

HOTELS. QUEEN HOTEL, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B. This hotel has been refitted and painted in the most attractive manner...

Wm. Wilson, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, &c. Office: Carleton Street.

RAILROADS. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1889.

RAILROADS. NORTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. In Effect Nov. 25th, 1889.

RAILROADS. NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY COMPANY. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. In Effect June 30th, 1890.

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Parsons' Pills. The greater amount each box contains the more effect it produces. It is a purgative and a cathartic.

Make New Rich Blood! CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED. TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease...

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. THE PILLS. PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels...

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. THE OINTMENT. It is a powerful remedy for all skin diseases, such as Eczema, Scabies, and Psoriasis.

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FARMING MATTERS. HINTS USEFUL TO THE FARMER. Notes For Cheese-Makers For August.

By Jas. W. Robertson, Dairy Commissioner. A cheese factory's reputation is largely determined by the quality of its August, September and October output.

However, we desire to make helpful information not only attainable but unavoidable to such. In a short time there will be numerous cable orders from England, calling for "cool August cheese."

To help the cheese-makers in manufacturing a class of goods that will be satisfactory to the market, we have prepared a list of the factories which need their immediate and special attention.

According to Matthew, Jesus was born toward the end of the reign of Herod the Great, and that when Herod died Jesus was yet a little child.

Probably it was begun in Judea in 747. Professor Sattler thinks it was not made in Jerusalem earlier than 740. He finds that the four coins enabled him to make clear the testimony of the evangelist as to the year 740 of the birth.

There is an interesting story back of the cable report from London that the British East African Company has released 4000 slaves who had been dragged to the coast from their homes in the interior.

Every cheese-maker should persistently fight uncleanliness and filth in every form, and he ought to have a woman's passion for cleanliness and a similar antagonism for dirt.

Cheese boxes should not be stored in the curing-room. The odor from the elm wood penetrates the cheese and affects their flavor.

When the milk is richer and less in quantity, there will be an increased temptation to "even up" by the addition of water, or to "down" by the removal of cream.

The making of cheese for exhibitions is usually undertaken during the first two weeks in this month. Send a circular to every patron, making mention of those matters that are referred to in this bulletin, and inviting their co-operation.

When you are troubled with gassy curds, allow a development of acid, such as will be indicated by threads from the hot iron test a quarter of an inch long, before the removal of the whey.

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BLIND ANGLERS. The Want of Sight Compensated for by Keenness of Touch and Feeling.

The late Professor Farwell was not the only trout-fisher who, although blind, was able to wield his rod with precision and success.

When this fact became apparent he went to Edinburgh, and blind as he was learned the rather complicated business of a maker of fishing tackle.

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CHILDREN OF THE KAISER. BETHESDA'S POOLS. Recent Excavations Said to Have Recovered the Water.

The Emperor William brings up his little some like soldiers is well known. They rise with the sun and go to bed at 6 or 7, and the Pall Mall Gazette says further: Five o'clock is their usual hour of rising, and they are not allowed to remain in bed for a minute after they wake.

The Crown Prince is asserted that he will one day be Emperor. He discovered the fact for himself, although he is always styled Prince William, and by his father's command has never been told that.

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CLAIMS DAMAGES. Wyllys Benedict brought an action in the United States district court at New York against the New York Steamship Company to recover damages for violation of contract.

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THE ROAD SERVICE.
Our Andover friend, having seated himself in the Gleaner's chair, does not appear to like our reference to the new road law. We drew attention ourselves to what we considered an unwise change in the former highway act, and now the Andover editor who had not heard and did not know anything about the law until his return from the Malawaska county court, thinks he sees a chance to attack Mr. Blair on account of it. He evidently cannot discuss an important question except for the purposes of political partisanship, and does not realize that there are quite a number of people in the country who are willing to allow the present government to carry on affairs and anxious to help them do so to the best advantage. The Andover friend is not now in receipt of any public money for services rendered the government, and therefore his "thoughts by day and dreams by night" are "turn the rascals out." We believe he has felt that way since June '87; he did not feel that way for the four years preceding.

He tells us that our article is an indirect threat of direct taxation for the road service. We do not think it a threat, but if a threat, we question if it can be called indirect. We pointed out that the roads are multiplying, that less statute labor is being done this year than ever before, and we candidly confess that we intended to give, not an indirect, but a direct public notice of the amount of money which the legislature has been heretofore able to grant, or will hereafter be able, will keep up the roads, unless more road work is done than people are now required to do.

"This of course," says the Andover editor, "is the result of the wholesale extravagance of Mr. Blair." Well, really, this is quite too remarkable! We did not know a result had been arrived at, and if it had we do not just perceive where the wholesale extravagance comes in. If there has been any extravagance, the Andover friend did not succeed in bringing it to light during the session of the legislature last winter, although he sat just outside the rail with paper, pencil and the auditor general's report in his hand, day after day when the supply was going through.

The forty-second member did not uncharitably wholeheartedly extravagance last winter. The only thing he discovered was that the clerk at the lunatic asylum had paid \$20 cents a pound for a half-dozen pair of chickens. But had there been a saving of four and one-half cents a pound made on those chickens, the saving would not have been available for the roads.

The road and bridge grant, we may inform our friend, is as large this year as it ever was any year and was larger last year than the year before. All of which being true, the extravagance could not have been "wholesale" otherwise the grant would have had to be reduced. The extravagance could not have been even read extravagance without absorbing the road and bridge money to some extent at least, and as we have said it is not reduced. This is the first case of "wholesale extravagance" which has come under our knowledge that has not diminished the sums available for the great services of government.

It would be really interesting to the public, and to be greatly appreciated by us, if the Gleaner and its Andover friend, the forty-second member, would kindly inform its readers what particular extravagance the government is now indulging in, which it was not guilty of during the period it enjoyed their unswerving support.

Here is an opportunity for the party to distinguish itself. Since that convention has been indefinitely postponed and there is nothing particular just now to organize, let the party get to work at the public accounts and show us either a wholesale or retail expenditure, which is thoroughly wrong now that was not thoroughly approved of then—barring the extra price paid for those chickens.

