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JAS. H. CROCKET, PROPRIETOR.

The York Gleaner.

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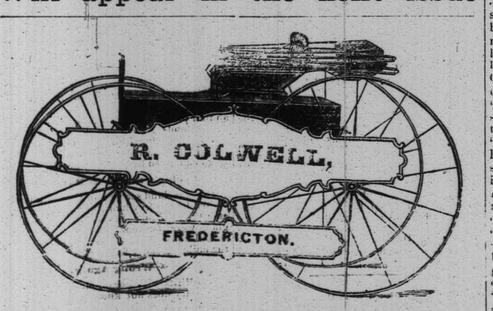
GLEANER JOB PRINT
Book and Job Printing of Every Description
Executed at this office, with neatness and despatch.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.
JAS. H. CROCKET, - - PROPRIETOR

SHAKER BLOOD SYRUP,
JUST RECEIVED
AT WILEY'S DRUG STORE.

The New Advertisement of
JAS. D. FOWLER,
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
Will appear in the next issue



Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Pungs
built to order in the latest and most durable styles. Material and workmanship of the best. Particular attention given to Painting, Trimming, and repairing Carriages, &c. Terms, &c., to give tisfaction.
FACTORY, KING ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.
Fredericton October 10th 1883.

Burdock Blood Bitters
Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

BUY WHERE
YOU CAN GET
THE BEST VALUE
FOR YOUR MONEY.
THOS. W. SMITH
is now offering greater inducements to
CASH PURCHESERS.
You can buy Ready-Made Clothing, Mens' and Boys' Boots and Shoes, cheaper at THOS. W. SMITH'S
Clothing & Gents' Furnishing Store,
Than at any other place in the city.
Call and see for Yourselves,
Hats, Caps, Trunks and Valises,
At prices the lowest in the market.
Call, See and Examine, so as you will be convinced before purchasing elsewhere.
CUSTOM TAILORING
Done in all its branches and every satisfaction guaranteed.
Always on hand, one of the largest and best stocks of CLOTHS of all descriptions in the market to select from. LATEST FASHIONS EVERY MONTH.
Call and examine and you will be Convinced.
THOS. W. SMITH.
Fredericton, July 30, 1884.

'84 Spring '84
NEW GOODS
on hand and to arrive at
Owen Sharkey's,
in LADIES' DRESS GOODS, and other Fabrics suitable for Spring Wear.
SILKS, SATINS, VELVETEENS,
SILK AND VELVET RIBBONS.
Corsets, Satchels, Hose, Gloves, Scarfs Parasols. Laces, Fringes. Crimps and Frillings.
A full stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.
MENS' YOUTHS' AND BOYS'
READY-MADE CLOTHING!! A large Stock,
Superior Quality, equal to Custom Made, and much lower in price, comprising:
COATS, PANTS, VESTS,
DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES,
A large assortment of UNDERCLOTHING and FURNISHING GOODS of all kinds, and at Lowest Cash Prices, together with
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, TRAVELLING BAGS, I. R. COATS & UMBRELLAS.
TO ARRIVE AND DAILY EXPECTED:
Worsted Coatings, Canadian Tweeds. A splendid lot, superior quality and choice patterns, at moderate prices.
REMNANTS! REMNANTS!
in Prints, Cottons, Ducks, Tickings and Swansdowns, Hollands, Towellings, Tweeds and Shirtings.
OWEN SHARKEY,
March 12. SHARKEY'S BLOCK.

1884
SEEDS.
Just Received per Steamer Carnation from London
7 SACKS
GARDEN,
FIELD,
AND FLOWER
SEEDS.
DAVIS, STAPLES & Co
COR. QUEEN and YORK STS.
Fredericton, April 2nd, 1884.

SULPHUR
AND
IRON
BITTERS
will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases
JOHN M. WILEY, SOLE AGENT FOR FREDERICTON.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

To be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, in front of the County Court House, in the CITY OF FREDERICTON, on SATURDAY, the 30th DAY OF AUGUST next, at the hour of TWELVE o'clock, noon:

ALL the right, title, interest, property, claim or demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity, of EDWARD J. PARENT, of, in, to, or out of, or upon the following described lands and premises, to wit:—"All that piece of land transferred "to Edward J. Parent by Henry H. Parent "by deed dated June 18th, A. D. 1878, "registered June 20th, A. D. 1878, and "therein described as follows: All that certain "tract, piece or parcel of land lying and being in "the Parish of Southampton, and bounded as follows: Commencing at a stone post standing on "south east of Buttermilk Creek, so called, thence "following a line running south-easterly until it "strikes the Nackawick Stream, thence following "said Stream up or north-easterly to the mouth of "Buttermilk Brook, so called, thence following "said Buttermilk Brook to place of beginning, "containing, by estimation, 61 acres, more or less." Also, "all that certain other lot, piece or parcel of "land situate, lying and being in the said Parish "of Southampton, in the County of York aforesaid, and described as follows: Beginning at a "point where Buttermilk Brook crosses the Temperance Vale Settlement road, thence northerly "along the said road to the Cold Spring Brook or "Edward Parent's line, down the said Brook until "it strikes the Buttermilk Brook, thence up the "said Brook to the place of beginning, containing "seven acres more or less."

