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VOL. V. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1888. No. 20

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Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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American Plan. $3.00 per day.
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MODERATE PRICES. PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED
Next door above W. H. Vanwart's Grocery Store, Queen Street, Fredericton!
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Z. R. EVERETT.
Fredericton, June 12, 1888.

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—OF—
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Still Continues. Also, a Lot of
DRESS GOODS
For 8 and 10 Cents, former price, 25 and 30 cents.
CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF
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CALL AT
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THE FINEST LINES OF
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1 Car Pressed Hay for Sale by
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Furniture Repaired.
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All work guaranteed so far as possible.
All orders left at above address will receive prompt attention.
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In Stock and to Arrive:
20 PUNCHEONS MOLASSES,
Antigua and Barbadoes.
10 BARRELS MOLASSES,
VERY FINE.
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Different Grades.
100 LBS. PURE PARIS GREEN.
At Bottom Prices, at
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MEN!
Our Specific No. 23 permanently restores EXHAUSTED VITALITY, LOST MANHOOD and GENERAL DEBILITY when other treatment fails. Send 6 cts. in stamps for our TREATISE and DIRECTIONS for home cure. TORONTO MEDICINE CO., 343 Spadina Ave. Toronto, Ont.

New Store
The Subscriber has commenced Business near the Old Stand, opposite the Barracks, and three doors below Wilmot's Alley, where he intends keeping a full line of
BOOTS, SHOES, AND READY-MADE CLOTHING.
The stock is all new and well selected, and prices will be sufficiently low to induce a return of all his old customers, and all other.
D. LUCY.
Fredericton, June 9th, 1888.

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Western Clover Seed, Northern Clover Seed, Alsike Clover Seed!
One Car Load of the above Just Received.
The Timothy is prime Lower Canada Seed (not Western) and will be sold low.
JOHN M. WILEY, 196 Queen street.
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Girdles, Gimps Ornaments, Muslins, Lawns, India Linen, White Robes, Colored Robes, Dress Goods in Plaids and Stripes.
CASHMERE IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.
JOHN HASLIN.
Fredericton, April 28th, 1888.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.
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DEAR SIR:—In August, 1883, I purchased of you a Rockford elevon jewel nickel S. W. movement, No. 81,785, and since that time the watch has performed perfectly satisfactory. It has never stopped and could always depend on it. During the past nine months, the actual variation has been less than sixty seconds, using it every day on my engine, compared by the time received each day at the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R. Depot.
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Engineer N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R.
Call and get one of the Record Books which contains many more such proofs that the Rockford is the Best.
S. F. SHUTE, Sole Agent,
302 Queen Street, Opp. Off. Sq.
Fredericton, April 26th, 1888.

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REJOICE AND BE GLAD!
For we have Creamers, Strainer Pails, Dairy Thermometers, Milk Pans and innumerable other goods
AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES!
A trial will convince you.
LEMONT & SONS
Fredericton, June 5th, 1888.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

By Charles Barnard.

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CHAPTER I.

The village of Salmon Falls, in eastern New England, consists of a number of mills and factories, the railroad station, a store or two, and 200 dwellings. Among these is the Denny mansion at the top of the hill, where the road climbs up from the station and the river. It is a large square house in the old colonial fashion, with two wings at the rear and a garden in front.

It was a warm July morning when Mr. John Denny, mill owner and proprietor of the homestead, had his chair rolled out to the porch, and, with some assistance from the servants, reached it on his crutch and sat down in the shadow of the great house and out of the glare of the hot sun. The vine covered porch and the wide piazza opened directly upon the garden and gave a full view of the road. Beyond there was an outlook over the open fields, the mills, the stream, and the village in the valley. By the road there was a stone wall and a wicker gate opening upon the grassy sidewalk outside. A table had been laid with a white cloth in the porch, and Mr. Denny sat by it and waited for the coming of his daughter and breakfast. While he sat thus he turned over a number of papers, and then, after a while, he began to talk to himself somewhat in this wise:

"Expense! expense! expense! There seems no end to it. Bills coming in every day, and every one larger than was expected. In my young days we built a shop and knew to a dollar what it would cost. Now the estimates are invariably short. The batting mill has already gone $1,000 beyond the estimates, and the roof is but just put on. Even the new chimney cost $4 a foot more than was expected. Thank heaven it is done, and that expense is over. Could I walk I might look after things and keep them within bounds. With my crushed foot I sit a prisoner at home, and must leave all to Lawrence. It is fortunate that I have one man I can trust with my affairs."

