

Frederickton

VOL. 11.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1891.

No. 33.

Professional Cards.

J. A. HANDLEY, TEACHER OF THE BANJO. Lessons given at Pupils residence if desired.

H. D. CURRIE, D. D. S., Surgeon Dentist, 164 Queen St.

BLAK, JORDAN & BLISS, Barristers, Notaries, &c. SOLICITORS BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

JAS. T. SHARKEY, Barrister & Attorney, FREDERICTON, N. B.

G. E. DUFFY, Barrister-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

SEC.-TREAS. OF SUNBURY. OFFICES: West Side of Charlott St., Second floor from Queen St.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE. Best English, American and Canadian Companies.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. In Effect October 5th, 1891.

DEPARTURES. 6.15 A.M. EXPRESS for St. John, St. Stephen, etc.

ARRIVALS. 9.25 a.m. from St. John, etc. 1.25 p.m. from St. John, Bangor, Montreal, etc.

DEPARTURES. 6.20 A.M. MIXED, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points East.

ARRIVE. 10 p.m. from Woodstock and points North.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY. FALL ARRANGEMENT. In Effect Nov. 10th, 1890.

THOMAS HOBBES, Superintendent. Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

New Advertisements.

PURE COCOA. This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

THE LONDON TEA STORE, 13 York Street.

WATCHES! Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware, Band Rings, Broches, Lace Pins, Emblem Pins, Charms, etc.

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

SCHOOL BOOKS! If you wish to save money it will pay you to Buy your School Books and Requisites

W. T. H. FENETY'S, 286-QUEEN STREET-286

A. L. F. VANWART, Undertaker and Embalmer, Upper Side York Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Coffins and Caskets, FUNERAL GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

W. E. SEERY, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Trunks "IMPERIAL HALL" Valises New-Goods JUST RECEIVED!

Oct. 14th '91 Overcoatings, Suits and Trousers in Latest Designs.

C. C. GILL, Painter and Decorator SIGN PAINTING A SPECIALTY. THOMAS STANGER, 280 QUEEN STREET.

AGRICULTURE

Notes and Suggestions of Practical Utility FOR THE FARM, FIELD, GARDEN AND DAIRY.

Keep breeding sows by themselves, and feed them according to the demands of their condition.

When the spray is intended as an implement for preventing the depredations of insects and fungi on trees and plants, it is a great step forward.

It is well known that milk contains about 88 per cent of water; hence the dairy man is careful that his cows are well supplied with water.

There is no preventive of roup so efficacious as lime. If the floor of the poultry house, the yards and every place to which the fowls may resort, are sprinkled with fine slaked lime once a week, it is doubtful if roup will secure a hold on the hens.

As a cure for cold in the head and catarrh of the nose, into which the egg will sink, and thus be protected until they can be collected and carried to the house.

PARAGRAPHS

On All Subjects of Current Note at Home and Abroad.

There are four ex-Postmasters-General still living, viz, the Marquis of Hartington (1868-71), the Duke of Rutland (1874-80), Mr. Shaw Lefevre (1884), and Sir Lyon Playfair (1873).

At a recent meeting of the Law Society of London, it was decided to allow the Rev. Canon H. D. D. to remain upon a table with bread, water and wine in her hands as a sign that she is to have those articles in her care, and to hold a piece of sugar in her mouth, in token that she must speak little and that little sweetly.

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JINGLES OF HEWOP.

A Little Nonsense Gathered for Leisure Reading.

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PREPARING FOR THE CONTEST!

Scores of Applications Coming In!

Only the Ladies of Canada Can Compete!

A Special Feature of the Competition! Our Canadian ladies are already preparing for the great Diamond Dye Competition.

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ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER.

The grant of letters patent issued to a Duke on succeeding to that honor costs £200.

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POOR DOCUMENT

FREDERICTON GLOBE.

The **FREDERICTON GLOBE** is published every Saturday from the office, Shaker's Block, and mailed to any address in Canada, or the United States for One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Advertisements such as: Wanted, Lost, Found, Notices to Rent, Etc., one dollar first insertion, five cents each subsequent insertion. Local Notices ten cents per line first insertion, five cents each subsequent insertion. Births and Marriages fifty cents each insertion.

Contracts for yearly advertising furnished on application.

All communications business or otherwise to be addressed to **FREDERICTON GLOBE**.

Fredericton Globe.

A. J. MACHEN, Publisher and Proprietor.
FREDERICTON, N. B., NOV. 14, 1891.

KILLING, NO MURDER.

