

Fredericton Globe.

VOL. 11.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1891.

No. 37.

OUR HOLIDAY STOCK

Will Make Friends, Outshine Rivals, Please Everybody, AND SELL ITSELF ON ITS MERITS.

DON'T WAIT.

Beautiful Presents That Meet All Demands and Satisfy All Wants. An Unequalled Assortment and a Variety to Suit All Tastes

In Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware, Gold and Silver-headed Canes, Music Boxes, Jewel Cases, Spectacles, etc., etc.

While We Cannot Describe or Enumerate Our Great Variety of Elegant Attractions, We are Very Glad to SHOW THEM to All Visitors. We Claim for Our Stock GENERAL EXCELLENCE in Quality, Immense Variety, and Reasonable Prices.

Whatever Your Wants MAY BE WE CAN MEET THEM WITH BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE SELECTIONS.

We Solicit a Comparison OF GOODS AND PRICES, knowing you will find Our Holiday Line the Best and Cheapest.

Two Beautiful White Onyx Clocks. Newest and Finest Clocks shown in the city.

Please Take Notice that all goods Bought Here will be Engraved Free.

R. BLACKMER

(Opp. A. F. Randolph & Sons),

Queen Street, - Fredericton, N. B.

AGRICULTURE

Notes and Suggestions of Practical Utility

FOR THE FARM, FIELD, GARDEN AND DAIRY.

Cleanings of Interest for Our Country Readers.

Colts need daily exercise. Oats make the best spurs. Sheep wear no waterproofs. Honest gains are commendable. Debonnet girls are abominable. Be regular in the supply of food. Good horses never lack a market. A vicious hand soon spoils a horse. Cast-iron grinding work is killing. Don't trust to luck or the weather. Good care makes the keeping easier. Over-ripe timothy is death to lambs. A mudhole is a poor sort of larnyard. Change of food often restores appetite. The Short-horn was once the dairy cow. All experience should be educational. More people are overfed than underfed. Late fall growth of wood is not desirable. The best dairy cows are seldom for sale. Some men work hard to get rid of work. Leave no animals unsheltered for the night. Keep the best stock for breeding purposes. The best work is usually the best planned. See that your stock keep up a good appetite. The old can often be repaired and save the new. Are you starting in with a few choice sheep? Don't be in a big hurry to go into a new thing. If you want the best cows plan to raise them. Breed horses and other animals with good brains. Feed hay, but don't let the animal stuff with it. Exercise promotes growth in the wellfed young. Groom work is the poorest kind of work on the farm. Whipping is a poor substitute for proper training. There is more difference in grit than in endurance. The sheriff does his share in cancelling mortgages. Winter years require careful handling and cold storage. Be sure your meat barrel is sweet before you pack it in. Quality tells. The brand alone will no longer sell better. Both animals and plants must have a supply of nitrogen. The eastern intensive against western extensive farming. The more rapidly a plant grows, the more water it requires. Winter dairying requires comfortable quarters for the herd. In selecting varieties, consider their fitness for transportation. The farm should be the laboratory of the agricultural college. Pumpkin seeds are nitrogenous and oily, and are very nutritious. What fertilizer is best? The one that supplies what the soil needs. Is cornilage a food completely adapted to the stomach of the horse? A Norwich, Conn., man announces peaches four years from the sea. When you are preparing land for wheat you can't sit down too fine. A kitchen stove attachment that turns refuse into fuel is announced. The Japanese are said to hitch a horse by tying his fore legs together. To get the most out of corn, supplement it with more nitrogenous food. Keep good brood mares in good condition and give them gentle exercise. A mean man can no more conceal his manners than a crow can its color. Many believe that feeding night and morning is better than three feeds. See that your house plants have good drainage as well as plenty of water. "Breeds cost money." No, they don't; but eliminating them is apt to. If you draw out manure this winter put it where it will do the most good. A small garden will absorb a large amount of slops and be the better of it. Healthy plants growing in a room are good for the health of the occupants. You never really know a man until you have business dealings with him. A winter calf weaned in the spring has a great advantage for future growth. In fall transplanting see that the soil is well packed around the young tree. Scatting for a living is educational. Some people get no other education. A woman asks: "What time has the bony housewife for developing her beauty?" If your plants have bloomed all summer, don't expect them to bloom all winter. Study the secret of growing good crops when others fail. Prices are good then. Remember the ration should contain five to seven parts of carbon to one of nitrogen. Single service is thought by some to be better for cows as well as for other animals. The physician convicted of drunkenness in Georgia forfeits his right to practice.

TRAIN ROBBERS

Get \$20,000 for a few minutes work near St. Louis.

The Express Car Shown Open with Dynamite, - A Wounded Messenger.

The robbery of the Adams Express Company's car on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad the other night, was one of the boldest affairs of the kind on record, and recalls the feats of the James boys. The express company is out about \$20,000. The officials say the messenger is laid up at Springfield, Mo., unable to move on account of his wounds, and the robbers have apparently dropped into the earth, for not the slightest clue has been obtained. The train, which was the through California express, left the Union depot at 9 o'clock. At Old Orchard, a suburban village just outside the city limits, four men boarded the train, two climbing on to the front end of the postal car and two between the postal and baggage cars. They ordered the train stopped about twenty car lengths east of the overhead bridge at Glendale, where they were met by the other two robbers. While Engineer Wagner and Fireman Daley were held secure the other robbers exploded sticks of giant powder against the express car door, and, entering, compelled the messenger to open the safe. All the time they kept up a constant fusillade to keep the passengers and trainmen in the cars. The robbers took everything of value in the safe. George W. Johnson, a San Francisco engineer, was on the engine on his way to his home in Pacific. He gives the following account of the hold-up: "After leaving St. Louis our first stop was Chellenham, the next was Old Orchard. About a quarter of a mile after leaving Old Orchard two men climbed down into the cab over the tank and shouted: "Hold up your hands, you—"

"At the same time they pointed one revolver at the engineer and one at the fireman and myself. The engineer asked what they wanted and they said: "We want you to stop at the overhead bridge." One was short and heavy set; the other was tall and rather slim. They wore handkerchiefs tied over their eyes. They were heavily clothed. Their coats were buttoned up about their chests. The little man seemed to be boss of the job. He gave the orders and the others seemed to second what he said, occasionally saying: "Hold up your hands! Hold up your hands!" "So we steamed along, and all the while they kept telling us to hold up our hands. Finally we came along toward the bridge. The little one kept looking out of the cab to see just where we were, and he told the engineer where to stop. He seemed to be particular about the spot, within a rod or two, and at last he gave the engineer the word, and the locomotive came to a stand. Then the little one said to the engineer: "Take your lantern and follow me."

"The tall man told the fireman and me to follow. The little man got off first, the engineer next and the fireman next, and lastly the tall man; and we naturally ranged ourselves on the side of the track in that order, the short one at the end of the line nearest the engine, and the tall one at the end nearest the train. As fast as we climbed down they told us to put up our hands, and we put them up. We got out on the left or the fireman's side of the cab. "I saw the tall man start back toward the express car. I was on the watch, for I didn't know but they would blow our heads off. I thought when the tall man moved away that there was a chance to get away and I just went. I broke toward toward Pacific, where my wife and four children were. That's all I know about it."

After the train was stopped the four robbers were joined by two more, who had been waiting at the side of the track. Then the indiscriminate firing began. At the same time a demand was made on Messenger J. T. Mulrean to open the door. He refused, and without further parley the robbers placed a dynamite cartridge in a crevice of the door or under it and touched the fuse. The east end of the car was almost blown off and Mulrean surrendered. Mulrean was badly injured by the explosion. After emptying the safe and taking the messenger's gold watch the robbers quickly departed. The express company has a large force of men on the case, but so far no clue has been found. The loss is estimated at \$20,000, but it may be a great deal more.

For Over Fifty Years. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send a once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." - Aug. 9-91-17.

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER.

# POOR DOCUMENT

## SAILORS MURDERED.

Interesting Account of the Murder of an American Vessel's Crew

Insulted on the Street and When they Resented Were Cruelly Murdered.

The San Francisco Examiner says: Probably the most intelligent consecutive account yet received in this country regarding the Chilean massacre of the United States steamer Baltimore's men reached here today in a letter from one of her officers, B. W. Wells, to his father, writing under date of October 20th, from Valpara. He told of very exciting occurrences. He said that the men had had no liberty since the middle of August until the day of the massacre, and were only granted it then after the captain requested the police to protect the men in case of any trouble on shore. The men went ashore and strolled about in a quiet and orderly manner.

About 6 o'clock Boatwain's mate Riggin, one of the best men of the crew, had words with a Chilean sailor. Another of the Baltimore's men came up and said something when the Chilean spat in his face and was promptly knocked down.

Surrounded and Harassed.

This started the row, and soon the men were surrounded by a crowd of Chilean sailors, roughs and boatmen, outnumbering the party forty to one. Riggin was stabbed in the neck and sank to the ground. The other man, fearing a like fate, started to run, but was pursued and stabbed in the back seven times. Another man came along to pick Riggin up to carry him away, when the squad of police fired. The bullet passed through the shirt of the man holding Riggin and pierced the latter's neck and lodged under the shoulder-blade. The other man, seeing the brutes loading again, dropped Riggin and ran. The next heard of Riggin was that he was seen in a cart dying while the crowd of Chileans applied insulting epithets. He died in a short time.

The Baltimore's officers found people who could identify the policeman who did the shooting, and about 7 p. m. another man was brought off, stabbed twice in the back, one wound penetrating the lung.

Meeting Mob Pursuing Them.

All night a howling mob was after the Baltimore's sailors. They caught them singly and brutally beat and stabbed them. There were a number in the hospital badly wounded when the letter was written, and the number who escaped with cuts and bruises was large. In fact, as the young officer said, the sailor after the affair was had enough for a regular battle.

He expressed the utmost indignation, saying that the affair was brutal and cowardly. He is sure our boys were set on without warning, and says: "Don't lose sight of the fact that Riggin was shot by a policeman while dying from a stab wound."

Several other men while running to save their lives were cut by officers with swords. The men were held up and robbed in broad daylight in the streets of Valparaiso, and one of the Baltimore's officers while walking down to the landing, was spat at.

Spitting at the Flag.

Besides all this there were a dozen other things, such as spitting at the flag of the Baltimore's boat while it was at the landing, kicking the men in the boats, etc.

The night of the fight one man was so hard pressed that he jumped off the landing and stones were thrown at him while he was in the water. When a boat from an American merchant ship tried to pick him up it was driven back.

The young officer adds that from all reports the police abated the whole affair.

## MILLIONAIRE BLOWN UP

A Madman Throws Dynamite in the Office of Russel Sage.

He Demanded \$1,000,000—Didn't Get It—Then a Bomb Was Himself Blown to Shreds, and Killed and Wounded Many Others.

A terrific explosion occurred at 12:15 o'clock last Friday afternoon in the old Union Trust company building, at Nos. 69, 71 and 73 Broadway, New York, known as the Arcade. It was caused by a dynamite bomb exploding in Russel Sage's office. The story is that at 12:15 o'clock, noon, a small, well dressed man, apparently about 35 years old, carrying a leather bag, called at Russel Sage's office, on the second floor of No. 71 Broadway, and asked to see Mr. Sage. W. R. Laidlaw, Mr. Sage's clerk, told him that Mr. Sage was busy and could not be seen. The man persisted and continued to talk in a loud tone.

Mr. Sage, who was in an inner office, came out to see what was the matter. He asked the man what was wanted and the man said, "I demand a private interview with you."

Mr. Sage enquired with what he could oblige and the man with the satchel replied, "We want," he said slowly and distinctly, "one million two hundred thousand dollars. We want them right here now."

Mr. Sage started back, but instantly recovering his presence of mind he said it was a great deal of money and that he would have to think about it. He knew that he was dealing with a crank and was preparing for time, but subtleties were in vain with this crank. He had no time to wait and he said so.

"We cannot wait. I told your clerk our business was urgent. The money is wanted now. In this satchel I have dynamite—pounds of it. Unless you hand over the money, up she goes."

