THE HERALD.

Board of Works Jan 1 92

VOL. IV., NO. 48. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1893. $1.00 PER YEAR

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel Office.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of al Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

3-10-93

GOING OUT OF THE

FURNITURE BUSINESS.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT

COST PRICE.

Mattrasses and Woven Wire Springs,
Bedsteads, Single and Double,
Woven Wire Cot Beds,
Children's Cot Beds,
Baby Cribs,
Parlor and Bedroom Suits,
Lounges and Washstands,
Chairs of all kinds,
Sewing Machines,
Organs,
Camp Chairs and Camp Beds.

Sale begins October 14.

Intending Purchasers must not be afraid to come over on PHOENIX SQUARE, Where they will be well waited on by Male and Female Clerks. Business hours from TEN to FOUR.

This will be the last opportunity for the public to purchase any of the above goods at such Reduced Prices.

New Home Office,
Phœnix Square, Opposite City Hall.
P. DUFFIE, F'ton. P. O. Box 28.

WILLIAM WILSON,

Attorney-at-Law,

SOLICITOR and CONVEYANCER

Offices: Carleton St., East Side,

Directly opp. Dr. Coulthard's office.

Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.

WILLIAM WILSON.

H. B. RAINSFORD,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

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

Office: Lower flat of County Court House.

Adjoining the office of the Registrar of deeds.

Fredericton Nov. 16th, 1891.

GEO. A. HUGHES,

Attorney and Solicitor,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE: WHELPLEY BUILDING Opp. Post Office, QUEEN ST. } Fredericton, N. B.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,

MASON,

Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,

SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,

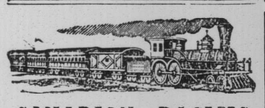
FREDERICTON, N. B.

☞ JOBBING a specialty.

Workmanship first-class.

Prices satisfactory

RAILROADS.



CANADIAN PACIFIC

RAILWAY

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

ALL RAIL LINE } TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect June 25th 1893

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.00. A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North.

6.35 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North, via Gibson branch.

3.25 P. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

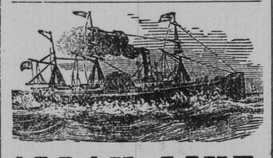
RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.25, 9.30 a.m., 4.40 p. m.
Fredericton Junction, 8.10 a.m., 11.35, 6.30 p.m.
McAdam Junction, 10.10, a. m.
Vanceboro, 9.45 a. m.,
St. Stephen, 7.35.
St. Andrews, 7.10 a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.10 a. m., 12.15, 4-15, 7.30 p. m.

D. McNICOLL, *Gen. Pass. Agent,* MONTREAL.
C. E. McPHERSON, *Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent* ST. JOHN, N. B.

STEAMSHIPS.



ALLAN LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.

Liverpool, Quebec and Montreal Service.

From Liverpool.		From Montreal.	From Quebec.
Sept. 21	PARISIAN	Oct. 7	Oct. 8
" 23	LAURENTIAN	" 14	—
Oct. 5	NUMIDIAN	" 21	" 22
" 12	SARDINIAN	" 28	" 29
" 19	MONGOLIAN	Nov. 4	—
" 26	PARISIAN	" 11	Nov. 12
Nov. 2	LAURENTIAN	" 18	—

Cabin passage, $45 and upwards; Second Cabin, $30 and $35; Steerage, $24. Round trip tickets at reduced rates.

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

Glasgow via Liverpool and St. John's to Halifax.

Sailings Fortnightly.

Glasgow, Londonderry, and New York Service.

From Glasgow.		From New York.
6 Oct.	STATE OF CALIFORNIA	26 Oct.
20 "	STATE OF NEBRASKA	9 Nov.
10 Nov.	STATE OF CALIFORNIA	30 "

Cabin, $40 to $60; Second Cabin, $30; Steerage, $24.

For Staterooms, Tickets or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,

ST. JOHN N. B.

Oct. 7

W. E. SEERY,

Merchant Tailor,

Has Just Received a splendid new stock of

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,

COMPRISING

Spring Overcoating, Suitings, and Trouserings,

Which he is prepared to MAKE UP in the LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES AT MODERATE PRICES.

