

VOL. I, NO. 93.

must not see me here. The time has not come when poor old Elsie Harebell

MA GGLE.
OR
The Loom Girl of Lowell
By William Mason Turner, M. D.
(Continued.)
It failed its mark, but it severed a lock
of his grey hair as cleanly as though done
with a razor.

"Mr. Hart," and his manner grew a little respectful. He flung himself into a chair, but, as with old Elsie, he failed to offer a seat to the foreman.

George Hart did not notice the oversight. He quietly removed his hat, and said:

"I came to see you, sir, about old man Marsh."

CHAPTER IX.

was his match; f
with a desperate e

Still she was his match ; for nerving herself with a desperate energy, she breathed his onset, and drove her knife madly at him.

A second, and his vengeful weapon went spinning to the side of the room by the bay-window.

Philip Frone was disarmed—and by a feeble-handed woman.

But he was not at the mercy of his more successful adversary ; for old Elsie

AN APPARITION IN THE STUDY.

Mr. Frone started violently as his mill-man spoke the name of Richard Marsh.

"What of that old rasca! How—?"

"*Rascal, Mr. Frone?*" and Hart's eyes rested firmly, with a singular glance—a glance full of meaning—upon his employer's face.

Mr. Frone felt the emphasis, felt the steady look. He turned his head away, as he continued:

"How dare you come to me at this time of night to speak about him?"

"*Dare, Mr. Frone?*" and Hart smiled

her withered hand,
ing to desperation, and

had struck with such force that the shock paralyzed her withered hand, which had been strung to desperation, and her own weapon flew from her nerveless fingers.

A moment, and uttering, a smothered cry of satisfaction, the strong man flung himself full upon her. His fingers gripped into her neck. Shaking her violently, he managed to open the door, and dragging her, half-strangled, into the passage, he bore her by main strength to the front door of the mansion. All the time his

"But I am under the impression," and his brow wrinkled, "that I have, at least, a small claim upon you, sir."

"A claim upon me! By Heaven, that's cool. How the d—l!"

"In the first place," interrupted the foreman, brusquely, and as if he would speak plainly, "you could not spare me as foreman of the mills; I am worth too much to you. In the second—"

and was closing tighter
r throat, shutting in

strong hand was closing tighter and tighter over her throat, shutting in even the terrible gasps that were trying to struggle forth.

The door was reached and opened, and summoning all his immense strength old Frone lifted the helpless, half-dead woman and hurled her head-long out.

"Go, and curses upon you!" he muttered, softly closing and locking the door. "If you are found dead in the morning, with your neck broken, no one will be

"Ah, indeed, you rate yourself highly, George Hart. I am quite sure——"

"I am speaking the truth, sir. You know, as well as I do, that I could almost double my present wages, if I listened to offers elsewhere. The 'Lowell,' the 'Prescot,' and the 'Lawrence,' all want me. But I have another claim sir," and his voice was lower.

"And that claim?" queried old Frone, in just as low a tone, casting his eyes down.

and I'll be rid of a
that has blackened my

with your neck broken, no one will be able to tell the wiser; and I'll be rid of an infernal shadow that has blackened my pathway for many—many years. And in the end it must come to that; for both of us can not——”

As his mutterings grew fainter, he re-entered his study and closed the door. Once again he started as he strode into the room and glanced around him. For just then the suspicious noise, referred to some time back, was heard again.

"Surely, sir, you know it! Surely you have not forgotten that three years ago, when you first entered into partnership with Mr. Gray, I detected you in a matter——"

"Enough of that, George Hart," hastily interrupted the rich man, half-menacingly, half-appealingly. "That matter is settled long ago between us; we made our bargain, and you pledged your word."

"Yes, I did pledge my word: and I'll

distinctly.
ed like the sudden
irts.

and very distinctly.

It sounded like the sudden rustling of a lady's skirts.

But there was no lady in the room—nothing but that self-same curtain, against which the cold night wind was blowing.

Old Mr. Frone smiled, as he approached the sash and pushed it up to its place, thus shutting out the cause of his alarm.

The curtain rustled no more.

As a satisfied expression rested upon his face, he seated himself by the table.

keep it. But as to bargain — pahaw! The only agreement made was this: That you should make ample and speedy restitution to Mr. Gray, and when that was done, I promised that no living soul should hear of the matter from my lips; that was all."

Philip Frone ground his teeth, and turned uneasily in his chair.

"Well, what then? Go on," he said.

"On the strength of my kindness then, *my forbearance*, I am here at this late

more took out the c
le was far from be
the hour of mi

and once more took out the decanter of brandy. He was far from being sleepy now, though the hour of midnight was almost on the stroke.

Old Elsie Harebell had fallen heavily down the steps of the mansion, out upon the hard flagstones of the pavement. For several moments she lay motionless, as though she was dead. Not a sound—not even a groan escaped her. It seemed indeed as if Philip Frone had accomplished

hour to ask a favor of you."

"That favor?"

"You can guess it. I wish you to do an act of kindness, of charity, and restore poor old Richard Marsh to his humble position in the mills, those mills once his!"

"I cannot do it."

"But, sir, he and his family are starving! Only to-night I saw——"

"Let them starve! It serves the old drunken vagabond right."

pose, and rid himself
for all time.
old woman was only

ed his purpose, and rid himself of her presence for all time.

But the old woman was only stunned. The ups and downs of life, over which she had passed for the last thirty years, had toughened her—her powers of endurance were wonderful.

As the cold winter winds passed over her face she slowly revived.

At last she struggled to her feet, and groping around found her staff, which she had let fall when entering the man-

"Drunk!" and George Hart's eyes flashed as hard lines crept around his mouth. "And is there a day in the week, sir, when Basil Frone your son, is sober?"

"Sir, sirrah! Hem! Well, Basil has money, he is rich. He can afford to drink, to get drunk too, if he pleases."

"Ay, circumstances alter cases, indeed. But the favor—will you grant it sir?"

A conversation—lasting several minutes—ensued, the foreman standing all the while.

only proceeded a few
neeled and fronted

But she only proceeded a few paces before she wheeled and fronted the dark, rayless mansion.

"Curse upon you, Philip Frone!" she hissed, in a harsh, squeaking voice, while she shook her withered finger at the house—"curse upon you, forever! For now there is war between us to the knife! Yet, oh, Heaven!" and her head sank sadly, "how I once loved him—loved him through all his loves! 'Tis gone now

Old Frone seemed to relent, for when at last he arose, and George Hart turned away, he said :

"Very good, let him come back to the mills. I'll be there to-morrow morning. He must beg pardon for what he has done, and give pledges for the future."

"The terms are hard for such a man as old Mr. Marsh *has been*; but they are reasonable, and he will be only too glad to agree to them."

aye! I would pluck
it from his bosom

gone for aye! I would pluck his dastardly heart from his bosom! But he must not learn my hiding-place; I'll not trust him. *But I'll watch him!* And the day may come when Richard Marsh shall be righted, and have his own again. Stranger things have happened. I must be gone," she continued, hastily—"must totter back, hungry and cold to—"

She paused very suddenly, and shading her eyes, peered ahead of her.

With this, George Hart left the room. His heart was comparatively light, and as he hurriedly walked away from the mansion, he murmured :

"Thank the Lord for that much ! And late as it is, I'll carry the good news to the poor old man."

He was soon out of sight in the black shadows that lay along the windy streets. Old Mr. Frone, who had followed him to the front door, gazed long and menacingly after his foreman.

he was speaking, the bell upon her ear. They were coming toward

While she was speaking, the echo of footsteps fell upon her ear. And those footsteps were coming toward her.

