

Fredericton Globe

VOL. II.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1891.

No. 18.

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

New Advertisements. Teas. Teas. PANYONG, SOUCHONG, SARYUNE, OOLONG, INDIAN AND CEYLON. Fry's Celebrated Cocos and Chocolates, THE LONDON TEA STORE, 13 York Street. W. H. TIPPET, Proprietor. STAPLES' Quinine Iron and Wine is the best general tonic made. DAVIS, STAPLES & CO. IN STOCK. 5,000 ROLLS ROOM PAPER! With Borders to Match. All Grades and Prices. Also School Books, Stationery, Accordions, Violins, Harmonicas, etc. W. T. H. FENETY'S, 280-QUEEN STREET-280. R. G. MACREDIE, PLUMBER, Gas and Steam Fitter. Queen Street, - Opp. County Court House. W. E. SEERY, MERCHANT TAILOR.

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

W. E. SEERY, MERCHANT TAILOR. I have Just Received an Elegant Line of Spring Cloths for SUITINGS, TROUSERINGS, and OVERCOATINGS, which I am prepared to Make Up in the Most Fashionable Styles. W. E. SEERY, WILMOT AV. 1891. APRIL 11. SPRING AND SUMMER Suitings, Trowserings, Overcoatings, &c. MADE TO ORDER IN THE LATEST STYLES AT THE 'IMPERIAL HALL.' STOCK NOW COMPLETE. THOMAS STANGER, 280 QUEEN STREET, Fredericton, April 11th, 1891. T. AMOS WILSON, BOOKBINDER, Paper Ruler. Cor. Queen and Regent Sts. A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS, Fredericton, N. B., June, 20.

J. H. TABOR, DEALER IN CONFECTIONERY, Ice Cream, &c. QUEEN STREET, Fredericton, - N. B. Just Stored. 50 Bags Rice, 75 H's Choice Barleaves Molasses (New), 45 " En C. Sugar, Pails, Tubs, Butter Firkins, Indurated Pails. Coffee in 10lb. Tins, Different Grades. TO ARRIVE. Car Right Sugar (In bond) For Sale at Closest Prices. TAGS! AT THE 'GLOBE' OFFICE.

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

JINGLES OF MEMOR. A Little Nonpareil Gathered for Leisure Reading. The best way to raise strawberries is with a spoon. Is it far from Dennis O'Malley is going to try, said a laboring man. It is that same. Why, rejoined the other scornfully, he don't know enough about farming to plant his feet in the road and raise dust. Say, mamma, said little May, after the meals were gone, I don't think Mrs. Brown is accustomed to good society. Why not? Why, she didn't say a single word while Mrs. Jones was singing. The mystery unraveled, Simpson I wonder what kind of a line it is that Bodkins uses when he goes fishing. It always breaks just as he is landing the biggest fish you ever. Sniffer. Its nothing but yarn. Johnny. Say Uncle Geo, God didn't make everything did he? Uncle Geo. Guess he did, Johnny. Johnny. Don't see how that can be 'cause God's been here last night, and I heard say he made himself at home. New York Reporter (to St. Peter). Excuse me. Is this Heaven? St. Peter (sternly). Young man, we allow no trilling. Reporter. Indeed, I am in earnest. St. Peter. Yes. Why do you ask? Reporter. I thought I saw your circulation editor inside, and was afraid I had reached the wrong place. They were looking at a statuette of the Venus of Milo, which was being sold. No wonder she is bare headed, he said. Why? she asked. She could never put her arms around her husband's neck and weddle a bonnet out of him. Kicks. So you think the ministers practice what they preach. Hicks. Why, yes; they preach sermons, and if you lived near one you could hear him practicing it a week beforehand. The Old Man (looking little Anna on his knee for Aunt Susan's sake). I suppose that is what you like, Anna? Anna. Yes, it's very nice. But I rode on a red donkey in the park yesterday—I mean one with four legs, you know. "What time is it, dear? My watch has stopped." Mrs. Makenhiff. "I can tell you in a moment. The dining-room clock is just forty minutes fast, and the sitting-room clock was just right the last time the fire clock bell rang, but it gains five minutes every half-hour. The kitchen clock would have been just right, but it stopped this morning when the parlor clock struck nine o'clock. Now you can figure it out easily." Watches are so much in vogue nowadays and are found in such queer places such as anti-cases, door handles, brooches, and umbrella-sticks, that B., who always takes his dinner at a restaurant, says he is afraid he'll find a small one some day in his soup instead of an onion. Sharpness. "Platz, what make your nose so red?" Platz. "It glows with pride because it never pokes itself into other people's business." Her Idea of It. A bright ten-year-old girl, whose father is addicted to amateur photography, attended a trial court the other day for the first time. This was her account of the judge's charge: "The judge made a long speech to the jury of twelve men and then sent them off into a little dark room to develop."

