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VOL. VI. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889 No. 36

Professional Cards

DR. M'ALLISTER
Dentist,
S HOME AGAIN AND READY FOR BUSINESS.
Good Reliable Dental Operations at Lowest Rates.
PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH A SPECIALTY.
Office hours 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.
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Fredericton, March 7.

G. D. CARTER,
Dentist.
EXTRACTION AND PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
DENTAL ROOMS OVER F. A. MCAULAND'S JEWELRY STORE
250 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, July 17th, 1888.

FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Barrister, Notary, Etc.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Fredericton, May 5th, 1888—1yr.

DR. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
Fredericton, Oct. 8th, 1887.

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
OPPOSITE BLAIR & BARRY'S OFFICE.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Fredericton, Oct. 8th, 1887.

GEO. F. GREGORY,
(OF LATE FIRM OF GREGORY & BLAIR.)
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE: NEXT BELOW QUEEN HOTEL, LATELY OCCUPIED BY GREGORY & BLAIR.
Fredericton Oct. 6th 1887.

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

DR. CROCKET
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

GREGORY & GREGORY
Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON
ALBERT J. GREGORY, FRANK B. GREGORY,
Registrar of Probates.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887.

C. E. DUFFY,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.
Notary Public, Etc.
SECY-TREASURER OF SUNBURY.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second door from Queen.
Fredericton, Nov. 1st, 1887

Hotels

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N.B.
J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO,—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE,
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

SUNBURY HOUSE.
D. H. NEVERS, - - Proprietor.
THIS HOUSE having been Thoroughly Renovated and Newly Furnished, I am now repared to accommodate
PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARDERS
at reasonable rates. Give me a call.
Good Stabling with hostler in attendance
QUEEN ST., OPP. POST OFFICE
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Fredericton, May 29—3mwtw

LORNE HOTEL,
JOHN KELLY, - - Proprietor
THIS HOTEL has lately been re-fitted and re-furnished thoroughly, and is now supplied with all modern conveniences. I am now prepared to receive permanent and transient boarders at reasonable rates. Good Stabling and a hostler always in attendance.
REGENT STREET
FREDERICTON - - N. B.
Fredericton, May 7th.—1 y

VICTORIA HOTEL,
DANIEL HANSON, - - Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL has been thoroughly Renovated and Furnished in First Class Style, and I am prepared to give good accommodations to the travelling public. I am now prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders at reasonable rates.
Meals at all hours.
Good Stabling and a Hostler always in attendance.
Regent Street, Fredericton, N. B.
Fredericton, May 11—wtwly

Auctioneers

H. C. C. WETMORE,
AUCTIONEER, &c.
Has taken a Store on the Upper Side of
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
Next to L. P. LaForest, Tin Smith, where he is prepared to receive Furniture and Goods of all kinds for Auction or Private Sale. He will also give attention to Auction Sales of every description.
Terms Moderate Returns Prompt. All business confidential.
Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887

James D. Fowler.
WATCHES;
WATCHES;
WATCHES
GOLD,
SILVER,
GOLD FILLED,
AND
NICKLE CASES,
FROM
$2.50 TO $150.00
EACH.
Best Value in the City.
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
James D. Fowler,
Opp. POST OFFICE,
FREDERICTON, - N. B.
Fredericton. Dec. 16th 1888

JUST RECEIVED
The following MALTINE PREPARATIONS:
Maltine Plain,
" Wine,
" Ferrated,
" Yerbine,
" With Cod Liver Oil.
" " Alteratives,
" " Peptones,
" With Pepsine and Pancreatine.
Elixer Lactopeptine
Peptonized Beef.

DAVIS STAPLES & Co.
DRUGGISTS
Cor. Queen & York Sts., Fredericton
Fredericton Dec. 15, 1888.

IMPERIAL HALL.
NEW GOODS
FOR
SPRING & SUMMER
HAVE NOW ARRIVED.
SUITINGS
AND
TROUSERINGS
In Great Variety and Latest Styles. A Good Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Also: A Fine
ASSORTMENT OF HATS
Just Opened. Prices low.
THOMAS STANGER,
280 QUEEN STREET
Fredericton, March
AT
WM. JENNINGS',
MERCHANT TAILOR,
FASHIONABLE GOODS IN
SCOTCH
—AND—
Irish Suitings,
ENGLISH SERGES,
—AND—
Worsted Coatings.
WM. JENNINGS,
CORNER QUEEN STREET AND WILMOT'S ALLEY.
Fredericton, May 4.
WEST END
SAWMILL AND LUMBER YARD
SEASON 1889.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or sawn to order, will keep constantly on hand
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING,
PINE SHEATHING DRY HEMLOCK
SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK
PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand.
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and Smoothly Sawn and Very Carefully Assorted.
Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill
R. A. ESTEY.

MISS WILLIAMS,
MILLINER,
Has Removed her place of business to the Brick Building
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE
And next below Mr. John Owens Grocery, where she is now prepared to fill all orders
FOR LATEST STYLES OF MILLINERY
WITH PROMPTNESS.
Fredericton, May 5—1y

New Advertisements.

SEWING SILKS.
Ladies who are annoyed at not finding a strong SEWING SILK will please ask for our brand:
BELDING, PAUL & CO.
This quality has for a quarter of a century sustained its supremacy over all competitors, and its SALE FAR EXCEEDS any other make.
Do not be misled into taking an inferior article by the assertion that it is our make, but see that every spool has our name printed on the end, and
TAKE NO OTHER.
BELDING, PAUL & CO.

For
Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera - Morbus and all Bowel Complaints,
NO REMEDY EQUALS
PAIN-KILLER
AND
49 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for
Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache.
Sold Everywhere at 25c. and 50c. a Bottle.
Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations.

WINTER'S GONE. SUMMER'S COMING.
—AND—
ADAMS, the FURNITURE Man
Still keeps in County Court House Square.
Chamber Suites, Parlor Suites, Centre Tables, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Lounges, Chairs, Rockers, &c., As Cheap as the Cheapest.
CABINET WORK MADE TO ORDER.
Furniture Upholstered, Repaired, Called for and Delivered Free of Charge.
Jackson Adams,
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQ., OPP. QUEEN HOTEL.
Fredericton, March 23

JUST ARRIVED.
At Yerxa & Yerxa's,
A CHOICE LOT OF
TEA!
In 1, 2, and 5lbs. Fancy Baskets. This Tea will give satisfaction every time. Also give our 30 and 35 cent Tea a trial. A choice lot of Sugar Cured Hams on hand at
YERXA & YERXA'S.

R. COLWELL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles. Material and workmanship of the best. Particular attention given to painting trimming and repairing Carriages, etc.
Terms, etc., to give satisfaction.
FACTORY
KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

Haying Tools.
Just Received:
20 DOZ. "American Clipper" SCYTHES;
20 dozen "Canadian Clipper" Scythe
20 dozen "Black Snake" do
10 " "Cast Steel" do;
150 " American RAKES; 40 dozen HAY FORKS;
60 boxes Scythe Stones; 40 doz. Fork Handles.
For sale wholesale and retail at
NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE
Fredericton, June 19.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDougal Street, New York. Dec. 11—1 yr w

Buildings Moved and Raised.
WITH MY NEW TRESTLE and Improved Tallow Slides, I am now prepared to execute all orders promptly for Moving Houses and Barns. Buildings separated from one another replaced. Buildings raised, silled, and levelled up. Horses or other stock in barns to be removed or raised, carefully looked after. All shaking and knocking off of plaster carefully avoided. Rigging, racking and erecting derricks and cranes also done.
Orders may be left at R. CHESTNUT & SONS, also at Mr. NEILL'S and Mr. EVERETT'S Hardware Stores, Fredericton.
C. McCLUSKY
Gibson
Gibson, Ma
WINDOW SCREENS
AT—
Neill's Hardware Store.

LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR

How the Sight of Him Stirred the Heart of an Outcast.

A Mother's Undefinable Feeling of Fear, and its Sequel.

"Let me Look Once in His Face, Near, and Smooth Only Once."

It was here in New Orleans during the carnival. The streets were filled not only with our own people, who seem somehow or other to put on new life at this period of the year and to dwell outside of their own homes, but with the many strangers who had come from far and near, some merely to see the sights, and some to take them in while at the same time enjoying the tempered breezes of the south, so in contrast to their own fierce winds. And, as is always the case, here and there were to be found some face and form that told too plainly that no search for either health or amusement had been the incentive to bring them here, but that restless tramp, tramp, which forced them from place to place; southward during the winter and towards higher latitudes at other seasons.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

And so it happened that the little mother who figures in this story had been out with her children and was on her way home in the cars when, without any outward motion having attracted her attention, she became aware (as one will sometimes without being able to explain why) that she and her darlings were being unduly gazed at by some one—a man seated on the opposite side of the car, but somewhat further towards the door. Her eyes turned over again in that direction, but no sign of disrespect on his part called for interference. He was one who, as far as could be judged from a rather rough- and seedy exterior, had known better days. There he sat, his gaze almost constant, but free of any intended discourtesy. It was unpleasant, though, and annoying in itself.

The man, it was evident, meant no harm to her; could it be he meant harm to any of her little ones? An uncomfortable feeling stole over her, and a few squares this side of her residence she could bear it no longer, but stopping the car she continued the rest of the way on foot.

Once within the precincts of her home a calmness came to her, and she soon began to smile at herself for being so easily worried by such a matter, and that, too, in a crowded car. In a half hour or so the whole affair had become a thing of the past, an incident that would have lain forgotten in memory's storehouse, save for its startling reproduction a few days later.

Some one of the many processions was passing up town, and the rattle of drum and blare of trumpet had so aroused the children to the fact of the nearness of the pageantry that the only way to quiet them was to take them to see the show.

There was nothing to mar their pleasure till about half the column had passed, when that same indescribable feeling of being watched came over the mother. It was an uncanny sensation that had with her succeeded the hitherto enjoyment; the pleasure of the day was gone.

More than once she was minded to take her little ones home, but each time she thought of the deprivation to them and how foolish were really her fears; and so it was not till the last flower decked steamer had gone by that she started homeward. But a few steps only had been taken, when that unpleasant feeling grew more intense and she heard a voice close by call to her: "Lady! lady!"

Quick as a flash all the dignity of her womanhood came to her, and she turned, well able now to cope with whatever might be her fate. There near her stood the man whose presence had worried her a few days before in the car, and whose proximity for the last half hour had been felt, if not seen. But as on that first occasion, no sign of discourtesy was apparent, no disrespect was intended. Instead there was a something in the man's face, a softened, bodewed eye, a hope and a despair in his expression that touched some concordant chord in the mother heart and awoke a sympathy that must have made itself apparent, for, seemingly more at his ease, he advanced a step or two and asked permission to say but a few words.

"Excuse me, lady," he went on, "I have been once another man from what now you see. I have, or perhaps I should say I had, a wife and one little boy up in Illinois (God bless them!), but bad habits got the better of me and my wife turned me from her. That little boy there is just as I remember mine; the same blue eyes, the same mischievous smile, the same bright golden hair; and ever since I met you in the cars the other day his face has been present with me in my waking hours and with me in my dreams. I want to ask one favor, don't, oh! don't refuse it; let me look once in his face, near, near, and smooth only once the sunshiny hair. Don't refuse me that."

Something like a smothered sob choked somewhat the last few words, and the man fairly trembled as he stood.

"Why, certainly, you may do that," answered the little woman with a naturally sweet voice softened by the pathos of the scene; "and I only hope that this unexpected meeting with one who, you say, resembles your own little boy may arouse in you so great a yearning for him and your home that you may find strength to go back a man. I surely wish you that."

The little scene was quickly over, and the mother and children continued on their way. The man watched them for some little distance and then, with a slow step, disappeared down the street.—Selby in New Orleans Picayune.

Work for Women.

"I don't see why a smart and strong woman, or better still, two of them, could not make a good living by upholstering," said a worried housewife in the city the other day. "Here I have a lot of furniture that has seen its best days, the coverings are worn and faded, but the springs and framework are yet good and sound. If I send it out to a regular upholsterer the cost of new material and his workmanship will be more than I can well afford. If I sell them to a second hand dealer, that will be little better than giving them away. I could recover them myself at little cost and with good effect if I had the time and a little more strength. Now, if I only knew where to send for a strong, handy woman to come to the house and make the most of the material I have, cutting it out under my eye and working according to my directions, I would send for her at once. The result would be that the work would be finished much more quickly than if I sent the furniture away. I would have no use of it all the time, my material would be economically cut, and I could afford to pay her good wages and yet spend less than in any other way."—New York Tribune.

Food and Rest for the Brain.

Mental effort causes waste of tissue elements quite as much as bodily exertion, and this demands a full supply of food. What with dyspepsia and absence of appetite, the results of deficient exercise, and the influence of preconceived ideas as to the use or disuse of special articles of food, the brain worker is apt to receive too little nutriment to make up for the waste. Especially is this the case when he, unconsciously, perhaps, replaces food by the use of tobacco, tea, alcohol or opium.

Some advise to go supperless to bed. This most medical authorities of the day think is a wrong notion. It is a fruitful source of insomnia and neurasthenia. The brain becomes exhausted by its evening work, and demands rest and refreshment of its wasted tissues, not by indigestible salads and "fried abominations," but by some nutritious, easily digested and assimilated articles. A bowl of stale bread and milk, of rice, or some other farinaceous food, with milk or hot soup, would be more to the purpose. Any of these would insure a sound night's sleep, from which the man would awaken refreshed.—Cincinnati Medical News.

State Abbreviations.

The most egotistical of the United States, "Me.;" the most religious, "Mass.;" most Asiatic, "Ind.;" father of states, "Pa.;" most maidenly, "Miss.;" best in time of flood, "Ark.;" most useful in haying time, "Mo.;" decimal state, "Tenn.;" state of exclamation, "La.;" most astonishing state, "O.;" most unhealthy state, "Ill.;" state to cure the sick, "Md.;" state for students, "Conn.;" state where there is no such word as fail, "Kan.;" not a state for the untidy, "Wash."—Youth's Companion.

BILL NYE ON A WHEEL.

He Relates His Thrilling Experience With a Real Bicycle.

Possibly it may not interest the readers of this paper to know it, but I have been, during the past three weeks, learning to ride the bicycle without a master. I do it in the evening, in the barn on my estate on Staten Island. That is why the barn is reputed to be haunted. Strange sounds are said to emit themselves from this barn and loud thumps; also wails of the damned. Boys who used to go there and shoot cats now go elsewhere. They cannot bear to wrestle with the supernatural or listen to the wail of a darned soul, they say.

I got a very large wheel, because I run somewhat to legs and could propel an enormous vehicle, if I could once maintain a good poise. I have forgotten what size the wheel is. It strikes me that it is seventy-two inches in diameter. I mean the large wheel, of course. The smaller wheel is less large. This small wheel is used mainly for tipping up and buzzing in the air when the machine goes over, which is quite often.

I have a stage leg which looks well behind the footlights, but is most too boneless to work well on a bicycle. It droops too much. So does the other one. When I get to thinking about the propulsive power, I forget the helm, and when I once more allow my mind to revert to the helm, I become rattled and fall off in an oblique manner.

I first began to ride the bicycle about a year ago, not in public, but as a means of personal relaxation. It was a smaller instrument than the one I have now, but good. It was in every way equal to this one and had a little flat oil can and an alarm on the withers, which could be rung in case I should be crossing a railroad at night and desired the engineer of an approaching train to save himself by instant flight.

This bicycle I gave to the physician who set my leg for me. He did it so well that I gave him the instrument together with the wrench I had received while falling from it. He loans it to the boys of his neighborhood and is building up a good practice in compound and communicated fractures, hernias and concussions.

Last year he tried it himself, one evening at the twilight hour. He rode down Mr. Gryme's celebrated hill, and killed a child and a cow. He had forgotten how to play on the brake. He offered to replace the child with one whose mother he had treated professionally up to the hour of her death. But he could not manage it that way. So he settled for the child, and now keeps the bicycle mainly to loan to boys who otherwise might climb his fruit trees.

My new machine looks well. It is what we wheelmen call a full nickel machine. I have had my photograph taken with it. That is, in company with it. It is a beautiful picture. You can easily tell which is the bicycle. The portrait was made by a friend of mine who has a homeopathic photograph outfit. He is quite clever with it. He is a Wall street operator. His father was so before him. His father operated on Wall street before anybody else. He used to sprinkle Wall street. My friend does not make his living by photography. He makes his money honestly by speculation, but desires, of course, to have some means of obtaining a livelihood in case of reverses. So he is taking pictures by the dry plate process.

He got a good picture of my wheel and myself the other day. I wore my wheelman's uniform. I bought my uniform before I got the wheel, and looked so well in it that I concluded to buy myself a bicycle and learn to ride upon it.