Just then the tall, brawny form of a man came in view.

As he passed a flaring lamp up the silent street, old Elsie, with a nimbleness that was surprising, slid into the shadows behind a tree-box, and stood still.

A few moments and the man, his face bent straight ahead of him, strode by.

He did not see her.

"Curses upon him! curses upon the day when bad luck gave George Hart a hold upon my actions! Ay! and double curses upon old Richard Marsh, who shall *not* enter the mills again if I can possibly manage it. Now, to bed."

Just as he was closing the door, a small boy ran hastily up the steps.

"So glad I didn't have to ring, sir," he said, while he shivered with cold.

"What do you want, boy?"

"Here's a letter, sir, for you, from Mr. Gray, who says I must bring your answer," replied the lad, looking longingly into

gone! Good!" murmured, drawing a deep

"He is gone! Good!" muttered the old woman, drawing a deep breath of relief. "'Twas that fine, noble-hearted young man, who more than once has done me kindness. But George Hart

the warm hallway, at the same time he handed the missive to Mr. Frone.

"From Mr. Gray! Where t he deuce is he at this time of night?" and he took the letter.

(To be Continued.)

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

FIRE PROTECTION.

The facts published in our last issue relative to the supply of water for fire purposes has called forth a great deal of comment. We do not profess to have any cut and dried scheme to recommend, but the following suggestions may be worth consideration.

Fire alarm. A general system of electric fire alarm would probably cost more than the citizens would care to expend just now, and as long as we have to depend upon volunteer efforts for the ringing of the bells, it is useless to talk about any system by which the location of a fire can be indicated. No very great loss has occurred by reason of delay in ascertaining the part of the city in which a fire was. What is wanted is means of communicating quickly with the water works engine. This might be effected by an electric alarm in each hose station, and it should be the duty of the first member of the hose company, entering the station in the event of a fire, to give an alarm to the engineers, which would be understood as a signal for fire pressure. Of course this would lead to several alarms for each fire, but no inconvenience would result from this. A signal could be given in the same way when the fire pressure is no longer required.

This alarm might also be connected with the residence of the Chief and Assistant Engineers of the Fire Department.

Control of the water: This, when once an alarm of fire had been given, should rest absolutely in the Chief Engineer or, in his absence, the Assistant Engineer, who should have authority to order the pressure on or off when in his judgment it is necessary.

The care of hydrants: This is a difficult matter to deal with; but it must be dealt with. Yesterday the hydrant on the lower corner of Phoenix Square was found to be out of order. Clearly street hydrants cannot be tested often. We suggest that the city be divided into districts and the captains of the hose companies have each a district assigned to them and that they be required to see that the hydrants are always in good condition and to report anything wrong to the Superintendent of the water works.

Fire drill: Each hose company should turn out to fire drill at least once a month; and prizes might be offered for competition.

We add that we make these suggestions simply for what they are worth and in no spirit of fault-finding. The subject is a serious one and ought to be dealt with at once.

THE UNITY OF TRUTH.

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the papers.

The latest explanation of Buddhism claims to be a vast and stupendous scheme of evolution, compared with which the theory of Darwin is but the idle fancy of the school-boy. It deals with space so great as to be almost boundless, and with time so long as to be almost eternity; and by it may be solved the problems of the modern evolutionist; by it may be explained the disappearance of the continent over which the Atlantic now rests, and by it the puzzles which the geologists find in the rocks and stones may be unravelled.

Some day the world of Christendom, the aggressive, bigoted, intolerant world which has fondly imagined itself to be the sole conservator of all truth, human and Divine, the sole recipient of inspiration, superior and unapproachable, will awaken to a realizing sense of the fact that long before what it calls History began to be made, men lived upon this world and thought and spoke and wrote, and we have been accepting as inspired truth, the imperfect tradition of some of the ideas then evolved. Let us not be understood as questioning the reality of Divine inspiration, because we may confess ourselves ignorant as to whom and when the inspiration came. Indeed the deeper the research into the thought of the past, the more we clear away the rubbish which ignorance, superstition, political prelates, and time-serving, self-seeking teachers have thrown upon it, the more we learn to what point the minds of men had reached thousands of years ago and compare it with what we are learning to-day with much labor and many blunders, the more real the idea of Divine inspiration becomes though we may give some new light as to its processes.

If for example we open a book and find that some one, no matter who, wrote a short, graphic and poetical account of the geological periods, correct in all essential particulars so far as we can test it by the result of modern research,

suppose we should find that an ancient writer, who lived before the science of geology was known, in his account of the formative process through which the world went before man came upon it, gave an account correct in several very important and striking particulars, we would be forced to conclude either that he had made a shrewd guess, or that he had investigated the matter for himself, or that he had received a more or less correct account of what some one before him had discovered or that he was divinely inspired. The first hypothesis would be out of the question, and if there was no evidence upon which to base the second or third we would, most of us, accept the fourth. We find just such an account in the first chapter of Genesis, and the acceptance of its inspiration is incumbent upon all orthodox people. Might not the same conclusion to follow from the same facts if the writing is Hindu instead of Hebrew, if the inspiration claimed came to millions of people in one of the fairest lands on earth instead of to a few hundreds of thousands on the half desert shores of the Mediterranean? We say yes; and more, we say that when this principle obtains its due influence, when we honestly "prove all things and hold fast that which is true," whether seen in a vision by some hoary prophet of Jerusalem, or evolved by some dreamy philosopher of ancient India, or reasoned out by some hard-headed student of our own days, we will rise to a higher appreciation of the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator, a better understanding of our own insignificance and a fuller comprehension of the principles of Charity. Of all men, he who thinks he holds the measure of Omniscience and can set a bound which Infinite Love cannot pass, is the most to be pitied.

THE CENTRAL RAILWAY.

A correspondent of the *Telegraph* describes the surveyed route of the Central Railway through the parishes of Margerville and Sheffield. His letter is interesting and the information contained in it valuable. We shall take occasion at another time to notice it more fully. At present we desire to refer to the following sentence only. The correspondent says:—

"The *Gleaner* gives a map of the country with the surveyed line and proposed line marked with distances and calculations of cost &c., all of which is misleading and to some extent scurrilous."

If the *Telegraph's* correspondent is not more correct in other particulars than he is in this, his statements are not to be taken without corroboration. The map was an exact copy of Wilkinson's map of the Province; the surveyed line was traced upon it by Mr. Moses Burpee C. E. who surveyed the line; the distances were marked upon the map by him, except the distances on the proposed route by way of Penniac, which were got by measurements by scale on the largest plans in the Crown Land office, with an allowance for curves, these measurements being carefully compared with estimates made by persons who had thoroughly cruised the country to be traversed by the proposed route. The estimates of cost were obtained from some of the most experienced railroad men in the province. In view of this, the statement that our plan and estimates were "misleading and to some extent scurrilous" seems entirely unwarranted.

TAKING THE RIGHT VIEW OF THE CASE.

While the St. John Sun is attempting to cover the proceedings at the St. John Board of Trade with ridicule and the *Capital* attempts to belittle the whole matter and make the majority of the Board appear as though they had merited the indignity of the community, the leading Journals of the Tory party show an appreciation of the gravity of the situation. The *Halifax Herald*, the organ of the Nova Scotia Tories, admits that "a crisis is imminent." The *Toronto Mail*, the chief Tory organ says:—

"The times are without doubt perilous, but we believe the result of the negotiations between Canada and Spain will dispel some of the danger, though it must be confessed that the Americans appear to be bent on keeping the inside track."

