POOR COPY

FREDERICTON AND VICINITY.

Record of Current Events About Town.

Sudden Death at Stanley--Called Away By Sad News.

Young Girls Caught With Forged Orders.

The Christian Scientist Better.

Miss Whitlock, the christian scientist, has recovered sufficiently from her illness to have been able to be at her office yesterday. She intends going to her home in St. Stephen for a few weeks' rest.

F. C. Baptist Church.

In the absence of Rev. Dr. McLeod at Oromocto on Sunday morning, Mr. Hall, one of the Temperance Crusaders, occupied the pulpit of the F. C. Baptist church. The former returned in time to preach at the evening service.

For Rescuing Cows.

The police magistrate gave judgment yesterday morning in the Marysville cow rescuing case, adjudging the defendant, Mrs. Mary Ann Davenport, guilty of the offence, and imposing a fine of $20 and costs, the lightest penalty allowable by the law.

Drunk at the Temperance Meeting.

Three drunks were booked at the police court yesterday morning. Two of them were arrested Saturday night on the street, and the other was taken at the temperance meeting in the city hall on Sunday evening. All three were released, after sobering up, upon payment of the usual deposit.

Called Away by Sad News.

When Dr Gregory was some miles from his home at Stanley yesterday he received a telegram from Antigonish, N. S., stating that his brother Arthur, was dying at that place. The doctor at once started to drive to town so as to catch the afternoon train for St. John, and arrived just in time. He came a distance of 36 miles in two hours and a quarter.

In the Church Hall.

At the Church of England Temperance Society's meeting in the Church Hall last night, Rev. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Jas. S. Beek made brief addresses. Miss Margaret Bailey played a very fine violin solo; Miss Annie Lugrin rendered a sacred solo; and Mr. Sharp gave some selections on the harmonica. There was quite a large attendance.

Personal.

Mr. Geo. F. Gregory is attending Carleton Circuit Court.

Miss McClary, of Spring Hill, has gone to Boston to spend the winter with her uncle and aunt, Judge and Mrs. Stewart.

Mr. Geo. A. Inch has so far recovered from his illness as to have been able to take a drive around town with Mr. Foster, on Sunday.

Ready for Sale.

Martin Butler wishes to inform his friends in the city and country, that his book of Poems MAPLE LEAVES and HEMLOCK BRANCHES will be out in a day or two—they only await binding. He will conduct the sale of them personally, and hopes that his friends will help him out all they can as he has been to considerable expense. Mr. Butler has been sick over a fortnight which has delayed the work.

Sudden Death at Stanley.

Mr. Wm. Currie, a well known and highly esteemed resident of Stanley, died very suddenly yesterday morning. Mr. Currie attended church the previous day. It is said that apoplexy was the cause of his death. Mr. Currie represented Stanley for many years at the council board, and was at the time of his death, secretary of the Stanley Agricultural Society. He was about 65 years of age.

St. Andrew's Society.

At the annual meeting of St. Andrew's Society last evening, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Judge Fraser, pres; D. R. Forgan, 1st vice pres.; L. W. Johnson, 2d vice pres.; Thos. Nesbit, secy.; Jas. Tennant, treas; Wm. Crocket, chap.; John Lawson, marshal. A committee was appointed to arrange for the proper celebration for St Andrew's Day.

Death at Marysville.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Hezekiah Estabrooks of Marysville, who died on Saturday after a few day's illness, took place yesterday afternoon, and was largely attended. Rev. Mr. Downey conducted the services, and the remains were interred in the town cemetery. Mrs. Estabrooks was in the 68th year of her age. Her death has caused deep regret among a large circle of friends. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the community.

Train Discharged from Custody.

A Boston despatch says: George Francis Train was discharged from custody Saturday by Judge McKim, after receiving the evidence of Dr. Boland, appointed by the court to examine into Train's condition of mind. The judge said he did not believe the man dangerous to himself or others and did not deem him sufficiently insane to be ordered to the asylum. He did not believe him sufficiently sane, however, to be held for debt.

An Interesting Suit.