Just here Alma, his only child, a bright and wholesome girl of 19, appeared from the house. Fairly educated, sensible and affectionate, but perhaps a trifle inexperienced by reason of her residence in this quiet place, she is at once the pride and the light of the house.

"Good morning, father. Are you well this happy summer's day?"

The old gentleman kissed her fondly and asked did she pass a quiet night.

"Oh, yes. I didn't sleep much, that is all—for thinking."

"Thinking of what?"

"The expected guest. Today is the 9th of July, and cousin Elmer comes."

"Ah, yes—Elmer Franklin. I had almost forgotten him."

"How does he look, father? Is his hair dark or has he blue eyes? I hardly know which I like best."

"I do not remember. I've not seen the boy since he was a mere child, years ago. He has been at school since."

"He must be a man now. He is past 21, and as for school, why, it's the Scientific school, and I'm sure men go to that."

"You seem greatly interested in this unknown relative, Alma."

"He is to be our guest, father—for a whole month. Come. Will you have breakfast out here in the porch?"

"Yes, dear. It is quite comfortable here, and it will save the trouble of moving."

Thereupon Alma entered the house in search of the breakfast, and a moment after Mr. Lawrence Belford entered the garden at the street gate. The son of an old friend of Mr. Denny's lamented wife, Mr. Belford had been admitted to the house some months since as confidential clerk and business man. He was a rather commonplace person, about 30 years of age, and his education and manners were good if not remarkable. During his residence with the Dennys he had found time to fall in love with Alma, and they had been engaged—and with Mr. Denny's consent.

"Good morning, Lawrence. You're just in time for breakfast."

"Good morning, sir. Thank you, no. I have been to breakfast. I am just up from the station."

"Seen anything of the railroad coach? The train is in, and it is time for the coach to pass. Our guest may be in it."

"No, sir, but I saw the express coming up the hill with an extra large load of baggage."

Just here Alma returned from the house bearing a large tray of plates and breakfast things. The young people greet each other pleasantly, and Alma proceeds to lay the table.

"Now for breakfast, father. Everything waits upon a good appetite. Will you not join us, Lawrence?"

Mr. Belford replies that he has been to breakfast. Mr. Denny takes a cup of coffe, and while sipping it remarks:

"How many more window frames shall you require for the new mill, Lawrence?"

"Ten more, sir. There is only a part of the fourth story unfinished."

"Alma, dear, do you remember how high we decided the new chimney was to be? Yes, thank you, only two lumps of sugar. Thank you. You remember we were talking about it when the Lawsons were here."

"Don't ask me. Ask Lawrence. I never can remember anything about such matters."

Just at that moment the express pulled up at the gate, and there was a knock. Alma rose hastily and said:

"Oh! That must be Elmer."

She opened the gate, and young Mr. Elmer Franklin, of New York, entered. A man to respect—an open, manly face, clear blue eyes, and a wiry, compact and vigorous frame. A man with a sound mind in a sound body. He was dressed in a gray traveling suit, and had a knapsack strapped to his back; in his hand a stout stick, looking as if just cut from the roadside, and at his side a field glass in a leather case. Immediately behind him came a man bending under the load of an immense trunk. Alma smiled her best, and the young stranger bowed gallantly.

"Mr. Denny, I presume?"

"Welcome, cousin Franklin," said Mr. Denny, rising from his chair. "I knew you at once, though it is years since any members of our families have met. Pardon me if I do not rise. I'm an old man and confined to my chair."

Mr. Franklin offered his hand and said politely:

"Thank you, sir, for your kind reception. I am greatly pleased to— Hullo! Look out there, boys! That baggage is precious and fragile."

Another man appeared, and the two brought in trunks and boxes, bundles and parcels, till there was quite a large heap of baggage piled up on the grass. Alma and Lawrence were properly amazed at this array of things portable, and Mr. Denny laid aside the breakfast things to look at the rather remarkable display.

The young man seemed to think apologies essential.

"I do not wonder that you are alarmed. I do not often take such a load of traps. I wrote you that my visit would be one of study and scientific investigation, and I was obliged to bring my philosophical apparatus and books with me."

"It is indeed a wonderful train of luggage for a man. One would have thought you intended to bring a wife."

Then Mr. Denny bethought him of his duty, and he introduced his newly found relative to his daughter and to Mr. Lawrence Belford, and then bade him draw up to the table for breakfast. The young man made the motions suitable for such an occasion, and then he turned to pay his expressman. This trifling incident deserves record as happily illustrating the young man's noble character.

