POOR DOCUMENT

Fredericton Globe.

VOL. II. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1892. No. 46.

Professional Cards.

J. A. HANDLEY,
TEACHER OF THE BANJO.
☞ Lessons given at Pupils residence if desired.
Terms: $8.00 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 3.

JAS. T. SHARKEY,
Barrister & Attorney,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barrister-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SEC.-TREAS. OF SUNBURY.
OFFICES: West Side of Carleton St., Second Door from Queen St.
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.
Best English, American and Canadian Companies.
APPLY AT OFFICE OF
JAS. T. SHARKEY.
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'Y.
NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION.
All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.
In Effect October 30, 1891.

DEPARTURES.
☞ EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ☜

6.15 A.M. EXPRESS for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North; Bangor, Portland, Boston and points South and West.

10.35 A.M. ACCOMMODATION for Fredericton Jc., St. John and points East.

3.00 P.M. ACCOMMODATION for Fredericton Jc., 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.
9 20 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.

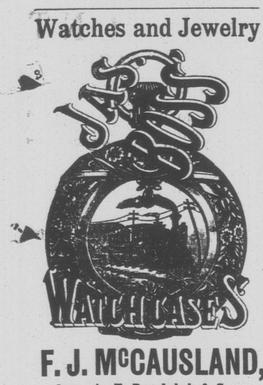
GIBSON.

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, Dist. Pass. Agt. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen. Supt.

Watches and Jewelry



F. J. McCAUSLAND,
Opp. A. F. Randolph & Sons.
Fredericton, N.B., June 7.

New Advertisements.

-:- TEAS! -:-
Always the Best Value in
Panyong, Sayruue, Oolong, Indian and Ceylon Teas.
☞ If you want Blended Tea, Ask for It. ☜
The Finest Value in the Market in 21lb Boxes.
Fresh Coffee Ground while You Wait, at
THE LONDON TEA STORE,
W. H. TIPPET, Proprietor.

WATCHES!
If you want time, the correct time, and want it every time you need it, look no further than our well-filled show cases and shelves for your watches and clocks. A gent or lady who secures one of our watches, feel as if they always have a true friend by them and the housewife knows she can depend to having the correct hour to minute, with one of our handsome clocks on the mantel shelf.

R. BLACKMER'S,
Queen Street, - Nearly Opp. City Hall.

150 QUEEN STREET. ESTABLISHED, 1850. 150 QUEEN STREET.
JAMES R. HOWIE,
PRACTICAL TAILOR,
Has a Splendid Stock of Impored and Native Cloths.
This Season and Cases are arriving daily. Counters and Shelves and Windows are filled with finer goods than ever. These are full lines of Staple Goods in Corkscrews, Diagonals, Worsted suitings, West of England Cloths, and Meltons, Canadian, Scotch and German Tweeds, and Trouserings of every Style.
A SPECIAL NOVELTY
In Trouserings is of French Make, and a splendidly finished Silk Mixture, soft and fine, and smoth as satin. It comes in beautiful designs, a fine selection of which can be seen on the Counters. SPRING AND SUMMER OVERCOATINGS are of specially good value and Style this year, and now is the time to have them made up. MY READY MADE CLOTHING is all it should be, and more, as my many friends are testifying daily. Come and see the makes and prices, they will astonish you.
BOYS CLOTHING
Is a model Line with me this Spring. My Stock cannot be BEAT, (a fact which should recommend it to all School-boys.) But Seriously, every suit is Stylish, durable, and cheap Sales in this department are very Rapid. Gents' Underwear is better than ever. All Styles in summer Neckwear are in my Store, a really beautiful, choice and cheap Stock.
MY OLD STAND, 150 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

XMAS, 1891-92.
There is nothing so nice for a Christmas Present as a Handsome Piece of Furniture.
A well furnished house makes HOME comfortable.
Our Stock this season is far too Large and Varied to enumerate or quote prices in this advertisement. A visit to Our Store will repay you.
We are showing New Lines in Parlor, Hall, Dining-room, Chamber and Kitchen Furniture, also Carpets, Rugs, Curtains and Furniture Coverings.
New Lines in DINNER, BREAKFAST, TEA and TOILET SETS. Fancy China and Glassware.
A Beautiful assortment of Parlor, Banquet, Table and Hanging Lamps, (Fine Decorations).
New English Table Cutlery, and a Very Large stock of the Toronto Silver Plate Co's reliable goods.
We can guarantee Best Value in the city.
FANCY GOODS at Low Cut Prices.
James G. McNally.
Dec. 1st, '91.

THE PLACE TO BUY Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Ware IS AT **A. F. MORRELL'S.**
A Fine Assortment of
WEDDING RINGS
Always on Hand.
A. F. Morrell,
OPP. BRIDGE.

BE A MAN

All men can't be Apollos of strength and form, but all may have robust health and strong nerves and clear minds. Our treatment makes such men. The methods are our own exclusively, and where anything is left to build upon, the VIGOR OF MEN is easily, quickly, permanently restored. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the result of over-work, sickness, worry, etc., forever cured. Full strength development, and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanations and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address,
ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

HEROISM: HEROIC ENDOWMENT.

Heroism—that divine relation which in all times unites a great man to other men.—Carlyle.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it—Richter.

Man, wherever found, is susceptible to the exalting influence of heroic doings and actions, and nations as well as individuals have their ideal heroes. Even nations of antiquity whose actual records appear blended with legend and tradition, with ostensible pride supply us with the narratives of many characters possessing the attributes of daring and valour.

Heroism, as regarded by the ancients, implied the possession of personal qualities of distinguished valour and intrepidity, and accordingly ancient history draws the largest contingent of its heroes from the field of battle as well as from other scenes of physical action. Pagan mythology taught that a hero, though mortal, partook of immortality and after his death was placed among the gods. Accordingly we find that Achilles, when slain by Paris' fatal arrow, does not, like ordinary mortals, go down into Hades, in whose gloom wander the ghosts of his friend, Patroclus, and his enemy, Hector. No; his apparent death has been but a translation, and afterwards, when with unusual pomp, the mourning Greeks have made ready a magnificent funeral pile, their hero's body suddenly disappears. Later it transpires that it has been conveyed to an island in the Euxine sea, there in seclusion to enjoy a new and perpetual life.

Every century of the history of modern nations ascribes to some individual an inordinate measure of heroic endowment, whereby his active life becomes more or less inseparably associated with some nation all circumstance of his time. As some great mountain looms up higher and higher in proportion as we recede from its summit, in like manner do these heroic characters frequently seem to acquire additional powers and skill as we view them through the succeeding generations of human applause and commendation.

The contemporaries of a great man, a hero, seldom view aright his doings, seldom fairly regard his motives, and for this reason are unwilling to accord to him the earnestness and acuteness of intellect that he merits, for, as Carlyle says, intellect is the primary outfit of a hero. When enquired into, this will be found to be the experience of the world's greatest heroes. Emerson gives us a partial solution of this mystery. "Heroism," he says, "works in contradiction for a time to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character. Now, to no other man can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every man must be supposed to see a little farther on his own proper path than anyone else. Therefore, just and wise men take umbrage at his act until after some little time be past, then they see it to be in unison with their acts." This is indeed the creed of true heroism.

A genuine contempt and disregard for established methods and conventional usages may be observed in all men who have become famous in the broad field of human actions. True heroism, indeed, measures itself by its contempt for the conventionalism and recognized beliefs that may appear in its chosen path. Burns, with his verses enlightening and liberalizing the peasantry of stern Scotland; Luther, inaugurating the Reformation; Mahommed, advancing from idolatry; Cromwell, the enemy of tyranny, the champion of equality, illustrate this under-lying principle of human greatness.

Carry on illustration farther, and it will also be seen that the hero is, in high degree, a contributor to the intelligence and civilization of his time. The fearless character of Burns' writings served to dispel much of the stern dogmas of Calvin and Knox, and encouraged a spirit of democratic equalization among the people, thereby exalting religion and expunging fallacy.

Mahommed, shattering the temple idols and establishing in their stead a faith that recognizes the existence of a Supreme Being, and insists upon charitable doings, is assuredly a step in the interests of humanity. Who can predict what may yet be the outcome of this strange wild faith? It must be remembered that Christianity was evolved from Judaism. No person will deny that at a late hour, Oliver Cromwell, but summarily disposing of a crowned head, did redeem the departing honour and justice of monarchial England, and once more directed his institution towards the protection of his subjects and the advancement of his interests.

A strong impulse is the logic of heroism. The hero is governed by the flash-like decision of impulse rather than by the cool operation of reason. Joan of Arc had but to feel the necessity of relieving the oppression of her countrymen and her own blood shall be the pawn in a heroic effort for their release. William Wallace required no act of reason after the slaughter of his father and other friends by King Edward's soldiers to enable him to decide whether or not these English marauders should be driven from Scottish soil.

Courage, it is said, is the instinct of a child and the habit of a man, and the hero, at a critical moment, makes few pretentions to gravity. Personal danger serves but to sharpen his perceptions and inflame his valour and, faced with death itself, his manner is stamped with either the stoicism of indifference or the recklessness of levity. Blanched-faced for his sacred cause he may approach the fatal block but audibly repine he will not.

In one of those rare old plays of Beaumont and Fletcher we find Julietta telling the brave captain and his men:—

Jul.—Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.
Master.— Very like'y,
'Tis in 'our' powers, then, to be hanged and scorn ye.

Livy, although moderately imbued with the national prejudices of the Romans, cannot, however refrain from paying high compliment to the noble courage of Hasdrubal, the Carthaginian General, in his last encounter with the Roman legions, "He it was," writes the annalist, "who kept his men up while they fought by cheering them and facing every personal danger like themselves; he it was who, when they were tired out and gave way from very weariness and fatigue, reawoke their spirit now by entreaties, now by reproaches; he rallied them when they fled, and restored the battle at many points where the struggle ceased. At last when it was clear that the day was the enemy's, refusing to survive the fate of the army which had followed him as leader, he spurred his horse right into one of the Roman cohorts. There he fell, fighting to the last, as became a son of Hamilcar and a brother of Hannibal."

Scipio, charged by a political faction with speculations during his military command, meets the charge with scorn refusing to do himself the disgrace of waiting for justification from the tribune, indignantly tears up the scroll of accounts containing his own vindications in the face of his accusers.

In that greatest of sanguinary dramas of French Revolutions, what imperishable examples do we find of true manly and also of womanly heroism! Philippe D'Orleans when about to prostrate himself to the horrid guillotine, was ordered by the executioner to draw off his boots, replied: "Tush they will come better off after; let us have done."

Madam Roland, queenly in her uncomplaining grief, arrives at the scaffold, and pointing to the statue of Liberty, exclaims; "O Liberty! what things are done in thy name." The scaffold mounted, she informs the dejected Lamarch by her side, who is also presently to share her unhappy fate, "that she will die first; show him how easy it is to die." Sir Thomas More, while ascending the scaffold, said to one: "Friend, help me up; when I come down again let me shift for myself." Laying his head on the block he bade the executioner hold till he put aside his beard; "for," said he, "it never committed treason" The Koran teaches that Paradise is under the shadow of swords, and true to a brave impulse we find the Arab (otherwise a fierce creature unworthy of eulogy) eagerly engaging in hostile combat, where even the the odds are decidedly against him death in battle being regarded a certain passport in Paradise. The noble daring thus exemplified in the highest types of men wanting in admiration when generously declared.