Stimmar's Enjoyment of a Cigar Which He Had Not Smoked. Stimmar says: "The value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess and there is no chance of getting another. At Konigsgrat I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle as a miser guards his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colours in my mind the happy hours in which I should enjoy it after the victory." But I had miscalculated my chances. A poor dragon lay helpless, with both arms crushed murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found that I had only gold which would be of no use to him. But stay I still had my cherished cigar. I lighted it for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke. In England no fewer than nine thousand works were rejected this year by the hanging committee of the Royal Academy. somebody was waiting. An amusing incident recently took place in a large drapery establishment in London. Being told that everything could be bought much cheaper and better in the metropolis than in the little country town where she lived, a good looking country girl about to be married made the journey to town, accompanied by her lover to do a little shopping. The magnitude of the great shop and piles of goods flew dazzling array of articles the rows of busy assistants quite overpowered her, and she scarcely knew what to do. Her swain obstinately refused to go in, but loitered about the door. The shop assistants being all busy just at the moment, the young lady was obliged to remain standing a few minutes. At length a dapper fellow with gold watch and chain and flourishing monocle came bowing and smiling up to the blushing customer with "Anybody waiting on you, madam?" The color deepened in her cheeks, as she hesitated and drew a long breath; till finally, with a nod of her head toward the door, she faltered out, "Yes, sir, he is."

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER.

POOR DOCUMENT

New Advertisements
Bargain Sale..... 10c
New Confectionery..... W. H. Golden.
Be a Man..... Erie Med. Co.
Andrye Liment..... I. E. Johnson & Co.
Flak Pills..... Dr. Williams Med. Co.

FREDERICTON GLOBE.

The FREDERICTON GLOBE is published every Saturday from the office, Sharky's Block, and mailed to the subscribers in Canada or the United States for One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Advertising.
Advertisements such as: Wanted, Lost, Found, Houses to Rent, Etc., one dollar first insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Births and Marriage fifty cents each in insertion.

Contracts for yearly advertising furnished on application.

All communications business or otherwise to be addressed to FREDERICTON GLOBE.

Fredericton Globe.

A. J. MACHIN, Publisher and Proprietor.
FREDERICTON, N. B., AUGUST 1, 1891.

"IS THE BRITISH EMPIRE WORTH PRESERVING?"

In his Imperial Federation address at the St. John Mechanics Institute, the above question was propounded by Principal Grant. Our answer is an emphatic 'no'. It is not worth preserving if its stability is dependent upon the latter day pessimists who take the platform to hear themselves talk, and strike terror into the hearts of weak-kneed politicians, old women and young children. England's power and wealth stand higher today, in the opinion of the world than ever before; and we are told that the empire is in need of large doses of medicine to keep her from falling into an atrophic condition. But these meddlers and muddlers know fully well the state of affairs, and as all the hackneyed subjects of the last twenty years have cried out, or become so devoid of interest, a new platform has become necessary for lecturers to take and hold by the ears for hours at a time, a new fad called "Imperial Federation," setting forth that without which the empire must fall to pieces. Think of a child telling mother to keep the house in good order, or the sheriff will be down upon her! While England is so indifferent about her fate, why should her children in Canada put themselves out of the way and make a time about it? But the most remarkable thing in this new but very feeble agitation, is that we are not told what his advocates want. When the agitation in these provinces was for Responsible Government we were told exactly what was meant—responsibility of the government to the people's representatives, and that the governor should stand in place of the sovereign, as far as it could be done, unanswerable for any wrong doing. All that we can learn from our Federationists is a United Empire, as if we were not united now, and as loyal as we could be if some of our great men and boodlers were sent to Westminster to look after our interests after attending to their own. The only glimmer of day light we are permitted to observe in the scheme is that England must reverse her free trade policy and throw her mantle of protection over her colonies. How reasonable! But they all know better. They are trading the red herring to throw us off the scent, nothing more nor less.

TRYING TO KILL BLAINE.