The same having been taken and seized under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the York County Court, at the suit of Isiah Morrison against the said Edward J. Parent.

A. A. STERLING, *Sheriff.*

Sheriff's Office, Fredericton, May 21st, 1884.—

THE KING OF THE MACKEREL.

An Exciting Experience in the Bay of Chaleur—Towed by a Runaway Fish.

BAY OF CHALEUR, Aug. 5.—"Going after whales?" I asked a bronzed fisherman who was coiling a long rope into his boat on the beach near New Carlyle.

"No," was the reply, in broad Yankee dialect, that sounded strange where French is mostly spoken. "I'm goin' a hoss-mackerelin', an' ef you wanter put in a good solid day's work, ship afore the mast. I'd be glad to have your company. Jist clear that line while I coil, will ye?" said the fisherman, as soon as I had verbally signed papers and shipped. The rope, which was about two hundred feet long, was coiled in the bottom of the boat, the cable was slipped, and the Grampus bore away before the wind, churning and puffing like her namesake. "That's a delicate lookin' hook," said the skipper, as he took up a giant iron hook that might have passed for an ice hook; "but I tell you they want a hook that's long on. They're the strongest fish that swim, an' that's exceptin' sharks. Sharks is good at a steady pull, but a hoss mackerel will go a mile while a shark's makin' up his mind whether he's hooked or not. I reckon we might as well heer over heer," continued the skipper, "and ef you'll take the tiller a minute, mate, I'll fix the fly. Hoss mackerels ain't very particular," he said as he forced a large eight-pound hake on to the barbed hook. "What they want is somethin' solid and sweet, an' hake jist about hits the figger. Ye see they make a shine as they tow along."

The fisherman slackened away on the line until all but about twenty feet was out, and then took a hitch in the line.

"That's what I call a telltale," he continued, pointing to the hitch. "When that gives and slips you'll know we're in fur business. Just slack off yer sheet a trifle, so she won't make so much way. Ye wanter take it kinder slow, jest to keow the hake a-movin' natural like, and not take if out of their mouths at the fust pull. Sometimes I've fished all day and never got a bite, and then again I've been off shore here a coddin', and the I'd get a fish up to the top of the water along would come one o' these fellers and take him off. I remember one day perticular when Jo——"

Right here came a rasping sound, and the "telltale" disappeared with a rush.

"Down with the helm!" shouted the skippey, and down it went, the little craft rushing up into the wind, shaking herself like a wet dog. The line was as stiff as a bar of iron when the fisherman seized it, but by a rapid paying out he succeeded in passing it forward and making it fast. The object of this was evident a moment later, when the boat buried her nose and dashed away dead in the wind's eye, towed by the powerful fish.

"Ye see," said the skipper, keeping his eyes on the singing line, "if he'd got the strain on over the side or astern, we'd her to go over or cut the rope. No, you want to keep her right after him."

This proved no easy matter; the fish was making frequent side rushes from right to left, hauling the boat here and there, and making it almost an impossibility to guide her. Suddenly there came a slack on the line.

"Stand by!" shouted the skipper, hauling in on the slack with all his power; "put her head the way he goes!"

For a moment the line came in as if nothing were on, but in a second it leaped again. The man darted back to get clear of it, while the bow of the boat was turned in the new direction indicated not a moment too soon, as with a singing sound the line tautened, burying the boat to her very deck. Time and time again did the wily fish adopt these tactics to rid itself of the obnoxious load, but at every turn it met the equal cunning of the fisherman, who was an old hand at such pranks.

"This thing can't last all night," said the skipper, "There's an end to all things. Jist clap on here and see of we can't get in a little slack." The helmsmen relinquished the tiller, and both laid hold of the line. The first pull seemed to spur the fish on to renewed exertions. A foot of line was soon gained, and with a rush was lost. It was regained, and as much more added to it, and then began a tug of war. Slowly the line came in, and finally, when within fifty feet of the boat, the monster rose five feet into the air and showed its shapely length.

"It's about up with him when he does that," gasped the skipper. "Now slack quick! Now in with it again! Now let go again!" Thus gradually the great fish was hauled this way and that, and finally, half drowned in its own element, rolled on its back at the bow, and after a few more struggles succumbed to the blows of the skipper's fish mallet.

