THE HERALD.

Board of Works Jan 1 99

VOL. VI., NO. 18. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895. $1.00 PER YEAR.

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A Pointer.

ONLY a few days more to the season of Cheerfulness when all mankind forget the strife of business and try to make others happy and be happy themselves. This is the time of merry-making, of giving and of receiving. What will you give the loved ones, the wife, the mother, sister or friend, as a remembrance, to make for them a season of rejoicing—a Merry Christmas? Have you thought of it? For usefulness, for comfort and for enjoyment there is nothing like a good, keen cutting Carving Knife, a pair of good Scissors, or a good Cooking Range, Clothes Wringer or Carpet Sweeper.

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NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

JOHN F. SANSOM and Robert S. Sansom, of Stanley, in the County of York, Lumber Manufacturers, doing business under the name and style of J. E. & R. S. Sansom, have this day assigned their estate and effects to me, the undersigned, in trust for the benefit of their creditors. The trust deed is at my office, Queen Street, Fredericton, for inspection and signature. By the terms of said deed, persons wishing to participate, must execute the same within ninety days from the date thereof. Fredericton, July 5th, 1894.

FRANK I. MORRISON, Trustee Estate of J. E. & R. S. Sansom

F'ton, July 21, 1894.

Nails! Nails!

Just received by rail:

25 KEGS Steel Wire Nails, 45 boxes Horse Nails, 1 barrel Pipe Fittings, 12 boxes Window Glass, and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

FROM RURAL DISTRICTS.

Interesting and Spicy Gossip from Our Active Correspondents.

GLEANINGS FROM YORK.

Cloverdale.

MARCH 28.—The weather is all that could be wished for, and the roads are in fine condition. The people in general are busy, hauling logs to the mill, getting wood, moving and visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hill, of Millville, paid the place a short visit, but being in a hurry, they did not call on many of their friends.

Jason Herrington and family have moved into T. Foster's house.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Jones and Mrs. C. Jones, who have been spending a few days with friends at Keswick, have returned home.

Alex. Hoyt and Mr. Hazleton, of Lower Queensbury, is visiting here, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer.

Miss Lottie Wallace is taking music lessons of Miss Annie Shaw, of Carlisle.

It seems as if the young of this district have learning enough, as we don't hear anything of a school.

Mrs. C. Wallace, who had the misfortune to break her arm some time ago, is improving.

Temple.

MARCH 26.—W. H. Patterson and sons have been busily engaged the last week in moving their steam saw mill from Charley Lake and locating it on the farm they have recently purchased from Asa Dow.

Moses Hillman and family who have been keeping boarding house in Woodstock the past year, have tired of town life and returned to their farm in this vicinity.

Mrs. Elbridge Hagerman, who has been ill of consumption for a length of time, died on the 16th inst., loved and respected by all. She was twenty-six years of age. She leaves a husband and three young children. Her funeral was attended by Rev. C. T. Phillips.

The bridge that has been in course of construction the past winter over the Asa Dow creek, is now finished and the builders, Robert Logan & Sons, have moved back to their home in St. Marys.

SUNBURY JOTTINGS.

Sheffield.

MARCH 28.—A social was held at the residence of Frederick B. Jewett last Thursday evening. There was a large attendance and a pleasant evening was spent by all. Proceeds amounted to $19.

Rev. Joseph Barker and Mrs. Barker spent last week with friends here. Mr. Barker occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church Sabbath afternoon. His friends were pleased to hear him again.

Mrs. Isaac Stephenson is very ill. Since her father's death, several weeks ago, she has been in a melancholy state. Little hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Mrs. C. B. Barker is a little better the last four days.

Sheffield Union Lodge received two new members the last night of meeting.

Several young men of the place have made quite extensive preparations for honey-making, but so far the season has been very poor.

GIANT GILBERT DEAD.

He was Seven Feet Six Tall, and was Known to all Circus-goers.