In the recent case of killing in St. John by a policeman some of the papers are hard on the person who fired the shot, even so far as to say now that the Coroner's Jury have rendered their verdict "justifiable homicide" the Crown Officers should follow the matter up and probe it to the bottom. It is supposed that the coroner exhausts all the evidence that can be had from witnesses, and the verdict is founded upon said evidence—the unpleasant duty begins and ends. Looking at the whole affair from this distance Frederickton—we cannot see what more can be or should be done in a case so melancholy. On the top of the old Penitentiary building in St. John there used to be an observatory, or look-out place, in which was stationed a guardman armed with deadly weapons, several loaded rifles stood within his reach. The object was to fire at any person who might attempt to scale the walls and make his escape. One day many years ago one of these unfortunate was seen climbing the wall and drop over and make for the woods. The guardman called upon him to stop and threatened if he did not he would fire. The man kept on—the guardman fired and killed the prisoner. Then the town became excited and the guardman pronounced to be a murderer by the thoughtless. What was the man placed on the look-out for but to do just what he did. If not why was he placed there, or why deadly weapons be left with him? Just so with the St. John police. He was overpowered, his baton taken from him, two upon one—he did not fire immediately, threatened, he then fired in the air, still the two men kept up the warfare—the policeman fired with fatal effect. What was the policeman armed for, if not to use his weapon in case of extremity? Was the occasion one requiring extreme measures? It would appear so, the policeman had either to use his revolver or run. Had he done the latter he would have been branded a coward and unfit for the duties required of him. It would have been better to run than take life; we think this notwithstanding that such fatal results followed his firmness in standing his ground—but the facts and the reasoning cannot be got over. And now the question may be asked why a single policeman should be stationed in the worst part of the city—why should there be three or four each within hall of the other? The answer no doubt will be—scarcity of men—no answer at all. It is an old axiom in the London Police "You guard St. James by watching St. Giles." So in St. John. Take half a dozen policemen from the upper end of the city and patrol them in the lower end. From King street northward to stone church neighborhood, order and peace as a rule reign, and therefore the services of policemen can be pretty well spared. But Sheffield street! Can you place your forces there, look after "St. Giles," and "St. James" will take care of itself. But why does the corporation of St. John permit such a pestiferous lot to exist in their midst? Hold the owners of all the properties in Sheffield street answerable for the good conduct of their tenants, even if you have to get a bill through the legislature for the purpose. Whenever an outrage is committed in a dwelling bring up the landlord and lay the punishment upon him; and he will know the character of his tenants before he rents to anyone, and the savoury state of Sheffield street in a year or two hence, will only be known as a thing of the past.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

It is a great pity that the congregation of St. Paul's church cannot make choice of a minister without taking the whole world into their confidence and telling anything but creditable stories in reference to men and the proceedings. Persons have a right to differ in opinion as to their choice of candidates, but the moment they rush into the papers anonymously to air their opinion, it seems very unfair to those who do not do the same thing, but prefer to speak within doors where such differences should be adjusted. This disputing for a minister partakes very much of the Irish fanatic fight. Instead of being a united people for local government in Cork recently, they blackened each others eyes and

broke heads in their contention for a leader, and thus by such conduct they destroy the world's sympathy in their behalf as a mis-governed country. Our Presbyterian friends have laid out a large sum of money on their fine church, which evinces not only great public spirit, but a generosity well worthy the limitation of other congregations, which seek the Kingdom of Heaven upon high pretensions, while the sum requisite for keeping their churches in good condition remains deep down in their pockets, not for the good of the church, but to subscribe to their own individual private purposes. Having then done so much for themselves in the way indicated, now that they have a fine cage, it is to be hoped that our Scotch friends will find a bird worthy of their choice, suppose the color of the plumage, or the music of its notes is not all that is desirable. Was there ever a congregation yet in this world, every soul of which found no exception in something either in the minister, the organ, the choir or eye-balls set on? We trust that a choice will soon be made in St. Paul's, by say three fourths of the congregation, and let the other fourth kick away and never mind them. But by all means let the anonymous grumblers in the papers be kept at arms length, by the editors, for they certainly bring disgrace upon all concerned. Let all family quarrels be settled within the family circle.

ALWAYS LATE.