Mr. Sage made one more attempt to temporize. He had not got the money, he said. His visitor might come again. At the words the man made an angry gesture and raising the satchel at arm's length, "You will not?" he said, "then here goes."

An explosion followed which almost

raised the roof from the building. The occupants of the building rushed pell mell into the street, their faces pale with fright. Most of them thought at first that the building had tumbled in, and that there was to be a repetition of the Park Place horror. When the explosion occurred there was a great rush of air from below. The building rocked and shook and the floor seemed to rise up! Everywhere the walls were cracked and big clumps of plaster, loosened from the ceiling, fell with a crash.

The panic in the upper stories was something awful. People ran over and trampled upon each other in their haste to get down the stairway. There were two elevators in operation, both filled with passengers at the time. How they escaped death no one knows.

In Mr. Sage's main office the furniture was overturned and broken, the walls and ceilings were laced of plaster in great patches, the little closet under the wash basin was wrecked, broken ink bottles and other office implements were scattered about and valuable papers were strewn over the floor. A small iron safe lay in the midst of the sagging floor, agape with documents enclosed in stout manilla envelopes.

Russel Sage, after the explosion, groped his way out of the passage. His face and hands were dripping with blood. He was almost unconscious. Two men carried him down stairs and across Broadway to a drug store. A few seconds later Mr. Slocum, his brother-in-law, came rushing down stairs. His hands were bleeding and there was a gash on one side of his head. He was also carried to the store. Mr. Sage's clerks, with ringing ears and bleeding faces deafened, blinded and weak by dust and loss of blood, staggered out into the hall and fell rather than walked down stairs. They were carried into the drug store, as were others who were injured by the explosion.

At one o'clock a close carriage drove up to the drug store. Russel Sage, accompanied by two friends, got into it and drove away. He refused to speak of the incident, but one of the gentlemen said: "Mr. Sage's injuries are not serious." Mr. Sage walked to the carriage without assistance. His hands were bandaged. He had his right hat on, but although his face was blood-stained it wore no bandages. Mr. Sage arrived at his house, No. 59 1/2 Avenue, in a cab at 1:45 o'clock. He was accompanied by his physician, Dr. Munn, and Mr. Gardiner, the attorney for the elevated railway. Sage's first words as he entered the door were: "I'm all right. Only a little burned."

The doctors would not allow him to talk further but hurried him upstairs to bed. Mr. Sage presented a more frightful appearance at this time than immediately after the explosion. His head was then swathed in bandages. Both hands were at that time bound up. His clothing was torn, nothing was left of his coat, his trousers were ripped, his feet and hands were in a state of suffering from a severe shock, but was able to reassure his friends as to his condition.

He gasped and when a fallen hat had not quick arms caught him. The family had been apprised of the accident and were waiting for him. Everything was in readiness and Mr. Sage was stripped of his tattered garments and put to bed.

Mr. Jay Gould was at the house when the injured man arrived.

The remains of the dead man were gathered up in the net. What was left by the explosion of the madman's body—at least so it was labelled and accepted by Police Inspector Bryman—was laid out in Undertaker Duffy's establishment, at 82 Greenwich street. The head was blackened, but neither cut nor disfigured in any way. It was cut off at the top of the neck and looks for all the world like the mask of a man 35 or 40 years old with a full beard that might have been long but was now burned close to the chin and neck. Then there was a leg, the right, the left foot and hand—that was all. The body proper was gone. Of neither chest or abdomen was a trace found. The leg that was there was broke and twisted. Such shreds of clothing as was found showed that the man had worn trousers of a light plaid, a black overcoat and long black stockings. He had been careful to divest himself of everything that might disclose his identity. His name had been written in the corner of his black hat, but he had cut it off with a knife. There was a hole in the lining where it had been.

A Kansas city despatch says there is reason to believe that Hugh D. Wilson, a late member of the real estate firm of Brewster & Wilson in this city, was the man who threw the bomb at Russel Sage.

## ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

Quiet Whispers in Their Ears About Love and Marriage.

Girls don't think that every young man who calls upon you once or twice is in love with you.

Don't think because you are prettier than your neighbor across the way, and have prettier gowns, that it is right to try to flirt from your front stoop with her beau when he calls upon her.

Don't mistake your friends and acquaintances with magnificent gown, while your mother wears cheap bombazine and a clock and bonnet that every one can see has done at least five years' service.

Don't show up lily white taper fingers if hers are seamed with work.

Don't be always drumming on the piano when your visitors call.

Don't expect that a man's intentions are sincere until he informs you in plain English that they are.

Don't hint to a man that you like him and that he is your ideal, and that you wouldn't mind leaving the state of single blessedness if "Barkie" is willing.

Don't make yourself obnoxious by appearing persistently at places you know to be his usual haunts until the young man has a fear in turning each street corner he comes to lest he meet you.

Don't accept your wedding outfit from the hands of your lover.—(Young Ladies Bazaar)

## TO OUR READERS.

WHO ARE IN SEARCH OF A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

A FEW SUGGESTIVE HINTS AS TO WHERE TO BUY AND WHAT TO BUY.

The Holiday season has come once more and the good old custom of indicating our friendship and esteem by a present, form a large part of the enjoyment of this festive season. It is a pleasant custom and affords a large amount of pleasure to those who give as well as receive. Our country readers, whose time when in town is somewhat limited, and who wish to know where they can find just what they need, may be glad of a few hints as to where to buy their Christmas presents.

We will start at the upper or west end of the street on our tour, first dropping in the large and well stocked grocery store of

Geo. Hart & Sons. Here you will find one of the finest lines of groceries in the maritime provinces. The store is a picture of neatness, everything presenting a fresh and neat appearance. In this establishment you can get everything required in the shape of Xmas groceries. This firm have just received a large assortment of fruit including grapes, grapes and more grapes, seventy-five boxes of those delicious, sweet, Florida oranges, dates, currants and raisins. Here you find a large stock of English and Canadian confectionery in choice variety, at the lowest prices.

We next call at

B. Blackmer's Jewelry Store, where as fine an exhibition of jewelry, silverware, watches, clocks, etc., can be seen, as was ever shown in the city. Mr. Blackmer's Christmas stock is well selected, and the goods are of the best quality. He has on exhibition in his show window a most magnificent white onyx clock, and well worth going to see. His stock of gold watches for both ladies and gents is larger than ever before and will be sold at the lowest possible prices. Here you can buy your present and have the engraving done on it free of charge.

Passing on down, we come to

Davis, Staples & Co., Bruggist, on the cor. of Queen and York Sts. This is the largest and handsomest establishment of the kind in the city. The firm carry everything to be found in a first-class establishment of the kind, and at this season have an elegant line of toilet and manly articles, dressing cases, etc. in oxidized silver, plush and leather, and other handsome articles which our space will not allow us to enumerate.

A little farther down we come to the confectionery store of

W. H. Golden, where there is a most tempting display of Christmas candies, in toys, candy canes, and also a high class of cream candies in great variety. Here you can get fruit and nuts of all kinds direct from Santa Claus.

What could be more suitable for a Christmas present than a pair of rich boots, shoes or slippers, which we can get by just dropping into

Continued on page seven.

## R. C. MAGREDIE,

PLUMBER,

Gas and

Steam

FITTER,

Queen - - Steeet,

Opp. County Court House

## NOTICE!

The Subscriber has opened a shop on the Cor. of King and St. John streets for the manufacturing of Sausages, and asks the public to test them. Will also keep on hand a supply of Pork, Lamb and Poultry, Beef both fresh and corned, together with Potatoes, Carrots, Beets, Turnips, &c., and respectfully asks a share of public patronage.

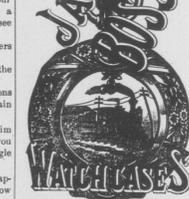
PELEG SMITH.

Watches and Jewelry

F. J. MCCAUSLAND,

Opp. A. F. Randolph & Sons.

Frederickton, N. B., June 7.



## OH! SEE THIS!!

A GRAND CHANCE TO GET A

## CHRISTMAS

Present Free.

Something that will please the little folks and be Useful to Everybody

## A. Lottimer

has decided to Give a Present to Every Customer who Buys Goods from him amounting to ONE DOLLAR or upwards for

CASH

From Monday, December 14th, until Christmas.

## A. LOTTIMER,

has an Immense Stock and a Great Variety of

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Overboots,

In Stock to Select From, also

Gents' Fancy Slippers

Suitable for Presents.

FANCY MOCCASINS ALL SIZES. The Celebrated Crescent

Heel Plates put on Free of Charge on Overboots bought at

## A. LOTTIMER'S. LEMONT & SONS.

has a large stock of Dry Goods and Clothing.

Cheap Sale during the Holidays

In the following: Ladies Dress Goods in Cashmere, Henrietta, Suitings and other Stuff Goods in all the leading shades and colors.

Velveteens, Ladies' Jackets, Fur Muffs and Bos, Fur Collars, Wool Shawls, Corsets, Gloves and Handkerchiefs, Ulster Cloths and Underwear.

Men's Youths and Boys SUITS. Men's Suits from \$5.00 upwards. Ulsters, Overcoats and Reefers, also a large stock of Melissa Overcoat

Warranted Perfectly Waterproof. A Quantity of Odd Coats, Pants and Vests at Less than Cost.

Persian Lamb Caps at cost.

Kid Mitts, Gloves, Shirts, Collars Ties, Silk Handkerchiefs, Braces and Underclothing, Cork Screw Coris, Tweeds and Pantings, Plain and Fancy Flannels, Blankets,

Cottons, Table Linen, Table Cloths, Oxford Shirtings, Ducks and Tickings.

Table and Floor Oil Cloths and Carpets.

Trunks, Valises and Satchels.

A large lot of Remnants on hand.

Sleigh robes and Horse Blankets AT 10 per cent. Discount.

INSPECTION OF THE ABOVE RESPECTFULLY INVITED.

## OWEN SHARKEY.

Frederickton, N. B., June 7.

## XMAS-1891

This is the 47th year we have been doing

business and as each year rolls round, try to make a larger display than the previous year. This year is going to be no exception to that rule. We have more Furniture and a better assortment than ever before.

35 Different Patterns of Bedroom Sets, the Lowest Price \$14.75, the highest \$75.

Parlor Suites from \$33.00 to \$100.

Rattan Chairs and Rockers.

Plush Easy Chairs.

Fancy Oak Tables.

An Immense Assortment in all these different Lines and the Best of all they were Bought For Cash and so we Justly Claim We are in a Better Position to Sell than if they were bought on time.

"Seeing is Believing." So come in and See for Yourself that We are Selling them Cheaper than our neighbors.

Do You Remember the 10, 25 and 50 cent Counters last year? Well, we have added a \$1.00 Counter this year, and they are all loaded down with Bargains in Fancy and Useful Goods. For instance, handsome Silver Pickle and Butter Dishes on the \$1.00 Counter.

250 Sleds and Sleighs for the Children from 35cts. upwards.

HANGING LAMPS, STAND LAMPS, TEA SETTS, DINNER SETTS, IMMENSE VARIETY.

LEMONT & SONS.

Frederickton, N. B., June 7.

POOR DOCUMENT

ADAMS BROS.

Furniture Dealers.

A POINTER



CHRISTMAS IS COMING,

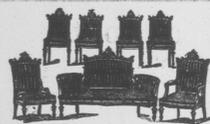
And What would be Nicer for a CHRISTMAS PRESENT for Grandpa or Grandma than a Nice Easy Chair for them to recline in, in their old age. A Handsome Platform Rocker for Mother or a Nice Writing or Office Desk for Father.

What a Pleasant Surprise for a wife to have her husband present her with a HANDSOME PARLOR SUIT, Nicely Upholstered, such as we have, to replace the Old-fashioned Furniture that has been in the house for years, or an Excellent Bed-room Set for the Boys Room.