W. E. SEERY,

WILMOT'S AVE.

Portland Cement.

TO ARRIVE;

50 Barrels White's Portland Cement.

JAMES S. NEILL

DR. MANNING'S

German Remedy

The Greatest Rheumatic and Neuralgia Cure Of the Age.

A VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY AND PAIN CURE

(BOTH INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL)

PRICE 50 CENTS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO'Y LTD ST JOHN, N.B.

DON'T GO

DOWN TOWN

★ Without Calling at ★

KITCHEN & SHEA'S

If you are Going to Purchase

FURNACES, Stoves, Tinware. Royal Diamond Stoves are the best. Tinware in Pans, Boilers, Oil Cans, Steamers Dinner Cans, Basins, Mixing Pans, Plates, Camp Requisites, Acme Steam Cookers.

FINEST PLUMBING GOODS IN THE CITY.

Galvanized Iron Cornices and Door Caps, a specialty.

KITCHEN & SHEA,

272 QUEEN STREET.

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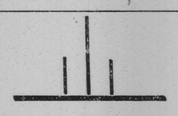
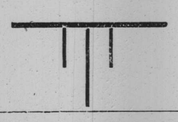


Anti-Dandruff,
Dodds Kidney Pills,
Dr. James' Nerve Beans,
Orange Quinine & Wine,

Campbell's Quinine & Wine,
Enos Fruit Salt,
Paines Celery Compound,

California Syrup of Figs,
Beef, Iron and Wine,
Quinine, Iron and Wine,
Cough Balsams.



W. H. CARTEN,

Druggist and Apothecary.

COR. QUEEN & CARLETON STS.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

WESLEY VANWART,

Barrister.

Office: Queen Street,

OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Fredericton, May 6th, 1893.

Ladies,

Mother Green's Tansy Pills. Used by thousands. Safe, Sure and Always Reliable. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. From all Druggists or mailed, free from observation, on receipt of $1.00, Sealed particulars, 3 cents.

LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, CAN

For Sale by ALONZO STAPLES.

CARTER HARRISON KILLED

Chicago's Mayor Shot and Killed by an Assassin.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—Another crazy crank has done his deadly work, and Carter Harrison, five times mayor of Chicago and one of the best known men in the west, lies dead in his home, 231 South Ashland-boulevard. Three bullets entered his body, two of them making wounds sufficient to cause death. The murder was committed by Eugene Patrick Prendergast, a paper carrier and an ex-member of the Chicago police force, who declared that Mayor Harrison had promised to make him corporation counsel and had kept his word. This, he said, was his only reason for committing the crime. The only person in the house at the time besides Mr. Harrison was his son, William Preston Harrison, twenty-five years of age, and the servants. Shortly before 8 o'clock the door bell rang, and when Mary Hansen, the domestic, opened the door she was confronted by a man about five feet, five inches in height, smooth shaven, his rather clean cut features lit up by a pair of dark eyes.

"Is Mr. Harrison in?" asked the man in a quiet, pleasant voice.

"Yes, sir," responded the girl, as she threw the door wider open to permit his entrance.

EVERY BULLET HIT THE MARK.

"I would like to see him, please," said the man as he walked toward the back end of the hall. Mr. Harrison was in the dining-room, which opens into the rear end of the hall. Hearing the man ask for him he rose and, stepping into the hall, walked toward Prendergast, who by the time he caught sight of Mr. Harrison had advanced about ten feet from the doorway.

As the mayor had many callers, both day and night, and the servants had orders to admit them all, no matter how poorly dressed, the maid thought nothing of the visitor, merely passing in the back hallway to tell the mayor a man wanted to see him. The mayor then went into the dining-room a moment and passed from there into the hall. The dining-room is on the south side of the house, the latter having a frontage to the east, and is just behind the mayor's library, which looks out upon Ashland Boulevard. Seeing who it was the mayor said shortly:

"WELL, MY MAN, WHAT IS IT?"