AN ABSURDITY EXPRESSED.
The Woodstock Press tells its readers that Mr. Blair is one of the persons holding the lease of the government boiler plaster rock, and rather makes the statement as if there was something wrong about it. The Press has not intended to state that which is not true, but someone has been misleading it. Mr. Blair, we are informed on authority, is not interested in the plaster rock either as lessee or otherwise. But we are not so much concerned to set the Press right upon this point, as to ask, assuming what it says to be permanent, it was in Annapolis. Millions of dollars had been spent in a transcontinental railway and in consequence there was a grand boom. English emigrants were strongly advised to go there. A great many of them did. The country has much to recommend it. Lying under and south of the Tropic of Capricorn, producing therefore nearly everything needed for the support of life from sugar cane to potatoes, splendidly adapted to pastoral purposes and possessed of abundant mineral deposits of great value, within its 841,000 square miles of territory there are undoubtedly room for large and highly flourishing population. The present population is about three millions. What the cause of the recent rebellion is has not yet transpired. It is singular that all the news we get of the happenings in that part of the world comes via London. Nothing more clearly indicates how far off the United States is from having the influence in the republics of South America which its public men consider it should exercise. The latest intelligence is to the effect that there is a reasonable prospect of peace being restored immediately.

If there is doubt as to the cause and issue of the Argentine revolution there is even greater uncertainty as to what is transpiring in Central America. That serious fighting has taken place between the troops of Guatemala and Salvador is understood, but we are told by the latest despatches to accept any account of the battles as correct, as each party tells the story to suit itself. There is probably one reason underlying all these outbreaks, namely the inequality of the people for self-government. Nature has been profuse in her gifts to these countries and the inhabitants are indolent and not much else than grown up children. If a strong man gets in power he can do about as he pleases. There is no public opinion, as we understand it, to restrain him. So things go on from bad to worse until a revolution at home or a war abroad comes as a matter of course. South America is a country of boundless possibilities; but it needs to be in the hands of Englishmen or Americans. There is a very strong sentiment among leading Peruvians in favor of an English protectorate for that country, and doubtless sooner or later the Anglo-American will have control of the whole southern continent.

EMERUS WILMAN, writing to a friend in this city, expresses great hopefulness as to the progress which reciprocity is making among United States public men.

MAINTENANCE OF BRIDGES.
It appears, according to the Gleaner, that rotten bridges are increasing and that government works are tumbling down all over the country. In support of this we are told that three bridges in different parts of the province have recently fallen, one of them, and the only one of which we have any information, being the Durham bridge on the Nashvaak. This dismal howl is made the prelude to the startling inquiry: How can the public be compelled to endure this state of things?

The inference to be drawn from this evidence is of course, that if a bridge should chance to fall down, it is the best evidence in the world that the government shall be pulled down with it, and that if only the Gleaner's friends were in power, no bridge would under any circumstance be allowed suddenly to give out. The new government, under the able but outside assistance of our friend from Andover, coupled with the moral support of the Gleaner, would make larger grants for roads and bridges than any government ever has made heretofore, and doubtless would augment the provincial appropriation by liberal contributions from their own pockets.

The general public have little, if any, idea of the strain upon the department of public works during the past three years. Not speaking of the rias and freshets, which have been most destructive upon roads and bridges, there has been a total giving out of all those inferior bridges built under the Kelly administration of the department. We do not wish to revive public recollection of that unimpaired period of our public works administration; but it is necessary to mention it in order that the people may appreciate the extreme demands Mr. Ryan has had to grapple with.

We think when the administration of the present chief commissioner comes to be judged calmly and free from the prejudice of party rancor, it will be conceded that his neglect of the department, efficiently and honestly done, and that he has accomplished splendidly what the means at his disposal.

Meaning from the experience of the last few years, there is good reason to believe that this country is becoming more subject to violent and destructive freshets. Whether this is due to climatic changes or to the axe of the settler and lumberman, it may not yet be possible to determine—whether in the present or in both cases; but it will surprise the public to learn that \$55,000 worth of new bridges have been swept away in two recent years by spring and summer freshets. It should not be wondered at if under such circumstances the chief commissioner had found his calculations defective.

One span of the Durham bridge, referred to above, it is true did fall down, but through no neglect of the department. Persons in the neighborhood say that the span fell in consequence of having been lifted out of place by a whirlwind. That the bridge had not been neglected is certain, as only last year no less than eight hundred dollars were expended in repairing two piers, which was all that in the opinion of competent persons needed repairing. Had the Gleaner waited a few days to make its dismal wail, it would have found the span replaced in good safe condition and everybody well satisfied.

Whatever other complaints the grumblers may make in this country, they cannot say that the government is not constantly rebuilding and repairing our bridges. The work when it is done is done, and if it may be said that the department is slow in rebuilding in some cases, it is not due, in the slightest degree, to indifference or neglect. The work is often much better done, the character of the bridge improved, and the public than if more satisfaction given the public than if the department had undertaken the work when crowded with other pressing demands.

POLITICAL NOTES.
"It is an old and trite proverb that abusing another will not make the abuser clean." Our readers will be surprised to learn that at one time the Gleaner, from a recent editorial in the Gleaner, and, yet, perhaps, they will not be so greatly surprised when it is considered that even the Gleaner may learn, by experience. It has been for years both scurrilous and defamatory in its attacks upon the attorney general, yet it has become either spotless or pure. It has taken a long time to learn the lesson. To the credit of journalism let us hope it is a case of lasting and genuine conversion.

This conviction, respecting a long forgotten convention "old and trite proverb," has very suddenly and recently seized upon the Gleaner, as will appear by a reference to its latest editions. In the small compass of less than a dozen lines, Mr. Blair is charged with having private interest in all the public subsidies granted by the local government. He is also said to be guilty of peculation, which means the embezzlement or stealing of public funds. The charges of Mr. Blair's side, the Leary contract is again repeated, and although the hope is expressed that these gross breaches of office and public trust may cease, it contends that the sale of the public interests for private gain is still to be carried on by him.