Some of the American newspapers are making a desperate effort to persuade Mr. Blaine that he cannot get well. It certainly looks as if these papers were very much afraid that Mr. Blaine will die before the Presidential campaign of 1892, and as though they feared he would be the Republican nominee. This is not the first time they have tried to kill Mr. Blaine in advance of a national campaign. In 1888, when he was in Europe, before the convention met, the Democratic press had him at death's door. According to their stories he had been suffering from the brain and threatening of apoplexy, but as the world knows he has since demonstrated that his intellectual faculties were in working order, and that his bodily health was such as to permit him to fulfill the onerous duties of Secretary of State.

Whatever else may be thought, there can be but one opinion, James G. Blaine is a distinguished man, a foremost figure in American public life, and a man whose career has earned the admiration of the people of the United States. He is widely respected there for the genuineness of his character, for his clear and comprehensive knowledge of public affairs, for his skill in dealing with the problems of statecraft, and for the faithfulness with which he has performed the duties of his office.

A STRANGE STORY.

There may be some truth, but no doubt a great deal of poetry combined, in the following extract which we take from a recent article contributed by the New York correspondent of the Halifax "Echo": "A prominent ecclesiastic in New York told me the other day that Bishop Courtney's illness was largely due to the fact that he had plunged into financial difficulties by non-payment of the

episcopal salary on the part of the Church of England authorities in Nova Scotia. It was then ascertained that he spent many months in New York cities than a year merely for the sake of currying expenses, and enjoyed in the hospitality of a city friend, comforts which the failure of the synod to give him his due had deprived him of in Halifax. To, of course, contradicted these extraordinary statements, which had been made to me in a whisper some months before. But it is fully believed among some of his friends that the eloquent bishop of Nova Scotia is gradually being subjected to the old-fashioned process of "starving out," and that he has for a long time regretted venturing upon an Episcopal charge among the Church of England people who are so unwilling to support either their clergy or their college.

Churchmen we know as a rule are not very liberal with their institutions—Windsor College, largely under Episcopal domination, would never have run behind some \$40,000, while "St. Andrew's" and "Academy" denominational institutions, have been largely endowed by private subscriptions and generous bequests, and both are in a highly satisfactory state today. Why should not the rich churchman of Nova Scotia come forward and do as the Methodists and Baptist have done, and are doing every day? But what shall we say of great church functionaries, worth about a million and surrounded by rich friends, sailing away without leaving the church or the college a sixpence? Here was an example the antithesis of which should be practised by all good churchmen, especially by those who hold that all without the pale will be eternally punished. In other words, act by contrast.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

Running Comments on Passing Events.

Sundry Ebullitions in Prose and Rhyme.

How the Domestic, Social and Literary World is Wagging.

An old woman was praising, in rather enthusiastic terms, the sermons of a Scottish minister, who had acquired a great name for depth and nobility. The sermons of her auditor were a little scorned, and then she ventured to propose a question to her—

"Well, Jenny, do you understand him?"

"Understand him! ejaculated Jenny, holding up her hands in astonishment at the question: "me understand him! Was I has the presumption?"

Three times as many natives of the United Kingdom are living in the United States as in the whole of our colonies put together.

A story is told of a perspiring salesman who seemed to be unable to suit a lady after unrolling miles of his stock. When the lady remarked to her companion, "I don't like to see him roll them out, and it is not up to take the train yet, he gave it up."

A lady having written a letter, concluded it as follows: "Give my love to everybody; so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody."

One of the best stories of Toole's Australian tour has not yet been told in this country. It is a story of a man who ran himself into a hole, and then got out of it. It is a story of a man who ran himself into a hole, and then got out of it.

Husband (cynically): "Ah, women are all alike. It doesn't take long for them to change their minds if it suits them. When I asked you to marry me first, what did you say? Why, you said that you wouldn't marry the noblest man that ever breathed!"

Wife (quietly): "Well, I didn't, dear."

The theatre at Athens held nearly 30,000 people, the theatre at Ephesus was calculated to hold 24,500, and there was a theatre in Aradria computed to hold 44,000 persons.

An Italian statistician has calculated that during the last hundred years 6,000 persons perished in seven different maritime disasters, without reckoning the lives lost in smaller shipwrecks and accidents.

Fond Father: "Don't you think I ought to have my daughter's voice cultivated?"

Tortured guest (impressively): "I think you ought to have something done with it!"

Victim: "Are you sure you can put my teeth into satisfactory condition?"

