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TRIPLE MURDER.

Omri Eddy, Mrs. Eddy and Emma Eddy Killed.

The Lives Taken at Beach Ridge by Unknown Assassins.

A Robbery Which led to Murder and Arson.

The Montreal Daily Star of last Saturday contains the following account of a horrible tragedy:—

LACOLELLE, Que., June 3.—The most fearful tragedy in the annals of Missisquoi County occurred seven miles from this point last night or early this morning. Omri Eddy, Mrs. Eddy, his wife, and their daughter Emma, aged 20, were found murdered in their farm house at Beach Ridge, three miles from Clarenceville.

After the murder had been committed the assassins SET FIRE TO THE DWELLING, and the neighbors, who were attracted to the spot by the flames, found the three dead bodies, which were at once removed.

As yet there is no clue to the murderers. There is a little doubt but that the primary intention of the unknown murderers was robbery, and this led to the sequel which has sent a thrill of horror throughout the whole district.

In support of the robbery theory it may be stated that when the dead bodies were removed, around Mrs. Eddy's hand was found a rubber band, which, the neighbors say, was similar to one which SHE CARRIED ON HER FINGER.

The position of the band indicated that it had been slipped from off the finger, probably in response to the robber's demand for money.

The sequel to this act of Mrs. Eddy's may never be detailed, but the finding of the dead bodies shows that it was followed by a series of most brutal murders.

The intensest excitement prevails in the neighborhood of Beach Ridge and people are flocking to

THE SCENE OF THE MURDER from Bedford, Clarenceville and other adjacent places.

Coroner Mitchell, of Bedford, has gone to Beach Ridge and is holding an investigation this afternoon.

THE MURDERED FAMILY.

Omri Eddy, the murdered man, was 70 years of age, his wife (formerly a Miss Bush) about 62. They were one of the oldest families residing in that part of the country. They came from United Empire Loyalist stock. Mr. Eddy's grandfather having settled there in the early part of the century. Mr. Eddy was an independent,

WELL-TO-DO FARMER, and possessed considerable means, being the owner of two farms. He was a highly respected man and was one of the fathers of the Methodist Church in Clarenceville. The late Mrs. Eddy was a kind woman, while Miss Eddy was a well educated young woman, held in great esteem by all who knew her. The residence was situated on Beach Ridge, a beautiful country road leading from Clarenceville to Albany Springs, Vt.

THE HOUSE STOOD ABOUT THREE MILES from Clarenceville and two from the boundary line. It was one of the pretty farm residences which are so numerous in that section. It was of wood and fronting it was a distant lawn. It could be seen for quite a distance, being on the brow of the hill near the lake. On the east the farm lands slope down to the Missisquoi lake. The farmer employed by Mr. Eddy lived in another house about one hundred

yards away with his family. The bulk of the product of these two farms was hay which was sometimes held until spring to be sold at a higher price. There is a good deal of local traffic on this road, leading as it does

BETWEEN VERMONT AND CANADA.

The locality has always borne a very high reputation and is almost wholly populated by people of English descent. As a rule they retire very early in the evening and are early risers. A married daughter of Mr. Eddy, Mrs. Bert Hawley, lives near Plattsburg, N. Y. She was the eldest child, while the murdered daughter was the youngest. One son, Mr. H. O. Eddy,

IS IN BUSINESS AT MONTREAL,

160 McGill street. The news was broken to him this morning. He will go out this evening. Teams are to be seen on this road at all times of night. The corner of the district, Dr. H. E. Mitchell, resides at Bedford, some sixteen miles from the scene of the murder. There is no apparatus to fight fire with in and around Clarenceville. It is a prohibition parish as well as Alburg, Vt. adjoining it. The nearest neighboring house to the Eddy place is about 300 yards.

