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llar per year, Liberal induces KLY SUN, ST. JOHN.

He elim



VOL. 8.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1886.

THE YARN OF THE LONE FISHERMAN. 'Twas on the shore where daily beats
The blue Atlantic wave
That I found affoat, in a fishing boat,
An angler calm and grave.

He gazad upon the bright blue sea,
And he heaved a heavy sigh,
And I felt some doubt as I heard him shout
To the sea-gulls flitting by.

"Oh! I am a sturdy monopolist,
And a straight-out Granger, too.
I'm a temperance man, yet I swig my can
With the rural delegate crew."

Then he moaned and groaned at a terrible rate; And it made me sad, I own, For I felt some dread that he'd lost his head, So I said, in a gentie tone,

"Oh! fisherman kind, you will think m blind,
But truly I say to thee,
I can't comprehend what your words portend
Or see how you can be

"At once a sturdy monopolist,
And a straight-out Granger, too,
And a temperance man, though you swig your

With the rural delegate crew." Then he gave a twitch, and a drumfish, which Weighed full five hundred pound, Fell into the boat, and he cleared his throat, And said, on looking 'round,

"Ingenuous youth, I speak the truth— You gaze on Colonel Quay, My platform read, that wondrous screed, My platform read, that would And you'll then see why I say

"That I am a sturdy monopolist,
And a straight-out Granger, toc,
And a temperance man, though I swig my can
With the rural delegate crew."

BY THE WAVES.

'And why we named her Murlel, is a mystery to me,' said good Mrs. Doyle, folding up her mending. 'Mary Jane or Hannah Maria would have been jest as good and a sight more suitable; but I read novels when I was young, and see that name somewhere, and it kinder pleased me—so I must go and call her Muriel.'

And, indeed, Muriel Doyle was little like her sweet, ethereal name. A strong, lithe, healthy fisherman's daughter, with brown eyes, brown hair, brown cheeks, brown hands; hands that could wield an oar or trim a sail as well as her father's own. A veritable child of nature, wild and free as the place she loved so well; and yet, not ignorant and uncultured. Muriei Doyle was well versed in the lore of books, and nature had given to her the ease and grace

and dignity that others get by culture.

'My sea bird!' her father called her, and 'My sea bird!' her father called her, and the name was like the wild, glad, young thing. When they could not find her about the house, they always sought her by the sea, and they always found her, strolling idly down the beach, sitting among the rocks, and watching the waves with dreamy eyes, chasing the surges like a child. She was a child in guileless innocence and free-dom from art; but in maturity of brain and

heart she was a woman at seventeen. Half a mile from the cottage of the Doyle's, a grand new hotel was being built; another season would see their quiet home turned into a seaside resort, and Muriel was not pleased at the thought of the coming change. She loved her wild rocks and lonely beach as she loved her wild rocks and lonely beach as they were, and see did not want to see them changed to fashionable promenades. But Muriel's dissatisfaction could not change the aspect of affairs; she knew that the fashionables were surely coming.

She was thinking, rather sorrowfully, and perhaps a little unamiably, of that as about the state of the state o

perhaps a little unamiably, of that, as she wandered down the sands one day, thinking how she was soon to be driven from her favorite haunts, and a bright flame came into her eyes and cheeks, and she stamped her foot upon the sand, exclaiming aloud:—

'They shall not drive me away! I will not avile myself from the sand. not exile myself from the sea because they come!' And then she stopped suddenly and caught her breath; for turning around a

peint of jagged rocks, Muriel was upon the vanguard of the invaders. vanguard of the invaders.

Two young men—one of them a commonplace, handsomish young fellow—sat upon a
atone, and held a portfolio upon his knee—a
sketcher. The other stood leasing against a
rock beside him, and looking down indifferently upon the half-finished sketch on his
companion's knee. A tall, grave man, of
twenty-saven parhans with a meanifecent twenty-seven, perhaps, with a magnificent head, from which he had removed his hat; half-curling short hair; eyes blue, and dark and splendid; a face that was perfect in

beauty, and a commanding stately figure, half-covered by a loose cloak flung over one shoulder; a very handsome man, but grave to sadness; a man, who had suffered, and not lightly.

Muriel hesitated for a moment whether

Muriel hesitated for a moment whether to go back or to pass them; then a proud impulse bade her to go on. Both looked up as her light step crossed the sands, and both bowed when she slightly glanced at them. They were gentlemen. She inclined her head a little as she pased!