ADAMS BROS.

is the Place to Purchase all these. We have a Choice Line of Furniture in Stock for the Christmas Trade, consisting of

PARLOR Very Latest Patterns Upholstered (plain and figured), Haircloth, nut, Cherry Antique Oak, Chairs, Students Chairs, blea, Centre Tables, Rock-



SUITES, in Jute, Tapestry, Raw Silk, Pinah, etc., also Bedroom Setts in Wal-Ash, etc. Lounges, Easy Dining Chairs, Dining Ta-ers, Office Desks, Side-

boards, Bureau, Bedsteads, etc. Children's Rockers, Chairs, Rocking Horses and Sleds.

Spring Beds in different styles, MATTRESSES in Wool top, Flock and Excelsior, all qualities. We have no ex-

U. - C. - Y.

We can give you the Best Possible Value for the Lowest Possible Price. Repairing and Upholstering in All its Var-ious Branches Promptly Attended To. Furniture and Mattresses Made to Order. Goods Called For and Delivered to any part of the City, Gibson or Marysville.

Undertakers and Funeral Directors.

The OLDEST FIRM in the City, therefore the Most Experienced. We have by all odds the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of FUNERAL + FURNISHINGS, in the City and Equal to Any in the Province.

We are bound to keep up with the Times, and Improvements are being made in this bus-iness as well as any other.



Our Stock of CASSETS consists of Metallic, Walnut, Rosewood, Oak, French Burl, and Stained Woods highly Finished. Covered Caskets in Cloth, Broad-cloth, Plain Velvet, and Handsome Brocade Velvet in Black or White with Slid-ing Glass Top, Half-open Top and Full Length Hinged Top. In COFFINS we have Walnut, Oak, and French Burl, Cloth Covered in All Sizes, and at Most Reasonable Prices. A Full Assortment of Burial Robes, Black and White, for Young or Old.

Coffin and Casket Trimmings of Every Description.

Head Lining, Caps, Gloves, Crape and Mourning Bands.

We Guarantee Satisfaction in both Price and Quality of Goods.



Special Discounts on all orders from the Country. We Carry EVERYTHING required by the Profession. One of the Best Hearses in the Province, with White or Black Changeable Trimmings suitable for young or old, in Connection with the Business. Our Aim is to be Prompt, Accurate and Reliable in attending to Orders either Personal, by Telegraph or Telephone.

Opp. Queen Hotel, (Telephone, No. 26) Fredericton, N. B.

W. E. SEERY, MERCHANT TAILOR. I have Just Received an Elegant Line of Spring Cloth for SUITINGS, TROUSERINGS, and OVERCOATINGS, which I am prepared to Make Up in the Most Fashionable Styles. W. E. SEERY, WILMOT AV.

WATCHES! Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware, Band Rings, Broches, Lace Pins, Emblem Pins, Charms, etc. AT R. BLACKMER'S, Queen Street, - Nearly Opp. City Hall.

PURE COCOA. This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children. THE LONDON TEA STORE, 13 York Street.

DID HE KILL MRS MUTTER? A New Crime Laid to Mrs. Leonard's Murderer. Circumstances of a Newark Crime Recalled - Interview with the Prisoner in the Freehold Jail - "It's None of Your Business" - "Louis Harriot might as well be underground as above ground as far as his chances of freedom are concerned," said a member of the Monmouth county bar to a Sun reporter in Freehold. On Monday a Sun reporter saw Harriot in the jail. From the outside the building looks like a comfortable country house, but inside it is the same old story. Prisoners sentenced for drunkenness or for minor offences were wandering around in the halls. The others are kept in their cells except for short intervals of exercise. When Harriot was taken to Freehold from the boat Minnie Correll at Keyport, Prosecuting Attorney Ivin ordered that every article of the prisoner's clothing should be taken from him, and that he should be provided with a new outfit. This was done, and on Monday afternoon, behind the bars of the cell, Harriot, dressed in gray trousers and a striped flannel shirt, seemed to be well contented with life. The talk with him was brief, for the reporter, who had formerly lived in Metz, Harriot's birthplace, had promised the authorities not to mention the subject of the murder and that the conversation should be held in English in the presence of jail officials. The supposed murderer of Mrs. Leonard is a very handsome man, about six feet two inches tall, and is only 21 years old. His shoulders are broad, he is well proportioned, and he has not a superfluous pound of flesh on his body. His small, gray eyes give him a sullen look, except when he smiles, and then his face lights up like that of a boy that he is. The reporter asked him how long he had been in the country. "Me here one year," was the quick reply. "Don't you remember when your father worked in the Hotel de l'Europe in Metz?" "Me no talk English. Me speak French." "Did you serve in the army?" "No," was the sure reply. "When did you go to work for Mr. Leonard?" This question had to be repeated several times, because the prisoner did not understand the name "Leonard" as pronounced in English. Finally "Layman" was suggested. The moment Harriot comprehended the name he said, "Fifteen days." "When did you see Mrs. Leonard last?" "Me talk French. No understand English." So it went on. The reporter was not allowed to talk in French, and the prisoner would not talk much English, though it is said he can talk pretty well in English. He asked if Mrs. Leonard was dead or not. At last he was aroused by this question: "Why did you leave the horses hitched to the wagon?" "Me talk in French. No more English," he shouted angrily, and that ended the matter. The restrictions of the day before as to talking about the crime and as to the conversation being wholly in English were removed, and together with the sheriff an interpreter, and five jail officials the reporter again stood before the cell. It had been agreed that the questions should be put in English, so that the sheriff and jail officials should understand them. The presence of the interpreter was compulsory that he might understand the replies, which the sheriff could not do. "Louis" said the sheriff, and the prisoner shook his great form and got up from his cell. Every question was asked aloud in English by the reporter and repeated in the French language by the interpreter. This was the talk. "When did you come to this country?" "In 1890," was the sharp answer. The reporter was twirling a pencil in his fingers; the prisoner saw it, and stopped it, his speech as if he had been shot. "You are a maker of papers," he shouted. (On fabrication de journaux). "This matter does not concern you; it is my affair." The questioning went on, and at last this was said bluntly: "Why did you kill Mrs. Leonard?" There was a quick, ugly look, and the man growled out: "Oe no vous regarde pas." (That is none of your business). The sheriff looked at every one and every one looked at the sheriff, for the answer seemed like an acknowledgment of the crime. The prisoner removed himself quickly, but five minutes later, when the same question, "Why did you kill Mrs. Leonard?" was put to him again, he shouted out: "Did I tell you that it was none of your business why?" He was then asked if he had a plenty to eat, and he said that he had all he wanted. He said that he had no relatives here, and only a mother and stepfather in Lorraine. Just before leaving, the reporter handed him a package of tobacco and said: "Louis, you smoke, don't you?" Yes, always, when I can. Thank you, thank you, and he put his hand between the bars and shook the reporter's hand, smiling pleasantly. It was hard to believe at that moment that a few days before he had brutally murdered a woman who had been very kind to him. The prosecution has evidence in its possession that cannot be divulged at present. He is closely watched because it is feared he might commit suicide. The trial will be sensational, but the chances seem to be that he will die as he lived, saying: "It's none of your business." There were sensational developments in the Leonard-Harriot murder case, and the excitement caused by the butchery of the woman has increased tenfold. Two men called at the jail and made inquiries about Mrs. Leonard's slayer. One of them grew white and excited as he listened to a detailed description of Louis Harriot.

"That is him! That is the slayer of my wife," he cried. "Thank God, he has been captured! I have been hunting him for two years." He said he was Ferdinand Mutter, and that he owns a dairy farm on the outskirts of Newark and runs a milk route in that city. Two years ago his family consisted of himself, his wife, and his little son. He discharged his duties as a milkman, and one day he engaged a young German or Frenchman. The man was of sullen disposition, and at times displayed a dangerously temper. His young wife was very nervous, and she became nearly wild with fear when the young fellow had one of his tantrums. One pleasant fall day Mr. Mutter drove to Newark with a wagon load of milk. When he drove up to the barn on his return late in the afternoon he missed the usual cheery greeting of his wife and little boy. The hired man was not around. Mr. Mutter, supposing his wife had gone with the little boy to call upon one of the neighbors, put up his horse before he went to the house. In the kitchen he found the almost lifeless body of his young wife lying in a pool of blood. A glass of clove line was knotted tightly around her throat, and her face was a mass of cuts and bruises. The missing boy was found lying on a manure heap, with a lot of straw piled upon him. His hands and feet were tied together with another piece of cloth, and he was gagged with a piece of cloth. He was unable to tell anything about the assault on his mother. Mrs. Mutter did not recover consciousness, and only lived a few days. Her head had been beaten with a hammer, and she had been otherwise maltreated. Mutter is sure that Harriot is the man who killed his wife. He wants to meet Harriot face to face. STABBED BY HIS MISTRESS. A Song and Dance Performer Killed by the Woman he had Jilted. John F. Gross, a variety actor well known in the East, was stabbed to death at the Phoenix Theatre, Durango, Cal., by Maggie Montgomery, with whom he had been living as his wife. She came to Durango last summer, and became much attached to Gross. A few nights ago she learned that he intended to marry an actress. She at once went to the theatre, waited for Gross to finish his performance, and then, meeting him on the stage, plunged a knife into his left breast. Gross died in fifteen minutes. He was a song and dance man and a partner with Charles Turner, with whom he had frequently appeared in the East. Gross had been in Durango about three months. His home is in San Francisco. The woman is under arrest. ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER.

PARAGRAPHS On All Subjects of Current Note at Home and Abroad. ANECDOTES, HAPPENINGS AND GENERAL COMMENTS. Slipped and Condensed for the Readers of The Globe. Nearly 220,000 worth of articles are pawned in London every week. There are 304 livings in the Church of England worth over £1,000 a year. Express trains pass each other at a velocity of ninety yards a second. Seventy women have licenses for selling beer and liquor in New York city. Missouri's mineral output so far this year is nearly \$1,000,000 greater in value than last year's product. The leasing of cards of thanks is so common in Atchison, Kan., that a woman there thought it was proper to send a local newspaper a card in which she thanked her kind friends for the valuable assistance they had rendered in helping her to secure a divorce from her husband. In Durham, Mo., a cat was shut up in the Masonic Hall at the October meeting of the lodge and forgotten until the day of the November, just a month afterward. Puss had torn all the paper off the walls in her efforts to escape, and was very thin but still kicking when finally released. The only relic of the old Houses of Parliament has just come into possession of the Speaker, after being lost sight of since the destruction of Westminster Palace in 1834. It is the key which was used at the commencement of each Session to unlock the vaults in order to search for another Guy Fawkes. The Budget of 1893 and 1892. A reference to Mr. Gladstone's first Budget, explained in the House of Commons on the 18th April, 1853, brings into strong light the enormous advance in financial growth made by the country during the last forty years. Mr. Goschen estimated the revenue for the year 1891 at £20,450,000, and the expenditure at £28,844,000. In Mr. Gladstone's Budget the total income was £22,990,000, and the total expenditure £32,183,000. Thus in the interval between Mr. Gladstone's first Budget and Mr. Goschen's last the national income has gone up over £37,000,000, and the expenditure over £30,000,000. Mainstay and Population in America. One result of the American census is to show that the density of the population in the United States is roughly proportional to the annual rainfall. The regions where the temperature and rainfall are moderate, that is to say, in the prairie States between Texas and Dakota,

# POOR DOCUMENT

## FREDERICTON GLOBE.

The FREDERICTON GLOBE is published every Saturday from the office, 184 Queen Street, and mailed to any address 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, 50 cents each subsequent insertion. Good Notices ten cents per line first insertion, 5 cents each subsequent insertion. Births and Marriages fifty cents each insertion.  
Contracts for yearly advertising furnished on application.  
All communications business or otherwise to be addressed to FREDERICTON GLOBE.