Mr. H. O. Eddy, son of the murdered father and mother, manufacturer's agent, McGill street, received a telegram this morning advising him of the murder of his father, and later on, another message announcing the murder of the other members of his family. The terrible state of mind into which this intelligence threw Mr. Eddy can only be imagined. As soon as he had partially recovered from the stunning effects of the shock he proceeded to Mr. Carpenter's office and engaged two detectives, with whom he will set out to endeavor to discover the perpetrator of the outrage.

THE JEWS GOT TO TIMBUKTO.

New Firmly Installed in a City Where Once

A dispatch from Tangier says that \$60,000 worth of ostrich feathers sent by Jewish merchants of Timbuktu have reached that city.

Christians are forbidden to live in the city, and the Mohammedans are as bitterly opposed to the Jews as to the Christians. The story how the Jews gained admittance to Timbuktu is a romantic one. They seem to be firmly established there, having overcome the opposition of their bitter enemies.

All the Jewish merchants in Timbuktu are relations or friends of Mordokhai Abi-Serour, once a poor Jewish boy living in Morocco, where his race are cruelly treated. This boy, suffering all the misfortunes of his race, determined to go to some part of the world where he might get a better chance in life. He had no help from any one, but made his way in various humble capacities from Tangier to Spain, and then passed through France, Turkey, Greece, Asia Minor, and finally reached Jerusalem. When his funds were exhausted he would work until he had accumulated money to pursue his journey.

One of our countrymen has shown how an American can travel to Europe on 50 cents a day, Mordokhai could undoubtedly give points to our economical countrymen in the art of cheap travel. For months at a time he travelled at a total cost of not over \$2 a week.

When he reached Jerusalem he applied himself with great ardor to study. In five years he attained the rank of rabbi. Then he became a school teacher, and in this capacity he passed 11 years instructing youth in Aleppo, Syria, Egypt, Tunis and Algeria. Then he returned to Morocco with a passport as a French citizen. He, however, had accumulated considerable money, and had developed the amazing faculty of his race for business. He heard that there were great opportunities in the Timbuktu trade, and, though he knew the holy city was rigorously closed against Jews as well as Christians, he determined to make an effort to get to Timbuktu. This was in 1858.

Within a number of camels he and his brother Isaac started across the desert, taking water enough to last them 10 days. His progress was not impeded until he reached the town of Arnan, where the European explorer Laing was murdered in the early part of this century. At this town, which stands in a sea of sand, they were stopped by the Arab sheik, who declared that no Jew or Christian would be permitted to live among the faithful. He said he would kill any Jew who came to his town as once he had killed a Christian.

It happened that Mordokhai had the Koran at his fingers' ends. With this knowledge combined with great tact and finesse, he went before the doctors of the Arnan and pointed out to them that their religious law enjoined upon Mohammedans to take tribute from Jews and not to slay them. This set the sheik and the doctors thinking, and after studying over the law they agreed that Mordokhai and his brother should be permitted to trade in the town upon giving the sheik a portion of their merchandise and promising to pay an annual tribute of \$25 for every Jew engaged in trade in Arnan. So the adventuresome Jewish merchant had thus far prospered on his way.

It was not, however, until the next year that he obtained permission to go to Timbuktu. After the desired authority had been given him, it was only by the most extravagant offers that he induced a camel driver to assume the risk of taking a Jew to the fanatical city. Mordokhai did not dare to suddenly surprise the

people of Timbuktu by appearing among them in his true character. He therefore assumed an Arab disguise, and when he reached the city he went at once to the house of a Morocco trader who he thought would protect him. The Jew, however, was mistaken for the Moorish trader instigated the ruling Felahs to kill him or compel him to turn Mohammedan.

In the emergency his knowledge of the Koran again assisted him out of a dilemma, for when it seemed as though he had no alternative but to deny his faith or die he repeated to his enemies the words of the prophet that they who killed a tributary without just cause should not taste of the joys of Paradise. The result was that a messenger was sent to the Emir to learn his will; and to the delight of the Jew, the order came that he was to be permitted to reside in Timbuktu on paying the usual license exacted from foreign merchants.