The *Quebec Chronicle* one of the leading Government organs in Quebec says:—

"The Government will have to come to the rescue. The gentlemen who are moving in the matter are in no mood to be trifled with, and the prompt manner in which the Finance Minister has responded to their resolution shows clearly that the Administration is fully aware of the importance of the New Brunswick 'howl,' as our esteemed contemporary, the *Montreal Gazette*, calls the common-sense demand of the St. John merchants. The 'howl,' it will be found, may mean a great deal."

ed, owing to the recent change in the Government of the country. He moved: Resolved, That the Chamber of Commerce unite with the Board of Trade in St. John, etc., in requesting the Dominion Government to take prompt and effective steps to rearrange a reciprocity treaty with the United States on fair terms, and to make efforts to secure advantageous trade relations with the Spanish and British West India Islands.

The chairman, W. C. Silver said every fish merchant would agree with him that closer trade relations with Boston was what they desired.

Hon. A. G. Jones dwelt on particulars on the Spanish West India question. There was no necessity to say anything about United States Reciprocity. Everybody favored that.

T. B. Kenney thought the resolution should pass unanimously and they could deal with other questions afterwards. He mentioned that the resolution suggested a treaty being made on fair terms. The resolution passed unanimously.

Many others spoke on the question, including G. J. Trott, Senator Power, John Starr, and Robt. Pickford, and all favored Reciprocity.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The *London Free Press* has discovered that the Scott Act is the cause of the present depression in business. Its fellow Tory Journals should unite to buy the *Free Press* a medal.

Says the *Montreal Herald*.—In four or five months hence, or before the winter on which we are entering has fairly closed, or before Parliament has finished its next session, the traveller may start from Halifax and passing through Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, and (via the north route of Lake Superior) Manitoba and the North-West provinces, reach the Selkirk Mountains, and, in effect, look down upon the Pacific ocean. Six months later he will be enabled to pass on by rail to the city of Victoria, the terminus of the great Railway on the Pacific, and a city whose only rival on the Pacific coast in population, wealth and activity will be San Francisco.

The Ottawa correspondent of the *Montreal Times* says:—

It is said that all the cablegrams sent out from London concerning Sir John Macdonald's movements in England are made up in the office of the Canadian High Commissioner. The English press are taking notice of him, excepting that in their review of Mr. Bourne's book his name was mentioned by some papers in connection with the Pacific Scandal. The idea is to get Sir John and his new decoration well advertised, as it is thought that will give him a return, and enable him to do something towards settling up those dissensions which threaten to tear his party to pieces at any moment. In the ranks of the Tory party, just now, everybody seems dissatisfied and disaffected. The relations of the Government and the Canadian Pacific Company, the appointment of the Hon. John O'Connor to judge and other matters have soured many of the best men of the party in Ontario.

FROM EVERYWHERE.

Notes, Nations, News, Facts, Fancies, Fun, The Harvest of the Editor's Shears.

Canned salmon from Oregon and tomatoes from New York are now shipped to the Congo.

Francis D. Moulton, the Mutual friend of the Tilton and Beecher trial, died at New York, aged 89 years. Mr. Moulton was a tall man, of sturdy build, with blue eyes, abundant auburn hair and a military moustache.

The fortune left by the Duke of Buccleuch to his youngest son—\$200,000—represents just about two months of an income which the Duke had enjoyed over sixty years. That left to his daughter, who married Cameron of Lochiel, represents six weeks' income, and that to the two other daughters one month's income. Among the questions put to Sir George Sitwell, a very young man, and the successful candidate at the recent election for Scarborough, was this: "Would he be prepared to support a bill rendering it lawful for a man to marry his widow's niece?" "Well," said Sir George, "I have not yet given the matter serious consideration, but—" Here he was interrupted with shouts of laughter.

Miss Eva Mackay, daughter of the California millionaire, has been declared to have been engaged more frequently, perhaps than any young woman of her age. Paris gossips have interested themselves mightily about her matrimonial prospects, and have had her engaged every two or three months to one after another of the most conspicuous bachelors of France and Spain. Princes have usually been selected as the lucky men, but the denials from the Mackay family have always been prompt to follow each announcement, and the Americans only smiled the other day when the French declared that Miss Mackay was engaged to marry Fernando de Colema, Prince of Galatrot.

Confederate Money.

Some parties in the city are trying to circulate Confederate States notes around at the houses of residents. The ladies ought to be on their guard, when suspicious traders call. Some of our townspeople have attempted to pass this money.

The other day a man came into the Crown Land office to pay his stampage bill. He offered a number of bills, not counterfeit, but printed to imitate a bank bill and bearing a vignette of President-elect Cleveland. The C. L. officials sent him to the Receiver General's office and the Deputy Receiver General of course told him that his "money" was no good. The man said he had borrowed it from a party whom he named. People especially in the country, cannot be too careful to examine any bills offered them by persons whom they do not well know.

Knocked Out.

Last Thursday night, Andy Gorman and James Dunlap, two well-known city moods, had an encounter on Queen street, West End. Both of them had too much Anti-Scott Act on board. They began the dispute about horses, but growing warm soon came to blows. Dunlap was knocked out by a few vigorous blows and kicks. This is the third time these parties have met on the battle field; each time Dunlap has been worsted.

GLEANINGS.

Extracts of interest taken principally from our Provincial Exchanges.

Miss Florence Marryat, the brilliant novelist and actress, and daughter of Capt. Marryat, is to visit St. John early in January.

The Owens Art Gallery will be closed at 4 p.m. on Saturday next, and be opened again on Thursday, 25th inst., continuing open each day thereafter (except on Friday) from 10 to 1 o'clock, and from 2 to 4 o'clock, until the first of January, 1885.

Mariner and John Tingly, of Hopewell Hill, Albert County have pressed 450 tons of hay this fall and expect to press at least 500 tons more during the next two months.

A painful case is reported from Lynnfield. Some time ago, a woman residing there ran a piece of needle into her foot. It remained there for some time but was subsequently cut out. This wound did not heal and a process of decay set in which destroyed the whole foot and ankle. As a last resort, to preserve life, it was decided to amputate the foot. This was done on Friday last. On Sunday morning the woman died.

Professor William Dart has in his hands a letter from C. W. Brown, formerly of Moncton, authorizing him (Dart) to make a match with any running athlete in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia—barring F. Harmon, of St. Stephen, N. B., now residing in San Francisco. Brown desires that the race distance shall be 200 to 400 yards, and wants the stakes to be at least \$500 a side. Brown has no stated record, but is spoken of in the N. Y. Clipper as the "boy athlete." He is at present at Fort Carter, Moncton, and any communications left with Prof. Dart will be answered.

Mackerel on the shores as far as Shad Bay, Upper and Lower Prospect, Terrace Bay, East and West Dover, have been a failure, no catches of consequence having been taken. Some small mackerel were taken during the summer, but prices have been down. The fishermen intend holding their fish till the spring in hopes of a rise. The price of mackerel at the present time is about \$2.35 per bbl.

The Clarendon saloon on Argyle street, Halifax, where Mr. V. J. Gibson accidentally met his death last Friday morning, has been running under a city license, which was on Tuesday afternoon revoked at the meeting of the city council and the proprietor notified the same evening. The revoking is rather an unusual and summary proceeding, but the authority for it is found in section 184 of the city charter, which reads as follows:—"They mayor and any three aldermen shall have power to revoke or suspend any such license, if, in their judgement, the order and welfare of the city require it."