To call a man a swindler and embezzler, to say that he is guilty of peculation of government moneys, to charge him with selling public contracts, and to insinuate a gross abuse of his public trust, according to the Gleaner and the vindictive persecuting coteries surrounding it, is not to be abusive. It is fair comment and honest criticism of the official conduct of public officers. To say that the patron of the Gleaner and "our friend from Andover" are one and the same, and that he and his organ are spiteful and malicious is to be abusive; but to call a member of the government an embezzler of the public funds is mild criticism. To ridicule the vain bragging and laugh at the silly threats of the great things the Gleaner people are going to do is to be abusive; and to say that the attorney general, who barbers public contracts and puts up the interests of the province at auction for his personal and pecuniary benefit is fair and legitimate comment. We hope to be saved from falling into the moral condition, which in the absence of convincing evidence, the Gleaner here lieve any representative man in this country to be so depraved.

The Gleaner and the vindictive spirits who are behind it, know that these charges are utterly false and untrue. Not only so, but the most atrocious bitterness could prompt the circulation in print of such shocking and disgraceful accusations. Mr. Gregory, who for twenty years was identified in the closest and most confidential relations with the attorney general, can drag into the light of day any transaction, of which Mr. Blair to his knowledge was ignorant, and which he deliberately charged, we are sure he has the attorney general's full permission to disclose. For five years he remained with the latter after Mr. Blair became leader of the government. It is not reasonable to assume that in his voluminous correspondence, which he has made public, he could point to an incident, occurring during that period when he had means of knowledge, which would damage the leader of the government personally, privately, officially, or in any other way, he would have long since done it.

CANADIAN NEWS.
The Weekly Events in Brief—The Gleaner of our Exchanges.
Hanlan has issued a challenge to Gaudaur to row a three-mile race for from \$1,000 to \$2,500.
The order for the removal of the West Island regiment from Halifax to Bermuda has been countermanded.
A case of poisoning from eating canned corn is reported at the Union, St. Stephen. Fortunately it did not terminate fatally.
Mrs. Albert Bush, of Woodstock, Ont., who has been married only a month, swallowed some laudanum the other night, but her life was saved.
Mrs. Charles York and her aged mother, living at Bengies, were murdered Wednesday morning. A man named Meeks is accused of committing the crime.
The Windsor cotton factory has been closed for six months. President Curry says over-production and a stagnant market have caused the present depression.
Leda Lamontagne, arrested at Boston on a charge of having been accessory to the murder at Sherbrooke, Que., of her husband Napoleon Michel, by her brother Remi, has been ordered to be extradited.

At Weldon, A. Co., recently, children playing with matches set fire to the barn of Henry Stevens, and both barn and house were burned down. Most of the furniture was saved but there was no insurance.
An interesting ceremony took place Friday at Laprairie. It consisted of a solemn service to inaugurate a monument to Catherine Tsogakina, the first Indian maiden baptized into the Christian faith. The baptism was performed in 1676. About 100 people were present.
While passing Calhoun's mills, coming east the other day, brakeman McLeod, of conductor Bass' train, was struck by a stone thrown by some person and rendered unconscious for a time. He was standing on the rear platform at the time when for the timely assistance of conductor Bass would have fallen from the train.
The nine-year-old son of Findlay Macenzie, of St. Mary's road, near Halifax, N. S., met with a horrible death recently. He was leading home a horse and the rope was tied around his waist. The animal might have been started off at full speed, dragging the child after him until the boy's head struck a stump, which caused the rope to snap and brought instant death to the child.

Rev. John A. Clark, who was stationed at Shelburne, has removed to St. John. The Newcastle Advocate says: "The reason Rev. Mr. Clark did not go to Shelburne was because he could neither rent a home suitable or even get board for himself and family in Shelburne, and he has therefore gone to reside in Carleton, St. John. The stationing committee of the conference of 1889, which was held at that place, recommended that a home be provided for him, but no parsonage, or accommodation of any kind for them."

"Con" O'Brien of St. Catharines, Ont., who attempted to commit suicide a few days ago by taking laudanum, but who was saved by the doctors and put in good stead, was successful. He took the sheet from his bed, tore it into strips and wove it into a rope, and tied one end to the iron bars in the ventilator. Climbing up he would the other end around his neck and allowed himself to drop until his feet were within three inches of the ground.

A St. John pilot caught much consternation on board the "Cruelster" on Monday. In getting into his boat from the steamer, he fell overboard, and was swept away by the tide. The passengers on the steamer thought he would surely be drowned, but when they saw him bobbing around like a cork, and heard him remark that there was no particular hurt, they began laughing at the steamer's boat, they became calmer. After floating around for a few minutes, a boat reached him, and he was dragged on board. He shook the water of his eyes, and after he had been placed in his boat rowed shoreward as if a plunger in the cold waters of the Bay was an every day occurrence with him.

A well known Halifax druggist and a young man belonging to Kingsport had a thrilling escape from death on Cape Blomidon. They were descending the mountain at a very dangerous part and had to slide down on their backs in a sort of gully washed out by water. After descending some distance an obstruction brought them to a stop, and on looking back they were horrified to discover themselves on the brink of a precipice 125 feet high, at the edge of which was a stump that had kept them from sliding over. Had it not been for the obstruction they would certainly have been precipitated to the shore below and dashed to pieces of the huge boulders at the foot of the cliff.

In October last we referred, says the Advocate, to the splendid examination passed by Miss Helena de Ollivier, daughter of Dr. de Ollivier, of Kingston, Kent at the Marlborough Conservatory of music, where she had entered for a course of studies. We are pleased to learn that at the expiration of the year Miss de Ollivier has won the first prize of the fifth year over thirteen competitors, and the only one to receive the unanimous approval of the examining tribunal as the best and most distinguished player. The victory is all the more complete as all the others have had the benefit of the five years training of which she has had one, having received all her previous musical training in the St. Louis convent, Kentucky.