Accordingly Mordokhai and his brother lived in Timbuktu, doing a most profitable business, for several years. Having accumulated a considerable fortune by trading caravans that they sent to the Mediterranean, they finally returned to Morocco. Then Mordokhai went to Timbuktu with three of his near relatives and another Jew and in the following year they sent to Morocco ostrich feathers ivory and other products to the value of \$30,000. Mordokhai's later adventures were not so successful, for some of his caravans were plundered in the desert. But when he decided to leave Timbuktu for good in 1869, his relatives there thought it profitable to remain. Other Jews have since joined them on the same terms, and thus it happens that to-day there are Jewish traders in the fanatical city, which before the advent of this fearless pioneer, would not admit any Jewish traders.

Since his retirement from the Soudan trade Mordokhai has done very good work in the service of the Paris geographical society.

THE STORY OF AN OUTCAST.

In Which a Man With Murder in His Heart Has a Narrow Escape.

The man in upper No. 11 began morning about 10:30 o'clock, and an hour later the man in lower No. 7 got out of his berth fully determined to choke off that noise or kill the man who owned it. Among the half dozen of us who looked out to see what was going on was an old chap of 70, who had lower No. 1. As soon as lower No. 7 turned out the old man beckoned him down to the end of the car and asked:

Am I correct in supposing you mean to wet your hands in human gore? You are! was the prompt reply. You have considered the consequences, have you?

I have! But at the risk of being thought officious I want to relate an incident in my own career. Thirty years ago it happened that I had to pass a night in a large room in a tavern with 14 other men. At midnight all began to snore. I had with me two dozen spring clothespins. I got up and placed a pin on each man's nose, and in 10 minutes every snore had ceased. I grinned. I chuckled. I congratulated myself on my cunningness. When I awoke in the morning, every man was dead!

No! What killed them? Every one had swallowed his snore. The clothespins had done it. Fourteen dead men lay on their backs with 14 clothespins tightly pressed to their pale, cold noses.

Served 'em right! I chuckled the blood-thirsty wretch.

I admit it. But how did I come out? I was tried on 14 separate charges of murder. It was nine years before the last jury brought in a verdict of 'justifiable homicide.' I had paid out my last cent to the lawyers. Fourteen widows cried for my life. Over 40 fatherless children shrieked for vengeance. More than 100 newspapers demanded that I be lynched. I was an outcast, a leper, a reptile to be shunned. Day and night the sobs of those widows and the wails of those fatherless children ring in my ears. I am going to my grave feeling that I have not one friend in all this great world.

But you see— Of course I see. He ought to be killed. No one can blame you for murdering him in cold blood, but reflect ere it is too late. I beg of you to pause and reflect.

The would-be murderer was struck by the old man's earnestness. He put up his knife and revolver and crept back under his blankets, and he was hardly out of sight before the sleeper turned over, and the snore was heard no more. Next morning the snorer incidentally mentioned that he had been married five different times and had 4 wives and 27 children and stepchildren still living, and the pallor which overspread the murderous wretch's face like a veil did not go away for hours. He had barely escaped murdering a 3-story orphan asylum.

Wit and Humor.

I've got it in for you, my friend, soliloquized the mosquito, sinking it a little deeper in the sleeping victim's nose.

Life.—Mr. Bilkins—What a sad face that woman has! Mrs. Bilkins—Yes, poor thing! She has either loved and lost or loved and got him.

Old subscriber (to editor)—Can you lend me \$5? Editor—We cannot. Old subscriber—Paper not done! much, eh? Editor—Well, we're holdin' our own.

Bill Nye, the famous humorist, proposes to write a history of the United States, which he says will contain a few facts, which is almost impossible to keep them out.

Rector (to choirmaster)—We don't have enough congregation singing to suit the church members. Choirmaster—No. It ought to be kept up throughout the sermon.