"Colonel" James Gilbert, the giant of Barnum, Forepaugh, and all the other big shows of the country, died recently in New York. Gilbert stood seven feet six inches in his stockings and was big in proportion. He was a Mexican, born in Chihuahua not quite thirty-five years ago, the only child of parents, who were short even for the small sized Mexicans. His rapid growth used to be to his parents a source of wonder mingled with dismay, for by the time he was ten years old he was too big to wear his father's cast-off clothes, and when he was fifteen it took twice as much cloth to make a suit of clothes for him as it did for his father. When he was twenty-one years he had attained his full growth, and an agent of Barnum's circus found him and brought him to New York, where the show was playing.

His success was instantaneous. Dubbed Colonel and put into a beautiful uniform and armed with a huge sword, he would stalk through the streets, followed invariably by a crowd. His services were in demand in all parts of the country and money came easily. He made his home in Scranton, and he became a member of the uniformed ranks of the Knights of Pythias. He travelled with all sorts of shows; big and little, always maintaining the success he had made at the beginning.

Two years ago, while in Sioux Centre, Minn., he met and married Miss Emma Mossman, who made a good mate for him, as she was nearly seven feet tall.

At the close of an engagement in the South with a circus the Colonel and his wife came to New York and went to live at 287 Elizabeth street. On account of the hard times, he found that the only engagement he could get was as a "Dahomey" giant at a Bowery museum. The Colonel was a sick man then, for he had been caught in a Minnesota blizzard the year before and had been badly frozen, from the effects of which he had never recovered. But he had to live, and so, in spite of the distaste the work inspired in him, he blacked himself up and at regular intervals gave his war-cry and whirled his war club about his head as the natives of Dahomey are supposed to do. Last week he resumed his original role at an uptown museum, but it was hard work, he was so ill. His once massive frame had wasted away so there was little left but skin and bone.

AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS.

What Protection has done for Canada.

Sixteen years ago, says the Montreal Witness, the farmers of Canada were told that they were not as prosperous under a revenue tariff as they should be, and that the prices of grain were not as high as they should be, though wheat at that time brought the farmer over a dollar a bushel. They were told that what they needed was a home market for their grain, that the home market could be enlarged by protection, which would increase the population, and that with a larger home market, price would be higher. Protection was to develop the farms of this country, was to increase and enrich the farmers, and increase the population. When it is pointed out that all these promises of the protectionists have failed, that the population, which increased under free trade by 17 per cent. has increased under protection by only 11 per cent, that the price of wheat is only half of what it was seventeen years ago, instead of higher, as the protectionists promised; that the home market has not under protection increased as rapidly as it did under free trade; that there has been an actual reduction of 7,206 in the number of farmers in Canada in 1891 as compared with 1881, and that all the fine promises of the protectionists have turned out to be false, the lies of men who knew they lied, we are told that it is poor crops and low prices that are to blame. Of course; but what about the protection that was to do away with poor crops and make prices high. As a matter of fact, there never was grown in Canada better crops of wheat than have been grown in the new, fertile lands of the Canadian Northwest, and there are hundreds of thousands of acres in eastern Canada that would yield good crops if prices were profitable. The construction of the Canadian Pacific railway, for which Canada paid over a hundred million dollars, was to develop Canada's wheat territory, throw a million of people into the Northwest, who under protection were to produce 640,000,000 bushels of wheat and reduce the public debt of Canada by $100,000,000 long before the year of grace, 1895.

Compare the fulfilment of protection with its promises. A quarter of a million people in the Northwest who produced 18,000,000 bushels of wheat last year, for which they got 45 cents a bushel, and our public debt, instead of being reduced $100,000, has been increased over $105,000,000. The protectionists no longer dare make the glowing promises for protection that they once made, but they insinuate that bad as the state of things is it will be no better under a revenue tariff. That is all the defence that is offered for continuing the heavy burdens upon the people which they are pleased to call protection. Not a word of explanation is forthcoming from the protectionists as to the utter failure of all their glowing promises. But they still, in the interests of the manufacturers and combines who subscribe their election funds, declare their intention, as Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper avowed, of 'living with the dye of protection,' that is, with the brand of the ownership of the manufacturers upon their foreheads in office; that is what protection means to the members of the government. What it means to the people is first a higher price for almost everything they buy, and second, so far as regards those products of the country with which they buy the products of other countries, a lower price for everything they sell.