W. E. Best, chemist, of St. John, was in St. Stephen on Tuesday inspecting the deposit of pyrites which has been discovered on the farm of E. Hall and a portion of which was now under lease to J. Carroll. Mr. Best expressed his surprise as well pleased with his inspection and pronounced the ore very valuable, if it can be found in sufficient quantities to warrant the establishment of works to develop it. Mr. Carroll informed a Courier reporter that there is a very large deposit of ore, and he is satisfied that, if it proves as good as the specimens examined he has made a good find. Mr. Best will return in a few days for a further examination of the deposit and, if his present impressions are confirmed, a company will be organized to work the mine.

A case of stabbing occurred at McMin settlement, near Rollington, recently, in which John A. Graham was wounded in three places by William J. Dixon, his next neighbor. Some of Dixon's cattle had got into Graham's pasture during the day, and the former seems to have resented the way in which they were treated. A little later Graham was coming out of his cellar with a vessel of milk in his hands, when Dixon appeared, and saying: "You will take charge of my cattle, will you?" took hold of him and struck him a blow in the breast. Mr. Graham, finding that he was cut, knocked his assailant down. He was again attacked and struck in the side and in attempting to ward off a third blow received an ugly gash in the arm. A physician was sent for, but none of the wounds are considered dangerous. Dixon has always been held in respect in the community, and was always considered an inoffensive man. The strangest part of the story is that Mrs. Graham and Dixon were not only at the same place, but none of the wounds are considered dangerous. Dixon has always been held in respect in the community, and was always considered an inoffensive man. The strangest part of the story is that Mrs. Graham and Dixon were not only at the same place, but none of the wounds are considered dangerous.

FOREIGN NEWS.
Summary of the Press Telegrams From all Parts of the World.
Famine prevails in the Sudan, and in some parts deaths average 100 a day.
The Times' Buenos Ayres despatch says: "Financial chaos and anarchy reign."
The White Star steamer Majestic made the voyage from Queenstown in five days and 23 hours.
Joe Maguire, beach guardian at Cape May and an intrepid life saver, was drowned while swimming.
Many persons have been drowned and much property destroyed by the over-flow of the Zalach river, in Austria.
A Cherokee Indian murdered deputy marshal Sizemore at Muskogee on Thursday while resisting arrest for horse stealing.
An official report that the wheat harvest in the southwest provinces of Russia shows deterioration in quality. The prospects for summer and winter cereals in other districts are very good.
Two steam tugs arrived at Vineyard Haven on Thursday with the Leafy raft. The raft is all right. The tugs will produce coal and proceed to New York after the weather moderates.
A constitutional amendment, providing for the issue of \$5,000,000 bonds by Chicago for the fair, has been adopted by both houses of legislature.
What is claimed to be the first correct list of the dead by the flood at Johnston, is given by the local paper. The total is given at 2,187, which leaves over 200 bodies not yet recovered.
Thirty-eight houses were consumed Friday at Bradford. Loss \$100,000. The fire was started by a Hungarian woman, who, finding her bed over-inhabited, carried it out into the alley and set fire to it.
The town of Osepege and North and East Wakefield were visited on Thursday afternoon by a cyclone. Trees were blown down, barns unroofed, coaches overturned and heavy bodies carried through the air for a considerable distance.
The steamer Rhennia, from Hamburg reports July 19, latitude 40.35 north long. 32.56 west, having passed the steamer Egypt. Her mainmast was hanging over the portside. Other masts were standing. The vessel was still burning.
Much excitement exists in the south of Russia over the story brought by a Russian, escaped from a Turkish prison, who, finding her bed over-inhabited, carried it out into the alley and set fire to it.
George Francis Train has arranged with the Tacoma Ledger to make an attempt to beat the record for another trip around the world. He will leave Tacoma, August 7, on the steamship China, and calculates he can make the circuit of the globe in fifty-seven days.
The English Royal Niger company has prohibited the importation or sale of intoxicating liquor in its African territory north of the seventh parallel of north latitude. They do not claim to be actually governed by moral motives, but are proceeding on business principles.
Gerónimo Pico, agent of San Salvador, says in the eleven battles fought up to date the Salvadorians have come out victorious. The remainder of the Guatemalan army is fleeing in all directions towards the interior and a single Guatemalan soldier is left on the frontier.
When Mrs. Caroline Glasier, a septuagenarian, suddenly died at her home in Wells Street Chicago, the value which was lying under the pillow on her bed was opened and within were found books and papers proving her to be the possessor of a fortune of \$50,000, largely in 7, 8 and 10 per cent mortgages.
Captain Barker, of the steamship Orlan, reports that on the 27th July, in a heavy fog off Newfoundland banks, he ran down and sunk the French fishing schooner Christopher Colombo. Of the twenty-six men that comprised the crew of the schooner twenty-two were rescued. The Colombo hailed from Cotte, France.
Mr. Chaplin, president of the English board of agriculture, replying to questions in the house of commons, Monday declined, in the absence of authoritative proof, to consider the United States free from cholera pneumonia. He said that within a short time animals suffering from the disease have arrived at Liverpool from New York.
The police have arrested Frederick O. Simonds, aged 14, son of police officer Simonds, of Chelsea, on a charge of having attempted to wreck the Flying Yankee train in Westchester county. The boy confesses to frequently putting stones on the track to see the train jump. He is believed to have had accomplices in the late affair, but will not disclose who they are.
Cholera of a very virulent type has broken out in Djerze and two other provinces of the island of Corsica. The disease is spreading rapidly. M. Hallant, the civil engineer who was reported last week suffering from cholera in the Jemot Hospital, Paris, died on Sunday. A post mortem proved it was a genuine case of cholera. Cholera is epidemic in Mexico. There have been thirteen cases, seven of which were fatal.
Charles Thomson, his wife and son's wife, of Great Chebague Island, report that while berrying on Goose Island, near Chebague Maine they came across the remains of two children. On a rock were found four hands and four feet recently cut off. A large fire had been built near by and among the charred wood were bones, as if the children's bodies had been burned. They left them without disturbing them. The coroner will investigate.
The Prince of Wales has written a letter through Colonel Knollys to the Reverend Preston, vicar of Holy Trinity at Ramcorn, in reply to a communication received from the vicar. The Prince's letter is dated from Marlborough House, July 22, and says that it is quite correct that, upon being consulted as to the precedence of the church over diplomatic dignitaries, his royal highness had expressed an opinion that, as a matter of courtesy, the name of Cardinal Manning should rank immediately after his own.