"You have not kept your promise to me," replied the man, "and I don't like that way of doing." Pendergast then drew his revolver and commenced to fire. He pulled the trigger but three times, and every bullet hit the mark. One ball shattered Mr. Harrison's left hand, another passed into the right side of the abdomen, making a wound that would have been fatal in a few days; the third bullet entered the chest, slightly above the heart. This bullet was the immediate cause of death.

As soon as Pendergast began to fire, Mr. Harrison turned and walked rapidly toward the dining room. He walked through the door, across the dining room and passed into a butler's pantry opening off the room, where, weakened by loss of blood, he fell to the floor.

Pendergast did not follow up his victim or make any attempt to ascertain how deadly his aim had been. He replaced his revolver in his pocket with the same deliberation that had marked all his actions and started toward the door.

Just as he was passing through the doorway, William Preston Harrison, the mayor's son, came tearing down the stairs from the upper portion of the house, just as the coachman came into the rear end of the hall. The cries of Mary Hansen directed the son to where his father lay, but the coachman was after other game. He had a revolver of his own and as quickly as he realized what had occurred, he levelled his weapon and sent a bullet after the disappearing form of the murderer. A second time his revolver spoke, but both bullets went wide.

Running to the door, the coachman was prepared to continue hostilities, but several people were entering to learn the cause of shooting, and by the time the coachman had reached the sidewalk, Pendergast had disappeared.

Across Ashland boulevard, directly opposite the residence of Mr. Harrison, is the home of W. J. Chalmers, the wealthy maker of mining machinery. Mr. Chalmers was standing upon the front steps of his residence when the shots were fired. He bounded down the steps and dashing across the street, hastened into the house. He reached Mr. Harrison's side almost at the instant that William Preston Harrison had found where his father lay.

"Are you hurt?" asked Mr. Chalmers, as he and the son of the dying man strove to raise him.

"I've got my death, Chalmers," responded the mayor. "It's through the heart," said the mayor again, his voice now scarcely above a whisper. A moment later he sank into unconsciousness, and in twenty minutes after receiving the wounds, Mr. Harrison was dead.

Miss Sophia Harrison, the mayor's daughter, was also in the house when the shooting took place. She was in a rear room upstairs, and, upon hearing the reports of the revolvers, hurried down to learn the cause. The last words uttered by Mayor Harrison were, "Give me water. Send for Annie. Give me water." Miss Annie Howard was the young woman to whom the mayor was soon to have been married. She took supper just a short time before the tragedy at the Harrison house, but had left immediately after. While the mayor lay dying on the parlor floor, surrounded by the doctors, Miss Howard entered. She was almost prostrated and was led from the room by one of the family.

When young Mr. Harrison came running down stairs to learn the cause of the shooting he passed a burglar alarm. He reached out his hand and turned in an alarm, and even before he had reached his father's side a patrol wagon filled with officers from Lakestreet station, about a third of a mile distant, was dashing towards the Mayor's home. By the time the officers arrived all traces of the murderer had been lost.

THE MURDERER SURRENDERS.

Every possible effort was made to secure medical attendance for Mr. Harrison, but when Dr. Lyman, the first physician to arrive at the house, reached the mayor's side he was a dead man. Drs. Thomas, Foster and Washburn followed up in quick succession, but they were unable to do anything, and they soon left the house.

About 25 minutes after the shooting, Sergeant Frank McDonald was standing in the office of the Desplaines-street station. Every available officer had already been hurried out to work on the case, and Sergt. McDonald, who had just come in from other works, was preparing to follow. The door was pushed gently open and in walked a small, smooth-shaven man, poorly dressed, and carrying a revolver in his hand. He shook like a man with the palsy, his face was white and drawn, great drops of perspiration chased each other down his face, and his tottering limbs seemed scarcely able to hold him upright. He walked up to McDonald, who is a powerful fellow, six feet tall, and looking him straight in the eyes, said:

"I did it."

"You did it?" asked McDonald.

"Yes, I did it."

"Did what?" said the officer, as he laid one hand on the fellow's arm and quietly took the revolver.

"I shot Mayor Harrison, and that's what I shot him with," was the reply as Prendergast made a motion with his hand toward the revolver.