Perseverance is also a characteristic of heroism, it is its real hope. Perseverance is a desirable quality in all men, but to the the hero it is indespensable. It is the great highway to success, and tho man who, from native indolence of disposition, expects to achieve any great undertaking without persistence shall meet with disappointment. There is no gilded pathway leading to distinction or renown, as there is said to be no royal road to learning. Once enlisted in the mission of a noble impulse, the hero is not discouraged by disappointment or defeat; he acquires strength and courage through adversity. Bruce utilized his successive reverses on the field as stepping stones to Scotland's freedom. The repeated protestations of the Spanish sailors against Columbus continuing his voyage of discovery, and their repeated threats to throw him overboard into the unknown waste of waters around them, served but to further convince the far-seeing mariner that his plan was correct and that favourable winds would yet declare him the herald of the new world. When Cyrus Field declared his purpose of laying a submarine cable in the Atlantic ocean, many greeted the intelligence with derision and regarded such an undertaking as impractible and madness, and when in the process of laying, the cable snapped in mid-ocean, many exulted in the fulfilment of their prophecy that such an occurrence would inevitably result. But, with renewed confidence in science, and an assertion of self-trust, he controlled obstacles, and finally succeeded in traversing the ocean depths with a veritable gossamer thread of subtle properties, bringing the people of two widely separate continents into a state of prompt and marvellous communication. We find Thomas Carlyle, with the vigour of heroic endowment (such as has thus far generally been mistaken for the irascibility of dyspepsia), fearlessly discussing the social and political evils of this century there existing no dignitary or situation to deter him from his chosen work. For the great majority of offenders he had no pleasant remedy to prescribe, and, by this class, could not hope to be commended. To those who had already declared their allegiance to the established standards of literary style these strange mandates had a wild and unsubduable tone. "Man, know thy work and do it," is the first article of his creed respecting human duty and action, and the second is like unto it, "work according to thy faculty or starve according to necessity." This is high counsel; and pre-eminently orthodox at all times, among all people and under all circumstances.

Imagine the manuscript of "Sartor Resartus," with its rich Nestorian mines, lying in a drawer for upwards of seven years before any publisher coild be induced to give it book shape, and eventually when it appeared piece-meal in Fraser's Magazine we hear of an indignant nobleman enquiring of the editor when "that stupid series of articles by the crazy tailor were to end."

Mistaking its genuine declaration of exposure and reform for the wail of revolution and anarchy in everything that pertains to human weal, this latest and richest of human gospels was for a time regarded rather as a tissue of revolutionary sentiments than a work of verified doctrine suited to the exigencies of humanity; its "everlasting no" and everlasting yea" literally scaling the dizziest heights of thought, sounding the eternities and the soul. Possessed of ill-health, precarious means of livelihood, scant demand for his early productions, and surrounded with discouragements of many kinds, he nevertheless perseveres in his chosen field. Favor, honor, or preferment he is not in search of, neither desires; alone intent upon doing whatsoever seems to be his duty and in the manner that appears best to himself. True to the test of heroic constitution Carlyle's teachings and method appeared in "contradiction" for a time to the voice of the great and the good," but as time and mutation dispel the mortal mists that often obscure manly worth, we are able to behold in him the operation of the acutest mind of modern times—an intelligence that we mistake not for insanity—a force that is not frenzy—a vigor that is not vanity.

Through persistent application a great deal, otherwise refractory and stubborn can be reduced to a state of possibility. "Never mention to me," said Mirabeau, "that blockhead of a word, 'Impossible.'" "If you have no gunpowder," Napoleon once replied, "make it; if you have no bridges, build them." This certainly sounds like the language of self-trust and perseverence. "Impossible!" in current usage with the mass of mankind is a cant phrase, a delusion. An important object that may in one direction defy your best efforts, may at last yield if assailed in another. The Gordian knot that refuses to untie, can be cut by any Alexander who has the temerity to do so. Opportunities for personal distinction have at all times been open to the world, but it has ever been the urgent moment, the extreme need that called forth a Watt, a Stephenson, a Davy, or an Edison. Nevertheless, how rich yet is nature in undeveloped resources, and what additional wants is human experience, in the infinite variety of its exercise daily proclaiming!

We have already observed that sincerity is also a characteristic of the hero. Every claim for a new method or discovery has, as a rule, in proportion as it deviated from established custom or teaching necessitated an earnest pleading at the bar of public opinion. Such is the record of the world's incredulity that it seldom accepts sincerity on the part of an innovator as a guarantee of good faith for the performance of his new work. The opposition that Galileo's brilliant discovery in the heavens provoked, and subsequently the resistance offered to Jenner's boon of vacination, are evidences of the correctness of this assertion.

Nevertheless the world's benefactors will be found to have all been earnest men. Sincerity, when associated with intelligence, has seldom resulted harmfully to mankind. In social reform, in politict, in theology and in science this fact is fully exemplified. Without earnestness all the eloquence of Wilberforce or Wendell Phillips would never have triumphed over the curse of slavery. Religion suffers little at the hands of earnest doubters, provided they be intelligent. The day will shortly be at hand when the memories of such great minds as Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall shall resent the imputation of unfriendliness to religion. "Sceptics," you say; well, save in the matter of a few universally recognized concessions, is not mankind, as a whole, more or less sceptical? These men whom you style 'sceptic' have but had the courage to frankly declare themselves upon these matters as they really appear to them, opinions that have been, and are still, secretly entertained by thousands of others. The ethical creed admitted, man, by constitution, is in other respects the victim of secret doubt, of scepticism. Repeated attempts to systematize certain arbitrary standards and constructions of moral and spiritual ideas, have been productive of this adverse criticism styled scepticism. Is a man to be charged with some spiritual obliquity who renounces Calvin's doctrine of infant damnation? The world as a unit has long ago grown sceptical on this point. Church presbyteries and synods, judging from their animated and protracted discussions in certain directions, are also manifesting signs of scepticism.

The hero smiles at elegance, and hesitatingly shakes his head at luxury; they are to him mere tinsel to allure the indolent; his ideals are simple and primitive, and constitute his environments. With him gold is seldom at par, save as it contributes to the supply of his meagre wants.

Plato tells us that two Thessalian princes once tried to induce Socrates by the offer of a large sum of money to settle at their courts; but the Athenian sage, with heroic independence, replied that it ill became him to accept benefits that he had little hope of being able to return, and that his personal requirements were few, for he could purchase four measures of meal for an obolus (two cents) at Athens, and besides there was excellent spring water to be got there—for nothing.

What is wealth to James Watt until his scheme of the steam-engine is worked out, or to Columbus while in mid-ocean and the new world yet undiscovered? We are wont to commiserate the poverty and misfortune of the world's great men, but under more affluent circumstances can it be assured that they would have attained their admitted greatness? In many cases some stern master secretly rules. Samuel Johnson writes "Rasselas" to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral; Sir Walter Scott turns out volume after volume of the romantic "Waverley" in order that the well-nigh insatiable claim of the Ballantine disaster may be liquidated; Robert Burns, in the closing years of his fretted life, supplies Thompson with sweet songs to maintain his family. Herein we may find the key-note of the following couplet from Johnson's imitation of Juvenal:—

Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the garret and the jail

Lastly, unselfishness is a trait of a great man as already observed, the truly great man is essentially a hero. Generosity and selfishness represent the positive and negative poles of human feeling, the two extremes of sympathy, and the great and good are attracted by one and repelled by the other. Generosity with cup in hand ever repairs to and renders warm and cheerful the scenes of affliction and oppression, while niggardly selfishness aggravates the disress it seeks to assauge. The munificence of George Peabody, Peter Cooper and Stephen Girard and many other philanthropists in founding educational institutions, hospitals and other charities, is to-day the heritage of millions. The noble womanhood of the age, in one direction or another, daily emulates the immortal examples of Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling.

Human nature attains its highest degree of excellence in the exercise of these heavenly qualities. and from the standpoint of history, if from no other, every eye involuntarily turns to Jesus at Nazareth as the highest example of their purity. The derision of the atheist moderates into silent respect when admonished with the unselfishness of Christ's life; the hopeless want of the infidel becomes subdued when confronted with His merciful acts. Down through nineteen centuries burdened with the sorrows and joys of mortal experience, comes stories of Christ's beneficence and martryiom, around which cluster tender associations, whose memories in every land evoke a strange and sacred interest. In hallowed remembrance of the far distant scenes of his matchless kindness and unselfishness, and of the integrity and purity of His brief life, millions of tiny hands are daily clasped, and millions of innocent bosoms swell in childish petition for the gift of His meekness and love; millions in the vigour of life daily bend a knee desirous of His truth and humility; and as the drama of life draws to a close, ere that strange and awful emotion stupefies mortal consciousness what spiritual support is afforded by His cheering words, "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." This is, indeed, supreme beneficence.

D. R. MOORE.

Stanley, N. B.

JINGLES OF HUMOR.

A Little Nonsense Gathered for Leisure Reading.

She (bride-to-be): 'And who shall you send, John, to write up the account of our marriage?'

He (an Editor): 'I shall send nobody. I intend to do it myself. My motto is, that if you want a thing well done you must do it yourself.'

Fred: 'I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for several hours.'

Ed: 'You don't mean it? Where did you fall?'

Fred: 'I fell asleep.'

Doctor: 'Take this mixture as directed, and your cold will be gone in two or three days.'

Patient: 'You seem quite hoarse, doctor.'

Doctor: 'Yes; I've had a bad cold for a month.'

Bees are said to be possessed of power-memories. So are all people to whom the bee ever introduces himself.

A barber displays the following sign:—"Hair cut and whiskers trimed for fourpence; children, half price.'

'Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?'

Village Pastor: 'No; but I have often wondered what he would do if he had mine.'

Sanso: 'He is not rich, and yet he makes a great deal more money than he spends.'

Rodd: 'How can that be?'

Sanso: He works in the Mint.'

Captain: 'I wouldn't ship on this voyage if I were you.'

Sailor: 'Why not? Ain't I all right?

Captain: 'Yes, but you are too fat.'

Sailor: 'What if I am! I can handle a rope as well as a thin man.'

Captain: 'Yes, yes, but we are bound for the Cannibal Islands.'

Boarder: "What! Mutton again, Mrs Skimp?"

Mrs. S. (indignantly): "And, pray, have you any objection to a beautiful leg of hot roast mutton?"

Boarder: "Oh, no, madam; but I object to the ghastly train that will follow it for many weary days—cold mutton, hash, etc., etc.!"

As a cure for paralysis, sciatica, rheuatism, female troubles, such as suppressions, bearing down pains, etc., general debility and that tired feeling peculiar to so many, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand unrivalled. Beware of imitations and substitutes. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box—The Dr Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

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 at 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 Diarhœa, 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 perscription 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 SRYUP."—Aug.9—91—1y.

An old smoker declares that he has been using 'Myrtle Navy' tobacco ever since the second year of its manufacture and that during that time he has never suffered from a blistered tongue or parched tonsils or any other of the unpleasant effects which most tobaccos will leave behind them. His experience, he said, is that no other tobacco which he has ever tried is quite its equal and that in value for the money 'no other comes anywhere near it.'