I belong to a club, but do not figure in it very much, except at the festive board, where I frequently speak or preside. I also belong to an athletic club, which has made me quite robust. Formerly I had very poor health, but of latterly I am almost too healthy. I go to the evening sessions of my athletic club, and when I go home at night I feel real hopeful.

Bicycling is a noble sport. Some day I am going to go around the world and take my wheel with me in a shawl strap. Bicycling tones up the muscles, enlarges the lung area and teaches one self reliance. If I could only ride on my bicycle I am confident that it would benefit me. It certainly benefits the bicycle to ride on me, and it is a mighty poor rule that will not work both ways.

Our wheel club takes a spin, as we call it, every week to some remote point, eating lunch at the further point, and then returning in the gathering gloom. I go sometimes, in a hansom cab, and take part in the lunch.

I am a great admirer of manly sports, and used frequently to jar the back teeth of a sandbag of an evening or climb a horizontal bar and gently fall off again. I was expelled from my first athletic club because I used to fall on the mattress in the early part of the evening and remain there until time to go home, thereby preventing other athletes from practicing on the mattress.

My machine has no cog wheels or chain attachments. It is the old fashioned, hump shouldered bicycle, with steel running gears. This fall I am going for hunting on it, if I can.

I swung the Indian clubs last year. It benefited me a great deal. Formerly I had operated a scroll saw and had made a lot of fayance and things, among which were a hollywood clock, with a wealth of holes in it, and other little articles of vertu, including a bas relief—bas wood—of myself. In swinging the clubs I obliterated these things, especially the clock; and so I regard the Indian club as one of the most beneficial things, in proper hands, of which we are at present informed. I also have a set of dumb bells, which I use to keep the door open in summer time, thus giving a free circulation of fresh air. In this way the dumb bell is a great boon.

It could also be pleasantly and profitably placed in the church towers throughout our land, thus adding to our general health by taking the place of the more clamorous bell of the dead past. The church bell, like the tin dinner horn, has outlived its usefulness, and I fear that the man who has to be reminded, by having the whole top of his head lifted off, that it is time to pray will have to be assisted out of his grave on resurrection day by means of explosives which will cost more than the results will warrant.—Bill Nye in Once a Week.

After the Battle.



Mother—Now, girls, as you've finished your daily quarrel, suppose you go and eat some dinner.

Arabella (sarcastically)—Oh, I suppose you want us to swallow our feud.—Life

The Home of Jean Ingelow.

But a few moments' ride from London is the Kensington home of Jean Ingelow, whose poetry is so familiar to American readers. The house is an old one of cream colored stone, and one scarcely knows whether it has two or three stories. Liberal grounds surround the house, and even in winter show a gardener's care. In summer the entire lawn is bordered and dotted with flowers, for the poet is a pronounced horticulturist. During the cold weather a spacious conservatory attached to the house shelters the flowers, and in this hot house of palms and buds she is often found by her friends reading or writing.

Flowers bloom, too, in almost every room in the house, on the center tables, mantels and in the bay windows. Jean Ingelow's home is that of a poet, with books on every hand and always in reach, wherever you may chance to sit down. The poet is now in middle life, but her face shows not the slightest trace of years. Her manner is most friendly, her conversation charming and she has a most musical voice. She enjoys a remarkably correct knowledge of American literature, the titles of the lastest American books being spoken by her with wonderful fluency. Her character is eminently practical without a touch of sentimentality. All her literary writing is done in the forenoon; her pen is never put to paper by gaslight. She composes slowly, and her verses are often kept by her for months at a time before they are allowed to go out for publication. She shuns society and the most severe part of the winter is spent in the south of France.—Washington Press.

JUGGLERS IN THE EAST.

Tricks that Beholders Will Not Try to Explain.

Bewildering Feats Witnessed By a U. S. Naval Officer.

Making a Mungo Bush Grey in a Few Minutes.

So marvelous are the things which I have seen that I am almost ready to credit anything which I hear of the skill of eastern jugglers. In our trip we first encountered them at Port Said. The ship was lying at anchor there and a tall, intelligent looking Hindoo, dressed in a loose white gown and turban, came on deck. He did so many things, each more wonderful than the last, that I can only remember a few. For instance, he took four eggs, ordinary hen's eggs, which we all examined. He put one in each of his ears, and one in each eye, then stood perfectly straight, holding his head perpendicularly. The eggs remained in place as if fastened there. He then took off his turban, a piece of very fine white cloth, eight inches in width and about fifteen feet long. He cut this in two, then lighted the ends and allowed them to burn until they were considerably charred. All this time we were standing very close to him, so that his slightest movement could not escape us. His sleeves were rolled up and there was no way of concealing anything in his gown. Well, he tied the two pieces of his turban together and rolled them up into a knot, twisting it again and again. All at once he gave it a jerk and the long white cloth shot across the deck, white and clean, without a break or a burned spot in it. All this on the open deck with the crowd near enough to touch him.

THE JAPANESE JUGGLER.

Everywhere we went we saw jugglers, and their tricks, in which skill was their main element, were very numerous and very astonishing. But here is one by a Japanese juggler which shows more than mere skill:

At Yokohama a juggler came on deck and built a little box by piling sticks one on top of the other in squares. He held it up so that we could all see through it. Then he put a bottom to it, and immediately thrust his fingers down into it and began to pull out a long piece of what looked like smilax. He had no possible way of concealing it. He pulled six or seven fathoms of it out—more than he could have wrapped into a small bundle. Afterward he performed what is called the water trick.

He set a small table on the deck, first placing under it a piece of paper so that all the legs rested on the paper. He then piled little boxes and tables one on top of the other, forming a sort of column of which the first table was the base. Each table and box was separated from every other by a piece of paper. Then he stood off from the column and lifted his wand. From one corner of the topmost box sprouted a stream of water. When he raised his wand the stream spouted up higher. When he lowered it the stream was less. Then he made water stream from the end of the wand, and walked about the deck with the water flowing from it. His sleeves were rolled up; his hands and arms were bare. At Yokohama, at a theatre, I saw the same thing on a larger scale. The juggler then made streams of water flow from the foreheads of his attendants, from the midst of a blazing ball of pitch at the end of his wand, and finally from the flames to two lamps which lighted the stage.

HINDOO PRESTIDIGITATION.

At Singapore, on the deck of the steamer, a Hindoo juggler did the mango trick. He came on board clad in the usual turban and loose white robe, and wearing his legs and feet bare. His tools were a mango nut, about the size of the ordinary tea bean, a pot of earth, a short stick about as thick as the little finger, and a cloth about four feet square. He kneeled upon the deck while doing the trick, and we all bent over him. He poured out the earth and heaped it into a little mound. He next held up the mango nut, then buried it in the little mound of earth. He poured water on it, waved his cloth over it several times, then pulled the cloth away and a sprout about two inches long stood up fresh and green from the mound. He lifted it out and we all examined it and saw that it was fastened to the nut. He buried the nut again, poured on more water, pressed down the earth with his stick, made the passes with the cloth, and removing it, disclosed a sprout about six inches in length. He repeated this process two or three times, and then had a stalk about a foot high. He now pressed the cloth over this, stirred the earth at its base, and again removed the cloth. There stood a mango bush two feet and a half high, with small branches and full grown leaves, looking as if they had just unfolded. He pulled it up and showed us the roots, grown just as the tree had grown. I saw this trick again on shore, and watched even closer, but could not see how it was done.

One day at Singapore I saw a Hindoo boy stretch upon the ground in front of the hotel. The man who was with him spread a white sheet over him so that the outlines of his body were plainly to be seen. He then drew a knife, and, lifting it high in the air, drove it straight through the sheet, apparently into the body of the boy. Blood spurted out and the body writhed. The man pushed in the knife hard, then drew it out slowly, covered with blood, which he proceeded to wipe off on a rag. He then lifted up the sheet, and the boy arose with not a stain of blood on his white garments and not a rent in them anywhere.

I did not go far into the interior of India, but those of the Brooklyn's officers who did saw even more wonderful things than these, which I will not repeat second hand. What explanation have I? None, absolutely none.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Brave Lady.

A lady well known in Plainfield (N. J.) society, who has a great aversion to a public use of her name, is gifted with an amount of heroism, plucky and calculating courage quite beyond that of most men. At two different times last summer she had occasion to exercise this trait of her character. She was visiting in Wheeling, W. Va., when the first occurred.

A little child, not more than three years old, was playing in a narrow alleyway, and was seated upon the stone pavement. Turning suddenly from the street came a large, heavy truck, to which were attached large Norman horses. The driver did not see the child until too late, when, suddenly pulling up the horses, he struck the great iron gate that stood open at the alley entrance. The gate, torn from its hinges, tottering, fell toward the helpless child, now threatened with danger.

This little Plainfield woman was passing at the time. In horror she saw the child's danger from the now plunging horses and falling gate. Quicker than it takes to read it she sprang from the sidewalk to where the child, affrighted, sat, and, grasping it, dragged it away just as the sharp iron pickets caught her own skirt, tearing it, but not injuring her. And she did not faint or tremble, either, but simply pinned up her skirt and hastened home, more concerned at her disheveled appearance than at anything else.

A little later in the season, while on a short visit to a New Jersey seaside resort, a cry of fire was raised in the hotel where she was staying. It was in the afternoon, and this little Plainfield lady was taking a nap. The fire alarm awakened her, and going to the hall she found it filled with smoke. She heard the wailing cry of a child's voice coming from a room near by. With not a thought of danger she groped her way along the floor where the smoke was least suffocating, and made her way into the room whence came the child's voice. It was here that the fire was, and the little one had fallen upon the floor in its efforts to grope out of reach of harm. Half smothered she rescued the child. The fire was soon put out, but the little lady took chances just the same as though the danger had been more pressing and greater.—New York Press.

Facts About the Echo.

"What is an echo?" asked the teacher of the infant class.

"It's what you hear when you shout," replied a youngster.

"Is it caused by a hill or a hollow?" again asked the teacher.

"Both," was the ready reply.

"How so?"

"The hill throws back the holler."—Binghamton Republican.

A COW THAT GAVE MILK PUNCH.

The Wonderful Product of an Illinois Jersey and Its Disastrous Effect.

Charley Wheeler, of the chamber of commerce, tells this story:

"I have a married cousin who lives on a nice little place in the suburbs of Peoria, Ills. His homestead includes an acre or so of ground, and he is thus enabled to enjoy the delights of fresh drawn eggs, new laid milk, and 'garden sass.' He keeps one cow—a fawn colored Jersey, with a pedigree a yard long, and blue ribbons on her finely polished horns. Distillery mash was just then coming into use as feed for stock, and my cousin concluded that he would experiment with it. Distillery mash, which is the residue of the grain after it has served the distiller's purpose, is supposed to be innocuous, although its value on the bovine bill of fare has been questioned. Well, my cousin had a load delivered at his house, and the next morning he began feeding it to his Jersey. It was cheap, and he did not stint in the quantity.

"It happed that his wife's uncle from Oquawka was billed to visit them that day, and when my cousin went home he found the old gentleman ensconced on the front piazza as comfortably as you please. The old fellow, by the way, was a strict Prohibitionist, and he could hardly forgive his niece for marrying a man who lived in the distillery town of Peoria. My cousin was very attentive, for the Oquawka sage was well fixed, and my cousin's wife was his favorite niece. At dinner the old man would drink neither tea nor coffee, and so my cousin pressed upon him a large bowl of milk fresh from the Jersey cow. 'Uncle' drained it to the last drop and called for more.

"'Tell ye,' said he, 'that there's the stuff ter drink. I don't see how anybody kin drink Peory whisky when they kin get this.'

"After dinner all hands adjourned to the veranda. My cousin noticed that quite a change had come over the old man. His eyes sparkled, his face flushed and in a few minutes he began singing 'For I'm a Jolly Good Fellow,' to the horror of his niece, who had never heard anything lighter than 'Auld Lang Syne' from his lips. The hired man happened along just then, and the old man challenged him to a 'wrastlin' match, side holts.' Then he wanted to run a foot race with my cousin, who thought he was crazy, and was about to telephone to town for a patrol wagon, when the old man jumped off the piazza and sprained an ankle.

"After they got the old man safely to bed my cousin began to investigate. He happened to think of the milk, and went to the pantry and tasted of it. It was as good milk punch, barring a little sugar, as he ever tasted. He saw it all now. That distillery mash had done the business. He fed it to the cow, and she produced milk punch.

"The old man got well in the course of a week, and went home, but he never forgave my cousin. He insisted that liquor had been put in the milk 'to fool him.' He cut his niece out of his will, and left all his money for the constant distribution of temperance tracts in Peoria."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Artemus Ward's Humor.

I have met and heard many professional humorists, but none, off or on the stage, could equal Artemus Ward. His appearance was quaint. He looked like a smaller Bartley Campbell. His manner was supernaturally grave and earnest. His fun was not in his misspelling, it was in the apparently unconscious association of the most incongruous ideas. The humor was not spontaneous. He labored over every word until he had it just right, and then committed it to paper or memory, and never varied it. One of his rules was always to make a joke plain and clear to his audience. Another was to wait for the laugh. Sometimes the audience would not see the fun. He told me that the greatest compliment he had ever received was from a stranger stopping at the same hotel, who asked him whether he had been to hear that fellow, Artemus Ward, lecture.

"No," replied Artemus, "have you? What do you think of him?"

"Why, he is the blamedest fool I ever saw. I just sat there and roared to hear him making such a show of himself. I wouldn't have missed it for $10."

At his first lecture the New York audience did not know what to make of him. He seemed so nervous; fidgeted about so; lost his place, never said a word about the advertised subject of his lecture. "Call me pet names, love; call me a bird," he murmured, "and I called her a boiled owl." Then he waited for the laugh. It came very slowly; first a solitary snicker, then two or three chuckles. "When I said that in Chicago," continued Artemus gravely, "I had to go before a justice of the peace and take my solemn affidavit that a boiled owl was a bird before one of them could catch the point. Then everybody roared. New Yorkers were not going to be duller than Chicagoans."—Musical Journal.

The Favorite Times for Suicide.

Statistics show that the months in which the fewest suicides occur are October and November, while the greatest number occur in April, May and June. July and September also have a goodly share, the latter possessing a peculiar fascination for women. This refutes the old idea that suicides occur most frequently in damp and gloomy weather, for the months just mentioned as being the most prolific are certainly those in which the skies look brightest and the earth is fairest. Another remarkable fact in this connection is that the progressive increase and decrease in the number of suicides coincide with the lengthening and shortening of the days, and, as M. Guerry has shown, not only the seasons of the year, but the days of the month and of the week, and even the hours of the day, exert an influence, the constancy of which cannot be mistaken.

As a result of his elaborate research he found that the greatest number of suicides among men occurred during the first ten days of the month, and from Monday to Thursday of the week. This is accounted for by remembering that the majority of workingmen receive their wages either on the first of the month or the last of the week, and that "pay day" is often followed by dissipation, debauchery and remorse. Oettingen completed this interesting observation by showing that the larger number of suicides among women take place during the last half of the week, when they are most apt to feel the effects of man's prodigality and wrongdoing. In regard to the hours of the day, we know, from Brierre de Bolsmont's examination of 1,993 cases of suicide in Paris, that the maximum number occurred between 6 a. m. and noon, and thereafter regularly declined, reaching the minimum at the hour before sunrise.—Charles W. Pilgrim, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

How It Was Settled.

The novel fact that Gen. George L. Becker was once elected to congress, but was beaten out of his seat by a game of seven-up, is probably known by very few at the present time. It was in the fall of 1857. The territory of Minnesota had just been organized, preparatory to admission as a state the following year, and three men were elected to the lower house of congress, to wit: George L. Becker, of St. Paul, James M. Cavanaugh, of Chatfield, and W. W. Phelps, of Red Wing, all Democrats. When the census of the territory was taken for the benefit of congress it turned out that the new state would be entitled to only two members of the lower house. There were three very much disconcerted young men, for they were brimming with life and ambition, and neither of them relished the idea of giving up the captured prize. However, after a siege of contriving and bickering, in which neither gained a point over the other, young Becker laughingly suggested that they decide the matter by a three handed game of seven-up. The other two jumped at the proposition, and in less than two hours proved to Mr. Becker that he had made a very bad suggestion for his own interests. Becker accepted the defeat gracefully, but was unable to restrain a feeling of contempt for the hands the other fellows played.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Penitent Monkey.

Spring brings the turnpike musicians and monkeys in great numbers. While one pair of these were giving a concert on Main street in Carbondale, Pa., to a crowd of youngsters and two inebriated countrymen, one of the men gave the monkey a cent, for which it doffed its cap jauntily. Then the countryman teased the little animal until at last it buried its teeth in the man's finger to the bone. When the blood gushed from the wound the monkey looked regretfully at the finger, then into the man's face, and handed back his money. No amount of persuasion would induce the penitent animal to again accept the coin, though it was repeatedly offered and though he accepted money from others all around him.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

POOR COPY

TRI-WEEKLY CIRCULATION

FOR WEEK ENDING

July 13th, 1889.