A meeting of the stock subscribers and others interested in the Miramichi Steam Navigation Company was held recently at Chatham. Mr. William Murray was elected Chairman; and D. G. Smith Secretary. The chairman explained the object of the meeting, which was to make arrangements for organizing the company and carrying out its objects, as declared in the stock list, viz., of building and running steamers for the better development of trade and communication on and in connection with the Miramichi. The following gentlemen were elected the provisional directors of the company: Hon. Richard Huthington, J. P. Burdill, John McLaggan, J. W. Spowball, John Salter, Richard Hocken, R. Flanagan.

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FOR SALE AT THE

"CITY FOUNDRY,"

Four Superior Hot Air

FURNACES

WHICH WILL BE SOLD

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Also, One Large Furnace

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Fredericton, Nov. 1, 1884.

October 28, 1884

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JUST RECEIVED AT

W. E. Miller & Co.

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Shorts, Bran

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W. E. MILLER & Co.,

Feed, Seed and Lime Merchant's, Opposite People's Bank, Queen Street.

Fredericton, Oct. 26, 1884.

Music Lessons.

THAT Subscriber will give Lessons to his Pupils

at their Residences on and after 1st November

next.

Terms.—Term of 20 Lessons—\$8.00.

As an inducement to young ladies to study the

Violin, I now offer a Short Term of 10 Lessons for

\$2.50 in advance. At the expiration of the Ten

Lessons the usual rate will be charged.

E. CADWALLADER.

Fredericton, Oct. 22—218.

20th Annual Sale! FLANNELS!

DEVER BROS.

HOLIDAY SALE.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS FOR THE MONTHS OF

DECEMBER AND JANUARY.

SPECIAL PRICES IN—

DRESS GOODS

CHRISTMAS.

SPECIAL VALUE IN

Black Silks, Velveteens

MANTLE BROCADES, and

OTTOMAN CORDS.

Also a full line of the most fashionable

WULSTER CLOTHS.

A large variety of useful articles suitable for presents.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS,

CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS in half doz. Fancy Boxes,

Linen and Kid Gloves and Mitts,

For Ladies and Gentlemen

PROMENADE SCARFS,

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GENTLEMEN'S TIES,

SCARFS, COLLARS,

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With an assortment of

Scotch Tweeds

AND

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Can be found in all Departments, all at Reduced Prices

DEVER BROTHERS.

COTTON

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1,000 Yards Cotton Flannels

IN SHORT LENGTHS,

FROM 2 to 10 YARDS

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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JERSEYS

JERSEYS!

JERSEYS!

DEVER BROS.

HAVE RECEIVED TO-DAY!

6 Doz. Jerseys,

EMBROIDERY and PLAIN.

DEVER BROS.

Fredericton, October 21, 1884.

New Fall Goods

—AT—

McNALLY'S.

14 SETS PARLOUR SUIT FRAMES to be upholstered on the premises to suit the taste and pockets of our customers: 50 Students Centre Tables; 20 Chamber Suits; 100 Lounges; 22 Cape and Perforated Seat Chairs, side Boards, Book Cases, Hall Stands, Ladies' Secretaries, What Nots, New Rattan Chairs and a large number of Fancy Frames for Xmas trees.

Crockery and Glassware!

95 Cakes, Cases and Barrels of "Dinner-Pan," and Toilet Sets, Lamps, Table Glassware, and Fancy China.

SILVER PLATED WARE.

7 Packages containing Water Pitchers, Tea Services, Table Cutlery, 44 Baskets, Card Butter Coolers, Pickle Stands, 20 Canteens, Vases, Napkin Rings, Table Knives and Forks, Spoons, Butter Knives, &c.

J. G. McNALLY.

New Goods in every Department, including a fine stock of Toys and Fancy Goods for Christmas at

J. G. McNALLY'S.

Make Home Happy!

When XMAS comes by calling at McNALLY'S. A Handsome Parlor Suit, a Beautiful Dinner Set, a Grand Silver Tea Service, one of those splendid Parlor Lamps, or nice article of Household Goods, both useful and ornamental.

J. G. McNALLY.

Elegant New Lamps

I HAVE JUST OPENED a fine assortment of New Library Lamps, fourteen different styles, plain and ornamental, with cut glass prisms. They can be adjusted to any height, suitable for Parlor, Hall or Dining Room. Prices moderate.

J. G. McNALLY.

To the Ladies!

I am showing a fine assortment of imported Baskets. Now is your time to secure one. They are going rapidly.

J. G. McNALLY.

Fredericton, Nov. 5th, 1884.

SKATES! SKATES!

Just Received:

200 Pairs Acme Club Skates;

100 "Empress Skates;

100 "Wood Skates.

For sale low by

JAS. S. NEILL.

Nov. 25, 1884.

SKATES! SKATES!

JUST to hand, a fine lot of Acme Club Skates, Imperial Club Skates, Wooden Skates, and Skate Parts.

For sale at the Lowest Prices.

Z. R. EVERETT.

FOR THE LADIES.

Some Things to be Avoided by Young Girls Abroad.

Some Seasonable Hints and Pleasant Bits of Gossip.

Hundreds of young girls find their way from New Brunswick to Boston, and although the most of them do fairly well and comparatively few fall victims to the temptations of the city a word or two of warning may not be out of place. A correspondent writes:—

It is here that women of the worst character often have benevolent features and motherly means, sit by bay windows, in palatial mansions, and drop lace handkerchiefs, as if by accident, requesting passing school girls to kindly bring to the front door. They innocently complying, are enticed into the house, where they are

Lost to Home and Friends

forever. Here, ladies advertise for respectable girls to read to invalids; here rooms are advertised at alluring prices, but woe to the woman who calls unattended to inspect them. Remember, please, that we pride ourselves upon our independence and the enviable self-possession of our girls and their ability to take care of themselves. Our women travel across the continent alone, go upon the lecture platform, and Kate Field lives among the Mormons without exciting comment. They practice medicine, and go at midnight to attend patients; carry revolvers, and occasionally use them. And because our women are so independent it is almost impossible to distinguish the good from the bad.

Some amusement has been caused by the fact that the official records disclose the fact that there is upon the pension list of the United States no fewer than

Nineteen Thousand Five Hundred and Twelve Widows

of soldiers who served in the War of 1812. If the army of 1812 was as much married as this indicates, no wonder they were anxious for war, as it must have seemed like peace by comparison with their domestic life.

Of course every body would like to be good looking and it is unquestionably the wish of every lady to be as pretty as she can, and most of them are. A casual observer in the New York Graphic says he is a grim old fellow, but he is susceptible to the seductions of a pretty face and in his daily promenade throughout the year it has become a matter of speculation, not to say serious reflection, with him to decide in which of his numerous and varied gaily lovely women is most lovely in the springtime, when she dons the heavy concealing wraps of the preceding season and gets out fresh and sweet as the violet she wears at her belt, he smiles and thinks the "young man's fancy" not so far astray, but when a little later the soft, warm air of June paints a sea of blue upon her cheek and deepens the tender brilliancy of her eyes while a white dress and a delicate suggests coolness and comfort, he finds

The Picture so Pleasing

that he wonders if it could be more fair. Then autumn comes, and with her keen sense of harmony from the rich colorings she chooses her garb, the gray hues of her costume rivaling the sparkle of her smile as she catches the exhilarating breath of the clear crisp air—and again to him who watches her she seems a dazzling and enchanting vision. But while he looks the snow flits, the bells ring in the new year, and now my lady walks out clad in warm enveloping fur against those dark background her fairness is brilliantly conspicuous; the diamonds in her ears glitter and scintillate like midday stars of the winter's sky, her cheeks glow in the keen sweep of the North—she is radiant with health and vigor—in this, as in all her phases, she is a lovely woman still!