POOR DOCUMENT

New Advertisements.

Erie Med. Co.....Rowell & Co.
Anodyne Liniment.....I. S. Johnston & Co.
Combination Offer.....Fredericton Globe.
Maple honey cream.....W.H. Golden.
Flour.....A. F. Randolph & Sons.
New Oyster Parlors.....Chas. T. Herrin.
Pink Pills.....Fulford & Co.

FREDERICTON GLOBE.

The FREDERICTON GLOBE is published every Saturday from the office, Sharkey's Block, 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, 25 cents each subsequent insertion. Local 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. MACHUM, Publisher and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., FEB. 13, 1892.

THE BOODLE BRIGADE.

A regiment is to be organized at Ottawa bearing the above appelation, as it is believed that that city will furnish material enough for all the recruits wanted. It is under advisement among the leaders whether or not to recall General Middleton from England and place at his disposal the Colonelcy, and in the meantime, or until that gentleman is heard from, to place the command in the hands of Colonel Caron. Should General Middleton rccept, he will make the uniform regulations, and no doubt the winter dress will be fur shakers and gauntlets, and leggings of the same material, to be obtained (according to the word of command) at any of the fur stores in Canada, no matter what the cost, or no cost at all. Then it is expected that recruits from Quebec will volunteer—in such case Capt. Mercier will be fully recognized as a brother in arms, and will render most valuable assistance and have his company under good drill and discipline. As Sir Hector Langevin has already retired with all the honors, it is not at all likely that he will be taken into the service. That gentleman has been fighting enough already in his day, and is scarred considerably. But it is not at all unlikely that he may at some future time be called upon to head a corporal's guard, in case the Boodle Brigade Regiment does not understand its duties in manoeuvering, although there is some doubt about this, as all the likely members have undergone considerable drilling. Premier Abbott, it is supposed, will be made Quarter-Master General, while the Minister of Justice is to be chaplin. His sacerdotal bearing, is much in his favor. Major Thomas McGrevy is to be Purveyor to the forces—while his brother Private Robert McGrevy, is to be inspector. Lt. Costigan is to have charge of the canteen. Privates Larkin and Connolly are to have something to do with the Commissariat Department, and have an eye on things generally. Captain Temple is to discharge the duties of Fugleman. The regiment will be in full marching order when parliament meets, and be prepared for the grit onslaught to be led by Col. Laurier at the head of the Quebec legions. But it is impossible to anticipate all the various officials who are to fill places in this very patriotic regiment, or indeed to say more about it until matters are more fully developed. We might say, however, that the band is nearly completed, and have learned several pieces of music very nicely, especially the "Rogues March," which they play admirably, and it is expected that they will soon give a rehearsal in front of the Vice Regal Lodge in order that His Excellency may have an idea of the excellency of this new band and what is to be expected of it as soon as its wind gets stronger. It is also said that the editor of the St. John Sun is to be invited to become a member of the band and beat the big drum, and the editor of the Telegraph is to have the handling of the trombone, (a deep basso instrument) while the editor of the Globe is to exercise upon the kettle drum. The editor of Progress, it is said, will play the bagpipes.

MAKING GEESE OF THEMSELVES.

We notice in the papers that a meeting was held last week in Montreal in reference to the teapot tempest which occurred in Bridgeport Conn., a short time ago, occasioned by the sailing into port of a St. John vessel without displaying the American flag. This embroglio was ridiculous enough, but in order to add fuel to the flame a certain number of Montrealers meet, and after spouting some, get up a subscription for the purchase of a British flag to be presented to the captain of the vessel as a recognition of his great pluck and determination on that celebrated occasion. Now it transpires that the whole story was fabricated out of rotten cloth by some miserable newsmonger, and that the story was as empty as the fellow's head. In the meantime, however, a meeting about as disgraceful as the one reported in Bridgeport—which turns out to be a lie—is called in a British province for the sole purpose of having a fling at our neighbors, and that is done by calling in the "old flag," or rather trailing it in the mire. It is such stupid deeds as this that have caused so many needless wars in the world, and sacrificed so much life and treasure. Suppose the story had been true—the captain's conduct must have been either right or wrong—if wrong, this Montreal action is like backing up wrong-doing—if he was right then it was the place of the authorities to make investigation and this no doubt would have led to amicable adjustment. But without being properly informed the Montrealers, or the donkey portion of them meet and splutter and thus would have imperilled any friendly arbitration had there been any truth in the story. But it has always been this way with some people.

The directors of the St. John Opera House advertize that they have completed arrangements with one of the largest and best opera companies that has ever visited that city and only require that a sufficient number of tickets be disposed of in order to fix the dates. If they have made such arrangements why do they not announce what the company is.

If they would do so they would dispose of their tickets quicker; but who is going to guarantee to take tickets until they know what they are buying for? Announce your company and the operas—then there will be no difficulty in disposing of your tickets.

A NEGRO LYNCHED.

For Assaulting a 16-year-old Girl While on Her Way to School

WARREN, Ark., Feb. 10.—Yesterday morning Miss Chloe Wright, of Wilmar, the 16-year-old daughter of Capt. A. J. Wright, was assaulted while on her way to school by Henry Beavers, a negro. To-night Beavers' lead body hangs from a tree in the village.

Capt. Wright lived about half mile from town, and the road to his house lies through a strip of woods. When Miss Wright was about midway between her father's house and that of the nearest neighbor, she was met in the public road by Beavers, who made improper proposals. Then he seized and threw her to the ground, holding her by the throat and choking her almost into unconsciousness. She battled with him in vain. Finally the girl cried out between her teeth that her mother was coming, and, in alarm Beavers fled from the spot.

The alarm was given and the news spread like fire. In less than half an hour horsemen armed with pistols and clubs were scouring the woods in every direction. Beavers was not found until 1 o'clock, and was then with his mother walking up the railroad toward Wilmar, only a short distance from the scene of his crime. When captured he manifested no desire to escape. He was taken to town, where he was surrounded by a mob, 150 strong. Thence he was led to Miss Wright's home for identification. When he was brought into the front yard she recognized him immediately. Up to this time he had denied the charge, but upon identification he confessed.

The crowd faced about and placing Beavers in front, marched back to town, where they paraded the principal thoroughfares. After this he was marched into the woods. When the crowd reached a suitable tree a rope which the negro had carried to the place at the request of one of the crowd was thrown over a limb about 25 feet high, and one of the party climbed up and fastened it securely. A horse was placed underneath, the negro was assisted to mount, and the rope was adjusted. Then the horse was started and Beavers was left dangling in the air. Before the body ceased to vibrate a volley of shots rang out and it was perforated with no fewer than 60 bullets.

The negro was only 17 years old. He was a full brother of Will Beavers, who was hanged to a tree in the court yard at this place one year ago for an attempted assault upon a young white girl. Miss Wright is an attractive and popular young woman. Her father is a farmer and an influential citizen. She was badly injured, but will recover.

An EVentful Career.

In France actors are not in the habit of taking the public into their confidence, and discussing their paltry private affairs on the stage. Abroad the regulations are not so strict, it seems. On the 17th of March last Herr Tewele celebrated, at the German Volks Theatre, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first appearance on the boards, and in returning thanks for the numersus presents and congratulations he had received, he treated the audience to a retrospect of his career as an actor. The speech was very well received, and created a good deal of amusement. The subjoined fragment will give an idea of its racy character :—

'It is perfectly true gentlemen, that I went on the stage for the first twenty-five years ago, and I have acted 4,479 times since then. I have registered 2,318 lover's vows; 1,935 young ladies and 480 widows have proved faithful to me; I have kept my vows 1,543 times and broken them 775 times. On 3,250 occasions war has broken out in our family. I have received by way of dowry 6,900,000 francs, 2,560,000 gulden, and 3,887,000 marks and now I can't tell where the money has gone to. Once only I married for love; ask my wife! I have received 3,030 invitations, 942 times I have been turned out; I have fallen 170 times into the hands of robbers, and I have had 2 480 mothers-in-law.'

At an historical exhibition recently held in Paris there were to be seen gloves of ancient Rome and Greece (?), gloves of the Middle Ages and periods up to the present day. The exhibits clearly show that the small hands of the ladies are a product of modern civilization, as all the gloves belonging to earlier times are decidedly above the average size. The tiniest of modern gloves is one worn by the Queen Regent of Spain.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

Running Comments on Passing Events.

Sundrv Ebullitions in Prose and Rhyme.

How the Domestic, Social and Literary World is Wagging.

A Typical Englishman.

Maxim Stanhope, the London servant, was noted for his eccentricities. He had a mania for collecting curious old books, which absorbed the greater part of his not inconsiderable fortune. Among other rarities he possessed a volume which he prized most highly, as he believed it to be the only copy extant. But learning one day that there existed in Paris another copy of the same work, he stuffed his pockets full of bank notes and set out for the French capital, where he drove straight to the address of his 'rival.' After the usual preliminaries, the following conversation took place :

'Sir you possess a copy of such and such a work?'

'Quite right; the book is in my library. If you wish to look at it, here it is!'

'Very good, I'll give you 1,000fr. for it."

'Sir, I am not a dealer in books.

'5,000fr.'

'I repeat——'

'10,000?'

'Really, sir, I am not justified in refusing such an offer—here, the book is yours.'

The Englishman paid down the money and received the volume. The scene of the interview was a large library, where a blazing fire was burning. Stanhope attentively examined his newly-acquired treasure, and then suddenly threw it into the fire with a satisfaction which he made no attempt to conceal. The Frenchman, in the belief that he had to do with a madman, tried to snatch the book out of the flames, but was stopped by his visitor, who calmly observed : 'Sir, I also have a copy of this work; it is now the only one that exists in the world. I wish you good morning.'

At The Hub.

Landlord : "Have another pint of beer, Herr, Schulze?"

Guest : "Yes; but why aren't you drinking any to-day?"

Landlord : "I'm only waiting till they tap a new barrel."

A Modern Philanthropist.

Secretary of charitable association (to poor woman with four children) : "Are you the wife of Muller, the copying clerk? The wealthy Herr Von Knicker called upon me this morning to draw my attention to your distressed circumstance. He told me that you were going to be turned out of your lodgings, as you could not pay your rent."

Woman : "Alas ! that is so."

Secretary : "Who is your landlord?"

Woman : "That same wealthy Herr Von Knicker!"

A Wrinkle to Letter Sorters.

A young woman called at the post-office in a provincial town and bashfully inquired if there was a letter for her, addressed, "A. B., 10."

"Business or love-letter?" jokingly inquired the clerk.

"Business!" was the reply accompanied by a blush of the deepest crimson.

As no such letter was to be found, the young lady took her departure, but came back after a little while and said in faltering accents :—

"Ach, Herr Postmaster, would you mind having a look among the love-letters!"

Insane Seekers for the Queen.

Many half insane people endeavor to force themselves into Queen Victoria's presence. Windsor Castle was some time ago visited by a man who averred that he had invented or discovered a magnet capable of allaying the most violent storm. He stated that he had come from America, and that during a dreadful hurricane while on his voyage from there to England, he had succeeded in stilling the waves with his wonderful talisman. The palace authorities considerately offered to show the possessor of this treasure a place where he could display its remarkable powers, and sent him safely back to London.