"That's the biggest chap I ever tackled," said the fisherman, as he made a rope fast to the fish's tail, and it swung alongside the boat. "They're the king, an' no mistake. We can't git him inter the boat, so jist keep away, and we'll tow him ashore."

When the captured fish was hauled upon the sands by the windlass that the skipper used to pull out his boats it measured nearly ten feet in length, and was estimated to weigh nearly 1,000 pounds. The horse mackerel is a magnificent fish in appearance, being, in fact, a gigantic mackerel, resembling the European tunny. They have a wide geographical range. Specimens have been caught twenty feet in length, with a weight of about half a ton, and so powerful that even large vessels have been towed by them. Like the swordfish they do not breed this side of the water, but undoubtedly emigrate to the European shores for this purpose unless, perhaps, the eggs are deposited in mid Atlantic, which is hardly probable. The fish prey upon their smaller relatives, and go South or out to sea in the winter, appearing on the Massachusetts coast about June 1, and here two weeks later.

Many a hungry man, without money, has been tempted to try his chances among the guests at some first-class hotel, where the watch over the watch over the dining-room seems to be rather lax, but it is rare that the attempt is made. A well dressed young man has been taking his meals at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York for the past three weeks without a cent to pay, and unquestioned by anybody. At last he was suspected and put under arrest. He said that it came into his mind to try what seemed the easy experiment of getting his meals for nothing, and, had he been satisfied with two weeks in one place, he might have kept on indefinitely.

VANDERBILT IN SARATOGA.

How the Millionaire Drives his Famous Maud S. and Other Trotters.

A smooth road leads out from this village past the famous race course four miles to Saratoga Lake. This is where most of the pleasure driving by summer Saratogans is done. Tally-ho coaches, tandem teams, and other freaks of equipage are here common on pleasant afternoons. But nothing in the show attracts so much gazing as Vanderbilt and the horses that draw him. They are Maud S., Early Rose, and Aldine, harnessed singly or in pairs. They are hitched to a neat, plain road wagon. In it alone sits Vanderbilt. He appears to have regarded his experiment in clean shaving as unsatisfactory, for he has let the former whiskers grow again on the sides of his face, and thus has resumed a resemblance to his familiar portraits. He wears a high white hat with a black band, a gray duster buttoned up to the chin, and altogether has a turfy aspect, not to say a rakish one.

"How fast is he going?" was asked of an expert, as the millionaire dashed past behind Maud S.

"Oh, possibly a three minute gait, but sure it not faster," was the reply; "and he is getting the very best he can out of her. So also touch her with the tip of his whip? That's all the excitement she needs. The road is as good as the track was that she broke her best record on, and all the conditions are as favorable—except one. Bair isn't holding the ribbons. Vanderbilt can't begin to get the speed our of his horses that his hired driver and trainer can. It is hard to tell why."

Mr. Vanderbilt's trotters are here in Saratoga his almost exclusive diversion. Driving is to him so absorbingly pleasurable that he very rarely takes a companion along. His youngest daughter, Mrs. Webb, has been ill, and once or twice he has shared the seat of his road wagon with her; but he prefers to go alone, though companionable enough—even approachable by strangers if they try to talk about nothing else than horses. The trouble about his conversation on these chance occasions is that, like many another turfman, he seems to say whatever happens to come into his head at the moment of special enthusiasm.

"I notice that J. I. Case is in town," was said to him. "Has he tried to get up a match between Jay-Eye-See and your mare?"

"My mare will never again be driven except by me on the road," he positively replied. "I am satisfied with what she has done, and what she is doing, and I shall make no matches."

On the other hand, a man of undoubted veracity reports him explicitly as saying that Mr. Case could arrange a race without difficulty, but this was when he was being chaffed by a friend as to the relative qualities of the beasts.

Toward the rear end of the United States Hotel garden the ground rises to a moderate knoll, and the trees are thick evergreens, so that a section of the immense building is screened off from the rest of the premises, though perfectly accessible. This part is divided in fifty-feet double residences called cottages. Although externally in architectural harmony with the rest, they are disconnected as to hallways, and afford to their inmates a slight degree of privacy. They are five stories high. The Vanderbilts use one of these "cottages." The party includes the Sloans, the Webbs, and the Twombleys—daughters, sons-in law, and grandchildren—and a numerous retinue of servants. The Vanderbilt ladies mix with the guests of the hotel quite indistinguishably. William H. is the only Vanderbilt who is generally known about the place. Their conduct is quiet and polite. Meals are served in their own rooms, and all the special cooking for them is done under the supervision of their $10,000 French expert, who is fully privileged in the hotel kitchen. Their servants are their own, even to the chambermaids: and most of their victuals and drink are brought by their special caterer. A small iron box of jewelry is lugged every night, under guard, from the Vanderbilt cottage to the safe in the hotel.

Governor St. John on Prohibition.