The case of Mitchell Myshrall vs. Alexander Goodine and Mary Ann Goodine, is being heard to-day before Judge Fraser. The plaintiff seeks to obtain possession of a farm in the Parish of Kingsclear at present occupied by the defendants, who claim it under a deed from Francis Myshrall. The plaintiff claims that before the deed was given to defendants the same land was deeded to him by Francis Myshrall, and that the deed was lost before being recorded, and that defendants had notice of such deed before they took the place. Defendants deny that deed was given to plaintiff, or that they had notice of such deed, and alleged that if given it was a voluntary conveyance. Messrs. J. A. & W. VanWart for plaintiff; Wm. Wilson for defendants.

Female Forgers.

Last evening a young girl named Davison, a domestic living in the city, went into T. A. Sharkey's dry goods store, and presented an order, bearing Mrs. J. B. Grieve's name, for "anything that is wanted." Twice before within the past month a similar order was presented at the store, first by the same girl, who was accompanied by a companion of the same name, and sometime afterwards by the latter who went in alone. The first time a set of furs was asked for, and a set, that she seemed anxious to have, would have been given her, had she not in attempting to ward off suspicion, pretended to consider the price higher than she could afford, and was then afraid to come up to the figure asked. The second time about eighteen dollars worth of goods were selected, when the clerk's suspicion was aroused, and a boy despatched to Mrs. Grieves to see if the order was genuine. Mrs. Grieves had never heard of the girl, and, when the messenger returned with this information, the girl was threatened with arrest. She was glad to get away without the goods. It was the girl's cousin that presented the order last night. Mr. Sharkey was in the shop at the time, and, when she asked for some linen, told the clerk to put up the goods, while he sent over for Mr. Grieves. The latter came over at once and when Mr. Sharkey told the boy to go out for a policeman, the erring girl began to cry and pleaded with him not to have her arrested. She also was allowed to go.

THE FIRE OF 1850.

Thirty-Nine Years Yesterday Afternoon The Great Conflagration was Raging.

Thirty-nine years ago to-day, on a Tuesday, all that portion of Fredericton, lying between Queen and Brunswick streets and extending from Carleton to St. John street, lay in smouldering ruins, having been swept over the day before by what is known as the great fire of 1850—a scene, which many old inhabitants were yesterday afternoon mentally reproducing.

The day of the fire was just such a day as yesterday—clear, bright and pleasant—except that there was a light wind blowing. It was shortly before two o'clock in the afternoon when the fire broke out in a wood shed on the lot adjoining the Methodist Church on Carleton Street, having its origin in a tiny spark from a laborer's pipe. The flame grew and spread with incredible rapidity, and in a little while the whole street was ablaze. The church building was first in ashes and then the fire swept out the street towards Brunswick and in towards Queen, and then down through the blocks below. The old Anderson building on the corner of Queen and Carleton, in which Mr. Fred J. McCausland now has his jewelry store and Mr. B. Crosin his residence, was the only structure left standing on the upper side of the street from Brunswick in. On the other side the Tweedale house on Brunswick Street corner, still standing, was left alone. Coming down Queen Street the fire levelled everything as far as Henry S. Beek's property, where Z. R. Everett's hardware store now is. Below this was a vacant lot, and the only two remaining buildings on the block, viz: Staples' brick building, where the Queen Hotel stands, and the building in which Mr. Geo. F. Gregory now has his office, escaped destruction. On King Street the fire burned right down to Chancery Lane on the north side, and on the south side, it did not stop until it had laid every building in ashes all the way down to St. John Street. Between Carleton and Regent streets, on Brunswick, besides the Tweedale House on the corner, only two buildings stood the fire. These were the Dorhan House, now occupied by Mr. Timothy Murphy, and the barn attached to W. Segee's hotel. This hotel was situated on Regent Street corner, and the barn which was left standing in the rear, was afterwards moved to the front, and converted into a dwelling house, now occupied by M. Brannen. With the exception of the Roman Catholic Church, the Johnson House, then Bishop Dollard's residence; Mrs. Gregor's House, now occupied by Mr. Hartt; and the old Fowler House, still standing on the corner of St. John street, the block below was swept out also.

Thus it will be seen that, excepting seven or eight buildings, the four blocks between Queen and Brunswick and Carleton and St. John streets, were levelled to the ground, and all before six o'clock. Hundreds unable to get a lodging place spent the night on the streets.

