

THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

VOL. VI., NO. 3.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

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THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT, PARLOR, OFFICE, AND BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM ON GROUND FLOOR. PERFECT VENTILATION AND SEWERAGE THROUGHOUT. LARGES AND AIRY BEDROOMS. COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS AND CLOSETS ON EACH FLOOR, and capable of accommodating 200 HUNDRED GUESTS.

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WILLIAM WILSON,

Attorney-at-Law,

SOLICITOR and CONVEYANCER

Offices: Carleton St., East Side.

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H. B. RAINSFORD,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Clerk of the Peace and Division Registrar, Royal Estate Agent, Loans Negotiated.

Office: Lower flat of County Court House, Fredericton Nov. 18th, 1891.

GEO. L. WILSON,

Barrister, Notary Public, etc.

Office next door below J. J. Woodball, Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.

March 4, 1893.

WESLEY VANWART,

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Office: Queen Street,

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Merchant Tailor,

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CHRISTMAS.

Draw up the chair about the logs That sparkle bright and gay; That in quaint flowers on the wall In madcap frolic play.

Oh, toss all sorrows to the winds, For this is Christmas day.

What of the chilly winds without About the chimney blow And high against the frosted panes Makes minarets of snow

When Christmas cheer this cozy nest With comfort sets aglow!

The happy child upon the floor, With feelings luscious ripe, Plays with the red toy animal Of curious spot or stripe,

While deep within his little heart The birds of springtime pipe.

He roams beneath his loaded tree Beside the incense, candles and drums And many a picture book From dear old Santa Claus, who came Last night—but hush—oh, look!

Here comes the plump and lucid goose So savory and brown, A golden promise on a dish, And place on our triumphant brows

A rich and festive crown.

Come, let us carve him while he's hot And thank him for his gifts so true, And pile the pungent stuffing high Upon each juicy slice,

And in dream halloos lightly drift Through flowery paradise.

And afterward we'll light our pipes While twilight shades appear, And when we break the wibbionen frail, Amid the blushing cheer,

Let him who wins wish for us all A happy, glad New Year.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From a window of a crowded apartment house situated in the business district of a great city a woman with a pale, wistful face was looking down into the street below.

In spite of her shabby black dress, there was an aristocratic air about the tall figure which impressed one that she was a lady born, and in the face now worn with years of sorrow could be detected traces of what must once have been a radiant beauty.

It was Christmas eve, and the street was filled with persons hurrying to and fro, and the air was filled with the various hoppers after the last day of holiday shopping. Heavily laden express carts were rattling noisily over the cobblestones, and groups of smallurchins were adding to the festive din by tooting lustily on their tin whistles and Christmas horns.

But the pale woman at the window neither saw nor heard all this confusion. Her thoughts were in the faraway past, when Christmas eve in the luxurious home of her childhood used to be the most joyous time of all the year. But now she glanced shuddering around the small bare room and shuddered to think of the terrible change. If only she could have bought a few trifling gifts for the children!

But she had not been able to spare a penny from her meagre earnings, and this year, dear, faithful Tony must go unwarded and 6-year-old Kathie's strong confidence in Santa Claus be shaken forever.

Just then the door was pushed open, and her sad reveries were interrupted by the entrance of two children, a tiny girl with a mass of golden hair framing a very excited little face and a dark eyed boy, who came in with a quick breath.

"And then when they open the door to find us we'll run away, just like the children in the story."

Ab, then her children had not yet thought of begging at strange doors, and she wondered to follow out the beautiful old English custom simply for the fun and novelty!

"And, mother," Tony was saying in his grave way, "perhaps they'll think it's an angel when Kathie sings, she can make her voice so sweet."

The mother smiled. Her little daughter's truly wonderful voice was a great delight to her, and she hoped some day to have it carefully trained.

Yes, she would give her consent to the frolic, and all through the evening would the children chatter like veritable nappies. Then, clad in their plain, warm wraps, they set out after bidding their mother a merry goodby.

Hand in hand they hurried through the crowded streets, past the rows of brilliantly lighted shops, with bells and evergreens, not making a stop until they reached a wide avenue, where the shops gave way to handsome private houses.

"Now, Kathie," Tony whispered by way of a signal, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night, the children's voices were ringing on the frosty air in clear, sweet tones. Before they could run away, as the story had said was the proper thing to be done, a group of children appeared at one of the richly decorated windows, and catching sight of the little singers out in the snow, beckoned to them to come in. Tony shook his head and called out gaily that they were Christmas children and didn't mind the snow. Then, clasping hands most tightly, they ran on.