Tuesday,	1,220
Thursday,	1,002
Saturday,	1,407
Total,	3,629
Average,	1,230

The Gleaner.

JAS. H. CROCKET, - - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889.

ROYAL DEMANDS.

Though Canadians are not called upon to contribute to the support of the royal family they take some little interest in the annual vote of the British parliament to that service. This year a request has been made for an increased grant, consequent upon the betrothal of Princess Louise, and the desire to provide Prince Albert Victor with a more princely allowance. Mr. Labouchere has given notice that he and his friends will oppose this request. When the item is reached, therefore, an animated discussion will likely follow. Mr. Labouchere takes the ground that the Queen is now wealthy enough to provide for her own grandchildren. The government, on the other hand, submit that Her Majesty, though careful and economical in her management throughout, is not wealthy, in fact that her bank account shows her to be in circumstances which call for the exercise of the greatest care. Mr. Gladstone will not oppose an increased grant, on the ground that Her Majesty having faithfully observed on her part the agreement between her and parliament in regard to the civil list, should not be expected to employ any means she may have saved for purposes not stipulated at the time. The matter has excited a great deal of interest throughout the British Isles; and there can be no question that Mr. Labouchere's position will be very strongly supported outside of parliament at least. The members of the royal family, not including the Queen, now absorb annually $1,000,000 of the federal income; and the total amount voted by parliament to Her Majesty's children, their husbands and the late Prince Consort was $248,050,415. This very large sum is very properly regarded as altogether too great a tax upon British resources for the maintaining, after all said and done, of a comparatively unimportant factor in these days in British dignity. The request for a dowry to Princess Louise seems the more unreasonable in view of the fact that her betrothed, the Earl of Fife, is blessed with great wealth. The head of the Clan Macduff, a peer of the United Kingdom and of Ireland, he is the owner of several stately seats in Scotland; the possessor of 257,682 acres of land with a rent roll of $390,000 a year, and a member of the banking firm of Sir Samuel Scott & Co., which yields him an annual income of about $110,000—in all $500,000 a year. Our readers will not be surprised that the English taxpayers should object under these circumstances to be forced to contribute to the further support of Princes Louise. They will also be surprised if the royal request meets with the approval of the Earl of Fife. With more territory than many a sovereign, and with wealth that princess might envy, he will surely not willingly consent that parliament should grant a royal dowry to the Princess. Should parliament make the grant, it will only hasten the day when the whole question of allowance to royalty will come up for discussion with a view to settlement on a basis more in keeping with modern ideas.

THE CARNIVAL.

Everything points to the St. John carnival being a great success. If the newspaper reports concerning the expected influx of visitors be true, many will find it difficult enough to secure accommodation, at all events at the hotels or boarding houses. The carnival will doubtless give St. John prominence as a city—something that she has long striven after and upon which she has always been so "touchy." Visitors may be expected to be told that St. John is now a city of forty-eight thousand, and that Portland is no longer Portland, but the North End. Weaknesses must, however, be overlooked in a city which has had to struggle against so many difficulties. Visitors from Fredericton to the carnival will do well to bear in mind that crowds bring confidence men, sharpers and pickpockets, and that a little extra caution may prevent later regrets.

VIOLATING THE LAW.

A report comes from Boiestown that some persons living along the Miramichi have been killing salmon in one of the tributaries of that river with the aid of dynamite cartridges. If this be true these persons should be arrested and punished. Such means of catching salmon are calculated to deplete our fine rivers of all the fish that inhabit them. They destroy not only the salmon, but their young, and every other class of fish usually found there; and totally unfit the river for future operations. We are not of those who favor the law prohibiting net fishing on salmon streams, or who support the surrendering of our best pools to the gentleman sport. Such laws deprive our people along our rivers of many an advantage in the battle of life. They incur enmity and strife, and for no useful purpose. They were enacted for the ostensible purpose of raising revenue, but only fraud and scandal have been the outcome of the operation. There are no evils to result from net fishing, and there is much of advantage to be gained by the poorer classes. But in killing salmon by the aid of dynamite, the case is entirely different. It is wilful destruction. The officers must do their duty in this matter, and quickly too.

The withdrawn of Mr. Parnell from the commission court seems to be a proper move. While the court encourages enquiry into useless things it will not permit of investigation into matters naturally arising out of the exposure of the authorship of the now famous letters. It will permit of any enquiry into matters which might strike it as likely to damage Mr. Parnell, but it refuses to allow investigation into the history and origin of the forged letters or into any matters likely to prejudice the public mind against the Times and its associates. Mr. Parnell does well, we think, to ignore any such farcical enquiry as that now going on.

JACK THE RIPPER.

LONDON, July 16. The city was profoundly excited and greatly overjoyed this morning by the widespread rumor that the police had finally captured the perpetrator of the Whitechapel outrages, and that the murderer had made full confession of his crimes. At Scotland Yard, however, the police authorities denied all knowledge of any such arrest or confession and still declared they have no clue to the miscreant.

LONDON, July 19.—It has been learned that the early morning rumors of the capture and confession of the Whitechapel murderer had some basis. An Englishman, described as of fine military bearing, fair complexion and six feet in height, was arrested to-day as the murderer and he confessed at the station-house he had murdered the latest victim with a common knife. No weapons were found on him and his actions indicate his story was simply the imaginings of an insane person.

Latest.—The man taken into custody by the police this morning confessed to the murder of all the women whose bodies were found in and about Whitechapel district. He gave the names of the victims and dates upon which he killed them as well as all the ghastly and indecent details connected with the crimes. The police believe he is a lunatic; possibly the story he tells is true and he is the murderer.

Very Latest—The man arrested on suspicion of being the Whitechapel murderer is not "Jack the Ripper." The police to-night say he is only a drunken lunatic and attach no importance to his confession.

THE HAYTIEN WAR.

Foreign Men-of-War Ready to Protect Their Countries Interests.

NEW YORK, July 18. Port au Prince advices dated July 7 says: "Port au Prince within the last few days has been in a state bordering on frenzy. Hippolyte has assaulted the extreme outworks, but was held in check. Legitime is pressing into ranks every man capable of carrying a rifle. The people have been delirious with excitement. The minister of war has executed some of the prisoners with his own hands. Hippolyte is burning farm houses and villages in sight of the city. All foreigners have been threatened with extermination, but the United States naval force on hand is ready to take the city if necessary. A British cruiser and two Spanish cruisers also are in the harbor prepared to protect their citizens. A system of signals has been established with the American consulate and the moment a danger flag is exhibited picked infantry companies will be sent ashore. The captain of the British cruiser declares if one Englishman is touched he will shell the city."

NEW YORK'S STREET ARABS.

Some of the Schemes by Which Gamins Earn an Honest Penny.

The shrewdness of the average New York street gamin is remarkable. One day last week two little boys, neither of whom were over 15 years, evolved this scheme for turning an honest penny: They stood in the center of City Hall park, with their hats over their eyes, with upturned faces, and heads nearly resting on their backs, looking intently into the blue sky, as if some one of the heavenly objects was visible. Slowly but surely a goodly crowd gathered, and they, too, looked. Some asked what the attraction was; others continued looking, evidently for the purpose of discovering something wonderful before asking. Some said it was Venus, but others said it wasn't. But the two boys who caused all this sensation and anxiety—what of them? When fully 100 had collected about the spot, the young chaps announced that they would give a circus performance. A space was cleared for them, which the crowd surrounded. Others rushed to the scene, and before the performance began a crowd had gathered that would not make a bad showing in a theatre. The boys gave a remarkably good entertainment of tumbling and breakneck maneuvers, which astonished the audience and produced no little applause. At the conclusion of the "circus performance," the boys, hat in hand, collected money enough to give them both a good time during the day, and, perhaps, seats at the theatre that evening.

Another trick came to the writer's notice, which, for genuine "smartness," is rather noteworthy. It may be surprising to the city fathers to know that seats in the public parks are sold nightly, yet this is a fact. The little boys start out early in the evening and capture as many seats as possible. When the young lovers pass through the park and see a seat in a quiet and sequestered place, and find the occupant to be a little boy, sometimes two in number, the young man excuses himself to his fair companion, and, going to the boy or boys, endeavors to make a bargain for the seat, which he is generally successful in consummating, though never, it is said, for less than ten cents, and often times more. As it gets late in the evening, and the call for seats is not so great, one can be secured for five cents. These money making lads must feel as depressed at a rainy or disagreeable night as the bootblack does of a wet day.—New York Star.

Cure of Inebriety.

Dr. Elliott, in a recent lecture at Toronto, gives the four principal conditions that must be observed for the treatment of inebriates to be successful. The first is abstinence; this must be absolute, and on no plea whatever, of fashion, of physic or religion, ought the smallest quantity of an intoxicant to be put to the lips of an alcoholic slave. The second condition is to ascertain the predisposing and exciting causes of inebriety, and to endeavor to remove those causes, which may lie in some remote or deep seated physical ailment. The third condition is to restore the physical and mental tone, and the fourth condition is employment; let the mind of the patient be kept occupied by attention to regular work, and the task of reformation will be shorn of half its difficulty. —New York Telegram.

That Made It Plain.

"Say!" he began, as he halted a pedestrian on Michigan avenue, "I'm stuck on a point in history. Why did Washington cross the Delaware?"

"He never did."

"Didn't he! Why, history says he did."

"No it don't. It speaks of Lord Cornwallis crossing the Hudson."

"Ah! So it does—so it does. I was all mixed up. That makes it plain to me now. Curious how a man will get a little off on these things now and then. I'll try and remember that—much obliged."—Detroit Free Press.

NEWS OF THE WORLD CONDENSED

From Our Own Telegraphic Reports and Our Exchanges.

Personal, Political and Religious News of the Day.

Cable, American, Canadian and General Topics.

Cable.

It is officially announced that the Queen will confer a dukedom upon the Earl of Fife.

Paris papers consider the king of Holland's address to the states general, asking that 60,000 troops be kept armed to defend Dutch neutrality, indicates expected German action.

The British government has accepted the proposal made by John Morley that an increased allowance to the Prince of Wales, enabling him to provide the marriage portions for his children, be substituted for the proposed special grants.

Emille Ollivier, the well known statesman has published a letter in which he denounces the indictment of General Boulanger as a base attempt to dishonor a valiant soldier who served his country devotedly for thirty years. The people of France, Ollivier states, will frustrate the manœuvres of Gen. Boulanger's enemies.

The election in West Division, Carmarthenshire, to fill the vacancy in the commons caused by the death of Walter Powell, home ruler, resulted in the election of Mr. Morgan, Gladstonian, who received 4,252 votes against 2,533 cast for the conservative. At the last election Mr. Powell received 4,181 votes, and Sir J. C. Lawrence, the liberal-unionist candidate, 1,916.

American.

Arsenic was placed in the food of the four children of Joseph Unter, a planter, living near Star City, Ark., on Tuesday, and three of them died. The perpetrator is not known.

The explosion of a boiler in the planing mill of the R. V. Stone Lumber Co., Chicago, Thursday morning, killed three men and several horses, and burned the building. Twelve other persons were injured.

Anita and Miriam Boggs, maiden sisters, living near Point Pleasant, Va., committed suicide last Tuesday by taking arsenic. They left a letter signed jointly saying there was nothing in life for old maids and they were tired of it.

A feud between the Simpson and Houghton families of the western part of Birmingham county, Ala., has existed for years. In a fight, yesterday morning, two of the Houghton party were killed outright and several others of the party wounded.

The Colorado river has over-flown its banks and the water is still rising. The lowlands are inundated and the crops destroyed. The damage to the cotton crop in Texas is immense. People have fled to the mountains. Lives are known to have been lost.

The bodies of Mrs. John McGregor and two children were discovered in a small creek near Youngstown, Ohio. The woman drowned the children and then herself. Her husband left her in destitute circumstances and she was the previous day seen begging for food.

Canadian.

The contract for the new Atlantic mail service, undertaken by the Andersons of London, has been signed.

Charles Stanford fell from a load of hay at Teeterville, Ont., Thursday, and broke his neck. He died instantly.

Geo. Boucher's back was broken and J. Charlebois sustained severe injury through the fall of a scoffolding at Montreal Thursday.

The Sarnia Oil Co.'s ware house at Sarnia, Ont., was burned with 200 empty oil barrels Thursday. A frame building near by was also destroyed, and both buildings are a total loss.

Joseph Boivin, who arrived in Ottawa Wednesday, on a raft of square timber from the Upper Ottawa, reports that six men were drowned on the way. There were three different accidents.

At the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Toronto, Richard Potter, a patient from Whitby, slew Hector McDonald, a patient from Grey county. Potter is a religious monomaniac, and fancies he has a mission to kill two men, and commit suicide.

Fred. Cox, expressman, went into J. Y. Marton's hardware store, at Brantford, Ont., yesterday to buy a revolver. Albert Lawrence, the clerk, in showing him, snapped it to show how it worked, and shot Cox in the left breast, killing him. Lawrence didn't know the revolver was loaded.

At Toronto Thursday afternoon a scaffold, which was raised about 30 feet from the ground and on which were a number of bricklayers and laborers, gave way, precipitating the occupants to the ground. Alex. Kearney, a laborer, aged 38, was killed and several others seriously injured.

The coroner's jury found verdict of wilful murder against Nellie Brown, of Cobourg, for the murder of her husband last May by rat poison. The deceased's daughter, who was under the influence of her stepmother, finally gave way and related how Mrs. Breeze had administered the deadly drug. The fiend has been arrested.

Thomas Roche, aged 13, was arraigned at Halifax Thursday jointly charged with Harry Roberts, 18 years old, with criminal assault on a 10-year-old child named Kiddy, at Dutch village, in the city suburbs, Sunday evening last, while her father and mother were at church. Roche was remanded until Tuesday next to give the police time to catch Roberts, who is at large.

Assuming Too Much.

Suspicious Looking Individual (accosting a business man in Austin)—In New York eleven men represent two hundred million dollars.

Business Man—Is that so?

"Yes. Now in Austin the wealth is not quite so much concentrated. We will assume that twenty of us represent one hundred thousand dollars."

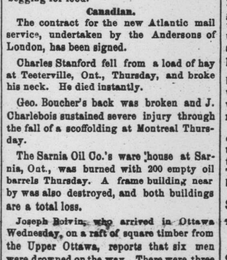
"Yes."

"We will also assume that you and I are two of the twenty."

"Yes."

"Well, then, how would it be if I wanted to draw out ten cents from the capital stock of the syndicate; would you let me have it?"—Texas Siftings.

He Knew That Before.



Husband—Well, my dear, what did the magnetic physician say to you?

Wife—He says I am a sick woman, and that my nervous system is not in equilibrium. He says I am too positive.

Husband—Humph! I could have told you that and saved a couple of dollars.—New York Sun.

Reflections and Convictions.

The creaking, squeaking water cart goes on its daily rounds a-squealing and a-squawking till my anger knows no bounds. It begs and prays the driver its axles warm to grease, that it may travel easier and give the boys some peace. O driver, gentle driver, prithee hearken to its call, grease your cart to-morrow morning ere it gives another squall! Bind its wheels in silent woolens like the buskins on your feet, or the writer of this essay will bind your winding sheet. — Prison Mirror.

FOSTERVILLE.

To Build a New School House—Orange Celebration.

FOSTERVILLE, July 15. The people of this enterprising settlement are determined not to be behind the age in the march of improvements. Finding that their old school house was falling into a state of decay and becoming inadequate to meet the educational wants of the district, they resolved to replace it with such a building as should meet all implied wants, and have now in the course of erection a school house that will compete with any in the rural districts of the county. The building is 22x34,12 foot posts. It will be seated for fifty pupils and will be liberally furnished with maps and all necessary things for teaching. The elevation, ground and design plans are from "Plans of School House" prescribed by the Board of Education, and furnished by the chief superintendent to Mr. David Cropley, secretary to school trustees. The work is rapidly going on and will, in all probability, be finished by October 1st. The undertaking is very creditable to the district, which is a "poor district," the entire valuation amounting only to a little over $8000. Yet the ratepayers are determined to make every personal sacrifice for the education of the young.

Farmers are busy haying.

Mr. T. J. Tidd captured a fair sized bear last week. It is the second one he has captured this summer.

The 12th July passed off without much noise. The Orangemen marched, headed by the Fife and Drum band of Forest City, N. B. N. W. Brown, of Southampton, gave a very eloquent address on Orangeism. Dinner and supper was furnished by G. W. Maxan.