## Fredericton Globe

A. J. MACHEN, Publisher and Proprietor.  
FREDERICTON, N. B., DEC. 12, 1891.

### DIRECT TAXATION.

One of the great objections to free trade with the United States is that it will lead to direct taxation. Well, what if it does? For every dollar a man earns and spends now, 25 cents of it goes to the government for general dominion purposes besides what he has to pay in the way of local or civic taxation; but he is not aware of this since the 25 cents are taken from him in an indirect way. Now suppose we had free trade and great prosperity, the same man would not only get his goods 25 cents cheaper on the dollar, but be better able to pay a small direct sum by virtue of his increased business advantages. Again, if direct taxation were in order, we should be more inquisitive as to where the money goes, as in the case when our municipal tax bills are presented we look into them and grumble if they seem higher than in previous years. There would be a general espionage and revul if not satisfied. But as we are not now on the road to direct taxation? Ay, as fast as our legs can carry us. When a government feels that it can spend money ad-libitum, and runs into debt in the most reckless manner, where are we going to land, and where the means to meet even the interest? The talk of spending money (under the protection idea) seems to give no more pause at Ottawa than the twentieth part of the sum would to considerate persons. For example, on the authority of the St. John Globe, despatches to the American papers say that the Dominion government has adopted the policy of constructing a canal on the north shore of the St. Lawrence about forty miles above Montreal to cut off the Cascade Rapids. It is said that tenders will be invited for the work in a few days and that the estimated cost is \$4,750,000. It will be in the line of the past experience of the country to have this work cost a great deal more than the estimate. But four and three-quarter millions will do to begin with.

Then, again, the sum of \$200,000 is to be paid for the purchase of the Harris property in St. John, in order, as is alleged, that more room may be provided for the Intercolonial Railway operations near the depot; and yet the chief manager of the railways says it is not required. Now the Fredericton Globe does not profess to be a political, but an independent paper giving praise or blame where it may be due, no matter what party be under consideration—then we ask any fair minded conservative if he can approve of what is stated above, and if not what can be said of the conduct of men who thus hold the public monies in such a loose way? What is to be the outcome of all this recklessness but direct taxation, and we are coming to it fast. But suppose we had free trade and prosperity, it would not follow that direct taxation must be a sine-qua-non—not at all. Instead of waste, which the present system encourages, economy would be practiced. Instead of having at Ottawa three men to do one man's work, the employment would be reduced to a minimum. Millions saved instead of millions wasted (very much like it) would have to be the rule. In fact, the finance minister when put to his trumps could devise ways and means for upholding the public credit and providing funds enough for carrying on the government of the country, and free trade would help him to do so. We are informed that when that gentleman before entering parliament, was lecturing upon prohibition, and was asked how the loss to the revenue of \$18,000,000 was to be made up, he replied in a very sensible way that that part of the business could take care of itself—upon the principle we suppose "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"; and he proceeded to show whereby there would be more tea and coffee consumed without liquor, which would go far towards meeting the deficiency, as said articles were under duties—in fact that the poor man and all classes of the community would be so benefited through the shutting out of liquor that the question of \$18,000,000 of revenue lost, were a mere myth, and not worthy of consideration. Now this shows what can be done, and meets the objection that we cannot have free trade without direct taxation.

### FAST DRIVING.

It is most remarkable that the police do not pay any attention to fast driving

on our streets, and bring parties up for violating the law as they are doing every day. On Wednesday last the front street, our greatest thoroughfare, was made a race course the whole afternoon for fast pacers—they raced up and down at the very top of their speed, to the terror of those persons in sleighs having family horses, which take fright when an animal at break-neck speed passes. If the police have any eyes at all, and on duty, they must know the names of all the parties who thus conduct themselves. What says the police magistrate? If an accident happens, somebody will be put in for big damages. We say nothing about the back streets. They seem to be recognised as racing streets, at any rate no heed is taken of what is done there every day. Then again the police must be aware that sleighs are common on the streets with no bells attached—another dangerous thing. The law is very emphatic against those who run sleighs without bells. Are the police aware of what the law says? If some poor miserable fellow, doing no harm to anybody, is found drunk on the street the police soon see him and run him in. But a wild man in a sleigh chancing to kill somebody? Oh! there is no harm in that. In some respects our police are very sharp and exacting in their duties—in others very careless and negligent. "The Globe" proposes to interest itself in the fast driving business and the duties of the police.

Since writing the above our attention has been called to the following notice in the "Globe" of Wednesday last:  
"Mr. Geo. A. Cliff had a narrow escape from a serious accident at the junction of Carleton and Brunswick street last night. He was crossing Carleton on the asphalt walk when one of the flyers came lively by, the shaft of the sleigh almost striking him on the neck. Had the horse come along as instant earlier Mr. Cliff would have been in a very serious condition to-day."

### SNOWBALLS AND BRICKBATS.

It appears that the "Canada Eastern" has been thrown to a dead stand on the other side of the river, Messrs. Snowball and Gibson having come to an understanding, after quite a misunderstanding, that the former shall run the road in his own way, and with his own employees. Now Mr. Gibson is the last man in the world to stand snowballing, so when he found he was hit and having a big brick yard at Marysville, he forthwith went for the brick pile and fired back at his assailants. Mr. Temple hearing of the row, seized a crowbar and stood on the eastern end of the bridge and declared that no railway train should pass over any more without paying tolls, even if it ran over his own body. Thus matters stood at the end of one of the shortest days last week. Next Mr. Snowball—now that he had everything in his hands seized a big axe and decapitated all the principal officials on the ground, it is said, that their heads cost more than they would bring if put up in the market. Not so, thought Mr. Gibson, for he at once set to work and restored the heads to the shoulders of every man whom Mr. Snowball thought he had killed outright. The trains having been thus blocked by our worthy representative, and not allowed to cross the bridge, all is peace and harmony at this end. No longer is the beautiful voice of the locomotive, screeching for all it is worth, heard in the neighborhood of that sublime shanty dubbed "station," alarming pedestrians, and frightening horses, dogs, cats, and such things. The Cathedral once more is at peace with all the world. Some folks say that Mr. Temple's idea in preventing the crossing of the bridge is to enable him to find time to take down that classical looking "station" with a view of erecting another back of Charlotte street, and before doing so he intends to have the present one photographed, in order that the evidence of his good taste may be perpetuated. So that, perhaps, after all this snowballing business on the other side of the river, will be productive of good on this side.

"With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife; "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual.  
"The water here is more than 400 feet deep," said the boatman, casually.  
"Mercy!" exclaimed the timid lady of the party; "and we can't any of us swim. Do, for heaven's sake, let us get nearer shore."  
"The water is only twenty feet deep," said the boatman a few minutes later.  
And the timid lady of the party exclaimed "thank heaven, we are safe!"  
"I am surprised at Charles's squandering so much money on a photograph," said the boatman.  
"Well, I'm not. He always did like to hear himself talk."

It has often been observed how frequently persons of weak intellect display considerable talent for music. A German doctor has been making a systematic investigation on this subject, and he now publishes the results, which may astonish many. Among 100 idiotic children he has found the great majority to possess considerable musical powers, and some of them to be really highly endowed musically.

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER.

## NOTES AND NOTIONS.

### Running Comments on Passing Events.

### Sundry Ebulitions in Prose and Rhyme.

### How the Democratic, Social and Literary World is Wagging.

"A German who kept a tailor's shop was also the proprietor of a restaurant which was opposite his tailoring establishment. A gentleman complained to him that a suit of clothes he had ordered were much too large for him.  
"Were do you dine, sir?" asked the tailor and restaurant keeper.  
"I don't know why you ask. Last I dine about a mile from here—at Pinchuk's," said the gentleman.  
"Well, sir, if you dine at mine establishment opposite, and I am sure you will dine at a fixed price, those clothes in two months they will burst, and in three months, unless you are very careful, you will burst, mine round!"  
Lady (engaging cook): "Why did you leave your last place?"  
Cook: "I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and missus used to quarrel, mum."  
Lady: "What used they to quarrel about?"  
Cook: "The way the dinner was cooked, mum!"  
"Miss Ethel is a long time coming down," said the youth to the servant, after waiting some time for the young lady's appearance.  
"Perhaps," he added, with a laugh, "perhaps she is making up her mind whether to see me or not."  
"No," said the servant, with an icy smile, "it isn't her mind she is making up."  
Lady (to deaf butcher): "Well, Mr. Smallbones, how do you find yourself to-day?"  
Smallbones: "Well, I'm pretty well used up. Every rib's gone, they've almost torn me to pieces for my shoulders, and I never had such a run on my legs."  
Hotel Proprietor: "You say you want a job as waiter. Your face seems familiar to me. Weren't you staying at this hotel last year?"  
"Yes, sir. I have come to try and get some of my money back."  
Recently a letter of introduction was handed by an actor to a manager, which described the presenter as an actor of much merit, and concluded: "He plays Virginia, Richelle, Hamlet, Shylock, and Billiards. He plays Billiards the best."  
When a young man says that he can never love another, he means, of course, not for two or three weeks.  
Yakobly: "These novelists make me ill. The idea of a 'withering glance' as if any one could be withered by a mere look."  
Wickwin: "You are young yet, Yakobly. You never stopped on your wife's train at a ball."

# Christmas Goods

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
At Very Low Prices.

We are going to sell Our Goods this year Lower than ever. Our expenses are light, therefore we can sell at a  
--:-- SMALL MARGIN --:--  
and to convince everybody of the fact, we SOLICIT AN INSPECTION of our Stock and Prices.

We have a nice Variety of Goods suitable for Xmas and New Year presents. Call And See. Everybody Welcome.  
W. :-: T. :-: H. :-: FENETY,  
NEARLY OPP. POST OFFICE.

At 184 Queen Street  
(Opp. City Hall, )

You will find many durable articles suitable for Christmas Presents, far below the usual prices, and  
BELOW ● OTHER ● LOW ● PRICES.

Manicure Setts, Toilet Setts, Shaving Cases in Oxidized Silver, Plush and Leather, Cut Glass Toilet Bottles, Toilet Articles, Brushes, Combs, Sponges, Etc.

Fine Perfumes and Toilet Soaps.  
Beautiful Sachet Powder by all of the Well Known Makers. All Kinds of Cologne at the Lowest Prices.  
POSITIVELY  
WE CAN FILL YOUR BOTTLE WITH THE CHOICEST HANDKERCHIEF PERFUME AT THE LOWEST PRICES  
A FINE ASSORTMENT OF CIGARS, MEERSCHAUM AND BRIER PIPES, CIGAR CASES, ETC.

Davis, Staples & Co.,  
--:-- OPPOSITE CITY HALL, --:--  
Cor. Queen and York Sts.

198 HEADQUARTERS

FOR YOUR XMAS

CONFECTIONERY  
Mixtures of all descriptions including: STAR, ROCKET, DOMINION, TAFFY, GOLD MEDAL AND CHRISTMAS MIXTURES.

NATIONAL, STAR and HIGH CLASS CREAMS, and FINE CHOCOLATES IN ENDLESS VARIETY.  
HOLLOW TOYS, SUGAR TOYS, BARLEY TOYS and GAMES!  
FRUITS and NUTS of ALL KINDS.  
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.  
WHOLESALE or RETAIL

W. H. GOLDEN,  
198 Queen St.

# POOR DOCUMENT

## LOCAL NEWS.

Jottings on Events as they Happen about Town.

The Ebb and Flow of Civic and Suburban Life.

A Serious Runaway, supposed to have been Browned, Married, etc.

### Around Agate.

Jan. A. Vanwart, Q. C., is able to be out again.

### Lost a Valuable Horse.

Mr. Reid Blair of St. Mary's, lost a valuable horse the other day. He was the cause of his death.

### Propose Building.

Star Council R. T. of I. propose building a hall for their own use, nothing definite has yet been decided on.

### A Useful Christmas Present.

A "Victor" type-writer makes an elegant as well as a useful present and only cost \$17.00. You can get them at this office.

### Oyster Social at Kewick.

The oyster social at Kewick Friday evening was well attended. A large number drove up from the city, and a very enjoyable evening was spent by all.

### The Felicit.

The Rev. Mr. Chapman of Marysville, will occupy the pulpit of the Methodist church next Sunday morning, and the Rev. Mr. Gough of Kingston in the evening.

### Christian Endeavor Society.

The young people of the Baptist church held a meeting last night for the purpose of organizing in connection with the church a branch of the Christian Endeavor Society.