One of the lunatics, whose appearance led the castle custodians to suspect that he was in a destitute state, was provided with a hearty meal before his removal from the palace. Windsor Castle is not the only Royal residence occasionally visited by such unfortunate persons. Osborne and Balmoral are just as attractive to the demented ones, and it needs all the alertness of the officers on duty in order to prevent their sudden and unwelcome intrusion upon the presence of the Sovereign. Some make pilgrimages to the palaces with the desire of entering into matrimonial relations with exalted personages. Others have particular boon to crave, or important projects to submit to the consideration of the Queen, but their efforts to gain admittance are fruitless, and terminate in the workhouse or a return to the custody of their keepers and friends.

A sociable Present.

"What! going to present your sweetheart with a dozen black pocket-handkerchiefs?"

"Yes: he's a chimney-sweep."

Two brothers were dining together at a Florence restaurant. "I say, Filippe," remarked one of them, "doesn't this wine taste as if there was a dash of water in it?" "A dash of wine in the water, more likely!" was the reply.

First Young Barrister : 'Allow me to congratulate you. I saw you this morning hurrying along to the assize courts with a brief-bag in your hand. So your first client has come?'

Second Ditto (with a look of satisfaction) : 'Yes, my tailor has taken out a summons against me!'

At a provincial theatre the spectators were kept waiting a long time for the play to begin. The 'gods' became impatient, and kicked up a terrible row.

'Be quiet, you beasts!' exclaimed a gentleman in the pit, angrily.

'You are mistaken!, replied a voice from the gallery; 'this is the hay-loft, the stable is down there.'

Perkins's Little Joke.

One day Perkin's entered a drapers shop with a friend. Ranged in front of the counter were a row of stools. Upon these the men seated themselves. In a moment a young assistant came up and asked Perkins what he desired. For an instant he seemed puzzled for a reply, but scon his eyes rested upon a sign, 'If you don't see what you want ask for it.' That furnished him with a cue.

'Well,' he said, 'you can bring me a large plate of roast beef, outside cut preferred, plenty of gravy and mashed potatoes; also a cup of coffee. What's your's, George?' he added, turning to his friend.

'Gimme the same.' he responded.

All the girls in the shop stared hard at the impudent fellows, and the assistant's eyes began to bulge.

'Gentlemen,' he replied, with a show of calmness, 'you have made a slight mistake. This is a drapery establishment and not a restaurant. Do I look like a waiter?'

'I am not here to answer questions, young man,' said Perkins, as with his friend he rose and moved towards the door, 'but if you can't fulfil orders you'd better go out of the business or take in your sign.'

And the jokers vanished out of the door. Perkins is still at large.

NEW LUNCH
—AND—
Oyster Parlors
YORK STREET,
CHAS. T. HERRIN,
PROPRIETOR.
Telephone, No. 79.

KITCHEN & SHEA,
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
Plumbers, Gas Fitters and Tinsmths,
And Workers in all kinds of
SHEET METAL.
Speaking Tubes, Stoves and Furnaces fitted up at short notice.
Importers and dealers in stamped and pressed Tinware.
Iron and Lead Pipe and Fittings always on hand.
Houses Fitted up with Hot and Cold Water.
☞Prices Moderate and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
☞Telephone, No. 176.

CAUTION.
EACH PLUG OF THE
MYRTLE NAVY!
IS MARKED
T. & B.
IN BRONZE LETTERS.
NONE OTHER GENUINE.
All Sizes.

Harvey's
PHOTOGRAPHS
All Styles.
164 Queen St.

"IMPERIAL HALL".
New Goods
JUST RECEIVED!
Oct. 14th '91
Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings in Latest Designs.
☞INSPECTION INVITED.
THOMAS STANGER,
280 QUEEN STREET.
Fredericton, October 24th, 1891.

The Largest and Best Stock in
MILLINERY
to be found in the city is at the
Millinery Establishment
—OF—
MISS HAYES,
QUEEN + ST.

R. C. MACREDIE,
PLUMBER,
Gas and Steam
FITTER,
Queen - - Street,
Opp. County Court House.

JOHN H. FLEMING,
LIVERY STABLE.

152 Union Street,
Saint John, - - - N. B.

FLOUR!
Golden Star,
Wild Rose,
Hungarian,
Harvest Moon
Landing To-day and For Sale Low From the Cars.
☞TWO CARS of American Cornmeal To Arrive.
A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

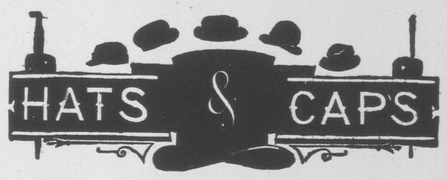
J. H. TABOR,
—DEALER IN—
CONFECTIONERY,
Ice Cream, &c.
QUEEN STREET,
Fredericton, - N. B.

MILLINERY!
WE INVITE you to inspect Our Stock of Fall and Winter Millinery. The very Latest Styles in Trimmed and Untrimmed.
MRS. I. BURDEN,
Queen Street, Opp City Hall.
Oct. 24—91—1y.

NOTICE! -:-
The Subscribers take pleasure in informing their friends and the citizens of Fredericton generally, that they have entered into partnership under the name of Keliher & Smith. They have purchased the stock in trade of Mr. William Cameron, butcher and meat dealer, and will continue the business at the old stand, Queen Street. Customers will find our stock first-class, and we hope by strict attention to business to merit the patronage so liberally bestowed on our predecessor.
Sausages a Specialty.
JOHN KELIHER,
PELEG SMITH.
Fredericton, Dec. 10, 1891.

DEVER BROS.
—O—
Bargain Sale
—AT—
DEVER BROS.
Tuesday, Jan. 19, '92.
—O—
Jan. 15th, 1892. DEVER BROS.

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



A COMPLETE LINE AT
J. H. FLEMING'S,
-:- 222 Queen Street. -:-

FREDERICTON
MARBLE WORKS.
ALL KINDS OF
CEMETERY WORK
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
All orders promptly attended to. Material and Workmanship Guaranteed.
Carleton St., between Methodist Church and Old Burying Ground.
JOHN MOORE, Proprietor.
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

A New Stock of
STATIONERY
— AND —
School Supplies,
JUST RECEIVED.
—O—
W. T. H. FENETY.
286 Queen Street.

YEARS OF VARIED AND SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE
In the Use of OURA. we Alone own TIVE METHODS, that and Control, orders of for all Dis-
• MEN • Who have weak or UNDEVELOPED, or diseased organs, who are suffering from ERRORS OF YOUTH and any Excesses, or of
• MEN • Who are NERVOUS and IMPOTENT, the scorn of their fellows and the contempt of friends and companions, leads us to
FREE BOOK OF HOME TREATMENT
MEANS & METHODS CLEARLY SET FORTH BY OUR OWN
FOR A LIMITED TIME FREE
COPYRIGHTED 1890
guarantee to all patients, if they can POSSIBLY BE RESTORED, our own Exclusive method and Plans, will afford a CURE! There is, then,
REAL HOPE FOR YOU AND YOURS.
Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair! Thousands of the Worst Cases have yielded to our HOME TREATMENT, as set forth in our WONDERFUL BOOK, which we send sealed, post paid, FREE, for a limited time. GET IT TO-DAY. Remember, no one else has the methods, appliances and experience that we employ, and we claim the MONOPOLY OF UNIFORM SUCCESS. ERIE MEDICAL CO., 64 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.
2,000 References. Name this paper when you write.

To Arrive!
SOMETHING NEW.
Maple Honey Creams.
BEST THING IN THE MARKET,
—AT—
W. H. GOLDEN'S.

10 Per Cent.
DISCOUNT
FOR CASH!
In order to reduce my Stock with a view winding up business in the near future, I shall give 10 Per Cent. Discount from regular prices for the Next Two months On All Cash Sales of 50c. and Upwards.
The Stock comprises in part the following : Ladies Dress Goods in great variety, Prints, Parasols, Jackets, Jerseys, Hose, Gloves, Gossemers and Underwear.
Boys', Youths' and Men's Clothing, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Braces, Rubber Coats, Umbrellas, and Underclothing.
Cretons, Cottons, Flannels, Tablings, Towlings, Tickings, and all kinds of Staple Dry Goods.
Carpets, Table and Floor Oil Cloths, Trunks, Valises and Satchels.
☞A large lot of remnants very cheap Wall Paper at a sacrifice in order to clear.
OWEN SHARKEY,
Fredericton, Oct. 2nd,

POOR DOCUMENT

LOCAL NEWS.

Jottings on Events as they Happen about Town.

The Ebb and Flow of Civic and Suburban Life.

Negro Lynched, At the U. N. B., Defeat of the Scott Act.

Drive and Dance.

Invitations are out for a drive and dance to be held in the Agricultural Hall at Kingsclear on Monday night.

To Let Notices.

Parties wanting "To Let" notices can be supplied at this office. Special rates for notices inserted in paper.

Will Visit Fredericton.

The physical culture class of the Y. M. C. A., St. John, assisted by their orchestra, intend giving an evening's entertainment at the city hall next Tuesday evening.

At the City Hall.

The limelight exhibition given at the City Hall last night drew a fair house. The exhibition was under the patronage of Lady Tilley. The proceeds go to the Women's Aid Association.

Sudden Death.

The news of Mrs. Schrieber's death which took place last Monday was received with a great deal of regret, and many expressions of sympathy. Mrs. Schrieber died suddenly of heart disease. She was a daughter of the late Col. Maclean of the 41st foot.

Back to the Celestial.

Mr. W. S. Hooper has resigned his position as agent of the Dominion Express Co., at St. John, and has accepted a position in this city as manager of the Barker House. The Globe joins the numerous friends of Mr. Hooper, in this city, in giving him a most cordial welcome, on his return among us.

Will be Found Interesting.

The Toronto Week gives up two pages of one of its late numbers to a paper of Dr. Moore, ex-M. P., on "Heroism." The paper, which will be found an excellent and a very entertaining one, is reproduced from the Week in full on the first page of this issue of the Fredericton Globe. The many friends of Dr. Moore will be glad to hear of the distinction that he is winning in the paths of literature.

Spurgeon's Funeral.

The final funeral services over the remains of Rev. Chas. H. Spurgeon were held Thursday morning in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. The edifice was packed, every person present being in mourning. The hymn 'Servant of God Well Done,' was sung by the assemblage. Secretary Harold preached the funeral sermon. Immense crowds of people were gathered at various points along the route of the funeral procession to Norwood. The procession was four miles long.

Our Grand Offer.

We direct attention to the Grand Combination Offer made by this paper and the Home Maker Magazine, in which we offer, for only 25 cents over our own subscription price, or $1.25, the Home-Maker Magazine and the Fredericton Globe. The regular price of the Home Maker, is $2.00 per year. It is the only high-class Magazine, published in America at that price. It is original, bright, entertaining, valuable; every artical being new and readable. It gives the best illustrations, best stories, the best poems, by the best authors.

Chicago is in Luck.

The will of the late Millionaire Crerar, bequeathing a fund of $3,000,000 to found a free library in that city, has been sustained by the courts, although its provisions are similar to those of the Tilden will, and were contested by the surviving relatives on the same grounds. This similarity was dwelt upon by counsel for the contestant in the trial of the case, but the court does not appear to have been impressed by the point. In its decision it comments on the difficulty under the New York law of sustaining wills making bequests to charity, and of the practice in Illinois of construing the law liberally in favor of the wishes of charitable testators, as accounting for the different conclusions reached in the Tilden and the Crerar cases.

