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Professional Cards. G. C. VANWART, M. D., Queen Street, Opposite City Hall. H. D. CURRIE, D.D.S., Surgeon Dentist, 164 Queen St. BLACK, JORDAN & BLISS, Barristers, Notaries, &c. JAS. T. SHARKEY, Barrister & Attorney. C. E. DUFFY, Barrister-at-Law. FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE. CHEER UP! You can Save Money by Buying Your BOOTS AND SHOES. NORMAN HARRIS'. NEW PAPER STORE. MY SPRING STOCK OF Wall Papers. EDWIN B. NIXON, Spahn Building, Queen St. LATE IMPORTATIONS. OWEN SHARKEY'S. Men, Youths' and Boys' Clothing. OWEN SHARKEY.

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AGRICULTURE. Notes and Suggestions of Practical Utility. FOR THE FARM, FIELD, GARDEN AND DAIRY. Cleanings of Interest for Our Country Readers. Save the best for seed. Handle bees with gloves. Teach colts no bad tricks. Do not let a tree overbear. Don't mow lawns too close. Cut woods before they seed. Don't neglect the aftermath. Punctuality is a prime virtue. Reduce the cost of production. Store in summer for winter use. A fish with sunken eyes is stale. Hens are not apt to be slow pay. Cut grass early and not too close. Goozework wins only by accident. The clover root is a good shelter. All manure should be hoisted. Provide the home with shade trees. Emblets gone are good for feathers. There is nothing gained by fretting. Much is lost by lack of promptness. Never "break" an animal; educate it. A good reputation is better than gold. Eternal vigilance is the price of fruit. Who opposes the general purpose hog? It is better to grow food than to buy it. The lighter the gate the less it will sag. Build sheds for shade if you haven't trees. Moral cowardice is a poor crop to cultivate. If you like shade provide it for your stock. Oats and peas make good pastures for pigs. The better the food the better the product. The improver of stock is a public benefactor. Sell when your product is ready for market. Remember that hops like clover lay in winter. Too much green manure is made into poor butter. There is no gain in letting any crop get overripe. Never cure clover so the leaves will crumble. Shake corn and wheat stalks are good beef producers. A few choice sheep on a farm are always profitable. Don't let the cows unaturally shrink their flow of milk. Too many birds are murdered by would-be sportsmen. There is an advantage in retailing your own products. Cross bees and cross women are said to be good workers. Cottonseed meal should be fed with a molasses. Turnips and sheep grow well together on the same farm. You can't grow English mutton without English feed and care. If you don't want to be imposed upon, don't impose upon others. The machine does more work, but it takes work to make the machine. If you want to get rid of charcoal or wild mustard, don't let it seed. There is more and better hay in cutting early and cutting two crops. According to Col. F. D. Curtis, turnips for sheep are disease preventives. Whatever the animal loses in growth in the beginning is lost in the end. The times are never so hard that men cannot buy tobacco and whiskey. Find and divide up your farm work so as to employ the year round. Before you feed a thing to the hog to save it, find out if the hog wants it. The farmer who makes a good living does better than the majority of men. When you cut off a limb, cut it close to the body. It will heal over sooner. Profits should come from reduction of cost rather than from advance in price. Brains and brawn should develop together for the practical business of life.

PARAGRAPHS. On All Subjects of Current Note at Home and Abroad. ANECDOTES, HAPPENINGS AND GENERAL COMMENTS. Clipped and Condensed for the Readers of The Globe. The German Emperor has, according to a French journal, issued an order to the Court cherymen that in no circumstances must their sermons last more than a quarter of an hour. A very extensive domestic industry consists of the manufacture of wooden spoons, which are made to the amount of 20,000,000 annually. They are nearly all made of birch. During the six months from May to December last 13,000 foreign immigrants entered London with an intention to remain, but out of 4,000 arriving during the course of last year by the time plying between Hamburg and Tilbury 80 per cent were entirely destitute. In illustration of Darwin's palaeontological methods, a friend of the great naturalist states that in instance he employed a clerk for several weeks, at an expense of £10, in making investigations, and the result was condensed in three lines in his great work on the "Variation of Animals." A year ago only the fastest train between London and Aberdeen, 542 miles, ran in fourteen hours. Last autumn it was reduced to twelve hours and fifty minutes. This year it will cover the 542 miles in twelve hours, or a little over forty-five miles an hour. M. Diebler, the French executioner, is said to have accumulated a fortune of something like £20,000 by his skill at the guillotine. At a recent execution in Paris his little son stood by his side, evidently to receive instructions in the cruel, though possibly necessary, profession. On the occasion of a vacancy in the Parliamentary representation of the borough of Ennis in Ireland, O'Shea presented himself to the constituents, and in substance addressed them as follows:—"I have nothing to offer you, and I promise you nothing. Rest assured, however that if you confer on me the high honour of electing me I shall not forget you." The audacity of his address lost him the seat. John Augustus O'Shea, the famous war correspondent, has achieved a record both as a journalist and as a candidate for Parliamentary honours. When on the staff of a London newspaper he once, at a period of his pressure, owing to the absence and illness of the members of the staff, accomplished the unparalleled feat of delivering himself of 125 headlines in three weeks—all crisp, bright and joyous. In gratitude the proprietor of the newspaper, unasked, raised O'Shea's honorarium by 100 guineas a year at one bound. Here is a good story about two well-known dramatists. Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettit were at Brighton some short time ago talking over a new play. They were to write together. As they were walking along the parade they chanced to stop and listen for a moment to a seaside reciter. The reciter had to recite one piece, when, looking up at his audience, he said:—"Ladies and gentlemen, if I get the sum of a shilling I will give you a rendering of Mr. George R. Sims' 'Lifeboat.'" "Oh! I say, old man," said Sims, taking Pettit by the arm, "let's get away from this as quickly as possible." "Not a bit of it," cried Pettit, who is bigger and taller than his brother playwright; "you've got to stop here. I've had to recite a hundred hundreds of times at the clubs, now we'll see how you like it." And with a request to "Fire away, my man," at the same time pitching the reciter a shilling, George R. Sims was held there from start to finish of his popular poem. He Was the Fellow. Wiggins was harassed by the possession of expensive tastes and the non-possession of means to gratify them—a combination of circumstances which, being known, made it extremely difficult for him to negotiate even a loan of ten shillings from his associates. Parkin, in particular, used to congratulate himself on the fact that Wiggins had never been in his books for over so small an amount, and steadfastly purposed that he never would be. Unfortunately for Parkin, however, he was fond of a practical joke, and it was this fact that interfered with the success of his determination. A number of them were sitting in the club reading-room one day, when Wiggins whispered to Parkin:—"Let me have a fiver for a few minutes till I put up a joke on one of the fellows." Parkin ready for some fun and suspecting nothing, handed him a £5 note and was surprised a few minutes afterwards to see Wiggins using it to pay sundry bills. Wiggins, using it to pay sundry bills, the losses at cards, including a sovereign to Digging, evidently borrowed. "Let me have a fiver for a few minutes till I put up a joke on one of the fellows." Parkin ready for some fun and suspecting nothing, handed him a £5 note and was surprised a few minutes afterwards to see Wiggins using it to pay sundry bills. Wiggins, using it to pay sundry bills, the losses at cards, including a sovereign to Digging, evidently borrowed. "So I am," explained Wiggins; "you are the fellow." ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER.