"Thank you, sir. Breakfast will be a cheerful episode. I've a glorious appetite, for I walked up from the station."

"There's a coach, Mr. Franklin, and it passes our door."

"I know that, sir, but I preferred to walk and see the country. Fine section of conglomerate you have in the road cutting just above the station."

"Eh! What were you saying?"

"I said that I observed an interesting section of conglomerate—water worn pebbles. I should say—mingled with quartz sand on the roadside. I must have a run down there and a better look at it after breakfast."

Mr. Denny was somewhat overwhelmed at this, and said doubtfully:

"Ah, yes, I remember—yes, exactly."

"Are you interested in geology, Miss Denny?"

Alma was rather confused, and tried hard to find the lump of sugar that had melted away in her coffee, and said briefly:

"No. I didn't know that we had any in this part of the country."

Mr. Belford here felt called upon to say:

"My dear Alma, you forget yourself."

"Why will you take me up so sharply, Lawrence? I meant to say that I didn't know we had any quartz conglomerate hereabouts."

Mr. Franklin smiled pleasantly, and remarked to himself:

"My dear Alma! That's significant. Wonder if he's spooney on her?"

Then he said aloud:

"The pursuit of science demands good dinners. Pardon me if I take some more coffee."

"Yes, do—and these rolls. I made them myself—expressly for you."

"Thank you for both rolls and compliment."

Mr. Lawrence took up some of the papers from the table and began to read them, and the others went on with their breakfast. Presently Mr. Denny said:

"I presume, Mr. Franklin, that you are greatly interested in your school studies?"

"Yes, sir. The pursuit of pure science is one of the most noble employments that can tax the cultivated intellect."

"But you must confess that it is not very practical."

Before the young man could reply Alma spoke:

"Oh! Cousin Elmer—I mean Mr. Franklin—excuse me. You haven't taken off your knapsack."

Taking it off and throwing it behind him on the ground, he said:

"It's only my clothes."

"Clothes!" said Mr. Denny. "Then what is in the trunks?"

"My theodolite, cameras, chains, levels, telescopes, retorts and no end of scientific traps."

Alma, quite pleased:

"How interesting. Won't you open one of the trunks and let us see some of the things?"

"With the greatest of pleasure; but perhaps I'd better take them to my room first."

"Anything you like, Elmer—Mr. Franklin, I mean. Our house is your home."

Lawrence Belford here frowned and looked in an unpleasant manner for a moment at the young stranger, who felt rather uncomfortable, though he could scarcely say why. With apparent indifference he drew out a small brass sounder, such as is used in telegraph offices, and began snapping it in his fingers.

In his mind he said:

"Wonder if any of them are familiar with the great dot and line alphabet?"

Alma heard the sounder and said eagerly:

"Oh! cousin—Mr. Franklin, what is that?"

"It is a pocket sounder. Do you know the alphabet?"

"I should hope so."

"I beg pardon. I meant Morse's.

"Morse's?"

"Yes. Morse's alphabet."

"No. You must teach it to me."

Thereupon he moved the sounder slowly, giving a letter at a time, and saying:

"A · — L · — · · M — — A · —. That's your name. Queer sound, isn't it?"

"Let me try. Perhaps I could do it."

"My dear Alma, your father is waiting. You had best remove the things."

"Yes, Lawrence. I'll call Mary."

The maid soon appeared, and the breakfast things were removed. Then Mr. Denny drew Mr. Franklin's attention to the new factory chimney that stood in plain sight from where they sat.

The young man promptly drew out his field glass, and mounting one of the steps of the porch took a long look at the new shaft.

"Not quite plumb, is it?"

"Not plumb! What do you mean?"

"It is impossible," said Mr. Belford, with some warmth.

"It looks so," said the young man with the glass still up at his eyes.

"I tell you it is impossible, sir. I built it myself, and I ought to know."

"Oh! Beg pardon. You can take the glass and see for yourself."

"I need no glass. I took the stage down only yesterday, and I ought to know."

"Allow me to take your glass, Cousin Franklin," said Mr. Denny. He took the glass, but quickly laid it down with a sigh.

"My eyes are old and weak, and the glass does not suit them. I am very sorry to hear what you say. I would not have one of my chimneys out of line for the world."

"I am sorry I said anything about it, sir. I did not know the chimney belonged to you."

Alma was apparently distressed at the turn the conversation had taken, and tried to lead it to other matters, but the old gentleman's mind was disturbed, and he returned to the chimney.

"I designed it to be the tallest and finest chimney I ever erected, and I hope it is all correct."