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July 29th.
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YORK ST. FREDERICTON, N. B.

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Coal Tar.
FROM NEW YORK.
10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL
TAR.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Notice of Sale.
TO JOHN HARPER, formerly of Dumfries, in the County of York, and Sarah, his wife, and all others concerned.
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the sixteenth day of August, in the fifth year of our said Majesty Queen Victoria, and registered in Book 44, pages 100 and 101, in the office of the County Registrar, on the twenty-fifth day of August, A. D. 1889, made between John Harper, (then of Dumfries, in the County of York, Farmer, and Sarah, his wife, of the one part, and the undersigned, William Henry of Prince William, in the said County of York, Solicitor, of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the interest now due on the said mortgage, certain lands hereinafter described be sold by Public Auction, in front of the County Court House, in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York aforesaid, on **Wednesday, the 29th day of August, next, at twelve o'clock, noon**, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said mortgage as follows:

A certain tract of land bounded by the said Parish of Dumfries in the County of York, being the tract two hundred acres of Lot Number Four in Block Number Two, a plan of which is filed in the office of the County Registrar, and is divided into the "Saunders Property," so-called, and divided into lots numbered as follows, that is to say: "All that piece of land having a width across the street of sixty rods, more or less, and bounded on the lower side by land owned by John Scott, Esq., and on the upper side in part by the said 'Glebe' lot, so-called, owned by John Thompson, and in part by the said Lot Number Two in Block Number Two in the said Sub-division plan, and running back from the street of the River Saint John as far as the Alma Road, so-called, the said 'Glebe' lot, so-called, and the said 'Glebe' lot, so-called, containing as before mentioned, two acres and six tenths of an acre, together with and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and was not only to deal with the several exploring expeditions, but to narrate the writer's intimate connection with the events which led to the conquest and occupation of the territory. The work will be promptly continued by Mrs. Fremont, and a subsequent describing her life at Monterey, in 1842. A fine portrait of General Fremont from a daguerreotype of '49 or '50 will appear in the September number of The Century, along with portraits of Commodore Sloat and Stockton "Duke" Gwin, and Governor Burnett, in an article giving account of "How California Came into the Union."

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ALLOVER MUSLIN,
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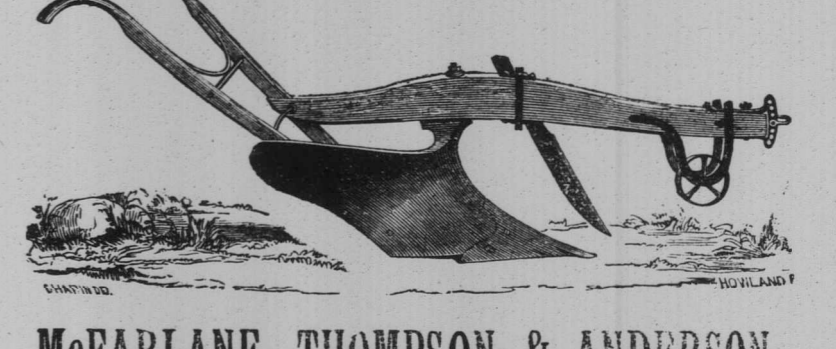
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POETRY.

THE NAME ON THE DOOR.

It is only the name on the door— Why should there be tears in my eyes? But I never shall knock there more; And sorrow is not overwise.

I used to go up the stair When the day was wearing late, And come on her unwarmed As she sat and dreamed by the gate.

And then, like a sudden flame, My welcome flashed from her eyes, And her lips grew warm with my name, And we saw Love's star arise.

Sometimes I but held her hand, And never a word said we— We could always understand, With never a word, you see.

Sometimes she chatted like mad, And laughed—I can hear her now, Shall I ever again be glad? I think I've forgotten how.

It is only the name on the door, Where I used to come and go; But never to knock there more, Why, the world needs less love now.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finlay Cooper

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATHFINDER," "HOWARD BOYD," ETC.

CONTINUED.

The through consisted of some twenty or thirty young men, most of whom had rifles, and a collection of all the boys in the village. The littleurchins, clad in coarse but warm garments, stood gathered around the more distinguished marksmen, with their hands stuck under their waistbands, listening eagerly to the boastful stories of skill that had been exhibited on former occasions, and were already commencing in their hearts these wonderful deeds in gunnery.

The chief speaker was the man who had hitherto been shining in Billy Kirky's eyes. This fellow, whose occupation, when he did labor, was that of clearing lands, or chopping jobs, was of great stature, and carried, in his very air, the index of his character. He was a noisy, boisterous, reckless lad, whose good-natured eye contrasted the bluntness and bullying tenor of his speech.

Between him and the Leather-Stocking there had long existed a jealous rivalry on the point of skill with the rifle. Notwithstanding the long practice of Natty, it was commonly supposed that the steady nerves and the quick eye of the wood-chopper rendered him his equal. The competition had, however, been confined hitherto to boasting, and comparisons made from their success in various hunting excursions; but this was the first time they had ever come in open collision.

I opened a good many Dutch eyes that day; for I won the powder-horn, three bars of lead, and a pound of as good powder as ever flashed in pan. Lord! how they did swear in Jarmin! They did tell me of one drunken Dutchman who said he'd have the life of me before I got back to the lake again. But he had put his rifle to his shoulder with evil intent God would have punished him for it; and even if the Lord didn't, and he had missed his aim, I know one that would have given him as good as he sent, and better too. If good shooting could have come into the count."

By this time the old hunter was ready for his business, and throwing his right leg far behind him, and stretching his left arm along the barrel of his piece, he raised it toward the bird. Every eye glanced rapidly from the marksmen to the mark; but at the moment when each ear was expecting the report of the rifle, they were disappointed by the ticking sound of the flint.

