

Fredericton Globe.

VOL IV

FREDERICTON, N. B. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1893.

No 35

New Advertisements



New Drug Store.

NEW GOODS.

I am fully prepared for business, and invite the public to come and inspect my

Store. :-

MY STOCK OF

Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Fancy, Toilet and Miscellaneous Articles is complete,

and the Public will now find as full and Varied Selection as in any Drug Store in the city.

I am carrying a very choice line of English, French and American Perfumes, also a beautiful line of FANCY SOAPS.

The choicest Brands of Havana Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Pipes etc

Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

Alonzo Staples,

(Late of Davis, Staples & Co.)

2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLE'S BANK, - QUEEN STREET.

JUST OPENED!

A Large Stock of

Roller Blinds

OPAQUE, Plain and Bordered

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

W. T. H. Fenety

WHITE

SHRINKABLE BLANKETS

ALL WOOL

Dever - Bros.

1893. 1893.

F. W. WINTERS

House, Sign and Ornamental PAINTER AND GRAINER.

Graining done in Walnut, Cherry, Mahogany, Oak, Satin Wood, Hungarian Ash, Rose Wood, etc.

Doors Grained Price \$150 to 50 per Side

All work Guaranteed First-Class. Best Material used. Duty Competition.

F. W. WINTER.

May 21, 93-ly 68 Brunswick St.

LANDING.

Granulated and Yellow Sugars. Hungarian and Five Roses Flour

FOR SALE LOW.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

A FARMER'S HARD LUCK.

Meets with an Accident Followed by Painful Results.

Mr. N. B. Hughson Tells a Story of Years of Suffering and How he Found Relief.

The Circumstances Familiar to All His Neighbors.

From the Chatham Banner.

A Chatham Banner reporter while on news-gathering rounds a few days ago, dropped in to the well known drug store of Messrs. Pilkey & Co., and overheard scraps of conversation between customers, in which the words Pink Pills and the name Hughson were frequently repeated. With a reporter's instinct for a good news article, he asked for some particulars, and was told that if he called upon Mr. Hughson he would probably get a story well worth giving publicity. Mr. Hughson does a snug feed and sale stable business on Hatvey street and thither the reporter repaired, and was somewhat surprised to find the very antipodes of an invalid. Mr. Hughson is a man of medium height, about fifty years of age, born with a good constitution, and who, until some three years ago only knew the meaning of the word sickness from the dictionary. Mr. Hughson is a stationary agent by trade, and a good one, but some six years ago getting tired of that calling quitted it and rented a farm in Harwich. While returning from town one day on top of a load one of his horses stumbled, and Mr. Hughson was pitched head foremost to the hard, frozen roadway. When he got home and the blood was wiped away his external injuries seemed trifling, but the grave trouble was inside, and took the form of a violent and almost constant headache. A week later he went into the bush to cut wood, and felt at every stroke as if his head would burst. He worked for half an hour and then went home, and for eight weeks his right side was wholly paralyzed and his speech gone. After a time this wore off and he was able to go about the house, though he could not walk. All this time he was attended by a physician, whose treatment, however, seemed of but little avail. In the following June he had a second stroke and was not out of bed for seven weeks and was left very weak. The belief that he was doomed to be a burden on those near and dear to him, that he was unable to take his place as a bread-winner, added mental to his physical anguish. But relief was coming and in a form he had not expected. He saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and asked his physician about them. The latter said he had much faith in these remedies, but they would do no harm, and Mr. Hughson got a supply which he began taking according to directions. At the outset his wife was also opposed to them, but before he had taken them long she noticed an improvement in his condition, and then was quite as strong in urging him to continue their use, and even took them with good results following his gripe. Continuing the use of the pills, Mr. Hughson found his terrible headaches leaving him and his strength returning, and soon found he could do light work on the farm near his house. He still continued using the Pink Pills until he had taken fourteen boxes, and found himself fully restored to his old time strength. Mr. Hughson's old neighbors in Harwich never expected to see him on his feet again, and are astounded at his recovery, so much so that the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has spread far and near throughout the township, and are the standard remedy in many households. Mr. Hughson can be seen by any of our citizens and will only too gladly verify the foregoing statements. The reporter then called upon Messrs. Pilkey & Co. at the Central Drug Store. They do not, they informed him, make a practice of booming any proprietary medicine, so that the lead taken by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is not due to persistent puffing but to irresistible merit, and on all sides their customers speak of them in terms of warmest praise. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of influenza, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred), and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either address.

PARAGRAPHS

On all Subjects of Current Note at Home and Abroad.

ANECDOTES HAPPENINGS AND GENERAL COMMENTS.

Clipped and Condensed For the Readers of The Globe.

Chinese drink wine hot.

The balloon trade is slack.

Uncle Sam has 8000 banks.

Paris has 27,000 liquor bars.

France has 12,000 Americans.

Japan has one woman lawyer.

A Pullman car costs \$15,000.

Italy furnishes the finest coral.

New York has 2000 street cars.

An envelope cost 25 cents in 1830.

Kansas City will have a boulevard.

It takes 200 people to make a glove.

Maine is building its first steel ship.

Bengal enjoys three harvests yearly.

Rockland reports a 322-pound halibut.

A Eureka (Kan.) minister's name is Sin.

We smoke 3,000,000,000 cigarettes a year.

Long Island has 1300-acre poultry farm.

Texas has a 400,000-acre sheep ranch.

Chicago has a 60-inch photograph.

Gibraltar is to have an anamium bridge.

American funerals cost \$25,000,000 a year.

An ordinary piano contains a mile of wire.

Our bank deposits reach \$2,250,000,000.

European railroads have no grade crossings.

New York's Custom House employs 1730 men.

Needle consumption reaches 3,000,000 daily.

The world's railways are worth \$30,000,000,000.

Mexico employs \$360,000,000 of American capital.

Dr. W. Seward Webb is building a \$1,500,000 house.

Havre is to be the first European city with a trolley.

There are gold washings in almost every part of Idaho.

Germany has an army of 8,000,000 agricultural workers.

A dozen varies in number in different trades from 2 to 80.

There is enough iron in the blood of forty-eight men to make a twenty-four pound plowshare.

In Australia, it is said, telephonic messages have been successfully transmitted over wire fences.

Over 130,000 motherless chickens are daily turned out by incubators in the New England States.

Fifty-eight different varieties of wood form an attractive exhibit by California at the World's Fair.

An Italian railroad laborer's board bill amounting to \$30, was paid in a Maine town last week entirely in cents.

The inventor of the rubber tip for lead pencils is said to have realized \$100,000 for this apparently trifling device.

The Stupendous Congregation of Calthumpian and Pandemonium Consternation Serenaders is a musical organization of Greene Me.

Only five persons lost their lives on British railways in 1891, but there was a slaughter of railway servants. Over 500 employees were killed and more than 3000 injured.

A London inventor has projected a vast water scheme to enable the gold deposits in the interior of Western Australia to be worked with advantage—this by means of artesian well water.

Chamberlain, S. D. has the largest artesian well in the world. The flow is 8000 gallons a minute. The well is eight inches in diameter and the water is thrown 14 feet above the top of the pipe.

While the Vanderbilts, supposing them to be worth \$200,000,000 could buy more than 312 tons of gold, they have not money enough to purchase at its present market price two tons of gallium.

The gold miners of Peru were so rich that Atahualpa, to buy his ransom, filled a room 22 by 17 feet to a height of nine feet with golden vessels. When melted they produced \$15,480,710 of gold.

Camphor is the result of evaporating an essential oil found in two different trees, the cammomum camphors, which grows in China and Japan, and the dipterocarpus camphora of Sumatra.

Pens can be made out of eight metals, steel, brass, copper, gold, silver, platinum, amalgam and aluminum. Aluminum pens are still a novelty and are said to last much longer than any other metallic pen.



Rev. F. J. H. Arford, Rector St. John's Episcopal Church.

Rheumatism & Paralysis

CAN BE CURED.

Mr. Borden says: Have had Rheumatism for 15 years. In the autumn of 1890 I had a severe attack. I could not sleep, my feet and legs swelled and life was almost unbearable. Physicians, patent medicines and electric batteries gave me no relief.

Skoda's Cures.

I was treated four months in the Hospital, but after being at home one week was as bad as ever. Have taken 6 bottles of Skoda's Discovery and feel like a new man. Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia. 25 cts. MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO. LTD., WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

Yeast for bread making was first manufactured in 1634. It is computed that over 2,000,000 pounds enter into the daily bread of the people of this country, while double this amount is used in Europe.

There are in existence, it is claimed, specimens of paper made from rags as early as the fourteenth century, the oldest extant being, it is reported, a letter from Joinville to Louis X., of France, dated A. D. 1315.

California is not conspicuously known as a tobacco State, but the plant is grown there to advantage, and it is declared to be superior to the tobacco grown in Southern States, and almost equal in flavor to the Havana product.

Violin makers place a high value on timber taken from the old houses, and when the ancient Hammond House, in Marblehead, was torn down recently the spruce woodwork in it was eagerly purchased at good prices for use in making violins.

During the first six months of this year 1014 miles of railroad track was constructed. The Railway Age thinks that this indicates a total construction for the year of at least 8,000 miles, which it considers a good record, considering the times.

One Honest Man.

Men who are weak, nervous, broken down; men who suffer from the effects of over-work, worry, from the follies of youth or the excess of manhood; men who have failed to find a cure, do not despair, do not give up!

There is Hope, there is a Cure I have a remedy that never fails. So confident am I that it will cure even the worst cases, that you need not pay until you are cured. If I do not cure you, you will not owe me anything. This surely is fair and honest. Correspondence strictly confidential. Write to-day. Everything sent sealed and secure from exposure. Address, naming this paper:

Geo. I. HUDSON, 175 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

Are You Nervous.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

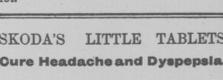
Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25 cents a box. The many truthful testimonials in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla prove that Hood's Cures, even when all others fail. Try it now.

Are You Deaf?

Or do you suffer from noises in the head. When send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure which cost comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address: PROF. G. CHASE, Orlin, Ont.—13t.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS

Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.



PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS & CUTS.

POOR DOCUMENT

JINGLES OF HUMOR.

A Little Nonsense Gathered for Leisure Reading.

She—You see all this talk about hoop skirts coming back again has died out. He—Yes. The women have compromised by putting the hoops in their sleeves—New York Herald.

Spratts—Who was the most miserable man you ever saw? Jacks—A fellow who couldn't read his paper, smoke his cigar and eat his breakfast all at once.

Harry—One never loses anything by keeping his engagement punctually. Charlie—My experience is, he is apt to lose half an hour's time waiting for the other fellow.

Blinks—What would you do first thing if you should come into a big fortune? Winks—Jupiter! Sail out of here before any of the folks I've borrowed of find it out.

He smiled when he put his frock coat on. But afterward how he did snort, When he found his last fall overcoat Was just about a foot too short.

How is it your little baby sister goes to sleep as soon as you father takes her? Little four-year-old—I 'spec it's 'cause she's rather do that than stay awake and hear him sing.

A Paisley gentleman, hearing that two of his female relations had quarreled, asked: Ha's they 'ced each other ugly? Na, na. Ah, weel, then, I can mak' it up aween them yet.

Auntie—You should be excused when you leave the table. Little Nephew—Should I I thought, from the way you acted about that third piece of pie, that you'd be glad to see me go.

Oh, whether fixed in curls or bangs— A woman's glory is her hair, But not when through the night it hangs Upon a bedroom chair.