"What made you do it?" asked McDonald.

"He said he would make me corporation counsel and he did not do it. That's what I shot him for." That was all there was about it. Nothing dramatic, no bravado. He spoke of his crime as though it was nothing out of the ordinary and a matter entirely to be expected.

He was trembling so that he could scarcely stand, and the officer led him to a chair and asked a few more questions, to which Prendergast had but one reply:

"He said he would make me corporation counsel. He did not and I shot him. I meant to shoot him and I went there to do it."

He said that after leaving the Harrison house he had taken a street car and started toward Desplaines-street station, with the object of giving himself up.

"The car did not go very fast," he said, "or I would have been here sooner."

As the station where he gave himself up is just four blocks over one mile from the Harrison residence he scarcely had time to do otherwise than he said.

THE MURDERER TELLS OF HIS CRIME.

The tidings of the murder swept like an electric shock through the city. The telephone wires fairly burned with service as queries and confirmations flew over the circuits. The city officials, politicians and business men dropped their evening papers as the startling news came to their homes and hurried to the centre of the city to swell the crowds that clustered around the central station. Bulletins were posted in prominent down town places and about them eager throngs surged and struggled. The newspaper offices were besieged by eager questioners and down town business was for a time at a standstill. Before the prisoner had reached the city hall news of his crime had been communicated to the crowds about the street and the place was surrounded. The murderer was rushed through the throng into the dark courtyard between the county and city buildings and hurried through a private entrance into Chief of Detective Shay's office. The doors were barred, officers were hurried from adjacent stations to guard the windows, doors and corridors. A few detectives and police officers were called into the chief's office and the examination of Prendergast began. The prisoner, as soon as he had reached the office, sank exhausted into a chair, his head fell back and his livid face and staring eyes presented a ghastly picture. He is a slender man, perhaps 24 years of age, with beardless and cadaverous face and a stupid, almost idiotic expression. His attire was that of a laboring man and was not over cleanly. For a time the man refused to answer any questions that were addressed to him. In a scarcely audible voice he said:

"I am sick. I am sick."

Chief Shea at last reached over, placed his finger on the man's wrist and told him that it was a doctor who questioned him.

"Why did you kill the mayor?" asked the chief.

"Well," the man responded, feebly, "he told me he would make me corporation counsel and he did not do it, so I shot him. I went to his door and rang, and I went in and shot him. I just shot him, that's all. I shot him."

"What is your name?" asked the detective.

"Prendergast, Patrick Eugene, or Eugene Patrick. Makes do difference which. The last name is Patrick."

"Where do you live?"

"I don't know. Don't know where. Around here somewhere, I guess. But," and the man raised his head to make his answer more emphatic, "I don't live at the railway tracks, I'll tell you that," and no amount of enquiry could induce him to give his place of residence.

Chief Shea asked him if he had ever been a lawyer, and Prendergast responded that he did not know. He did not believe he had.

"Then why did you expect to be made corporation counsel?" asked the officer.

"The mayor promised me. That's all," was the answer.

In attempting to learn the man's means of livelihood the officers experienced great difficulty. His replies were incoherent and rambling, but at last the examiners became convinced that he had been a newspaper carrier whose route was along Ashland-boulevard and in the vicinity of the mayor's home.

HIS THIRD WIFE.

Two weeks from last Tuesday, had Carter Harrison lived for that brief period, he would have taken to himself a third wife in the person of Miss Annie Howard, of New Orleans. It is less than two months since his engagement to the only daughter of the late Crescent city millionaire and king bee of the Louisiana lottery, was made public. At first the report was received with incredulity, for even his closest friends were loth to believe that, in view of his advancing years and especially of his statement after the death of his second wife that thereafter Chicago would be his only bride, he contemplated again entering the matrimonial state. When questioned on the subject the mayor was at first inclined to be reticent, and gave humorous replies to his interrogators, but finally when concealment was no longer possible,

HE OWNED UP TO THE SOFT IMPEACHMENT

with some light-hearted remark on the power of love over grey-headed men, and to some of his questioners put the pointed question as to whether they did not think he would not make a pretty bridegroom for a man of his age. What his age was he would not definitely say, and some amusement was created among old residents by his suggestion that he had yet to round his sixtieth year.