All this being said, it is well to know how beauty can be secured or, at least, deformity prevented. The New York Tribune tells us that: Miss Julia Thomas' address at the Manhattan Temperance Club meeting in Masonic hall recently was based on the Scriptural declaration that the plans of the parents are visited upon the children. The subject was

Physical Beauty.

Miss Thomas has been a teacher in the public schools for years, and is a member of many charitable societies. She said it was in visiting the institutions of New York city, where she heard the plaintive cries of cripples and the shrieks of insane men and drunkards, that she found courage to talk plainly about the physical structure of man. In the schools she found crooked backs and legs, narrow shoulders, bad eyes and a thousand troubles. She knew that it was necessary to go back to grandfathers and grandmothers to find the source of these ailments, and she was anxious to warn the children more closely and develop their forms. A healthy birth is first necessary, and to be healthy it must be free from taint of nicotine or alcohol. People are apt to say of young girls that they do not know enough to get married because they cannot bake bread. The speaker said they are not fit for marriage because they cannot nurse a child. She created a laugh by announcing that her own waist measures twenty-seven inches and she was proud of it. People wash themselves outside, but they never take a long-bath, cleansing the blood vessels.

Current Gossip.

Ladies are now having writing paper to match their complexions. The reason that red and blue are so fashionable in England is because they are the guards' colors. Hats and bonnets are this winter most fantastically extravagant. They are odd shapes borrowed from history, from fables, and even from the stage. Chestnuts and their leaves imitated in fine silk cord covered with beads are used by the English dressmakers to trim their large velvet cloaks.

The Japanese girl when she goes into company paints her face white, her lips and the corners of her eyes red, and with a slate colored spots on her forehead.

Among Miss Astor's jewels is a necklace of four rows of pink pearls, lovely knots of rubies and sapphires separating the pearls at every tenth pearl.

The leaf in the marriage register in Hawthorth Church, on which is inscribed the name of Charlotte Bronte, has been so often handled by American travellers that it is falling to pieces.

The best shot in Dakota is said to be a woman, Mrs. Lowmyer, wife of Colonel Lowmyer of Fort Totten. She has killed 114 prairie chickens this fall and the first deer ever brought down from Moose River.

Miss Lelia J. Robinson, a bewitching

young lawyer of Boston, went out to Seattle, W. T. to settle a short time ago. She has been winning cases from the best lawyers of the Territory, and the people now talk about making her a judge. This modern Portia is also said to be a good newspaper—mean woman.

"Madame," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation which will spring up in the best regulated families, "when a man and his wife quarrelled, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to advance toward a reconciliation?" "The better natured and wiser of the two," said the wife, putting up her mouth for a kiss, which was given with an unhesitating. She was the conqueror.

Many an honest, good man impairs his usefulness by going out to do battle with great evils with an equipment entirely unsuited either to his own capacity, or to the effect he seeks to accomplish, or both.

The prettiest new work basket is in the shape of a gypsy kettle, both kettle and sticks being made of wicker. A great bowl of velvet in the bottom shades is bound around the centre of the sticks and another is on the outside of the kettle, which has a lining of nasturtium silk and pockets innumerable.

Cracks in floors, around the mould board, or other parts of a room, may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the cracks with a case knife. It will harden like paper-mache.

Miss Rachel Huxley, daughter of Prof. Huxley, on the occasion of her recent marriage to Mr. Alfred Eckersley, wore a dress of cream satin, with long square train, and a flounce of Mechlin lace over the petticoat, tight fitting bodice, and a spray of myrtle and jasmine on the left shoulder, with a wreath of the same, and tulle veil fastened with a diamond brooch. The bridesmaid—Miss Harley (two), May, Pollock, and Arnold were dressed in the same style, their costumes being of sage green velvet and satin merveilles, the skirts plain, with drapery at the back, and tight bodices open in the front, showing satin waistcoats. On their left shoulder they wore some chrysanthemums, of which flowers their bouquets were likewise composed, being tied with a large bunch of yellow satin ribbon. Their hats, which matched their dresses, had tufts of maroon and aigrettes.

A young queen of fashion has arisen in the person of the young Marquise de Belbeuf, daughter of the Duc de Moray. This lady possesses a taste for the bizarre and eccentric in dress, and is likely to impress her fancies more or less upon a wide circle of admirers. She looks as often like a Watteau figure of the eighteenth century as like a piece of the Sevres china of this. It is her fancy to wear a ball-room crowned with a wreath of autumn blossoms, not too bright in color, and with a bouquet of similar flowers in her corsage. Presently she touches a secret spring, and both wreath and bouquet are brilliant with electric light. The other day at the Chateau de Belbeuf some private theatricals were performed, in which the Marquise took part. She chose the role of a gypsy, and made her appearance on the stage playing the violin with much spirit.

From Up River.

Mr. R. P. Butler, traveler for Messrs. Fisher, Son & Co., Montreal, fell on Main street, opposite or on the corner of Queen, last night, about 8 o'clock, and broke one of his legs. He was removed to the Gibson House, where Dr. Colter set the broken bone. Mr. Butler's numerous friends are, as elsewhere, will be sorry to learn of the accident, as he is one of the most popular men on the road. He was at one time mayor of the late firm of Everett & Butler of St. John.

The attendance at the rink last evening was large, as Miss Nina Sawyer, of Calais Maine, Midget on rollers, and Master Perry, of Bangor, gave an exhibition of their ability on rollers.

The weather here is splendid, the ice has not closed over the river below the bridge yet, the late rain started what had formed. Great quantities of pork are being brought into town from the surrounding country. St. John buyers are taking most of it at 6c. to 6 1/2c. per lb.

There is fine skating on the Madunneaux above the bridge and the youths are making the most of it possible day and night.

Mr. Skillew was appointed Town Secretary, by the Council, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Jacques.

Woodstock, Dec. 3, 1884.

The City Hall Gallery.

To the Editor of THE GLEANER.—Sir,—At the regular meeting of the City Council held on Tuesday evening a resolution was passed to make certain alterations to the gallery of our City Hall. According to the plan adopted only one hundred and twenty persons can be seated. I ask the Council if this is going to be any improvement? I say no! on the contrary it will give less seating capacity in the Hall than before, as some fifty seats have been removed to allow room to extend the stage. It seems to me, and I think it will be the opinion of the public generally, that the Council are pushing matters in this regard a little too far, and it would be much more advisable to stop right here. This will involve the expenditure of some three hundred dollars more, which with the expenses of stage alterations (somewhere about five hundred dollars) amounts well on to one thousand dollars and will probably before all is completed. Far better to leave the gallery in its present condition than to make a blunder of it as the course about to be pursued certainly will.

The Mayor stated to the Council last evening that he is an inveterate to the whole people in the course he follows, and he is doing his duty in standing aloof from an undertaking which will not be for the public benefit.

I remain yours &c.,
ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

Marvellous.

It is an old saying, "Many men of many minds." There are a variety of beliefs among men, some think one thing and believe another, and then, others have no belief whatever—but drift along. But you never yet found a man who had a

Charter Oak Cooking Stove

and wanted to part with it for any other stove—Never. They all think alike on the Charter Oak.

Canaries.

There is a very fine stock of Canaries on sale in Woodward's Auction Room. The sale will be continued to-night.

A CRYING SHAME.

From Comparative Affluence to Dreadful Poverty.