York Street Restuarant.

The restaurant on York street, now presents a very attractive appearance. The new proprietor, Mr. Chas. T. Herrin, who has been engaged in the restaurant business both in New York and Boston, has had the premises thoroughly cleaned and painted throughout, Beside the large dining-hall which is fitted up to accomodate about fifty people there are two parlors for the accomodation of ladies accompanied by gentlemen, which are finely furnished. Mr. Herrin wishes to inform the public through the columns of the Globe that everything will be kept in perfect order and that he intends running nothing but a first-class restaurant in every respect, and also that there will be no liquor sold in the premises as had been the case before.

JAPAN'S OFFER.

A Big Display Promised for the World's Fair at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Feb. 11. The Japanese government has made to the commissioners a proposition to erect a stone building in Jackson Park, lay out Japanese gardens around it, fill the building with rare works of art and present all to the city of Chicago; also to vote an annual appropriation to maintain the building and gardens, the whole thing to be part of the Japanese display at the world's fair. It is thought the proposition will be accepted.

MAUGERVILLE, Feb. 11th.—R. D. Wilmot and Mrs. Wilmot were visiting friends here last week.

Dr. Day purchased a fine span of horses from Percy Barker of Sheffield. The price paid was $250.

Tiddledywinks club of Lincoln met last night. Miss Mitchell was the prize winner. The prize at the previous meeting was captured by Miss Williamson. The club meet Saturday night at the residence of Mr. Alex. Wisely.

It is rumored that Mr. Bedell of Andover, who drove down and stopped at Widow Verner's to-day came with the intention of carrying the widow away with him. Time will tell.

REMOVAL!

B. Yerxa & Co.,

Have Removed to the Store formerly occupied by Yerxa & Yerxa, Second Door above Peoples' Bank. Thanking the Public for past favors, we solicit a continuation of their Patronage in the future.

B. Yerxa & Co.

EVENTS AROUND US.

Happenings of the Week Throughout the Province.

To-morrow is St. Valentines' day.

Fredericton Brass Band concert Monday night.

Fourteen by-elections in Nova Scotia this week.

The Scott Act was repealed in St. John Tuesday last.

Lady Tilley's reception day will be Tuesday of each week.

Some repairs have been put on the piers of the passenger bridge.

The annual meeting of the Bible Society will be held next Friday.

Messrs. Harris & Co.'s car works will resume operations on Monday next.

The members of the local government held a meeting Wednesday evening.

New goods just arrived at W. H. Golden's confectionery store. See adv.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of A. F. Randolph & Sons, which appears in this issue.

Harry La Marr's Comedians will appear at the city hall three nights, commencing on the 24th.

Lent comes in unusually late this year, Ash Wednesday falling on March 2, which will usher in Easter Sunday on April 17.

Rev. W. A. Dunnett of Hamilton, Ont., grand organizer of the Royal Templars of Temperance, lectured in the Temperance hall last night.

An old man named Moore, a blacksmith at St. George committed suicide Friday of last week by hanging himself to a tree in the woods.

On Saturday evening of last week the dwelling house of David Ferguson at Gagetown and the store of Ebbett K. Neales were destroyed by fire. Partially insured.

Messrs. S. E. & R. Sanson's new steam mill at Stanley was burned to the ground Sunday. All its contents were destroyed. A carload of shingles was also burned. No insurance.

An organ recital and sacred concert will be held in St. Paul's church on Monday evening next, the 15th inst. Master Fred Blair, the boy organist, of St. Andrews church, St. John, will take part.

The C. P. R. has opened an office in Moncton for the display of North West products, etc. J. Heber Haslem will have charge, and Moncton will be the headquarters for the Maritime Provinces.

It is rumored that Mr. John W. Wetmore of the legal firm of Hughes & Wetmore, has been appointed claim agent on the C. P. R. in place of Wesley Hoyt, who resigned and is now running on the postal car service of the C. P. R.

At Moncton a lad named White, twelve years old, swallowed a toy whistle some days ago. It stuck in his throat and the body is slowly starving to death. The only nourishment he can take is milk, which slowly drops through a hole in the whistle.

Last Saturday night about ten o'clock Norton was visited by a serious fire. The block in which were situated Perkin's Bros'. general store and dwelling house, Dr. Lawson's residence and barn and another resident was completely destroyed. All the persons are heavy losers.

Mrs. Thos. McLaughlan, of Curryville, Albert Co., on last Friday attempted to commit suicide by hanging herself with with a skein of yarn. When found she was lying on the floor in an unconscious state, and has continued in a critical condition. It is doubtful if she recovers from her self-inflicted injuries. It is understood she has been somewhat deranged, the effects of la grippe, from which she has been suffering lately.

MURDERED THROUGH JEALOUSY.

A Boston Colored Man Shoots His Wife.

Emily Bell, colored aged 25 was fatally shot Wednesday morning by her husband Oliver Bell at her home on Garden Street, Boston. They had attended a ball at one of the West end dance houses and Mrs. Bell aroused her husband's jealousy by drinking with other men and refusing to go home when he wanted her to do so.

Coming and Going.

Mr. John A. Bowes, of the St. John Gazette, was at the Barker this week.

Mr. Frank Miles, of Montana, arrived in this city on Wednesday for a short visit. His wife who has been visiting friends at Maugerville, will accompany him on his return.

Mr. Bert Holyoke of Woodstock is in the city.

Jas. S. Neill, E. Allen, T. G. Loggie and H. C. Rutter are the Fredericton skips who go to St. John to-day to play the St. Andrew's and Thistle curling clubs.

At the City Hall.

On Tuesday next at the City Hall the physical culture class of the St. John Y. M. C. A., will give an entertainment, consisting of gymnatic exercises, dumb bell drill, bar performances, tumbling, Roman pyramids, club swinging, etc. The performance will conclude with a grand tug of war between the U. N. B. boys and the Y. M. C. A. team. They carry their own orchestra and number in all 20 persons.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

What the Gossips have to Remark about

The Trend of Matters Political Parliamentary or Otherwise.

Some Touch-and-Go notices of all Mentionable Manner of Things.

The American market for fresh fish is poor. No. 1 fresh mackerel are worth only 7 to 8 cents each; last year they were in demand at 15 cents. Only nine cents per pound is offered for fresh salmon.

* * * *

Daniel McDonald and Fred McGoldrick who were captured by the policemen in the cellar of Geo. H. Davis's drug store, were released yesterday afternoon, getting off with a reprimand from the police magistrate, which, it is hoped, will do them good.

* * * *

Thursday there was an argument before the Chief Justice in the case of Weldon et al vs. Messrs. William Parks & Son, Limited, et al. A summons had been taken out on behalf of the plaintiffs, calling upon the defendants to show cause why a settlement of the minutes of the order, made by the chief Justice on the application of the company, to direct the receiver to take proceedings against the Bank of Montreal for contempt, should not be set aside or varied, on two grounds: First, that the order stays the proceedings longer than was intended by His Honor; second, that the order was made at chambers, and that the clerk had no right to settle the minutes. The Solicitor General showed cause. Mr. Geo. F. Gregory, Q. C., and Mr. A. P. Barnhill appeared for the plaintiffs and the Bank of Montreal in support of the rule. The Chief Justice considers. In the course of the argument, His Honor intimated, as Judge Palmer entertained so strong an opinion that he (the Chief Justice) should hear the application of the company against the Bank of Montreal in respect to the contempt, he would reconsider his decision and would hear the matter.

* * * *

The annual conversazione and promenade concert, given by the students of the New Brunswick University, took place at the college building on Thursday evening and was an enjoyable affair. The large hall on the main floor was used for dancing, and was very handsomely decorated with evergreens and flags. Among those present were the following ladies and gentlemen: Bishop and Mrs. Kingdon, Chief Justice Sir John Allen, Mayor and Mrs. Beckwith, Mrs. E. B. Winslow, Mrs. Hilton Green, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fenety, Mrs. J. Black, Professors Bailey, Stockley, Duff and Hatt, Colonel Marsh, Miss Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt, Captain Hemming, Mr. and Mrs. Hilyard, Major Buchan, the Misses Rainsford, Miss Straton, Mr. Walter Fenety, Mr. H. V. Bridges, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilson, Mrs. and Miss Hatt, Mrs. Jas. Gibson, Miss Howland, Mrs. and Miss Sherman, Mr. F. Sherman, Mr. Schofield, Mr. Jasper Winslow, Mr. Loring Bailey, Mrs. George Babbit; the Misses Babbitt, and Mr. T. Rainsford. The F. O. M. W. orchestra played a fine programme of 18 dances, some of which were heartily encored, making the list of dances much longer. A nice supper was served during the entire evening, which was, as usual on such occasions, very liberally patronized. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison and the other professors and their ladies were most attentive and made everyone feel at home. The affair broke up at two o'clock.

HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

Twenty People Locked Up in a Burning Car—Eighteen Lose their Lives.

Additional particulars of the railway disaster on the line from Bucharest to Brakilov, Roumania, show it to have been a scene of unexampled horror. Twenty people, belonging to the better class of the community, were locked in a first-class carriage in the express train. The interior of the carriage took fire while the train was speeding along, and before the cries and screams of the imprisoned passengers attracted attention the flames seemed to be bursting from the windows. All but two were either suffocated or burned to death.

To Avoid Railway Accidents.

Rev. S. J. Doucett, of Shippegan, has taken out letters patent in Canada and the United States for an invention of his called the Automatic Railway Signalizing apparatus, by the use of which the engineer of a moving train will be notified if any other train is on the same track, ahead or behind, within an unsafe distance. It will also warn the engineer of any train whether a switch on the main line has become misplaced. It is a safe guard against defective bridges, that is, bridges which may have become unsafe through serious causes. It is also a safe guard against land slides or any heavy obstacles that may fall upon the track. In fact, it can be utilized as a sure safe guard against all the common accidents which are happening on our railways. It was on exhibition in the parliament buildings this week.

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER,

SPORTING NEWS.

All Sorts.

The second series of games in the Jones cup competition will be played Saturday at the St. Andrew's rink.

J. McAuliffe, champion pugilist, and Jim Nelson, have been arrested for giving a so-called exhibition fight at a theatre in Montreal.

The three-mile skating race between Wilson Breen and Sim Dingee, which is to take place next Tuesday evening in the Palace Rink, St. John, promises to be one of the most interesting skating events of the season. The skaters are both very speedy and evenly matched and are experts at getting round corners. Dalton and Ramsay are to skate the same evening.

The Turf.

Foxhall, the American horse that electrified England and France by winning the Bessarewitch, Cambridgeshire and Grand Prix in 1881, is to be brought back to America and placed in the stud.

The price paid by A. H. Moore, of Colmar, Pa., for Palo Alto Belle at the Lexington sale on Monday was $15,100. Mr. Moore also bought Mary Marshall and Palo Alto Belle's colt. He paid $14,500 for Worth, brother to Sunol, some weeks ago.

