





### TRI-WEEKLY CIRCULATION

FOR WEEK ENDING  
December 22nd, 1888.

Tuesday.....1,124  
Thursday.....1,072  
Saturday.....1,488  
Total for Week.....3,679  
Average Tri-weekly.....1,226

### The Gleaner.

JAS. H. CROCKET, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

THE GLEANER will not be issued on Tuesday next, New Year's Day.

### NECROLOGY OF THE YEAR.

Though the list of deaths of eminent personages of the year just closing is not as large as that of 1887 it is yet long enough to make us feel that every year even some of the great must be numbered with the dead. Europe has scarcely yet recovered from the commotion felt by the deaths of the Emperor William and his noble son Frederick, while Germany herself will be long in recovering from the serious shock. England has had to mourn the death of Matthew Arnold, the scholar, poet and critic; of Professor Proctor, one of the brightest lights in astronomical science, and of Sir Henry Maine, the great writer and publicist. America has lost Professor Asa Gray, a man who gave to botanical science an impetus which every worker in that pleasant field has felt; General Sheridan, a name that she will not readily let die; Roscoe Conkling, one of her ablest politicians; Chief Justice Waite, a man eminent among her lawyers and judges; Henry Bergh, the philanthropist; while among her writers Rowland and the Alcotts have passed away. Before another year has closed upon us doubtless others of the great shall have finished their labors and their places be filled by those struggling up to fame.

### THE MAYORALTY.

We had hoped that by this date Mr. Gregory would have yielded to the wishes of the many citizens and others who have waited upon him to-day we would be publishing his call the

M. Harper, formerly of the Girls' High School, of St. John. Amid the many excellent translations of these authors, from Pope and Dryden down to Derby and Bryant, one would have thought there was little room and little need to add to their number, but the merits of this the most recent translation will give it an honorable place among its best known and most valued predecessors. Though only classical scholars can appreciate the extent to which the translator has caught the spirit of his authors, the general reader will find the "tale of Troy divine" told in smooth and stately verse.

### Proposing to Keep a Y. M. C. A. Alive by Introducing Card Playing.

Boston, Dec. 26. The Charlestown Young Men's Christian Association has been on its last legs for some time, and tonight a meeting was held to decide its fate. There was a good deal of plain talk, and finally an Episcopal clergyman proposed introducing card playing as an attraction. The suggestion was emphatically squelched. Then a Baptist minister asserted that the only way to keep the Association alive was to drop the evangelical test, which is applied to all candidates for administration, and accept as members any young men of good and regular standing in the community. This raised a howl from the strictly orthodox members present, and it was asserted that the Christian associations all over the country would boycott this branch if any such combination was formed. It was finally voted to stick to the evangelical doctrine at any cost, and if need be die with colors flying.

### Living Off the Pretty Faces.

"There are now a number of men," remarked the head of a big printing house yesterday, "who actually make a living off the society girls. Whether it is a legitimate living or not the public can judge. The girls don't know anything about it, but they are a source of profit all the same. To begin with, there are the scurvy scribblers of the society papers who sell their paragraphs about New York's pretty women at a cent a word, and who manage to eke a more or less twisted and unsatisfactory living out of the pastime. Then there are the lithographers and tobacco and soap box decorators, who take the faces of the pretty women of New York, color them into allegorical shape, and serve them up to the boundless millions of the country for the purpose of decorating their wares. The instant one of these girls becomes at all notorious, like the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Potter or any one of the others who have jumped into fame, the cigarette manufacturers send a counterfeit presentment of their faces broadcast through the world. Then there is the sale of their photographs by the shopkeepers along Broadway. A further illustration of the profit is seen in our weekly papers, which devote a great deal of space and some mighty good engravings to describing the beauties of New York, so that there is a good side after all to the society gossip of the American press, since it puts bread into the working and

### GIRLS ON HORSES OF STEEL.

Lottie Stanley, the Lady Champion Bicycle Rider of the World.

New York, Dec. 26. Brooklynites who went to the Palace Rink in Clermont avenue yesterday saw the novel sight of women riding bicycles for a prize. There were five of them, and they were all from Pittsburgh. There has been quite an athletic fever among the women of the Smoky City this last fall, and several walking matches and bicycle races for women have been the outcome. The five who rode last night have won laurels in these contests, and they spent Christmas in showing Brooklynites how graceful a graceful woman can be astride a two-wheeled steed, and what endurance a little training can develop in her. The race was won by Lottie Stanley, who is 19 years old and a chunky mite of five feet. She won a six days race on Thanksgiving, and she claims the title of Lady Champion Bicycle Rider of the World. Riding eight hours a day, she covered 523 miles in the six days. She weighs 120 pounds, but doesn't look it. Her eyes are hazel, and her features pretty, with some suggestion of her Irish origin. She bestrides the smallest wheel which appeared on the course last night, forty-six inches. She wore long black silk stockings, black Jersey knickerbocker trousers, and a dark red plush jacket reaching just below the waist and decorated with gilt buttons and a gold badge of championship. The other contestants were Helen Bidwin, 18 years; Jessie Woods, 17 years; Lulu Hart, 20 years, and Aggie Harvey, 16 years. The first ten miles of the race were made by Lottie Stanley in 39 minutes 10 seconds. Helen Bidwin and the others followed closely. The pace was really too hard, and told on the racers. It afterwards settled down to about a ten mile an hour gait. For three hours all kept the pace without a break. Then one by one the girls dismounted for a rest, and repeated the rest at intervals. No one was off, however, longer than an hour and a half. The evening hours were marked by a series of pretty sprints by Lottie Stanley, which delighted the spectators hugely. Her cheeks flushed as she galloped after lap. Through all she sat as straight as an arrow, responded to applause with blushes only, and looked as fresh as though just from a morning walk when, at the close of eight hours, she finished 80 miles and won the race.