### Salvation Army Wedding.

On Thursday evening at the Salvation Army barracks, Mr. Herbert Logan, an officer in the army, was united in marriage to Miss Jarvis. Rev. Mr. Payson officiated.

### Basket Social.

The basket social Thursday evening, given under the auspices of the ladies of the Church of England, in the hall at Nashvasson, was well attended. The F. O. M. W. Orchestra was in attendance and rendered some very good music.

### Married at Bridgeport.

Miss Alice Maud Mary, daughter of Edward Wilkinson, of this city, was married recently at Bridgeport, Conn., to Andrew J. Anderson, M. D., of Astoria, Long Island.

### Postponed.

The argument in the case of the Halifax Banking Co. vs. Smith, which was to have taken place before the Chief Justice this morning, was postponed in consequence of the inability of Mr. Hanington, counsel for the bank, to attend.

### Supposed to Have Been Drowned.

Two days ago a man named Geo. Smith left Chatham in a boat for his home some miles distant. The boat was found stranded on an island in the river, and as Smith has not shown up it is supposed he was drowned.

### A Serious Runaway.

Thursday evening, about seven o'clock, a pair of horses belonging to a gypsy took fright and ran away, throwing him out and breaking his right leg below the knee. He was carried into J. M. Wiley's drug store and a coach was sent for to take him home. Drs. McLean and Vanwart attended him.

### St. John's Day.

Hiram Lodge, F. & A. M., will observe St. John's day (Dec. 27th), by attending divine service at the Cathedral at 11 a. m., when Rev. Mr. Parkinson, of St. Mary's will preach a sermon suitable to the occasion. Alexandria Lodge, of St. Mary's, is expected, will also be present.

### Electors of Officers.

At Wednesday night's meeting of the Order of Unity, the following officers were elected:—Chas. A. Miles, president; H. G. Winter, vice-president; Daniel Richards, chaplain; Jas. D. Perkins, secretary; H. G. Boley, treasurer; Jas. Thompson, marshal; Wesley Barker, guard; Gilbert Mitchell, sentinel; Jas. D. Fowler, H. G. Winter and W. J. Starr, trustees.

### A Wide-Wake Merchant.

If the country people coming to town to purchase Christmas goods would just stop at R. Staple's Dry Goods store, St. Mary's and inspect his stock they would be well repaid. He carries a complete line of dry goods, Gent's furnishings, Trunks, Valises, Fancy goods, also men and boys ready made clothing. Just stop and give him a call, he can sell you anything in his line as cheap, if not cheaper, than you can buy in town.

### The Scotchman.

At a meeting of the Scotchmen of the city held at the Barker House, Tuesday night, an organization was formed which will be known as the Scotchmen. The officers elected were:—A. S. Murray, worthy chief; J. S. Neill, past chief; Robert Ashford, taniak; Prof. Murray, chaplain; O. S. Crockett, secretary; Jas. McMurray, financial secretary; J. Pitblado, treasurer; Nelson Campbell, senior benchman; Eben Miller, junior benchman; Wm. Minto, sennchal; Joseph Purdie, warden; Wm. Minto, jr., sentinel; Dr. Crockett, physician; Jas. S. Neill, Douglas McCathern and James R. Howie, trustees.

### The Leading Shoe Store.

A well kept and handsome shoe store is that of Nelson Campbell's, opposite the City Hall. The first thing that strikes a customer on entering this—the leading shoe store in the city—is the fact that everything has a place and can be found there. All the fittings are of the latest style and in keeping with the class of goods carried by the enterprising proprietor of this establishment. Here you can get boots, shoes, rubbers, overboots, monocles, slippers, etc., at prices that cannot be beaten, and what could be better for a Christmas present than something in the above mentioned lines. Mr. Campbell also carries as fine a lot of caps and hats as can be found in the maritime provinces. We would recommend visitors to the city during the holiday season to give him a call.

## SEE IT. SEE IT.

### Don't - Fail - to - See - It!

Our Brightest, Newest, and Best Display of  
**BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY GOODS.**  
**GOLD JEWELRY.**

Setts, Brooches, Earings, Scarf Pins, Rings, Buttons, Bracelets, Baby Pins etc.

## SILVERWARE.

Tea Setts, Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Card Receivers, Fruit Dishes, Bake Dishes, Spoon Holders, Pickle Dishes and Vases.

**BON + BON + TRAYS.**

Look at Some of the Prices.

Beautiful Silver Plated Pickle Dishes with White or Colored Glass only 95 cents.

Silver Plated Butter Coolers only 95 cents, and Our great and only Silver Plated Napkin Rings at 15 cents. The only place in the city you can buy them at any such price.

Remember All My Silverware is NEW, not Old Goods Cleaned Up.

## Watches! Watches!!

Gold, Gold-filled, Silver and Nickel Cases.

## Clocks. Clocks. Clocks.

In Marble, Imitation Marble, Walnut and Nickel.

We can sell you a One Day Striking CLOCK for only \$3.00. Think of that! Nickel Clocks from \$1.50 up. Handsome Piano Lamps and Plush Goods.

# James D. Fowler,

OPP. POST OFFICE.

### EVENTS AROUND US.

Parties requiring rubber stamps should leave their orders at this office where they will receive prompt attention. Work guaranteed.

Mayor Allen will not offer for re-election. Silver ware in great variety at R. Blackmer's.

A handsome line of Gold Watches at R. Blackmer's.

The latest novelties for Christmas presents at Fenwick's Bookstore.

There has been a duty put on Newfoundland fish coming into Canada.

York County teachers' institute meets in this city on the 17 and 18 inst.

The public schools will close for the Christmas holidays next Wednesday.

It is expected the Minister of Finance will address a meeting in St. John next week.

George Peters escaped from the Penitentiary on Monday while working about the grounds.

Some men were seen to be working on the head of a lady who died in Moncton last Sunday.

The funeral of Mrs. Alex. Howard took place yesterday at 2.30 o'clock from her late residence, Gibson.

Mr. George Clinton, a well known citizen and great sufferer, died on Monday and was buried Wednesday morning.

A young child of Alex. Chisholm of Truro drank from a cup containing a poison, a day or two ago and died soon after.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Duffy are receiving the congratulations of friends on a recent interesting domestic event—a son.

Mr. W. C. Anslow, editor and proprietor of the Union Advocate, Newcastle, broke his knee cap last Saturday evening.

The ordinance of baptism was administered on Sunday last in the Baptist and Free Baptist churches in this city and Gibson.

Mr. Blakey for some time principal of the St. Mary's school has resigned and will take charge of the superior school at Kewick Bridge.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of Parsons & Wilkes, Regent St., dealers in fresh and salt fish of all kinds, which they sell both wholesale and retail. They also have in connection a first class oyster saloon, where you can get a stew of P. E. Island oyster served in first-class order.

James Welsh, about 18 years old, on the Northwest Miramichi went out skating on Monday morning, and was drowned. He was skating along the shore by the edge channel when opposite Edward Whitney's shore slipped into open water. The ice was too weak not having formed until Sabbath night. The young man's body was not found until noon of Tuesday. The young man's brother of about 11 years was with him and came very nearly skating into the open water too, but his eye just caught sight of the water in time to sheer off and escape a watery grave. The young boy says that his brother came up three times but went right down again, making no attempt to grasp at anything—Advocate.

Parties requiring rubber stamps should leave their orders at this office where they will receive prompt attention. Work guaranteed.

Rev. Mr. Weddell will visit the preaching appointments in Kingsclote, to-morrow, and administer the sacrament and other rites of the church.

Miss Nellie Hume who has had charge of the Wesley school has resigned her position, and Miss M. E. S. Nicholson has been re-appointed to that charge.

The Star Council, R. T. of I., presented Miss Annie Mitchell, of the Singer Sewing Machine Co., with an address, previous to her leaving for Charlottetown.

A young son of Capt. Simon Turle fell through the railway track near the race way of the Carleton mill pond, St. John, on Wednesday, and sustained severe injuries about his head and legs.

A young man named Wesley Dagget has been sent to the supreme court for trial at Digby, for an alleged attempt to outrage an eleven year old girl named Kate Raymond. Dagget protests his innocence.

On Saturday morning fire broke out in Walter D. McLaughlin's smoke house Seal Cove, Grand Meads. Four smoke houses and one salting shed were burned, belonging to Walter D. McLaughlin, Clinton McLaughlin, John Joy and Jacob Schofield. The loss to Messrs. McLaughlin was \$200, and Messrs. Joy and Schofield, \$1,100. Twenty-three thousand boxes of smoked herring were also burned.

Nelson Campbell is showing a fine line of Gent's Fancy Slippers in Plush, Velvet, Kid, Douglas, etc. In different shapes and colors also. A very large variety of Ladies Fine Slippers in Velvet, Patent Leather, Un-dressed Kid, Bronze Kid, White Satin, Black Kid, Beaded, and a splendid assortment of Ladies' Plain Kid Slippers, Felt Slippers and Fancy Moccasins.

A lad by the name of John Johnson, a native of Newcastle, who was engaged as a stable boy with Mr. Stewart of Campbellville went out shooting with some men on the night of the 28th ult. Reports say that when he started for home he was the worse of liquor and while driving along one of the shafts of his sleigh broke and he was either thrown out or fell out. The next day he was found with both feet badly frozen.

Still there is room.

A very pleasant event took place at the residence of Capt. G. W. Dykeman, on Wednesday evening, when his daughter Gertrude was joined in the bonds of wedlock to Byron Brewer, formerly of Kewick. Rev. F. C. Hartley officiated.

At the residence of Jan. Vanwart, Wednesday evening, Mr. Alex. L. Haining, head clerk in Messrs. Lemont & Sons, was married to Jeannette C. Mitchell by the Rev. Mr. Ouelley.

John W. Liley, proprietor of the York St. restaurant, was married Wednesday evening, last to Miss Lavinia M. Ferguson, formerly of Shelburne, Sanbury Co. Rev. Mr. Weddell officiated.

### Coming and Going.

J. M. Humphrey, of St. John, registered at the Barker this week.

C. A. Stockton, of St. John, was in the city the other night.

M. Tennant, of Tennant, Davis & Co., went to St. John the other morning on a business trip.

Dr. A. A. Stockton and Solicitor General, who were in town the first of the week, returned home Wednesday. They registered at the Barker.

Last Saturday Mr. Robin Jack, son of the late president Jack of the U. N. B. left for British Columbia where he will make his home.

Com. Scott of Dumfries, was in the city on Thursday.

Hon. Mr. McManus, of Gloucester, was in the city this week.

St. Leonard and Lady Tilley arrived here the other night. They registered at the Barker.

Ald. Boley left for Boston yesterday where he will be treated for throat trouble.

Senator Glazier returned from Montreal where he underwent a successful treatment for removal of cataract of the eye.

Manager Snowball, of the Canada Eastern, and Mr. Watson, of Chatham, the new superintendent, registered at the Queen on Wednesday.

Candidates for Mayor.

Ald. Lockwith and Mr. John Richardson are the candidates for the mayoralty.

Just Received.

At C. H. Thomas & Co.'s one hundred and two handsome trunks for the holiday trade which will be sold at 50 cents. Have one!

Postponed.

The Scott Act case against Blanch Ackerman has been postponed until next week.

Have you ever seen this?

## THE WORLD OVER.

The Spirit of the Press of all Countries.

A Synoptic History of the Times.

Itemized and Arranged for every-day convenience.

The full supreme court bench has denied the application of Isaac B. Sawtelle for a new trial.

By explosion of fire damp in a colliery located at Nifka, Russian Poland, 180 persons were reported killed.

Governor Meritt, of St. Paul, Minn., issued a letter this week requesting aid for the starving people of Russia.

Two young sons of George Gibson, of Party Pool, Ont., while sleigh driving on the ice, broke through and were drowned.

Four employees were killed outright and five dangerously injured in a railroad accident at West Plains, Mo., the other day.

Bourras, Dec. 9.—P. O'Brien, of Moncton, N. B., a brakeman on the Old Colony railway, was crushed to death between coal cars at North Easton today.