The stores burned on Queen street were full up with the winter's stock, there being no railways at the time, and the merchants, as was then their custom, having just laid in all their goods for the winters' trade before the close of navigation. From that time until the river closed the boats were loaded down to the water's edge on every trip with fresh supplies.

The old training school was among the buildings burned. It stood in the vacant lot on King street, just below the Grieves' building in which Mr Clynick now has his bakery.

THE SCOTT ACT ELECTION.

Speculation as to the Result—The Three Previous Elections.

A deep and active interest is being taken, and has been for some time, in connection with the Scott Act, and, as the day of election approaches the interest increases. The advocates of the Act are confident of victory, but like wise generals, are putting forth earnest and vigorous endeavor to secure the result. Though they claim that there is no doubt as to the issue, there is a variety of opinion as to majorities compared with previous contests, some believing that the majority with be larger than in the election of 18-2, while others predict that the contest will be much closer, something more like that of 1885. Since the last election there has been a revision of the lists, by which over 300 names have been added, making in all about 1,000 in the city. It is not likely, however, that over 700 votes will be cast. In the Temple-Gregory election of 1886, which was held under the same revision, and which was one of the hardest fought contests ever had here, the total vote counted something like 760.

Below gives the results of the three previous elections:—

Election, Oct. 31st, 1878.

	For	Against	Maj.
Wellington Ward	42	20	22
St Ann's "	122	45	77
Carleton "	97	36	61
Queens "	78	55	23
Kings "	54	42	12
Non Residents	11	5	6
Totals	404	203	201

Election Oct. 26th, 1882.

	For	Against	Maj.
Wellington Ward	37	26	11
St. Ann's "	97	42	55
Carleton "	73	52	21
Queens "	37	77	40
Kings "	36	40	4
Non Residents	13	15	2
Totals	203	252	41

Election, Nov. 12, 1885.

	For	Against	Maj.
Wellington Ward	40	28	12
St. Ann's "	90	55	35
Carleton "	81	64	17
Queens "	43	90	47
Kings "	35	40	5
Non Residents	9	8	1
Totals	298	285	13

THE WHARF SQUABBLE.

An Explanation from Ald. Gilman About Mr. Aiken's Claim.

To the Editor of THE GLEANER:

SIR,—In last Saturday's GLEANER, I noticed a report of some talk at the council about wharf matters, in which it is stated that on the Monday following the Saturday, on which Mr. Belyea's tender was accepted and contract signed, one of the committee went down to the wharf and found Mr. Aiken at work, and when asked how he came to be at the job, said that Ald. Gilman had contracted with him. Now, the impression conveyed by the foregoing would be that I had made a contract with Mr. Aiken after the chairman had signed with Belyea, and that Mr. Aiken had commenced work after Mr. Belyea's contract was made. The facts are, Mr. Aitkin had commenced work on the wharf before the meeting, at which the resolution was passed, asking for tenders for the job, and the reason he commenced work was, that he understood from a conversation he had with me early in October that the committee wanted him to do the work. The work Mr. Aiken did was part of the work Mr. Belyea contracted to do for $200, hence the justness of Mr. Aiken's claim.

By inserting in your paper the foregoing explanation you will much oblige

Yours, etc.,

GEO. GILMAN.

Fredericton, Nov. 12th.

Last Night's Meeting.

Another crowded meeting was held in the temperance hall last night under the auspices of the Royal Templars. Mr. J. A. Thompson presided. The Crusaders were present and rang several pieces during the evening. Ald. McCready, Ald. Estey, and Ex-Ald. Tabor, spoke briefly in favor of the act. Dr. McLeod was called upon, and made another stirring address. Rev. Mr. Shenton also addressed the meeting.

DIED.

At Lake George on the 19th Sept. James Calvin, child of Frederic and Miriam Hoyt, in his 3rd year.

In this city on the 9th inst., Georgie E., infant daughter of Bruce and Cornelia Quantain, aged 3 years and month.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

Scott Act Supporters Working for a Victory.

Addresses in the City Hall on Sunday Evening.

Another Meeting in the Temperance Hall Last Night.