The Temperance people in Halton, Ont., where it is proposed to repeal the Scott Act, sent for ex-Governor St. John of Kansas, and he gave them a ringing speech. The Prohibitionist candidate must be a character. We give some extracts from his remarks:

In opening he referred briefly to the movement in the United States, which had culminated in a decision to put a candidate for the presidency in the field, and he had been selected as the candidate. They were going to make a square fight of it, and as a New York paper had remarked, it was now St. John against Demijohn.

It was, he said, ignorant to a great extent of the laws that governed the liquor traffic in Canada, but there was nothing, as far as he knew in any law, that would nullify the effect of the liquor drank. The whisky sold under Canadian law would make a man drunk just the same as the whiskey sold under American law, and the drunken Canadian would pound his wife just the same as the drunken American.

* * * * *

They say that the closing down of these dens of iniquity will destroy the market for barley. Got any boys you want to trade for a market for barley in this country? I once heard an old farmer say, "between the corn and the boy I'll stand by the boy," and don't you doubt for an instant that I stood right up and yelled hurrah for the farmer.

Now, continued the ex-governor, let us look at this barley question? There is just 1,800,000 bushels of barley used in this country in the manufacture of liquor. That is a peck for each individual. Is that peck of barley going to ruin this young and rising country? A few week ago I purchased a pair of bantam chickens and paid $4 for them, and now I come over here, and can buy a boy for a peck of barley. But it will need the same amount of food for the cattle and hogs that are now fed at the distillery when no liquor is made. You can fill a trough with whiskey and beer on this hot August day, and the most ill-conditioned hog you have got will lie down and suffocate beside it before he will taste it. He has too much self-respect. At the distillery the portion of the grain that gives the brain and bone and muscle-producing power you give to the hog, and the devil part you give to men. I believe the man should be given a chance alongside the hog and he'll keep up his end every time. The trouble is you have been legislating in favor of the hog and against the man. Give the man a show.

* * * * *

Look, too, at the work that law has accomplished? There are four distilleries in Kansas. Every one of them has been driven out. The big brick one is now turned into a broom factory, and they say a new broom sweeps clean. At any rate, in the hands of our women, they have swept every grog shop out of the land. The big brewery in Southern Kansas has been turned into a hot house, and that's the law they say won't prohibit. We used to have thirty-two breweries. Out of that number the life has been choked out of twenty-eight, and the tongues are hanging out of the black and gasping mouths of the other four. We have more schools and churches than any other state in the globe. We have 4,000 miles of railway, touching nearly every county. We have a state university paid for, an agricultural college paid for, a state normal school paid for, and all other necessary public institutions, including a penitentiary and nearly every thing is paid for. We have scarcely any debt and the few bonds that are yet outstanding are at a premium of 5? cents, because they have yet to run fifteen years and we cannot buy them in.

We have lost some of our population. The number in our penitentiary has speadily decreased, and we have lost 1,000 saloon keepers. I saw one of them today. He keeps a little gin mill in Hamilton. He is one of the men who left Kansas because prohibition did not prohibit. Now let me tell you something that you should know. As you drive out the saloon keepers you bring in better people, and the sifting process will go on until you will have a population that won't have in their midst anybody that sells liquor.

Found Dead in a Thicket.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 19, 1884.—A horrible crime, resembling the shocking murder of Rose Ambler near New Haven a year ago, was committed about twilight last evening, on the lonely country road between Yorktown and Oakland, N. J. A fair and gentle girl, walking home after dark, waylaid by ruffians, choked, outraged, and finally murdered within sight of home, tells the story. The poor victim is Ella Watson, the 16-year-old daughter of an aged and well-to-do farmer who owns and tills the largest farm near Yorktown. The young girl left home about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon to carry some game to Yorktown and purchase small supplies for the home table. The road lay among hills and meadows, and the distance was a scant two miles. At eight o'clock, not having returned, her mother anxiously started out to meet her, and, not finding her an alarm was raised. A dozen men went out with lanterns. The hunt continued until after midnight, when a farmer named Zeigler came to a place on the road where there were marks of a struggle, and, following these tracks, the body of the young girl was found in a ditch under a pile of underbrush not 50 yards from the highway. There is every indication that she made a desperate fight for her life and honor. Two parallel tracks show where the murderers dragged her away, her heels scraping the ground. Broken hedges indicate that she seized the branches and clung desperately to them until they gave way. The searching party was horror struck at the awful sight which confronted them. There the poor girl lay doubled up, her head turned, and from a deep cut above the right temple blood had soaked into and matted her golden hair. The muscular hand which choked out her life left their marks on her throat and breast. There was a look of intense agony on the face, as though the death struggle had been a long and desperate one. Her garments were almost entirely stripped from her. There was unmistakable evidence of repeated attempts at assault. The young girl was of about medium height, but slim and delicate in form. She was an only daughter, quiet and beloved by all who knew her. The surrounding country was in arms before daybreak, scouring the country for the murderers. Only one stranger had been seen in the village, Charles Peterson, a colored barber at Eleventh and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, who had come down the day before to see a dissolute friend named William Jones. Both men had been seen at Yorktown the night before, but were not observed on the road leading toward Oakland. The sheriff had no difficulty in finding both men at Jones' house this morning. They were both slightly drunk, and pleaded innocence when locked up. Another arrest was made. A Thomas Simpkins, who slept last night at a barn near the scene of the murder, was classed to a swamp and surrounded. If there had been any proof of his guilt he would have been lynched.