A large part of New Richmond, Wis., was burned Tuesday night last. The fire swept away a large portion of the business centre. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

A white man and two Indians have been arrested at Brantford on suspicion of being murderers of Mr. Heslop, treasurer of Ansonia township, who was murdered a year ago.

Disease is rife among the famishing people of the Russian famine districts and thousands have taken to mendicancy and robbery. Hundreds of children are dying of starvation on the highways.

Lohpy, the New York wife murderer, was electrocuted in Sing Sing prison a few minutes after 12 Monday noon. Lohpy died quickly and went to the chair composedly and with apparent indifference.

Word comes from Helena, Mont., that the Indians are at Cheyenne agency, on Lane Deer creek, 800 miles from Fort Keogh and Agent Talley fears an uprising. Troops have been asked for from Fort Keogh.

Bemisberg, Strong & Co.'s four-story building, Louisville, Ky., occupied by a number of merchants, was burned early Wednesday morning; loss \$300,000. One woman is missing. It is feared he was crushed by the falling walls.

Two colored men entered Eutenberg's jewelry shop, 601 Craig street Montreal the other evening and, after knocking the proprietor over with a hammer, proceeded to carry off about \$700 worth of watches, rings, etc. No arrests have yet been made.

A fatal accident occurred the other day in the Patton mine, Webb City, Mo., by which H. Titus lost his life and George Kane was probably fatally injured. As they were being lowered into the shaft the hoister man lost control of the rope, and the men fell 165 feet.

The petition against the return of Sir Hector Laughrin, for the county of Richelieu was dismissed Wednesday, their being no proof of corruption to offer. The ex-minister of public works immediately resigned his seat and will sit for Three Rivers leaving a vacancy in Richelieu.

The new 7th regiment formed in Toronto is given, by a general order, precedence next to the 7th Kingston. Major-General Herbert states that he is following the rule observed in all arrears of the imperial service of not allowing a regiment to die. The old Frontenac 4th had become dormant and the number is now revived. The regiment thus takes the precedence held by the old regiment which bore the same name.

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# POOR DOCUMENT

## NOTES AND NOTIONS.

### Running Comments on Passing Events.

### Sundry Ebullitions in Prose and Rhyme.

### How the Domestic, Social and Literary World is Wagging.

Papa (up stairs). Maud, is that old man gone yet?

Maud. Whom do you mean?

Papa. Cholly Hicks.

Cholly Hicks. I'm not an old man.

Papa. You weren't when you arrived, I know—but time flies, Mr. Hicks, time flies.

Reverend old lady. No, Mr. Smith, I shall not continue my subscription to your cricket ground any longer, for I find you allow it to be used in the winter for pigeon shooting.

Secretary to the Local Cricket Club. But madam, you can't be aware that we shoot at nothing but clay pigeons!

B. O. L. I don't care what the breed may be, it's equally cruel!

You're a goose! angrily exclaimed a New York man to his wife, who continually chided him about his extravagance.

You do nothing but cackle, cackle, cackle, all the time.

Yes, dear, she sweetly replied; but you must not forget that the cackling of geese once saved the capital of Rome, and if cackling can save your capital, I'm going to keep it up, and she did.

Judge. How old are you, madam?

Witness. I've seen eighteen summers.

Judge. And eighteen winters—thirty-six, Mr. Clerk.

Briggs. Did you hear about Miss Grosgrain? She has married a dry goods clerk.

They met, he woo'd and won her, and so they were married.

Griggs. Why, when did this all happen?

Briggs. While she was waiting for the change.

Where are the Digbys?

Oh, we couldn't ask them! They're not on our list any more.

What's the trouble?

Why didn't you hear? Helen Digby sent a sonnet to the Atlantic with 20 lines in it.

A nice old Kentucky lady declares that she thinks it very strange that a little quicksilver in a glass tube can make such awful hot weather by just rising an inch or two.

Teacher. Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it?

Yes, ma'am.

Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?

He was a poet.

I hear Brunson sang 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' at the concert.

Yes.

Did he do it well?

He did indeed. It was so vivid that five people left the hall overcome with seasickness.

House-hunter at the Seaside; "I thought this was a furnished cottage. You certainly said 'furnished cottage' in your advertisement. But I don't see a stick of furniture in the house."

Estates Agent: "Of course not. I furnish the cottage and you furnish the furniture."

Office Boy: "Please, sir, can't I go to dinner now? It's almost an hour past my time, and I'm awfully hungry."

Employer: "Hungry? Well, I wonder if anybody ever saw such a greedy youngster. Here he has been lapping envelopes and postage-stamps all the forenoon, and yet he complains of being hungry."

She (falteringly): "There—there's one thing I must tell you before we get married, Cha—Charlie. My father has been in prison—prison!"

He (a journalist, and ravenous for copy): "I'm delighted to hear it, darling! If I can only get him to relate his experiences to me it'll go a long way towards buying a suite of furniture for our house."

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy.

"I would rather you were a comet," she said dreamily.

His heart beat tumultuously.

"And why?" he asked, tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own. "And why?" he repeated, impatiently.

"Oh!" she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell freezingly upon his soul, "because then you would come round only once every fifteen hundred years!"

Can any of our readers refer to the assistance so courteously asked for in the following paragraph, which appeared lately in a provincial journal:—

"A young gentleman on the point of getting married is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from the step."

Mrs. De Mover: "Good gracious! This is the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Just hear those children screech!"

Maid: "They're your own children, mum."

Mrs. De Mover: "Are they? How the little darlings are enjoying themselves!"

Max O'Rell tells the story of a chairman he had at one of his lectures, who, on introducing him to his audience, spoke for an hour and a half. The lecturer then rose, and quietly proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman for his address, sat down again, and the meeting closed.

Teacher (to boy whose father keeps a small grocery shop): "Johnny, if your father has a hundred legs and twenty of them are bad, how many of them does he lose?"

Johnny: "He doesn't lose any of them. He sells the bad ones to the restaurant-keeper to make egg omelets of."

A lady promised to give her maid five pounds as a marriage portion. The girl got married to a man of low stature, and her mistress, on seeing him, was surprised, and said:—

"Well, Mary, what a little husband you have got!"

"La!" exclaimed the girl, "what could you expect for five pounds?"

A man without a hair on his bald head came into the barber's shop and sat down on a chair. "Shave or hair cut, sir?" said the attendant.

"A shave, please," was the answer.

When the shave was finished and the bald-headed man left, the customer who was getting his hair cut in the next chair said to the barber, "Why did you ask that man if he would have his hair cut? Did you mean to insult him?"

"Oh, not at all, sir," was the answer. "You see, it's like this, a bald-headed man's very sensitive on that point. I treat this gentleman just as I do every customer who comes and sits down on the chair. He knows that he has no hair to be cut, and I know that he has no hair to be cut, and he knows that I know he has no hair to be cut. Nevertheless, he likes to be treated as if he has a head of hair, and he comes regularly."

The other sales of over \$500 were:—Watlock, 2.25, by White—Niles Walker; John E. Madden, Lexington, \$1,000. Frosto, 2.24, by Hancock—Merced; John E. Madden, \$525.

Belle Eagle, roan filly, by Eagle Bird—Allie Weber; F. S. Gorton Chicago, \$225. Edmund, 2.30, by Nutwood—Trix; Rhody Patterson, Lexington, \$1,800.

The brown stallion Elliott, five years old, by Electioneer, out of Cady Ellen, went after some spirited bidding to C. W. Williams of Independence, Ia., the breeder of Axtell and Allerton. Studer of Lexington, manager of Elliott, afterward bought him of Williams for \$8,000.

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considered of but little consequence. Because he has whipped Jack Fallon it does not make him a champion.

"Now I have fought many hot battles, and I am quite willing to meet this champion from the Emerald Isle. He may be a fighter, I don't want to say he is not. But I will say this, that I will do the best I can if offered a chance, to whip him. I am willing to meet him at any time or place for the largest purse that any club in the country may offer."

Joe Lannon has the reputation of meaning what he says.

Here Note.

The fall combination sale of trotting stock, conducted by Kellogg & Co. of New York, began the other day at Chicago. Forty-seven head were sold at prices, ranging from \$100 to \$5,000.

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Belle Eagle

# POOR DOCUMENT

### RAILROADS.

#### CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

#### ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.

In Effect October 5th, 1891.

#### DEPARTURES.

6:15 A.M. EXPRESS for St. John, St. Stephen, Woodstock and points North; Bangor, Portland, Boston and points South and West.

10:30 A.M. ACCOMMODATION for Fredericton, St. John and points East.

3:20 P.M. ACCOMMODATION for Fredericton, St. John and points East, also with Night Express for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and Saturdays excepted, with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, the West North West and Pacific Coast.

#### ARRIVALS.

2:90 a.m. from St. John, etc.

2:15 p.m. from St. John, Bangor, Montreal, etc.

7:20 p.m. from St. John, St. Stephen, Presque Isle, Woodstock, etc.

#### GIBSON.

#### DEPARTURE.

6:20 A.M. MIXED, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.

#### ARRIVE.

5:10 p.m. from Woodstock and points North.

All above Trains run Week days only.

C. E. McPHERSON, H. F. TIERNEY, A.G. Dist. Pass. Agt.

#### CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

#### FALL ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 10th, 1890.

Trains Run on Eastern Standard Time.

A Passenger, Mail and Freight Train will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

Leave Fredericton 8:00 a.m. Gibson, 2:00; Maryville 3:15; Durham 4:30; Cross Creek, 5:30; Bouchette, 6:30; Doaktown, 7:30; Upper Nelson, 8:30; Chatham, 9:30; arrive at Chatham, at 8:00.

Returning Leave Chatham 7:45 a.m.; Chatham Junction, 8:15; Upper Nelson, 9:30; Bouchette, 10:30; Doaktown, 11:30; Cross Creek, 12:30; Maryville, 1:30; Gibson, 2:00; arrive at Fredericton, 3:00.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with I. C. Railway for Boston, Bangor and West and at Gibson with the N. B. Railway for Fredericton, St. John, and all points West and North.

THOMAS HOBBS, Superintendent.

#### Professional Cards

**J. A. HANDLEY,**  
TEACHER OF THE BANJO  
Lessons given at Pupils residence if desired.  
Terms: \$3.00 for 12 Lessons.  
Special rates for clubs.  
Residence:  
ROYAL HOTEL.  
Oct. 31-91.

**H. D. CURRIE, D. D. S.,**  
Surgeon Dentist,  
164 Queen St.  
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

**BLACK, JORDAN & BLISS,**  
Barristers, Notaries, &c.  
SOLICITORS BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.  
260 QUEEN STREET.  
Money Loaned on Real Estate at lowest current Rates.  
Fredericton, N. B., May 1.

**JAS. T. SHARKEY,**  
Barrister & Attorney,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
Fredericton, N. B., April 4.

**G. E. DUFFY,**  
Barrister - at - Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.  
SEC.-TREAS. OF SUNBURY  
OFFICES: West side of Carlton St., Second floor from Queen St.  
Fredericton, N. B., April 4.

**FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.**  
Best English, American and Canadian Companies.  
APPLY AT OFFICE OF  
**JAS. T. SHARKEY.**  
Fredericton, N. B., April 1.

**T. AMOS WILSON,**  
BOOKBINDER  
-AND-  
Paper Ruler.  
Cor. Queen and Regent Sts.  
Fredericton, N. B., Dec. 27.

## "I AM ON TOP."



### This Early Crow-Cuss

Is not one of the flowers that bloom in the Spring

but the

### Bloomin' Barn-yard Bird

That with his shrill clarion stirs up the sluggish and slug-a-bed - with the news that it's

## Time To Wake Up.

That's why he's figuring in a cut, and cutting a figure at the top of This column.

## Its time to Wake up

To the fact that Even a Large Stock May be Exhausted, and Tardy Buyers Miss The Timely Bargains.

DON'T YOU FORGET YOU

That while it is the Same Old Rooster crowing for the Same Old Store, he's not crowing for the same old stock, but

## A NEWER Stock

Than he ever crowed for in any past Season. When you are wide-awake to your own interests come to

## R. STAPLES,

THE WIDE AWAKE MERCHANT,  
Main St. - St. Mary's.