The temperance mass meeting in the City Hall Sunday night was one of the largest meetings ever held in the building. Every seat was occupied, and many stood in the aisle. Hon. A. F. Randolph presided. The meeting opened with a hymn by the choir and prayer by Rev. Mr. Crawley. The Crusaders then sang a duett, and the chairman then called upon

Rev. Mr. Mowatt,

who, on coming forward said, many years ago God's people in their journey came to stand still beside a swollen river. There was no bridge, no boat, no visible means of crossing; but it was their business to go forward and they did so trusting in God. After crossing they had to meet walled cities. This did not deter them, they went forward and the walls of that strong city fell. God then commanded them to go forward and drive out all wicked people from that country, and, so long as they obeyed Him and worked righteousness, they prospered. "But," said the speaker, "there came a time when God's people changed their ideas and decided to allow a part of those wicked people to remain in the land and tax them so that a revenue might be raised, and then enable the Hebrews to live in ease and luxury." This course brought disaster to the people of God. The speaker applied this circumstance to the present struggle. He said it was their duty to go forward. They had, in the name of the most high gained victories in the past and he did not believe the Christian people of Fredericton would now go back. The policy to tax the rumsellers was an unwise policy. The rumseller's business was against every thing good, and he was sure, if the Scott Act, was repealed, it would be but repeating the policy of the backsliding Israelites. "In God's name," said the speaker "let us not go back." He referred to his feelings while in Windsor, when he first heard of the movement of the temperance people to adopt the Scott Act, and how he and others rejoiced when they heard of the victory in Fredericton. He hoped God would again grant us to rejoice on the 28th inst.

Rev. Mr. Shenton.

Rev. Mr. Shenton was the second speaker. He did not think it wrong to step outside in these meetings, of what might be called the strictly religious, in treating this great moral question. These were times of progress, and we did not want to go back to the old time ways. We had nothing to gain if we did turn back. It was said in those good old days Methodist class leaders and Baptist Deacons sold rum. It was those old times, that planted the seeds of our present drunkenness. "If," said the speaker, "the churches would all unite, it would not be long before this country would secure prohibition. Why, are we holding these meetings?" he answered; "because our enemies have forced us to do so." "Will these parties, who get license, keep that law; never. He never knew any one who did. He appealed to the audience, and asked, if they would take money with blood upon it? He would like to see such stand up and be counted. Temperance men should be brave enough to come out on the 28th, and make their ballots count. He closed with the trust that God would bless the efforts now being made to sustain the Scott Act. After the Crusaders had sung "God's clock has struck the hour," the chairman introduced

Dr. McLeod

as the next speaker. He said he had been very busy, having travelled over twenty-five miles to attend a funeral, and preached two sermons. Still he was willing to do what he could in this cause. He endorsed what the previous speakers had said. He could not understand why business men would vote for license, for the drink traffic stands in the way of all kinds of business. Had he no higher motive but from a business stand point, he would vote against the liquor traffic every time. He remembered when 48 retail licenses were granted by this city and paid about $50 for the privilege, and then, with scathing sarcasm, spoke of the extreme generosity of the rumseller swelling the revenue, gave an illustration of where the money came from, how they caused the people to pay the revenue and enriched themselves at the same time. He appealed to the traders of the city if sober men did not pay better than those who spent half their money in rum. If he was a business man and had the power he would prohibit rum selling. The speaker said it had been shown that every $1,000 gave one boy to destruction; told the stay of the Scotch woman who saved the child from being killed by a passing team, and who was chided for placing herself in danger because it was not her child. She replied, "it is somebody's babe." So, said he, some were indifferent because they have no sons to be injured. He hoped God would have mercy on such selfish creatures.

He related a circumstance of a lady who came to him and explained how her daughter had been run over by a drunken wretch, had to have her leg amputated and had suffered for years. "Now," said he, "some rumseller sold that liquor and they have the assurance to come to the sober citizens and ask to be granted license to carry on more openly that kind of a trade." "Will you do it?" he asked. He related with stirring effect the circumstances of two young men leaving Fredericton for the penitentiary for crimes committed through drink. The drinking men of to-day were chiefly the product of a license law. "Will you again license it to make more?" Some were even now arranging to take out a license." Will you let let them by your vote on the 28th inst?" No sane man would now train his son to the liquor business. "Why, then, will you license a business to which you scorn to train your boys?" He closed a most enthusiastic address by calling for work. "With diligent work," he said, "victory is ours."