At this time the prospective bride was the guest of some local relatives residing on the south side of the city, about half way to the world's fair grounds, and it was the daily visits of the mayor to this residence that first gave the cue to the reports of his engagement. At this date no definite date had been fixed for the wedding. It was only on Friday morning that the Times, the mayor's own paper, announced that the wedding day had been fixed for November 7, and that it would be celebrated in the bride's native city. Apparently all concerned had overlooked the fact that Tuesday week was election day, and that if the programme were carried out, mayor Harrison would miss the opportunity of casting his vote in a municipal election in which he had taken a decidedly lively interest. At any rate later in the day the word went out that

THE DATE OF THE WEDDING

had been changed to a week later, November 14. According to the plans, so far as they had been whispered in the mayor's inner circle, the wedding was to have been a decidedly swell affair. The invitations were to have run up into the thousands, ranging from president and Mrs. Cleveland down to the governors of half a dozen states and the mayors of a score of cities, whose intimate acquantance mayor Harrison had enjoyed for years. The wedding dejeuner was to have been on a scale of unprecedented magnificence, even for the Crescent city, where expenditure is a secondary thought in society matrimonial functions.

WARRIOR ANTS ON THE MARCH.

Insects and Reptiles Fleeing For Life From the Advancing Horde.

It was in Honduras, near the Carribean coast, while on a government survey, that I first saw the warrior ants, those strange insects which march through the tropical forests in armes, attacking every living creature in their path. One intensely hot day, as I sat in a hammock under the thatched roof of my bamboo hut, a native came running in, and with excited gestures, bade me follow him. I did so wonderingly, and, going out into the open looked in the direction he pointed.

There on the rolling savannah stretched a wide, black belt extending far back into the shadows of the adjacent forest. It rose and fell with every formation of the ground, and, like a huge snake, slowly crept toward the village. "The warrior ants," explained the native in a strange patois of English and Spanish, which I shall not attempt to imitate. "They will soon be here," he continued. "You had better untie your dogs or the ants will kill them." Acting upon his advice, I loosed my dogs, and, retiring to a safe distance, watched the approach of the warriors. In countless numbers they swarmed over the plain, marching in compact order, like a well-drilled army. Before them scurried a heterogeneous mass of lizards, grasshoppers, frogs, beetles and other manner of insects and reptiles, in a wild scamper to reach a place of safety.

Presently the advance guard reached my hut and disappeared within, then the main column appeared, and soon the roof, floor, walls and rafters were black with them. Like the soft rustle of dried grass, stirred by the wind, came the sound of their presence in the leaves of my thatched roof. The sound increased in loudness as the rats, mice, lizards, cockroaches, centipedes, and others of their ilk, who had made the roof their home, tried vainly to escape. Some succeeded in getting away from the house, but only to fall victims to the surrounding hordes without. One large cockroach, I noticed, made a plucky fight, but overpowered by numbers, he gradually relaxed his efforts, and was soon dismembered, each ant carrying off a portion of his body as a trophy.

The most exciting battle was with a snake about three feet long, that tried to slip away unseen. The ants quickly surrounded it, however, and fought with terrible ferocity. With every switch of his tail the snake killed a score of his tormentors, but their places were soon filled by the black swarm which swept unceasingly on. Finally the writhings of the snake became fainter and fainter and at last ceased entirely, and not until then did the ants relinquish their attack. All day long they marched through the house, until at sundown, the end of the column had passed and was lost to view in the thickness of the forest.

I entered the house and prepared to survey ruefully my larder, but my anticipations of sorrow were premature, for there were all my provisions as I had left them, untouched. There was but one exception, a poor turtle which I had to a stake that morning, intending to keep him alive for a few days before making him into soup. He was stone dead, but the rumpled earth about him showed that he had made a hard fight for life. Not a dead ant was to be seen; they had all been carried off by their comrades. I afterwards learned that the warrior ants refuse to touch any food that they themselves have not caught and slain, which accounted for my provisions remaining unmolested.