## Dever Bros.

### DRY GOODS.

New Goods JUST RECEIVED!  
Oct. 14th '91

## A. L. F. VANWART,

Undertaker Embalmer,  
Upper Side York Street, Fredericton, N B

## Coffins AND Caskets,

FUNERAL GOODS OF ALL KINDS.  
A First-Class House in Connection. Special Prices for Orders from the Country. All Orders Promptly Attended to with Neatness and Despatch.

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

### Notice of Sale.

To the heirs, executors, administrators or assigns of Samuel Edgar, late of the Parish of Douglas, in the County of York, farmer, deceased, and all others whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and in virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1883, and registered in the York County Records in Book V. 3, at pages 236, 238 and 237, made between the said Samuel Edgar, therein described as being of the Parish of Douglas, in the County of York, farmer, of the first part, and one Albert Brown, of the Parish of Prince William, in the said County of York, farmer, of the second part, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction, at Thomsen Square, in the City of Fredericton, in the said County of York, at twelve o'clock, noon, on Thursday, the thirty-first day of December next, the lands and premises mentioned in the said indenture of mortgage as follows:—

"That certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Douglas, County of York, and Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at a marked stake placed in the north-east angle of the north half of lot number fifteen, sold to George White, thence running by the margin of the year 'eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, west, seventy-four chains of four poles each, thence north fifteen chains, thence east twenty-four chains to a stake placed in the verge of the road, thence south fifty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and being the Bird Settlement so-called."

Together with all and singular, the buildings and improvements thereon, and the privileges and appurtenances to the same, belonging or in any way appertaining.

Dated the twenty-sixth day of November, A. D. 1891.

HENRY EDMOND BROWN,  
Solicitor for the mortgagee and trustee of the estate of Albert Brown, deceased.

WILSON & WILSON,  
Solicitors for Henry Edmund Brown.

## SUTHERLAND'S

### WATERPROOF Dressing!

It is an Oil Preparation made expressly for Coat, Kit, Orn, and all Waxed Leathers.

It Renders all Kinds of Leather THOROUGHLY WATERPROOF.

Boots dressed with it are not affected by snow-dew, frost or salt water.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

## N. C. SUTHERLAND,

Queen Street.  
Fredericton, N. B., Mar. 28.

DEALER IN—

## J. H. TABOR,

### CONFECTIONERY,

Ice Cream, &c.  
QUEEN STREET,  
Fredericton, - N. B.

## "IMPERIAL HALL."

### New Goods JUST RECEIVED!

Oct. 14th '91

Overcoatings, Suits, ings and Trouserings in Latest Designs.

INSPECTION INVITED.

## THOMAS STANGER,

280 QUEEN STREET.  
Fredericton, October 24th, 1891.

## Trunks

AND

## Valises

In Large Variety

AT—

## NELSON CAMPBELL'S,

178 QUEEN ST.

## To Arrive!

W. H. GOLDEN'S,  
A Large Stock of French Confectionery  
Including  
Chocolates of all kinds.  
Mixtures, Fine Creams  
Bon Bons, etc.

Our Chocolate Cream Candy is Still in Great Demand. Manufactured by W. H. GOLDEN, 198 Queen St.

Continued from page two.

A. Lettiner's Best and Shoe Store on our way down. Mr. Lettiner carries a large variety of all kinds of boots and shoes and sells at the lowest prices. Don't go home without calling on him.

Wishing to make a present of something in the dry goods line we next drop into the dry goods establishment of John Hustin.

where can be found one of the best assortments in the city to select from. What could be better than one of the fine-lined cloaks and mantles, or furs in muffs, boots, collars and capes.

We next come to the mammoth establishment of McMurtry & Co.

Here indeed is an exhibition. Something new, fresh, and artistic meets your gaze every time you turn your head. The store itself is fitted up in the most magnificent and tasteful manner. The walls being covered with handsome silks and lined with handsome presents of every description from front to rear. Mr. McMurtry has lately had an addition to the rear of the establishment and now has the largest and handsomest store on the street. The elevator being up we will not wait for its return but pass up one flight of stairs where another magnificent display of Christmas goods is spread out in the most tempting manner. After spending some time here we ascend another flight of stairs which brings us to the piano and organ department. This department has here we ascend another flight of stairs which brings us to the piano and organ department. This department has here we ascend another flight of stairs which brings us to the piano and organ department.

## HANGING BY A WIRE

### Ghastly Discovery Made in Silver Bow Canyon.

OF A MAN'S BODY ON A TREE.

Conductor Stark Investigates an Object a Few Feet from the Railway and Finds it to Be the Remains of a Human Being—Letter on the Subject's Body.

The blackened and distorted body of a man supposed to have been Fred Peterson, a Swede, was found suspended by the neck from a limb of a tree in Silver Bow Canyon yesterday morning. The discovery was made by James Stark, a conductor on the Montana Union road, who with other railroad men had noticed the body several days ago, but supposed it to be a dummy placed there by practical jokers and therefore did not go near it. Yesterday morning, however, Stark and his crew started over from Anaconda, and when opposite the spot where the body hung the train was stopped and an examination made. The body hung suspended by a piece of baling wire, one end of which was about the neck while the other was fastened to a limb of a tree about 12 feet from the ground. The body hung on the opposite side of the tree from the railroad, possibly a hundred feet up a steep hill, the end of the tree shielding it to a considerable extent. Lying a few feet from the tree was a black satchel supposed to have been worn by the man, while under some of the scattered pieces of paper, which were gathered up later and preserved with a view of finding out the identity of the dead man. The features were horrible to gaze upon, the left eye having been knocked or picked out and the right ear being gone, which with the distorted and blackened features, together with discolored and fleshless fingers, made the sight a gruesome one.

The fingers of the two hands were slightly interlocked with each other, and where they joined birds or mice had eaten away the flesh and exposed the bones. The lower portion of the back of the man rested against a limb of the tree, while in front of him and a little higher up another limb protruded. It almost eye catching a large purple-plum tree, the trunk of which was on the right side of the head.

After making an examination of the ground under the tree the railroad boys and some came to Silver Bow Junction, where they notified Deputy Sheriff Hankley who, in company with George White took the next train and went down to where the body was. They gentlemen also examined the surroundings for evidence of a struggle, after which Mr. Hankley went to Butte and notified Acting Coroner Muldon and Sheriff Lloyd of the find.

It was noon when the deputy arrived at 2:30 o'clock the acting coroner, Deputy Sheriff Richards and Hankley, Undertaker Solverson and two representatives of the press left for the scene. Arrived at the scene the body was found just as it had been left by the discoverers, its ghastly features turned towards the northwest and its feet hanging about three feet above the ground. Peterson, if such were his name, was fairly well dressed, having on a white shirt under a collar, a neat fitting suit and pepper sack coat with two buttons open at the top, a pair of dark blue trousers, low cut shoes and striped woolen socks. As nearly as could be judged, he had rather a pleasing expression of countenance, light hair and mustache, the latter being quite small. The wire that held him up was doubled and had been securely fastened to the limb and a loop for the neck made in the other end. After a photograph of the suspended remains had been taken by Professor Moore of Elliot's staff, who had gone down there for that purpose, the body was taken down by Deputies Hankley and Richards and George White, placed in a coffin and transferred to the railroad track below and put on board the first train for Butte.

On arriving here it was taken to Schur's salaroon's undertaking rooms where a search of the clothing revealed a small, peculiar looking dagger, a pocket knife, a bunch of keys and a single shoe bearing a tag marked No. 2. In addition to these there were other trinkets of less importance and a letter written in the Swedish language. This latter find was supposed to be the key to the mystery which quite a number of persons had connected with the man's death, and another gentleman was called in to interpret its contents.

The letter bore neither date nor signature, nor was it addressed to anyone. It was as follows:—

"After I have lived 27 years I am completely tired of life. All my love for work has left me. My brain is getting weaker every hour. I have always had a feeling of melancholy, and day after day it is getting worse. To kill this feeling of melancholy I have resorted to spirits. It has been in vain, however. It was with difficulty that I could control the desire I felt to send a bullet through my brain while yet in Sweden. And on the way from that country to this I thought of jumping head first into the ocean.

"What is life? From beginning to end it is nothing but trouble and debt. What is death but a relief from the world? Our forefathers killed themselves and it is more than natural now. General Ronger killed himself and in like manner have other men gone. Some have killed themselves through religion, but this is not the case with me. What is religion? According to my opinion it is a hollow mockery with no foundation save superstition. It is built on loose ground, and for the purpose of holding in subjection the lower classes of people in places where there is a monarchical form of government. Here in America there is no religion. Every one can do and believe as he pleases.

"My money I have gambled and drank up. A few small debts I have left behind, but as they are on saloonkeepers I don't consider that any sin. There is no chance for me. A life of misery on one side and death on the other; I pray for death. In my travels I have not accumulated very much knowledge of life, and find that life at most is a burden. One evening I won \$300 at the faro table, but lost it again. Farewell, you miserable world, farewell!"

This letter leaves no doubt as to the means of death—that it was a clear case of suicide instead of foul play. With a view of ascertaining if there were any marks of violence on the body, however, Drs. Tremblay, Munroe and Meyers examined the body after the clothes had been cut from it and gave it as their opinion that the mutilations were caused by other means than that of blows. The body was black from head to foot and it is thought to have hung anywhere from a week to two weeks. Deputy Sheriff Hankley and George White both remember of having seen him in company with two other men at Silver Bow Junction 10 days or two weeks ago, and declare that he was the only one of the three that possessed money. The deceased, White says, wanted to trade him the low cut shoes he was wearing.

The inquest on the body has not yet been held, as the coroner's desire of getting hold of a few facts that might have some bearing on the case, not being satisfied with the suicidal theory. It is just possible he thinks that the man was murdered and the letter afterward written and placed in his pocket.

### COWARDLY MURDER.

A Wealthy Mexican Lady Shot Down by an Unknown Assassin.

DEWITT Nov. 10.—An Albuquerque special to the Republican says: Miss Adele Jaramilo was murdered in the waiting room of the depot at Los Lunas, 20 miles north of here, last night. She and her uncle, Jose Jaramilo, were waiting for the north bound Santa Fe passenger. A Mexican young man was noticed before the arrival at the depot to pass in and out of the room. Just as the lady was seated on a bench with her back to the window he was seen, and after a minute a shot was heard and she fell to the floor, expiring in a few minutes. The night was extremely dark and the murderer escaped. Suspicion is directed toward Frank Romero, son of the Hon. F. J. Maclede, a wealthy democratic politician of Valencia county. He was desperately in love with the lady, and although only 18 years old he asked her to marry him, but had been refused. Miss Jaramilo was 16 years of age, a pretty young lady and a member of one of the wealthiest Mexican families in central New Mexico.

### DEADLY DYNAMITE.

Three Fatally and Several Others Seriously Wounded in an Explosion.

HAYWARD, Wis., Nov. 10. Two men and a boy are dying and three men were seriously injured and many others are suffering from painful wounds as the result of a terrific explosion of dynamite which occurred early this morning. The explosion was caused by fire breaking out in the North Wisconsin Lumber company's warehouse. While the crowd were gathering around the fire the explosion occurred. The injured are Fred Solson, John Lassie, Jean Davis, D. McWilliams, Caleb Beale and J. H. Wade. Davis was struck by a huge timber and frightfully injured. Lassie had both legs broken and his chest crushed in. A freight train standing on the side track was blown off the rails and the caboose almost completely demolished.

### Curious Coroners Verdicts.

(From Tid-bits.)

Some of the coroner's verdicts in the county of fifty and sixty years ago are very curious. The following are the causes assigned for the death of some of the parties:—

"Sle came to her death by strangulation in testimony we have at our hands and seal the day above written."

"Paul Burns came to his death by a male running away with a wagon and being thrown therefrom."

"By taking with his own hands an overdose of morphine."

"From cause unknown to the jury and having no medical attendance."

"Came to his death from national causes."