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN.

From the W. C. T. U. in View of the Approaching Scott Act Election.

The members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union appeal to you, wives and mothers of Fredericton, to help us in the work of overcoming the common enemy of our homes and families, the legalized liquor traffic. It is hardly necessary that we should point out to you the terrible ravages of this traffic in our community, the lives it has cursed and blighted, the homes it has darkened and ruined, and the manifold evils of every name and nature that it has brought upon us, as upon all the land.

These things are known to you as well as to us—in some cases from observation, and alas, in others from bitter personal experience. You have seen, as we have, some of our brightest and most promising young men degraded, and ruined by the love of strong drink. You have heard and seen, as we have, all the disgraceful public exhibitions for which the allegal sale of alcoholic poison in this city is responsible—you know as well as we do, that evil, and evil only can results, or does result from the saloons and hotels where liquor is sold in our midst; that they are the open and malignant enemies of everything, which we, as christian women, as wives, mothers, and sisters, hold most sacred and dear—you know as well as we do, that every one of these places is a school of vice and crime, a threat at the peace and happiness of our homes, and a deadly snare and pitfall in the pathway of the weak and unwary—you also know, that good, and good only could result if all of these places of sin were banished from our midst, we are confident that you would rejoice with us in the happy deliverance. Many of you no doubt, are already with us in heart and sympathy, and need no special urging in temperance work. We do not ask you to join our organization, we only ask that you will unite with us at this time in whatever way may seem best to you in an earnest effort to uphold the "cause that needs assistance" against the "wrong that needs resistance" and the good that you may do. The time is not far distant when this question will be decided at the polls. We can not vote, but there are many right and womanly ways open to us, whereby we may influence others, and first and last of all, we can unite in prayer to our Heavenly Father that He will put forth His own strong arm in our defence. We would add in conclusion, that it is our confident belief that, if every woman, to whom these words are addressed, will do what she can at this time to further the cause of temperance in this community, the enemy will not be able to withstand us, and we shall be freed, we trust forever from this terrible plague in our city. In the name of those you love best, in the name of those in our midst who are suffering to-day from the curse of drink, in the name of our beloved homes and households, in the name of the Church of Christ, we ask you to join with us in an effort to destroy this unholly and illegal traffic.

Mrs. Steadman, President, and a membership of 83.

Mrs. Sampson, Secretary.

SPORTING MATTERS.

Something of Axtell the Three-Year-Old Wonder of the Trotting World.

[From the American Breeder.]

The subject of one of the many handsome illustrations in this issue of the Breeder is the phenomenal three-year-old stallion, Axtell, with whose recent performance at Terre Haute, Ind., everybody is familiar. His mile is 2:14 at Washington Park, Chicago, made him the wonder of the trotting world until the Palo Alto filly, Sunol, wrested his honors from him by placing the mark at 2:13¾. Then it was that the great colt shook himself together and changed the three-year-old record for the fifth time this season by rounding the Terre Haute track in 2:12, thereby regaining his right to the destinction of being the fastest three-year-old on earth.

The same day that the great feat was accomplished Axtell was sold to Col. Conley, of Chicago, for $105,000.

Andy Welsh, of Hartford, and John Madden, of Lexington, offered Williams $101,000 for the colt, and had a certified check for a forfeit to offer him. This he refused and afterwards accepted Col. Conley's offer with much reluctance. "It is like selling a child," said Williams. This is the highest price ever paid in the world for a horse of any description.

"C. W. Williams, the breeder of Axtell, is probably the luckiest young man on earth at the present time and Axtell is a good illustration of his fortune. Four years age, Williams, who lives at Independence, Ia., concluded that he would breed a couple of mares owned by him to some son of George Wilkes. Accordingly he looked around Kentucky and finally fell against W. L. Simmons, who persuaded him to breed one of the mares to William L., and the other to Jay Bird. Both these horses were by George Wilkes, but neither of them had sired much speed, although Jay Bird had one representative in the 2:30 list. It was true that William L. was a full brother to Guy Wilkes, but at that time the last named horse had not made his record of 2:15¼, and his son Sable Wilkes was unheard of. There were plenty of sons of George Wilkes that looked to have much the best of William L. and Jay Bird in the matter of spring speed, but Williams bred his two mares to them just the same.