Deaf: "Yes, sir, at my rate, I will spare no pains to do so."

Tom: "You are dearer to me than life!"

Maud: "Oh, phisaw!"

Tom: "But I mean it! It didn't cost me anything to get into this world, but your last diamond alone cost me a cool twenty pounds."

Here are some more examples of the kind at which our speaker, a writer in "The Journalist" says that in the course of a long experience the fastest speaker he ever reported and timed was one who spoke for ten minutes on a reply following a discussion on a financial topic, at over 200 words per minute. The transcript came out at 201 words per minute, and there were quotations. The slowest man he remembers was the late Edward Miall, who probably did not exceed 60 words a minute, for he would often wait several seconds to remember the exact word he wanted. The late Earl Fortescue was a speaker of the same class and his average would be probably about 100 per minute.

Amongst rapid speakers, probably from 150 to 180 words per minute, are Sir Edward Watkin, Sir J. S. Forbes, and other railway chairmen.

"What a change," says a novelist, "one little woman can make in a man's life!"

"Exactly," says a victim; "and what a leap of change she requires while doing it!"

Among the curiosities of the recent census in America is a group of five living generations of one family. Mrs. Catharine Sharp, the oldest of the family, is in her 114th year, and is still in very good health. Her daughter, Mrs. Mary H. Smith, is also a wonderfully preserved woman, whose seventy-three years sit as lightly on her shoulders as though they were not more than half that sum. Mrs. Annie E. Wilson, Mrs. Sharp's granddaughter is only forty-one. Looking like a child in pretty little Mary Weatherill, the great grand-daughter, only twenty-one years old, and the grand mother of two baby girls, the very pictures of infant health.

The old lady ascribes her long life to the absence of worry. "I guess," she told a reporter, "that the reason I have lived so long and have such good health now is because I never worried about anything in my life. If I didn't have anything I didn't worry about it. I was always of a cheerful disposition. All our family have been the same. I was never sick a day in my life. I may have had headaches sometimes, but I don't remember. I was never rich. Perhaps that had something to do with it." Teetotalers will be glad to hear that Mrs. Smith never tasted spirituous liquors till a year ago, when the doctors ordered her some milk punch.

New York and St. Louis are enjoying a period of pleasant weather, the record temperature showing a maximum of 74 degrees. They will probably however do penance for their present enjoyment before the month of August runs out.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

Running Comments on Passing Events.

Sundry Ebullitions in Prose and Rhyme.

How the Domestic, Social and Literary World is Wagging.

A small boy went to see his grandmother. After looking eagerly around the handsomely furnished room where she sat, he exclaimed, inquiringly—

"Oh, grandmamma, where is the miserable papa says you keep?"

A certain Minister was continually in debt with many of his friends in his parish. It was in their special interests that he one day prevailed from the text—

"Have patience and I will pay you all."

He spoke at great length on the virtues of patience, and then proceeded—

"I now come to the second part of my discourse which is, 'And I will pay you all'; but that I shall defer to a future occasion."

Here is a story about the head of the banking house of Rothschild. Some years ago the old cashier of the great establishment went to Rothschild and told him that after thirty years of service he had managed to save 250,000 francs, and he desired to go into business for himself. His employer regretted his cashier's departure, and had his good luck. The cashier embarked in speculation, and in a short time lost every cent, recognizing the fact that while he was a cashier he had been able to call on Rothschild on the Rothschild, told his story, and asked for re-employment. The banker installed him in his old place, and advanced him a year's salary advised him to invest in a certain stock. The cashier did so. The banker instructed his brokers to act, and between them they sought the price up to a point at which the cashier advised the cashier to sell. The cashier did so at a profit that recouped him for all his losses. The price then came down to its normal figure, and the banker charged him with the 250,000 francs which he knew his old employer would have been too proud to take outright as a gift.

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He spoke at great length on the virtues of patience, and then proceeded—

"I now come to the second part of my discourse which is, 'And I will pay you all'; but that I shall defer to a future occasion."

Here is a story about the head of the banking house of Rothschild. Some years ago the old cashier of the great establishment went to Rothschild and told him that after thirty years of service he had managed to save 250,000 francs, and he desired to go into business for himself. His employer regretted his cashier's departure, and had his good luck. The cashier embarked in speculation, and in a short time lost every cent, recognizing the fact that while he was a cashier he had been able to call on Rothschild on the Rothschild, told his story, and asked for re-employment. The banker installed him in his old place, and advanced him a year's salary advised him to invest in a certain stock. The cashier did so. The banker instructed his brokers to act, and between them they sought the price up to a point at which the cashier advised the cashier to sell. The cashier did so at a profit that recouped him for all his losses. The price then came down to its normal figure, and the banker charged him with the 250,000 francs which he knew his old employer would have been too proud to take outright as a gift.