The next moment she heard the younger of the two whisper:—

'What a striking face! Wonder if she would let me sketch her?'

'Hush! She will hear you?' manage the 'Hush! She will hear you,' warned the other; and Murie!, turning, saw the half contemptuous curl of his lip.
'I have heard,' she said, quietly, coming back. 'You may sketch my face if you shows.'

'May I? A thousand thanks.' 'None at all, if you please,' returned Muriel, composedly seating herself and drawing her shawlabout her. 'I am curious to see a ploture of myself. Shall I take off

sketch, when it was handed to him for udgment; then he remarked.—
'The lady is a better judge,' and passed it to Muriel. She glanced at it, shook her head and

and returned it to the sketcher. He colored a little ae he asked:-

'Well, do you like it? Is it good?'
'It will do; but I could make a better,'
said Muriel briefly.

'De you sketch?' he asked wonderingly; and he did not think she saw or understood his glance at her dress, and from that to the cottage, which he guessed was her home, but she did, and smiled slightly, as she

'Sometimes.'

'Will you—' he healtated, then offered and the birds, and then went away.

But he came again the next day, and the mean again the next day, and the mean again the next day.

she shortly returned to him an outline sketch of his face; not a finished sketch at all, but so like that it was wonderful. He

'Upon my word, I shall take care how

silent gentleman spoke:—
'Pardon me, would you sketch me?' For answer, Muriel resumed her seat and took up her pencil again. Now and then, as she worked, she glanced at the grave as the worker, she gianced at the grave stranger, and her own face seemed to catch the shadow from it, growing almost as grave as his. She gave more finish and complete-ness to this picture than she had bestowed

work, she added a few strokes about the mouth and on the brow, then with a laugh Muriel did not tell him then that she had mouth and on the brow, then with a laugh dancing in her eyes, she placed it in his hand. It was his face, as real and vivid almost as its reflection in a glass, but his face trans-figured. The cloud of sadness was replaced by a smile; such a warm, frank, glowing smile as gladdens the heart to see it; the

real sunshine of feeling.

At first he looked at it in a puzzled way, as if wondering what she had done to his face, until his companion, looking over his me! she told Mrs. Doyle. shoulder, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then burst out-

'Owen, I believe, she has second sight, She has drawn you as you looked six years ago in the college days. Old fellow, if you knew how smiles become you, you would Owen's dark-blue eyes brightened for a

moment with something akin to the smile that glorified them in the picture; then he sighed and his face grew sad again,
'You are a strange girl,' he said, looking
curiously at Muriel. 'Do you know what I
would give to feel again as you have made
me look?'

Me look;

You are rich, I suppose, answered Muriel, simply; and you would give your whole fortune—at least, I would, in your place. A look of perfect agony swept across his handsome face, and he cried, passionately:-'I would girl! I am very rich, and I would give ten times as great wealth, if I had it, to bring back——'he stopped, abruptly, and turned away. He came back immediately, and again addressing Muriel, thanked her for the picture; and then, as she was turning away, he hesitatingly asked

'Muriel Doyle,' she replied. 'And mine is Egbert Owen,' he said.
'Will you remember my name and me?'
She bowed, smiled, and walked lightly away, never glaucing back, though she knew they watched her thit the rocks hid her from their sight.

'What a handsome man he was,' she soli loquized, walking up the beach toward her home. "But how sad and grave, and how sorrowfully he spoke. I wonder what his trouble is? perhaps he is in love and she won't have him. She must be a perfect

idiot!'
Muriel did remember Egbert Owen. That was her first adventure, and he was its hero (for she scarcely thought of the others); but she never expected to meet him again.

The winter passed away and the summer came again, and with it came the crowd of visitors to the new hotel.

Muriel's quiet haunts were made to ring with gayety, and since their seclusion was gone their chiefest charm was lost for her. Yet still she sometimes sought them, at times when she was not likely to meet the fashionables. On one of these occasions she was sitting among the rocks when two wonen came and set down, near her, but out of sight, and talked.

Muriel scarcely heard them, until one mentioned a familiar name; then she listened

intently. 'Yes,' one of them had remarked, 'she was yesterday to the banker from Chicago. 'I expected it long ago,' sagely observed lady number two. 'By the way, did you ever hear of the affair between her and Eg.

bert Owen?' 'No, indeed; what about it?' 'No, indeed; what about it.'
She was engaged to him,' said the other,
'It was some years ago, before il went to
California. He just about worshipped her, they say, and she pretended to be very de-voted to him; it is likely she wanted his money. Well, one day she got hold of that trumped-up story about insanity in his fam-ily, and she broke off the engagement, all in

'The poor fellow was half crazy, but she would not listen to one word from him. She treated him shamefully, called him an impostor, and accused him of deceiving her, and sent him away half maddened. My cousin, Dr. Thorne, says if there had been a particle of insanity in his veins, it would have shown itself then. But that is all a

on the sands and chasing the surges again. She was standing on the beach, one glorious autumn day, watching the sea-gulls at their

play, when a step came to her side.