PENNIAC.

OCT. 25.—The farmers are taking advantage of the fine weather in doing their fall ploughing.

All the young men have gone to the woods for the winter. Jesse Manzer will begin an operation on Nashwaak in partnership with C. Savage.

The sound of the gun is heard on every side, but the hunters have no need of assistance in carrying their game home. One partridge isn't a very heavy load.

A pair of ducks were seen flying up and down the stream yesterday. They escaped unharmed.

A large deer, the other day, made its way into Alex. Donald's field near his house, thence to a field of cabbage, apparently making preparations for hallow e'en. He intended to get the start of the boys, as well as of the owner of the cabbage.

A party was held at Henry Culligan's last Saturday evening, and arrangements have been made for a candy party at Chas. Bubar's on Saturday evening of this week.

A lecture given here on the 13th by rev. Mr. Lodge of Marysville, was well attended. The proceeds will be added to the Methodist church fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Allen, of Gibson, spent Sunday with the latter's sister, Mrs. Culligan.

Mrs. Charles Curscaden has gone to visit her parents in Boiestown.

Mrs. Fred. Brown, of Stanley, and Mrs. Hiram Staples lately visited their mother, Mrs. Chas. Wade, who has been an invalid for the last fifteen years.

Miss Mary Goodspeed returned from a visit to Woodstock on Monday.

At the annual school meeting in No. 5, F. Mitchell was elected trustee in place of H. Culligan, retired; and in the adjoining district No. 4, the place of C. T. Wade, whose term had expired, was filled by the election of Geo. Moore, senior.

Mrs. Geo. Walker and her daughter Mabel, who attended the Stanley fair, have returned home much pleased with their trip.

Mrs. Jas. Dennison is very low, and the end may be expected at any time.

WINTER DAIRYING.

By the Secretary of the Dairymen's Association of Western Ontario.

One of the most interesting topics discussed at many of our dairy meetings last winter was "Winter Dairying." Farmers and dairymen are anxious to get information concerning this feature of dairying. They are beginning to realize the importance of giving more attention to dairying as a branch of farming that will return a handsome profit, if carried out intelligently and systematically. Hence any feature that will make their business more remunerative will be received with interest.

The Dominion government, under the direction of the dairy commissioner, established two experimental dairy stations in 1891-92, at Mt. Elgin and Woodstock. At these stations butter was made during the winter months from milk supplied by the farmers in the neighborhood. These farmers had been supplying milk to the cheese factory during the summer, and continued to milk their cows during the winter and have it made into butter. The experiment was a very successful one; the farmers were well satisfied with the results, and the stations were continued during last winter and will be continued during the coming winter. Last winter also a few of the larger cheese factories put in apparatus for making butter, and kept their factories running all winter. These factories also gave satisfaction, and were able to make the business a profitable one. The business of winter dairying is therefore an established fact in Canada, and the sooner our farmers and dairymen understand its workings, and prepare themselves to operate it, the sooner will they place themselves in a position to realize the highest possible profit out of dairying, and be able to make money out of their cows all the year round.

The larger number of the patrons of our cheese factories, who are generally looked upon as making a specialty of dairying, milk their cows on an average seven or at most eight months of the year. It will cost $28 or $30 to keep a cow properly per year, and there are few cows kept by the dairymen of this country which will give more than enough milk during the milking season of seven or eight month than will pay off this $30. This being the case, the larger number of our farmers are keeping cows just for the fun of taking care of them, as they are not returning a profit, while a great many of them are keeping cows at a loss. It may seem strange that such a condition of things exists in a country where dairying is made a specialty, but nevertheless the fact remains. The chief reason is that farmers do not keep an accurate account of the cost of keeping a cow, or the cost of producing a certain quantity of milk. If they did they would only keep cows that would return a profit. A prominent dairyman has well said that the cow is a boarder, and should pay for her board week by week the year round. If our farmers would go into winter dairying, butter could be made when it commands the highest price, and cheese during the summer.