The Two Brothers.

In England, the speaker of the House of Commons is a very appalling personage. No simple American has any clear idea of the majestic dignity that hedges him, or ever will have, unless Mr. Conkling should become chief justice of the supreme court of the United States. When the speaker informs a member that an expression is unparliamentary and must be withdrawn, the member withdraws it then and there. Even Mr. Healy, who has cheek enough for anything else, knocks under to the chair. But the law of primogeniture is also a sacred institution in English eyes. The elder brother, especially when he is the head of the family, lords it over his younger brothers with patrimonial sway. Recently the two supremacies came into collision in the House of Commons. Speaker Peel called his elder brother, Sir Robert Peel, to order, and the latter declined to be ruled. The scene was a new sensation to the Commons. Borrowing a phrase which the home secretary had hurled against the Conservatives on a memorable occasion, Sir Robert had denounced the course of the ministry on a certain question as "a dirty trick." The speaker checked him at once. "That is an expression which should not be used. The right honorable baronet must withdraw it." Sir Robers is a choleric man. To be snubbed by a younger brother—by "little Arthur," whose parliamentary career was a dozen years shorter than his own—was too much for his temper. To the astonishment of the House, he defied the authority of the chair. "I won't withdraw," he cried, "the home secretary was permitted to use the expression, and I won't withdraw it." Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The Commons sat aghast. It looked as if the speaker would be forced to name his elder brother for suspension as a disorderly member. The home secretary saw the awkwardness of the situation and came to the rescue, though he had really no right to interfere. "Perhaps I may be allowed to explain," he said, "I used the expression, but I acknowledged that it was neither parliamentary no proper and at once withdrew it, hoping that it would never be used again." This frank explanation disarmed Sir Robert Peel. "I did not know," he declared, "that the home secretary had withdrawn the phrase, but as he did so I also withdraw it and apologize." So the cloud passed away, and the two brothers were evidently relieved by the happy settlement.

Mr. Stanley Going to Convert the English.

PARIS, Aug. 14.—Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, who is now in this city, has been conversing freely with an interviewer. He declared that the Congo Free State would soon be recognized by the whole world. The State proposes to give open commerce to all nations and expects to become a great federation of native chiefs under the control of a European and American commission. Mr. Stanley said that he would soon visit London and convert the English, who now stand alone in their opposition to his projects. He praised M. De Brazza, the French explorer, who, he said, was destined to render great service to France.

Cause of Cannibalism.

(Chicago News.)

There is something very singular about the way in which the news-gatherers are treating the sad rumor that Greely and his gallant little band were driven to cannibalism prior to their rescue. The subject is approached tenderly and gingerly, and when at length the horrid thing itself is named it is with hurried insinuations of its enormity. This is done through sheer stupidity, or it is a cunningly devised attempt to fasten public attention upon Greely and his men, and no one else, in connection with this matter.

Now, suppose the poor fellows were driven to subsist upon the frozen flesh of their dead comrades. No sane person will suppose that as between that horrid food and any other they voluntarily chose the former. Civilized man does not eat human flesh of his own accord. Therefore, they can only have resorted to this method of sustaining existence when every other means had failed.

This brings us to the crucial inquiry, whose fault was it that other means did fail? Does Gen. Hazen, who, we are told, behaved "with great dignity" when approached on Tuesday by a reporter, know anything about this matter? Does any responsibility for the failure to provide supplies attach itself to the skirts of the secretary of the navy? The public will want to know, and will know. Unless we mistake public sentiment the people are now determined that this entire Greely business shall be sifted clear through, and the men who did not place provisions where Greely directed, and so nearly led the poor fellow to his death, be punished as they deserve.

Referring once more to this charge of cannibalism, we would ask, what of it? Are the men to be blamed? They killed no comrade, let it be remembered, that they might eat him. Poor wretches they waited with staring eyes and failing strength until the weakest dropped off, and then they satisfied hunger. It is very woful, of course. But whose fault was it? Not theirs certainly, but that of some man behind a desk in Washington, whose identity several millions of indignant citizens would like to see revealed.

CURED BY FAITH.

Miss Hutchins Walks to Church and Bakes Pies After 23 Years of Helplessness.