'Muriel Doyle!'

She turned quickly, knowing the voice.

It was Egbert Owen. A smile that she was quick to see, came into his face, and he said

'You have remembered me then?' "You have remembered me then?"
'I have remembered you, Mr. Owen.'
'Am I changed,' he asked.
'Yes,' she replied slowly, looking into his face, and smiling late eyes that would smile back now. 'Yes, you are happier.'
'I am happier, Muriel Doyle,' he responded. Then he talked a little, of the sea view and the hirds and then want away.

her his portfolio, 'will you show me a specimen.'

'Your face?' queried Muriel, as she quietly received the materials.

He assented, and bending over the paper she shortly returned to him an outline sketch of his face; not a finished sketch at all, but so like that it was wonderfal. all, but so like that it was wonderful. He long, bright twenty-four to Muriel. She looked from the picture to her, then laughed loved Egbert Owen; she did not seek to be-

lieve otherwise,

'Muriel,' he said to her one day, when
they sat together by the sea; 'Muriel, I am
going away next week.' I display my amateur attempts again, lest I flourish them in the face of a genius! they sat together by the sea; 'Muriel, I am going away next week.'

Muriel smiled carelessly, and rising from her rocky seat, was about to go, when the her hand grasped tightly the bit of stick she

> 'Yes; will you go with me, Muriel?' The color came back to her cheek, and she looked into his eyes with a shy, soft light in the brown depths of her own, but she did not speak.
> 'Listen, Muriel, while I tell you my story,'

As she was about to hand it to the 'original,' a sudden impulse caused her to withhold it, an arch smile took the place of her gravity, and bending low her head, till the curls fell over and concealed her work, she added a faw and concealed her to the late of her gravity.

heard the story before. heard the story before.

'Yes,' answered Muriel.

Mrs. Doyle, who will not go to live in the city, but likes to visit her daughter there, insists that the reason she knows Muriel's husband is a little conceited about his haud-

Wreaking Vengeance-Bloodshed and Damage by a Furious Mob.

French Opinion-Sparks that Might Kindle a Diplomatic Flame—Gunboats Wanted.

[By Cable to the New York Herald.) RAMSGATE, Kentish Coast, Sanday, Oct, 10.—There has been a pretty kettle of fish here, just as on the British-American coasts. The fraces between the fishermen of the two nations during the last few days, has settled boats. The Frenchmen required no orderinto an official enquiry. The magistrates here and an official from the board of trade were all yesterday privately engaged exemining witnesses. This is in consequence of the French government demanding explanations as to why their citizens were mobbed

THE CAUSE OF TROUBLE, However, I find that the Ramsgate fishermen had nothing to do with the affair, which was caused by a few local roughs and the fishermen harboring here from little places along the coast to the northward on the North Sea. Ramsgate, under treaties, is a free fishing port for the landing of fish, the mending of fishing gear and the buying of supplies. The trouble, which began early in the week, was aggravated by the constant loss of nets and by the belief that the French fishermen were the depredators. The English mackerelmen wreaked their vengeance in what is admitted to be a disgraceful manner on the crews of all French boats in the harbor, believing them all alike guilty and harbor, believing them all alike guilty and nothing better than a set of thieves.

A MIDNIGHT ATTACK. The Englishmen have often growled about the "Johnnies," and their decision for revenge was come to upon hearing the report made by the master of the Sweet Hope on Monday, to the effect that at midnight, when made by the master of the Sweet Hope on Monday, to the effect that at midnight, when near the Kentish coast, having nearly got in their nets, a large French boat bore down on them, almost touching their vessel. The French orew exclaimed: "You cut the nets, John! You bad man, John!" The French boat then tacked and bore down on them again; outting the vessel on the starboard quarter and carrying away the outrigger. At this time the mast was up, the sail partly set and the French cut the lee rope and the pacify them the crew of the Sweet Hope put their light over the side and showed them their number. The Frenchman's number was covered with canvas, but they caught sight of it on the sail before it was lowered. It proved to be a Boulogne boat, No. 1,771. The Frenchmen again attempted to run them down, but they set sail and got away. The damage done is valued at £7. The water was smooth at the time. The crew believe that the Sweet Hope would have sunk if the weather had been rough. On coming up the third time the Frenchmen stood by, and with grapnels and boathooks endeavored to take the nets out of the Sweet Hope. and with grapnels and boathooks endeavored to take the nets out of the Sweet Hope.