She—Oh, the irony of life! The man who wrote Home Sweet Home never had a home. He—Yes. And the fellow who wrote The Man in the Moon was not a lunatic!

Farmer—What yer settin' on that fence fer? Tramp—'Cause I 'se tired, mister. Farmer—(scornfully)—Tired! Tired of what I'd like ter know? Tramp—Answering fool questions, mister.

Tenderfoot—And you say that tough looking party is one of your leading citizens? Inhabitant—Yes, sir. There hain't been a lynching in this section for five years which he hasn't led.

Who was the author of the saying that a man is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before? Danno. Some lawn mower manufacturer, I suppose.

The Old Cow.

I used to go a-milking when the shades of night were falling
And the sunset's benediction sanctified the evening air;
When the crickets from the thickets in their piping strains were calling,
And the twilight peace was brooding, softly brooding everywhere.
But the twilight peace I felt not, night's odor-ous balm I smelt not,
And the black night gloomed about me with a melancholy frown.
When I strained each manual muscle in an agonizing tussle
But the old cow wouldn't give down!
Ah!
The old cow wouldn't give down!
O, bridle most laciferous of all the herd hebitverous,
Nearly always non-withholding, grandly generous-wert thou;
No cow grazes with such praises, for thy praises were vociferous,
For thou wert our most beloved and our most belauded cow,
But sometimes all unappreciated, unbelauded,
Did our looks of admiration darken to a gloomy frown!
Yes, our looks were black and baleful when we went to get a pailful,
And the old cow wouldn't give down.
Ah!
The old cow wouldn't give down.
Milking since has been my mission, and my cow is young, ambitious,
And I've milked her night and morning, milked her early, milked her late;
But my butter—sad to utter—my sweet butter of fruition,
Does my most persistent churning often fail to concentrate,
Though my milking seat's adjusted still my cow cannot be trusted,
And the smile of fickle fortune often darkens to a frown.
When I pull with fearful traction, but I get no satisfaction—
For my old cow won't give down,
Ah!
My old cow won't give down.
And all ye who read this jingle who peruse this little lyric,
Will ye say, His cow was stubborn when he botched that verse, th' clown?
You can say who read this lyric, if you wish to be satiric,
When the author wrote that lyric, why his cow would not give down,
Though he milked with much compulsion, and strained with great convulsion,
She heeded not his prodding—heeded not his kick or frown;
And she showed the bard no pity when he tried to milk this ditty,
And his old cow wouldn't give down,
Ah!
His old cow wouldn't give down.

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER,

CRANK IN DELMONICO'S Guests and Waiters Fled Before His Revolver.

After Shooting Through the Windows From the Outside

The Man Rushed Into the Restaurant Crying "Down With the Rich."

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Fashionable diners—men and women—who surrounded the tables in Delmonico's at 5:30 o'clock Thursday evening will never forget the shrieks of terror, the whistling of bullets and the crash of splintered glass that brought the meal to a panic-stricken close. The cause of it all was a well-built, sharp-featured young man, with a pair of glarir-blue eyes who, just before the excitement commenced, turned into Fifth avenue from Twenty-sixth street, and halted in front of the brilliantly lighted restaurant.

Under ordinary circumstances at this early hour the fashionable dining rooms would have been practically empty, but this evening there was scarcely a table tenanted when the sharp-featured young man leaned against the iron railing and peered in through the Fifth avenue windows. It was a busy corner, and the tide of humanity rushed headlessly by without a thought for the young man who stood glaring at the brilliant scene within.

Suddenly the solitary figure drew a revolver and shaking it in a frenzy of excitement above his head, shrieked:

Curse the Rich! Curse Them

now and for all time!
With the last word and before a hand could be outstretched in interference, he levelled his revolver at the restaurant windows and fired. Crash! went the glass in the second window from Twenty-sixth street as the bullet passed through, burying itself in the decorated ceiling and spreading panic through the restaurant. Yelling like a madman, the crank dashed toward the door of the restaurant firing as he ran. The second shot struck the fourth window from the Twenty-sixth street corner, piercing it in the very center and passing into the restaurant directly over one of the tables at the height of a diner's chest. That shot barely missed the head of a fear-petrified waiter and buried itself in the western wall of the room.

In the bombarded restaurant and street there was the wildest kind of scurrying for cover. The backmen grouped in front vanished, heads and heels into their cabs; pedestrians darted in every direction away from the madman's revolver, and Fifth avenue or at least a block of it, was in undisputed possession of the armed crank.

Shrieking, down with the rich! at every jump the frenzied man rushed straight at the main door opening into the restaurant lobby. Shot No. 3 rattled against the iron decorations of the door as the crank dashed through it.

Delmonico's waiters are not men of war, and as the crank's first shot pierced the window they figuratively speaking, went to pieces. As he reached the dining room door terrorized ladies crouched behind pale faced escorts while the waiters were seen in acrobatic efforts at escape which baffled description.

He Disappeared Under It

at shot No. 2, and from this reasonably safe retreat filled the house with trumpet-toned cries of "murder."

His worthy example, however, went for nothing among the panic-stricken suburbanites. Throwing haughty and dignity to the four winds, they made a mad dash for the windows opening into West Twenty-sixth street.

Unfortunately, only two of these windows were open, and into them the terrorized crowd had securely wedged itself—three separate masses of kicking feet and waving arms—when the crank jumped into the restaurant. He promptly fired a fourth shot aimlessly at the ceiling, bringing down a shower of plaster, and was leveling his revolver for a fifth when one plucky man, small and wiry, sprang straight at his throat.

The new actor in the scene was no match physically for the frenzied intruder but help was at hand. Felix J. Jewell, engineer of fire engine 16, was standing in front of the Hotel Brunswick when the crank began his fusillade. Running at top speed he bounded in the restaurant as the crank and his plucky little antagonist were whirling around in a lively fight for possession of the revolver. Jewell tore the smoking weapon from the madman's hand, but not before the fifth and final shot was fired, the bullet burying itself in the floor close to the engineer's foot.

A policeman on duty in Madison square had meanwhile been making lively time toward the scene of the shooting. He heard the first three shots, but they sounded to him like sharp strokes of a heavy hammer, and knowing that tin-smiths were at work on a neighboring roof he paid no attention to the reports.

The wild scurry of cabs and pedestrians told him an instant later that something was wrong, and he plunged into the restaurant just as Jewell and the plucky little gentleman had succeeded in disarming and subduing the crank.

According to the testimony of Policeman Dillon and Engineer Jewell, at the moment of the capture there was not a single employe in sight beyond those wedged in the windows.

The prisoner's frenzy subsided rapidly. An enormous crowd escorted him to the station and massed itself

in West Thirtieth street, until it was dispersed by the reserves.

Once inside the station the prisoner responded readily—in fact, cheerfully—to Sgt. Lane's question.

My name is Garoeth, said he. I am 28 years old and live at 530 West Forty-sixth street. You see, sergeant,—he laughed pleasantly as he said it—I don't like to see the rich people enjoying all the blessings of life while the poor starve. I did this shooting to-night with the idea of frightening them into a change of heart, don't you see? On the dead level, I did not intend to kill any one!

The prisoner is by trade a stone cutter. He was locked up for the night in the best possible humor, and passed the greater part of the evening singing German student songs and cracking jokes with the policeman detailed to watch him.

The plucky little gentleman who grappled with the crank disappeared immediately after the capture, modestly refusing even to mention his name. He is believed to be a Mr. George Hancock, and the police have summoned him to appear as witness.

The officers were in decidedly bad temper over the manner in which Mr. Delmonico saw fit to treat the affair. No one representing the restaurant would perform any charge against the "crank." Delmonico wishes to shirk all trouble, and to keep his restaurant as muzz as possible out of the case.

HAWKER'S TOLU WILD CHERRY BALSAM WILL THAT CURE COUGH TRY IT!

IT HAS CURED HUNDREDS of cases considered hopeless after all other remedies had failed. Do not despair, take courage, be persuaded, and try this truly wonderful medicine.

IT WILL CURE YOU. For sale by all Druggists and general dealers. Price 25 and 50 cts. a bottle. Manufactured by

HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.
St. John, N. B.

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

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Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$5.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Address HILL & CO., Patent Agents, 310 Broadway, New York City.

Watches and Jewelry



F. J. MCCAUSLAND,
Opp. A. F. Randolph & Sons

Royal Hotel

Mrs. B. Atherton Prop.
Fredericton, N. B.

NEW UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT.

TO the Citizens of Fredericton and Surrounding Country:

The Undersigned wishes to inform the Citizens of Fredericton and Surrounding Country that, having secured the services of A FIRST-CLASS MAN AS UNDERTAKER, he is now in a position to fill all orders with which he may be favored.

I HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

COFFINS

—AND—

CASKETS.

—IN—

OAK, WALNUT, FRENCH BURL AND CLOTH COVERED.

As I Manufacture Caskets and Coffins on the premises, I claim to be in a position to sell the same quality of goods cheaper than can be purchased elsewhere in the city.

Full Stock of Shrouds Gieves, etc always on hand

A First-Class Hearse in Connection with the Establishment

ALL ORDERS BY MAIL, WIRE, OR TELEPHONE WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. Special Rates for Country Trade.

W. J. SCARR,

Funeral Director and Undertaker.

No 14 YORK STREET - - - TELEPHONE 53

I would call your attention to the fact that I am prepared to attend to all orders for Cabinet Making and the Repairing of Furniture. All such work called for and delivered anywhere in the City Free of Charge. W. J. S.

All Sizes. 
Harvey's
PHOTOGRAPHS.

All Styles
164 Queen St.

THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE
—IS—
DAVIS' QUININE, IRON AND WINE.
Price 50 Cts. and \$1 per Bottle.

Geo. H. Davis
DRUGGIST.
Cor. Queen and Regent Sts.
Fredericton

JOHN H. FLEMING,
STABLE LIVERY

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

ADVERTISE
—IN THE—
"Fredericton Globe."

The "Globe" is now the most attractive paper published in the City, and has an ever increasing circulation.

The Advertising Rates are Right and our constant aim will be to give every patron the best of satisfaction.

A. J. MACHUM,
Proprietor.

POOR DOCUMENT

GLOBE-FREDERICTON.
Published every Saturday morning, at the following rate of subscription:
(TERMS: Payable in Advance.)
One Year (Delivered) - \$1.00
Six Months - .50
Three Months - .25
Single copies at the office.
Papers will not be discontinued until all arrears are paid.
For Advertising rates apply at office.

"TO LET" or "WANT" advertisement inserted at the rate of one half a cent per word per insertion.
Subscribers failing to get the FREDERICTON GLOBE will please communicate with the office at once, to enable us to have the matter extended to.

OFFICE, SHARKEY'S BLOCK, QUEEN ST.
Fredericton Globe
A. J. MACHUM, Publisher and Proprietor
FREDERICTON, N. B. NOV. 25, 1893

THE CIVIC ELECTIONS.

There is a great deal of talk at present regarding the coming civic elections and many conjectures are being formed as to who will be the next Mayor of the city. It is understood that there are three candidates in the field—the present Mayor Beckwith, Daniel Jordan, Q. C. and Peter Duffin, who, it is understood, will withdraw from the aldermanic arena to enter the contest for the higher position. Mr. Jordan would unquestionably make a very acceptable and able Mayor, uniting as he does, a fair measure of eloquence and ability with a long experience in public life, and a very thorough knowledge of civic affairs. Mr. Duffin's claims upon the suffrages of his fellow citizens arise to a great extent from the fact that he has for some little time represented Kings ward at the council board. In that position Mr. Duffin claims to have conducted all public affairs coming within the range of his duties with ability, honesty and satisfaction to the citizens, and he now solicits from them an opportunity to display his capabilities in a somewhat higher field. With regard to the elections for aldermen, it is not probable that there will be a great deal of change. In Kings ward it will be necessary to discover a substitute for alderman Duffin and Randolph, both of whom it is understood will retire from the field. The remaining wards are already represented by gentlemen who transmit their duties satisfactory to the constituents. It is more than probable that they will all seek re-election, and equally probable that each will be returned.