By this plan the dairyman will be able to raise his calves during the winter months. To do this his cows should come in during October. The skim milk may be returned from the creamery the same day that it is taken in perfectly sweet condition. By heating this skim milk to the normal temperature of milk (98°), and supplying a little linseed or oil cake to take the place of the butterfat, an excellent food for calves is secured. Thus better calves can be raised during the winter months by this method than are usually raised during summer. During the winter the farmer has more time to look after his stock, and consequently the calves receive more attention and are not allowed to fish for themselves, as is frequently the case when raised during the busy summer season. A calf that is born in the autumn and fed properly during the winter will be able to forage for itself when grass appears. Then if the heifer is properly looked after during the first three years of her life, the well developed cow is assured.

By adopting winter dairying farmers will be able to give employment to more men during the winter. An advantage to be gained by winter dairying is that the cows will be kept in better condition, and consequently will be in better trim when the spring opens up to give milk during the summer months. In proof of this, one of the leading patrons of the Mount Elgin Creamery states that during the summer of 1892 his cows gave more milk than in the summer of 1891, when his cows had been put dry quite early in the winter.

It is claimed that the returns from winter dairying will not pay for the extra food and extra care expended upon the cows. We have only to refer to the experience of those who have tried it. The butter made in the winter dairies last season brought, on an average, from twenty-three to twenty-five cents per pound, and he would receive from eighty-five to ninety cents per one hundred pounds for milk, and have the skim milk to the good.

There are a few requisites that are necessary to the successful working of winter dairying. An abundant supply of good, succulent food is neccessary, and the cheapest and best way to get it is through the silo. By feeding a little chopped grain with ensilage, a complete food for cows is secured, and cows can be fed just as cheaply during the winter as during the summer on the grass. Good, warm, comfortable stables need to be provided. A cow kept in a cold stable requires more food to keep up her vitality than one kept in comfortable quarters.

The serious drought of the past few months in Ontario will doubtless prove a serious drawback to winter dairying this season. The dearth of good pasturage during August and September caused the cows to lessen their flow of milk very early in the season, making it difficult to keep up to their usual amount at this time of the year, and consequently many of the farmers will not have the milk to supply for making butter this winter. It is difficult also, though good food is supplied, to get cows back to their usual flow of milk if they have shrunk considerably for any length of time.

However, the winter creamery is of considerable interest to the dairymen, and when it is possible to secure sufficient milk, arrangements will be made in many localities for manufacturing butter during the winter months. Thorough preparation is necessary for every new line of work, and until the farmer has provided himself with the proper cows, and has the right kind of food for them, the highest measure of success cannot be obtained in operating the winter dairy.—Farmer's Advocate.

SOUTHAMPTON.

OCT. 23.—In speaking of Mr. Tompkin's hennery, you ommitted to say "window in South side 10 feet long and two feet wide double glass." A description of Mr. Oldham's large hennery in my next if possible.

The Middle Southampton cheese manufacturing Co. held their annual meeting three weeks ago Saturday evening, the officers and directors for the ensuing year are: John N. Grant, president; James T. Masten vice-president; Abraham Scriver John Oldham, Chas. Dunham, Geo. Draper and John Akerley directors. Immediately upon the adjournment of the shareholders meeting, the directors held their meeting and appointed F. C. Brown, secretary; F. R. Brooks, treasurer and G. A. Grant auditor. At the shareholder's meeting the directors were ordered to have the factory ready for business on the 20th of May next.

Miss Annie Morrison of Lower Southampton is visiting her niece, Miss Alma Miller; and now a carriage rolls leisurely down the road in the moonlight in which sits a young man humming "Annie Laurie."

In substituting the word "all" for "some" as I wrote in re the parties suspected of entering the premises of Ezra Grant you made me say something I would be very wrong in saying. What I wrote was, "Some of the parties suspected have been known to have committed other thefts." Of Course I wrote that on October 10th, now nearly everybody's boy's name is mentioned; still it cannot be doubted that in the great majority of cases Grant is "barking up the wrong tree." Some fathers say they will enter an action.

Hugh Jameison, formerly teacher of our school, but now a lumberer, of California, spent a few days here last week, the guest of Geo. Clynick.