JINGLES OF MEMOR. A Little Non-sense Gathered for Leisure Reading. The best way to raise strawberries is with a spoon. Is it far from Dennis O'Malley is going to try, said a laboring man. It is that same. Why, rejoined the other scornfully, he don't know enough about farms to plant his feet in the road and raise dust. Say, mamma, said little May, after the meals were gone, I don't think Mrs. Brown is accustomed to good society. Why not? Why, she didn't say a single word while Mrs. Jones was singing. The mystery unraveled, Simpson I wonder what kind of a line it is that Bodkins uses when he goes fishing. It always breaks just as he is landing the biggest fish you ever. Sniffer. Its nothing but yarn. Johnny. Say Uncle Geo, God didn't make everything did he? Uncle Geo. Guess he did, Johnny. Johnny. Don't see how that can be 'cause God's been here last night, and I heard say he made himself at home. New York Reporter (to St. Peter). Excuse me. Is this Heaven? St. Peter (sternly). Young man, we allow no trilling. Reporter. Indeed, I am in earnest. St. Peter. Yes. Why do you ask? Reporter. I thought I saw your circulation editor inside, and was afraid I had reached the wrong place. They were looking at a statuette of the Venus of Milo, which he had brought out. No wonder she is bare headed, he said. Why? she asked. She could never put her arms around her husband's neck and weddle a bonnet out of him. Kicks. So you think the ministers practice what they preach. Hicks. Why, yes; they preach sermons, and if you lived near one you could hear him practicing it a week beforehand. The Old Man (looking little Anna on his knee for Aunt Susan's sake). I suppose that is what you like, Anna? Anna. Yes, it's very nice. But I rode on a rail dandy in the park yesterday—I mean one with four legs, you know. "What time is it, dear? My watch has stopped." Mrs. Makenhiff. "I can tell you in a moment. The dining-room clock is just forty minutes fast, and the sitting-room clock was just right the last time the fire clock bell rang, but it gains five minutes every half-hour. The kitchen clock would have been just right, but it stopped this morning when the parlor clock struck nine o'clock. Now you can figure it out easily." Watches are so much in vogue nowadays and are found in such queer places such as anti-cases, door handles, brooches, and umbrella-sticks, that B., who always takes his dinner at a restaurant, says he is afraid he'll find a small one some day in his soup instead of an onion. Sharpness. "Platz, what make your nose so red?" Platz. "It glows with pride because it never pokes itself into other people's business." Her Idea of It. A bright ten-year-old girl, whose father is addicted to amateur photography, attended a trial court the other day for the first time. This was her account of the judge's charge: "The judge made a long speech to the jury of twelve men and then sent them off into a little dark room to develop." Bismark's Enjoyment of a Cigar. What the He! Best Member. Bismark says: "The value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess and there is no chance of getting another." At Konigsgrat I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle as a miser guards his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colours in my mind the happy hours in which I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated my chances. A poor dragon lay helpless, with both arms crushed murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found that I had only gold which would be of no use to him. But stay! I still had my cherished cigar! I lighted it for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke. In England no fewer than nine thousand works were rejected this year by the hanging committee of the Royal Academy. somebody was waiting. An amusing incident recently took place in a large drapery establishment in London. Being told that everything could be bought much cheaper and better in the metropolis than in the little country town where she lived, a good looking country girl about to be married made the journey to town, accompanied by her lover to do a little shopping. The magnitude of the great shop and piles of goods flew dazzling array of articles the rows of busy assistants quite overpowered her, and she scarcely knew what to do. Her swain obstinately refused to go in, but loitered about the door. The shop assistants being all busy just at the moment, the young lady was obliged to remain standing a few minutes. At length a dapper fellow with gold watch and chain and flourishing moustache came bowing and smiling up to the blushing customer with "Anybody waiting on you, madam?" The color deepened in her cheeks, as she hesitated and drew a long breath; till finally, with a nod of her head toward the door, she followed out. "Yes, sir, he is."