

St. John Jealous of Moncton—The Corkscrew and the Barrister.

MONCTON, Oct. 29.—It is beginning to be an open secret that St. John is getting jealous of Moncton, and well it may; we have a class of mud in our city that can't be matched in the whole dom—, but let me not digress.

But the last evidence of St. John's jealousy is really too galling to be tamely endured. A St. John man was talking to the writer a few days ago about the odd sights one saw in strolling about a lively city like St. John.

"Why, do you know," he said, leaning comfortably back in his chair, and cleaning his nails with the pocket corkscrew he wore attached to his watch chain. "I met a man walking along King street the other day eating a banana, skin and all, and relishing it too; he bit right through the whole shop at once as you bite a stick of cream candy. I thought it a little strange, so I asked who he was, and when I found he was a Moncton man I was not surprised, they have a way of swallowing everything whole up there, you know," and there was a crash of glass, and the St. John man's little white soul sailed downward to the region of perpetual summer; while the Moncton journalist wiped his brow, and began another article on dogs.

We are awfully rapid folks in the railway hub, too, we never loaf, "if it were done at all, 'twere well it were done quickly." I have mislaid my pocket Shakespeare just now, but the quotation is sufficiently correct for all practical purposes.

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or money refunded.

thorough. The convent is beautifully situated on the shores of the bay amid extensive grounds. It is provided with all modern improvements and contains a choice library. The tuition of both vocal and instrumental music is a special feature of the curriculum, and the institution altogether offers unusual advantages at most moderate rates.



THE CONVENT AT BUCTOUCHE.

charge, the Rev. Father Joseph Michaud.

Twice the church has been reduced to ashes, and the last misfortune was a cyclone, which destroyed the newly-erected frame, leveling the work of months to the ground in a few moments.

So Easily Done.

Yes, it is drudgery and no mistake, even if we let a wash woman do the washing it is a sort of worry. Its so easy to have your washing all thrown into a bag or basket and have Ungar call, take it away, wash it, and return it rough dried to your own door.

A more delicious and strengthening drink cannot be taken than half teaspoonful of LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF BEEF dissolved in a cup of boiling water seasoned to taste with pepper and salt.

SOME OF THE BEST

Hair Restorers:

- Mrs. S. A. Allen's Restorer, Luby's Renewer, Ayer's Hair Vigor, Tebbitt's Regenerator, Erasmus Wilson's Hair Wash, Rowland's Balm, Rowland's Macassar Oil.

&c., &c.

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Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET.

SABBATH HOURS—9 to 10.45 a. m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m.

SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER

I have not spent one day without intense suffering, until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered.

Yours truly,

E. B. GREEN.

Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

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W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street (West), St. John, N. B.

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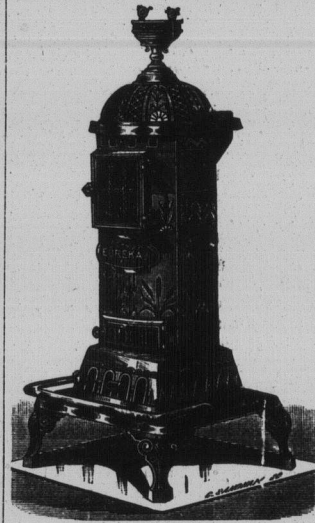
GOOD NEWS makes the heart glad, so does everything else that is good.

The word good is part and parcel of our business, somehow we can't get along without it. What we have to say about it is this: Good goods, good styles, good reasonable prices are mottos that live in the clothing business.

ROYAL CLOTHING STORE,

Only One Door above Royal Hotel.

TWO STRONG POINTS WHEN COMBINED! VIZ: EXCELLENCE IN QUALITY, AND LOW PRICE.



We think we have them both in the Goods we are offering for this Fall's trade, and solicit a careful inspection from those who require any goods in our various lines, whether a Cooking or Heating Stove, a Mantel Piece and Grate, or something in the line of Tinware and Household Hardware, of which we have an immense stock, in great variety.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

CUTLERY IS A COUNTER SPECIALTY WITH US.

POCKET CUTLERY well classed so that selection is easy. JACK KNIVES, HUNTING KNIVES, PEN KNIVES, CORN KNIVES; with handles of pearl, ivory, buckhorn, tortoiseshell, bone and Coc wood. Also SCISSORS, singly, in sets, and in "Ladies' Companion" form.

JUST RECEIVED

READY-MADE SUITS and SUMMER OVERCOATS,

Men's, Youths', and Boys' Sizes, in new and fashionable designs.

1000 Pairs of Pants, at cost; Great Reduction in Gent's Fine Summer Underwear.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN TRUNKS and VALISES.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 Charlotte Street.

GO TO KERR'S COOL

ICE-CREAM PARLORS

DELICIOUS ICE CREAM.

FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY. Cream Chips! Cream Chips still in great demand.

70 KING STREETS, - - Opposite Victoria Hotel.

THE GARDEN

Fair is the world, now as And the sluggish sun Sweet are the days, now And all winds feign the Dumb is the hedge who Bright as the blossom Dumb is the close where And none but the dawn Fair was the spring, but Gray were the days of Fair was the summer, So soon his cheer-sweet Come then, love, for fear Far off is falling, and Here where the rest is in In the garnering tide Come from the gray old Where far from the lip Gage grow the grass And all is a tale for the —William Morris in Magazine.

THE FATES

"Who'll ask him of Mr. Arthur St. Rolliston A. S-sh" whispers "Don't speak so loud" "Don't care," is somewhat modified It was All Hallows' young people were of Rolliston Academy or were not a wise Claire, who always the academy, if the 12 o'clock, and co probabilities of the "Yes, Josie," at You can coax him h Off she started, s "Twas ever thus f "If other folks ar in his den, I notice to start poor me off Then, with a m direction of the li "Ta-ta." Arthur St. Clair short, he was as diff academy principal imagined. A colle month's standing, perience in teaching The work was h time, but the true purpose which had way through colleg dent, was giving hi Tonight, sitting m morrow's examinatio handsome Tall, dark, strai clear-cut features, and his eyes—well, Claire's eyes. They and lazy looking ey agreeable way of s very soul. His pupils osten power of governm Hearing a step h ceiving a lady, in advanced to meet h a nod of recogniti once to business. "Mr. St. Claire basement stairs an dressing-room, toug Then, seeing his she added: "You low's eve, and if you stairs at 12 o'clock a mirror you will se marry. Please say "It ought to be word," smiling, "so say it. Is Burton a asked, going for the of sarcastic emphasi "Yes, sir, he is," of "I will gi shall go home bef have Burton lock the keys in the morning "You are very theni," she replied. He did wish he ing to make fun of what tricks to try. "No one was fou stairs but Josie. A one after another knew they would something dreadful something else wou "I think you're "after I asked Mr. stay. Thank goodn can go if you can. "Now, we must g 12. If I faint, sen up," and snatching for the basement. The door closed w to find a hundred ec building, and made herself. How awfully dar A board creaked lou she trembled like a Why must this gh other evening com By this time she stairs, and then h revive. "Well, I'm not d "and I guess I shan Just as her foot to village clock struck At the same time s in the mirror, and Claire looked over minute and then was Thoroughly frigh The consciousness of group, pneumonia, sere very consoling to a pare Cherry Peccol in the case, a sense of securi Adit.