### A GIRL'S INHERITANCE.

Action Brought Against Her Father to Recover It.

MONTREAL, Que., Dec. 26. Miss Carrie Miller, a handsome young lady of 22, has taken out an action against her father, Mr. Henry Miller, of the firm of A. Ram-say & Sons, paint dealers, to recover \$30,000 in money and real estate, which was left to her by her mother, who died while she was quite young. Mr. Miller, who owns a large stone house on Drummond street, has, since his second marriage, treated his daughter so parsimoniously that it became the common talk of the Dominion Square Methodist church, of which he is a prominent member. When Carrie came of age, at the request of her affectionate papa, and without realizing the importance of the step, signed a paper abandoning all claims to her mother's estate, in view of educational expenses and paternal affection received and a gift of \$250 in cash. Since that time her domestic life seems to have been far from pleasant, and lately has become so unbearable that about a month ago she made up her mind to leave her father's residence. Mr. Bishop and several other wealthy members of the church took an interest in the girl, and a home was provided for her until her affianced husband, by whom she was married, was transferred to her

### FORGOT HIS CERTIFICATE.

A Careless Savannah Bridegroom Comes Near Missing His Wedding.

Elmer Dunn gave the bride the details of quite an amusing incident that happened on board the train while on his way to Atlanta. Shortly after the train pulled out, of Brunswick he noticed a Savannah man on board with an unusually happy smile on his face. The man seemed wrapped in silent meditation on some pleasing subject, as he would occasionally chuckle to himself, and Mr. Dunn was quite amused at watching him. Presently, much to the surprise of Mr. Dunn, he sprang suddenly to his feet, with the exclamation: "Great Scott! I've forgotten to get a health certificate, and won't be admitted into Savannah without it." The conductor coming through, the man explained his dilemma to him, and the urbane official introduced him to Mr. Dunn, who regretted his inability to furnish him with the desired certificate, as he had neither blanks nor pen and ink. "But, my dear sir," said the Savannah man, "I'm on my way to get married, and if I'm detained I shall be ruined." "If you get me pen and ink I'll write you a certificate," said Mr. Dunn. The conductor said there was none on board, and that it would be impossible to detain the train until it could be obtained at Jacksonville. "But, my dear sir, the girl, the preacher and the guests will all be waiting and wondering why I do not put in an appearance," said the man. "Telegraph her," suggested Mr. Dunn. "I can't! She lives some miles from Savannah, where there is no telegraph station," he replied. Finally Mr. Dunn gave him his own certificate, and told him to see if he could pass on it. This morning Mr. Dunn received a letter stating that the certificate had passed him all right, and after getting married he had altered the words "and wife" to "it," so that it read "Elmer Dunn and wife," under which alias the happy couple had gone on their bridal tour.—Brunswick (Ga.) News.

### Suggestions to Reporters.

One can imagine him in severe straits for a new way of putting the arrivals, and failing to hit upon a pretty term; and yet, in the bright lexicon of the enterprising youth of the press, there is no such word as fail. Just to show that the field of expression in this line is limitless, the Listener submits some examples of hotel arrivals done in this way:

Col. Elijah Pogran, of Frankfort, Ky., slept the sleep of a just man made perfectly mellow at Young's last night. The Hon. Peregrine Pickle, en route from Washington to Potomac, Ma., relaxed his six and a half feet of bone and muscle, and kicked off the comforter at the United States hotel last night. The Hon. Henry Q. Bent, of Barkester, N. H., folded the elegant drapery of one of Billy Park's couches about him last night. The Rev. Auburn Helliwig, of Newport, R. I., bound in his sunny locks and lay down to pleasant ecstasies of dreams at the Vendome last night.

Lord Beeston, of England, accompanied by his friend, Sir Cadley Bogus, Bart., alighted from his equine at Parker's. The Hon. John D. Short, of Hangham, reined in his foaming carpet bag at the Tremont last evening. Mr. Michael O'Flanagan, Mr. Dick Swipes, Mr. Billy Sluggan and several other gentlemen of perambulatory leisure found a genial Amphitryon in Lieut. Gardner at Station 3 last night.

Instances of this sort could be multiplied indefinitely, but these are enough, no doubt, to show that the thing can be done.—Boston Transcript.

### The Punishment Too Great for the Crime.

For the Babies.