THE WINNIPEG ELECTION.

There was an election in Winnipeg on Wednesday. It was caused by the resignation of Hugh John McDonald M. P. a son of "old leader" and a conservative, who occupied that seat on the House of Commons. It was held for the purpose of supplying the vacancy caused by Hugh John's resignation. It was a bye-election. It was a contest for a very important seat. It was recognized as a test case; and the government threw their whole strength into the contest. But they were defeated—badly defeated and the government majority of some 800 votes, obtained in 1891, was turned into a liberal victory of over 400.

The victory for the opposition in the face of very heavy odds possesses more than ordinary significance. Had the government been defeated in a general election, when their forces were divided among a hundred constituencies, or at a time when there was no great political issue before the people, no very great importance would have been attached to it. But to be beaten under existing circumstances, and at a time when more than ever before, is the issue between Tariff reform and protection held aloft before the people, it indicates a strong revulsion of feeling in favour of the former policy. There can no longer be any doubt that the people require and demand a lowering of the tariff. The result in Winnipeg is a warning to the government. And it is at the same time an encouraging sign for the opposition forces. In Ontario, in Quebec, in the North West Territories, and we hope, also in the Maritime Provinces, the great mass of the electorate is strongly moved towards the policy which involves a tariff for revenue only. The Liberal party has publicly adopted that policy. They have won their first victory under that banner and if we mistake not that victory is to be followed by many similar triumphs in the future.

MR. FISHER AND THE TORIES

The Tories in York county are strangely moved by the announcement that Mr. Fisher intends to make himself obnoxious to them and to their pet schemes within this constituency. Although the prominent members of the party attempt to show derision for Mr. Fisher, and contempt for his threats, they are at heart profoundly frightened at his declarations, and would be willing to sacrifice much time and trouble to secure his silence. But they seem to find this no easy task. Mr. Fisher is not the man to be put off with promises as was his brother Charles and as the party leaders here have not yet received direct authority from Ottawa to make any reasonable proposals looking towards an amicable settlement of the difficulty, the matter remains in statu quo. This trouble, along with the disheartening effects of the late Winnipeg election, has so dampened the party spirits here that the knowing ones have advised the government not to open the constituency until the general election takes place.

A Chance for Bargains.

Fred B. Edgcombe's sale of dress goods beginning this week, will afford the Ladies an opportunity to secure a handsome home or street dress, at a very low figure. Mr. Edgcombe's dress department, is well known to be stocked with the latest novelties; but he does not believe in carrying over stock from one season to another, and the announcement of this "sale" means that the knife has been in them, and the prices cut so low, that out they go.

Odds and Ends.

The population of the earth doubles itself in 200 years.
Gold watchkeys are affected by some fashionable men and women.
The tongue is like a race horse, which runs the faster the less weight it carries.
The practice of using eggs at Easter is of Hindoo origin, the egg being in India an emblem of immortality.
The Swiss postoffice conveys anything from a postal card to barrels of wine, scythes and bundles of old iron.
There are at the present moment 11 pretenders to the various thrones of Europe trying to make good their claims.
Castile soap is a natural product of the soil of the state of Nevada is fast becoming the chief soap producing state of the country.

The tallest building in the world is claimed to be that of the Manhattan Life Insurance company on Broadway, New York. The structure is 18 stories high.

If you aim at happiness, you will lose it, and more happiness is rather a low aim anyhow. Strive for high development, for living a life of use, and happiness will come to you incidentally.

The biggest civilized men in the world are the English males of professional and leisure classes who have enough to eat. The general British average is however, below the American.

A mile of hedge and ditch equals an acre of land. The amount of extra land that would be rendered available for crops, were all the hedges in the United Kingdom trimmed properly, would be equivalent to 60,000 acres.

A mot going the rounds in London is to the effect that a wealthy American woman over there with a pretty daughter was heard to remark that the girl was a peerless beauty, but wouldn't be very long if she could help it.
Many a delicious speech has lost its savor and been turned into gall because a few drops of vituperation had been injected into it. The edifices of moral and social improvement can never be erected on the ruins of charity.—Cardinal Gibbons.

The maxim "murder will out" is disproved by statistics. In the ten years ending with 1886 there were 1,700 murders committed in England and Wales, and in 1,004 of these cases no trace of the criminal was ever found that led to his apprehension.

What a Wonderful Discovery

is Perry Davis' Pain-Killer! It not only cures the ills of the human family, but is also the sure remedy for horses and cattle. It has never been known to fail in a cure of the worst cases of bowel complaint; and for sprains, galls, etc., it never fails—try it once. Directions accompany each bottle. Sent by druggists generally for 25c. a bottle, large size.

Wearing Low Shoes.

Wearing low shoes in the fall simply invites a cold. If you take cold, then take Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam; it is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, etc. Sold everywhere, only 25 cents.

NASAL BALM
NEVER FAILS
CURES
COLD
IN
HEAD
AND
CATARRH

It is a certain and speedy cure for COLD IN THE HEAD, BRUISES IN THE EYES, SOOTHING, CLEANING, HEALING, Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are merely symptoms of Catarrh, such as head-ache, neuralgic headache, itching nose of snuff, sore throat, hoarseness and swelling, laryngitis, general feeling of sore throat, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, and have been unable to obtain relief, try a bottle of Nasal Balm. It will cure you in a few days, and will be sent, post paid, on receipt of 25 cents or sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents.

FULFORD & CO.,
Brockville, Ont.

JUST OPENED.
ALBION HOTEL.
Queen Street.
W. F. NICHOLSON, - Proprietor.

This Hotel has been thoroughly painted and repaired and furnished throughout and is now open to the public.
Terms, - \$1.00 per Day.
Boarding Stables with good Accommodation in connection Oct., 28, '93-1yr.

MONEY TO LOAN.
\$5,000 TO Invest in good Real Estate.
GEO. L. WILSON,
Barrister,
Queen Street, Opposite Normal School,
Fron, Oct. 14th.—1-m.

OLD DR. GORDON'S
REMEDY FOR MEN

127 lbs. 124 lbs. 141 lbs. 156 lbs.

ABSOLUTELY
Cures Lost Power, Nervous Debility, Night Losses, Dropsical Swellings, Indigestion, Tobacco Spits or Salivations, Lack of Energy, Lost Memory, Headache and Weakness.

Young, middle-aged or old men suffering from the effects of folly and excess, restored to perfect health, manhood and vigor, by the use of this REMEDY.

A Cure is Guaranteed!
To everyone using this Remedy according to directions, or money cheerfully and conscientiously refunded.

PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE. \$ 1.00 per 3 months supply.

Get by mail to any point in U.S. or Canada, securely sealed, for 50 CENTS. Write for our Book "STARTLING FACTS" for men only. Tell me how to get well and I will.

Address or call on **QUEEN MEDICINE CO.,**
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING, Montreal, Can.

Get Your
XMAS PRESENTS
AT THE
DOMINION PORTRAIT Co.,
Next to Queen Hotel, Queen Street.

ALL ORDERS LEFT THIS MONTH WILL BE READY FOR CHRISTMAS.
W. H. RICHARDSON, Manager

VIGOR OF MEN
Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early excess or later excesses, the result of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. 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 explanation and goods mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

NOVEMBER 25,
EDGECOMBE'S SALE
OF
DRESS GOODS.
Started last Wednesday and will run till New Years, if there is any left after a week or two.

NOTICE THE REDUCTIONS
Fancy Cheviots 50 cents; Former Price \$1.25
Shot and Whip Cords 50 cents; Former Price 75 cents
Fancy Hopsacking 65 cents; Former Price 90 cents
Bengalines 75 cents; Former Price \$1.00
Plain Serges 25 cents, 50 cents, 65 cents, &c
Black and Colored Cashmeres at Special Prices

A Number of elegant Wool Costumes in Combination will be sold at Half Price
Low priced Dress Material from 8 cents up

You can see any of the above Dress Goods on the Counters in Dress Department, Entrance upper Door
The Goods must go. The shelf room is wanted for early spring arrivals.

FRED B. EDGECOMBE.
C. P. R. TICKET AGENT.

Call at
G F Wilkes'
if you want nice Fresh
DAISY CHOCOLATES,
Which we get every
week Fresh and New.

A Complete Assortment of French and English Confectionery.

MIXTURES
of all Kinds. Penny Coods of Every Description. Nuts of all kinds, Dates, Grapes, Oranges and Apples.

JAPANESE CANDY
Manufactured on the premises. Prices Low.

Give us a call and I am satisfied that I will suit your taste.

GEO F WILKES
Opp. Officers' Quarters, Queen St

NOTICE OF TRANSFER.
HAVING concluded to retire from the Agency of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, I have transferred such Agency to Mr. George L. Wilson who will in future attend to all business connected with the same.
Fron, N. B. Sept. 1 '93 W. WILSON.

The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company.
Assets 1st Jan, '93, \$43,213,408.28
Assets in Canada, 1,498,922.93
W. M. JARVIS, General Agent.
GEO. L. WILSON,
Agent, Fredericton, N. B.

Office: Wiley Building opposite Normal School

OCTOBER 21ST.
LADIES' CLOTH JACKETS.
Ladies' Astrachan Jackets.
Ladies Coon Jackets.
Ladies Sealette Jackets.

AT
John J Weddall's.

Severe Pain in Shoulder 2 Years
Cured by "The D.L. Menthol Plaster."
My wife was afflicted for two years with a severe pain under the left shoulder and through to the elbow. After using many remedies without relief, she tried a "D.L. Menthol Plaster" and it did the work. And owing to this cure hundreds of these plasters have been sold by me here, giving equal satisfaction.
J. B. SOUTHERLAND, Druggist, River John, N.B.
Sold Everywhere, 25c. each.

POOR DOCUMENT

LOCAL NEWS.

Notings on Events as they Happen about Town.

The Ebb and Flow of Civic and Suburban Life.

Queen's County Tragedy.

The preliminary examination of the Brown brothers of Hibernia who were held for trial for the murder of young Rathburn, also of that place, began Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, before Magistrate B. S. Palmer. It appears that neither the Brown family or the Rathburn family have borne a good reputation in community in which they live, and while the reports indicate a murder most foul, committed as it were in a cool and premeditated manner, the bad reputation borne by all parties concerned, tends to lessen greatly the shock caused by the fatality.

Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving day was preceded by a violent cold storm of wind and sleet, which continued for some hours Wednesday evening, and left the ground covered with snow. Thanksgiving morning, however, was as fine as heart could wish. There was enough snow on the ground to give the landscape a very country appearance, and to render the walking and driving unpleasant. But overhead, the weather remained one of an April day. The sun was shining brightly, and the air was as balmy as spring breezes. The people of the city very generally observed the holiday. Nearly all the places of business were closed, and every one was in holiday attire. There was service held in all the churches at 11 o'clock in the morning, at which a small proportion of the populace attended.