Miss M. M. Hutchins, daughter of the Rev. Hiram Hutchins of the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, was sick for twenty-three years with a spinal disease. Physicians could not relieve her. At times she suffered great pain, and was compelled to keep to her bed for weeks. Once in a while she was able to walk feebly around the house, but a new attack would speedily restore her former helpless condition.

In January last Miss Hutchins determined to try the faith cure, and she summoned to her bedside, at 456 Willoughby avenue, Mrs. C. S. Whitney of 152 East Forty-ninth street, this city. Mrs. Whitney practises the faith cure. On Jan. 29 she anointed Miss Hutchins and prayed. Miss Hutchins immediately arose from her bed, dressed, went down two flights of stairs to the basement, and ate dinner with the family.

After dinner she walked to the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church, a quarter of a mile from the house, and told the congregation the circumstances attending her recovery. Four days afterward she baked a lot of pies. She has since remained in perfect health, and has increased in weight thirteen pounds. She immediately began to practise the faith healing art herself among acquaintances. Recently she was in White Plains, N. Y., and before that in Norristown, Pa. She is now in a small town in Connecticut.

Fruit Dryers and "Evaporators."

Those who have hot-bed sashes can dry fruit by the heat of the sun in a manner vastly superior to the ordinary method. A box should be made like a hot-bed frame, but with a bottom, and it should have legs to raise it a few inches from the ground. The sashes should fit closely to keep out dust and insects. In the front of the box, at the bottom, make openings under the middle of each sash, and at the rear make similar openings at the top. We do not recollect the exact size we used, but probably twelve inches long by three wide will answer. These openings should be covered with wire cloth, though in its absence mosquito netting or a similar stuff will answer. The fruit, or other article to be dried, should be upon trays or frames covered with some course fabric, and raised a few inches from the bottom of the box. The sash being so placed as to catch the full heat of the sun, the drying will go on in a surprising manner The air passing in at the lower openings will become quickly heated, and going out at the upper openings a current will be established, carrying off the moisture from the fruit, etc., in the most satisfactory manner. The product will not be so white when dried by artificial heat but for home use just as good, and it will be free from dust and the soiling by insects. We have dried the finest sweet corn imaginable with a contrivance like this, and and have no doubt of it efficacy in drying fruit.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Medical Congress.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—The American delegates to the International Medical Congress, which began its sessions at Copenhagen, the 10th inst., are delighted with the success which has attended its deliberations, and the value to medical science of the enterchange of opinions among so many of the most eminent physicians of all countries. It has now been settled that the next meeting of the congress shall be held at Washington, in accordance with the formal invitation extended by Dr. Billings, of the United States Army, on behalf of the American Medical Association. Berlin, St. Petersburg and other cities were competitors for the honor of entertaining the Congress, and the Americans are naturally elated over the fact that the selection has been made in favor of their capital. They promise that the reception of the distinguished delegates in America will be such as to repay them for their trans-Atlantic voyage, and will be equal to the warmth with which the Americans have been entertained at Copenhagen. The American doctors have certainly nothing to complain of on this score, as they have been the lions of the hour at various social gatherings, and Drs. Delevan and Hooper have especially been received with enthusiasm.

The Cornwall Scandal.

(New York Sun.)

Cornwall, the postmaster of Dublin, who is on trial for such hideous crime, is the son of a landed proprietor in Meath, and after a short service as clerk in the London office was appointed in 1850 to his recent position by the Marquis of Clanricarde, when Postmaster-general, at the instance of the Marchioness, who was fascinated by his musical accomplishments and drawing-room graces. He stands six feet, is of handsome but pompous and pretentious, and with a great deal of vulgar swagger both in his air and conversation. There is nothing, however, repugnant or repugnant in his appearance, or which would give the least index of crime. He is 61. Mr. Kirwan, who figures beside him, and who will probably be found less of a criminal than a foolish friend, is of a Galway family of remarkable gentleness and purity of character, and is a nephew of Lawrence, author of Guy Livingstone. He has that thin, fair hair and cream-colored complexion which speak the slender mind. The first mention of his name in the matter killed his mother. None of the accused are genuine Irish. They all belong to the Protestant colony.

NEWS SUMMARY.

In the department of dress at the London Health Exhibition there is a most useful exhibit, according to the correspondent of a New York doctor, relating to special dresses for particular occupations. Among others there are displayed suits for women engaged in the care of machines where gearing or belting is used, dresses for use in lead, wall paper, Paris green and other factories, and especially the so-called "breathing" dress, to enable persons to work in noxious gases. A curious exhibit is an asbestos fire-proof dress, which, according to the account, appears to be destined to a useful career, as with its aid one may pass through fire without even discomfort.