"A snap, a snap!" shouted the negro, springing from his crouching posture like a madman, before his bird. "A snap good as fire—Natty Bumpo gun he snap—Natty Bumpo miss a turkey!" "Natty Bumpo hit a nigger," cried the indignant old hunter, "if you don't get out of my way, Brom. It's contrary to the reason of the thing, boy, that a snap should count for a fire, when one is snaph more than a fire-stone striking a steel pan, and the other is sudden death; so get out of my way, boy, and let me show Billy Kirky how to shoot a Christmas turkey."

"Gib a nigger fair play!" cried the black, who continued resolutely to maintain his post, and making that appeal to the justice of his auditors, which the degraded condition of his caste so naturally suggested. "Everybody know that snap as good as fire. Lead it to Massa Jones' lead it to lady."

"Sartin," said the wood-chopper; it's the law of the game in this part of the country, Leather-Stocking. If you fire back in my way, Brom. It's contrary to the reason of the thing, boy, that a snap should count for a fire, when one is snaph more than a fire-stone striking a steel pan, and the other is sudden death; so get out of my way, boy, and let me show Billy Kirky how to shoot a Christmas turkey."

"It's likely you know the laws of the woods better than I do, Billy Kirky," he will take a keen one to hit that I can tell you, my lad, even if I give you a chance, which is what I have no mind to do."

"Don't be crabled, my boy," said the other, who was very coolly fixing his flint. "They say you have a hole in your left shoulder, yourself, so I tell Brom may give you a fire for half-price. It will take a keen one to hit that I can tell you, my lad, even if I give you a chance, which is what I have no mind to do."

"Don't be boasting, Billy Kirky," said Natty, throwing the breach of his rifle into the snow, and leaning on its barrel; "you'll get but one shot at the creature, for if the lad misses his aim, which would be a wonder if he did, with his arm so stiff and sore, you'll find a good piece and an old eye coming after you. Maybe it's true that I can't shoot as fast to could, but a hundred yards in a short distance for a long rifle."

"What old Leather-Stocking are you out this morning?" cried his reckless opponent. "Well, fair play's a jewel. I've the lead of your old fellow; so here goes for a dry throat or a good dinner."

The countenance of the negro calmed not only all the interest which his peculiar adventure might occasion, but also the keen excitement that the sport produced in the others, though with a very different wish as to the result. While the wood-chopper was slowly and steadily raising his rifle, he leveled it, and said, "Fair play, Billy Kirky—stand back—make 'em stand back, boys—gib a nigger fair play—pos-up, gobber; shake a head, fool; don't you see 'em taking aim?"

These cries, which were intended as much to distract the attention of the marksmen as for anything else, were fruitless. The nerves of the wood-chopper were not so easily shaken, and he took his aim with the utmost deliberation. Stillness prevailed for a moment, and he fired. The head of the turkey was seen to dash on one side, and its wings were spread in momentary fluttering; but it settled itself down calmly into its bed of snow, and glanced its eyes unceasingly around. For a time long enough to draw a deep breath, not a sound was heard. The silence was then broken by the cry of the negro, who laughed, and shook his body with all kinds of antics, rolling over in the snow in the excess of delight.

"Well done, a gobber," he cried jumping up and affecting to embrace his bird;

"I tell 'em to pos-up, and you see 'em dashed. Gib another shillin', Billy, and hab another shot."

"No—the shot is mine," said the young hunter; "you have my money already. Leave the mark, and let me try my luck."

"Ah! it's but money thrown away, lad," said Leather-Stocking. "A turkey's head and neck, is but a small mark for a new hand and a lance shoulder. You'd best let me take the fire, and may be we can make some settlement with the lady about the bird's chance."

"The chance is mine," said the young hunter. "Clear the ground, that I may take it."

The discussions and disputes concerning the last shot were now abating, it having been determined that if the turkey's head had been anywhere but just where it was at that moment, the bird must certainly have been killed. There was but much excitement produced by the preparations of the youth, who proceeded in a hurried manner to take his aim, and was in the act of pulling the trigger, when he was stopped by Natty.

"Your hand shakes, lad," he said, "and you seem over-keen. Balled wounds are apt to weaken flesh, and to my judgment you'll not shoot so well as in common. If you will fire, you should shoot quick, before there is time to shake off the aim."

"Fair play—gib a nigger fair play. What right a Nat Bumpo advise a young man? Let 'em shoot—clear a ground."

The youth fired with great rapidity, but no motion was made by the turkey; and, when the marksmen for the ball returned from the "mark," they declared that he had missed the stump.

Elizabeth observed the change in his countenance, and could not help feeling surprise, that one so evidently superior to his companions should feel a trifling loss so sensibly. But her own champion was now preparing to enter the lists.

The mirth of Brom, which had again been excited, though in a much smaller degree than before, by the failure of the second adventurer, vanished the instant Natty took his stand. His skin became mottled with large brown spots, that fearfully sullied the lustre of his native ebony; while his enormous lips gradually compressed under two rows of ivory that had hitherto been shining in his visage like pearls set in jet. His nostrils, at all times the most conspicuous feature of his face, dilated, until they covered the greater part of the diameter of his countenance; while his brown and bony hands unconsciously grasped the snow-crust near him, the excitement of the moment completely overcoming his native dread of cold.

While these indications of apprehension were exhibited in the sable owner of the turkey the man who gave rise to this extraordinary emotion was as calm and collected as if there was not to be a single spectator of his skill.

"I was down in the Dutch settlements on the Schoharie," said Natty, carefully removing the leather guard from the lock of his rifle, "just before the breaking out of the last war, and there was a shooting-match among the boys; so I took a hand. I opened a good many Dutch eyes that day; for I won the powder-horn, three bars of lead, and a pound of as good powder as ever flashed in pan. Lord! how they did swear in Jarmin! They did tell me of one drunken Dutchman who said he'd have the life of me before I got back to the lake again. But he had put his rifle to his shoulder with evil intent God would have punished him for it; and even if the Lord didn't, and he had missed his aim, I know one that would have given him as good as he sent, and better too. If good shooting could have come into the count."