Husband (cynically): "Ah, women are all alike. It doesn't take long for them to change their minds if it suits them. When I asked you to marry me first, what did you say? Why, you said that you wouldn't marry the noblest man that ever breathed!"

Wife (quietly): "Well, I didn't, dear."

The theatre at Athens held nearly 30,000 people, the theatre at Ephesus was calculated to hold 24,500, and there was a theatre in Aradria computed to hold 44,000 persons.

An Italian statistician has calculated that during the last hundred years 6,000 persons perished in seven different maritime disasters, without reckoning the lives lost in smaller shipwrecks and accidents.

Fond Father: "Don't you think I ought to have my daughter's voice cultivated?"

Tortured guest (impressively): "I think you ought to have something done with it!"

Victim: "Are you sure you can put my teeth into satisfactory condition?"

Deaf: "Yes, sir, at my rate, I will spare no pains to do so."

Tom: "You are dearer to me than life!"

Maud: "Oh, phisaw!"

Tom: "But I mean it! It didn't cost me anything to get into this world, but your last diamond alone cost me a cool twenty pounds."

Here are some more examples of the kind at which our speaker, a writer in "The Journalist" says that in the course of a long experience the fastest speaker he ever reported and timed was one who spoke for ten minutes on a reply following a discussion on a financial topic, at over 200 words per minute. The transcript came out at 201 words per minute, and there were quotations. The slowest man he remembers was the late Edward Miall, who probably did not exceed 60 words a minute, for he would often wait several seconds to remember the exact word he wanted. The late Earl Fortescue was a speaker of the same class and his average would be probably about 100 per minute.

Amongst rapid speakers, probably from 150 to 180 words per minute, are Sir Edward Watkin, Sir J. S. Forbes, and other railway chairmen.

"What a change," says a novelist, "one little woman can make in a man's life!"

"Exactly," says a victim; "and what a leap of change she requires while doing it!"

Among the curiosities of the recent census in America is a group of five living generations of one family. Mrs. Catharine Sharp, the oldest of the family, is in her 114th year, and is still in very good health. Her daughter, Mrs. Mary H. Smith, is also a wonderfully preserved woman, whose seventy-three years sit as lightly on her shoulders as though they were not more than half that sum. Mrs. Annie E. Wilson, Mrs. Sharp's granddaughter is only forty-one. Looking like a child in pretty little Mary Weatherill, the great grand-daughter, only twenty-one years old, and the grand mother of two baby girls, the very pictures of infant health.

The old lady ascribes her long life to the absence of worry. "I guess," she told a reporter, "that the reason I have lived so long and have such good health now is because I never worried about anything in my life. If I didn't have anything I didn't worry about it. I was always of a cheerful disposition. All our family have been the same. I was never sick a day in my life. I may have had headaches sometimes, but I don't remember. I was never rich. Perhaps that had something to do with it." Teetotalers will be glad to hear that Mrs. Smith never tasted spirituous liquors till a year ago, when the doctors ordered her some milk punch.

New York and St. Louis are enjoying a period of pleasant weather, the record temperature showing a maximum of 74 degrees. They will probably however do penance for their present enjoyment before the month of August runs out.



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25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.
In Consequence of the Failure of the Manufacturers of the Eagle Brand

FINE + SHOES.
I am Now Offering a Special Cash Discount on these Goods.
Call and Secure Bargains at
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ROYAL HOTEL
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FINE SAMPLE ROOMS
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First-Class Livery Stable.
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It is an Oil Preparation made expressly for
Calf, Kip, Grain, and all Waxed Leathers.
It Renders all Kinds of Leather
THOROUGHLY WATERPROOF.
Boots dressed with it are not affected by
new-dew, frost or salt water.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.
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C. C. GILL,
Painter and Decorator
SIGN PAINTING
A SPECIALTY.
Tinting in Oil or Water Colors, Papering and
Gilding.
Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to.
SHOP AND RESIDENCE,
59 BRUNSWICK ST.
Fredericton, June 7.