We read that the cold snap of last week caught some of the farmers with their potatoes and turnips yet in the ground, hard, fast frozen; and that the loss is considerable. If it were an understood thing that frosts would not visit us before January the same thing would happen with some—that is to say those who belong to that class of people who are always behind hand, tardy, without calculation or foresight. It is with them, "come day, go day"—let tomorrow look out for itself. We could not have had a finer fall for the gathering of crops; up to the middle of October the working days on average were unexceptionable. Why then should vegetables be permitted to freeze in the ground? Want of help to gather in? Then it was a mistake to plant more than there was a reasonable chance to obtain the help required. It is very rarely that the potatoes or turnips train starts on its journey, without something being left, or running for dear life to catch on. Or to keep an appointment between two persons how common it is for one or the other to be half an hour late—or to pay an honest debt, what dodging and squinting, even lying—and thereby allow the potatoes to freeze in the ground. All such persons no doubt were brought up to read their catechism and thus had a good start, but some how or other they go astray after turning a few corners in life, and never get straight again. Now we do not mean to classify those who allow their potatoes to freeze with those who try to cheat an honest man out of his dose. They are more to be pitied than condemned, for their weakness if not neglectful ways in their own interests.

But with regard to the man who is always owing and paying nobody he comes under the head "the seven plagues of Egypt," and is to be remembered only to be shunned. They look upon being dunned, as one of the virtues—their consciences are so indurated that they act as though they felt that the public respected them for doing the very opposite which respectability requires of them; and they never learn their mistake so long as they have this misconception of principle. We believe it is as dishonest for a person to withhold from another his just dues, if he has the ability to pay, as to put his hand into that man's pockets and slich a V from him. But let the reader may begin to suspect that the Globe is turning preacher; perhaps we have said enough under this head.

OUR BOARD OF TRADE.

How is it that we have heard nothing of late of Board of Trade meetings in Frederickton? We hope this useful body has not gone up—or forgotten itself—or abdicated its functions—or failed to materialize for want of the wherewithal to keep it afloat. Come, gentlemen, there are several heavy questions awaiting your serious deliberations. There is the Winter Port question to begin with, Halifax has begun to kick—St. John does not like to kick, since her local members are in a way to do that, if they will. But there is a good opening for Frederickton to kick. Let us try it and this could be a great benefit on St. John, notwithstanding she has done her utmost to keep us out of the Short Line, or rather missing link between Harvey and Salisbury. We're for kicking if it will do any good.

An advertising chandler at Liverpool modestly says that, "without intending any disparagement to the sun, I may confidently assert that my octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

Running Comments on Passing Events.

Sundry Ebulitions in Prose and Rhyme.

How the Domestic, Social and Literary World is Wagging.

"What did the telegram say, papa? What did the telegram say?" You look so worried, so pale and ill—why should we not be gay? Is something wrong at the office, pa? Is mother sick at sea? What did the telegram say, papa, that you look so sad at me? "Nothing," you say. Now, tell me true. Something's gone wrong, I know. For 'tisn't often you look that way, nor often you answer me so. But he answered not the pleading child, and never a word did he say. The telegram read—from his wife by the sea—"Send me some money to-day."

The visitor: "How's this? Twelve shillings and sixpence a day! Stopped here a year ago and paid only half that much." The Proprietor: "Just so. Then it was the 'McClintock Tavern.' Now it's the 'Hotel McClintock!'"

Sporting Superstitions.

Sir George Cheswold cites the case of Captain Batchelor, who, though otherwise a "shrewd" clear-headed person, brought himself to believe that to wear the same suit of clothes two days running at a race meeting would be certain to bring the wearer ill-luck. "What a bore it is!" he was once heard to exclaim. "The Houghton meeting lasts six days. I am obliged to take down six separate suits of clothes." "Examples of this kind remind a writer in the 'County Gentleman' of the peculiarities of a 'been hand' at cards among his acquaintances. He, to, believed in the influence of dress upon luck, but his notions were somewhat different. If the luck followed him he would go on wearing the same suit, regardless of suitability to the weather. This writer attributes such fancies to the impression created at some time or other by some very striking coincidence, as when Mr. Buckworth Powell, disappointed at receiving a legacy of only £100 where he had expected £10,000 recklessly expended the bequest in backing a hopeless outsider, who actually won the Cambridgesteeple.

Sad-looking stranger leaning against a lamp post at the corner of Fleet Street, policeman: "It is strange how some days are unwholesome."

Policeman: "Tis curious. Anything bad happened to you to-day?"