It is not necessary to buy corn cures. Men should remember that Patnam's corn extractor is the only safe, sure, and remover extant. It does not hurt, and is perfectly safe. It is made of poisonous

### A FATAL BARRI.

A Tragedy in Which Reversity As Important For Chicago Tribune.

"Miss Garphickie, you are with me!" "Bardolph Kijordan stood before her as erect, imperious, and gloomy as the stern sector of a broken and dismembered dramatic combination standing on the side of the track halfway between stations, and watching a handcar propelled by section men sweeping rapidly past and disappearing in the heavy clouds." "Mr. Kijordan burned with the indignation of an abused, insulted man. "For months and months," he said, "you have encouraged me. You have smiled upon me. You have accepted my attentions. You have listened to me with apparent approval while I have ventured to hint at a feeling stronger than friendship." "Mr. Kijordan," interposed the young lady, "I will not deny that your attentions have been agreeable to me." "Then why, Vinnie," he exclaimed imploringly, "why do you tell me I can never be? Why do you look at me coldly and say we were not meant for each other?" "I would have saved you this pain if I could," Mr. Kijordan. I have waited and waited, hoping that the barrier between us might disappear—that you would see that it is that interposes so fatal a barrier." "Vinnie," he exclaimed tremulously and excitedly, "perhaps it is not too late, even yet! Perhaps I may be able to—"

"It is impossible, Mr. Kijordan," replied the young lady, firmly yet kindly. "I shall always entertain the highest esteem for you as a man, a citizen, a friend and an excellent judge"—here her voice faltered, and her face flushed with embarrassment, but no closer relationship. I am now convinced, can never be thought of."

"Vinnie Garphickie!" he exclaimed, with bitterness, "so be it! I shall not go down on my knees. It would do no good. The carpet, besides!" and the young man looked at it dejectedly. "If you will excuse me for saying so, Miss Garphickie, is it not in that condition of—of tidiness that—"

"Perhaps, Mr. Kijordan," suggested the young lady, freely, "you will put an end to this painful scene by—"

"Gung? Certainly, Miss Garphickie, certainly. But I think I have the right to ask you, since this will probably be the last time I shall ever have the opportunity, what the nature of the barrier is that separates us. Have I not?"

"You have, sir."

"Then why have you refused to be my wife?"

"Because, Mr. Kijordan," she replied, with in-labile address, "I can never link my destiny with that of a young man who wears reversible cuffs."

An Indian Who Was Cool and Brave.

BANCOK, Mo., Dec. 21. A remarkable exhibition of Indian presence of mind and nerve has just been given by a member of the Penobscot tribe named Hamilton. He lives on Indian Island, Old town. A lad of 13 years, while sliding on the new and thin ice on the river, fell into a hole and was carried down the river by the current. Hamilton saw him, and seizing his canoe and axe, he put out, cutting the high before him. Seeing the boy, he swung down under the ice, made his way down the river, and with his axe cut a slit through the ice at right angles with the current. When the body came down he plunged in and brought it to the surface. The lad was alive when rescued, but did not live long enough to receive the aid of a physician, who had been summoned. The brave red man took his life in his hand when he went after the lad, and measures will be taken to make known his bravery to the humane society.

For the Babies.

It is not necessary to buy corn cures. Men should remember that Patnam's corn extractor is the only safe, sure, and remover extant. It does not hurt, and is perfectly safe. It is made of poisonous

### J. C. RISTEEN & CO.

Have in stock and make to Order

SASHES,  
DOORS

—AND—  
MOULDINGS

IN ALL

Patterns

Cut from Pine, Ash and Walnut  
Pine, Spruce and Ash Sheathing, Spruce  
and Birch Flooring, etc. Also: Church  
and School Furniture. All at Low  
Prices. Give us a call.  
NO. 2, QUEEN STREET.

### SPECTACLES ON

D. HARRIS

53 Cl

St. Joh

Mr. Harris is a  
most difficult case  
on every point  
device submit then  
Office hours, 9 a.  
until 10 p. m.

BERR

Have

CONF

Left over from the

REDU

Great Bargain

Fredericton, Dec

### BIG REDUCTI

IN  
LADIE'S ASTRACAN JAC  
AND  
FUR LINED CLOAKS

FOR CASH ONLY.	REDUCED TO	READ THE F
\$27.00	"	\$20.00
33.75	"	25.00
37.50	"	29.00
45.00	"	36.50
50.00	"	42.00
38.50	"	30.00

Reduced Prices will Stop with close of the Year.

### JOHN J. WEDD

TEA. COFFEE.

These are our Specialties, and we spare no Pains nor Expense in making  
Leading Branches of our Business. Please Note the following

Good Black Tea, 20 cents per lb.	- - - 6 lbs for
Better " 25	- - - 5 "
Better " 30	- - - 4 "
Better " 35	- - - 3 "
Hyune Congou, 40 cents.	Panjou Congou, 4
India Tea, 50	Golden Oolong, 50
	Orange Pekoe, 65 cents.

COFFEE fresh Ground 25 to 38 cent

Confectionery, Currants, Peels, Nuts, Spices, Flour, Fish and all of  
as a Place in the City.

FRY