Some of our small towns, less than one hundred miles from here, boast that they do not have a grog shop, and the leading men will vote for temperance every time. We will kindly thank them to bring the temperance banner with them the next 12th July celebration. Surely it can wave at half mast a few miles from home when it waves so high at home.

Rev. John Home, delivered a lecture on "The Present Age" last Wednesday evening.

LOWER POKIOK.

The Loyal Orange Temperance Lodge—Building a New Residence—The Weather and Crops.

LOWER POKIOK, July 17.—The Lower Pokiok division of the Loyal Orange Temperance Association is rapidly increasing in membership. Ten members, whose names are as follows:—Messrs Alex Roseborough, Malcolm Davis, J. Thompson, F. Henry, Harry Love, Willie Duncan and W. Love and the Misses Jane Scott, Annie Love and Lidie Savage, were initiated last week, representing Magundy, Barony and Lower Pokiok respectively. The president of the lodge, Mr. W. Scott, has been absent for some time past on account of sickness, but at our last meeting he was again able to resume his post. The lodge unanimously expressed their gratitude at his recovery. We deeply regret that one of our members, Mrs. G. Graham, of Magundy, is prevented by ill health from meeting with us. She has gone to St. John for medical attendance. The chaplain, Rev Mr Ross, moved that a paper embodying our sorrow for her sickness and our hope for her speedy recovery and restoration to her family, and our order, be sent to Mrs Graham. The above was heartily seconded and unhesitatingly carried. We are pleased to notice the deep interest which the officers and the members in general manifest in the good work, and we sincerely hope that their untiring efforts to promote the temperance cause will be crowned with success and that our meetings will be pleasant and profitable to all.

Mr Alex Roseborough is engaged in building the foundation of his house, which in point of neatness and convenience we predict will be second to none in the neighborhood.

The weather has been exceedingly dry of late, and the effect is very marked upon the crops of this vicinity. Some of the farmers have commenced haying. The hay crop is pronounced very light by all.

SENT TO CONQUER THE WORLD.

The Dervish Leader's Answer to General Grenfell.

LONDON, July 18. In the house of commons this afternoon, Rt. Hon. E. Stanhope, secretary of state for war, read a reply to Mad El Jumi, dervish leader of Egypt, in response to a demand made by Gen. Grenfell for his surrender. Mad El Jumi says: "Your force is nothing to me. I have been sent to conquer the world and cannot stop now to call upon you to surrender. I will protect you. Remember Hicks and Gordon." In the despatches General Grenfell states that the dervish leaders are fighting men, well fed and in good condition.

THE LATEST VICTIM.

Police Authorities Acknowledge that they Have no Clue to the Perpetrator of the Recent Whitechapel Murder.

LONDON, July 18. The police authorities acknowledge to-day that they have no clue whatever to the perpetrator of the latest Whitechapel murder, and he has disappeared as completely as after the previous outrages. The excitement over the crime continues as intense as ever, and the police are roundly denounced by the people and many English journals for their failure to trace this horrible mystery.

A FIENDISH DEED.

A Little Child Placed in a Stove and Roasted to Death.

BRIGHT, ONT., July 18. A man was seen leaving the Mennonite church, north of here, last night, and shortly after smoke issued from the chimney. Upon examining the stove this morning, the head of a child with the body cremated was found.

The Cub's Ride.

When the government light horse tender, Mansanita, returned from her Alaskan voyage, she brought back one more passenger than she started with. This was a little black bear cub, Sallie, which literally hugged her way to the hearts of all on board. Being constantly with the men, and at the same time allowed to roam at will all over the vessel, she very quickly became tame and gentle as a kitten, and quite as playful. The one place where she was not allowed was the engine room, not because the chief engineer did not like her, but because he was afraid she might get hurt. One day, Sallie was missed at dinner-time, and one of the men volunteered to find her.

After a long search, she was discovered perched on the walking beam of the engine, which was in motion. There she clung; and, and at every movement of the great beam, she was raised to within six inches of the ceiling, and her fat little body compressed to a corresponding thinness. But she never made a whimper, for she was too much frightened to jump off, and knew she would be whipped if she made a noise. So there she clung, now getting a good breath, and the next moment losing it in a rather violent manner. The moment she was safe in the man's arms, she hugged him tightly, and began to squeal and make a tremendous fuss, behaving in this respect like others of her sex.—San Francisco Argonaut.

He Hit His Funnybone.

"Say, aren't you a newspaper man?" he queried as he halted a pedestrian on Woodward avenue yesterday.

"Y-o-s," was the cautious reply.

"Then I've got a big thing for you—a scoop on all the other papers. Egad, but I'm glad I met you."

"Murder?"

"No; joke. Biggest joke of the year. Say, were you at the circus?"

"Yes."

"Ever see so much mud?"

"Never."

"Nor I, either. That's the joke. Just write that a friend of ours named Smith had his name changed by going to the circus yesterday. He went there as Smith and came away as Mud. Ha! ha! ha!"

"But I don't see the joke."

"You don't! His name was Mud, you know."

"Never heard of any such name. You must have made a slip somewhere."

"Say! I have. I see it now. He went there as Smith and came away as Dirt. Ha! ha! That's it—that's it! Biggest joke of the year. Put it in your paper and send me five copies to mail to my friends. Ha! ha! Almost laughed myself to death."—Detroit Free Press.

FOR 110 YEARS.

An Officer's Body Found in a Cave.

The Pitiful Letter He Left in a Bottle.

Buried Beside his Lady Love, who Died of a Broken Heart.

READING, Penn., July 18. A strange story comes from the falls of French Creek, Chester County, and intense interest is manifested in its details.

Editor Kauffman, of the Coatesville Union, vouches as to the truth of the story, and W W Potts, manager of the large granite quarries at the falls of French Creek, has in his possession letters found with a skeleton in a large cave which unfolds a mystery of over one hundred years.

Granite is quarried in immense quantities at Warwick, at the terminus of the French Creek branch of the Wilmington & Northern Railroad Company. During the blasting of a large granite rock on Saturday the cave, of the exstence of which there were local traditions, was opened. Several of the laborers in the quarry entered, and after exploring some time, they came across the skeleton of a man. Close by was discovered a blue glass bottle, in which was found a letter dated February 20, 1778. It is supposed to have been left there by the dead man.

The letter was written in a bold but trembling hand. It was addressed to the betrothed of the dead man, Virginia, Randolph, of Richmond, Va.

The letter bore the signature of "Arthur I. Carrington," who, from the facts contained in the letter, was evidently an officer in the army of General George Washington.

The army was camped at Valley Forge, and Carrington was sent to the falls of French Creek and Warwick, in company with several others, on a foraging expedition. On his way, the letter continues, the British enemy pursued him and several of his companions.

Carrington knew of the cave at the falls, and he at once made for the place.

He reached it in safety, and while hiding within its rocky jaws the large rock which had hung over the opening for years fell, imprisoning the officer.

He describes a most heartrending experience while alive in the cave. He says he called aloud, prayed and sang, but no help came.

While in this cave he wrote the letter which was unearthed.

The skeleton was removed and placed in a pine box and is now in the possession of Mr. Potts, who is writing to the authorities at Richmond about the discovery of Carrington.

He has received the information through a friend that a tombstone in a private family burial ground at Richmond bears this inscription: "Died of a broken heart, on March 1, 1780, Virginia Randolph, aged twenty-one years and nine days. Faithful unto death."

Mr. Potts has received another letter since, in which everything points to the identity of the parties concerned in the affair.

The bones of Carrington will be sent to Richmond for final interment beside those of his loved one.

DURATION OF LIFE.

People Live Longer Now Than They Did in the Olden Times.

Dr. Todd, president of the Georgia State Medical society, read at the annual meeting of that body, held at Atlanta, a paper on "Longevity," which possesses great intrinsic interest and at the same time is gratifying as showing how much medical and sanitary science and a more rational mode of life have done to prolong the human span, and how much better in every way are the conditions of today than of those "good old times" for the return of which sentimentalists vainly sigh.

The doctor is modest in his claims, making no effort to monopolize in the name of the medical profession credit for a betterment in which so many agencies play parts; but he does claim, and with reason, that the intelligent physician has had much to do with the result, and that the death rates of the various peoples of the globe bear a ratio very nearly inverse to the number of qualified physicians among them.

The highest death rate in Europe is that of Russia, ranging from 20 per 1,000 in Courland and 23 per 1,000 in the Baltic province, there being many physicians in both districts, to 40 in places where there are but few. But one-half of the children born in some parts of Russia reach the seventh year; and of 1,000 male children only from 480 to 490 reach the age of twenty-one years, and of these only 275 are able bodied. Russia, with all its teeming population, has only 15,414 regular physicians, and one surgeon to 100,000 population.

The United States, having a doctor of medicine for every 600 population, shows the lowest death rate in the world, England following. The average life expectancy in the United States is now fifty-five years; in England among the urban population it is fifty, and among the ruralists fifty-four years. Russians have a life expectancy of but twenty-eight years, approximately, and Chilians of the same, while in Ellobed, in the Soudan, twenty-three years is a generation. The average life in the Rome of the Cæsars was eighteen years; now it is forty years. Within fifty years the average in France has increased from twenty-eight to forty-five and one-half years, and in the days of Queen Elizabeth the English average was but twenty years.

Dr. Todd ascribes the great and progressive change for the better to advanced medical knowledge, better drainage and diet, greater cleanliness, and to vaccination and the use of anæsthetics, quinine and the like. He thinks that quinine alone has added two years to the average life of civilized man. To these agencies should be added the decrease of war, the more lenient laws, and the greater temperance of our day.—Chicago Herald.

A Dog in the Case.



"Tom Smith, have you seen my son today?"

"No, mum, not since I left him at the school door this morning."

(But what if that dog should happen to bark).—Life.

Husband and Wife.

If you see a lady and gentleman disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured that they have tied the matrimonial noose. If you see a silent pair in a car or stage lolling carelessly, one at each window without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.

If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming an opinion; or

If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who, perhaps, is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy patch; or

If you see a lady whose beauty and accomplishments attract the attention of every gentleman in the room but one, you can have no difficulty in determining their relationship to each other—the one is her husband.

If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging and good natured, relaxing into smiles, saying sharp things, and toying with every pretty woman in the room, except one, to whom he appears particularly cold and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that one is nobody can be at a loss to discover.

If you see an old couple jarring, checking and thwarting each other, in differing opinion before the opinion is expressed, eternally anticipating and breaking the thread of each other's discourse, yet using kind words, like honey bubles floating in vinegar, which are soon overwhelmed by a preponderence of the fluid, they are to all intents man and wife—it is impossible to be mistaken.

The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation; they may be resorted to with confidence, they are based upon unerring principles, and deducted from every day experience.—Atlanta Constitution.

SPECTACLES ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES



D. HARRIS ENGLISH OPTICIAN.
53 Germain Street.
St. John, N. B., near Market.

Mr. Harris is enabled to suit perfectly even most difficult cases, and his stock being made up on purely Scientific Principles, he can with confidence submit them to his patrons.
Office hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Saturdays, no. till 10 p. m. Jan. 10th—1y ttw.

London and Lancashire
FIRE INSURANCE CO'Y
OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
FRED ST. JOHN BLISS,
Agent,
260 Queen Street, Opposite Post Office, Fredericton.
Fredericton, July 16th, 1889.

222.
Shirts! Shirts!
White Dress Shirts, Regatta Shirts,
Night Shirts, Flannel Shirts
AT
J. H. FLEMING'S.
222 Queen Street.

What a Nuisance
To Have Spoiled Preserves.
You can avoid it by using
SELF SEALING FRUIT JARS.
We also have the best Porcelain Lined
Preserving Kettle
In the Market.
LEMONT & SONS.
Fredericton, July 13

INSECTICIDES!
Dutcher's Fly Paper;
Sticky Fly Paper; Fly Pads;
Dalmation Insect Powder;
Paris Green just received at
WILEY'S DRUG STORE,
196 QUEEN STREET.

WE DO NOT CLAIM
TO SELL GOODS AT
LESS THAN COST,
But we do claim that we have a fine line of
SILVERWARE
At Surprisingly Low Prices.
BUTTER DISHES, PICKLE DISHES, CASTERS
AND CAKE BASKETS AT SPECIAL RATES.
THE ESTATE OF
S. F. SHUTE,
302 QUEEN STREET.
Sole Agent for Rockford Railroad Watches.

STRAW.
IN SMALL BUNDLES. JUST THE THING FOR BEDS.
A LSO:—Hay, Oats, Middlings, Bran, Bricks, Hair, and the only genuine GREEN HEAD LIME, made by J. & F. ARMSTRONG. For sale cheap by
GEO. R. PERKINS,
Phœnix Square.
Fredericton, July 16

'Golden Fleece.
FALL 1888
New Ulster Cloths,
New Mantle Cloths,
New Dress Goods,
IN SUITINGS & MELTON CLOTHS
New Dress and Mantle
TRIMMINGS
FEATHERBONE CORSETS.
T. A. SHARKEY.

OAK BASKETS
200
FILLED WITH GOOD
TEA
FOR THE PEOPLE.
You cannot get the Basket unless you drink the Tea. Come and get your Basket.
ELY PERKINS.

JUST RECEIVED!
Latest Designs in
LADIES
POCKET BOOKS
this year, 1889. Beautiful in design, well made and reasonable in price, in fact, cheaper than old style books are sold elsewhere, at
F. J. McCAUSLAND'S
WATCH & JEWELLRY STORE, QUEEN ST.
Fredericton, March 2

NOTICE!
REPAIRS
FOR THE
TORONTO MOWER
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Price of Sections Reduced.
AT
W. H. VANWART'S.
Fredericton, July 10

Mrs. Gunn
Has Re-opened the
Dressmaking Department
This time under the management of a
First Class Cutter and Draper,
One who understands the business in all its branches.
WANTED.
Skirt and Waist Makers.
A few good sewers will have a first-class chance to learn the Dressmaking.
MRS. J. G GUNN.
Fredericton April 11

BUSINESS EXCHANGE---WANTED.
MALE AND FEMALE HELP.—Bookkepers, Salesmen, Clerks, Collectors, Porters, Packers, Store, Shop and Factory Help, Machinists, Engineers, Firemen, can secure first-class paying situations in any city in the United States or Canada, through membership to this Bureau.
LADIES EMPLOYMENT PARLORS.
MANAGED BY LADIES.—Established 15 years operating 48 offices. Young ladies wishing to connect with leading business houses, Clerks, Sales Ladies, Bookkeepers, Companions and Nurse Girls, Hotel Help, and
100 SERVANTS
Wanted at once. Address Ladies Parlors, 134 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
DO YOU WANT TO SELL A BUSINESS secure a Partner, Rent or Sell Property, address Business Exchange, St. John.

TRUNKS,
VALISES,
BAGS, &C.
JUST RECEIVED:
A Large Assortment,
WHICH WE WILL
SELL LOW,
FOR CASH.
Don't Forget the Place.
C. H. THOMAS & CO,
224 QUEEN STREET
Fredericton, May 2.

ICECREAM
WHITE & CO.
Fredericton, May 20

THE
DOMINION EXPRESS CO'Y
Is prepared to receive and forward
PARCELS AND MONEY PACKAGES
To all parts of
Canada via C. P. R. Short Line,
Connecting at Vanceboro with the
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.
For all points in the
UNITED STATES.
Packages called for and delivered free. Goods arriving in the evening delivered at once.
SPECIAL RATES TO
MONTREAL, TORONTO, GUELPH, HAMILTON AND LONDON
Office, C. P. R. Office, Queen St.
J. H. SMALL, AGENT.
Fredericton, July 6.

POOR COPY

FREDERICTON AND VICINITY.

Record of Current Events About Town.

Exciting Dog Fight--Persistent to the Death.

Military Funeral--Sudden Death at Keswick--Heavy Loss.

Tickets for the North-West.

Mr. F. B. Edgecombe continues to sell through tickets to the North-West and British Columbia over the Northern and Western, I. C. R., Grand Trunk and C. P. R. Last week he sold tickets over this route to New Westminister, B. C.

Excursions over N. & W. to St. John.

Very low excursion rates are announced over the Northern & Western and the Union Line of Steamers from Chatham and Newcastle to St. John, commencing on Monday. A large number will undoubtedly avail themselves of the cheap rates.

Sub-Marine Cable.

Mr. J. E. Wilson, of Boston, electrician of the New Brunswick railway company, laid their sub-marine cable yesterday below the highway passenger bridge at the foot of Carleton Street.

Handsome Embroidery Work.

Says the Sun: A terra cotta plush renaissance embroidery is on exhibition in Macaulay Bros. & Co.'s window, King street. The embroidery is all hand work, and was made by Mrs. J. G. Gunn, of Fredericton. It is valued at $75.

Struck by a Falling Tree.

While Scott Harold, of Centreville, a young man of about 21 years of age, was at work in the bark woods at Kingman, Me., on Wednesday of last week, he was struck by a falling tree, causing a paralysis of the limbs from the waist down.