In the afternoon the football match between the St. John A. A. and the U. N. B. teams proved the centre of attraction. The game took place on the A. A. grounds on Regent street. The St. John men were, H. H. Harvey, H. H. Harsard, H. N. Fith, S. Fairweather, G. S. McLeod, H. S. Smith, B. S. Smith, W. Clark, H. Schofield, Perry Clarke, W. Lockhart. Harsard acted as captain of the St. John's and Powers of the Fredericton nine. The ground was in a very inferior condition for football, being cold and slippery, but nevertheless a lively game was played. From the first it was apparent that the St. John men were too heavy for the University boys, and the result showed that they are the stronger team. There were no goals made. The visitors scored 5 points. During one of the most exciting positions of the game, Jones, one of the St. John boys, was pretty badly hurt having his leg twisted. But nothing serious resulted.

In the evening the performance of *The Coming Woman*, or *The Spirit of 1900* by local amateurs at the city hall drew a very large house, and was pronounced by all who saw it to be an extremely creditable performance.

RECIDIVE OR ACCIDENT.

Death of Superintendent of St. Paul's Island.

HALIFAX, Nov. 23.—The following was received to-day from St. Paul's Island: Robt. Muirhead, acting superintendent of St. Paul's Island, was found dead this morning with a shot wound in the head. He got up at daylight to his men to go to the main establishment vacated by Campbell last night to feed the horses and haul the boats. Shortly after he told his wife that he would follow the men and look for birds while gone. He gave her his keys when going, which he had never done before, and started out. A girl went for water on the same road shortly after and found his body with the gun lying alongside of it.

A LAD KILLED IN A JEST.

Initiated as a "Silent Shade" in a Truly Ghastly Manner.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Nov. 20.—Charlie Willis aged 18, was shot and killed, was shot and killed last night while being initiated into a secret society. Lads from 12 to 15 years formed a society called the S. S. S. S. These letters stand for Seven Secrets, Silent Shades. The boys whose minds had evidently become inflamed by bloodthirsty literature, had a cave on the outskirts of the city, the walls of the retreat being hung with pistols, old muskets and swords.

While Charlie Willis was being initiated, Lewis Barker pointed a pistol at him. At the same instant a bandage was jerked from his eyes. Barker pulled the trigger and Willis fell with a bullet near the heart.

The entire S. S. S. S. were arrested, but most of them declined to say anything concerning the killing, as to do so was contrary to their oath. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict of accidental death. Young Barker regards himself as a hero.

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 or 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's Teeth. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind-colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children's teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."—Aug. 9—86—y

EYE T AROUND US.

Happenings the Week Throughout the Province.

Call at the St. Boot.
Navigation closed here on Monday the 21st. It is reported that the lower mills will close down to-day.
Anderson & Walker have nice trunks 50 cts. each.
About a quarter of an inch of snow fell here Wednesday afternoon.
See advertisement of John Harvey, photographer, on another page.
Ald. Duffie has made the announcement that he will run for Mayor.
Mr. Gibson shipped this year, via St. John, 62,000,000 feet of lumber.
John Gibson's new three-masted schooner will remain frozen in the ice until spring.
The usual Thanksgiving services were held in the churches Thursday morning at 11 o'clock.

Mr. J. A. Edwards, proprietor of the Queen Hotel, has now in his possession a very large live horned owl.

There will be a special meeting in the Salvation Army barracks this evening and also to-morrow and Monday.

For trunks, valises, shawl and trunk straps go to Anderson & Walker best values ever offered.

Mrs. Thomas Tibbitts, who removed from this city to Gagetown about two years ago, removed from there to St. John this week.

Rev. Dr. Sprague will return to the ministry next year. He has received and accepted a call to the St. Stephen Methodist church.

Word has been received here of the death of John N. Morris, at Stanford Conn. Deceased was a son of the late Thomas Morris of this city.

Work is progressing on the Bonetouche & Moncton railway and it is expected that the road will be in thorough repair by the first of January next.

Wm. McKay, of French Village, dropped dead Monday morning while working on the roof of Z. Estey's house at that place. He was 73 years of age.

A spinster in the Gibson cotton mill, named Wm. Worth was found dead in his bed Tuesday morning. A wife and six children now living in England, survive him.

Every farmer should use only the fence made by the wire fence machine. It is the best and cheapest fence in the market. A. J. Machum & Co., agent for New Brunswick.

Dr. Du Vernet Jack of Grand Manan, formerly of this city, is soon to take unto himself a wife in the person of Miss Penton, a Montreal lady. The wedding is set for Dec. 12th. The doctors many friends wish him every happiness.

For fine cloths see Anderson & Walker, the merchant tailors who keep opposite officers quarters. Their stock is all new—and comprises the best and most stylish goods, offered to you at right prices. You should see their ranges of cloths.

The remains of Mrs. J. Clarke, wife of Mr. J. Clarke, foreman in the Globe office, St. John, were interred in the Pickard burying ground, Douglas, Thursday morning. The friends of the deceased have the sincere sympathy of the Gleaners in their sad bereavement.

An Indian belonging to St. Mar's Reserve, who had been working at Mr. Kilburn's camp in the Quebec woods, had one of his hands badly shattered by the bursting of a gun, and has been compelled to return home in consequence for the winter.

Mr. Ernest Power, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, who returned from Chicago on Saturday, was relieved of \$50 by two confidence men during his absence. The game was played as follows: "While on the train two strangers who had made Mr. Power's acquaintance got into quite an animated discussion over something. One offered to bet the other \$50 that the statements he had made were correct, and said he would put up the money at once in the hands of Mr. Power, who had grown interested in their discussions and claims. 'Well,' said the other stranger, 'Mr. Power may be all right, but I don't know anything about it. How do I know that he is a responsible man and would deliver up the money after the bet is decided? If he can show me that he has \$50 of his own, I'll cover your bet when you put it up.' Mr. Power, without any hesitation, stated that he had \$50, and putting his hand into his pocket pulled out the money and displayed it before the strangers, one of whom immediately grabbed the roll, made out of the car and jumped off.

Coming and Going.

Mr. Geo. F. Gregory took a trip to St. John on business this week.
Miss Alice Wilson, of Kingsclear, spent Thanksgiving Day in the city.
Judge Peters of St. John, registered at the Queen Thursday.
Mr. Biederman, the piano tuner, will be here next month.

Capt. Rafuse, of Halifax, and an officer in the Salvation Army arrived here this week to assist during self-denial week.

Joseph Walker, merchant tailor, is presenting his patrons with a neat calendar for 1894.

J. DeVeber Neales has left Gagetown for Moncton where he will practice law.

"It Acted Like a Charm."

Capt. Jas. Beck, St. John, N. B. says it affords me pleasure to testify from experience to the merits of Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam, which acted like a charm in an irritating case of cough. It was resorted to after other remedies had signally failed, affording immediate relief and complete satisfaction.

IMPORTANT TO OUR READERS

Our Canadian Industries Should Be Encouraged.

No country in the world has better natural resources than ours, nor better facilities for procuring a liberal education. Strong statements are coming from the most reliable sources, showing that we have a line of medicines manufactured in Wolfville, N. S., that always bring health, whenever they are used: They consist of:

SKODA'S DISCOVERY.

Two Great Remedies in One: Sarsaparilla for the Blood, and Celery for the Heart and Nerves. It permanently cures all diseases of the Nerves, Heart, Liver Kidneys and Blood. It is made by Physicians, endorsed by physicians, and used by physicians. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS.

Are purely vegetable, and should always be taken instead of pills, many of which contain calomel or croton oil. They cure Headache, Constipation, &c., and make cheeks like roses. Price 35 cents.

SKODA'S GELMAN SOAP.

Soft as Velvet, pure as gold. No home is complete without it. It produces the softest hands and the whitest clearest skin, free from spot, blemish or pimple. Price 20 cents.

SKODA'S OINTMENT.

For Scalds, Burns, Bites of Insects, Chapped Hands or Lips, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Moth Patches, etc., etc. Price 50 cts.

SKODA'S PILLS CURE.

Cures every case of Piles, it makes no difference how long the disease has been standing. Price \$1.00 per box.

SKODA'S PLEDGERS.

Are a one month's home treatment for women. Women who are suffering from Female Weakness, Irregularities, etc., from whatever cause find a perfect cure in these Pledgers. They make life worth living. Price \$3.00

Medical advice free.

These Remedies are for sale by all dealers. If they are out of them, send retail price to Skoda Discovery Co., Wolfville, N. S., and we will forward express or post paid.

A Penurious Cook.

Some years since when Messrs. W. Richards, Edgecombe and Murray were on a visit to the Burnt Hill camps on the Miramichi the following incident occurred. Early in the autumn Mr. Richards had engaged as cook a man whom he had seen for but a few moments and the camp in which he was employed was the one first visited by the party. The day was very cold and Mr. Richards closely muffled up, said to the cook after he entered the camp: Well cook what sort of provisions have you here? Bad, was the reply, the tea is unfit to drink, the flour will not make bread and the beef is not fit for a dog.

All this was said by the cook in ignorance of the fact that he was speaking to his master. Can you give us some dinner said Mr. Richards. No, said the cook for I have just enough cooked for my crew, you must go on to the depot camp. Well if you cannot give us any food you can run down to the spring and bring up a bucket of fresh water so that we can have a drink if nothing more. The spring being at some distance Mr. Richards opened the door of the store and drew from it a large piece of roast beef which had filled the camp with its delicious odor. Calling his companions he took the pan with the beef in it to the sleigh and drove off, leaving the stinky cook to prepare another meal.

Temper Generosity With Sense.

The girl who is earning her money by working says with a sigh, when she buys a hat that is too extravagant, or a box of sweets that she doesn't need: Well, I worked hard for this money; I may spend it as I please. That sounds reasonable, but she ought to want to spend it in the right way. She ought to think of the days when possibly sickness will come—then does she want to feel that she hasn't a dollar in the world and that she is being taken care of by people on whom she has no claim? Or there will come a day when everybody else is going for an outing; will she have to decline because she hasn't saved any money? I know she has earned it; I know the fine hat or the fine gown may be very tempting, but the mere fact that she has given her life—so many hours of it—her strength, and her nervous force to get this money should make her cautious in taking care of it.

Shall I be mean? asked a sensitive girl. No my dear; but I tell you it is just as well to remember the old proverb about being just before you are generous. There is no generosity in contributing to a floral piece for a dead comrade and owing a bill to your wash-woman; there is no generosity in treating all the girls you know to ice cream and having to catch cold because you haven't a thick flannel petticoat on, the reason being you have no money to buy one. The girl who is talked of as generous with money is, I am sorry to say, too often very foolish with it. She is ready, when she has it, to lend it to whoever asks her; to give to whatever is going on, and when it is gone she either suffers from its loss in mortification and tears or else she herself becomes a borrower.

WORMS

FOR the removal of all kinds of worms from children or adults, use Dr. SMITH'S WORM LOZENGES. Always prompt, reliable, safe and sure, requiring no after medicine. Never fails. Leave no bad after effects. Price, 25 cents per Box.

CHESTNUT'S TOOTH POWDER

CLEANS THE TEETH.
For Sale by
C. FRED CHESTNUT,
Apothecary,
2 Doors above Barker House
Queen St., Fredericton.

1893. FALL. 1893

OWEN SHARKEY

Is now showing a fine range of Dry Goods, suitable for Fall and Winter, comprising in part

DRY GOODS,

Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Suitings and Velveteens.
Ladies' Jackets, and Children's Reefers, Fur Capes Shawls, Gloves & Corsets, Men's Youths and Boys

OVERCOATS,

Ulsters and Reefers. Overcoatings, Pantings, Suitings and Tweeds.