"It is, sir," said Mr. Belford. "Everything is correct, to the very capstones."

"It is my tallest chimney, Mr. Franklin—eighty-one feet and six inches; and that is two feet taller than any chimney in the whole Salmon Falls valley."

Mr. Franklin, in an innocent spirit of scientific inquiry, put his glass to his eyes and examined the chimney again. Alma began to feel ill at ease, and Lawrence Belford indulged in a muttered curse under his black mustache.

"Eighty-one feet and six inches—the tallest chimney in the valley."

No one seemed to heed the old gentleman's remark, and presently Mr. Franklin laid his field glass on the table, and taking out his brass sounder, he idly moved it as if absently thinking of something.

Alma suddenly looked up with a little blush and a smile. Her eyes seemed to say to him:

"I heard you call? What is it?"

He nodded pleasantly, and said, "Would you like to see some of my traps?"

"Oh, yes. Do open one of your trunks."

Mr. Franklin took out a bunch of keys and went to one of the trunks. As he did so he said to himself:

"Deuced bright girl! She learned my call in a flash. I must teach her the whole alphabet, and then will have some tall fun and circumvent that fool of a clerk."

This remark was applied to Mr. Belford, and was eminent for its touching truth.

While the young people were opening the trunk, Mr. Denny and Mr. Belford were engaged in examining the business papers spread on the table, and for several minutes they paid no attention to things done and said almost under their eyes.

Such a very strange trunk. Instead of clothing it contained the most singular assortment of scientific instruments. Each was carefully secured so that no rude handling would harm it, and all shining and glistening brilliantly as if kept with the most exquisite care. Mr. Franklin unfastened a small brass telescope, mounted upon a stand, with a compass, levels, plumb line and weight attached.

"That's my theodolite. There's a tripod in one of my boxes. I'll get it and mount it, and we'll have a shot at the chimney."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing! I'm going to measure it. Wouldn't you like to help me?"

"With all my heart. Tell me what to do."

"Presently. Wait till I've screwed things together; then I'll tell you what to do. Oh! by the way, I must tell you an amusing episode that happened at the railroad station while I was waiting for my luggage. There was a young man sending off a message at the little telegraph station, and I overheard the message and the comments of the operator."

Alma didn't appear to enjoy this incident.

"Not listening intentionally, you know. It was the telegraph I heard, not the people."

Alma felt better.

"It was all by mere sounds, and it ran this way: 'The old fool is here again.' That's what she said—the counsellor, I mean. 'To Isaac Adams, 1,00, Barclay street, New York. I have secured the will. Foreclose the mortgage and realize at once. Get two staterooms for the 25th.—L. B.' That was the message, and it was so very strange I wrote it out in my— Oh! beg pardon, Miss Denny. Are you ill?"

Alma's face had assumed a sudden pallor, and she seemed frightened and ill at ease.

"'Tis nothing—really nothing. I shall be better presently."

Then, as if anxious to change the conversation, she began to ask rapid questions about the theodolite and its uses.

Mr. Franklin was too well bred to notice anything, but he confessed to himself that he had said something awkward, and for the life of him he could not imagine what it might be. He replied briefly, and then went on with his preparations for some time in silence, Alma meanwhile looking on with the greatest interest. The theodolite having been put together, Mr. Franklin opened another box and took out a wooden tripod, such as is used to support such instruments. He also took out a fine steel ribbon or measuring tape, neatly wound up on a reel.

"You shall carry that, Miss Denny, and I'll shoulder the theodolite."

"Wait till I get my hat and the sun umbrella."

"To be sure; it will be warm in the fields."

Alma was soon arrayed in a dainty chip. At least she called it a chip, and the historian can do naught but repeat her language. Besides this, it was not bigger than a chip, and it looked very pretty tied under her chin. Over her head she carried its real protection, an immense Japanese paper umbrella, light, airy and generous.

"Where are you going, Alma?" said Mr. Denny.

"Oh, only to the fields for a little walk. We'll be back presently."

The confidential clerk thought it strange that the daughter of the house should be so free with the stranger. But the young people were distant cousins, and it wouldn't have been polite in him to have objected to the little walk.

So the two, under the friendly shade of the big paper umbrella, went out to see the new chimney, while Mr. Denny and the confidential clerk staid behind to talk business.

The new chimney stood at the southeast corner of the great four story mill and close beside the little brick engine house. Alma led the youthful son of science out of the gate, down the road a few rods, and they passed a stile, and took the winding path that straggled over the pastures to the mill.