Foxhall Keene, the famous horseman, is dying from the effects of an accident received in Ireland recently. Foxhall Keene is one of the best known young men in New York. He is known and recognized as one of the best men riders in the world. He was the modest son of an indulgent millionaire and a model man. James R. Keene named the famous horse Foxhall after his son.

THE RING.

Jack M'Auliffe Acquitted.

At Montreal, Jack McAuliffe, world's champion light-weight, and his sparring partner, Nelson, were acquitted by the recorder Wednesday, of any intention to violate bye-laws against prize fighting.

Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider and Billy Plummer, the English bantam weight, have been matched to fight to a finish for $1,000 a side.

John L. Sullivan is in Denver with his company. He has been on a big 'tear' ever since arriving in the city. The big champion surrendered to Bacchus Thursday night, and left the Broadway Theatre where he was acting and visited the Tabor Grand, where Stuart Robson was holding forth. Sullivan fought his way onto the stage in the midst of a scene, and seizing Robson's hand exclaimed; 'Shake with Honest Hearts and Willing Hands." As the audience 'caught on' they raised a great applause, and Sullivan started to make his little speech, but was removed by the stage hands.

ATTEMPTED MURDER,

Of a Commercial Traveller on the C. P. R Wednesday Night.

Formal information was made Thursday morning in the police court at St. John, by Mr. Arthur G. Young, against Patrick J. Raftery, for attempting to shoot him on the C. P. R. train on Wednesday night. Raftery was brought before the magistrate, and when the charge against him had been read, he said, "Your Honor, it's a deliberate lie."

The first witness called was Conductor Millican, who identified the prisoner as a passenger on the train Wednesday night. On the journey between Petitcodiac and Sussex he heard a scuffle in the vestibule of the car. The door being nearly open he saw two passengers were in a clinch. He ran to see what was the matter, and as soon as he opened the door he separated them, and made the prisoner sit down on a chair. The prisoner asked Mr. Young how long he was going to stay in the toilet, if he stayed in there all night the passengers would think he was dead. When Mr. Young came out witness told the prisoner he could go in then. He went in but came immediately out. He was standing talking to Mr. Young when the prisoner approached them. He struck Mr. Young in the face. Mr. Young struck him back and they then clinched. Witness took Mr. Young away from the prisoner, and almost immediately some one call out: "Look out; he has a revolver." Witness turned and saw the prisoner with a revolver in his hand. He caught his arm and almost immediately the revolver went off. The prisoner had the revolver pointing toward the floor when it went off. Witness took the revolver from the prisoner. When he was trying to get the revolver from him, witness thought he said that he would kill Young.

The prisoner, who is his own counsel, asked if Mr. Millican knew that he presumed that Mr. Young was employed in circulating reports derogatory to his character, and was telling the passengers that he was a sucker.

Mr. Arthur G. Young was examined. He told of how he had entered the toilet room, and while inside heard some person knock at the door. He said he opened it, and seeing Raftery standing outside, asked him to come in, remarking that there was plenty of room for two. Raftery refused to enter, and said he would remain where he was until Mr. Young was ready to come out, and told him to hurry up. Witness then shut the door and on its being kicked opened it, and asked Raftery what he wanted. Raftery did not reply but kicked him near the abdomen. Witness could not say whether he hit Rafferty with his hand, but he did butt him with his head. He clinched with the prisoner and was repeatedly kicked about the legs. The conductor pushed the prisoner towards a seat and the latter got up and went to the toilet room. When he returned witness was standing at the door apologizing to the conductor for having created a disturbance in the car. He thought the affair was settled, but it was not so. The prisoner walked up behind him and dealt him a blow in the face, at the same time saying: "I'll fix you, you—" Witness wheeled quickly round, and hit his assailant four or five times. The latter backed off from him, and the conductor jumped between the two. Witness heard somebody say, "He's got a revolver," and then the words, "Clear the gangway I'll shoot him!" from the prisoner. The conductor grappled with Raftery, and almost instantly the revolver exploded, the bullet striking the floor. Witness heard the prisoner remark that he would kill him.

After the evidence had been all taken, the prisoner being asked if he had anything to say, arose and said: "The charge is absolutely false and I am not guilty." He was under the speedy trial act yesterday.

THE WORLD OVER.

The Spirit of the Press of all Countries.

A Synoptc History of the Times.

Stemmed and Arranged for every-day Convenience.

Five thousand printers are out of work in Germany, 1000 of whom are in Berlin.

Rev. Dr. Hanna, a leader of the Irish Presbyterians, died at Belfast last week.

Gauther, Liberal M. P. for L'Assomption, admitted bribery by agents, and Judge Gill annulled the election.

At Winnipeg the other day Fredda Stevenson was caught in an elevator and was almost torn in two. She died from her injuries.

The trade returns just printed at Ottawa, show the value of the export of eggs to England last year was $83,598; to the United States, $1, 076,070.

Rev. Thos. R. Lambert, D. D., one of the oldest Episcopal ministers in Massachusetts, and for thirty years rector of Charlestown, died on Feb. 4 at the Hotel Oxford, Boston.

Secretary of State Blaine has written to J. S. Clarkson that he is not a candidate for the presidency and his name will not go before the republican national convention for nomination.

John K. Knox, ex-comptroller of the treasury and president of the National Bank of the Republic, of New York, died from pneumonia at 2.30 o'clock Monday afternoon at his residence.

The commission recently issued to Mr. Gobell, as deputy minister of public works Ottawa, is written in the French language, and is the first so issued to a deputy minister since the Dominion of Canada was formed.

While two farmers of Petrolea, Ont., named John McGregor and John Morrison, were crossing the railroad track in a covered buggy, they were struck by the train. McGregor was instantly killed and Morrison badly injured.

Carlyle W. Harris, who poisoned his wife, was sentenced to death by Recorder Smith, of New York, on Monday last. The execution is to take place during the week beginning March 21st. The motion for a new trial was denied.

Messrs. Field, Lindley, Weicher & Co., of New York, through the assignee of Charles W. Gould, filed schedules, the other day in the court of common pleas; liabilities secured, $1,073,895; unsecured, $2,078,846; nominal assets, $1,917,786; actual assets, $39,326.

Alice Mitchell, the slayer of Fredda Ward at Memphis, Tenn., when informed by her lawyers that she would escape the gallows, became frantic, and said that she looked forward to the day when she would be hanged as the happiest of all, as beyond the gallows she would once more meet Fredda Ward. She became terribly dispondent and fears are entertained that she will commit suicide.

Whilst dancing at a reception given by the Pittsburg club in honor of the re-opening of their new club house, Miss Kittie Shaw, daughter of a prominent physician, of Pittsburg, dropped dead at 3.30. o'clock. Miss Shaw was about 23 years of age and a great favorite in her set. She danced frequently during the night and was taking the final waltz when she threw up her hands and fell lifeless to the floor.

A shocking incident, changing a scene of festivity into one of horror and mourning, occured the other evening at the home of Herr Hirsch, a merchant of Berlin. The merchant and his wife were celebrating their silver wedding in the presence of a large company of friends, when, at the moment of rising to respond to the toast of the evening in honor of the happy event, Herr Hirsch was seized with apoplexy and fell to the floor a corpse. The shock to his wife was so great that she has since passed from one fainting spell to another, and is thought to be dying.

An intimate friend of the Prince of Wales states that his royal highness desires to adopt the Princess May as his daughter. He is attracted to the young Princess, and the untimely death of the Duke of Clarence has seemed to create a strong bond of sympathy between the bereaved father and fiancee, Prince George is very attentive to May, and is often in her company. The possibility of George and May being married continues to be discussed and it is believed that if they desire to wed the Queen will absolve the princess from a good part of the traditional five years' period of mourning and allow an early betrothal.

Both the Emperor and Empress of Austria were too ill, says Edmond Yates in the New York Tribune, to go to the funeral of the Empress's mother, who died last week at the age of eighty-six, having survived her husband nearly four years. The Empress is now in Istria, and her medical attendants are very anxious as to the possible effect of her mother's death on her mind and health. The Princess Louise Wilhelmina was a woman of strong character and great energy. She inherited none of the peculiarities of the Bavarian royal family, and always exercised a salutary influence on her daughter, whose eccentricities she often checked at the opportune moment. She spent nearly her whole life in Munich, where she was born, during all the troubles occasioned by the invasions of Napoleon 1.

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Three Persons Killed in a Drunken Row at a Dance.

United States Deputy Marshal Sperry reported a horrible tragedy which happened at a country dance near Gordonville, Putnam County, Tenn., as a result of which three persons, George White, his wife, Mrs. Mary White, and Sam Donelson, were killed in a drunken row. The dance was given as a leap-year affair. A number of toughs were present and began filling up with whiskey early in the evening.

The respectable element at the ball refused to affiliate with the rowdies and soon after midnight the latter began interfering with the dancing. Donelson and White ordered them away, but were met with oaths and curses, and the larger part of the gang drew weapons.

White struck at one of the toughs, but did not hit him. Mrs. White, seeing her husband's peril, rushed to his side and was shot through the head. The enraged husband and Donelson were both shot down while fighting the roughs.

A REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP AND ALL DISEASES OF THROAT AND LUNGS

BLACK BOTTLE

PREPARED ONLY BY C. FRED. CHESTNUT, APOTHECARY, 308 QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON, N. B.

SCOTT ACT DEFEAT.

St. John County Gives a Majority Against the Act.

The Scott Act vote took place Wednesday in the outside parishes of St. John county, and the act was rejected by 195 majority. The vote is as follows:—

	For the Act	Against Act.
LANCASTER.		
Fairville	87	115
Beaconsfield	17	39
Milford	60	120
Pisarinco	35	33
ST. MARTINS.		
Middleton	85	17
West Quaco	37	27
Hardingville	19	18
Grier Settlement	60	32
SIMONDS.		
Black River	27	37
Red Head	8	41
The Three Mile House	13	110
Loch Lomond	12	74
MUSQUASH.		
Musquash	60	55

The vote polled, as will be seen, was a small one. There were 2,430 qualified to vote.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing

THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. Brockville, Ont.

THE PEOPLE'S BANK OF N. B.

A DIVIDEND of 4 percent on the capital stock of this Bank for the half year ended 31st ult., will be payable to the Stockholders at the Bank on or after **Monday, 1st February.**

J. W. SPURDEN, Cashier.

NOTICE!

THE Tinsmith and Plumbing business lately carried on by the firm of Limerick and Duncan, having been dissolved, it will be carried on under the name of A. Limerick & Son.

J. R. LIMERICK.

All work promptly attended to and satisfaction given.

Fredericton, N. B., Oct. 2nd, 1891.

NO USE!

This Beats Them All.

A ONE DAY Striking Clock,

(WARRANTED) For Only

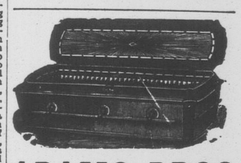
-: $2.85. :-

☞ This offer is only good for 30 days. If you want a clock it will pay you to buy NOW.

Remember the Place.

J. D. FOWLER,

Opp. Post Office.



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☞ Everything Required in the Undertaking Line, We Have. ☜

Orders from City or Country Promptly Attended to Day or Night.

☞ A First-class Hearse in Connection. ☜

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A CHOICE LINE OF FURNITURE AT PRICES THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

Telephone, No. 26.