"Of course both mares got safely in foal, and of course each of them foaled a horse colt. One of the colts was called Axtell and the other Allerton, the latter being the one by Jay Bird. All the world knows about Axtell, how he was broken to harness a year ago last May, was the sensation of the year among two-year-old trotters, and closed the season with a record of of 2:23, the best ever made by a stallion of his age, and beating by three seconds the two-year-old record of Bell Boy over which so much fuss was made in 1887. Then Axtell came out this season and at his fourth attempt against the watch trotted in 2:12, proving himself the greatest young trotter ever seen.

"The other colt that Williams has bred, the one called Atherton, was also a speedy youngster, trotting a mile as a two-year-old in 2:42½ but Axtell overshadowed him so much that he was not talked about. But one day at Minneapolis meeting, Allerton, now three years old, started in a field of aged horses and won, trotting the fourth heat in 2:24¾, which is a remarkably good performance for anybody's three-year-old, especially so early in the season. To breed two mares to a couple of stallions that had little or no reputation, get two horse foals and have one of them trot in 2:12 and the other in 2:24¾ when they are three years old, may be said to be as much luck as ever fell to one man in the horse business. To have bred either of these stallions would have been a great stroke of fortune, but to have bred both of them in one year reads likes a fairy tale."

But Axtell's Record is Beaten.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 10.—Saturday Senator Sanford's filly Sunol made a mile in 2:10¼, lowering the three-year-old record of 2:12, recently made by Axtell. Count Valensius' Faustino lowered the yearling stallion record by trotting a mile in 2:35. Regal Wilkes beat Axtell's two-year-old stallion record by trotting mile in 2 20¾.

THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

A Few Words About this Well-Known Institution by an Ex-Patient.

I, among others, have often admired from the outside the trim little building just below the Government House, known to most of your readers as the Victoria Hospital, but it never was my good (or bad) luck to visit the interior as a patient until a fortnight ago.

The kindness of heart that inspired Lady Tilley and her associates in this noble work cannot be too highly praised and the enterprise and self-denial of the citizens in filling this long felt want is worthy of emulation in other places.

To give a detailed account of its history would only be going over ground already traveled, and I purpose to content myself in this article with a brief sketch of my sojourn there, and the *dramatis personæ* of the officials and patients.

First on the list comes Jimmy, the man of all work, who is a painstaking and obliging fellow, especially to any one he takes a notion to. He will give you a bath in the most approved style and punctually attend to the smallest details with cheerfulness if you don't grumble.

Next comes the matron, Miss Ingraham, a kind-hearted lady, whose very touch is balm and whose words are music in the sufferer's ears.

Another estimable young lady, Miss Ogilvie, and the cook, compose the list of officials.

The physicians in attendance for this quarter are Drs. Brown and Currie.

Full and plenty of the best fare for those who are able to eat is provided and no difference is made with the patients; all are on an equal footing.

I must confess that, having been used so long to the go-as-you-please life of a man keeping bachelor's hall, I often unwittingly transgressed the rules but never threatened to come into serious collision with the officials but once, and that was, when I stopped up my ears with paper, to drown the snoring of several animals, who were selfish enough to want to do all the sleeping, and make me lie and listen. After that I had to "face the music," no plugs being allowed. When I went in, the ward was tenanted by a young man from Peterseville, another from Sheffield, "Poor Jack," and a citizen from down town. Shortly after the citizen and the representative from Queen's left, and a member from Cork took shelter. Later still a patient from Douglas and the Earl of Gagatown preempted the beds and are lying there now suffering comfort.

Our Daily Life.

We generally got up at seven and breakfasted at eight and the day was chiefly spent by readings and learned dissertations interspersed with arguments by "Poor Jack" and "The member from Cork." Of course the rest of us, who had not been blest with the talents and education of those solons listened with awe and reverence.