RECIPES HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

Baptist Dip.—Roll some light dough very thin, cut with a small biscuit cutter or in squares with a knife. Fry in hot lard to a light brown, remove with wire spoon and place in a colander that no fat may remain on them. Prepare cream or milk gravy as for common toast and immerse the cakes.

Caramel Cake.—One cup sugar, ½ cup (small) of butter beaten well to a cream, 2 eggs beaten separately, ½ cup milk, 2 cups flour, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Filling: Two cups light-brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup cream or milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix all together and boil slowly until quite thick or candied. Spread when nearly cold.

Hickory-nut Cake.—Sugar 1½ cups, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup nut meats, ½ cup butter, ¾ cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon soda, 2 cups flour.

Batter Pudding.—One pint of milk, 3 eggs, 7 heaping tablespoons of flour; beat the eggs thoroughly, stir in the flour gradually, salt and bake twenty minutes.

Lemon Honeycomb.—Put into a dish the juice of a good-sized lemon, with 2 ounces of powdered sugar; whisk the white of one egg, 1 pint of cream and one ounce of sifted sugar into a stiff froth. Skim it off as it forms and lay it upon the lemon juice till all the cream is exhausted. Let it stand a day before you serve it.

Apple Fritters.—Three eggs, 3 tablespoons sifted sugar, 1 pint flour, salt, milk to make a good batter, as many apples chopped fine as the batter will take. Sift sugar over when fried.

Danish Pudding.—Soak 1 cup of tapioca all night in 3 pints of water. In the morning cook it an hour and then add ½ cup white sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and a small tumbler of currant jelly; mix together thoroughly over the fire, then pour into a mold. Serve with cream and sugar.

Sponge Cake.—Three eggs beaten five minutes, add 1½ cups sugar and beat two minutes, 1 cup of flour with a teaspoon of cream of tartar. Mix these thoroughly and add ½ cup of cold water with ½ teaspoon of soda and another cup of flour.

TO PREVENT SMUT IN GRAIN.

The hot water treatment of seed grain, says a writer in the American Agriculturist, will prevent smut in wheat and oats to a large extent. This is the result whenever it has been carefully tried by farmers or at experiment stations, and in my own case I get less than half of one per cent of smutted oats, against 10 to 15 per cent if the seed is not treated. When you have once thoroughly treated your seed the process need not be repeated for a number of years if care is taken to keep it from being impregnated again. Dipping seed oats held in a basket or gunny sack, the usual method is a tedious job, but I treat 10 bushels of seed oats for hours in this way:

Bore a 1½-inch hole in bottom of kerosene barrel, cover with wire screen on inside, fit in a 4-inch water-tight bung so as not to push up screen; punch 30 or 40 quarter-inch holes in a joint of 6-in stove-pipe from top to bottom (by slipping it over a round post or pole); put into barrel a barrel of oats to the depth of six inches, set pipe in center of barrel and fill oats around it to top of pipe (which will require about five bushels) raise barrel 18 inches from ground—and you are ready to apply the hot water. Have on hand 12 or 14 gallons of water heated to 130°. Pour this into the pipe until it rises to the top and covers the oats. If there is any inclination to swim, press them down and spread a cloth over the barrel to keep in the heat. Let stand 10 minutes, then draw water off by spigot at bottom. The temperature will be found to have fallen to about 100°, and should be immediately raised to 133° by adding boiling water. When that temperature has been secured, pour the water again into the pipe, cover as before, let stand 10 or 12 minutes, draw water off, and the seed is ready to be turned out to dry.