Home after home was roused by the clear little voices, and coins were offered, but Tony always refused the money, saying that they were Christmas children, and that seemed to explain their situation perfectly, for no one pressed them and this "Let's don't stop any more after this one," Kathie said as they jumbled before a large, imposing house of somber brownstone, "because I'm very tired."

"All right, Kit, so brace up for the last time and do your best. Let's sing 'Hark, the herald angels!'"

CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Annie Maud Brewer Formerly of Fredericton

Under Arrest at Lynn, Mass., For the Murder of Gideon W. Lattimer.

Details of the Crime.

Many people in Fredericton will recall the Brewer girls, two notorious persons who in the last years of their residence here were popularly known as the "bull-dogs." They disappeared about twelve or thirteen years ago, but are now located at Lynn, Mass., where one of them, Annie Maud Brewer, is under arrest charged with the crime of murder. The Evening Item of Lynn, Dec. 15th gives the following particulars of the affair:

Gideon W. Lattimer, Jr., the man who was shot in this city Thursday, died at the hospital last night. Annie Maud Brewer, the girl who did the shooting, is locked up in Salem jail to appear in the local court Wednesday. Her bail has been fixed at \$15,000.

She was arrested at between 4 and 5 o'clock this morning by the police, who found her in the room of Chas. H. Spiny, at 66 Central avenue. She had been there since 5 o'clock Thursday evening, at which time she had left the room of "Dr. Daniel Wilkinson at Mrs. Breed's disreputable house. Since the two girls came to Lynn, with their brother, they have been classed as speedy about town, and have managed to become very well known indeed.

The police are inclined to look upon the information granted by the sister with some little doubt. She told them that her sister wore a black hat. The hat is white. She further said that she did not know of her whereabouts. As a matter of fact she knew where the girl was, for "Dr. Daniel Wilkinson took a letter to her during the afternoon, while Annie was in his room. Then, too, they have reason to believe that she has the revolver with which the shooting was done. They will doubtless have

MORE TO SAY WITH MISS EMMETT before the case is ended. Charles H. Spiny, in whose room the girl was found, was released without complaint, this morning, the police believing that he didn't know of the girl's presence in his apartment until his return, and that he was then in no condition to realize that she ought not to be there.

The night was dark and stormy. The wind had lulled to a calm, and we stood around an open fire. As quiet as a lamb.

I think I resembled the foolish virgins, for lamps we had, but not a drop of oil. However the dreary night was away and in the morning 12 willing hands set to work building our camp, which in a few days was completed, but not soon enough to escape a blizzard from the northwest, which came near leaving our tent poles bare. Some of the boys by the aid of a lantern, investigated the cautioning camp, while the rest stood firm to the wreck.

But now we are nicely located in a snug warm camp on the bank of McLean brook, two miles from the main trail west, and through the cautious efforts of our foreman, Jim, we are handling lumber at a lively rate and are doing splendid work.

We can boast of having the best cook on the waters.

Our friend, A. Morehouse, is here, better known as the popular Taxidermist of Keswick. He is collecting heads of large game which he intends mounting himself in the spring. He has already secured a very fine specimen of a bull moose and will no doubt work up a good trade line of business as this place abounds with moose, deer and caribou.

Smith brothers from Deyen Ridge, furnish music; the way they handle the harmonica is hard to beat.

And our friend William acts the part of H. Vennor, when he predicts a storm by his peculiar method, what he calls goat hair in the sky, the boys prepare for a big one, which is sure to come.

Later on, Mr. Editor, I will furnish you with a few more notes concerning this little crew.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

For fifty years The Weekly Globe of Toronto has had an enviable reputation as the one great Liberal weekly of the Dominion. It has always been a high-class journal, and a weekly paper in Canada that gives such full and fair reports of parliamentary proceedings, great church meetings, and other similar occurrences of provincial and national interest. Among leading features of recent years, may be mentioned speeches by Mr. Laurier, Sir John Thompson, Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Marter, Mr. Haycock, members of the Ontario cabinet, and others; letters from members of The Globe's editorial staff, who travelled through the province of Quebec and over the route of the Trent Valley Canal, interviews and letters on that most important question, the reform of the law system, long and important reports of the Jessie Keith murder, the McPherson trial and other sensational events. The aim of The Globe is to be trustworthy. The Globe has the best cable and telegraphic service obtainable; its foreign, American and Canadian dispatches are unexcelled, and every week the whole world is brought under review. The agricultural department is right up to the times; the crop and market reports are full and reliable. Reasonable space is given each week to lighter reading, and good stories is one of The Globe's attractions. Another popular feature are the weekly contributions from the Khan's poetical pen. As a family newspaper The Weekly Globe is unrivalled.

CHRISTMAS JINGLES.

Get the banjo from the post! Tune the fiddle, fling your hat, Christmas comes just after all, Balance to your partners, all!

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