KEZIA EVANS,
Mortgagee.
BY JOHN BLACK,
Her Attorney.
BLACK, JORDAN & HILDS,
Fredericton, N. B., June 19th—3 ins.

SATURDAY

AUGUST 8th

Dever Bros. BARGAIN SALE!

IS THE DATE OF
DON'T FORGET IT.

YEARS OF VARIED EXPERIENCE
In the Use of CURA,
We Alone own
the
FIVE METHOD, that
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—AT—
HARVEY'S.
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GOOD BARGAINS NOW!
We will cut Prices on all kinds of Carpets for remainder of Season, to
Close Out Spring Importations.
J. G. McNALLY.
June 24th, 1891.

BEST VALUE!
Our Parlour Suites take the Lead. We Manufacture them and
Guarantee the work. Don't pay \$50 for a \$30 Suite, because you get
a long time to pay for it. You can do better at
J. G. McNALLY'S.

250 WINDOW SHADES At a Big Discount
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LOWER PRICES! 700 Oak and Case Seated Chairs, Batten Rockers, Oak
and Walnut Chamber Suites, Side-tables and Secretaries
Just Received. Greatly Reduced Prices at
J. G. McNALLY'S.

DOMINION WIRE BED Best in the World. Reduced
to \$4.75, former price \$5.50.
J. G. McNALLY.

Do You Want A Wedding Present? Toronto
Silver Plate Co., make most reliable
Goods. A Fine stock Cheap at
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QUEEN HOTEL
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VIGOR and STRENGTH!
FOR LOST or FAILING MANHOOD,
General and NERVOUS DEBILITY,
Weakness of BODY AND MIND,
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or Young. Robust, Noble MAN-
HOOD fully Restored. How to en-
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HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in
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WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,
MASON,
Plasterer & Bricklayer,
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FREDERICTON, N. B.
*Jobbing a specialty.
Workmanship first-class.
Prices Satisfactory.
Fredericton, N. B., Mar. 28.

DOOR DOCUMENT

UNDER A SHADOW.

Continued.

"I thought that I heard something strange," said Edgar.
"How quickly and well!" cried Nugent.
A few rapid strokes brought them quite close to the opposite bank; there, from the bushes still whirling, they knew something had gone down.

"Shall we dive after it?" asked Edgar, and Nugent said:
"I will know just the spot where it disappeared."
The next moment they both saw the face of a woman floating for one half minute on the surface of the river, then it disappeared.

The next moment Nugent had plunged into the river after it. How silent the moon and stars were while he fought that pallid struggle! how silent the trees and the wind! All nature seemed listening and waiting. In a few moments Nugent rose to the surface.

"Edgar!" he cried. Another rapid stroke of the oars and Edgar was close to him. "It is a woman!" he exclaimed; "help me lift her in the boat."
She was raised over the side, the water dripping from her garments and from her long hair. They laid her down while Nugent climbed into the boat after her.

"How to the shore," he said; "we must raise the boat before we can do anything for her."
A few seconds—the boat seemed to fly over the water—a few seconds, and they were close to the green bank. Edgar leaped out, drew the rope belonging to the boat, and fastened it to the trunk of a tree then they knelt to look at the woman whose life they had saved.

"She is not dead," said Nugent; and then the moon showed them a beautiful face—more beautiful than words could tell, even as they saw it there, cold, white and still.
"She is not dead," repeated Edgar. Carrying her up the bank, he laid her on a bed of moss, and she lay there, cold, white and still.

"There is very little nobility about me, I fear; but I will do this one good deed for Heaven's sake. I suppose the first thing she needs is a glass of brandy." "Yes," replied the doctor, with a sigh; "that will be the first thing. Ah, me, how sad it all seems! I am growing an old man now and I have seen so much of the ways of the world—of its vicissitudes, its miseries—that I am tired of it and long for heaven. I know the routine of these matters; let me help you in your good deeds. We will bury the child, and restore the young mother."

"What can we do?" asked Edgar. "Where can we take her?"
Nugent, always full of resources, answered:
"I know, I can see it. Old Matteo, our guide, has a pretty little house close to Florence. He has a good old wife, too. We will ask them to give the poor girl a home; we will tell them how we found her. We can trust them, I am sure—they both know me. Besides, money can do much, you know, Edgar; and money shall save this poor girl, if it be possible."