"Have you named the baby yet?" "No; but my husband has sent for three sets of encyclopedias and we may arrive at one before long."

WICKED NEW YORK.

A Mysterious Murder Which Baffles the Skill of the Police.

The Whitechapel Tragedies Recalled.

One of the most mysterious murders committed in New York since the mutilated body of old "Shakespeare" was found in a low resort near the East River front, for whose butchery the Algerian "Frenchy" is now serving a life sentence, was discovered shortly after six o'clock Sunday morning. The victim was a young colored woman, whose dismembered body was found wrapped in pieces of carpet and partly hidden from view in the area of the building of the New York Note Company, corner of Sixth Avenue and Waverly place. How long the ghastly remains had been lying there is not known. As yet the police have no clue to the perpetrator who deposited the bundle there. Immediately upon the discovery of the crime, the police of the central office were notified and a half a dozen of the best detectives were detailed to fathom the mystery, if possible.

The body was found almost at the same time by two men. One of these, Joseph Phillips, is a young electrician, and the other Patrolman Edward S. Kysmare of the Mercer street station.

The bundle in which the remains was found was bound at either end with pieces of clothes line, leaving the middle portion somewhat loose. Patrolman Kysmare put his hand inside and drew out the lower part of a human leg. Then he knew that murder had been committed, and he hastily placed the leg in its place again and reported the matter. The remains were taken to the Charles street station house on a stretcher. The body proved to be that of an unknown colored woman between 21 and 25 years old.

Around the neck was tied in a double knot a long piece of cheese cloth. This has been tied so tightly that it had caused strangulation and had forced the tongue to protrude from the mouth. Her legs had been cut off just below the knees, and one of them lay on the top of the body, with its foot toward her head, while the other was found underneath the body.

The only clothing the woman had on were a chemise and chemisette of white material. The stuff in which the body was wrapped was composed of an old brown table cover, which some thought to be a piano cover, a piece of carpet and an old rug. In the bundle there was found a piece of note paper. On this paper was a clot of blood, and written in pencil these words, so far as they could be made out: "March 23rd, Rahway, N. J., James (or Jane) E. Surindd, Rahway N. J."

Beneath were the word "Solomon" and also the word "Brother," while the word "Ditto" was written between them. The body was viewed by Coroner Debbs and deputy coroner Conlin, who made a careful investigation and an examination of the wounds and of the woman, in order if possible to determine how she came by her death. Dr. Conlin first removed the stout cord which bound the hands together. This cord had been tied so tightly as to make great creases in the flesh. He next unloosened the long piece of cheese cloth with which the woman had been choked to death. He found that this had been tied in a double knot and that it had been the direct cause of death. The other mutilations, he said, had been made after death had come.

The deputy coroner said he had no doubt that the woman had been cut by a sharp axe or a butcher's cleaver. There was evidence, however, in the cut on the thigh that the murderer had used a knife at first, in order to sever the whole leg from the trunk, but had given that instrument up for a more powerful one.

There was nowhere to be found any evidence of a struggle on the part of the woman. On the neck was an abrasion caused by the cloth with which the strangulation had been done and a slight abrasion on the other side of the neck. The deputy coroner was positive that the woman had been dead not more than twenty-four hours before the body was found, and that she had probably been dead not less than fourteen hours, although the time might have been less. He said also that the woman had been a mother.

Among the slight clues which may eventually lead to the identification of the body are these furnished by a plain gold ring the woman wore on the third finger of her left hand, and by the fact that she wore a porous plaster on her left breast.

The remains were visited by many hundreds of colored people living in the vicinity, but none of them could identify her, although Henry Allen, a house cleaner, thought he recognized her as a woman who had once worked in his employ, but he could not tell her name. It is the opinion of the police that the woman is a member of that class of colored women who live on streets running out of Sixth avenue. They make no attempt to explain the motive of the crime.

HANDLING STABLE MANURE.