"Well, it started with a headache, my watch stopped, then my razor and my chin looked like a damaged tomato. Then at breakfast, Bobby spilt his milk up my sleeve and I felt like a rice pudding. Then as I was rushing up the steps at my station, a fellow stood on my umbrella and broke the stick, and I lost my hat and then"—but there a water-carriage came quickly round the corner and drenched the dismal stranger from the knees downwards.

He gazed with a sticky smile, and remarked: "There, what did I tell you?"

"Better go home and dry yourself," remarked the sympathetic policeman.

"So I had; but mind you, I don't care a bit for what's occurred up to now. What makes me all shake is, what the dickens is going to happen next?"

She: "Oh, yes! I quite believe there's a fool in every family. Don't you?"

He: "Well—my opinion's rather biased, You see, I'm the only member of our family."

Teacher: "Name some of the most important things existing to-day which you know one hundred years ago."

Tommy: "You and me."

Poetry, a waxed moustache, mystery, long hair, and a sweet tenor voice often make a woman feel as if there was only one sheet of tissue paper between heaven and herself; but it is the man with the wart on his nose and six fingers in his bank balance who scares her in and makes her happy ever afterwards.

He knew her.

A correspondent gives the following incident as one that actually occurred in a well-known bank:

Customer (coming stultily to cashier's desk): "Will you please cash this cheque for me?"

Cashier: "Yes, if you can be indentified."

Customer: "Oh, ah—yes—well—how do I do that?"

Cashier: "Bring someone who knows you."

Customer: "Oh, yes, there is my husband; he knows me."

The following doubtful compliment is a fragment from a love letter: "How I wish, my darling Adelaide, my engagement would permit me to leave town and come and see you. It would be like visiting some old ruin hallowed by time and fraught with a thousand pleasing recollections."

"Augustus," said Angelina to her lover who knew that father has recently invested in an American silver mine, and is going there at once, and I cannot leave mother alone. So I ask you, dear Augustus, how long would you be willing to wait for me?"

"Wait for you, darling?" exclaimed Augustus, with deep emotion, for his was no feeling love, "I will wait for you until we learn how the silver mine turns out."

The Queen of Italy has a peculiar hobby. She delights in the collection of gloves, boots, and shoes which have been worn at different periods by Royal and Imperial personages. Amongst her large stock of these curiosities she has a pair of white slippers and a fan which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, also those worn by Queen Anne and the Empress Josephine.

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER.

A Dress With One Thousand Eight Hundred Buttons.

A fashionable New York lady recently appeared in a somewhat sensational costume—at any rate so far as the buttons go, for there were 1,800 of them of varying shapes and sizes. Ten days were consumed in arranging and sewing on the buttons by a seamstress. On each sleeve there were 100 buttons; on the body and collar 330, and on the skirt 1,250. Those on the skirt were arranged in triangles, crosses, stars, and other curious shapes, on a foundation of black satin. The dress had a satiny appearance, and was very weighty—so much so that it would require a woman of considerable strength to wear it. The intention was to have 2,000 buttons on it, but the entire surface of the dress would then have been covered. The buttons were all black, some round and others flat, and many of them were expensive.

First Tourist: "Well, how did you like the ruins of Pompeii?"

Second Tourist: "Oh, not much. They are so dreadfully out of repair, you know."

As the convalescent patient said to the doctor when an extra-charge bill was presented: "What's the use of your saving my life if you send me in a bill afterwards so big that I worry myself to death over it?"

NASAL BALM

NEVER FAILS TO CURE COLIC IN HEAD AND CATARRH

TAFFY-M-I-X-T-U-R-E

SOMETHING NEW. TRY IT

Chewing Gum

W. H. GOLDEN, 198 Queen St.

NOTICE!

PELEG SMITH.

R. C. MACREDIE, PLUMBER, Gas and Steam FITTER,

Queen - - - Steet, Opp. County Court House

Watches and Jewelry

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

Fredericton, N. B., June 7.

MILLINERY!

WE INVITE you to inspect Our Stock of Fall and Winter Millinery. The very Latest Styles in Trimmed and Untrimmed.

MRS. I. BURDEN, Queen Street, Opp. City Hall.

Oct. 24—91—17.

10 Per Cent. DISCOUNT FOR CASH!

In order to reduce my Stock with a view to winding up business in the near future, I shall give 10 Per Cent. Discount from regular prices for the Next Two months On All Cash Sales of 50c. and Upwards.

The Stock comprises in part the following: Ladies Dress Goods in great variety, Prints, Parasols, Jackets, Jerseys, Hose, Gloves, Gossamer and Underwear.