A very mysterious story is now exciting the readers of the *Norddeutsche Allgemine Zeitung*. On a certain evening recently a man named B. was sitting at supper with his wife in his home in the Nurnberger strass, Leipzig, when he heard a ring at the outer door, and, the servant being absent, went to see who was there. When he returned he had, apparently lost his appetite; but he declined to give any explanation as to who had summoned him. In a short time the bell rang again. Mrs B. went to the door, where she found an unknown man, who desired to speak to the master of the house. B. upon being informed of this, went out once more; but, as he did not come back, his wife became uneasy and began to search for him. She discovered no trace of her husband either in the hall or in the street; but in a small room, the door of which was locked from the inside and had to be forced open, she found him suspended by the neck from a gas bracket by means of a silk handkerchief. She rushed to the street door to cry for assistance, and was there confronted by the unknown man. He at once entered and cut down the body of Mr. B., who was however, quite dead. When the police arrived the unknown man had disappeared, and all efforts to find him since have been unavailing. He is said to be about thirty years of age, prepossessing in appearance, and of gentlmanly address. The deceasé was in his fifty ninth year, and, as he was in comfortable circumstances and on good terms with his wife, the motive which impelled him to take his own life remains a mystery.

A BIG BUSINESS.

What the Frewens Propose to Do in the Way of Shipping Cattle.

MONTREAL, Aug. 18, 1884. Herbert Frewen & Bros., extensive ranchers in Wyoming and Montana, who lately interviewed the British government for leave to import their cattle through the Dominion into England without slaughtering at the port of entry, have made engagements here with F. R. Lingham, the greatest cattle shipper in Canada, to act as agent at this port for shipping cattle when the Dominion government gives its consent, which it is certain to do, to the Canadian Pacific railway to bring the animals right through from the boundary, after the veterinary inspection, for shipment. The number of cattle expected to be shipped annually by this route is 1,000,000, and three steamships are expected to leave daily during the open season of navigation, loaded down with oxen. The estimated net receipts annually for freight by the Canadian Pacific are $6,000,000. Fodder alone will cost $3,000,000. Frewens have 240,000 head, and the Duke of Manchester's company in Montana 60,000 head beside other English companies there, and Wyoming one, with $2,000,000 invested, all of which will patronize this route. The Frewens are nephews of Lord Dufferin, late governor-general of Canada.

Carnegie's Syndicate.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the American iron master, has a syndicate of Liberal newspapers, under the management of Mr. Samuel Storey, M. P., which has considerable influence in the political world. The *St. James Gazette*, in an article this afternoon, comments on an interview with Mr. Carnegie, originally published in Pittsburg. The *Gazette* declares that the present agitation against the House of Lords originated in America, that it is an attempt to infuse republican sentiments into English politics, so that the movement with all its paraphernalia of processions, monster meetings and other factitious machinery, which American politicians know so well how to handle, is entirely unknown to English sentiment, and is the result of American influence and paid for by American dollars. It charges Mr. Carnegie with being at the head of a conspiracy which is more subtle and more dangerous than that of the dynamiters and which seeks to destroy both the Crown and the House of Lords.

Eighteen Fatal Cases.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 19, 1884.—The state department to-day informed the surgeon-general of the marine hospital service that the United States consul at Barbadoes had telegraphed as follows:

"Ship Bracadaile left St. Lucia for New York on the 16th inst. with cholera."

This is the British steamer which left Calcutta on the 4th of June, bound for Demerara and New York. Cholera broke out during the passage, and on her arrival at Table Bay, July 4th, she was reported to have had 18 fatal cases. There were 651 coolies on board, of whom 28 had been down with the cholera. The steamer took in coal at Table Bay and left for St. Lucia, where she arrived on the 3rd inst. and was placed in quarantine.

St. Lucia is one of the British West India islands, Windward group. No apprehension is felt at the surgeon-general's office, as the vessel will be properly cared for upon her arrival at the New York quarantine by the health officers at that port.

A few days ago the papers were telling of the death in a southern town of a young man while playing the banjo in a serenading party. Some saw in it a visitation of Providence, and to others it was only another sign of the banjo's increasing powers. The American people have seen this musical instrument grow up from the level of log cabin and hoe cake to a proud place in my lady's chamber, and it seems to be going still higher. The acknowledged belle of Congress Hall in Saratoga—a Miss Wolf of Providence, R. I.—does the banjo with so much grace and skill that she successfully rivals the orchestra on the piazza, and everybody wants to crowd into the parlor to hear her. The other ladies are jealous, of course, but the Wolf continues to capture the lambs—no, the dudes—as she sweetly smiles and sounds the fascinating pink-a-pank-punk.

A German Warning to England.