INCENSED FISHERMEN.

If you will be so good; and Muriel lifted the broad hat from the sunny-brown curls, and quietly proceeded to at for her portrait.

The young man sketched busily away, making no effort to conceal his admiration to his 'subject;' an admiration to which there was enough te make a rumor, of Muriel was quite indifferent. Meanwhile the second gentleman, who had not spoken, at odd silestly studying the face that his companion sketched.

It was well worth studying; no ordinary face, though not wonderfully beautiful. The brown eyes and graceful features, and smilling red lips were pretty and attractive, but there was a certain power and attractive, but there was a certain power and attractive, in Muriel's face which it did not owe to its prettiness, which would have been there attill, had she grown plain.

It was an expression not easily transferred to paper, and the tail gentleman looked and thoughts of somewhat contemptingusly upon the finished.

this was done the foreigner had purioined 13 of the nets and had got clear away without

came in and the master stated that during the previous night he had thirty-one nets stolen by the crew of a French boat. These atolen by the crew of a French boat. These occurrences to the English fishermen are working up a hostile feeling between the men of the two nationalities. It is spreed that the Johnnies should be punished, and the people are blaming the English government for not sending a gunboat to protect their interests. Many of the English boats were not out on Wednesday night.

RENEWED DISTURBANCES. Early on Thursday morning a ffeet of eleven Gravelines boats made for this har-bor. They proceeded to dispose of what fish they had caught, but it was not long fish they had caught, but it was not long before what are generally known as the Brighton Boys and a few others began attacking them with stones, and compelling them to retire into the hold, and also smashing many fragile articles on deck. The Englishmen kept their eyes epen for any pieces of net gear lying on the Frenchmen's decks. Two or three of the boys, recognizing a float belonging to a Rye boat, 156, took it off a Gravelines boat, cut the ropes and threw it overboard. and threw it overboard.

THE MOB ROUSED. considerable representation of the loafer element had gathered on the west pier intent on aiding the attack by the Englishmen, The oddly named Fred French came along and, observing one of the crew of the St. Esprit mending nets, inquired whether they were English. French descended to board the boat, when a Frenchman cut his leg open with an axe. The mob gathered round and inspected the wound. They then rushed to the ladder, crying for revenge, but the har-bor constables drove them back. Much dis-satisfaction was expressed at the action of the constables by the mob, which had largely increased. Soon it was proposed to retaliate on the Frenchmen ashore, fully a hundred FISHERY FIGHTS.

Attacking French Fishermen at Ramsgate.

Attacking brench Fishermen at Ramsgate. they endeavored to all past with the provisions which they had purchased. The wounded man French, sprang at the first "John" he met and knocked him down. Others followed his example, and, as I gather from eyewitnesses, the whole of the Frenchmen were maltreated. The roughs kicked them when down, brutally, and threw their provisions and stores at the heads of their victims and into the basin.

CLEARING THE TOWN. The mob, after the fray, rushed across the bridges and pulled up in front of about fifty other Frenchmen, who were quietly grouped near the dock. Attacking these, who were overpowered by numbers, they beared their beats. The Frenchmen required no order. ing to sea. They were only too glad to go, for it one English had obtained the slightest by coast guards, and rowed across the harbor to their boats. While the melee lasted there of the harbor, and the entire concourse fell little short of two thousand persons. These ruffianly proceedings were unanimously de-precated in the town, and many English mackerelmen who took no part in the affair

NOT THE RAMSGATE FISHERMEN. I called on Captain Jones, the harbor master, who said:—"This has nothing to do with the Ramsgate fishermen. Although they are the people the most wronged, they had no hand in the disturbances which were caused by the smacksmen, who only used Ramsgate during the mackerel season. They come from New Haven, Brighton, Shore-ham, Rye and other Sussex towns on the coast." He wished this to be distinctly uncoast." He wished this to be distinctly understood, as the Ramsgate fishermen would not cause a row like this, as it spoils the reputation and trade of the town. Continuing, he added:—"There are two classes of smacksmen, the drift netters and the trawlers. The trawlers are Ramsgaters, who work their business all the year round. The drift netters are those who only come during the mackerel season," He said that the roughs were only what are in every town, "idle fellows glad to join in a row, but who do not represent Ramsgate fishermen."