Pardoning a Criminal.

Lieut. Gov. Tilley, says the St. Andrews Beacon, exercised his pardoning power on Tuesday, in the case of John O'Brien, of St. John, who was serving out a term in St. Andrew's jail for an offence committed in St. Stephen. O'Brien is in very poor health.

Directors Elected.

The directors, elected at the Central Railway Company meeting in this city on Wednesday, met at the Dufferin Hotel, St. John, yesterday, and chose the following officers: C. Ford Stephens, president; F. E. Barker, vice president, and W. F. Whitehead, sectary and treasurer.

Resulted Fatally.

John Ryan, of Chatham, the unfortunate man, who was run over by the train at Bangor the other evening, died the following day. Physicians amputated one leg at the knee joint and the other below the knee. After the operation stimulants were given him and everything possible done to revive him, but with no success.

Change in the Fisheries Inspection.

An Ottawa despatch says: The offices of inspector of fisheries for Nova Scotia and for New Brunswick are to be abolished and these provinces will be divided into a fisheries district for the purpose of inspection with divisional or local inspectors. It is understood that the new system, which has been tried with most satisfactory results in other provinces, will increase the efficiency of the service and effect a saving over the old arrangement. The new order comes into force at once.

Military Funeral.

The funeral of the late Sergt. Purcell, whose very sudden death was chronicled in last issue, took place yesterday afternoon from the Park Barracks, and was conducted with military honors, the Royal school of Infantry attending en masse. The remains were borne to the chapel, where a funeral service was held, and afterwards to the Catholic cemetery above town for interment. The band headed the procession, followed by the firing party of the corps. Then came the hearse, and following the other members of the corps and attached officers. Rev. Father McDevitt conducted the obsequies.

Independent Order Foresters.

The Foresters continue to progress rapidly. During the last year the membership has increased 50 per cent., and the reserve fund has more than kept pace with the membership, while all claims have been promptly met. The reserve fund on the 1st of July amounted to $160,110 72. In this province five new Courts have been instituted within the year. The High Court of New Brunswick will meet at Moncton on Tuesday, Aug. 7th, at 7.30 p. m. The High Chief Ranger, Mr. H. C. Creed, has recently visited the Courts at Carleton, Havelock, Hillsboro, Salisbury and Petitcodiac, and installed the officers in each Court, viz: at Carleton, St. John Co.; Upham, Apohaqui and Hampton, King's Co.; and Shediac, Westmorland Co.

The Firemen's Picnic.

The firemen's picnic passed off most successfully. The attendance Thursday evening numbered over thirteen hundred, and by half-past eight o'clock all the tickets had been sold. Dancing was the chief attraction of the evening, and a large number of the young people participated, while a much larger number interested themselves onlooking. There was a big run on the refreshment table, and the amusements were well patronized. The firemen are well pleased with the success of the affair, and have realized from it a sufficient sum to assure them of their trip to Halifax. The Marysville Band supplied the music. Mr. J. A. Blair held the lucky ticket, which drew the price of a return passage to Halifax.

Persistent to the Death.

There was an exciting dog fight this forenoon on the wharf back of the officers' barracks. Major Gordon's bull dog, Pinch, tackled a small yellow cur, and held him fast by the neck for nearly half an hour, while the latter unsuccessfully struggled for its freedom. A large crowd gathered, and several attempts were made to separate them. None being successful, one of the crowd threw the dogs over the wharf into the river, thinking that Pinch would surely then release his grasp. He didn't and, the two kept struggling away in the water, until they both went down. When they came up the little one's head was above the surface while Pinch was below, still holding on to its neck. The latter would not let go its hold, and remained under the water in this way until he drowned, when the yellow cur was brought ashore.

Without a Moment's Warning.

A very sad event occurred at Keswick Ridge yesterday which has thrown a gloom over the community. The wife of Mr Jas. W. Jewett was suddenly and without any warning seized with convulsions. Medical aid was called in and everything done for the sufferer, but all of no avail, she remaining entirely unconscious for nearly twenty-four hours, when death ended her sufferings. She leaves an infant son.

Lost Three Horses.

Mr. James Yerxa of Keswick, has been very unfortunate with his horses. Since finishing his lumbering operations last spring, he has lost three very valuable animals, which cost him nearly $800 in the aggregate. He says they were all worth the money.

Leg Amputated.

At the hospital yesterday morning, Dr. Crocket, assisted by Dr. T. C. Brown and Dr. McLearn, amputated the leg of Mrs. Henry Drillen, of Nashwaaksis, for long standing disease. The patient is understood to be doing well.

BITS OF NEWS.

Gathered and Condensed for the Readers of the "Gleaner."

Rev. Dr. Angiers, of Boston, who preached so acceptably in St. Paul's last Sunday, will occupy the pulpit of that church at both services to-morrow.

Fredericton will be represented at the St. John Carnival next week.

BASE BALL.

Clippers Trounce The Woodstock Boys.

The return match between the Clippers of this city and the Wanderers of Woodstock, which was played on the Amateur Athletic grounds Thursday afternoon, attracted a large audience, including a large number from the Woodstock Methodist and Reformed Baptist picnic, which was being held on the other side of the river. The game was about as loose an exhibition of ball playing as has ever been seen in Fredericton. The score was no less than 33 to 14. The 33 belonged to the Clippers. The errors were put together in great fashion, especially by the visitors, but there were some excellent plays by the Clippers. Hayes' work behind the bat was great. He is a regular Call to throw to bases, and caught as many as eight or nine men attempting to steal second. Tom Doherty looked after this important bag, and took everything. He is a dandy too, to slap them on when he gets them. Thompson covered first base without an error. He hauled in everything that came near him in a very easy way. McGinn made three or four pretty catches at centre field and missed nothing. About the only really good work that was done for the Wanderers was by Hayden on third base. The other positions were very poorly looked after, excepting first base, where Walker played a fair game. Donohue pitched for the Clippers. He has no curves but managed to get over a dozen strike-outs. There was one home run made off him. Ganong driving the ball past right field into the pine grove. Ganong and Baker were the Woodstock battery. The former pitched some very deceptive curves, but the soft ones were more numerous, and the boys pounded him all over the field. Barker held him well, but all his throws to bases were wild. The opposing nines were as follows: Clippers: Hayes, c., Mackey, 3 b.; Donohue, p.; Thompson 1. b.; McGarrigle, s. s.; Lockhart' l. f.; Street, r. f.; Doherty, 2. b.; McGinn, c. f. Wanderers: Millman, r. f.; Hayden, 3. b.; Saunders, 2. b.; Ganong, p.; Laird, c. f.; Walker, 1. b.; Bourne, s. s.; Baker, c.; Churchill, l. f.

Score by innings:

Clippers	1	2	7	0	9	5	4	5	x	—33
Wanderers	3	0	1	1	0	1	5	0	3	—14

Mr. Burns umpired, and gave the utmost satisfaction.

Another Professional Signed.

The management of the A. A. Association have signed L. E. Graves, late third baseman of the Bates college nine, who has been playing with the Augustas for the past month. In the Maine State College league contest Graves had the highest batting average. He is a good all-around man and will be a great addition to the nine. That pennant ought to be ours.

Can't Have Him.

Says the Bangor Commercial: Manager Toole has telegraphed to Oliver Burns who is now playing in Moncton, asking him to come here. Burns caught on the Bangors in 1887 and is a fine little catcher.

Don't Pay Their Coal Bills.

The railroad men who are posted say that the Canadian Pacific through express is not carrying a sufficient number of passengers across Maine to scarcely pay its coal bills. The largest number that have yet travelled is eighteen and the average falls far below that. Of course their local business is slight and does not pay much.—Bangor Commercial.

The National League.

Thursday Boston beat Chicago, 8 to 1; New York got away with Indianapolis; Philadelphia shut out Pittsburg; and Washington tied Cleveland in a ten-inning game that was stopped by darkness.

Yesterday Chicago got away with Boston, and Indianapolis defeated New York in an eleven inning game.

The league standing is as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Played.	To be Played.	Per cent won.
Boston	43	22	65	75	.661
New York	41	24	65	75	.630
Cleveland	41	28	69	71	.594
Philadelphia	37	30	67	73	.552
Chicago	32	38	70	70	.457
Pittsburg	26	40	66	74	.393
Indianapolis	25	42	67	73	.373
Washington	20	42	62	78	.322

The Portlands Win at Bangor.

At Maplewood, Bangor, Thursday. the Portland, Me., team defeated the Bangors—10 to 5. After the game Ruby, who played third base in the game against the Frederictons, signed with the Bangors. Ladd pitched.

Just an Hour Too Late.

Says the Moncton Times: The Halifax Socials were after O. P. Burns of Moncton, who pitched with Bates, and accepted his terms, but the letter announcing the fact to him was an hour too late, Fredericton having secured him.

Chips From the Diamond.

Foster plays at Bangor this afternoon with the St. Johns.

Mike Kelly says Boston will not land better than fourth.

Capt. Anson says his men are the best in the country, only they are playing in hard luck.

The Ottawa base ball club is to make a tour of the maritime provinces.

Yesterday at St. John the Emeralds, of the St. John Junior League, defeated the Portlands by 14 to 7.

The St. Johns have signed J. A. Cuningham, of Gardener, Me., who pitched for the Portlands in this city. He will cover second bag.

In the Portland-Bangor game Thursday, the latter club only got one safe hit. Ladd pitched the first inning or two, when Ruby, who played third base here, went into the box. He proved a puzzler.

Thursday the Baths were defeated by the Halifax Socials, 20 to 0. Flinn was the Halifax pitcher. Yesterday Davidson and White were the battery for the Socials and they won by 6 to 4. Thompson and Nagle were the visitors' battery.

THE TURF.

To Race at St. John.

The list of entries for the races at Moosepath, commencing next Thursday, is published. John McCoy's bay mare Lillie is entered for the three minute class, to be trotted Thursday. His chestnut gelding Stanley will be one of the starters in the 2.40 class the same day. On Friday Maggie T. will trot in the 2.45 class. Mr. McCoy has entered Stanley and Albert D. in the free-for-all.

THE RING.

The Stake Money.

Al Cridge, says a New York despatch of Thursday, will not surrender the $20,000 stake money now in his possession, although he has received official notification from Referee Fitzpatrick that Sullivan won the fight. The money will not be paid until Sullivan returns, or until he sends an order for his representative to collect it.

THE RIFLE.

Irish Team Win The Elcho Shield.

The match for the Elcho challenge shield was shot at Wimbledon Thursday, and was won by the Irish team by a score of 1,689; the English team scored 1,684; Scotch team 1626.

Call and see our Saratoga trunks. They are beautifully finished, very strong, and very cheap, at Lucy & Co.

FREDERICTON WINS AGAIN.

The St. John Shamrocks are the Victims This Time.

Underwood Was a Puzzler to the St. John Boys.

The Frederictons' Great Stick Work and General Playing.

The Frederictons crossed bats with the St. John Shomrocks on the Amateur Athletic grounds yesterday afternoon and scored their second victory. The attendance was smaller than at any of the previous games, and for the spectators, of course, the match turned out to be the best that has yet been played here. The boys played ball as they never did before. There were only three errors to mar their record, and two of these were attributable in a great measure to the ground. The battery worked like a clock, and a superior game than that which they put up yesterday, has seldom been played in these parts. Underwood's pitching was simply great. It was most interesting and worth the price of admission to watch the way in which he struck out the Shamrocks and fooled their best batters. Sixteen strike-outs was his record, while he only gave one base on balls. He kept the visitors down to nine hits, one of them being an unaccepted chance and another clearly a foul boul. Call was himself behind the bat, and Fredericton suffered no disadvantage in this respect. It is evident that we have a ball player and a worker in Call. His backstopping was grand. He made one or two very difficult stops, which undoubtedly saved a run. He threw down to second in his usual way. It takes a sprinter to steal second on him. His only error was a bad throw to first, after dropping a third strike. To back all this up the boys did some great stick work, and pitcher Kelly went away with the impression that Fredericton has got a pretty fair batting team. Burns is a great addition to the nine in this respect. In yesterday's game he got three hits with a total of seven bases, being the first Fredericton player to make a home run on the grounds. It was a dandy—the prettiest hit made here this season. Another of his hits was a two-bagger, sending a man home from first. Foster, too, had his eye on the ball, and struck it hard every time he went to the bat. He made three very pretty safe hits, and two others proved too hot for the men that tried to handle them, so that of the six times at the bat he only failed to reach first once, and this time he was out on an unfortunate foul fly. It was Foster perhaps more than anyone else to whom the six runs in the seventh inning was due. That three bagger of his in that inning was a beauty—as Kelly would say, he "put the bells on it." He was first man to bat, and two strikes had been called on him when he made it. Aided by a bad throw he crossed the home plate before another man came to the bat. It was just enough to rattle St. John's crack pitcher, and he was struck for five more hits before the close of the inning. Underwood's hits were not so timely, but he came out in the lead. Five times at bat with four hits is not an ordinary record. By good judgment he got a base on balls. Thayer was unlucky yesterday with the bat. The fielders happened to be round every time he hit the ball. Of the local players McLaughlan and Harrison made a hit each.

One of the finest features of the game was a magnificent stop and throw made by Thayer at third base in the first inning, for which he was roundly applauded. He also pulled down a fine fly.

On first base Burns was a dandy. He covered the bag without an error; taking in every thing that offered.

The outfield had no chances at all, and there were no flies missed. In the fourth inning Kelly's fly would have been taken had one man gone after it instead of two.

Up to the fifth inning, when Fredericton gave the Shamrocks their first blank, and the score was 9 to 5, it looked as if the boys were beaten, but after that Underwood settled down to his remarkable pitching, and it was evident that he was too much for the St. John boys. By this time too our boys had begun to hit the ball, so that at the end of the sixth a gain of three had been made and the score counted 9 to 6. It was the seventh inning in which the great streak of batting was done that wrested the game from the St. John boys, and five more runs were added in the two succeeding innings, the Shamrocks only being able to score two from that time out. In the eighth inning Underwood put the whole side out himself, Donovan and Kelly being two of the victims. The audience went wild over this feat, and were even worse, when in the ninth, after the first man had gone out on an easy grounder, Hayes to Burns, he struck out the two last men, McGrath and Lane.

Mr. E. H. Allen umpired, and his decisions were given with the utmost fairness. The Shamrocks, however, did considerable kicking, which was of no avail. There was only once that they were justified in disputing his judgments at all, and that was on a very close play at second base in the ninth inning when several thought Foster was out. In the fourth inning they were given Call's doubtful out at the plate. In the ninth inning they were not entitled to McLaughlan's out under rule 32, sect. 1. This was about as mean a play as has ever been made on a ball field. McLaughlan had been hit on the chest by a pitched ball which weakened him so much that the umpire called time. It was several minutes before the batter was able to take his base. In the meantime McNamara had got hold of the ball and carried it to first. Play had not been called when Kelly got in the box, and made a clear motion to pitch. McLaughlan moved off the base and McNamara pulled the ball from its hiding place and touched the base runner. The umpire gave it out. Such a proceeding as that in the fourth inning, by which Donovan was allowed to score on a foul ball, is enough to kill base ball. One of the Shamrocks had been asked to stand back of the plate to judge fouls, and when this hit was made, it happened to be a good one—away over to the left fence—and, although the ball struck the ground fully eight or nine feet outside the third base, a foul was not declared. The fielder did not hurry in going after the ball, and Donovan went round to third, and then stole home, while the decision was being discussed. It was simply disgraceful.

Report of the Game.

Foster opened for Fredericton by driving the ball out to Costigan, who failed to handle it in time to get the out, stole second, and, on Donovan's overthrow in endeavoring to catch him, went to third. Lane threw the ball wild to third, and Foster scored the first run—not an earned one by any means. Thayer made a terrific hit, which separated Kelly's raised hands, and rolled past second, giving the batter his base. He was caught stealing second, Burns flied to Doyle. Costigan missed Call's grounder, and the batter made his first and was not long in stealing second. Underwood rolled a slow one towards third base, which was perfectly handled, but failed to get the out. Call went to third on this hit, and before the ball was returned from first, had crossed the pan. Underwood made an unsuccessful attempt to steal second—Donovan got his first on a bunted ball, stole second, and scored on Kelly's three bagger a few feet on the right side of the right foul line. McNamara's drive passed Joe Hayes', the batter made his base and Kelly scored. Call and McLaughlan were too quick for McNamara and he walked in from second. McGrath went out on Thayer's great stop and throw from third to Burns. Lane was Underwood's first victim. Score 2 to 2.