It was soon settled in his quick, rapid fashion. He remained in the boat, while Edgar hastened in search of a carriage. The driver was hastily paid; he told him that a lady had fallen in the river, and that they were anxious to get her home. Then they drove quickly to Matteo's door. It was just as they said; Matteo was glad to oblige the rich English milord; he was glad to make a little money; and with Bebo, his wife, he swore everlasting secrecy.

They carried her into the warm little house—the fair, hapless girl who had raised herself, body and soul by believing in the false word of a man. She was laid on the pretty bed where Matteo's only daughter had died a few short months ago; and Bebo cried hot tears over the dead body. They mourned over her, cried over her, pitied her youth, admired her beauty! Then Nugent, always alive to the need of the moment, went himself in search of a doctor. He found one and brought him, not telling him the truth—that the beautiful girl, so white and so still was a stranger to them—but saying simply that she had fallen into the river.

"And this child, this baby, not certainly more than a month old, how came she near the river?" he asked, suspiciously.
Then Nugent, finding that he must tell the truth, told it. The doctor looked grave and pensive.
"It is, indeed, just the old story. This girl has, most probably, tried to drown herself because the child was dead; that has not been drowned—it has none of the marks of drowning on it."
"Not drowned then? It must have been dead when she jumped into the river."
"Yes, there can be no question of that," replied the doctor.

Then they quickly unclipped the rigid arms and took the child away, Bebo weeping tenderly the while. It required the strength of a man to unfasten that tenuous grasp. When the babe was gone and her arms were empty, they saw a faint quivering of her lips, a faint movement of the eyelids; the next minute two dark dreamy eyes opened with an expression of vague meaning.
"Where am I—where am I asked Alison, feebly. "I thought that I was dead." She looked into the strange face of the doctor, and the anxious face of Nugent Avenham.

"Is it the same world?" she asked.
"Yes, child the same world," said the doctor—the same old, weary, wicked world, whereon nothing except Heaven's love makes sunshine."
Again the pale lips opened, for she had stretched out her arms.

"Where is my baby?" she cried.
"Poor little baby! we are going to find it a little grave in the sunshine, where the flowers can grow near it," said the doctor.
"Poor little baby! Now you must talk no more."
She caught his hand in her own.
"Who saved me?" she asked. "I went to the river—my best friend is dead. Who saved me?"
"I saved you," replied Nugent.

The dark dreamy eyes looked sadly at him.
"You did not know," she said. "You thought you were doing a good deed when you took the dead child and the living mother from the river. Ah! my heaven! we were better there; there was only my body left to die—my heart and my soul died days ago."
"Poor child!" said Nugent, and he turned away to hide the tears that filled his eyes. Alison caught the doctor's hand again. "It was very good of him," she moaned; "but he did not know—he could not have known. You will be kind to me, and let me die in peace."
"Have you no one thing to live for?" asked Nugent.

"No," she cried, with a sudden passion of pain; "not one single thing—before Heaven, not one."
"Poor child!" he said again.
Then the doctor, with the two friends, withdrew, leaving Bebo to take off the wet clothes and administer the sleeping draught.

"Will she live?" asked Nugent eagerly.
"I should say not," replied the doctor; "the child of the river would be longed for to kill her; but she is strong and young those are great points in her favor."
"Well," said Nugent Avenham, "I went out this evening with a glass of brandy, and I have seen so much of the ways of the world—of its vicissitudes, its miseries—that I am tired of it and long for heaven. I know the routine of these matters; let me help you in your good deeds. We will bury the child, and restore the young mother."

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"It is true, said the doctor, 'she has thrown herself in, with the dead child in her arms. There is no more to be said there can be no doubt,' he continued, 'but that the hapless lady was quite insane.'
He wrote to England, to Messrs Walton, who at once sent one of their confidential clerks to Florence. He found that there was nothing else to be done. Alison Trente had undoubtedly, in her delirium, taken the dead child in her arms, and plunged into the river with it. The clerk made quite sure, as he believed, of the intelligence before he returned to England. Messrs. Walton waited some time before they told the news to their client. It reached him one evening when Atticus Trente was just giving place to winter, and he was alone at Hargrave Park, preparing for his coming marriage in the spring. There he received the solicitor's letter telling him that Alison Trente had drowned herself. She had taken her dead child in her arms, and plunged into the Arno; her body had not been seen, and, in all probability, never would be recovered.