How it is Supported.

Patients who are able, pay a reasonable stipend for their care, and a certain number of free beds are provided—one by the city, one by the government, and several by outside parties for those who are unfortunate and without means. I have not said in the scope of this article one half of what might be said, but this much is true that the institution appeals to all who have any feeling for their fellowman, and the officials in charge are worthy of all respect and trust.

MARVIN BUTLER.

Buried at Oromocto.

The remains of the young man, Herbert Perry, whose death was no ed in Saturday's GLEANER, were conveyed to Oromocto on Sunday morning, and interred in the cemetery at that place, Rev. Dr. McLeod conducting the services.

The Wreck of the Bristolian.

'Neath the ocean flashed a message to old England so revered;
From Quebec, the bark Bristolian with all well on board has cleared."
Down she swept the broad St. Lawrence with a pilot in command,
She was sailed by Captain Clements and by British tars was manned,
With her lofty sails all drawing, swift she plowed her homeward way,
Nature smiled at the beginning, but 'twas changed ere end of day.

From the northwind came a warning, came a heeze of mighty power,
Soon the ocean was tormented, dark the sky began to lower,
Fierce and fiercer grew the fury of the biting breze a cold,
And a storm of snow bewildering seized the vessel in its hold;
And the demons of the tempest, round her crowded thick and fast,
Till her yards, her spars, her rigging were with sheets of ice o'er cast.

And the night came down upon her with its darkness like a pall;
And the tempest tossed and turned her as a seagull in a squall;
And with everything all standing to the shore she onward sped;
With none to steer or guide her, the man at the wheel was dead.

He was a marble statue, a lifeless pallid ghost,
He died a sailor hero, a hero at his post.

From bow to stern the mountains vest of water o'er her poured,
The freezing storm of sleet and snow, like demon voices, roared,
From the deck, with ice o'er coated, a mighty billow bore,
A cabin boy and sailor, away for evermore;
And the captain, like a hero, who knows his doom yet fears,
Does his duty, though its useless, bring his, he perseveres.

On a rock, near Anticosti, that down beneath the spray
Hides its treacherous head from vision as a tiger waits his prey,
She struck with shock tremendous, and her bow in splinters tore,
"Out the boat," cried Captain Clements we must die or reach the shore:
But the boat was stove to pieces e're it nestled on the wave,
Then, with happier fate, another to the ocean find they gave.

Then with slow but eager footsteps o'er the vessels side they passed,
The captain, true to duty, deserted her the last;
And with hearts still firm and buoyant, though death was very near,
They rested on their oars a while, and gave a hearty cheer,
As the bark with colors flying sank low beneath the foam.
No more to float a thing of life, she sailors love and home.

Towards the south they drifted all through the dreadful night,
The morning brought the land in view; and by its cheering light
They beached the boat that bore them, so bravely o'er the main;
But the coast was so forbidding they fain would launch again.
Far as their eyes could wander was one wide waste of snow,
No homestead offered shelter, they knew not where to go.

At last, oh glorious treasure; a footprint in the snow
Cheered up their drooping spirits, cast off a world of woe,
Like hounds upon the deer-path, or Indians on the trail,
They traced the footmarks closely o'er forest, hill and vale,
One by one, the cold o'erpowering, they sank beneath the trees,
Till three, alone, of all were left who help must find, or freeze.

With aching limbs and weary, they onward made their way;
When, joy; a homely cottage with wall of logs and clay
They saw, it promised shelter, it promised food and rest;
With spirits light they enter, the inmates give the best
Their humble store can offer, then hear their story through;
And soon make preparations to rescue all the crew.

Then the noble hearted peasant, though his lot on earth was low,
With a strongly built toboggan set out across the snow,
And through the sombre forest; till prone upon the ground
He found a freezing sailor, he quickly wrapped him round
With mats and tattered blankets; and placed him on the sled,
Then, with a soul upheld by love, back to his cottage sped.

Thus through the dreary evening, and far into the night
He carried in the sailors, and by the hearth's pale light
Chafed the limbs so palsied, warmed and dried them well,
He an Acadian peasant; History does not tell
Of his lowly station, or his humble name;
But when God shall call him to worlds from sorrow free,
He'll say "As ye have done to these, likewise ye did to me."