FUR CAPS,

Kid Gloves and Mitts, Undercloths, Grey and White Blankets, Flannels, Table Linens, Towelings, Tickings, Table and Floor Oil Cloths, Carpets, etc. Horse Blankets & Sleigh Robes.

TRUNKS, VALISES,

and Satchels. A large lot of Remnants on hand

Teeth Extracted and Filled

Absolutely without pain by the Famous Hale Method.

DR. BARBOUR

Dental Surgeon,
Sole License for Fredericton.

Queen Street Fredericton N. B.
Opposite Normal School.
No Extra Charge.

Happy

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Rejoice Because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Rescued Their Child from Scrofula.

For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other foul humors in the blood of children or adults, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy. Read this:

Suffering Children

Our girl was a beautiful baby, fair and plump and healthy. In when she was two years old she broke out behind her ears and spread rapidly over her head and forehead down to her eyes, and into her neck. We consulted one of the best physicians in Brooklyn, but nothing did her any good. The doctors said it was caused by a scrofula humor in the blood. Her head became

One Complete Cure

offensive to the smell and dreadful to look at. Her general health waned and she would lay in a large chair all day without any life or energy. The sores caused great itching and burning, so that at times we had to restrain her hands to prevent scratching. For 3 years

She Suffered Fearfully

with this terrible humor. Being urged to try Hood's Sarsaparilla we did so. We soon noticed that she had more life and appetite. The medicine seemed to drive out more of the humor for a short time, but it soon began to subside, the itching and burning ceased, and in a few months her head became entirely clear of the sore. She is now perfectly well, has no evidence of the humor, and her skin is clear and healthy. She seems like an entirely different child in health and general appearance, from what she was before taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I. W. FREDERICK, 311 Glenmore Ave., East New York, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This Testimonial

Is an illustration of what Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing for the sick and suffering every day, from Maine to California. In the light of these facts who can say that the work of an immense concern like ours is not beneficent? HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

JUST RECEIVED!

15 Cases

CLOCKS

Marble, Onyx, Oxidized Iron, Walnut and Nickel Alarms

We Can Sell an 8 Day Striking Clock for

\$ 2. 65,

Upwards.

J. D. FOWLER,

Opposite Post Office

TO DRESS WELL

Every man must have a neat, well-fitting and Fashionable Suit of Clothes.

OUR CUSTOMERS

A resupplied with the Newest and Best Goods at the most Reasonable Price. It

IS OUR AIM

To Give Satisfaction TO ALL

J. G. Gunn,

Next to Dominion Express office Fredericton, N. B.

OVERCOATS

ULSTERS and REEFERS

ALL SIZES, ALL PRICES

The Best VALUE for Your Money can be got

AT

OAK HALL, 276 Queen St.

THE STONE BOOT

Our FALL STOCK is about complete and embraces everything in the way of

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers,

OVER-GAITERS, LUMBERMEN'S BOOTS,

PRICES AWAY DOWN.

A. E. MASSIE,

Queen Street, opp. Barracks*

POOR DOCUMENT

HOUSE AND HOME TOPICS

LITTLE SERMONS TO BE READ IN THE EASY CHAIR.

Health Requires Cleanliness—The Practical Application of the Term in Living and Sleeping Rooms—The Proper Way for Girls to Sit.

Especially clean in sleeping apartments and living rooms is certainly conducive if not essential to health.

A place of residence may be filthy where there is no visible dirt. Carpets loaded with dust and saturated with grease, neglected draperies that harbor miscellaneous germs of disease, upholstered furniture greasy outside and dirty inside; old wall papers, smoky and grimy, if not worse, are sources of danger as much to be suspected and feared as garbage cans or refuse heaps.

They defile the atmosphere quite as much, and if they do not make health they certainly develop disease.

The room occupied by a family as a sitting room and those occupied by sick or ailing persons, says the New York World, should really be without a carpet, or if there is one it should be so laid that it could be taken up every week and cleaned and aired. People with a tendency to throat troubles and all growing children are better for sitting in rooms with bare floors, un-draped windows and doors and uncovered furniture.

Sweeping a carpeted room with a broom certainly removes much dirt from the floor, but what is not swept up is scattered through the air, making every breath inhaled unwholesome. After the dust settles the room is usually "dusted," which means practically whipping the dust from one piece of furniture to another with a feather duster. It would be better to leave the dust alone once it settles, unless it can be removed. The only way to do this is to wipe everything with a wet cloth and wash out the rag afterwards, just as a clean woman cleans a hardwood floor or oiled.

Few people have any idea of the exquisite neatness that children and delicate women require. What robust, active people in health put up with for a night or a day at a time is very deleterious to the weaker persons who occupy the house with the dusty furniture, the steaming kettles and pots, the toilet utensils, sinks, etc., cleaned but once a day even in the best of houses. It is an exception there the water jug, soapdish and brush holders about the wash basin are cleaned every day, and yet the bad odors from them poison pure air and so disperse the organs of respiration and poison the blood. It is to give the lungs a chance to throw off these loads of poisonous material that everybody who can move or be moved should get out into the open air daily, or, properly wrapped up, get an airing in an open door or window.

THE WAY TO SIT.

Our Grandmother's Straight Backed Chair is the Best One.

When our grandmothers were girls and straight-backed chairs instead of cushioned divans were the usual resting places, the young women held themselves with a straightness that was almost stiffness. Then when they grew old they held themselves like ducks. For it is the way one sits rather than the exercise one takes that determines the erectness of the figure.

A prominent physician says that the proper sitting position requires that the spine shall be kept straight and that the support needed for the upper part shall be felt in the right place. Therefore, it is necessary to sit as far back in the chair as possible, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced against the back of the seat. If this location is straight the shoulders will also rest against it; but even if the shoulders have no point of support, it is found that they do not need it when the base of the spine is supported properly. This position makes no strain upon the ligaments of the spine. Every organ of the body is properly fixed by this attitude.

The feet should rest squarely upon the floor; the hands should rest lightly in the lap, and thus perfect equilibrium and rest be secured. The arms should never be crossed, for that position causes a strain upon the spine, places a weight upon the stomach and diaphragm and thus increases the labor of digestion and respiration.

Once in a while it is a good thing to place the arms behind the back, giving, as it does, the fullest expansion to the upper part of the body.—New York World.

A Theorist Who Failed.

There recently died in New Jersey at the age of 73 a theorist who had spent all his fortune, which at one time was considerable, and all his life in a vain attempt to solve the problem of extracting the silver which lies in solution in the sea from the salt water which holds it. He lived down on the coast in a cottage which he built years ago, and on every side were constructed sluices, runways, washes and the various appliances with which he was experimenting. The interior of the cottage resembled the apartments of a medieval alchemist rather than that of a nineteenth century house by the sea. It was fitted with retorts, phials, crucibles and in the same corner was a diminutive furnace. Some ten years ago he was joined in his labors by a young woman about 18. She attended him up to the day of his burial, but since that time no trace of her can be found. The cottage is dilapidated and no heirs have claimed it, nor has any paper been found to indicate the name or origin of its strange occupants.

A Tribute to Gladstone's Eloquence. For one good speech Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Balfour may make, Mr. Gladstone makes 20. He is versed in every artifice of oratory; he is practiced in every mood and method of debate. He has the temperance and the equipment of a great orator, though Mr. Hayward made a good point when he wrote the words, "a shade more imagination." Yes, before admitting Mr. Hayward's qualification, I would prefer the adjective "poetic" to the noun "imagination" for Mr. Gladstone's imagination is most active. As a man of business he is inspired. Let his theme be a great trade or industry; let the subject of his voluminous discourse be railway rates, bi-metalism, the opium traffic; let him unfold his mind and unroll his memory before his audience—do but hearken to his illustrations and follow his discussions, and when, to your sorrow, he sits down, you will observe with amazement the fingers of the clock.—Scribner's Magazine.

ART THAT WILL WASH.

A Chinese Colorist's Works on Exhibition in the Sandwich Islands.

A Chinese artist came here on the last Oriental steamer, and has been selling some queer things in red, green and yellow to his admiring countrymen. He puts on silk and linen as a rule, but will turn off gowns pieces on white paper. His taste, however, runs to large pictures on grass cloth, painted in a panoramic way, which permits him to sketch a scene along several linear feet of space. Accustomed as he has been at home to paint by the acre a d with both hands, he is not dismayed by a huge canvas, but with calmness and industry will proceed to illuminate a whole set of bed sheets with blue elms and green roses and diabolical Chinese gods and women and lovers.

One picture that he showed a reporter last night was said to represent a garden party, though it needed some assurance at first to dispel the idea that it was a catastrophe at sea. What looked like his wife, who was a female Samsar, a Chinese girl, and the bent and bedraggled object in the foreground was not a wreck of a boat, but a girl in a red and a lost Celestial maid in the grasp of a devil fish probed to be one of an alighted-eyed demon twisted in the leaves, and a series of a flowering shrub. Instead of slippery squids, as one might have supposed, were tumbourines; and a rock in the boiling surge was only a pagoda set in heather and bushes.

A series of small paintings told a romantic story very like the Chinese heart. The hero of the pictorial tale was the strongest man in the empire, having become an athlete under the teaching of his wife, who was a female Samsar. Together they challenged the world with out soft gloves, and "bar none." In course of time, however, war came and the wife was overpowered and taken away, leaving the husband very miserable. As the artist paints him standing mournfully at the door of his deserted lavender house, great vermillion tears roll down his mauve complexion, stain his green vest, and trickle along his chromatic trousers and sink into the scarlet and yellow earth.

Then twenty years go by, and another war comes. Two armies meet, and the strongest champions go forth for a preliminary combat. Behold! The man and wife are again engaged, and the artist rises to the occasion. He shows the husband holding his Dulcinea out at arms' length by her belt, and as he bears her away toward a sail from which runs down sky-blue banks, he has a fierce, bewhiskered joy on his face that invites to a post-impetuous breeze but a crimson hurricane to blow through it. Meanwhile, the captured giantess, demure and sweet, has surrendered without a murmur.

The visiting knight of the brush uses pigments that will wash, and he says that one of his pictures can go into Chinese laundry without the loss of the natural blue tint on a maiden's cheek or of the delicate brown flush on an opening flower or leaf.—Hawaii Star.

NAKED IN AN OPEN BOAT.

The Terrible Experiences of Three Sailors of a Wrecked Spanish Bark.

Naked, famishing for food and water, and almost roasted by the tropical sun, three Spanish sailors were on Oct. 15 rescued from a small boat in mid-ocean and landed recently at this port from the schooner Henry Lippitt. Their story rivaled in horror the most thrilling recital of the dime novel writer, and that they were saved at all is considered by them as little short of a miracle.

The man are Pedro Nagloles, Antonio Crimer and Logio Peres, and they formed part of the crew of the Spanish bark Juan J. Murga, which, on Sept. 1, sailed from Manila with a cargo of slaves for Seville, Spain. The men were picked up in latitude 80.50, longitude 76.05, the small boat in which they were drifting helplessly having been sighted by the merest accident. The schooner Henry Lippitt was bound for this port from Turk's Island, and the tiny boat was at first supposed to be a bit of wreckage. The lookout, however, thought he saw signs of life, and the vessel was put about and soon came alongside of the open boat. Then it was seen to contain three occupants of a vessel lying face downward in the bottom. They were entirely naked, and great sun-blisters covered their backs.