He was for a few minutes terribly shocked. The words 'her dead child' horrified him first, then the notion of Alison Trente had drowned herself, with her loving heart and genius, died!
"Of course it was right," he argued, 'that before his marriage he should give up all these things and be content with a simple life; but she had taken her dead child in her arms, and plunged into the Arno; her body had not been seen, and, in all probability, never would be recovered.'
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"Heaven help you, my good friend, you will have a sorry life of it, I fear, a mother-in-law 'is had sometimes; but a grand-mother-in-law'."
Well, his eloquence failed him; the idea was too unpleasant—a grandmother-in-law! Lord Carlyne, who had pleased himself by picturing the delight of traveling with his young wife, found himself hampered with an invalid lady, who required close carriage and warm rooms. Besides which, Madame D'Isio watched him with Argus eyes. It was all very well, he thought, as he seemed to be sincerely attached to Camilla, but he was to be trusted? There had been something in Florence—her son had not exactly told her what, but a kind of entanglement and what had happened one night he had not forgotten.

For Camilla's sake she considered herself bound to keep a watchful eye on him; she made a point of inquiring rigorously into the hours of his absence—where had he been? whom had he seen? She had another habit, too, which annoyed him greatly—he watched him, furiously with half-closed eyes. The earl did not find his life remarkably pleasant the constant presence of Madame D'Isio was a terrible torment to him. In any way, she displaced his young wife, she, all tears, flew to Madame Trente, then Madame Trente, the most admired earl in England. If, in return, he presumed to say one word to Madame Trente, she would lecture him to the right; she rose and resumed her studies in the early morning. When she had painted till she could no longer hold a brush she would read. She read all the great authorities on the art of painting; she read the lives of all eminent painters; she spent whole days in the picture-gallery drinking in deep draughts from the very fountain of art. She was diligent and humble as a child; she began at the beginning. On the first day, when she with some pride showed her master her greatest efforts, pictures and sketches which she thought very excellent, but he said: "You are almost self-taught."

"Yes," replied Alison; "I had lessons some years ago. I have taught myself since."
"The first thing that you have to do is to forget all you know, to unlearn all that you have learned, that you may get on."
He was struck with the docile, intelligent manner in which she obeyed him.
"You are obedient," said Signor Claudio; "that is the first step towards success."
"Yes, she was obedient enough; she resolutely put away from her all dreams of color, all her conceptions of great pictures, and worked at the first lessons of a beginner.

"Shall I ever succeed?" she asked one day of Signor Claudio.
"Yes," he replied; "you are a true artist; you live in your art; you will succeed."
"Have I not genius," she said to him again, "or talent?"
"Yes," he replied; "and what more, you have industry. My experience teaches me that one without the other is useless."
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but she had read of a young girl, an artist whose name was Assita Ferrari; a girl who would have been one of the finest geniuses in the world had she lived. She had been born an artist. She had painted a few pictures of rare merit, then the doom of woman was upon her. She fell in love; as her love grew her genius was marred; when her love reached its height her hand lost its cunning, and she died disappointed both in heart and love.
"I will call myself Assita Ferrari," thought Alison; the very name and memory of Alison Trente shall die from the face of the earth—lost, guilty, wretched Alison! Assita Ferrari shall atone for Alison's sin. I have lived for art and it has lost me. I will now live for art.
She reached Rome, and was more successful than she had ever hoped to be. The sale of the locket and the ring procured her three hundred pounds. She smiled a faint and smile as she saw the little heap of gold.

"I shall eat only bread and fruit; I shall drink nothing but coffee and water," she said; so that my living will not cost me much. This will last me all the year; I am studying."
She took a pretty little room and engaged herself as a pupil in the best art school in Rome. How she worked. No man ever toiled harder. She denied herself almost everything; she studied far into the night; she rose and resumed her studies in the early morning. When she had painted till she could no longer hold a brush she would read. She read all the great authorities on the art of painting; she read the lives of all eminent painters; she spent whole days in the picture-gallery drinking in deep draughts from the very fountain of art. She was diligent and humble as a child; she began at the beginning. On the first day, when she with some pride showed her master her greatest efforts, pictures and sketches which she thought very excellent, but he said: "You are almost self-taught."

"Yes," replied Alison; "I had lessons some years ago. I have taught myself since."
"The first thing that you have to do is to forget all you know, to unlearn all that you have learned, that you may get on."
He was struck with the docile, intelligent manner in which she obeyed him.
"You are obedient," said Signor Claudio; "that is the first step towards success."
"Yes, she was obedient enough; she resolutely put away from her all dreams of color, all her conceptions of great pictures, and worked at the first lessons of a beginner.

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