For three brief days they tarried, then forth they went once more,
They hauled their frost maimed captain on a rude sledge to the shore,
For eighteen miles they drew him, those tars so firm and true,
Tis fiercest trial proves the man, shows what a man dare do:
They reached a little seaport, soon o'er the ocean sailed
To cheer the drooping hearts of those who had their fate bewailed.

Three cheers for Captain Clements, and for his seamen brave,
Who ne'er forgot, tis nobler for a human life to save,
Than cities fair to blow in air, strong walls to batter down,
And three times three for the peasant who shared his cot, so free,
With the waifs of the Bristolian, the victims of the sea.

The bark Bristolian homeward bound from Quebec was wrecked near Anticosti in 1882. She was owned by Capt. John Heron of Liverpool, England.

ED U. CAYER.

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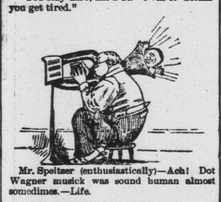
NEW UNDER SKIRTS.

DEVER BROS.

Melodious.

"You stay dare, and'l ut. I vas of holdin' you get tired."



Mr. Spoltzer (enthusiastically)—Ach! Dot Wagner musick was sound human almost somedimes.—Life.

The Song of the Talker.

Sweeter than Æolian breathings on the tense and trembling wire,
Made by flower burdened zephyrs from the perfume rocking south;
Sweeter than the heavenly harpings of the rapt angelic choir,
Is the music, endless music, of my ever sounding mouth:
How I love its giddy gurgle
How I love its fluent flow!
How I love to wind my mouth up
How I love to hear it go!

Sweeter than the bulbul singing bid in oriental ever—
How it satisfies the hunger of my wide, voracious ears:
I listen to its music and no longer disbelieve
The Pythagorean fancy of the music of the spheres!
How I love its giddy gurgle
How I love its fluent flow!
How I love to wind my mouth up!
How I love to hear it go!

Sweeter far than shawms and cymbals, harp and psaltery to me;
Sweeter than the flow of water thro' sun smitten lands of drouth;
Sweeter than the sunrise music of Memnonian melody
Is the tintinnabulation of my automatic mouth!
How I love its giddy gurgle!
How I love its fluent flow!
How I love to wind my mouth up!
How I love to hear it go!
—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

Handed In by St. Nine.

When I think of the towel, the old fashioned towel that used to hang up by the printing house door, I think that nobody in these days of shoddy can hammer out iron to wear as it wore. The tramp, who abused it, the devil, who used it, the comp, who got at it when these two were gone, the make-up and foreman, the editor, poor man, each rubbed some grime off, while they put a heap on. In, over and under, 'twas blacker than thunder, 'twas harder than poverty, rougher than sin; from the roller suspended, it never was bended, and it flapped on the wall like a banner of tin. It grew thicker and rougher and harder and tougher, and daily put on a more inky hue, until one windy morning, without any warning, it fell to the floor and was broken in two.—Burlette in Brooklyn Eagle.

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IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.

HOW MANY AT THIS SEASON OF THE year feel unequal to the extra strain upon their nervous system so peculiar to spring time in addition to the worry and care of their regular family duties. After the long dull months of winter, all need some invigorating medicine, especially the delicate mother or the pale, languid nervous daughter, whose cheek has lost its usual healthy color, and the former bright eye its lustre, and to whom life appears a Burden. There is no medicine before the public to-day that has met with such success in the strengthening and building up of the delicate nervous constitution as HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC.

TESTIMONIALS IN BRIEF.

A clergyman in Prince Edward Island writes "Please send me 1 dozen of your N. & S. Tonic. I find it the very best medicine I can use when my nervous system gives way."

A lady in this Province writes us: "Please send me half-dozen of N. & S. Tonic. I took two to three bottles two years ago and I found it done me more good than anything I had ever used."

A gentleman writes us: "I heartily recommend your N. & S. Tonic. My wife's health broke down last spring during house cleaning, etc., and I feel satisfied that the timely use of two or three bottle of your N. & S. Tonic saved her from a long illness." Price 50 cents per bottle.

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