Of course they talked volubly. This being the stern and prosy record of applied science, it becomes us not to report the chatterings of these two till they reached the base of the vast brick chimney, towering nearly eighty feet into the air above them. Its long shadow lay like a stiffened snake upon the fields, and Elmer, observing it, said:

"Good! We can use the shadow, too, and have double proof."

"How?" said the bright one, in a beautiful spirit of inquiry.

"If an upright stick, a foot long, casts a shadow three feet long, the shadow of another stick beside it, at the same time, is proportionally long."

"I knew that before. That isn't very high science."

"Why did you say 'how?'"

"Because I didn't think. Because I was a goose."

"Such terms are not choice and are devoid of truth. Here, stern duty calls. Do you hold one end of the tape at the foot of the chimney, and I'll measure off the base line of our triangle."

Alma was charmed to be of use, and sat on a stone with the brass ring of the tape on her ring finger next her engagement ring and her hand flat against the first course of bricks. Trifles sometimes hint great events. Little did she think that the plain brass ring on her finger was the hard truth of science that should shiver her gold ring to fragments, and pale its sparkling diamond. Being a wholesome creature and not given to romance, she thought nothing about it, which was wise. Her cousin, the knight of the theodolite, set his instrument upright upon the grass, and then ran the measuring line out to its full length.

"All right! Let the tape go."

Alma took off the brass ring, and the steel ribbon ran like a glittering snake through the grass, and she slowly followed it and joined her knight.

"Once more, please. Hold the ring on this bit of a stake that I've set up in the ground."

Alma, like a good girl, did as she was bid, and the ribbon ran out again to its full length. Another stake was set up, and the theodolite was placed in position and a sight obtained at the top of the tall chimney. A little figuring in a note book, and then the son of high science quietly remarked:

"Seventy-six feet four inches—short five feet two inches.

Just here several urchins of an inquiring turn of mind drew near and began to make infantile comments, and asked with charming freedom if it was a circus.

"No!" said Alma, from under her paper tent. "No! run away, children, run away."

It was too warm for so much exertion, and they wouldn't move.

"Oh! never mind them. They don't trouble me; and if it amuses them, it's so much clear gain."

"They are some of the factory children, and I thought they might bother you."

"Inelegant, but thoughtful." He didn't say so. He only thought it, which was quite as well.

During this little episode the impressive facts that all this scientific exertion had brought out concerning the chimney were lost upon Alma. It was small consequence. She knew it well enough before night.

Now for the shadow by way of proof. The theodolite, paper umbrella, and admiring crowd of children trotted severally and collectively over the grass till they reached the chimney again.

"The tape measure, Alma. You hold the ring and I'll unreel the string."

It was surprising how quickly these two made each other's acquaintance. By the time the long shadow was measured, a stake set up, and the two shadows compared, they seemed to have known each other for weeks. Such is the surprising effect of pure science when applied to love.

Had it come to this already? She was engaged to the confidential clerk, the chimney builder. His ring glittered on her finger. True—all of it!

See them sauntering slowly (the thermometer at 87 degs.) homeward under the friendly shade of an oiled paper umbrella. They are indeed good friends already. They enter the house together, and the cheerful dinner bell greets their ears. She folds her oiled paper tent and he sets his instrument up in a corner of the great shady hall. She leads the way to the chamber that is to be his room during his stay, and then retires to her own to prepare for the frugal noontide meal.

The exact truth records that the meal was not severely frugal. It was otherwise, and so much nicer.

The entire family were assembled, and conversation was lively, considering the weather. Near the close of the meal it grew suddenly warm. The innocent son of science, proud of his accomplishments, made a most incautious statement, and the result was peculiar.

"Oh, uncle, you were saying this morning that my science was not very practical. I tried a bit of it on your chimney this morning, and what do you think I found?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Mr. Denny.

"I measured it, and it is exactly seventy-six feet four inches high."

If he had dropped a can of nitro-glycerine under the table the effect couldn't have been more startling. Mr. Lawrence Belford dropped his fruit knife with a ruinous rattle, his face assumed the color of frosted cake (the frosting, to be exact), and he seemed thoroughly frightened. Mr. Denny looked surprised, and said:

"What?"

Alma said nothing, but fished for the sugar in her strawberries and cream.

"What did you say, Mr. Franklin?"

"I said that I measured the new chimney, just for the fun of the thing, and found that it is exactly seventy-six feet four inches high."

"It is an abominable lie."

"Lawrence!" said Alma, with an appealing glance.

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