"An inquisition holden upon the body of John Brown there lying dead by the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed, who upon their oath do say that he came to his death in the following manner, by falling off the plank bridge accidental while trying to cross the stream and was drowned."

"Said child, aged one day old, came to her death from spasms, said child having been found by the witness in a trunk, under very suspicious circumstances."

"The Joneses on three outside do say that he came to his death by old age, as this could not see anything else the matter."

"Come to his death from the following causes, to wit: from some sudden cause of the jurors unknown."

"The said deceased being an orphan, father an mother being both dead."

"From an overdose of gin administered by his own hand."

"Disability caused by insanity."

"Being run over by two coal trucks, while detached from the engine."

"Come to his death by tender No. 7 jumping the track, on which he was riding, either jumping or falling off and engine running over him which was an accident and fault of the engineer of said engine."

"Sle came to her death by the lightning striking her."

"From hart disease."

"Come to his death in the following manner to wit: he was death."

"From excessive drinking and laying out in the sun."

"From the hands of some person or persons to the jury unknown and afterward placed on the track and got run over by incoming train."

# POOR DOCUMENT

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Address: "Fredericton Globe," FREDERICTON, N. B. P. O. Box, 315.

## "LADY ALICE."

Continued.

"Actress" repeated the earl, vexed beyond measure at the words; "it is not acting, Valerie; it is nature."

"You are ill," he said hastily. "What is it? What has happened?"

"She drew her hand across her eyes, then with a shudder remembered all; her lips opened to speak of the count's perjury and insult, but she suddenly recoiled, leered that he was the earl's guest, and checked herself.

"I am tired," she murmured; "the ride was long, and the evening has tired me; I am sick and ill, and was trembling in every limb; she put out her hands wildly; pride had lent her strength, but now when she was alone, her strength was gone, and she sank on the couch, white and almost insensible.

Her eyes were closed; she did not see a man's figure enter the doorway and approach. She dimly heard a sudden exclamation, and knew no more; and she felt herself gently lifted and clasped in a pair of arms.

Then she opened her eyes, and her face glowed in the fair handsome face of Roy Darrell.

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sky, sunshine, and flowers? Fancy a garden with orange groves scouting the air, with terraces leading down to a bay as blue as blue, your starlike eyes! One can be happy in a home like that!"

"Do you know of such a place?" the girl asked, eager to continue this conversation.

"Yes, I know of such a paradise. It is mine—all mine. Now it stands empty and deserted; it only waits for a mistress—a mistress fair, lovely as the sun, with gentle grace and sparkling eyes—such as yours. Yes, you are—"

"Count!"

Alice rose quickly, but his arm stole around her slender waist.

"Yes, yes—you are the only woman in this wide world that could bring happiness in such a home. Have not my eyes spoken clearly? Did you not understand? Alice—my lady Alice—listen! I will take you away from all this sordid misery; you are wretched here. I can give you more—love. Yes, girl; you cannot comprehend what a passion is devouring my heart. For you I live alone, for I love you!"

"Let me go!" breathed Alice, wrenching herself from his grasp. "How dare you? How dare you insult me like this?"

"Insult!" The man laughed. "What! you pretend you have not seen my love?"

"You love?" repeated the girl with deepest scorn. "I have seen nothing. If I had, should I have come here to bear your insults? Go—go—at once! You are a coward! I scorn you! I hate you!"

"Hate me! Beware, Lady Darrell! I am your friend, your lover now, but make me your enemy, and I will fight you to the end."

The girl drew up her figure to the full height, and pointed her right hand to the doorway.

"Go!" she said quietly. "I am not frightened; a man to use threats to a woman must be a coward. Go!"

The count turned, then swiftly moving back, he seized her arm and pressed his lips to it with a passionate force that hurt her.

"You shall see to me yet," he murmured. "You shall be in my power—I swear it!"

Alice stood watching his retreating form, her hand was clenched on her arm where she had touched it. She felt sick and ill, and was trembling in every limb; she put out her hands wildly; pride had lent her strength, but now when she was alone, her strength was gone, and she sank on the couch, white and almost insensible.

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She had donned the long white peignoir, and her masses of golden hair hung unbound over her shoulders.

"You are tired, Davis. Go to bed," she said kindly. "Leave me to put away the diamonds; I am not the least sleepy."

Davis looked gratefully.

"Are you sure you are not tired, my lady?" she demanded.

"Quite," answered Alice. "Go at once—it is very late."

"I was thinking perhaps it would be better to take the diamonds to the butler's room. He always has the plate with him after one of these festivals, and he sleeps with his revolver near at hand, in case of robbers."

"Robbers!" laughed Alice, though a slight fear crossed her mind. "Why, who would dare attack the Castle, Davis? I am not afraid."

"Then, good night, my lady, and many thanks."

Alice waited till the maid withdrew, then locked the door.

She was not nervous, although she slept in a wing away from the rest of the castle.

She returned to the table and took up the diamonds.

She gazed at each with a tender look as if she replaced them on their velvet beds.

"His jewels!" she murmured. "His hand has touched them."

She shuddered, and her lips as she spoke, then, blushing at the action, hurriedly put it in its case, replaced the leather-covered case in the when, first safe-standing on the table, and locked it.

She put down the key, and walked to the window.

"It was dark night, no moon shone; yet to Alice it seemed as if she were gazing on the fairest picture.

"Why am I so happy?" she murmured, the smile faded, and her lips as she spoke, then, blushing at the action, hurriedly put it in its case, replaced the leather-covered case in the when, first safe-standing on the table, and locked it.

"How I dread that man! If only I dared have told Roy what he had said! But it was too soon. I must be brave; and should be dare to insult me again, I will appeal to Lady Darrell for protection. Valerie—why does she hate me? She could have married Roy in the bygone days. I heard her say so with her own lips to her brother; and now, when he is my husband, she is jealous and hates me. I do not like her. But I am stronger now—I know he is kind and does not despise me. I will kneel and thank God for all His great goodness to me."

She sank beside her dainty bed, and buried her face in her hands.

All was silent, save for the moaning of the trees in the gentle autumn breeze, when, to break the silence, came a decided clack at the door.

Alice rose surprised, but not frightened; her prayers always soothed her.

"She opened the door, and was amazed to see Valerie Ross in the corridor.

"I am sorry to disturb you," said Valerie gently, and smiling kindly, "but I am rather distressed. I have dropped one of my ruby and diamond stars, and I grieve to lose any of that set; it belonged to my mother."

"Can I help you look for it?" exclaimed Alice in genuine sympathy.

"She remembered now, in that conversation with her brother Valerie had mentioned she had no valuables left but these jewels."

"Oh, thank you! My maid and I have searched everywhere; and then she suddenly remembered that she had a diamond belonging to some one, and I thought she might have brought it here."

"Let us look," she said in the room."

Alice at once lit an extra candle, and Valerie, who was attired in a long loose peignoir of crimson silk, stood gazing at the girl's figure as it moved from her with an expression of deepest malignity.

"I am sure it is not with the Darrells; Valerie Ross put them away myself; Alice said, shaking back her masses of hair and preparing to search the room."

"How beautiful they are, and how well they become you! You were charming! Valerie uttered the words in her sweetest manner, smiling pleasantly.

Alice glanced up, and, at the kind expression on the other's face, all her feelings of dislike disappeared.

"Thank you very much," she said quickly. "I appreciate your words more than I can say; for I feared you did not like me."

"Not like you, my lady Alice! Why, it would be impossible to do anything else."

"Ah, then we may be friends after all!" cried the girl with joy, putting out her hand to Valerie.

"Yes—friends after all," repeated Valerie, with a strange gleam coming for one instant into her eyes, and clasping the hand outstretched.

Against herself a shiver went through Alice as her fingers were held in the cold tight clasp, but she was too lippy to give way to presentiment and fear-tight.

"Come, let us begin our search."

She went to the dressing-table and bent diligently over it, while Valerie, glancing swiftly at her, took two steps to the door, and softly and noiselessly removed the key.

"I can see it nowhere here, but if you will, with an instant I will go into the dressing room. It may be there, but I am almost afraid to hope. I think Davis would have been sure to tell me."

Valerie made some slight answer, then as Alice disappeared through the curtains

into the adjoining room, she bent over the bed and softly poured the contents of a small phial on to the lace-edged pillow. She was back diligently searching the mantelpiece as Alice returned.

"No, it is not there, Miss Ross," she said, feeling really distressed. "Now, what shall I do next?"

"Nothing," Valerie answered pleasantly. "You have already done too much, dear Lady Alice."

She had saturated her pocket handkerchief with the remainder of the fluid as she spoke, and now drew it from her dress, leaving the phial hidden in her pocket.

"I feel so sorry for you," Alice went on; "if you will let me, I will help you look in the morning."

"Yes, I shall be very glad if you will; and now I must say good night."

Valerie held out her hand to say farewell.

Alice put down the candle, and passed her hand over her face.

"How close the room is! Good-night. What a curious odor!"

"It is the scent on my handkerchief. I am sorry I brought it up—it is some very powerful perfume given me by a friend from India. Do you like it?"

"Good-night," replied Alice.

She moved with difficulty after Valerie, and closed the door. Her hand wandered to the key, but she was too content to notice it was gone.

"How close it is!" she murmured.

"Where am I—all is dark."

She staggered blindly towards the bed, and fell across the pillow.

There were a few gasps for breath, a slight struggle as if for air, and the young girl lay still and motionless as death.

A few seconds elapsed, then the door was softly opened, and Valerie stole in. She moved on tiptoe to the bed.

"Yes," she murmured; "it has worked well. She will sleep well to-night. Friend—a friend to this poor young thing! I am her enemy, as she will soon discover—to the bitter end."

She crept back to the door, and beckoned with a word to Valerie.

In an instant Count Jura was in the room. Glancing anxiously and hurriedly round, his eyes fell on the safe containing the diamonds. He opened it, and took out the case.

"Must you take those?" murmured Valerie with half brows.

He nodded.

"How else can we throw shame on her? Have no fear. Though these go, you will see other things in the earl's."

Her face flushed.

"You have given her enough," he muttered.

"Will it kill her?" asked Valerie in a low eager whisper.

He shook his head, and a wave of contentment passed over his face.

"No; she will live, but she is out of your path forever."

"What will you do with her?"

"I shall not question the man fiercely; I have served your purpose; leave the rest to me."

"I will answer for that. She will be in my hands and cannot escape me, I think."

"Then come quickly. Here—take this cloak and hat. It will look as if she had planned everything. The window must be opened, or they will detect the chloire, form."

While she spoke Valerie moved swiftly about, then, flinging the cloak over the slender form in the count's arms, she led the way from the room, carrying the diamonds.

With gentle tread and hated breath she glided across the room, and, as she came to the door Alice held the count that morning led to an uninhabited part of the castle.

This Valerie pushed open, and guided by the dim light of the candle she carried in the count, clasping his precious burden close in his arms, descended carefully the stone steps till they reached a corridor of stone that led to a door opening into the grounds.

"Now can you find your way?" whispered Valerie. "Keep straight ahead."

"I know; my cart is concealed there if Paul has done well."

"Then farewell, but once before we part repeat your oath. You swear never to let Paul Ross molest me when once—once—I am—"

"Countess of Darrell," finished the count quickly. "I swear it."

"That he shall not approach me?"

"I swear it!" he repeated.

"You can have more power over Paul than I imagined human creature to have if you can do this," Valerie muttered.

The count laughed softly.

"And this girl shall never come in my path again?"

"Never by my help. Good-night. We must part now. Give me the diamonds."

Valerie held the candle above her head, and nodded as she handed him the case. The count took it and gave one last glance at her before he strode away.

In her crimson gown, red-brown hair, and eyes flashing with triumph, she looked like some spirit of evil pushing aside all good.

To be continued.

Lawyer (to female witness)—What occupation did your husband follow? Witness—He was a shipper. Lawyer—Of a schooner? Witness—No, of a bank. He skipped to the States.

Chappie (surprised): Did you really think that little doggie just now? Maud (frowning her pet): Yes, but don't be alarmed. I'm not going to kiss you.

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