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"I think Miss Elizabeth's thoughts should be taken," said Natty. "I've known the squaws give very good counsel when the Indians had been dumfounded. If she says that I ought to lose, I agree to give it up."

"Then I will give you to be a loser for this time," said Miss Temple; "but your money and reward your chance; unless Brom will sell me the bird for a dollar, I will give him the money, and save the life of the poor victim."

The proposition was evidently but little relished by any of the listeners, even the negro feeling the evil excitement of the chances. In the meanwhile, as Billy Kirky was preparing himself for another shot, Natty left the stand, with an extremely dissatisfied manner, muttering:

"There hasn't been such a thing as a good flint sold at the foot of the lake since the Indian traders used to come into the country; and, if a body should go into the flats along the streams in the hills to hunt for such a thing, it's ten to one but they will be all covered up with the plough. Height! it seems to me that just as the game grows scarce, and a body wants the best ammunition to get a livelihood, everything that's had falls on him like a judgment. But I'll change the stone, for Billy Kirky hasn't the eye for such a mark, I know?"

The wood-chopper seemed now entirely sensible that his reputation depended on his care; nor did he neglect any means to insure success. He drew up his rifle, and renewed his aim again, and again, still appearing reluctant to fire. No sound was heard from even Brom, during these portentous movements, until Kirky discharged of his piece, with the same want of success as before. Then, indeed, the shouts of the negro rang through the bushes, and sounded among the trees of the neighborhood like the outcries of a tribe of Indians. He laughed, pulled his gun out on one side, then on the other, until nature seemed exhausted with mirth. He danced until his legs were weary with motion in the snow; and, in short, he exhibited all that violence of joy that characterizes the mirth of a thoughtless negro.

The wood-chopper had exerted all his art, and felt a proportionate degree of disappointment at the failure. He first examined the bird with the utmost attention, and more than once suggested that he had touched his mark; but the marksman, who was seated over him, for it felt disposed to listen to the often-repeated cries of the black to "gib a nigger fair play."

Finding it impossible to make out a title to the bird, Kirky turned fiercely to the black and said: "What indications of apprehension were exhibited in the sable owner of the turkey the man who gave rise to this extraordinary emotion was as calm and collected as if there was not to be a single spectator of his skill."

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By this time the old hunter was ready for his business, and throwing his right leg far behind him, and stretching his left arm along the barrel of his piece, he raised it toward the bird. Every eye glanced rapidly from the marksmen to the mark; but at the moment when each ear was expecting the report of the rifle, they were disappointed by the ticking sound of the flint.

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"Gib a nigger fair play!" cried the black, who continued resolutely to maintain his post, and making that appeal to the justice of his auditors, which the degraded condition of his caste so naturally suggested. "Everybody know that snap as good as fire. Lead it to Massa Jones' lead it to lady."

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"What old Leather-Stocking are you out this morning?" cried his reckless opponent. "Well, fair play's a jewel. I've the lead of your old fellow; so here goes for a dry throat or a good dinner."

The countenance of the negro calmed not only all the interest which his peculiar adventure might occasion, but also the keen excitement that the sport produced in the others, though with a very different wish as to the result. While the wood-chopper was slowly and steadily raising his rifle, he leveled it, and said, "Fair play, Billy Kirky—stand back—make 'em stand back, boys—gib a nigger fair play—pos-up, gobber; shake a head, fool; don't you see 'em taking aim?"

These cries, which were intended as much to distract the attention of the marksmen as for anything else, were fruitless. The nerves of the wood-chopper were not so easily shaken, and he took his aim with the utmost deliberation. Stillness prevailed for a moment, and he fired. The head of the turkey was seen to dash on one side, and its wings were spread in momentary fluttering; but it settled itself down calmly into its bed of snow, and glanced its eyes unceasingly around. For a time long enough to draw a deep breath, not a sound was heard. The silence was then broken by the cry of the negro, who laughed, and shook his body with all kinds of antics, rolling over in the snow in the excess of delight.

"Well done, a gobber," he cried jumping up and affecting to embrace his bird;

"I tell 'em to pos-up, and you see 'em dashed. Gib another shillin', Billy, and hab another shot."

"No—the shot is mine," said the young hunter; "you have my money already. Leave the mark, and let me try my luck."

"Ah! it's but money thrown away, lad," said Leather-Stocking. "A turkey's head and neck, is but a small mark for a new hand and a lance shoulder. You'd best let me take the fire, and may be we can make some settlement with the lady about the bird's chance."

"The chance is mine," said the young hunter. "Clear the ground, that I may take it."

The discussions and disputes concerning the last shot were now abating, it having been determined that if the turkey's head had been anywhere but just where it was at that moment, the bird must certainly have been killed. There was but much excitement produced by the preparations of the youth, who proceeded in a hurried manner to take his aim, and was in the act of pulling the trigger, when he was stopped by Natty.

"Your hand shakes, lad," he said, "and you seem over-keen. Balled wounds are apt to weaken flesh, and to my judgment you'll not shoot so well as in common. If you will fire, you should shoot quick, before there is time to shake off the aim."

"Fair play—gib a nigger fair play. What right a Nat Bumpo advise a young man? Let 'em shoot—clear a ground."

The youth fired with great rapidity, but no motion was made by the turkey; and, when the marksmen for the ball returned from the "mark," they declared that he had missed the stump.

Elizabeth observed the change in his countenance, and could not help feeling surprise, that one so evidently superior to his companions should feel a trifling loss so sensibly. But her own champion was now preparing to enter the lists.

The mirth of Brom, which had again been excited, though in a much smaller degree than before, by the failure of the second adventurer, vanished the instant Natty took his stand. His skin became mottled with large brown spots, that fearfully sullied the lustre of his native ebony; while his enormous lips gradually compressed under two rows of ivory that had hitherto been shining in his visage like pearls set in jet. His nostrils, at all times the most conspicuous feature of his face, dilated, until they covered the greater part of the diameter of his countenance; while his brown and bony hands unconsciously grasped the snow-crust near him, the excitement of the moment completely overcoming his native dread of cold.