The Reformed Baptist church at Green Bush is to be dedicated to the worship of God the first Sunday in November. Efforts are being made to engage rev. Mr. McDonald of St. John to preach the dedicating sermon. A choir is now practising some choice music for the occasion.

Miss Lucy Akerley has returned from her trip to St. John, and says she is much in love with the city by the sea. In the absence of the organist, Miss Lillian Grant, who was attending the holiness convention at Woodstock, Miss Akerley presided at the organ very acceptably, in the R. B. church, Sunday evening.

At the school meeting Thursday week, C. A. Grant was re-elected trustee. The sum of two hundred dollars was voted to run the school next year. There came very near being a lively rumpus when one fractious ratepayer accused his neighbor of voting twice. Order was called before they came to the line, and the vote was taken again. L. W. Miller secured the contract for wood, at $1.22 a cord. As gates have got so they can walk, it was ordered that the school house wood-shed be kept locked to prevent the wood from taking a constitutional by night.

Rev. Mr. Gravinor preached an impressive sermon, in his quiet and emphatic way, in the R. B. church, a week ago Sabbath evening, from the words, "In that day when God should judge the world in righteousness."

Inspector Bridges, who has permanently won the name of the teachers friend, has been paying his annual visit to the schools of the parish. He spent Saturday and Sunday here, the guest of N. W. Brown.

Mrs. Jerusha Dore, of Canterbury, was on this side of the river last week to see her brother, Ezekiel Farnham, who is down with typhoid fever.

H. A. Stairs of Campbell Settlement, went from his home one Monday morning this fall, to Temperance Vale and threshed 307 bushels of oats, moving once, three-quarters of a mile, in the middle of the day. Oats turned out, or in, well that time Henry. The horses were taken care of before the lantern was lit. Try again!

In blowing a rock, preparatory to grading the cheese factory grounds on Saturday last, a window in the east end of the building was broken by a piece of the flying stone. The factory, the outside of which is finished, presents a fine appearance, and everyone agrees that the location is good.

Mrs. Absolom Grant of Shogomoc, spent a week very pleasantly visiting old friends over here. She is always a welcome guest.

Some scoundrel put two loads of shot into poor Scott's body while we were out at the "back place," and now the dog that burned the barn is skulking over the plains of the happy hunting grounds! Selah.

"Poor dog! he was cunning and sly to be sure,
And he burned down my barn, although I was poor;
When the stingy looking folks sent no straw to the spot,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Scott."

[From another correspondent.]

Arlington and Mrs. Wright, have just returned from a visit to Bridgewater, Me.

Ephraim Cronk has gone to Fredericton to spend a few weeks in Victoria hospital.

Burns Patterson, Joel Freeman, Daniel Scriver, Stephen Patterson, Henry Farnham and several others of our neighbors, have gone to Aroostook, Me., where they are getting good wages for potato digging and picking. We could raise ten or fifteen acres here, just as well as what we do raise, if we only had a Houlton to sell them in.

Solomon Bragdon is doing the mason work on H. C. Grant & Son's new house, in his usual first-class way.

Is it christianlike or even fair play, for part of the neighborhood to turn out their entire stock on the highway before the time specified by law? I think not, and to say nothing of the inconvenience to others. It looks mean. Of course "there are some commons whose owners are away, and if I don't get my cattle out before the rest and break the law, why I'll lose that much fall feed." This is queer reasoning. But what is the matter with our pound keeper? Certainly it is too late to do anything this fall, but another year there has got to be some different arrangement. There have been cattle and horses on the main road more or less ever since haying, until they have become an unbearable nuisance to those who take care of their things.

Harris Akerly, John Lenetine and Woodford Wright, had a large number of sheep badly mangled by dogs on Tuesday night. Three, one of which was completely stripped of its skin, had to be killed by their owners. One dog, caught in the act, was owned by Cyrus Farnham. It was at once despatched with an axe, which showed its owner was a man.

Better Still.—There's a chicken in Salem with four legs. That's nothing. We often have chickens at our boarding house that are all legs.