A LONG STANDING TROUBLE. Captain Bint, of the sailing yacht Moss Rose, told me that the trouble has been going on for years, and that if a gunboat were sent to protect the English fishermen a stop to these rows would soon come about. He to these rows would soon come about. He said the English nets are made of cetton and the French of hemp. If the English find the French nets they take them to the custom house to be claimed by the French, but if the latter get hold of English nets they been than eep them.

THE WOUNDED MAN. grievance has been going on for years. A similar state of affairs occurred four years ago. We have no protection and the government does not seem disposed to grant a gunboat. If that were done all the troubles would end."

CASES OF COMPLAINT.

On Tuesday morning the Florence Nightingale of Shoreham put into this port. She reported having left Liwestoft on Sunday and shot her nets, 120 in number. On Monday evening they saw a French boat coming, and to thwart her designs she had her small boat put out to get in the nets. But before this was done the foreigns and 12

On Wednesday evening a Brighton boat

A large number of fishermen and boys and

chance the attack would have been renewed. The police, however, acted admirably, and under their protection the greater number of Frenchmen who still remained ashore were brought down to the boats, escorted was the greatest excitement in the vicinity

were disgusted with it. AN INTERNATIONAL MATTER. I give this account with great detail, because the matter has become an international one and the subject of a correspondence between the de Freycinet and Saliabury governments, in which the latter are likely to be called an international recomments. be called on for an apology and recompense.

The French Consul and an attache are all ready here, watching the police and the board of trade proceedings. I find no doubt expressed but that fair justice will be done to the French side.

do not represent Ramagate fishermen."

which carry twenty men to our seven, con-tinually cut and steal English nets. The

HEAVY LOSSES. George French, of the smack Four Sisters, concurred, and added :- "Our nets extend

I. Herydge, of the smack X, L, said that

ashore and settle their differences by the fists the English would not mind, but when the English were at sea they were attacked and were pewerless, being outnumbered, and that most of the French crews carry arms.

J. Mills, of the smack Sweet Hope, said J. Mills, of the smack Sweet Hope, said that his boat was boarded three times by Frenchmen betwen one and three a. m. one morning last week. They tore his sails and nets all to pieces, and took whatever gear they could lay their hands on.

G. Waymark, a fisherman, said : "I was driven by the French smacks four miles, and could not shoot my nets, and was obliged to make for harbor, in fear of losing all my nets. One French smack cut seven nets to

OPINION OF RESIDENTS.

Non-fishermen and residents of the town ear the harbor say that the rows were confined to the harbor and lasted about two hours, All were naturally greatly excited.

supposed they were attacked because they had landed to sell their mackerel, as they had a perfect right to do, having paid their sixpence for the privilege. "Quels laches! quels souevages que les Analyis!"

A MISTAKE. "How do you explain it?" said I to M. Charles Trollet, the chief shipowner of "I think the English really believed that some of our men had out their nets," re-plied M. Trollet; "but that was no excuse for their taking vengeance on innocent

M. Jannin, who owns sixteen boats, said: "I am afraid there is little doubt that some of the French boats did destroy some English nets, but the Ramsgate men had no shadow of right to retaliate on the wrong people. The affair is very serious and will lead to reprisals."

CALAIS BOATS. Before reaching there I halted at Calais to interview M. Everaert, the well known wealthy shipowner, who assured me that the Calais fishermen had so far managed to keep on pretty good terms with their neighbors across the channel. "There are about seventy boats at Calais," said he, "engaged in trawling. A good many of them are at present after herrings and mackerel off Dun.

HALIFAX, Oct. 13.—Tenders were opened to-day for the new Dalhousie college building. A. R. Milliken, Moncton, was given the contract at \$58,000 John McPherson, B. Mooney & Sons and William L. Prince, St. John, were among the tenderers. The next offer was M. R. Keefe, Halifax, \$54,000. The highest was present after herrings and mackerel off Dun.

the harbor, and, having temporarily repaired shout two miles. The Four Sisters has lost the damage, they put to sea.

CASES OF COMPLAINT.

about two miles. The Four Sisters has lost three will prove a mere passing incident. One of our boats got into a similar quarrel about two miles. The Four Sisters has lost three will prove a mere passing incident. One of our boats got into a similar quarrel about two miles. I. Herydge, of the smack X. L., said that he had lost 440 yards of rope, to the value of £9; also twelve lashes off his net.