McLaughlan hit to Doyle, who lost no time in sending it to McNamara. Estey with two strikes called, got his base on balls, made a nice steal of second, went to third on a passed ball, and came home on a wild pitch. Hayes and Harrison struck out.—Costigan opened with a safe hit to left field. McGlinchey got his base on Hayes' error at short, which allowed Costigan to take his second. Doyle's sacrifice, Underwood to Burns, advanced each a base. McCullough, fanned the air three times, but Call dropped the third strike and in endeavoring to keep Costigan at third, let McCullough get too far down the line, so that he made a bad throw, Costigan scoring. Then Donovan followed with his home run, sending McGlinchey and McCullough in ahead of him. Kelly fanned the air once too often and McNamara did likewise. Score 6 to 3 in favor of the Shamrocks.

In the third Donovan took Foster's foul fly; Thayer went out, Costigan to McNamara, and McNamara cared for Burns' foul fly—McGrath struck down the third base line, Thayer making a beautiful stop. Although on foul ground he threw it to first, but the batter was there before the ball. A foul was not declared. McGrath stole second and came home on Lane's two bagger to left field. Costigan flied to Thayer, McGlinchy struck to right field for a three bagger and Lane scored. Doyle and McCullough struck out. Score 8 to 3 in favor of the Shamrocks.

McGrath was too slow in handling Call's grounder, and the batter got his base, stole second and went to third on a wild pitch. Underwood got his base on balls. Call was given out, on a close decision at the plate, on McLaughlan's scratch hit, Doyle to Donovan, and Underwood went to third while the out was being made. A bad throw enabled him to score, and sent McLaughlan, who had stolen second in the meantime, to third base. Estey and Hayes failed in their endeavors to hit the ball—Then Donovan was allowed to score on that foul ball. McLaughlan and Harrison both went for Kelly's pop fly a short distance back of the base line between first and second, with the result that neither got it. Call and McLaughlan, however, looked after him at second. The umpire was hit by the ball, and McNamara got an easy base, and went right round to second. A wild pitch sent him to third. Underwood kept him there by striking out McGrath and Lane in quick order. Score 9 to 5 in favor of the Shamrocks.

Harrison made three unsuccessful attempts to hit the ball, and was retired. Foster made a daisy of a hit to left centre field for a base, stole second, was advanced to third on Thayer's strike-out, which required the ball to be thrown to first. Burns' safe hit to right field sent Foster home, and he stole second and third. Call waited for four balls, and got them. Underwood went out, McGrath to McNamara—Costigan failed to find Underwood's curves, and McGlinchey went out, Underwood to Burns. McLaughlan took Doyle's fly. Score 9 to 6 in favor of the Shamrocks.

McLaughlan was glad to be hit by a pitched ball, and got his base, and stole second and third. Estey struck out. Then McLaughlan went out at the plate, while endeavoring to score on Hayes' scratch hit, Doyle to Donovan. Harrison was out, Costigan to McNamara—McCullough was again a victim to Underwood's great pitching. Hayes made a pretty assist of Donovan's hit, and Call made a hard catch of Kelly's foul fly. Score 9 to 6 in favour of the Shamrocks.

The seventh was Fredericton's lucky inning, and six scores were made in the following way: Foster was the first at the bat, and, with two strikes called, lifted a beauty too far out for the left fielder. It yielded him three bases. McCullough threw the ball in to Lane, who made a bad throw of it to third, enabling Foster to score amidst the wildest cheering. "They're rattled now." "Now we've got them," the crowd shouted, and Thayer struck to McGrath who fumbled the ball. He had scarcely left his first base when Burns followed with a pretty two-bagger sending him home. Burns followed him round, and scored aided by McGrath's bad throw. That tied the score. McGrath made another error in handling Call's grounder, and "our" catcher went round to second. Underwood hit safely to centre field, and Call scored. Underwood, going to second on the throw in, continued right on to third and scored on McGrath's bad throw again. Then the Shamrocks changed their positions, McGrath going to second, Costigan to right field, and McGlinchy coming in to short stop. This did not prevent McLaughlan from making a safe hit, that McGlinchy could not reach, or his stealing his way to third. Estey and Hayes were Kelly's victims again. Harrison's only base hit was timely and sent McLaughlan home. Then Foster came to the bat again, and drove the ball along the ground to Costigan, who was too far out to get it to first. Harrison went to third on this hit. Foster stole his second and both were left on bases by Thayer's out, McGrath to McNamara—Underwood gave his only base on balls, McNamara being the fortunate one. He stole second and third, and scored on McGrath's safe hit to left field. McGrath made a clean steal of second and was advanced to third on Lane's sacrifice, Underwood to Burns. Costigan went to first after being hit by a pitched ball, and stole second. McLaughlan held McGlinchy's fly, but should have prevented McGrath from scoring. Doyle struck out. Score 12 to 11 in favor of Fredericton.

Burns opened the eighth with his home run, and the crowd went wild with cheering. Call hit for a base and stole second. Underwood then drove the ball between second and third out of reach of everybody, and Call scored. On Costigan's bad throw in, the former went to second, stole third, and crossed the plate on a wild pitch. McGlinchey muffed McLaughlan's fly. Estey sacrificed, Kelly to McNamara, McLaughlan getting the advance. The latter stole third, and was left there by Hayes striking out and Harrison flying to McNamara. Then Underwood put the whole side out, his victims being McCullough, Donovan, and Kelly—score 15 to 11 in favor of Fredericton.

In the ninth McGlinchy failed to pick up Foster's grounder at short in time. The batter had a close call in stealing second, but was given safe. Thayer went out McGrath to McNamara. Burns sent up a daisy fly which Lane failed to hold, Foster scoring and Burns getting to second. The latter got to third on Calls sacrifice, McGlinchy to McNamara. Underwood drove a dandy to left field and Burns scored. McLaughlan was hit by a pitched ball, and then that mean play of McNamara's was made.—McNamara was out. Hayes to Burns—a pretty play, and Lane and Costigan closed the game by striking out.

FREDERICTON.

	A.	B.R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Foster, l. f.	6	4	3	5	0	0	0	0
Thayer, 3 b.	6	1	0	0	0	1	1	0
Burns, 1 b.	6	3	3	7	0	8	0	0
Call, c.	5	3	1	1	1	14	4	1
Underwood, p.	5	3	4	4	0	0	19	0
McLaughlan, 2b	4	2	1	1	0	4	0	0
Estey, r. f.	4	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
Hayes, s. s.	5	0	0	0	0	0	2	2
Harrison, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
	46	17	13	19	2	27	26	3

SHAMROCKS.

	A.	B.R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Donovan, c.	5	*3	2	5	0	10	5	2
Kelly, p.	5	1	2	3	0	0	11	1
McNamara, 1 b.	4	1	0	0	0	14	0	0
McGrath, s.s., 2b.	5	2	2	2	0	0	4	5
Lane, c. f.	5	1	1	2	1	0	0	2
Costigan, 2b., r.f.	3	1	1	1	0	2	2	1
McGlinchy, rf, ss.	4	1	1	3	1	0	4	0
Doyle, 3 b.	4	0	0	0	1	1	4	0
McCullough, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
	39	11	9	16	3	27	27	13

* Donovan's runs in the 4th was on foul ball, several feet within foul ground.

Score by innings.

Fredericton	2	1	0	2	1	0	6	3	2	—17
Shamrocks	2	4	2	1	0	0	2	0	0	—11

Summary—At Fredericton July 19. Fredericton A. A. Club, 17. St. John Shamrocks, 11. Earned runs, 4; Shamrocks, 6. Home runs, Burns and Donovan. Three base hits, Foster Kelly and McGlinchy. Two base hits. Burns and Lane. Stolen bases, Fredericton 17, viz: Foster (4). Burns, (2), Call (3), Underwood, (1), McLaughlan, (6) Estey; Shamrocks, 7, viz: Donovan, McNamara (2), McGrath (2), Lane, Costigan. Struck out, by Underwood, 16 viz: Donovan, Kelly (2), McNamara, McGrath (2), Lane (3), Costigan, Doyle (2), McCullough (4); by Kelly, 10, viz: Thayer, Estey (3), Hayes (4), Harrison (2). Bases on balls; off Underwood, 1; off Kelly, 3. Hit by pitched ball; McLaughlan (2), Costigan. Left on bases, Fredericton, 6; Shamrocks, 4. Passed balls, Call, 1; Donovan, 1. Wild pitches, Underwood, 1; Kelly, 3. Time of game, 2hours, 35min. Umpire, E. H. Allen.

POLITE REGRETS

To Console Miss Tibbits for Being Wrongfully Arrested.

End of an Attempt to Fasten Guilt on an Innocent Girl.

"Fearful" is Afraid Now to Let His Wife go Out.

Montreal Witness, Wednesday.

Censuring the Police.

"Wednesday's Witness has another editorial, discussing the conduct of the police in Miss Tibbits' case, of which the following is an extract:—

A bad feature of the case is the extreme change in the demeanor of the officers before and after they learned that the young lady had influential friends. It ought to have been sufficient that she was a woman against whom they knew nothing to have secured just as much respect and solicitude for her feelings as was shown after the Metropolitan had appeared on her behalf. Instead of that she was insulted by an unwarrantably familiar mode of address. A far worse feature still, which we should be glad to see denied, was the alleged treacherous attempt to get her to commit herself, without any warning that her words would be used against her. This is not the first time that our police have been accused of this villianous conduct, add it will not be the last unless they are taught their duties as officers and their duties as men better than they seem to have been. Any policeman who does a dastardly thing like this should never have a chance to do it again. One thing that should be pushed in the most determined way is an enquiry into this allegation made against men to whom the lives, liberties and good name of the people of Montreal are committed."

Nothing was elicited from Miss Tibbits yesterday afternoon in the searching cross examination to which she was subjected by Mr. St. Pierre. She said the first she had ever heard of a joke having been played by students simulating marriage with a young girl in a cab was from reading a short account of it in a Fredericton paper. To her knowledge she was not acquainted with any one likely to perpetrate such a ghastly joke. She knew no one named Husson or Huntley. She had no knowledge of the papers which had been produced or their contents, and was entirely ignorant of the mean conspiracy.

Mr. A. T. Porter was called and confirmed Principal Harrison's evidence that Miss Tibbits was in Fredericton, N. B., on the 23rd of March, or two days prior to the date of the charge preferred against her.

This being all the evidence in the case, Mr. Atwater, addressing His Honor, asked what was to be said in regard to the young lady whom he represented and her present relation to the case. He thought it right to say that there had been some considerable expense incurred in establishing her innocence.

Judge Dugas said: I am quite willing as a citizen of Montreal to express my regret that Miss Tibbits should have been put to this trouble. Yet I do not see how you can blame the police. Ninety per cent. of the arrests the police make are illegal. They arrest thieves and others every day without warrant. In strict point of law they should produce a warrant in every case, unless they caught offenders in the act; but if these people whom they thus arrest in their description, from a belief that they are guilty, should escape, what would be said about the police? If, in this very case, the constable had refused to make the arrest, and the party turned out to be the party wanted, what would be said of the constable? This warrant mentions the name of one party and couples that party with other parties unknown. The prosecution come to the police and say: "Here, I identify this girl as one of the parties unknown." The constable had no alternative; but

If Rudeness or Discourtesy Were Shown

to Miss Tibbits, after her arrest, that is a matter to be reprehended, and I would be the first, if such a complaint were made, to report it to the proper quarter. Miss Tibbits is a respectable young girl, well connected, and, I have no doubt, quite innocent; but Miss Mulcahy is also respectable and deserves to be protected. Certain parties are carrying on a system of annoyance and persecution of a most wicked character. Miss Mulcahy believes in her marriage (here the judge shrugged his shoulders), but here we have parties who personate a priest or a minister, a father-in-law, and a husband, who forge a certificate of marriage and get a ring engraved. We have made enquiries as to the ring and find that it

Was not Engraved in Montreal.

the probability being that this was done in the States. Now, we want to find out the parties who did all this. I well understand the feelings of Miss Tibbits and her friends—perfectly. But everything is not quite perfect in this world, and all that can be said is that this is one of those occurrences over which there is no control. I repeat that if there was any rudeness shown to Miss Tibbits that is a matter with which I have nothing to do, but I would be the first to condemn it.

Mr. St. Pierre said that on behalf of his clients he desired to express sorrow that Miss Tibbits, a visitor to their city, had been put to such trouble. Perhaps there was some compensation in the fact that this had caused Miss Tibbits to be brought into such prominence as had caused her to be appreciated far more than she would otherwise have been. Miss Tibbits, they had discovered, was a nice young lady, a fair scholar, with good credentials, and all this could not have been learned had not Miss Tibbits come to Montreal (laughter.) He quite agreed with the remarks of Judge Dugas that

Miss Mulcahy Deserved Protection

from the persecution to which she was subjected. Every father ought to share that feeling, and it was with the feelings of a father that he had been induced to appear in the case. He would like very much to find Mr. Maxwell Huntley. He could assure that gentleman that if he found him he would remember him for a long time.

Mr. Atwater asked Judge Dugas if the police were justified in refusing Miss Tibbits permission to see her lawyer and friends.

Judge Dugas said that where the party in custody was only one of a number who were wanted it was often deemed advisable, in the interests of justice, to keep them from seeing outside parties for some time. This, however, should be done with great care and tact.

Mr. W. G. Robinson, agent of the Intercolonial Railway, and a friend of Miss Tibbits, said that he had been

Treated With the Greatest Rudeness

by the police authorities when he went to make enquiries. "We could not have been treated worse," Mr. Robinson said, "if we had been amongst the lowest loafers in the city."

Judge Dugas—I am very sorry to hear that.

Mr. Atwater said he begged to thank Judge Desnoyers for the trouble he had taken in seeing to the liberation of his client upon bail.

Then Miss Tibbits, who, with a heightened color, had listened to the compliments of Mr. St. Pierre, smilingly received the congratulations of her friends.

"If Miss Tibbits," remarked a gentleman coming out of the judge's chamber, "had been a poor defenceless girl, with no friends to support her statement, she would have been convicted upon the evidence of the Mulcahys."

Mrs. Mulcahy, who has a determined look, Miss Mulcahy, and after them Mr. Mulcahy, retired crestfallen.

To the Editor of the Witness:

Sir,—I understand that Judge Dugas has issued a warrant without a name which authorises the arrest of any lady whom Miss Mulcahy may point out. I have a wife who likes to go out occasionally, but we have decided that she is to stay at home till that warrant is satisfied or called in. I don't want her to take the risk of being arrested, of being cooped up in the police station, of being prevented from speaking to me or any other friend, of having to sleep with the sergeant's wife as a favor, and having to stand her trial for murder or something else because she happens to resemble Miss Mulcahy or any one else. Cannot you urge Judge Dugas to call in that warrant, Mr. Editor, and not let it roam at large through the city.

FEARFUL.

What The Mayor Says.

A despatch of yesterday says: Miss Tibbits, the Fredericton heroine, shook the dust of this city from off her feet yesterday and left for Duluth, after having declared she hoped she would never again set eyes upon Montreal. Mayor Grenier declared yesterday that he did not think any excuse could be made or indemnity paid to the young lady on account of her unfortunately false arrest. His honor would, however, see the city attorney and the corporation would act accordingly. "I do not blame the police" continued the Mayor, "and if blame there is it should be found at the police court, although I do not blame the magistrate in any way." Mr. Ethier, assistant city attorney, has asked the chief of police to make a complete report of the whole case and stated he would be heard from when the police committee met on Monday next.

A MAN'S BODY FOUND

In the St. John River on the Shore of Keswick Island—Supposed to be Judson Hoyt's.

Thursday morning as James W. Smith was following a flock of geese in the St. John river near the mouth of Weaver Creek on the shore of Keswick Island, he suddenly came upon the body of a man laying in the water against the Boom. He immediately reported the case to the Coroner, Benjamin Coburn M. D, who, after considerable trouble, got a court and jury assembled to view the remains and hold an inquest but could find out nothing except that the body had probably drifted in there whilst the water was up. The body was in a very advanced stage of decomposition the features being unrecognizable. It was almost nude, having on only one woollen sock and part of a striped cotton and wool shirt. After the inquest word was at once sent to Mrs. Hoyt's of Prince William and yesterday morning some men went up from there and claimed the remains. It is supposed to be the long missing Mr. Hoyt. The body that was seen in a fishing net up river by some young lads a few weeks ago, supposed to have been Hoyt's, was never recovered.

LOST.

A SCARF PIN—being a Twig with Serpent coiled about it. The finder will confer a favor by leaving it at THE GLEANER office.
Fredericton, July 20

MARRIED.

At the minister's residence, July 3rd, by Rev. P. O. Rees, Mr. William N Herrington. of Cloverdale, C. C., to Miss Roda A. Grant of the Parish of Southampton, York County.

At the residence of the bride's father, July 3rd, by the Rev. P. O. Rees, Mr. Alexander C. Jones of Douglas, and Miss Sophrenia Jones of the same place.