Finally they were able to tell that they had sailed from Manila and had been blown in time to catch the early October hurricane. Their vessel was soon thrown on her beam ends and became a hopeless wreck. All hands took to the boats, having time only to store a scant supply of food and water. The sea was running high, the small boats were leaky, and the men realized that they could hardly live through the storm. All removed their clothing in order to swim for their rights, the boat, and they managed to live until the Lippitt love in sight.

The Juan J. Murga had a crew of nineteen men. Four were picked up by the steamer Lampasas and landed at Galveston. They were also naked and famishing. Notice has been taken of the other twelve, and they are probably lost. The three landed here will be cared for by the Spanish consul and sent home as soon as possible. Recently they joined in a card of thanks to Capt. Benjamin Howes, of the schooner that rescued them. Both captives and crew are warmly praised for their kind and humane treatment of the men who passed their lives in a most trying experience.—Philadelphia Record.

PEANUTS AND THEIR USES.

The Annual Crop Worth Millions of Dollars and the Demand Increasing.

The "goober" industry of Norfolk is unique. Here a little city in Virginia has the greatest distributing center of peanuts in the world. A peanut is a pretty small item, but an annual crop of 600,000 bushels, worth millions of dollars, makes a pretty big item. The demand for goobers has doubled within the last five years, and the supply does not fill the growing demand.

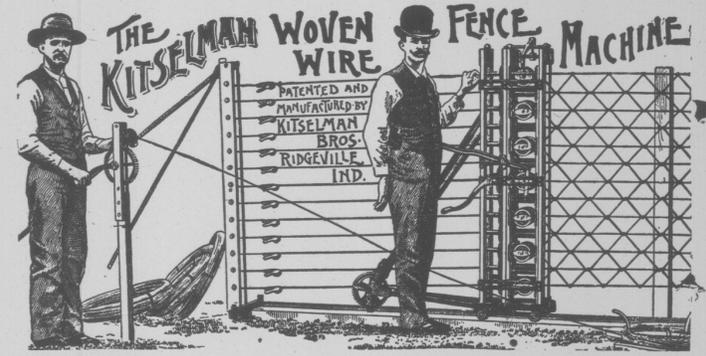
Few people know the curious uses to which the goobers have been put in the course of late years. No other single plant raised in this country is used so many different ways. The Chinese say that the nut has as many valuable qualities as there are days in the year. The goober is not so universal as that; but it has many valuable qualities. There are days in the week. The solid part of the nut is particularly nutritious, and supplies fruit and food for many a family. The shells make fine fodder, some say as good as clover hay, while hogs fatten on what is left in the fields after the crop has been gathered.

If you grind the nut you get a sweet quality of flour, with which the housewife makes delicious biscuits. If you squeeze it you will obtain a valuable oil, resembling olive oil, and used for similar purposes. This oil enters largely into the manufacture of the better grades of soap. The kernels are roasted for coffee. The roasted kernels are also used in the manufacture of some kinds of chocolate. The confectioner helps to ruin our digestion in boyhood days with peanut candy; the Georgia cook alone knows how to make rich, pastry of pounded peanuts. The artist, with paint brush, silks and satins, creates new and beautiful designs on fabrics, so that peanut dolls and other curios may now be seen in the shop windows of New York, especially around holidays. These are some of the ways in which the leguminous nut is useful to us.—New York Independent.

Prince and Station Master.

The death of Mr. Henry Farnham, who was for many years station master at Tisbury, one of the village stations on the Great Eastern Railway Company's Witham, Braintree and Bishop's Stortford branch line, recalls an amusing incident in which the Prince of Wales played a leading part. A few years ago the Prince and a party of distinguished guests alighted at Tisbury for the purpose of visiting Lord and Lady Brooks, at Easton Lodge, Essex. By some means the Prince of Wales became detached from the rest of the party, and did not reach the barrier until a few minutes after the others had passed. Mr. Farnham, who was then on duty as ticket collector, and not then knowing the Prince, he promptly acknowledged him with "Tisbury please." The Prince mentioned that he was one of Lord Brooks's party. The station-master was not, however, satisfied with the statement, and he firmly refused to allow his Royal Highness to pass unless he produced a ticket or furnished his name and address. Satisfactory explanations were eventually forthcoming, and the Prince was permitted to rejoin the party. Though somewhat embarrassed when he learned the Prince's identity, the station-master was not greatly perturbed; indeed he received the intelligence with the philosophical question, "what did he tell me that he was the Prince of Wales?" His Royal Highness heartily enjoyed the incident. His Royal Highness's next station Easton Lodge without being reminded jocularly of his attempt to ride without a ticket.—Westminster Gazette.

THE CHEAPEST FENCE IN THE WORLD!

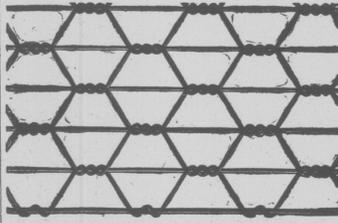


Henceforth Woven Wire Fencing has been a luxury, the price being so high that only the wealthy could afford to buy it. This machine brings it within reach of all—so low in fact that it will not pay to waste money on any other kind of a fence. This machine is taken into the field and weaves the fence on the spot where wanted. A man to work the machine and a boy to spool the mesh wire, can make and put on the posts from 50 to 60 rods per day. Over Twenty different styles of fencing can be made on this machine. It is very simple and does not require a skilled person to run it. The fence can be made light, for yard or lawn, or for a farm, and is desired, can be made strong enough to stand a breaking strain of 40,000 pounds. It takes up little room, and is Fire and Wind Proof. It is the coming fence.

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FREDERICTON, N. B.

Sole Agents for New Brunswick.



The above cut correctly represents the twist and manner in which the straight wires go through the mesh or diamond in the fence, made on the Kitseleman Woven Wire Fence Machine.

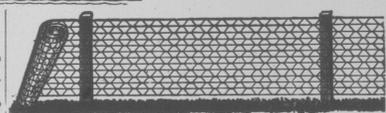
Do You Want to make Money?

If so, with one of our Machines You can get more fencing to do right in your Neighborhood, than You will be able to do with one Machine. There is NO FENCE ON EARTH THAT TAKES LIKE THIS DOES. We have now parties who have given us orders for about Two Miles of this Fencing. You will, therefore, see that when such Orders are likely to be secured a County right, with a Machine is bound to prove a Paying Investment—in fact there are very few Enterprises that you can Invest many times the Amount in and make as much out of. County Rights Sold to Responsible parties on Easy Terms.

A. J. MACHUM & Co.,
Sole Agents.

A Few of the Advantages of Woven Wire Fencing Made with the Kitseleman Machine

- It is strong, easily handled, durable and ornamental.
- It will not be injured by sleet, snow, heat, cold or floods.
- It will turn horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, dogs and poultry.
- It will protect fields as perfectly as the best board fence.
- It will not pull the wool from sheep, thus saving many fleeces.
- It will not obstruct or mar the beauty of the landscape.
- It is a network without bars, and will not injure stock in any way.
- It will not allow wire to be pulled apart to make space to climb through.
- It will cost less to put up this fencing and keep it in repair than any other.
- It can be taken down, rolled up and carried to other points without injury.
- It will make safe enclosures for the most animals, and reliable line fences.
- It is much stronger and more durable than any barb fencing, being closely woven.
- It will not shelter enemies to crops and will last a life-time with very little repair.
- It is fire-proof and cannot blow down, and will not injure persons or clothing.
- The twist in the wires will not slip or permit breakage by expansion or contraction through heat or cold.
- It is the only general purpose wire fence known, and will not collect snow-drifts or be injured by snow storms.
- It is the strongest, cheapest and best wire fence ever made, considering the many different styles and variety of its uses.
- It is the only combination wire fence in the world, and can be made high enough for cemeteries and narrow enough for lawns.
- It will not cast a shade on growing crops, and will permit cultivation up to the fence; by this means you can keep your fence rows clean.
- It will not rust and break in the twists, as it is made from the best Bessemer steel wire, galvanized, thus making it proof against age and weather.



The above cut shows how style 9 can be put up after being rolled up and transported to another place. Any of the other styles made by this Machine can be put up the same way, or fastened to the posts as usual.

Sole Agents for New Brunswick.

A. J. MACHUM & Co.,
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Chocolates

of endless varieties. Mixtures the best to be had. Toffees, the Best Guaranteed Pure at that

A call will convince you that these statements are correct.

W. H. GOLDEN.

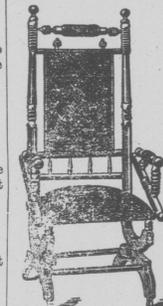
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and take comfort. Mohogany finish, Gilt Bands, double Steel Springs Upholstered in Velvet Carpet and mounted on castors. Your choice of different colors. The above chair will be packed and shipped to any address on receipt of price

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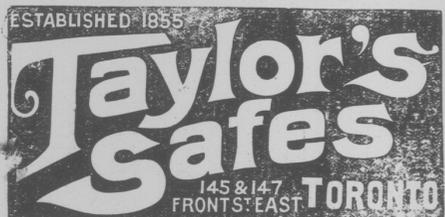
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AGRICULTURE

Notes and Suggestions of Practical Utility

FOR THE FARM, FIELD, GARDEN AND DAIRY.

Cleanings of Interest for Our Country Readers.

HEELING IN TREES.

To insure Success Four Important Points Must Be Observed.

There are several ways of heeling in trees and plants: Heeling in is sometimes done by throwing out the trench on both sides and then setting the trees upright in the trench, filling in ground from both sides. A second trench, if needed, is then opened some six or eight feet from the first and so on. Following is Elias A. Long's plan, as told in his manual 'How to Plant a Place':

First, a good sized trench is thrown out on one side, and a row of trees is laid down with the roots in the trench. Then a second trench is opened against the first, the soil being thrown over the roots of the trees in the first. Observe four points in heeling in:

1. Always open the tree bundles and spread the trees thinly in the trench.
2. Always sprinkle plenty of fine earth among the roots.
3. Always cover them well to at least six inches above the crown.
4. Always firm the soil with the feet, so that it will be in close contact with every root. The same principle is to be observed in heeling in small plants.

Trees received for spring planting ought to be heeled in on some dry spot, free from grass or weeds that would harbor mice, and the root, trunk and most of the branches be covered with earth. Leave the earth somewhat mound shaped to shed water. Then cover any exposed tops with evergreen branches, and the trees, if of hardy kinds, will be safe until spring.

Trees frozen or shivered in transit should at once be buried, tops and all, in earth until they are fully restored.

Winter Care of Roses.

During the winter season growers of roses ought to carefully examine their plants and ascertain whether they have been grafted or are growing on their own roots, as from the grafted, suckers are always sure to come up from the stock, and as the stock is a variety of greater vigor than the kind grafted in time draws all the nourishment to itself, and the grafted portion dies in the course of a few years. One ignorant of this fact, says Meehan's Monthly, wonders why the whole character of his rose plantation seems to have degenerated. The stock or suckers from it can readily be known by practical examination, the character of the wood being always different from the kind grafted on it.

The advice is also given to prune roses early in winter. Different classes of roses require different systems of pruning. Those which flower from vigorous young wood may be pruned rather severely, but those which seem to form flower buds from the old wood to a great extent should have the branches left on Nuisette roses, for instance, usually flower at the ends of the young growth, and this is the class that may be pruned in severely, while roses like the prairie roses and the hybrid perpetuals require to be pruned low, because most of the flowers are produced on short branches which proceed from the growth of the previous year.

Winter Blooming Bourdardias.