I handle about 300 cords of manure every year, says a writer in the American Agriculturist, and after trying every conceivable experiment I have adopted the following rules: 1. Never pile manure in the field. Scatter it from the wagon. 2. Never scatter it thin, for all stable manure is full of weed seeds. If put in the ground thin, a big weed patch will result; if thick, a small one, but the ground will have strength enough to keep the crop ahead of the weeds and such a crop as will pay for pulling weeds. If pulled once a rich spot free from weeds will be noticeable for years to come. 3. Never compost manure. It doesn't pay. 4. Never handle the manure until ready to haul to the field. Leave it under the feet of the animals. It was a long time before I could bring myself to this rule and it will be longer for others. Yet I know it is a valuable one. It may require much bedding to keep the animal clean, but no man ever lost money on bedding if he used the manure.

Some of the advantages of this last rule are: The stables are much warmer in winter—I have often seen cows leave a good stable to sleep on a manure pile on a cold night; all the liquid manure is saved; more manure is made as one is compelled to use more bedding; there is less expense than in any other way; it saves one handling; it saves building manure sheds or composting; the manure is preserved perfectly. If piled it will burn (fire-fang); thrown out of doors it will leach and freeze. Leaving it under foot and bedding heavily has proved profitable with me and of no disadvantage to my stock. I have had it perfectly preserved when 30 inches deep. Before emptying a stable I cut the manure with my hay-knife, into blocks four feet square. It then comes out very easily. As soon as the back of winter is broken, I empty my stables when the ground is frozen solidly enough to bear up a loaded wagon. The spring rains wash it into the soil and the result is much better than if hauled just before plowing. [The idea of allowing a lot of cows to remain in the stable all winter without cleaning it out is not an attractive one. Better clean it out daily and draw the manure to fields, and spread it as unloaded. Cow manure will not ordinarily fire-fang, and does not heat like horse manure. A certain amount of fermentation may go on, and thus help to warm the stables, but at the expense of pure air. Unless such stables are well ventilated, their tendency is to weaken the cow and make her an easy prey to tuberculosis.—Editor Agriculturist].

SAMSON.

The Speaker of London, England, which ranks high as a literary authority, says in a recent issue that the best American poem published for many years is "Samson" by Frederick George Scott. The Rev. Frederick George Scott is an Anglican Minister at Drummondville, Que. He is a son of the late Dr. W. E. Scott, in his lifetime professor of anatomy at McGill College. "Samson" is only one of his many striking poems. It first appeared two or three years ago, but was republished in Mr. Scott's last book, "My Lattice," published by William Briggs, Toronto. The poem is as follows:

Plunged in night, I sit alone
Eyeless on this dungeon stone,
Naked, shaggy and unkempt,
Dreaming dreams no soul hath dreamt.

Rats and vermin round my feet
Play unharmed, companions sweet;
Spiders weave me overhead
Silken curtains for my bed.

Day by day the mould I smell
Of this fungus-blistered cell;
Nightly in my haunted sleep
O'er my face the lizards creep.

Gyves of iron scrape and burn
Wrists and ankles when I turn,
And my collared neck is raw
With the teeth of brass that gnaw.

God of Israel, canst Thou see
All my fierce captivity?
Do Thy sinews feel my pains?
Hearest Thou the clanking chains?

Thou who madest me so fair,
Strong and buoyant as the air,
Tall and noble as a tree,
With the passions of the sea,

Swift as horse upon my feet,
Fierce as lion in my heat,
Rending, like a wisp of hay,
All that dared withstand my way,

Canst Thou see me through the gloom
Of this subterranean tomb—
Blinded tiger in his den,
Once the lord and prince of men?

Clay was I; the potter Thou
With Thy thumbnail smooth'dst my brow,
Roll'dst the spittle-moistened sands
Into limbs between Thy hands.

Thou didst pour into my blood
Fury of the fire and flood,
And upon the boundless skies
Thou didst first unclose my eyes.