DIED.

At Kilburn, Vic. Co., N. B., July 13th, of consumption, Emma S., daughter of William Kilburn.

At Keswick Ridge, York Co., July 19th, Mary A., beloved wife of James W. Jewett, leaving a sorrowing husband, infant son and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss.

In St John, 18th inst., Mabel T., infant daughter of J. Fred. and Lottie Williamson, aged 7 months and 21 days.

GENTLEMEN!

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR SPECIALTY?

The Gents $3.00

"DONEY" LACE BOOTS

With the celebrated "Doney" Heel Plates attached. They are splendid value for $3.00.

A Bottle of Jockey Club Perfume given away with every pair.

A. LOTTIMER,
210 Queen Street, Fredericton.

DEVER BROS.

July 18th, 1889.

We do not intend to be out of the fashion, so we have already commenced our

REMNANT SALE!

REMNANTS

Of all kinds of goods; leftovers of the season, we offer you, which, for prices and quality, defy competition.

DEVER BROS.

WE WANT POTATOES.

WE HANDLED 60 000 BUSHELS POTATOES LAST SPRING.

And made money for our Shippers. Having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers Write us and ship to

HATHEWAY & CO,

General Commission Merchants,

22 CENTRAL WHARF, BOSTON, MASS.

Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 18[illegible]

Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned General Traders, doing business at St. Mary's Ferry under the name of "Edgar & Hayes," has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the late firm are requested to make payment on or before the 20th day of August next; after that date the unpaid accounts will be handed to an Attorney for collection, and all persons having any claims against the firm will please present them on or before the above date.
Dated this eleventh day of June, A. D. 1889.
HUGH EDGAR,
JAMES P. HAYES.
June 25—2mpd

Girls Wanted.

THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID for Good Girls at the BARKER HOUSE. Reference required.
Fredericton, May 4—tf

ICE CREAM FREEZERS and LEMON SQUEEZERS cheaper than ever at NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE

RUBBER CLOAKS

EXTRA LARGE, LATEST STYLES.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF RUBBER GOODS.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE,
65 CHARLOTTE ST., JOHN, N. B.

190 QUEEN STREET. 190

ARRIVED TO-DAY:

A NEW LOT OF

BLACK GRENADINE,

THE SAME AS LAST—12 1-2 CENTS PER YARD.

Also a fine line of
Beaded Shoulder Capes.

R. M. Campbell.

A COMPLETE LINE OF

DIAMOND DYES!

FOR SALE BY

C. Fred. Chestnut,

APOTHECARY,

2 DOORS ABOVE BARKER HOUSE,

Queen Street, Fredericton. Telephone No. 148.



DR. SHARP'S

M. P. S. G. B.

ALPINE LINIMENT,

Taken Internally cures Headache, Cramp and Pain in Stomach. Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Canker Rash. Applied Externally cures Scalds, Burns, Bites, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Bruises, Sprains. Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Ring Worm, Rheumatic Affections, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic, Pains in the Joints, Sting of Bees, &c.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—TAKEN INTERNALLY—For an adult, 15 drops to half a teaspoonful in sugar and water. EXTERNALLY..Rub on freely and take a few drops in water. FOR TOOTHACHE—Rub the Gums and Face, apply in cotton to the cavity of tooth, and you will find instant relief. Price 25 Cents.

SHARP'S BALSAM MANF'G CO., - - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.
CONNOR & DINSMORE, PROPRIETORS.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purest strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., Wall St N. Y.



(Best is Cheapest)

Ask your Grocer for them.

HAWARDEN HOTEL,

Cor. Prince Wm. & Duke Sts.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

WM. CONWAY, - - PROPRIETOR.

BEST $1.00 HOUSE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
July 20—3m

ST. JOHN
DYE WORKS,
86 Princess St.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Clothing Cleaned or Dyed at Short Notice.

C. E. BRACKETT.

Agent at Fredericton—F. B. EDGECOMBE.
July 20

HOTEL STANLEY,
(Late Continental,)
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J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.

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July 18—6m

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IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.

HOW MANY AT THIS SEASON OF THE year feel unequal to the extra strain upon their nervous system so peculiar to spring time in addition to the worry and care of their regular family duties. After the long dull months of winter, all need some invigorating medicines, especially the delicate mother or the pale, languid, nervous daughter, whose cheek has lost its usual healthy color, and the former bright eye its lustre, and to whom life appears a burden. There is no medicine before the public to-day that has met with such success in the strengthening and building up of the delicate nervous constitution as HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC.

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TAKEN BY SIEGE.

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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(Continued).

He selected Sunday afternoon, and started out on a walk to the Spars' residence, in Ninety-third street, with just five cents in his pocket. Hunger got the better of his pride, and he so timed his visit as to arrive just at the dinner hour, 6 o'clock, as the good man had once told him to do when he offered his hospitality in a general way. The long walk had acted as a tonic, and Rush was nearly famished when he reached the house. He found Mr. Spar at home and delighted to see him. They had a very pleasant chat, but Rush could not quite make up his mind to tell him just how hard up he was. Perhaps he would feel more confiding after dinner over a bottle of wine. He heard the clock strike 6, half past 6 and finally 7, when his kind host remarked:

"I'm sorry you didn't come out to dinner. We always dine at 4 o'clock on Sundays, to let the servant have a good evening out. She needs the rest, poor thing, and we dine so heartily that we don't get hungry again until the next morning." (Rush really feared that Mr. Spar would see him change color.) "But my wife will be delighted to get you up a little supper; for it must be after your dinner hour."

Rush wouldn't listen to such a proposition. Thanking his host, he soon bade him farewell, and went out into the street. His state of mind was not enviable. He was the possessor of five cents, and he was just four miles from his lodgings. Should he in his weak state walk home and spend the five cents for something to eat, or should he ride home and go without food? The cravings of his stomach answered the question, and, finding a German bake shop open, he bought a five cent loaf of bread. Then he walked over to Central park. Selecting a secluded seat, he ate half of the loaf, put the other half in his pocket for the next day, and walked wearily back to West Eleventh street.

He made up his mind that night, as he tossed excitedly from one side of his bed to the other, that he had fooled away time enough in trying to get a position on The Dawn, and that he would try his hand at something else if he did not get an assignment the next morning. He started listlessly down town, and his landlady, as she passed him on the steps, shook her head, and said to herself:

"That young man is not getting enough to eat. I've suspected something ever since he stopped his coffee and rolls. If it was want of money he need only have told me he was a little short. I'd trust that face for any amount. Poor young gentleman! he doesn't look like the same person he did six weeks ago."

Rush was just about in front of the Astor house when some one slapped him on the back and called him by name, and, looking around, he saw his old college friend Archie Tillinghast. Archie Tillinghast was in a class ahead of Rush Hurlstone, and had graduated since Rush left Harvard. They had not been particularly intimate at college, but Rush had always liked Archie, because he was gentle in his manners and because the other students were rather inclined to poke fun at him. They called him a "cad," and jeered him for reading De Musset when they wanted him to play football; and they moreover thought that he was too much of a dandy for every day use. Archie Tillinghast was not brilliant, but he got along in his studies much better than some of his brighter companions, probably because his tastes were more studious and he was industrious. He belonged to an old and wealthy family, and was somewhat inclined to look down upon the "unwashed." He would rather sit alone in his room than associate with men whom he considered coarse; so in revenge they called him a "cad."

If Archie had been his dearest friend Rush could not have been more delighted to see him than he was just at this moment. He nearly shook his eye glasses off in his heartiness.

"My dear boy," said Archie, "I never was more pleased in my life. But how is it that you are in New York without letting me know?"

"I was waiting to get established, and then I meant to hunt you up."

"And aren't you established yet?"

"Well, not exactly," said Rush, with a faint blush.

Archie noticed a slight embarrassment in his friend's manner and determined to find out what the trouble was—if there was any. Rush at the same time remembered that Archie was a man of wealth, or at least that his father was, and hesitated to talk over his affairs with him lest he should think he wanted to borrow money.

"This is luck indeed," said Archie, taking his friend's arm and walking along with him. "It is not often that I am down town so early in the morning, but this is pay day at The Trumpet office, and I hadn't a cent to bless myself with. What's the matter? You look astonished?"

"I was astonished for a moment," replied Rush; "but I suppose you are joking. I thought you were a bloated bondholder, Archie."

"So I was, dear boy," said Archie, with a sigh; "but I am so no longer. My father died—rascally executors—the old story—mother, the girls and I left penniless; but the worst is over. Come have breakfast with me at Mouquin's. We'll have deviled kidneys and a bottle of wine, and I'll tell you what little there is to tell. It may amuse you. Then we'll talk over old times and the present—that is, if you are not otherwise engaged."

"Unfortunately, no; I'm quite the gentleman of leisure. My time's my own."

Rush would never have suspected from his appearance that Archie Tillinghast was not as rich as ever. He was faultlessly attired. Careful examination later on showed a little wear in his clothes that had come from hard and constant brushing, but their fit was perfect and gave him the appearance of being better dressed than he really was. "You certainly look as much the man of wealth as ever," said Rush, regarding Archie's city style with admiration.

"Ah, my boy, I've made the study of economy a fine art. I can wear a coat about as long as any man you ever saw, but it looks well to the end, because—I don't mind telling you the secret—it fits me. I have a jewel of a tailor, who makes my clothes from a fashion book that I furnish him. You smile. You will smile more when I tell you what the book is—Punch. Du Maurier's men dress like gentlemen, not like tailors' dummies. My clothes are the envy of the club. They think I get them direct from Poole. If I were not a journalist I should be a tailor. The art of dress is a great art. Think of the pleasure of creating a well dressed man! But here we are at Mouquin's. I see they have my table ready for me. I breakfast here every Tuesday morning."

Archie entered the room with the dignity of a lord mayor at the great banquet of the year. As they seated themselves at the table, he said to the waiter:

"The same breakfast, Louis—only enough for two; and don't let the cook burn those kidneys. I am very particular, you know; and they were a little too brown last week. Now, dear boy," turning to Rush, "tell me something about yourself."

"You have whetted my curiosity to hear your own story. Archie Tillinghast as a workingman is something I never dreamt of. You spoke of journalism, so that is your profession, is it, and you are on The Trumpet? What do you do?"

"What don't I do, you might ask with greater propriety. Well, I do little odds and ends of everything; but my great day is Sunday. A page of the Sunday paper is given over to my pen."

"A page! you must be making a fortune, Archie."

"I'm not a 'space man,' dear boy; it is the salaried men—the small salaried man, I should say—who fill two columns a day, and a page on Sunday."

"But what department gets a page to itself?"

"The one that least deserves it—society. You know that I am connected by blood or marriage with half the society people of New York, and, notwithstanding the loss of my money, I am invited everywhere. Young men are scarce, and well connected young men are at a premium, and I am invited none the less because I write the society notes for The Trumpet. Time was when an American gentleman seriously objected to having his balls and routs described in the newspapers; but it is done so much nowadays that his wife is afraid they will be called nobodies if their name is not seen in print in connection with the winter's festivities. I am in great demand from Murray Hill to Mackerelville; they all want me. What it is to be popular!—eh, old fellow?"

By this time the breakfast was served. There were more than kidneys, and it was a most delightful repast; but Rush was not in a condition to do justice to it. He had eaten so little for a week past, and such plain food, that even the rich aroma of the kidneys, with their wine sauce, was almost more than he could digest.

"Where's your appetite, old man? You're not eating anything. Perhaps you had a late breakfast and are not hungry."

"On the contrary," said Rush, who was beginning to feel as though he were going to be ill, and that he need have no more pride in the matter, "I have had no breakfast, and I am very hungry—too hungry, in fact, to eat."

And he then made a clean breast of it, and told Archie just how he was situated. To say that amiable young man was shocked would be doing injustice to his kind heart. He was genuinely distressed at his friend's condition; but before he entered into particulars he ordered a bowl of bouillon, which was easier of digestion than the deviled kidneys, and he made Rush eat it and then drink a glass of brandy and soda. Then, when he had got him into better condition, he began by scolding him for not looking up his friends, after which they discussed the situation calmly.

"I made up my mind to give The Dawn one more trial," said Rush, "and then, if there was no work for me there, to try some other paper or break stones on the highway; but I certainly would not go back to Farmsted and sponge on my mother. If a chance does not occur here sooner it will later, and I'm young enough to wait for it."

"There is always the chance, but it is devilish slow in coming sometimes. Now if you are not too proud I'll put you in the way of a job that will bring you in fifteen or twenty dollars a week, and need not interfere with your work on The Dawn, if you get any. I'm not too proud to increase my limited income by the same means, but I tell you frankly, dear boy, I would not care to have it known among the rich and great with whom I hobnob out of business hours. Can you write poetry?"

"Hardly that; but I can make rhymes," said Rush, wondering what bomb his friend was about to burst.

"So much the better. A poet would scorn to engage in this business, but it is the fortune of the rhymester. Now, I am paid $20 a week by the wealthy proprietor of the Damascene soap to write rhymes in praise of his wares. I do the New York morning papers; and he told me the other day that if I could get up a new batch for the evening papers he would like to have one, or, if I had not the time, perhaps I could suggest some one with a poetic talent who would take the job. He didn't know much about poets himself—thought they were a rum lot—and he would be obliged to me if I would bag a Byron for him. You're just the man. No one need know it, and it will keep your stomach from getting in such a condition again as it was in when I found you. You need not be particular about being original; you can work over your Tennyson or your Longfellow; only get in the word Damascene, and your duty's done. Meet me at the culb to-morrow with a batch of verses. We'll dine together; and in the mean time I'll see old Pennypacker and have a check ready for you, from which I will deduct $5 that I'm going to give you now."

"No, Archie, old man, said Rush, pushing away his hand, and with difficulty speaking for the lump in his throat. "Wait till I've earned it. Your kindness has completely upset me, but I can't take your money. I'll gladly try my hand at the soap verses and take my pay when they're written; but not till then."

"Nonsense! What is a friend for if not to help one when he needs it? I shall really feel hurt, Rush, if you refuse me. I wouldn't treat you as formally. It's only $5, and you will have earned it before midnight I'll lay a wager. Come, old man, don't make me feel that I am asking you to do something dishonorable. Much more than a paltry $5 has passed between us at college."

"Yes, to be sure there has, but neither of us needed it as much then as we do now. It is much easier to borrow money for tomfoolery than for food. But I'll do as I would be done by; I'll take your $5, Archie, and try to think that it is old times. I feel that this is the turning point, and I can't thank you enough."

"Don't mention it, dear boy. I'm sorry you take a trifle so seriously. It all comes of the condition of your stomach. I think you can venture on eating a fairly hearty dinner to-night and a good breakfast to-morrow. And then you must dine with me at the club to-morrow night at half past 6 sharp, for I have three receptions and a wedding on hand. By the way, put on your dress coat, for I shall take you to one of the receptions with me at my uncle Archer's. I want you to know my cousin, Bessie Archer. She's an awfully jolly girl. I'll tell them I'm going to bring you. They will be delighted, for they've often heard me speak of you. Come, cheer up, man; you look 50 per cent. better already. 'So long,' and don't forget to-morrow night, 'Powwow' club, Fifth avenue and Nineteenth street." Archie put out his hand, and Rush took it with a grip that drove the rings on his friend's fingers into the flesh; but the latter was too polite to wince.

Before he could quite man himself to confront the people in the waiting room of The Dawn office, Rush walked rapidly down Broadway as far as Trinity church, where he stood for a moment looking through the iron railings of the fence into the grass grown church yard. The clock in the church tower struck 8, which reminded him that the city editor would not be long at his desk: so, with his mind fixed upon the business in hand, the strain on his nerves relaxed, and he walked up the street and ran up the winding iron stairs at the office as lightly as on that hopeful first day which now seemed so long ago.

He had hardly put his foot on the threshold of the waiting room door when the old messenger stepped up to him and said, "Just in time, sir. Mr. Musgrave sent out here for you only five minutes ago, sir, and I told him this was the first day you had missed in three weeks. I'll go at once and tell him you are here, sir"—which he did, returning with the message that Mr. Musgrave would like to see him. "It never rains but it pours," thought Rush, as he walked eagerly to the little room.

"Ah, Mr. Hurlstone, how are you? Sorry not to have been able to do anything for you before, but we have been pretty well filled up. Just at this moment, however, we are short handed, and I want to work up a particular case at once. Do you know where the Academy of Music is?"

Rush looked at Mr. Musgrave to see whether he was joking; but he was busily writing, and not even looking at him. "In Irving place, I believe."

"Quite right. Irving place and Fourteenth street. I have been informed that there is a strike in the orchestra. I want you to go up there and see Mr. Maxmann and get what he has to say about it, and then see some of the orchestra and get their story. 'What the Bass Drum Says,' 'How it Strikes the Cymbals'—good head lines, eh?"