Opp Queen Hotel, - - F'ton, N. B.

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—ON—

Regent Street.

☞ Teleghone Connection No. 91

Fresh Fish at All times. Next Door you can get P. E. I. Oysters and Bay de Vin Oysters served in the Latest Styles.

PARSONS & WILKS.

Overcoats!

Overcoats!!

Overcoats!!!

THE LARGEST STOCK.

THE BEST STYLES.

THE LOWEST PRICES

C. H. Thomas & Co.,

224 QUEEN STREET.

AWAY A-HEAD.

What is Away Ahead?

Why, Our Stock of Hanging Lamps!

We have an Immense Variety of Beautiful Designs, and at the Lowest Prices.

ASK TO SEE THEM.

Our Wonderful Sale of $20.00 Bedroom Setts still continues. Then We have One All Hardwood with a Perfectly True Mirror for $14.75.

LEMONT -:- & -:- SONS.

POOR DOCUMENT

KATE VALLIANT.

—OR—

With -:-the -:- Circus !

(Continued.)

'Ah! yes,' Admiral Beaufort said hastily, fearing that Mrs. Carroll was going to pour forth the whole story of Lady Teresa's wrongs for Miss Valliant's benefit. 'Heatherly didn't behave well I've heard, about money when Lady Teresa married him. He thought she was dear enough at the price of the settlements, and she thought he ought to pay her father's debts. For my part, I——'

Kate heard no more, for at that momenth er attention was claimed by her brother.

'Come down with me,' he said' and, as she slipped away by his side, he added in an undertone:

'I'm taking you to a sister, Kate; Blanche has promised to trust herself to the guardianship of a rough country bumpkin, and I am the lucky man.'

'She's the still luckier girl! Kate cried clasping Philip's arm very closely.

'Phil, dear, I hope she'll like it all—Hasselton, and Nell Gwynn and me.'

He had no time to answer her, for Blanche was coming to meet them.

'This room is given to our people who pretend they find themselves refreshed by mamma's tepid ices and boiled tea,' she began, drawing the dining room door gently to shut hersely off from the people and the refreshments she was describing so disparagingly. 'And upstairs it's all disharmony, and Lady Teresaism Come and see me to-morrow, Miss Valliant—if you care to see me, that is?'

'Of course I care, after what Philip has just told me,' Kate answered a little coldly.

'How prettily dutiful and sisterly Miss Carroll laughed musically; 'for my part, if I had a brother like Wyndham and he told me something about a girl that I presume Mr. Wyndham has just told you about me, I should not care to see more than I could possibly help of the intruder.'

'I shouldn't like to believe you,' Kate said.

'You wouldn't—why not?'

'I wouldn't for my brother's sake first, and for yours and my own afterwards.'

Blanche lifted her eyebrows a hair's breadth in response to this, held her hand out to Kate, and then to Philip calmly, and said merely:

'You're going I see. These At Homes are things to flee from as soon as one can I admit. To-morrow we shall meet?——till then, good-bye.'

'May I call at twelve? Won't you ride? Philip asked eagerly.

'Ride! Oh, no! not till I have a horse my own, thank you, Mr. Wyndham.'

She made a step towards the stairs as she spoke, and the accepted lover of ten minutes' standing had no excuse for detaining her another moment it seemed. So with rather a sadly uttered, 'Now, Kate,' he bowed himself a little awkwardly out of the presence of the stately lady of his love. For her part she walked leisurely enough up past the drawing-room door to the top of the next flight of stairs, then with almost a bound she reached the seclusion of her own chamber.

'Thank the Lord for deliverance from this bondage of poverty and tedium,' she said triumphantly, as she flung herself on a sofa, with broken springs, that stood at the foot of her bed. 'He's a bit of rough gold, but malleable I do believe. His sister might be a nuisance to some people. I'll take care she never is to me. I'll take care of that from the first.'

She sat there, externally motionless, but with a throbbing heart, for about ten minutes. It was part of the plan of this girl's life to make those nearest to her and most intimate with her believe that her composure was as absolute and real as it seemed to be. So now she sat still, and heard the majority of her mother's guests depart, with much banging of cab doors, before she went down to face her family. Then she walked into the drawing room, saying—

'Mamma, rather than endure another hour of that appalling Lady Teresa and her exasperating companion, I'll go to bed when you have your next At Home. Louisa! you here still! What nerves you have.'

'I stayed to see you rehersa the first bit of your new part; don't wink at me dear' (the admiral hastily disavowed any action of the kind), 'I knew Blanche wouldn't come and honestly ask for good wishes and congratulations on her great success.'

The married sister's manner was kinder than her words. She strove to take out whatever sting there might be for Blanche in these latter by a hearty kiss to which Blanche submitted with the same graceful indifference she had displayed towards Kate Valliant's advances.

'What do you mean by 'my great success'? ' she asked.

'Having killed Cock Robin with your little arrow.'

'If I have killed him, I am sure it's by accident. I haven't aimed at him.'

'Really, Blanche, if I were not so well pleased at this, the best thing you've ever done in your life, I could find it in my heart to be angry with you for your 'vain pretence,'' Mrs. Beaufort said impatiently. 'You didn't aim straight at him, perhaps, but why should you pretend that he has dropped at your feet, wounded by a chance shot, when we all know that our efforts to entertain him when he was in town before, and mamma's At home to-day were the munitions we put into your hands to make war against him.'

'Don't be too hard on my stupidity,' Blanche said, quietly. 'I had no idea that Mr. Wyndham had been driven and lured to 'my feet' (as you call his asking me to marry him) by my relatives. I thought he came voluntarily.'

'Now, now, my dear Louy!' Admiral Beaufort interposed deprecatingly.

'Pray don't check any little ebullition of aggrieved feeling on Louy's part; I can bear being cavilled at for retaining my mental balance, even though a man has been found ready to marry me; indeed, I'm only following my elder sister's example; she didn't show the slightest elation when you proposed to her, I remember.'

All this Blanche said with an unruffled gracious manner, that was perfect to look upon id itself, but, regarded as an indication of the marble heart beneath that regularly heaving breat, it was not so satisfactory to her mother.

'I wish you would let yourself be a little more natural, my dear; especially at such times as these, when such honor and fortune has been offered you, as we ought all to be grateful for.'

'Such times as these, mamma! Louy will remind you that it's the first time anything of the kind has been offered to me, even if I didn't disclaim having had any previous experience,' Blanche laughed, and with the lighter tone she used, the family jar ceased.

'I suppose his sister knew it before they left, didn't she?' Mrs. Carroll asked.

'Yes,' Blanche said carelessly; 'Mr. Wyndham is a little romantic, I should imagine; he seemed to think that I should stand in the passage in a draught and develope sisterly feelings towards Miss Valliant on the spot.'

'What a revelation you'll be to him, Blanche,' Mrs. Beaufort said, with feigned admiration; 'it will be a pretty sight, that of the fine young countryman's plastic mind being moulded anew by your cool' clever hands. When you've been married to him a year, he'll know better than to expect to see you develope sisterly affection to any one, either in or out of a draught.'

'You and I have always agreed and been happy together, Louy!'

'So we have,' Mrs. Beaufort replied heartily; and she refrained from adding that perhaps the agreement would have been less perfect, and the happiness less undisturbed, if she herself had not been the source from which countless boons, benefits, pleasures and favours flowed to Blanche.

* * * *

Meanwhile, Mr. Wyndham and his sister had driven back to the quiet family hotel in Norfolk Street, where they were staying.

Kate had felt thankful all the way back, that the rattle of the wheels gave her a fair excuse for keeping silent on the event of the day. For intuition told her that it was no matter of congratulation to her brother or herself.

To do her justice, this last consideration did not weigh with her in her endeavor to come to something like a correct estimate of Blanches Carroll's character. If she could be happy in her own relations with Philip's wife, it would be so much the better. But from the first, that this would not be the case, was the conviction forced home upon her. But, after putting herself out of the question entirely, she still felt painfully sure that she would have no cause for contentment, in her brother's happiness with this handsome girl whom he had chosen.

All her experience of her brother Philip taught her that he was an earnest, unselfish, true and tender hearted fellow, who could never wear a mask nor play a part. How would it be with him when he discovered that his wife habitually did both?

'She was acting all the time; I didn't think it even, till he took me to her 'as her sister,' and then I knew it all in a moment,' Kate thought as she stole a glance at his proud, happy face; 'he wants me to be interested in everything about the place, from the tenants down through the stables and kennels, to the last shrubs he's had planted, and the last prize pig he's bought. And she'll never show interest in anything, unless she thinks to gain something by it.'

Her meditations were cut short at this juncture, by Philip saying—

'After dinner, Kate, we'll go, if you like, and see uncle and aunt Laurence. I think they ought to hear of my engagement at once; I don't like keeping anyone in the dark about what I am doing. Will you like to go, dear?'

'Yes, Phil.' Kate always 'liked' to go wherever Philip wished to take her, and moreover the Laurence Wyndhams, though they were no relations of hers, had always treated her as if she were their niece and Philip's sister in truth.

'I should like them to come to Hasselton as soon as I can get Mrs. Carroll and Blanche to fix a time for their visit,' the young man went on in a state of happy excitement, 'we'll have a house full of people, and show Blanche that she's not quite going into exile in coming to the old place.'

'She will hardly imagine that she is, I should think; after Boomerang Road, Hasselton will be a very sunny and sweet Siberia.'

'My dear child, your life-long recollections are of the dear old place you must remember. Blanche won't have any sentiment about it, beyond the sentiment that the man she has honored with her love is its owner, don't you see?'

'Yes, I shouldn't think that Miss Carroll was sentimental.'

'She's not a bit,' he cried delightedly. 'A sentimental wife would have been a ghastly nuisance, so it's lucky I didn't lose my head in such a direction. Aunt Laurence can help you a good deal if she will come down; she might take some of the housekeeping off your hands, and leave you free to do more of the elegant entertaining and amusing our guests.'

'I shouldn't like Mrs. Laurence Wyndham or any one else to interfere a bit with the house keeping that I've managed so many years," Kate laughed good-temperedly. Then she remembered that Blanche Carroll would soon take it out of her hands by right and added more soberly:

"I mean I shouldn't like to see the reins in anyone else's hands, till I give them over to your wife, Phil.'

'And that won't be like giving them up at all, will it?' he said affectionately, 'your two girls will always pull together, I know.'

('Any way, I'll never pull in opposition to her, for his sake: for if I do, she will make him suffer, knowing that's the surest way to hurt me.'

The Laurence Wyndhams lived in a handsome house in a handsome square in South Kensington. They had dined about two hours before their nephew Philip and his sister came in, and were spending a typical family evening in the massively furnished drawing-room, in which all things seemed riveted to their respective places, so seldom was the position of any of them altered.

Mr. Laurence Wyndham, the head of the house, sat in a capacious chair by the clearly burning fire in the highly polished steel grate. He was a tall, large man, but there was no flabby superfluous flesh about him. His face was clean shaven. The expression of his light grey eyes was keen and calculating. His pose even as he sat at rest by his own hearth, reading his evening paper, with the consciousness that there would be no further call upon his intellect or energy this day, betokened that he was an active, strong, persevering, man, well able to grasp any situation that was submitted to his observation. A prosperous solicitor with a large paying practice, he rarely troubled himself about the possibility of his ever succeeding to the family estate of Hasselton. That his nephew would marry, have sons, and cut him—Mr. Laurence Wyndham—out of the property, seemed the right and natural sequence of things, and he was well satisfied that this should be the case. But his wife and daughter held different views.