Mr. Bassett, of the smack Who'd Have Thought It, said that his boat had lost thirty-eight nets, to the value of £50. All were cut and stolen.

Parkin and Harman, of the schooner Florence Nightingale, said that he had lost twelve nets, all of which were stolen by the Frenchmen, and added belligerently that if they (the Frenchmen) would only come ashore and settle their differences by the DANGEROUS SPARKS.

DANGEROUS SPARKS. The French press have already taken up the affair acrimonlously, and some cool heads I met at the places en route assured me they feared that these sparks might blow into a diplomatic flame,

From the Jaws of Death.

RESCUE OF ANTWERP'S CREW IN MID-OCEAN-

(Sunday's Boston Herald.)

The British steamer Bulgarian, Capt. Parry, of Thayer & Lizcoln's line, arrived at this port yesterday morning, from Liverpool, having on board the crew and one passenger, Thomas Evans, of the British bark Antwerp, abandoned at sea. The story of the disaster and the rescue by the steamer was told by hours. All were naturally greatly excited.
They say that the fishermen had borne injustice for years, and they were glad that the disturbance had occurred, as now the government must leok after the rights of the fishermen. They should imitate the action of the Herald's country, which they had read about.

THE FRENCH VERSION.

VIEWS OF THE VICTIMS OF THE RAMSGATE RIOTS.

All were naturally greatly excited.

Sep. 26, and had heavy weather up to Sep. 30.

On that date, in lat. 57 23', W. lon. 22' 07', at noon, a tremendous sea running, a bark, dismasted and with signals of distress flying, was reported. The steamer's course was at once changed and signals made that the steamer would stand by. When close enough to distinguish forms, the vessel's crew were seen crowded together aft and making frantic signals for help. The bark was in a sorry plight, lying almost on her beam ends, with her deck load partially washed away, and the decks lumbered with ropes Was not sorry pilight, lying almost on her bear mends, with her deck load partially washed away, and the decks lumbered with ropes and rigging, and every sea making a clean reached here just as the St. Exprit and six or seven other of the twelve Gravelines boats from Ramsgate were coming into the harbor. Gravelines is a primitive little fishing port, midway between Calais and Dunkirk. The fishing boats, over one hundred in number, are engaged in the cod and mackerel fisheries of Ramsgate, Dunkirk and Seeland. The fishermen here bear the reputation of being rather excitable, but, judging from my experience, I should say that no milder mannered men ever salled the sea.

ACTORS IN THE RIOTS.

fishermen here bear the reputation of being rather excitable, but, indiging from my experience, I should say that no milder manner dene never sailed the sea.

ACTOSS IN THE RIOTS.

Today I Interviewed several actors in the Ramsgabe rlota. This is the story told by Engene Leprete: "I was in Ramsgate mankers on Thursday morning, when a man makers on Thursday morning, when a man makers on Thursday morning, when a man makers on the state of the bank of the distance from the steamer to the bank was amounted. "No," said I.

"On this, without provocation, he doubled his fists and knocked me down. I got my, and after half as hour found a pollocamp, but, Lord love you? he was no use. So I went aboard. Manawhile two hundred man, but, Lord love you? he was no use. So I went aboard. Manawhile two hundred man, but, Lord love you? he was no use. So I went aboard. Manawhile two hundred man, but, Lord love you? he was no use. So I went aboard. Manawhile two hundred with the present of the Strongler, bold me a similar tale. "A party of an were in the market, posecially sellings to the market, posecially sellings were in the market, posecially sellings were in the market, posecially sellings were the market posecially sellings were the market, posecially sellings were the sellings and the sellin

Kent Agricultural Erhibition. The Kingston (Kent), Agricultural Society held their annual exhibition on Thursday the 7th inst. The grain, vegetables, etc., were ex-7th inst. The grain, vegetables, etc., were exhibited in the temperance hall, and the horses and cattle shown in a field near by. The exhibitien was one of the best ever held in Kingston, there being over three hundred entries. The day being very fine there were a greatmany spectators on the ground. The exhibit in the hall was magnificent, showing that Kent is well adapted to the growth of heavy grain and large and beautiful apples. Wheat weighing 68½ pounds per bushel, and apples measuring from 18 to 14 inches in circumference are not easily beaten. The ploughing match lent an additional interest to the exhibition.

Contract Awarded a Monctonian.