The Result of the Economical Management of the Alms House.

Most of our older citizens remember Captain Brien, and all of them well recollect Mrs. Brien, who for many years kept a boarding house on Regent Street. To this couple, some forty years ago, a daughter was born, and as the circumstances of Capt. and Mrs. Brien were more than ordinarily comfortable, and this daughter Louise might reasonably be expected to have an easy, if not affluent life, great pains were taken with her education. When quite young she was sent to school at a Convent in Ontario, where she remained nine years, during which time she acquired all the accomplishments obtainable in a first-class educational establishment.

While Miss Brien was at the Convent her father died, and she was shortly afterwards brought home by her mother, with whom she lived, making hosts of friends who were attracted to her by her amiable disposition and refined manners. Unfortunately, shortly after leaving the Convent, she became subject to fits, and the effect of these was to cause a temporary weakness of mind. After some years of widowhood Mrs. Brien married the late Thomas Hackett, and afterwards, while suffering from the effect of one of her fits, Miss Brien was persuaded to sign away all her claims to her father's estate. This

Left Her Penitents,

but it made no difference during Hackett's lifetime, for he provided her with every comfort, and when he died she received what little was left on the estate for anybody, or some \$200 or \$300. The boarding house was then taken by the late Mr. Macgill, with whom Miss Brien boarded until all her money was gone, when she was taken by her friends to the Alms House. Her mental and physical condition had been rapidly growing weaker, and want of proper care and suitable nourishment have now reduced this once accomplished young lady to a condition calculated to arouse pity in any heart. The case is one worthy of immediate attention, but the facts which have been brought to light by the investigations of a GLEANER reporter into it show such a condition of things at the Alms House, as calls for the

Immediate Interference of the Citizens.

The wife of a prominent government official and herself a member of the Cathedral congregation said: I was sent for by Miss Brien and went to the Alms House to see her. I found her lying in a dirty state, her clothing almost rotten with dirt, and great vermin were running over her in all directions. She had many bad sores on her person. I was surprised to see things apparently so clean in the rest of the house and this bed so dirty. I called Mr. Phillips' attention to it; he expressed himself as surprised at the condition of the room. I asked him to have Miss Brien changed to a clean bed, as he said there was a number of them in the house, and have her washed and dressed. He said he would have it attended to; he also said that one of the inmates, Mrs. Downey had been charged to attend to Miss Brien and see to her wants and he had supposed she had been attended to. I returned a few days after, and found Miss Brien had been placed in a clean bed in the same room. She

Had not Been Washed

or her clothing changed, except the outside garments. I again spoke to Mr. Phillips who said that he did not believe he could, as he had not proper help, but he would have her washed and dressed, and I had Miss Brien washed, her sores dressed and her bed changed. I believe Mr. Phillips had relied upon Mrs. Downey to keep Miss Brien clean; everything about the place seemed neat and clean, and I was amazed at seeing Miss Brien's filthy condition.

The wife of a well known educationalist said that she had seen Miss Brien once and fully corroborated the above statement in all its particulars, so far as they had come under notice. She said the vermin sickened her and she could not repeat her visit. Another lady who visits Miss Brien quite often said the case had been

By no Means Overstated.

She said that in her opinion the city physician was to blame in not giving the matter proper attention.

A GLEANER reporter called at the Alms House this morning, and was courteously shown through the building by the Overseer, Mr. R. H. Phillips, who showed his books and told the efforts he had made to have the wretched state of things existing at the Alms House remedied. He admitted that Miss Brien's case was a peculiarly sad one, and seemed to feel keenly the thought that some might consider him even in part to blame for what he says he would not avoid by any means at his command.

Mr. Phillips' Story.

First referring to the condition of Miss Brien's bed which he admitted was not overstated by the ladies who had visited her, he said it was not his fault and was absolutely unavoidable. As to the vermin which he said he had been a constant fight ever since he has been in the house to keep them down, even in the apartments occupied by himself and wife. Even if the house were free of vermin it would be impossible to attend to sick and helpless inmates as they ought to be attended to, for want of sufficient help. He is under no obligation to provide help, his duties being simply to oversee the establishment. In Mrs. Fleming's time two servants and a washwoman were allowed, but the Commissioners not only took from him what they said was an extra \$50 a year given to his predecessor, but

Did not give him help

sufficient to do the work. He has had only one servant all summer and she is not right in her mind. He has written several times to the authorities on the subject but received no reply. He says he does the best he can with the means at his disposal, but wishes that those interested in the matter would come and see the Alms House for themselves, and is glad to have the matter thoroughly ventilated. He believes he has not been fairly dealt with and says that he knows the unfortunate people in his care have not received that degree of attention which they ought to receive or would receive if the proper authorities would make adequate.

While the reporter was present the inmates of the House sat down to dinner. Everything appeared clean and neat as could be wished.

City Hall Concert.

The concert for the opening of the City Hall, will take place about the 10th inst.

DIPHTHERIA.

The Ravages of Diphtheria at Gibson. A Singularly Fatal Case.

The ravages of diphtheria at Gibson, though confined to a few families, have been attended with some very sad circumstances. The case of the Leckie family is particularly hard. This family consisting of the father, mother and seven children, came from Queens county early in the fall. They were in rather humble circumstances although respectably connected, and it is said had scarcely sufficient food to keep them vigorous, and when the diphtheria came into the household they were ill-prepared to meet it. The father took the disease from assisting to bury a neighbor's child who had died of it. He died and all his family were taken down with the same disease, which was of the violent type known as "black diphtheria." Five of the children died; the mother and the other children are recovering from the disease, although it is thought that grief will kill the mother. The neighbors were very kind and furnished the unfortunate family with money.

A young man named Macpherson, who was engaged to the oldest daughter, and a man named Steele nursed the family through the illness and buried the children. The oldest daughter had apparently recovered from the disease, and as the rest of the family seemed better Macpherson started for the woods. About an hour after he had gone, Miss Leckie looked at her hand and said, "Oh! I cannot see my ring!" and immediately expired. The disease is not spreading, and it is hoped will be confined to the few families who have suffered from it. The total number of deaths has been about twelve. In the event of the recovery of Mrs. Leckie and the children, or of any of them, they will be a deserving subject for the charity of kind hearted people.

The Fire Department and the Water Works.

To the Editor of THE GLEANER.—Sir,—I read with satisfaction your remarks in your Fire Department and I must confess to a genuine surprise to learn that our Chief Engineer of that Department or his assistant have no control whatever over the Fire Hydrants, but that the pressure at the time of a fire can be increased or lessened at the will of the Fire Department. The same dispatch stated that France still makes the recognition of the Association dependent upon the settlement of the boundary disputes in West Africa. The principle opposition to the railway between Viri and Stanley Pool which was proposed by American delegates emanated from the French delegation.

Spelled to Gleaner.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—The Daily News's dispatch from Berlin, says it is reported there that a note has been received from the Foreign Office of England stating that England is not yet in a position to recognize the African International Association. The same dispatch stated that France still makes the recognition of the Association dependent upon the settlement of the boundary disputes in West Africa. The principle opposition to the railway between Viri and Stanley Pool which was proposed by American delegates emanated from the French delegation.

Washed in Time.

WINNIPEG, Man., Dec. 6.—The Italian named Giuseppe Fugiani, who lately arrived here from Minneapolis, was arrested yesterday afternoon with a trunk full of counterfeit coins in his possession. The coins were of silver, half dollars and nickels and amounted in all to \$500. The prisoner gave his name to the police as Joe Johns. It is understood that Fugiani is one of a gang operating from Chicago.