Mrs. Laurance Wyndham had for many a year resolved that if the skill and will of woman could compass such a thing, her nephew Philip should marry her daughter Frederica; and her daughter, without having any special desire to please her mother, had tacitly endorsed the latter's determination.

They were not an attractive pair, this mother and daughter, and yet there was something interesting about them. Mrs. Wyndham had married young, before her judgement had been sufficiently formed to grasp the facts, that outside his profession her husband was a narrow-minded, egotistical, selfish and mean-spirited man; a man who loved display, and yet grudged expenditure; who liked power, not that he might wield it for the good of his fellow men, but that he might inflict exactly the amount of pain and humiliation which he deemed fit upon them; a man who was ambitious for the welfare of his son and daughter, not from any affection for them, but because the sound of the words 'how wel! Laurence Wyndham's children have done, would sound pleasant in Laurence Wyndham's own ears. A man who cared for his wife, just exactly in proportion as she conduced to his comfort, or the consideration in which he was held by the world. A man who worshipped the owners of wealth, rank and lands servilely, though in politics he was an avowed Liberal. A man who thought that by tyrannizing over his household, he was proving good his claim to be a competent ruler over many. Lastly, and chiefly, a man whom his wife and children distrusted—and deceived, whenever they could do so with fancied impunity to themselves.

The son Godfrey, a many of twenty-five or six, was merely a clerk in his father's office as yet. This was by way of keeping him in subjection. 'If I took him into partnership he would have his own way, now he must take mine,' Mr. Laurence Wyndham told his wife when she dared to make a maternal appeal for her only son to be rendered more independent than the stipend of the clerkship allowed him to be.

'I wonder he doesn't go away and leave you Laurence,' the mother said angrily, and her husband did not resent her anger; it amused him to see that he had the power to hurt the mother through the son.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS FRED.

'Philip! and Kate! Why didn't you come to dinner?' Mrs. Laurence Wyndham cried after her easily agitated fashion, bustling and fussing about, as if their arriving just when they did arrive—neither an hour earlier or later—was about as inopportune an occurrence as could well have been devised. Her conception of hospitality was a good one. She really desired to 'do all she could' towards the comfort of every tenant, permanent or temporary, within her gates. But her execution of this conception was inadequate not to say faulty, by reason of that spirit of fussiness which permeated all she did and said. The habit her husband had of cavilling at, or rowing for her, every word and action, reacted on her to this extent, that she, in turn, good naturedly but excitedly questioned, and volubly differed from the course of conduct pursued by every one else, whom she dared to assail with a dissentient or adverse opinion. In this she only displayed the essential human quality of kicking where she dared. For the rest she was amiable in a common place, selfish way, willing always to make sacrifices of time, money and personal convenience for her own children, and rather apt to think that the rest of the world failed in its duty, if it did not imitate her in this respect.

By the time Philip and Kate had exonerated themselves from the implied charge of want of consideration in not having come to dinner, another figure had appeared upon canvas—a slight, rather, short girl, with a fair pale face, surmounted by a fluffy crop of fair, pale hair, a pair of cynical blue eyes, and a general air of self-complacency, dashed with discontent at her surroundings.

'We are very glad to see you now, though you didn't come to dinner, Philip and Kate,' she began in clear cutting tones. 'Why mother should begin reproaching you at once, is, as usual, beyond me. When did you come up?'

'Yesterday,' Philip, to whom her question was chiefly addressed, replied.

'Yesterday! and you haven't found your way to us till to-night?' Mrs. Wyndham said pettishly. That is to say, her words and manner were pettish, but her intention was merely to express affectionate regret.

'You always seem to forget, mamma, that Philip at Kate have other friends in town,' Miss Wyndham put in raspingly, 'and very attractive friends, too, I should imagine, judging from the fact that they have been powerful enough to draw you away from the last of the hunting.'

She shot her arrow into the air, but Philip, happily conscious, ingenious Philip, fancied that she aimed at him.

'I'll tell you presently, what brought me—or rather whom I came to see,' he answered in a confidential wisper, and his cousin Frederica's pale cheeks flushed a little, and her cynical blue eyes softened with a gleam of happy expectancy.

'Come and look at my primroses in the conservatory, Philip,' she said in her softest tones. As he had something to say to her, she was resolved to give him an opportunity of saying it without any further delay. It could be only one thing, she told herself triumphantly—the one thing she had been waiting for more or less impatiently all her grown-up life. She could not refrain from darting a meaning glance at her mother, and that glance showed her that Mrs. Wyndham augured as favorably from Philip's manner as she (Frederica) did herself. Mrs. Wyndham colored up nervously, and began speaking 'fast and excitedly to Kate.'

Such a girl as Fred is for flowers—she will run off with every one who comes to the house at once to see them. And the fuss she makes about these primroses especially is quite amusing, just because she brought the roots from 'dear Hasselton' as she calls it; and I'm sure I quite agree with her, for a dearer, sweeter place than Hasselton I never saw.'

'Phil wants you all to come and stay with him this summer,' Kate said, unconsciously fanning the flame of maternal hope and ambition which the action of Philip in thus retiring to the conservatory with her daughter, had just lit in Mrs. Wyndham's heart. Again the color mounted high in Mrs. Wyndham's face, and without any apparent cause (to Kate), she forthwith fell into a fluster.

'Laurence—Mr. Wyndham! Do you hear what Kate is saying? No! there you are, absorbed in your dry old paper, and not attending or caring a bit about your own child—I mean your own relations and visitors. Kate is saying that Philip (dear fellow) wants us to go and stay at Hasselton. So delightful, won't it be? Dear Fred will be overjoyed when she hears it.'

'Does he want us to start to-night? because I refuse to turn out,' Mr. Wyndham grumbled.

'Now, Laurence, how can you be so disagreeable, such a wet blanket?' Mr. Wyndham remonstrated, while Kate laughingly explained:

'Indeed no, Philip has no such design upon your comfort to-night; he only said to me coming along this evening that he should try and persuade you all to come and stay at Hasselton when the Carroll's are there.'

'And who may the Carroll's be?' Mrs. Wyndham questioned petulantly.

'Oh I forgot,' Kate cried, her beaming bright face clouding ominously, 'you don't know yet; we came to tell you that Phil is engaged to Miss Carroll, and he wants you all to know her as soon as possible.'

'Engaged!—to Miss Carroll!'

'Ha, ha, ha! Hasselton won't come in for so many endearing adjectives in future.'

The former ejaculatory sentence fell from the lips of Mrs. Wyndham in gasping accents, the latter derisive one from her husband.

'Yes, engaged to Miss Carroll. Her name is Blanche, and she is a great beauty,' Kate went on, ignoring Mrs. Wyndham's suffering, not from heartlessness, but from pre-occupation. The subject of her brother's approaching marriage was still a too newly sore one in her mind for her to give any thought to the bearing it would have on the minds of others. But for this Mrs. Wyndham's chagrin would have been patent and amusing to her.

'Then I must say Philip has behaved most unhandsomely, 'most' unhandsomely,' Mrs. Wyndham spluttered out. 'That Philip, our nephew and nearest relation, should be going to be married, and that we should be left to learn it from other lips than his own!'

'His lips are employed, you must remember, in imparting the pleasing intelligence to Fred.'

This callous reminder proceeded, it need scarcely be said, from Mr. Laurence Wyndham. He had never—as has been told—counted on possessing Hasselton himself, and though it would have pleased him well to see his daughter reigning there, it pleased him almost as well to witness his wife discomfiture at the prospect of another queen than Frederica coming to the cradle of the Wyndham race.

'Philip has treated us shamefully, and I shall always say it to every one I name the subject to. Oh, you needn't pretend to look so surprised, Kate; you must know as well as I do that he has behaved in a nasty underhand way.

Mrs. Wyndham chattered these out with much venom, for her mortification on behalf of her daughter was extreme. She had on various occasions given many of her most intimate friends to understand that Philip and Frederica were all but engaged, and in anticipation she had seen herself a frequent and honoured guest at Hasselton—without her husband.

In these three last words lie hid the subtle charm of the prospect that was now proved so fallacious. To be anywhere in peace and plenty without her husband, was to be in an earthly Paradise to Mrs. Wyndham. And this not because of any unseemly skittish propensities on her part, but because of the womanly yearning she had to be out of reach of his tyrannous temper and his taunting tongue. If to be 'anywhere' out of these things was joy to her, imagine what fulness of joy would have been her portion in the beautiful home of so amiable and acquiescent a son-in-law as Phliip would be sure to prove. The overthrow of such a basket of eggs as she had carried ever since Frederica had arrived at a marriageable age, was heart-breaking to her, poor woman, and in the first moments of her agony she betrayed her vain hopes, and laid bare her bitter disappointment.

'Poor Phil,' Kate quietly remonstrated 'he has been rash and hasty. Even I think that, but he hasn't been underhand!—he couldn't be underhand.'

'Oh, I've no patience with it all—but tell me about the girl, Kate, a designing creature to entrap him away—away from a suitable match.'

'Perhaps the designing creature's mother would hold the same opinion about your daughter, Mrs. Wyndham, if Fred had been the trapper,' her husband chuckled out, and his wife could not definitely decide which she loathed most—his tigerish temper when it was roused or his hilarity now that she was so sorely discomfited.

In the conservatory the primroses had good reason to consider themselves neglected.

'See, here they are—the same roots I brought up from Hasselton last May; haven't they flourished under my care, Phil?' Frederica had said when they first entered the conservatory. And as she spoke she pointed to two long brown salmon-baskets filled with primrose plants in luxuriant flower, that Miss Fred had by happy chance bought in Covent Garden the previous day.

'I didn't come here to look at the primroses, Fred. I came to talk to you about something more important.'

The young man, all aglow with thoughts of his recent successful wooing of his beautiful love, did not notice that the face of the girl by his side was radiant with 'the light that ne'er can shine again on life's dull stream.'

But this it was, for in her own cool, compressed, calculating fashion, Frederica loved her cousin Philip—independent of his claims to her regard as master of Hasselton! As far as such a practical girl can suffer herself to go, she had gone into the Fairyland of Hope about him. He was her love's young dream, her nearest approach to a hero. And now she told herself that her hope was to be realised, her dream to become a fair waking reality, and her hero to be her husband.

"What did you come to talk about, may I ask?'

She tried to speak indifferently, but it was not so easy for her to assume the care-for-nothing air which the beautiful stately Blanche could drape herself in at any moment.

'About the girl who is to be my wife!'

Unhappy—for Frederica—the honest-hearted young fellow couldn't even allude to his betrothed without betraying some slight emotion. He did so at this critical juncture, and still more unhappily for herself, Frederica thought she was the moving cause! Her self-possession deserted her. The words, from her point of view, sounded like a direct offer of marriage, and coming as they did on the top of her own and her mother's firm conviction that 'marriage' was the ultimate issue of her intimate friendship with Philip—they really sounded definite enough. The minute after he had spoken them Philip Wyndham for the second time in that eventful day found himself an accepted lover.

To be continued.

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