While these indications of apprehension were exhibited in the sable owner of the turkey the man who gave rise to this extraordinary emotion was as calm and collected as if there was not to be a single spectator of his skill.

"I was down in the Dutch settlements on the Schoharie," said Natty, carefully removing the leather guard from the lock of his rifle, "just before the breaking out of the last war, and there was a shooting-match among the boys; so I took a hand. I opened a good many Dutch eyes that day; for I won the powder-horn, three bars of lead, and a pound of as good powder as ever flashed in pan. Lord! how they did swear in Jarmin! They did tell me of one drunken Dutchman who said he'd have the life of me before I got back to the lake again. But he had put his rifle to his shoulder with evil intent God would have punished him for it; and even if the Lord didn't, and he had missed his aim, I know one that would have given him as good as he sent, and better too. If good shooting could have come into the count."

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"I think Miss Elizabeth's thoughts should be taken," said Natty. "I've known the squaws give very good counsel when the Indians had been dumfounded. If she says that I ought to lose, I agree to give it up."

"Then I will give you to be a loser for this time," said Miss Temple; "but your money and reward your chance; unless Brom will sell me the bird for a dollar, I will give him the money, and save the life of the poor victim."

The proposition was evidently but little relished by any of the listeners, even the negro feeling the evil excitement of the chances. In the meanwhile, as Billy Kirky was preparing himself for another shot, Natty left the stand, with an extremely dissatisfied manner, muttering:

"There hasn't been such a thing as a good flint sold at the foot of the lake since the Indian traders used to come into the country; and, if a body should go into the flats along the streams in the hills to hunt for such a thing, it's ten to one but they will be all covered up with the plough. Height! it seems to me that just as the game grows scarce, and a body wants the best ammunition to get a livelihood, everything that's had falls on him like a judgment. But I'll change the stone, for Billy Kirky hasn't the eye for such a mark, I know?"

The wood-chopper seemed now entirely sensible that his reputation depended on his care; nor did he neglect any means to insure success. He drew up his rifle, and renewed his aim again, and again, still appearing reluctant to fire. No sound was heard from even Brom, during these portentous movements, until Kirky discharged of his piece, with the same want of success as before. Then, indeed, the shouts of the negro rang through the bushes, and sounded among the trees of the neighborhood like the outcries of a tribe of Indians. He laughed, pulled his gun out on one side, then on the other, until nature seemed exhausted with mirth. He danced until his legs were weary with motion in the snow; and, in short, he exhibited all that violence of joy that characterizes the mirth of a thoughtless negro.

The wood-chopper had exerted all his art, and felt a proportionate degree of disappointment at the failure. He first examined the bird with the utmost attention, and more than once suggested that he had touched his mark; but the marksman, who was seated over him, for it felt disposed to listen to the often-repeated cries of the black to "gib a nigger fair play."

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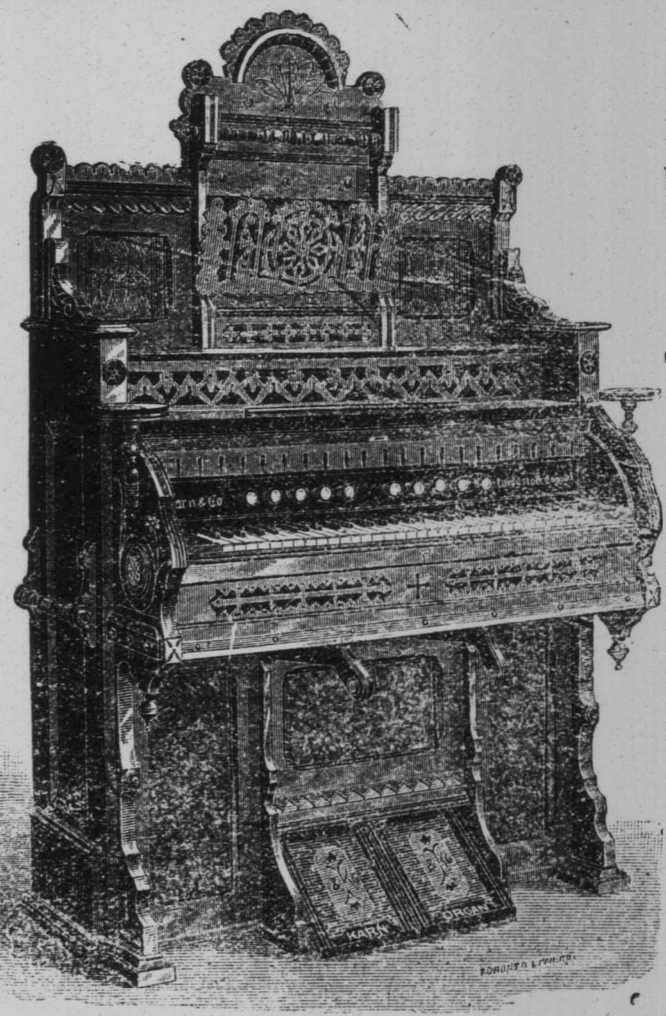
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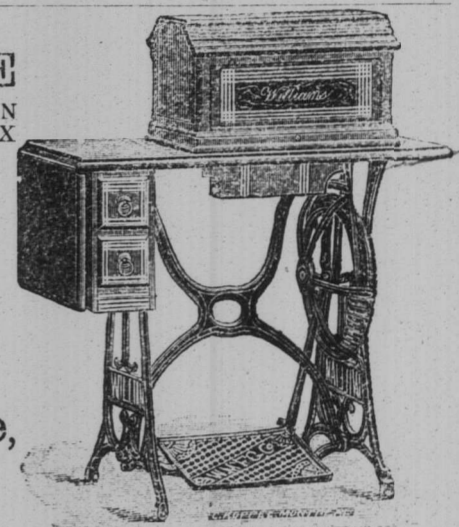
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