Bourdardias flourish in ordinary potting soil and require all the heat they can get, so it is best to give them the sunniest place in the window. Like all other plants that are wanted for winter flowering, they should not be allowed to bloom during the summer. At all times the plants must be kept free from insects, and daily syringing the foliage with clear water will be found of great benefit.

Alfred Neuner is a pure white, perfectly double variety. Very delicate yellow flowers are produced by the variety Havescens. It is also very fragrant.

President Cleveland has long, graceful scarlet flowers, and President Garfield soft, delicate pink ones. White Bouquet is a veritable bouquet of graceful, snowy white single flowers.

World's Horticultural Society.

At the close of the late congress of horticulture in Chicago the organization of the World's Horticultural society was effected. Three officers at large were elected. The president is to appoint a vice president for each country in the world, and this officer is to appoint a secretary treasurer for that country. The membership is to comprise societies, which pay annual dues of \$5 or as near that amount as the currency of any country readily admits, and individuals who pay a first fee of \$2 and an annual fee thereafter of \$1. The avowed object of the organization is to promote correspondence and to facilitate exchange of plants and information between the countries of the world.

Concerning Grapevines.

There are three modes, says The Country Gentleman. One is to lay them down and place on them two or three inches of soil. If the shoots are well ripened and the soil is not clayey, this does well. A perfectly safe covering in all soils is evergreen branches, the vines held down by sticks of stove-wood. Grapes usually known as hardy are made somewhat tender by not ripening the wood well and by severe winters. In some instances

they have ripened a week earlier after simply laying them down.

Feeding Wheat.

The protracted drouth which has prevailed in sections of the country has caused a brisk demand for feeding stuffs, bran ranging almost as high as wheat. Surely little of the product will be used, except to extend concentrated grain feeds. Every one must know that the value of wheat for feeding, when fed wisely, must be very much superior to bran. It is true that bran is a very safe supplement, but a limited amount is all that is wise to feed while wheat is so cheap.

According to D. T. Thomas, Ind., who kept an accurate account of wheat fed and gain made by hogs during a ninety days' experiment, fourteen pounds of gain can be made from a bushel of wheat fed dry and unground, which would have shown a much more rapid increase had the feed been ground, as no doubt a considerable quantity escaped mastication passing through the entire alimentary canal in the whole state.

According to experiments conducted by Prof. Robertson at the Dominion Experimental farm, the conclusions arrived at were that fifteen pounds of gain can be made from a bushel of common wheat and that wheat has a feeding value about ten per cent, in excess of corn. However it is not wise to feed wheat alone. Corn, peas and oat supplements will make a much more nearly balanced ration. Wheat is rich in mineral matter, and contains more nitrogen than other grain, making it especially valuable for growing stock. It also gives good results when fed to dairy cows.

Says Professor Henry: A good dairy cow will give something like a pound of butter per day, and eight pounds of wheat is a good feed of that grain, so that a bushel should last a week and furnish the concentrated feed for making something like seven pounds of butter. In this way their cheap cereal can be manufactured right at home into a profitable product; not only that, but practically all the fertility which was taken from the soil by the wheat will be left on the farm which is a matter of great importance.

Why I Prefer Poland Chinas.

I have been breeding swine for about 25 years, and have experimented with four of the improved breeds, also the scrub, and my experience has taught me the Poland Chinas are the most profitable breed for the final end of the hog—the pork barrel. They are as large a breed as any, handsome, have smaller heads to size of body, larger hams, just as good back and loin, and are as deep sided. They have the advantage of both ends where the most profit is derived from. They fatten readily at any age and better to the size than any other breed. The Poland China makes the most rapid growth of any breed that has good fattening qualities. They are quite of the best disposition, yet industrious and good foragers, do as well under ordinary treatment as any breed, at the same time responded as quickly and profitably to generous feed. They are hardy and prolific, and the sows are good mothers. The Poland China is the most popular breed in the pork-producing states, and in this state predominates over any four of the improved breeds. They bring as much per pound for pork as any breed, and more per head, on the average, for fancy breeders.

I firmly believe that the improvement of all kinds of animals is to be made in feeding. By feeding a number of cows and closely watching the yield, the value of each will be known. In all improved breeds the average value is above that of common stock. In every dairy there are cows that pay for the feeding of others. The unprofitable animals should be got rid of as soon as discovered. Feed the others better and better until the point is found where the yield is the greatest for the food given. This is to be done gradually. A week's feeding and the results carefully noted will tell the story. Every thing should be weighed, the feed, the milk and the butter made; without this nothing can be known with any certainty. A cow may give 12 quarts of milk and yield less butter than another that gives only nine. When a cow is found to respond to the increased feeding, the beginning is made, and all that is required is to follow it up to the end.

A Good Definition.

The Boston Teacher—Tommy, do you know what it is?
Tommy—Yesum. It's talkin' a lot at 5 o'clock tea and wearin' your best clothes and havin' at homes on Thursdays.

NASAL BALM
It is a certain and speedy cure for Catarrh of the Nose and Throat in all its stages.
SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.
Many curable diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as head-ache, neuralgia, general feeling of illness, small, hot breath, hoarseness and spitting, nose-bleed, general feeling of illness, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, at once procure a bottle of Nasal Balm. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents. It is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price in coin.
FULFORD & CO.,
Brockville, Ont.

On the Downward Track.
Mrs. Haywood—I'm afraid John is misbehaving in college.
Farmer H.—Why so, mother?
Mrs. H.—In his last letter he said he was at the head of his class, and to-day he writes he's half back.

A Good Business Man.
Visitor—Why is it you decline to give the price of photographs until after the person has sat?
Photographer—It is the only possible way in which we can hope the sitter will look pleasant.

Not Smart.
Newboy (a novice)—Extry special! Collision of two men-of-war! Four hundred killed!

Bigger Newboy.—What an ass you are! If you go and tell folks all about it, nobody will want to buy the paper. Let me show you what you're got to shoot; this is it! Extry special! Aw, aw—oh, oh, wa, wah! waw!—ho!—wah, wah, wah!—ho!

A Week of Well Doing.
Sunday School Teacher—I told you last Sunday that I wished each of you would try to make at least one person happy during the week. Did you?
Boy—Yes'm; I made grandma happy.
That is noble. How did you do it?
I went to visit her, and she's always happy we'n she sees I've got a good appetite.

Growing.
The Saunterer has a washerwoman who is an interesting creature in her way. This story has nothing to do, however, with her duties at the tub.

The other morning the Saunterer happened to meet Katy on the street. Let me show you what you're got to shoot; this is it! Extry special! Aw, aw—oh, oh, wa, wah! waw!—ho!—wah, wah, wah!—ho!

A Mild Joke.
A couple of wives were discussing the respective merits and demerits of their husbands, and one had quite a doleful tale to tell. Why don't you read the riot act to him! asked the sympathizer.

I have, but it isn't much good.
Well you bet, said the other sympathizer, if he were my husband, I'd make him quail.

I think not.
Why not and her eyes sparkled.
The first one smiled a quiet little smile of submission.

Some Witty Blunders.
There have been many harmless mistakes made that contributed much to the amusement of mankind. Among them is one told of a certain clergyman, who left a notice in his pulpit to be read by the preacher who exchanged with him. The clergyman neglected to denote carefully a private postscript, and the congregation were astonished to hear the stranger wind up by saying:
You will please come to dine with me at the paragon after service.

Another amusing story is told of a minister. The reverend gentleman was inclined to be absentminded, and while walking one day encountered a young lady whose face seemed familiar to him. Taking her to be one of his parishioners daughters and not wishing to pass her without notice, he stepped forward, and cordially shaking her hand entered into conversation. After comparing notes about the weather, he had at last to confess:
Well, I know your face quite well, but I cannot recall where I have seen you before.

Oh, please, sir, I'm your new parlor maid! was the reply.

A third story, copied from a London periodical, is based upon a small boy's mistake in school; but, as a matter of fact, it is not likely that the incident is based upon the fertile fancy of the writer, because it is almost too good to be true. This story is of how Mr. Whackem, a fiery schoolmaster, came to lose a scholar one day. The class was parsing a sentence.

What is the imperative of the verb to go? asked Whackem of Johnny Fizzletop.
I don't know.
Go! shouted Whackem.
Thank you, sir, replied Johnny. And he was two streets off before the teacher could catch his breath.

One Honest Man.
Men who are weak, nervous, broken down; men who suffer from the effects of over-work, worry, from the follies of youth or the excesses of manhood; men who have failed to find a cure, do not despair, do not give up!

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POOR DOCUMENT

AN OPEN LETTER.

Grand Lake Range, Queen's County, N. B.

March 10th, 1892.

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GENTLEMEN:

I am 72 years of age and have had Dyspepsia for several years. I have employed numerous physicians and taken many patent medicines, but all were of no use in my case. I began to grow worse. There was severe distress in my stomach; everything I ate, even the lightest food caused me intense agony. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. I was almost without hope when I saw a testimonial in the newspaper stating what Grodner's Syrup had done for others. As a last effort to regain health, I thought that I would buy it. Just before Christmas last my son Fred went to St. John and brought me home a bottle of your remedy. I used with the following results:

As I wish and have no distress from my food; my appetite is first-class, my food tastes good to me now. I sleep as sound as a child. I do all my own work without the aid of a servant, and can do a day's washing without feeling much tired whereas I could not do it all before taking Grodner's. I do feel grateful to you, gentlemen, for placing an invaluable remedy upon the market. I give all the credit for present state of good health to your medicine.

I am willing to answer any questions concerning the above, for I firmly believe your remedy will cure other sufferers as it has cured me. I conscientiously make this statement without any inducement or reward knowing it to be one of the best medicines in the market for Dyspepsia.

Respectfully yours,

ELEANOR BURKE

MARY OSBORNE'S RESOLVE.

"Honour and shame, from no condition come; Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

In an elegantly furnished parlor of a brick stone mansion situated in the aristocratic suburbs of a populous city, sat a lovely girl whose personal charms seemed to possess the power of fascinating one with bewilderment. Her purely Grecian face with regular features, and exquisitely chiselled lips would have been deemed worthy the study of the immortal Correggio, while the massive coils of silken tresses encircled her stately head as a crown of burnished gold. But in these alone lay not the magnetic influence which pervaded her entire being and held you at times in complete subjection to her will.

It was in the depths of those eyes, from whose intensity and variety of expression you could scarcely define their colour, that the great secret lay—here was the diamond of priceless treasure—here the glittering index that tempts you to study every smile and every action, as a page shining forth with the clearly defined conceptions of a truthful and unprejudiced soul.

The only daughter of a merchant prince whose immense riches and unbounded popularity received the flattering homage of the most distinguished, it is not a matter of surprise, that Mary Osborne had enjoyed all those advantages which are required to make her appear educated, refined and accomplished. Possessing intellectual abilities of a high order, combined with an appreciative regard for deep mental culture, she had laboured diligently to gain her education by a thorough course of study and persevering research.

Arriving on the verge of womanhood the gifted and beautiful daughter was introduced into society, with all the eclat usually attendant upon such occasions. Great was the consternation of manoeuvring mammas as Mary Osborne first came out at a grand evening party dressed in a simple white tulle with other ornaments than a pale blush rose that revealed amid the perpetual sunshine of her golden hair. The graceful simplicity of style added a charm to her matchless beauty, and she was speedily acknowledged the reigning belle. During the following season many eager aspirants had contested the honours, so easily gained by Mary, while each in turn were obliged to relinquish all pretensions, leaving her sole and undisputed sovereignty over the subjects of the social realm. Doubtless, one would think that a knowledge of this fact would impart to the favored one a spirit of arrogant and haughty imperiousness, and desire to trample upon the feelings of others with studied and inordinate contempt. On the contrary she possessed those noble qualities which emanate from purity of soul—gentle deference and regard for the feelings of others, combined with a thoughtful disposition that was ever on the alert to administer to the requirements of those with whom she daily associated.