BERLIN, Aug. 14.—In reply to a recent article in the London *Times*, which intimated that Prince Bismark was in a fit of ill humor with England, which would probably soon pass away, the *North German Gazette* says: "Germany has for years supported the English policy in the most unselfish manner. She has received no return for this except malevolence in the treatment of German interests abroad on the part of both England and her colonies. Germany has always, and especially in the Angra Pequena matter, acted in friendship for England. Such friendships, however, when one sided, must, of course, collapse. Should England not modify her policy toward German interests abroad the 'fit of ill humor' might grow to a permanent ill feeling. German policy in the future will be friendly to friends, but adverse to those who unwarrantably injure German interests."

The York Gleaner
Wednesday, August 27, 1884.

OUR ENLARGEMENT.

About four years ago THE GLEANER made its appearance in the shape of a little sheet 8 inches by 10. It was scarcely more than what its name indicated, a reprint of gleanings from other papers. As time rolled on and advertisements came in the size of the paper was increased, and early last year it assumed the present size of its weekly issue. It had already begun to take an active part in politics, and when it appeared in its enlarged form as a general newspaper, the fact that it was the only Liberal paper in York County ensured it a hearty welcome everywhere. Its circulation went on steadily increasing, and when the present year began it could justly claim a larger list of subscribers than any of its city contemporaries. On the first day of May last, in response to a very general demand for a paper which would deal fully and promptly with local topics, a tri-weekly edition of THE GLEANER was issued, and from the outset met with great success. Its sales were comparatively speaking large at first, and they have increased since until now they average much higher than those of any of its predecessors. The publication of a tri-weekly edition gave the weekly edition much additional freshness and life, and since that time the progress of the weekly edition has, we think, been unprecedented in New Brunswick journalism. We confidently expect to have by the close of the present year the largest circulation in this Province of any newspaper. The weekly edition has already a circulation much larger than the combined circulation of all our local contemporaries.

The tri-weekly edition, which we present in an enlarged form to our readers to-day, will compare favorably with any paper published in the Province. It receives the latest despatches from all parts of the world; its editorials are upon questions of current and local interest; its local department is full and varied, and its general make-up and character quite as metropolitan as that of any Provincial paper. A reader of THE GLEANER is reasonably sure when he has finished perusing his paper, that he has had an opportunity of learning every important piece of news which has transpired up to the hour of going to press.

For the success and growth we are thankful are due to our local contemporaries. When the first tri-weekly GLEANER made its appearance on the street, Mr. Cropley of the *Capital*, said that much as he disliked Mr. McNutt, of the *Farmer*, he must go and see him and decide what was to be done. He did so, and they two met Mr. Fisher, of the *Reporter*, and the result of their conference was that from thence-forth THE GLEANER was to be ignored. They would not exchange with it, nor mention it by name in their columns; and they have not done so. They have carried their ugliness so far as to drop altogether the discussion of matters of vital interest to Fredericton, for fear that they should be thought to be following in the footsteps of THE GLEANER. Such treatment of a contemporary is the mark of a small mind, and we can assure them that if it does them any good it does not hurt us. The approval of our large and growing circle of readers, the respect of both political parties and the confidence of our own and the honored place in Canadian journalism which we feel confident of attaining, are rewards far outweighing the little insults which a few weak and jealous contemporaries can put upon us.

For the future we make no promises except to do our best to merit public support and to grow with that support. Our ideal is to make each issue of the paper as good as it can be made, and always to publish as good a paper as the people are willing to maintain. The subscription price of the tri-weekly GLEANER is $3 per year.

THE STRENGTH OF THE BRIDGE.

Recently the St. John *Sun* asked if the Attorney General did not know upon competent authority that the spans of the Bridge in course of construction; at Fredericton would not sustain their weight from pier to pier. We said in reply that the Attorney General's information was not to such an effect, but entirely to the contrary and in good faith we asked the *Sun* to give us the grounds upon which it based its question. Several days have elapsed and our contemporary has not made any reply, and we think that we are warranted in arriving at the conclusion that the question did not rest upon any basis which would, if mentioned, to carry any weight with it. In a matter of this kind before any competent engineer would place an opinion upon record, it would be necessary for him to make somewhat of an elaborate series of calculations, from quite a variety of data; the calculations would be simple enough to themselves, but it would take some time to make them, and they would be entirely valueless unless the person making them had the specifications at hand for a reference. Now it is a fact that when Mr. Abbott of the Dominion Bridge Company was in the city, endeavoring to secure a contract for an iron snperstructure, he did say to the Attorney General that the superstructure in the proposed bridge was 186 tons to each span of 250 feet, and that this would require the bridge to sustain a weight per linear foot of 1500 lbs, while all they asked their iron bridges to sustain was 1250 lbs. This statement we have reason to believe Mr. Abbott repeated in St. John; and we challenge the *Sun* to deny that it has any other foundation than this for the question which it put to the Attorney General, and we very much doubt if it even had this information direct from Mr. Abbott himself. It is reasonable to suppose that Mr.