South America.

LIMA VIA GALVESTON, Dec. 6.—The Peruvian telegraph lines are now in order as far north as Chimbote. President Yglesias is still unwell. Attempts are being made by the press to get rid of the censors.

Indications.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—Partly cloudy and local rains, higher temperature, southerly winds becoming variable, lower barometer.

Frederiction Boom Company.

At the annual meeting of the Frederiction Boom Company held in Messrs. D. D. Jewett & Co.'s Office St. John, Tuesday Dec. 2nd, the following gentlemen were elected directors for the ensuing year:—Hon. A. F. Randolph, F. G. Dunn, W. H. Miller, W. H. Murray, Andre Gushing, E. D. Jewett, and Parker Glazier. Hon. A. F. Randolph was elected President and Treasurer, and Mr. Herbert J. Olive Secretary.

Graham L. O. L.

At the annual meeting of Graham Loyal Orange Lodge held last night, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—John Hewitson, W. M.; Robert Cochran, D. M.; S. K. Keith, Chaplain; W. D. Smith, R. Sec.; J. Walker, F. Sec.; R. Boone, Treas.; W. Roston, D. of C.; W. H. Anderson, Sec.; W. Lipsett, F. of C.

A Thoughtful Act.

It was a kindly thing in that good looking down town alderman to go hunting around on the river last night with a lantern to find out the dangerous places, so as to warn his friends against such a catastrophe as he suffered from when the creek hit him on the eye. And went out of his own way to do it too.

That Attempted Fratricide.

Shanks, of Macnamara, who was assaulted in such a deadly manner by his brother, is getting better; he declines to prosecute. The cut he received was frightful, extending from the top of his head, around back of his ear to the middle of his throat.

Piano Tuning.

Mr. A. W. B. Garrison, piano tuner, is again here. His work in former visits was excellent, and this, coupled with the fact that he has taken for his partner a good workman of Chickering & Sons, should give him an increased list of patrons. Orders left at L.H.'s book store as usual.

Sugar Cured Salmon.

Entertainment at the Normal School.

The Normal School Young Men's Debating Society held their closing debate last night, in the assembly hall of the Institution. It was attended by the students en masse, and a large number of their friends.

The subject for debate for the evening was: Resolved, that the Rebellion of 1837 was justifiable. The affirmative was taken by Messrs. Wetmore (leader), McManus, Stevenson, Ferris, and Morris. The negative by Messrs. McKnight (leader), Byron, Stout, Belyea and Allan. The decision was given in favor of affirmative, Mr. L. A. Belyea in the chair, Mr. McIntyre, critic. After decision had been given and some laughable mistakes pointed out by the critic, a very interesting and agreeable programme was gone through. The following is a full programme of the evening:

Opening remarks, Mr. Byron, President. Business of the Club. Chorus, Our Country and Our Queen, Club. Debate, Club. Gentleman's chorus, Bonnie bit o' green, Club.

Reading, The paper don't say, Miss Reeves. Chorus, Autumn, Club. Reading, To-Morrow, Mr. Byron. Recitation, Miss G. Wetmore. We'll better have a wee, Miss Mollie Smith, and Miss Arneson. Original Essay, Mr. McIntyre.

After this programme had been finished the Principal, Mr. Mullin, spoke a few appreciative words, and was followed by Mr. Creed of the Institute, Mr. Rogers, of the model departments and Mr. Murray of the University. Each speaker expressed his pleasure at hearing such promising speeches from the young men of the Normal School. A vote of thanks was passed to the Club and the ladies who assisted in the entertainment which was then brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

The Congo Question.

Special to Gleaner.—LONDON, Dec. 6.—The Daily News's dispatch from Berlin, says it is reported there that a note has been received from the Foreign Office of England stating that England is not yet in a position to recognize the African International Association. The same dispatch stated that France still makes the recognition of the Association dependent upon the settlement of the boundary disputes in West Africa. The principle opposition to the railway between Viri and Stanley Pool which was proposed by American delegates emanated from the French delegation.

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Sugar Cured Salmon.

Mr. Whippley has received a trial lot of sugar cured Salmon. They are not salted and only slightly smoked. The flavor is delicious.

Christmas Goods.

Dever Brothers advertise their twentieth annual sale, and say that they will give unprecedented good bargains. Twenty years experience ought to enable them to do this if any one can.

Police Court.

Strange Neglect.

When the test was made of the Water Works on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 6th, the hydrant on the lower corner of Phoenix Square, was used, and a piece of the valve came out on the nozzle of a branch pipe. The hydrant was not repaired until yesterday.

Personal.

The Provincial Secretary, is in the city. The Attorney General, has returned from the North. Mr. Cary Estabrooks, of Grand Lake, is in the city.

Sunbury Election Petition.

The trial of the Sunbury Election petition, stands for Tuesday next, at Burton.

Coal! Coal!!

THIS Subscriber offers for sale at the late establishment, Green, Gills, Campbell Street, a Superior Quality of

Old Mines Sydney Coal, and Anthracite Coal,

Also at his own establishment Hay, Straw, Oats, Buckwheat, Bran, Shorts, Linen Seed and Calveined Plaster, Cement and Super-phosphate, of all kinds.

JAMES TIBBITTS.

December 6, 1884.

Seasonable Fruits.

Large Layer Figs, Valencia Raisins, Currants, Table Dates, Persian Dates, New London Layer Raisins.

250 Bbls. of WINTER APPLES, 15 Bbls. GRAPES, MALAGA and ALMEIRA.

Also: Dried Coconut in Pails—equal to the canned Coconut and much cheaper.

Also: Sugar Cured Salmon—Lightly Smoked—A new and delicious article at

WHELPLEY'S.

Frederiction, Dec. 6, 1884.

Ladies' Prepare

For Christmas.

THE GYPSY QUEEN'S VOW.

By JANIE O'BRIEN.

(Continued.)

The city was soon gained. The waggon stooped, and Mr. Toosyegs sprang out to assist the woman to alight.

But she sprang out unassisted, and without one word or look of thanks, turned and flitted away in the chill night-wind.

"There! I knowed that would be all the thanks you'd get," said Mr. Harkins, "Hoff she goes, and you'll never see her again."

"Well, that don't matter any. I didn't want thanks, I'm sure. Good-bye Mr. Harkins. Give my respect to Mrs. Harkins."

"Good-night, hold feller," said Mr. Harkins. "You're a brick! How I'd like to come across one like you every night. Go right to Bob's sign o' the 'Blue Fig,' St. Giles's beat o' 'commode' for man and beast. Tell Bob I sent you, and I'll call and see you in a few days."

"You're very good, Mr. Harkins, I'll certainly tell Mr. Bob so when I see him," said Mr. Toosyegs, with a severe twinge of conscience at the deception he felt himself to be using; "and I'll be very glad to see you whenever you call."

CHAPTER III.

THE LOVERS.

"Oh, thou shalt be all else to me. That heart can feel or tongue can feign; I'd praise, admire, and worship thee. But must not, dare not love again."—MOORE.

While the solitary waggon was driving, through wind and rain, along the lonely north road, a far different scene was passing in another quarter of the city. At the same hour the town mansion Hugh Seyton—Earl de Courcy—was all ablaze with lights, music, and mirth. Gorgeous drawing-rooms, dazzling with numberless jets of light from the pendant chandeliers, odorous with the perfume of exotics, the air quivering with softest music, were thrown open, and were filled with the high-born, the beautiful, of London. Peers and peeresses, gallant nobles and ladies bright, moved through the glittering rooms, and in laughing, talking, flirting, dancing, the night was waning apace.