And my breath of life was flame,
God-like from the source it came,
Whirling round like furious wind,
Thoughts upgathered in the mind.

Strong Thou mad'st me, till at length
All my weakness was my strength;
Tortured am I, blind and wrecked,
For a faulty architect.

From the woman at my side,
Was I woman-like to hide
What she asked me, as if fear
Could my iron heart come near?

Nay, I scorned and scorn again
Cowards who their tongues restrain!
Cared I no more for Thy laws
Than a wind of scattered straws.

When the earth quaked at my name
And my blood was all aflame,
Who was I to lie, and cheat
Her who clung about my feet?

From Thy open nostrils blow
Wind and tempest, rain and snow;
Dost Thou curse them on their course
For the fury of their force?

Tortured am I, wracked and bowed,
But the soul within is proud;
Dungeon fetters cannot still
Forces of the tameless will.

Israel's God, come down and see
All my fierce captivity;
Let Thy sinews feel my pains,
With Thy fingers lift my chains.

Then with thunder loud and wild,
Comfort Thou Thy rebel child,
And with lightning split in twain
Loveless heart and sightless brain.

Give me splendor in my death—
Not this sickening dungeon breath,
Creeping down my blood like slime,
Till it wastes me in my prime.

Give me back for one blind hour,
Half my former rage and power,
And some giant crisis send,
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God, Thy mercy show—
Crush him in the overthrow
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint.

NOT POSTED ON THE FACTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

The Editor of the Gleaner evidently does not keep himself posted in regard to Mr. Laurier's past career. It was at the time Mr. Laurier took a seat in MacKenzie's cabinet that he was defeated by J. O. Bourbeau in Drummond and Arthabaska, not at a general election as he states, nor by Clarence (Chester) Cleveland as he stated in a previous article. Mr. Laurier's law partner, Mr. Lavergne, has since redeemed the seat which was only lost because his friends did not exert themselves.

Richmond and Wolfe is not a strong Liberal constituency as stated, and has never elected a Liberal except once, when after the exposure at the time of the Pacific scandal, the Hon. Henry Aylmer was elected and served one term. In 1891 three parties wanted to run in the Liberal interest, none of whom would consent to retire in favor of anyone except Mr. Laurier, who, in order to restore harmony, consented to run, and it was only by this the retreat of W. B. Ives and by bringing out C. C. Cleveland, of Danville, a strong local man, and personally liked by both sides, that the Conservatives were able to hold the seat. Mr. Laurier also ran in Quebec East in 1891.

Yours truly,

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Newcastle, March 28th, 1895.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Events of Interest Provincial and General.

Bismarck was 80 years old Monday.

Summerside, P. E. Island, had a $35,000 fire Saturday.

An engagement between Julia Murphy, and Hugh J. Grant, ex-Mayor of New York, is announced.

Hon. A. R. Dickey, of Amherst, N. S., was sworn in Minister of Militia by Lord Aberdeen at Rideau Hall, Monday.

Major Markham, manager of the St. John Sun, has been appointed commandant of the Bisley team of this year.

David Creighton, late manager of the Toronto Empire, has been appointed assistant receiver general of Toronto, vice Campbell, super-annuated.

Early Monday morning one of the boilers in the old Conn tannery, Woburn, Mass., exploded with terrific force, killing four men and injuring six others.

The order that was issued by Major General Herbert forbidding the bands of militia corps to appear in uniform at private engagements, has been cancelled.

At Prairie School House, six miles from Norman, Ok., Sunday, John McGinnis met William Powers at church and shot him dead. They had quarrelled over the price of a load of hay.

A Cincinnati, Ohio, policeman, Barney Degnan, Saturday night arrested John Fisher, a boy 20 years old, for using abusive language. On the way to the station house Fisher started to run away, whereupon Degnan shot him dead.

The bill for the disestablishment of the church in Wales has passed its second reading in the Imperial House of Commons. The government had a majority of 44, the vote standing 304 in favor of the measure and 260 against it.