In continual acts of charity, the destitute and needy found a sympathizing friend in Mary. Many were the prayers offered up for her, in the abodes of poverty, by the sick and suffering, whom she

had tenderly cared for, while many aged and feeble mendicants murmured, "God bless you young lady," on receiving the few coins remaining in her purse after returning from an afternoon's shopping.

So gifted, gentle and loveable, it is almost unnecessary to add that Mary Osborne was sought by a numerous host of suitors who had laid wealth, honour and distinction at her feet. Not wishing to violate the sanctity of her inmost feelings, she had rejected them all, resolving to form no attachment unless finding an object worthy her deepest regard—one whose every impulse was actuated by principles of true manliness—one in whom were deeply rooted habits of sobriety, discretion and regularity, and in whom she could discern those qualities which radiate from purity and truth.

Forming this high-minded resolution many keenly scrutinized the different phases of disposition which characterized many of the male sex within her direct acquaintance. A wide scope of intellectual ability had enabled her to study earnestly the powers and conceptions of the human mind in its relation to the moral and social duties of life, and as the ethical theories and problems of Kant and other philosophers, were being more carefully weighed in her mind, she was fully confirmed to make a proper application of the laws of duty.

A fitting opportunity was soon afterwards afforded our girl moralist. Among the various guests introduced at the Osborne mansion was Ernest Trenholm—a junior partner in a well-known and long-established banking firm. Being a man of good family, ability and enterprise, and giving proof of shrewdness and perseverance in business, he found a warm and flattering reception from those he chose to regard in a social position.

In the accustomed rounds of gaiety, with its multifarious scenes of amusements Ernest Trenholm had studiously avoided any familiar or intimate friendship outside his own family connections. Polite and affable and engaging, with a manly form and handsome face, many bright eyes watched him with earnest gaze, and cherished fond dreams which became radiant beneath the sunshine of his happy smiles. But the dreams were vain. The young banker at intervals preferring home quiet and thoughtful reverie to the scenes of merriment. If you ask the cause, the answer is simply this, the deep-toned nature of Mary Osborne had won his heart, but he dared not avow his dearest secret lest he too should be formally refused in her gentle, unassuming manner. He saw in the lovely girl, all which he desired in his companion through life, and longed to pour into her ear, the old, but oft repeated tale of love.

Occasional visits were paid to the elegant home, made joyous by Mary's cheerful presence, but the perfect ease and freedom of each reception, completely baffled any previously conceived idea on the part of Ernest Trenholm, and placed a wide barrier to the slightest possible intimation of desired intention. With untiring devotion he silently worshipped at the shrine wherein was unveiled the worth and loveliness of Mary's true character. She was even a beacon light placed above the horizon of his existence making out to him the path of duty with an unerring hand, as true to its course as the guiding polar star to the watchful and sea-tossed mariner. Not was Mary totally regardless of the feeling entertained towards her by the unassuming lover. Woman's nature is more sensitive to the intuitive perceptions than the more strongly balanced powers of the other sex.

She was conscious that Ernest loved her. She felt the power which she exercised upon him, but assumed an indifference and careless ease that rendered her more irresistible. She had called into requisition all the tactics of superior judgment to study more clearly the character of the man whom she preferred to all others, yet she would not compromise by word or action, the firmness and decision hitherto maintained, without having further proof of his power to resist the destroying demon of intemperance, which had ruthlessly crushed the lives of many young men of her acquaintance. Of Ernest Trenholm's virtuous principles and adherence to religious duties, Mary had no doubts, but she was in perplexity regarding his views on the great reform movement which was agitating the entire community and extending in all directions, and in distant countries, in many parts of the globe. It was a subject of deep concern in almost every household. Through the hundreds who flocked night after night to enrol their names in this great and glorious cause, many homes were made happy, mothers had lived to see their husbands and sons rescued from the maddening vortex of wild despair, society was being toned and elevated, and the public good was manifest from every standpoint.

While these proceedings were in an active state, Mary Osborne was one of the numerous guests of a brilliant assemblage at the residence of a particular friend. Amid a ceaseless round of gaiety she had passed the greater part of the evening, and being wearied with excitement had joined her companion and confidant Helen Leigh, and together retired into a small recess adjoining the conservatory, where totally concealed by the richly colored silken hangings, they remained for some moments in the undisturbed bliss of a quiet and confidential talk.

In the ceaseless flow of merry chit chat and gossip, peculiar to girlhood, they were unconscious of the presence of two gentlemen who had entered the ante-room opposite some moments before, and in low, earnest tones, were discussing some important question. Suddenly a rising light manifested the fair brow of Mary as she recognized the well-known voice of Ernest Trenholm, which fell as music upon her ear.

At first she seemed unwilling to be placed in the awkward and distorted act of eavesdropping, and was about to make a hasty retreat when forcibly detained by her companion whose expressive features betrayed no uncommon degree of interest and eager curiosity. Since the world began curiosity has been the one of vulnerable points of the female character. In its various modifications, it assumes different forms, but more or less constitutes a share in the moral composition of the fair sex. It originated with our mother Eve, and was fondly transmitted to her daughters throughout posterity. The whole-souled and moralizing nature of Mary Osborne was not even proof to this hereditary weakness. Encircling the waist of Helen Leigh together they hear in subdued tones, "Frank, listen for a few moments, and you will know why I so strongly opposed and discontinued the use of alcoholic stimulants when asked for my opinion on the subject during a meeting in our reading room," raising his voice to a higher pitch he continued, "nearly two years ago as you are well aware, I was deeply engaged in a political canvass. I went the rounds, daily meeting, many of respectable standing in society, men holding responsible positions, and even men who had made a profession of religion. In accordance with the time-honored custom, there must be the usual amount of intoxicating drinks interlarded with the exciting harangues and remonstrances in order to give more force and vehemence to the oratorical gestures of the politician. One afternoon, while employed, I met an unusual number of those associated in the cause, adherents and opponents. Of course the excitement ran high, speech followed speech, toast followed toast, and for the first time in my life I was at last in a state of beastly intoxication. How I groped my way home and seated myself at the tea-table, yet remained a mystery, but I did it, and finally gained my room, where in this sad and degrading situation, I slumped upon my bed and lay in a heavy stupor for several hours. In a state of bewilderment I at length awoke, my head was dizzy, I tried to think over what had happened, but my thoughts were in a dumb chaos. A footstep in the hall aroused my attention when a deep and humiliating sense of shame brought to my mind a vivid conception of the past evening. My door was gently opened, and the step approached my bed-side. I drew my breath heavily and feigned sleep, not having sufficient courage to meet my father's plying gaze. My face being averted, he thought me unconscious of his sorrow, and throwing himself upon the sofa he tried in vain to repress the choking sobs, which deeply pierced my heart. I had seen my father moved with pity, and family affliction, but never with such poignant and agonizing grief. Where you see a man moved to tears he is an object of pity, but the sight of my father's prostrating paroxysms was sufficient to bring tears from the most callous hearted. Why I had power given me to remain utterly passive, I know not, I knew it was better to do so; what my feelings were I hope you never may realize. I suffered more during those minutes than many would in a life-time. Could I then have knelt down and asked my father's forgiveness; I dared not trust myself.

When that parent rose, he seemed bowed with great affliction, and as I quietly stole a glance at his receding form he appeared to have lived a score of years in those trying moments. That was the only time I thanked Heaven that my sainted mother was in her grave. Oh! had she lived to see me there who had broken her gentle and loving heart—here the voice of the speaker became husky and tremulous, as he continued: "But the thoughts of my father's loneliness, in this great struggle, was too much to bear. I wept bitter and blinding tears. I did not consider it unmanly to make a sadening exhibition of myself. I should not consider it unmanly to weep. I lay for some moments in hesitation whether to make my appearance at breakfast, or wait until my father had gone to his business establishment. I adopted the latter, and having bathed my head with cold water and taken a saltz powder to remove the nausea, of which I was the victim, I felt somewhat brighter. Hurriedly I ate a morsel of breakfast and took my departure to the counting room, where nothing unusual was noticed in my department or actions. Throughout that entire day my father's sad face haunted me, while a steady work was going on within me. I saw the error of my previous ways, and had firmly resolved with my sister beside me, together we knelt, and bowed our heads in deep reverence, as the loved voice of our parent pleaded Heaven to save and guide his erring son. In my heart I seemed to realize that this prayer was being answered, and from that time the tempter

had no power over me. I dread not the most eloquent appeal to join and partake of the pleasures of the maddening bowl. Ernest Trenholm changed his voice to a deep monotone, and added, for the author of all mischief sustains me, and—

At this juncture he was interrupted by his listening companion, who exclaimed, Ernest I am satisfied, rest assured you shall never again be asked to drink in my presence. Thank you kindly, Frank, but that assertion is not enough to satisfy me. Can I not persuade you to come with me to-morrow evening to the Reform Meeting, and signify your espousal of the cause. As your friend, I am anxious to save you from the growing evil of the social glass, its allurement, its vice, and its crippling associations. For the love you bear your home and friends, reflect on your present course of action.

Frank, you will come. I shall call for you on my way there, and you will not refuse to accompany me.

Could the handsome and influential young banker, as he stood there in the character of a Reform advocate, could he thus have seen the expression of gratitude and regard which beamed upon Mary Osborne's countenance, he would have been doubly inspired for the accomplishment of his noble work.

In this earnest concern, the listeners held their breath to catch the words now painfully inaudible. They knew that a great struggle was agitating the bosom of Frank Osborne, and were awaiting the result in eager suspense. He at last exclaimed, Ernest, you have conquered. I shall go. The grateful sister could scarcely refrain from expressing her feelings, but the delicacy of the situation forbade, and noiselessly clasping the hand of Helen Leigh withdrew from the retreat.

At the appointed hour Ernest Trenholm kept his engagement at the home of Frank Osborne. He was ushered into the library, where amid its snugly arranged book shelves, inviting chairs and sofas, sat the fair student, and light of the household, looking up from the volume of Paradise Lost which lay open before her. She gave her visitor a welcome, which from the brightening color that met his earnest gaze, caused the current of his emotions to flow with the returning tide of anticipated hope and bright prospects.

Never did Ernest Trenholm experience a more clearly defined conception of the real enjoyment and pleasure of duty, that when in the company of his friend he bent his steps towards their place of meeting, and as he glanced at the signature of Frank Osborne, inscribed in legible characters beneath his own his delight was unbounded.

In the meantime Mary was recounting in her mind the deep appreciation that Ernest had always bestowed upon her, and she was now trying to solve a problem, which in its positive and negative terms required much profound thought and study.

Not wishing to follow the elucidation of each successive step in the course of events, I will end with another brief reference to Mary Osborne.

Seated in the same elegant parlor as when first introduced, she is evidently the recipient of some great and sudden revelation which leaves in its wake a bright train, reflecting hope, happiness, and consoling trust and love. The costly diamond ring sparkling on her finger tells the joyous tale. Ernest Trenholm now listens to an avowal on the part of her, whom he has promised to love and protect. He hears the full disclosure of the means which gave his secret to the ears of the listener, and now fully compensated in heartfelt gratitude, is happy in the thought that this was kept—Mary Osborne's Resolve.

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