Two young men stood within the deep shadow of a bay window in the music room, watching a group assembled round a young lady at the piano, and conversing in low tones. One of these was decidedly the handsomest man present that night. In stature he was tall, some what above the common height, and faultless in form and figure, with a certain air of *distingue* about him that stamped him as one of noble birth. His clear, fair complexion, his curling, chestnut hair, and large, blue eyes, betrayed his Saxon blood. His face might have seemed slightly effeminate; but no one in looking at the high, kindly brow, the dark, flashing eyes, and firm-set mouth, would have thought that long. A dark moustache shaded his upper lip, and a strange, nameless beauty lit up and softened his handsome face whenever he smiled. Adored by the ladies, envied by the men, Lord Ernest Villiers, only son of Earl de Courcy, seemed to have nothing left to wish for. And yet, at times, over that intellectual brow a dark shadow would flit; from the depths of those dark eyes the bright light of a happy heart would pass, the mouth would grow stern, and a look of troubled care darken his face.

His companion, a good-looking young man, with a certain look about him as if he were somebody and knew it, with a listless look, and most desirable curling whiskers, was no other than Captain George Jernyngham, of the Guards.

"What a wonderful affair this is of Germaine's—oh, Villiers!" said Captain Jernyngham. "Just like a thing in a play, where, everybody turns out the most unexpected things. The Duke of B— is going crazy about it. He had Germaine to his house, and the fellow was making the fiercest sort of love to his daughter, when all of a sudden, it turns out that he is a robber, a spy, a burglar, and all sorts of horrors. How the deuce came it to pass that he entered Eton with us, and passed himself off as a gentleman?"

"I cannot tell; the whole affair is involved in mystery."

"You and he were pretty intimate—were you not my lord?"

"Yes, I took a fancy to Germaine from the first; and I don't believe, yet, he is guilty of the crime."

"You don't, eh? How are you to get over the evidence?"

"It was only circumstantial."

"Granted; but it was most conclusive. There is not a man in London has the slightest doubt of his guilt but yourself."

"Poor Germaine!" said Lord Villiers, "with all his brilliant talents and refined nature, to come to such a sad end! To be obliged to mate with the lowest of the low, the vilest of the vile—men degraded by every species of crime, below the level of the brute! Poor Germaine!"

The young guardsman shrugged his shoulders. "If refined men will steal—oh, I forgot! you don't believe it," he said, as Lord Villiers made an impatient motion. "Well, I confess, I thought better things of Germaine myself. There was always something of the dare-devil in him; but upon my honor, I never thought he could have come to this. Have you seen him since his trial?"

"No, I had not the heart to meet him."

"There was a devil in his eyes, if there ever was in any man's, when he heard his sentence," observed the young captain. "No one that saw him is likely to forget the way he folded his arms and smiled in the judge's face! I'm not

given to nervousness, but I felt a sensation akin to an ague shiver as I watched him."

"With his fierce, passionate nature, it will turn him into a perfect demon," said Villiers; "and if ever he escapes, woe to those who have caused his disgrace. He is as relentless as a Corsican in his vengeance."

"Has he any friends or relatives among the gipsies?"

"I don't know. I think I heard of a mother, or brother, or something. I intend paying him a last visit to-night, and will deliver any message he may send to his friends."

"Will your rigorous father approve of such a visit?"

"Certainly, Jernyngham. My father, believing in his guilt, thought it his duty to prosecute; but he bears no feeling of personal anger toward him," said Lord Villiers, gravely.

"Well, I wish Germaine a safe passage across the ocean," said Captain Jernyngham. "He cut me completely out with that pretty little prize-wind of old Sir Bob Landers; but I'll be magnanimous and forgive him now. Oh, by the way! Villiers, there goes Lady Maude Percy! cried the guardsman, starting suddenly up, all his listlessness disappearing as if by magic. "Ah! my lord, I thought you would find the subject more interesting than that of poor Germaine," he added, with a mischievous smile.

Lord Villiers laughed, and his clear face flushed.

"The handsomest girl in London, and the greatest heiress," said the guardsman, resuming his half-drawn. "What an intensely enviable fellow you are, Villiers, if rumor is true."

"And what says rumor?" said Lord Villiers.

"Why, that you are the accepted lover of the fair Lady Maude."

Before the reply of Lord Villiers was spoken, a young lady, suddenly entering the room, caught sight of them, and addressed the guardsman, with: "George, you abominably lazy fellow, have you forgotten you are engaged for this set to Miss Ashton? Really, my lord, you and this idle brother of mine ought to be ashamed to make hermits of yourselves in this way. Lady Maude is here, and I will report you."

And raising her finger, warningly, Miss Jernyngham tripped away.

"Fare thee well—and if forever!" said Captain Jernyngham, in a tragic tone.

"Why, forever fare thee well!" said Lord Villiers, laughing, as he turned in an opposite direction.

The dancing was at its height as he passed from the music-room. Standing at the head of one of the quadrilles was the object of his gaze—the peerless, high-born, Lady Maude Percy. Eighteen summers had scarce passed over her young head, yet a thoughtful, almost sad, expression ever fell like a shadow on her beautiful face. Her form was roundly, exquisitely perfect; her oval face perfectly colorless, save for the full, crimson lips; her eyes large, dark, and lustrous as stars, and fringed by long, silken-lashed; her shining hair fell in soft, glittering, spiral curls, like raven's silk, round her fair, moonlight face; and her pallor seemed deepened by its raven hue. Queenly, peerless, dazzling, she moved through the brilliant train of beauties, eclipsing them all.

Drinking in the enchanting draught of her beauty, Lord Ernest Villiers stood until the dance was concluded; and then moving toward her, he bent over, and whispered, in a voice that was low but full of passion:

"Maude! Maude! why have you tried to avoid me all the evening? I must see you! I must speak to you in private! I must hear my destiny from your lips to-night! Come with me into the music-room—it is deserted now," he said, drawing his arm through hers. "There, apart from all those prying eyes, I can learn my fate."

The pale face of the lady grew paler; but without a word she suffered herself to be led to the deserted room he had just left.

"And now, Maude, may I claim an answer to the question I asked you last night?" he said, bending over her.

"I answered you then, my lord," she said, sadly.

"Yes; you told me to go—to forget you; as if such a thing were possible. Maude, I cannot, I will not, take that for an answer. Tell me do you love me?"

"O Earnest!—O my dear lord! you know I do!" she cried, passionately.

"Then, Maude will you not be mine—my wife?"

"Oh, I cannot! O Earnest, I cannot!" she said with a shudder.

"Cannot! And why, in Heaven's name?"

"My lord, that is my secret. I can never, never be your wife. Choose some other worthier of you, and forget Maude Percy." She tried to steady her voice, but a sob finished the sentence.

For all answer he gathered her in his arms, and her head dropped on his shoulder. "My poor, little romantic Maude, what is this wonderful secret?" he said smiling. "Tell me. Now, why cannot you be my wife?"

"You think me weak and silly, my lord," she said, raising her head somewhat proudly; "but there is a reason, one sufficient to separate us forever—one that neither you nor any living mortal can ever know!"

"And you refuse to tell this reason? My father and yours are eager for the match; I love you passionately, and still you refuse. Maude, you never loved me," he said bitterly. Her pale, sweet face was bent in her hands now, and large tears fell through her fingers. "Maude, you will not be so cruel," he said, with sudden hope. "Only say I may hope for this dear hand."

(To be Continued.)

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