Montreal proposes holding a world's fair in 1896, and the organizers ask a grant of $250,000 from the Dominion government. They say Montreal city council will vote $100,000 and that the citizens will subscribe $400,000. They mean business.

The court house at Regina, N. W. T., was completely destroyed by fire Sunday night. The lands office and public works office were also located in the building, and everything was lost. The government law library of twenty-five hundred volumes, valued at ten thousand dollars, went up in smoke with the rest.

The house, barn and sheds of James Price, at Newbridge, Carleton Co., were burned to the ground Saturday afternoon. The loss is heavy, including the house, three barns, granary, two horses, thirty hens, 100 bushels of grain, double wagon, mowing machine, horse rake, six tons of hay and almost all utensils. He had $1,000 insurance.

Thos. W. Peters, one of St. John's best known citizens, died Saturday evening after quite a long illness. Deceased was a son of the late Col. Peters and his mother was a sister of the late Hugh McMonagle of Sussex. Mr. Peters was an alderman from 1881 to 1890, and Mayor of St. John in 1891, 1892 and 1893. He was 47 years old.

The northbound Oregon express was stopped by robbers at Marysville, Cal., on Saturday morning. One of the passengers and a robber were killed in the fight that ensued in the cars, after the robbers failed to secure anything in the express car, Sheriff Bogard attempted to stop the robbery and was shot dead after he had killed one of the bandits.

An important meeting of Liberals of Quebec west was held on Saturday evening, when it was decided to put a candidate in the field at the forthcoming by-election. Who this candidate will be it is impossible now to say, as the Liberals refuse to divulge his name, but the choice has fallen on an Irish Catholic, and if he refused to be put in nomination, the Liberals will then offer the candidature to Richard Turner.

The adjournment of the New Hampshire legislature last week was accompanied by exciting incidents. The Governor drove the legislature wild by vetoing all extraordinary measures carrying heavy appropriations. The Republican leader of the house entered the Senate Chamber and declared that two-thirds of the senators were liars. The house passed a resolution calling the Senate the "House of Lords."

Comment is made among militiamen over the sweeping denunciation of the Martin-Metford rifle, in which Hon. Mr. Patterson indulged at the banquet given him by the brigade staff in Montreal. The arm has never been popular in Ottawa. The government has squandered several thousand dollars in the purchase of these rifles, which are now officially condemned. Explanations will be in order in parliament.

A young man in South Georgia decided to play "ghost" recently, so he wrapped a white sheet around himself and sallied forth. When he arrived at his destination he found that the family had retired, and incidentally discovered a burglar trying to effect an entrance through a window. The burglar was not frightened, however. He simply faced about, robbed the ghost of $20 and a gold watch, and departed on the midnight express.

At a meeting of the Liberals of Saskatchewan, N. W. T., held at Battleford, Monday, the president read a letter from Hon. Mr. Laurier accepting a nomination for parliament, and there was great rejoicing. By a standing vote, amidst great cheering, the Hon. Mr. Laurier was chosen standard-bearer. A fact worthy of note was the large number of Conservatives present, who not only promised their votes, but volunteered their services during the campaign. The magic name of "Laurier" will redeem Saskatchewan, writes a Free Press correspondent. The Opposition leader will also stand for Quebec east.

One of the most serious cases ever in Annapolis county is about to be aired in the courts. A well known M. D. of Middleford and a young man from Aylesford, have been arrested on the advice of Miss Sterling of Hillfort farm, Aylesford, who claims that these two are guilty of one of the grossest crimes in the calendar on a young girl whom Miss Sterling brought out from England. The girl is now lying in a very precarious condition, and, though two doctors are attending her, it is not thought possible she can live. Dr. Miller and Charles Parker, the alleged guilty ones, were taken to Annapolis on Saturday and came up before Stipendiary Magistrate Leavitt, who has remanded them until today.