Then, laying his pen down, ramming his hands into the depths of his pockets, and taking aim at Rush with one eye, he said, "Do you know Miss Knowlton?"

Rush felt that he started, and knew by the tingling in his cheeks that he blushed. Luckily, Mr. Musgrave was thinking his own thoughts, and, although his right eye was staring hard at the young man before him, his mind was upon something else.

"I must have an interview with Miss Knowlton on this strike; it would be immense. I'll give you an open letter from The Dawn, Mr. Hurlstone, and she cannot refuse: you're a persuasive young man, too, I fancy, and you must do your prettiest."

Seizing a pen he wrote in a quick, flowing hand:

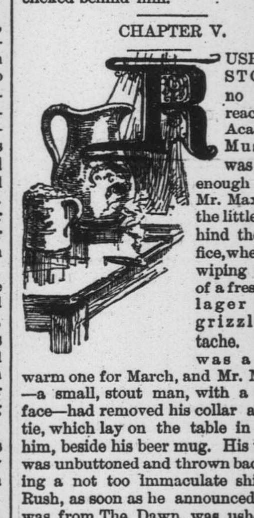
"Will Miss Knowlton do Mr. John Gasper Plummett the honor of giving his representative, Mr. R. Hurlstone, the bearer, her views on the recent strike among the musicians in Mr. Maxmann's orchestra for publication in The Dawn?"

"There! I guess that will do it," said Mr. Musgrave, running his eye rapidly over the note. "Now see how successful you will be with your first assignment. Go to the Academy first. You are more likely to find Miss Knowlton in later in the day. Good luck to you!"

Rush stood a moment in the corridor and read Mr. Musgrave's note carefully over, word by word.

"I don't think I shall ever forget this day," said he to himself as the glass door clicked behind him.

CHAPTER V.



RUSH HURLSTONE lost no time in reaching the Academy of Music. He was fortunate enough to find Mr. Maxmann in the little room behind the box office, where he was wiping the foam of a fresh glass of lager from his grizzled mustache. The day was a rather warm one for March, and Mr. Maxmann—a small, stout man, with a very red face—had removed his collar and necktie, which lay on the table in front of him, beside his beer mug. His waistcoat was unbuttoned and thrown back, revealing a not too immaculate shirt front. Rush, as soon as he announced that he was from The Dawn, was ushered into the manager's presence, but was about to retreat with an apology for intruding upon his deshabille, when the little man sprang to his feet and embraced him in the most affectionate manner.

"Gome ride in, mein dear young gendleman," said he, forcing Rush into a chair. "Sid town and make yourself ad home. A glass here, you young rascal." (This to the office boy.) Then, filling the two mugs, "Your goot hel, my frient."

Rush drank the toast and explained his business.

"Yes, you may call it a strike, a leedle one; but I don't tink we'll haf any more drouble. It all comes of tad flageolet of mine—such a stupid yellow. He's a regular agidator, and he won'd be habby till he gets up a row. He's sugceeded in making some of the odders tink that they wand more money for rehearsals, but they don'd, and they know it. But some mens are never satisfied. That's all there is; the performances will go on all ride. Do you care for music? Of course you do. I see you are a young gendleman of taste. Here are some tickets. Don'd refuse me. I nefer asked you a vavor before. Come, and bring her." And the manager winked his good natured fishy gray eye at Rush, who smiled to himself as he thought who the only "her" was.

Rush thanked Mr. Maxmann for his courtesies, and had just risen to leave the room, when the door burst open and a gayly attired young woman swooped in upon them. I beg the reader's indulgence for saying "swooped," but no other word would describe this young person's manner of entrance.

"Ah, here you are, papa!" said she, giving the manager a resounding kiss upon his bald head. "I was afraid you'd be gone before I got here; but I've been flying round like a hen on a hot griddle all the morning—rehearsals and costumers; there's no rest for the wicked. Don't forget you're to take me out to dinner to-night. You must give me a good one, too. All the exercise I've had today has given me an appetite and a thirst too; don't forget that, papa—and a thirst too." Then, suddenly discovering Rush, who was tugging ineffectually at a spring lock, "Who's the young gentleman? Why don't you introduce me?"

"You didn't give me time, papy. Mr. Hurlstone, of The Dawn. Rush bowed politely.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Hurlstone, of The Dawn, said the young woman, staring boldly into his eyes, as she put out her large hand, swathed in lavender colored kids, for him to shake. "Hope you've had a satisfactory chat with papa, and that he's given you lots of items for your paper and tickets for yourself."

"Your father has been very kind," said Rush. But he had hardly said the last word when she gave vent to such a laugh as he had never heard from the mouth of woman before, and the old manager's face was actually purple in his efforts to keep from bursting.

"There! you've said enough," said she, as soon as she could control her laughter; "that's as much as I can stand for one afternoon."

The office boy entered the room at this moment. Rush availed himself of the opportunity to escape and bowed himself out. The manager was choking with suppressed laughter and the young woman was pounding him on the back as Rush turned to make his parting bow.

(To be Continued.)

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The Highest Praise.—I used a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters for my Dyspepsia and it proved a perfect cure, and I was blessed the day I got it. I would not be without it now for a good lot. It is worth its weight in gold. Mrs. W. J. Smith, Haley Station, Ont.

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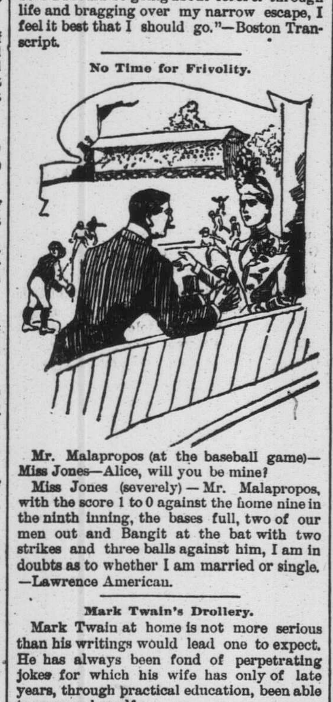
Doubtful About It.

They were gathered sorrowfully around the couch of the poor fellow who had been smashed to pieces under the hammer of a pile driver.

"Do you think he will recover?" asked a young lady—possibly his sister—perhaps one who held a nearer and dearer relation.

With a mighty effort the wounded man raised his head. "Doctor," he said, "I should like to get well, but when I think what a bore I should be going about forever through life and bragging over my narrow escape, I feel it best that I should go."—Boston Transcript.

No Time for Frivolity.



Mr. Malapropos (at the baseball game)—Miss Jones—Alice, will you be mine?

Miss Jones (severely)—Mr. Malapropos, with the score 1 to 0 against the home nine in the ninth inning, the bases full, two of our men out and Bangit at the bat with two strikes and three balls against him, I am in doubts as to whether I am married or single. —Lawrence American.

Mark Twain's Drollery.

Mark Twain at home is not more serious than his writings would lead one to expect. He has always been fond of perpetrating jokes for which his wife has only of late years, through practical education, been able to prepare herself.

When, for instance, Mr. Clemens, on the lecture platform, once drew out a dilapidated handkerchief, worn to shreds, and after gazing at it in an astonished fashion apologized, saying that he had been "obliged to borrow one from Mr. ——," naming some important personage of the town, his wife, sitting with a friend in the audience, has turned to her neighbor in the most distressed way and said:

"People will think I do not properly take care of my husband's clothes."

It is true that Mr. Clemens has no tendency toward dudishness, and that he sometimes appears in a costume more befitting a poor author than a publisher millionaire; but everybody to his taste. He is careless and absent minded, and sometimes forgets some of the requirements of the age for the embellishment of mankind.

At any rate he is said to have called upon Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe without a necktie one day after her return from the south. When he came back from his visit he hurried to his wife to tell her how their neighbor had withstood the journey and of the present condition of her health. But he was stopped in the midst of his story by the horrified look in his wife's face.

"You don't mean to say that you have been to see Mrs. Stowe?" said she. "Why, you haven't got on any necktie."

He professed great chagrin at his carelessness and rushed up stairs apparently to remedy the defect in his toilet. When he came back, some time later, he laughingly tossed his wife a letter and a necktie.

It seems that Mr. Clemens had written to Mrs. Stowe in his own inimitable fashion that as he had found that he had committed the unpardonable crime of calling upon her without a necktie he now sent her one, hoping to mitigate the sentence which she would pass upon him for his carelessness. The note which he handed his wife was a clever reply which Mrs. Stowe had sent back with the necktie.—New York Press.

"The Face at the Window."

"This letter is to my husband," she said, as she licked on a stamp at the window in the corridor of the postoffice.

"Yes'm."

"Will it go out today?"

"Yes'm."

"By first mail?"

"Yes'm."

"He ought to get it day after to-morrow?"

"Yes'm."

"And I ought to have his letter by Saturday?"

"Yes'm."

"It isn't over weight?"

"No'm."

"And if he gets it, and if I get his answer by Saturday, I can write"——

"Please don't obstruct the window, ma'am; there's forty people waiting."

"Oh, there are. That's always the way of it. I can't get a word of information out of this postoffice, try as I will. Good day, sir! I'll go across to Canada after this!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Sudden Change.

"Where's the humane agent?" he demanded, as he rushed into a store on Randolph street.

"I don't know. Why?" replied the clerk addressed.

"There's a feller out here pounding his horse because it won't go. Hang it! there's about a hundred men in this town who ought to be sent to state prison for life! If I can—"

"Whose horse is that?" asked the clerk, as an animal went tearing by with the wreck of a buggy at his heels.

"That's mine, and the infernal, ungrateful brute has gone and run away at some fool thing and probably made me a hundred dollars damage! It's a wonder to me that more owners of horses don't knock their good for nothing heads off with sledge hammers!"—Detroit Free Press.

He Wanted a Souvenir.

Scene in an artist's studio—friend equipped for a journey who has come to say good-by.

Friend—Farewell, you will never see me again.

Artist—You say I will never see you again?

"That's what I say."

"Do you really mean it?"

"I do."

"Then lend me ten dollars before you go. I want something to remember you by."—Texas Siftings.

Why He Was Saved.

"Dirteen of my friends were drowned by de upsetting of de pote; I was de only one saved," said a Dutchman. "And how did you escape?" asked an anxious hearer. "I did not go on de same pote."—Youth's Companion.

It Depends.

First Amateur—Are you fellows going to win that ball game next Saturday?

Second Amateur—Can't say. We don't know yet who is going to umpire.—Lowell Citizen.

PALMO-TAR SOAP

UNEQUALLED FOR NURSERY PURPOSES AND FOR SKIN & SCALP DISEASES

Price 25 Cts Large Cake

ALL DRUGGISTS KEEP IT

DAVIS & LAWRENCE Co. Ltd MONTREAL PROPS

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC and CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

Granite Iron Ware, Creamers and Tinware —AT— NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE

Girls Wanted.

THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID for Good Girls at the BARKER HOUSE. Reference required.

Fredericton, May 4—tf

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 35 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

PARIS GREEN.

Now in Store: Pure Paris Green.

As we have a large stock on hand, we will sell very low to clear.

LIME.

RAYNE'S EXTRA NO. 1 LIME, MANUFACTURED AT GREEN HEAD.

We call the attention of the public to the fact that we have been handling this LIME for the past seven or eight years, and everybody pronounced it the best in the market. None genuine unless our name is stamped in red on every cask.

W. E. MILLER & CO.

155 and 159 QUEEN STREET.

Cumberland Superphosphates, Bradley's Superphosphates.

SEED WHEAT, SEED BARLEY, Clover Seed, Timothy Seed (Northern and Western.) P. E. I. Seed Oats, Also Bermuda Onions and Evaporated Corn.

G. T. WHELPLEY

310 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

PINE APPLES.

Evaporated Apricots,	Sweet Potatoes,
Evaporated Apples,	Cucumber Pickles,
Red Bananas,	Mixed Pickles,
Yellow Bananas,	S. C. Ham,
Blood Oranges,	Fresh Lobsters,
Valencia Oranges,	Bloaters,
Lemons,	Haddies.

TIMOTHY and CLOVER SEED at low Prices.

W. R. LOGAN.

Queen Street, Fredericton.

LACE CURTAINS, MADRAS CURTAINS, SARIM CURTAINS, Corsets, Sunshades, Parasols, Gimps and Ornaments.

JOHN HASLIN.

Fredericton, April 18.

Canned Goods.

CORN, TOMATOES, PEAS, BEANS, PINE APPLES, PEACHES, OYSTERS, LOBSTERS, SALMON, CORN BEEF, LUNCH TONGUE, POTTED HAM, Condensed Milk, Condensed Coffee.

FOR SALE LOW AT

S. L. MORRISON'S

Queen Street, Cor. of York.

Fredericton, June 21st, 1888.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,

YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON.

Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for

SLEIGHS & PUNGS

We Have on Hand, and are Finishing Up, 200 Double Seated and Single Seated Pungs and Sleighs, which we are Determined to Sell Out at

PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.

Leave Your Orders Early.

EDGECOMBE & SONS.

Fredericton Oct. 6th, 1887

It is to the interest of all Grocers to purchase their

TEAS!

from the

LONDON TEA CO'Y.

13 YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.,

W. H. TIPPET, Manager.

N. B.—We have just received another choice lot ex S. S. Ulunda.

To Travellers

Northern and Western RAILWAY

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect May 20th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME

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

LEAVE FREDERICTON

3:00, p. m; Gibson, 3:05; Marysville, 3:15; Manzer's Siding 3:35; Durham, 3:45; Cross Creek, 4:20; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:05; Upper Blackville, 6:45; Blackville, 7:10; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:40; Chatham Junction, 8:05; arrive at Chatham, 8:30.

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

5:00, a. m; Chatham Junction, 5:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 5:40; Blackville, 6:20; Upper Blackville, 6:45; Doaktown, 7:25; Boiestown, 8:15; Cross Creek, 9:10; Durham, 9:50; Marysville, 10:25; Gibson, 10:30; arriving at Fredericton, 10:35.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with I. C. Railway for all points East and West and at Gibson with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co. for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent,

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

New Brunswick R'ly COMPANY.

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

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect July 1st, 1889.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6 00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points north.

11 20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points east.

3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, connecting at the Junction with Fast Express via Short Line for Montreal and the West.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON

From St. John 6.40, 8.45 a. m., 4.45 p. m., Fredericton Junction 8.10 a. m., 1.45, 6.25 p. m., McAdam Junction, 11.20 a. m., 2 06 p. m., Vanceboro, 10.55 a. m., St. Stephen, 9.00, 11.40 a. m., St. Andrews, 7.55 a. m., arrive in Fredericton 9.20 a. m., 2.10, and 7.15 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON:

11 30 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and point north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

10 10 A. M.—Express from Woodstock and points north.

A. J. HEATH, Gen Pass. & Ticket Agent. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

BARKER HOUSE STABLES

COACHES AND CARRIAGES

Furnished with all Possible Despatch.

HORSES BOARDED AT MODERATE TERMS.

JOHN B. ORR, - Proprietor.

Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887.

GEORGE I. GUNTER, HACK & LIVERY STABLE, QUEEN STREET, OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

COACH ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

Telephone Communication.

Fredericton, May 21.

Northern & Western RAILWAY.

SATURDAY EXCURSIONS!

COMMENCING the 1st of JUNE, and during the Summer Months, the Northern and Western Railway will issue

EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS

On Saturdays, from and to all Stations, good to return the following Monday only, for

ONE FIRST CLASS FARE

Round Trip. Tickets for sale at F. B. EDGECOMBE'S Dry Goods Store, Queen Street, Fredericton, and at all Stations.

Through Tickets to all points west for sale at F. B. EDGECOMBE'S Dry Goods Store.

JAS. WETMORE, G. T. A. THOS. HOBEN, Superintendent

Gibson, March, 1889.

HARVEY'S PHOTOS! IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES. STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton. LARGE SIZED HEADS A Specialty.

Fredericton, Jan. 12, 88

WE WANT POTATOES.

WE HANDLED 60,000 BUSHELS POTATOES LAST SPRING.

And made money for our Shippers. Having decided to sell in small lots from Store, to get outside prices, we want a few more good shippers. Write us and ship to

HATHEWAY & CO,

General Commission Merchants,

22 CENTRAL WHARF, BOSTON, MASS.

Members Chambers of Commerce, Established 183

Boston, Oct 4th, 1887

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned General Traders, doing business at St. Mary's Ferry under the name of "Edgar & Hayes," has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the late firm are requested to make payment on or before the 20th day of August next; after that date the unpaid accounts will be handed to an Attorney for collection, and all persons having any claims against the firm will please present them on or before the above date.

Dated this eleventh day of June, A. D. 1889.

HUGH EDGAR,
JAMES F. HAYES.

June 25—3mpd