Boys' Youth's and Men's Clothing, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Braces, Rubber Coats, Umbrellas, and Underclothing.

Cretans, Cottons, Flannels, Fallings, Towels, Tuckings, and all kinds of Staple Dry Goods.

Carpets, Table and Floor Oil Cloths, Trunks, Valises and Satchels.

See a large lot of remnants very cheap. Wall Paper at a sacrifice in order to clear.

OWEN SHARKEY, Fredericton, Oct. 2nd.

Fredericton, N. B., June 7.

The Largest and Best Stock of

MILLINERY

to be found in the city is at the Millinery Establishment

MISS HAYES, QUEEN + ST.

KITCHEN & SHEA, PHENIX SQUARE,

Plumbers, Gas Fitters and Tinsmiths,

And Workers in all kinds of SHEET METAL.

Speaking Tubes, Stoves and Furnaces fitted up at short notice.

Importers and dealers in stamped and pressed Tinware.

Iron and Lead Pipe and Fittings always on hand.

Household fitted up with Hot and Cold Water.

Prices Moderate and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Telephone, No. 176.

All the Latest Styles of

Photos

HARVEY'S. Studio, - 164 Queen Street.

Landing! AND TO ARRIVE.

PICKLED HERRINGS, SALT,

GRAN SUGAR, YELLOW SUGAR,

BEANS, CODFISH.

For Sale Low.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

JOHN H. FLEMING, LIVERY STABLE.

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

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OWEN SHARKEY, Fredericton, Oct. 2nd.

Fredericton, N. B., June 7.

Dever Bros.

DRY GOODS.

GOOD BARGAINS NOW!

250 WINDOW SHADES

LOWER PRICES!

DOMINION WIRE BED

Do You Want

STAPLES'

DAVIS, STAPLES & CO.

HATS & CAPS

J. H. FLEMING'S

JAMES R. HOWIE, PRACTICAL TAILOR.

THE PLACE TO BUY

BE A MAN!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Ware

IS AT A. F. MORRELL'S

WEDDING RINGS

A. F. Morrell, OPP. BRIDGE.

Fredericton, N. B., July 19, 1890.

VIGOR and STRENGTH!

For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of BODY and MIND, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK UNDEVELOPED ORGANS and PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unerring HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from fifty States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) FREE. Address

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

POOR DOCUMENT

LOCAL NEWS.

Jottings on Events that Happen about Town.

The Ebb and Flow of Civic and Suburban Life.

Train Robbery, Narrow Escape, Harried at St. Dunstan's, etc.

Donations.

Diphtheria.

St. Andrew's Society.

Our New Serial.

Completed his Contract.

Mr. Willard Kinloch.

St. Paul's Festival.

Completed his Contract.

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SUGAR, TEA AND COFFEE!

We will give Special Prices on all Groceries during Exhibition Week FOR CASH. Call and see our TEAS, put up in 3, 5 and 10 lb. Caddies. Extra Value.

B. Yerxa & Co., YORK STREET.

EVENTS AROUND US.

happenings of the Week Throughout the Province.

Scott Ast election in Charlotte Co. on Tuesday next.

All orders for rubber stamps promptly attended to.

Taffy mixture—something new at W. H. Golden's. Try it.

Mrs. Bablin, of Richmond, is about to open a fine new hotel at that place.

Parties wanting enamel letters for signs etc., can be supplied by calling at the Globe office.

Red Blair, of Gibson, had his shoulder dislocated in a runaway accident while on his way to Marysville the other night.

The members of the U. R. Knights of Pythias are requested to meet in the Drill Hall for drill next Thursday evening.

Miss Bertie Emmerson, niece of Miss Cummings, King street, was thrown from a pony carriage last Saturday, but received no serious injury.

Harry Ritten accidentally shot himself in the arm while taking a gun snaffle first out of a wagon, after returning from a shooting expedition Friday last.

Last Saturday afternoon Miss Kilburn, daughter of Mr. Chas. Kilburn, of Kingsclear, was returning home, accompanied by Mr. Terry, the carriage was upset by the horse shying, Miss Kilburn being thrown out, breaking some of her ribs.

Miss Nana Miller, Queen Street, entertaining a few of her friends Thursday evening. A couple of hours were spent on games of different kinds when refreshments were served, after which vocal and instrumental music, dancing etc., was the order of the evening. The party broke up about one o'clock. All having spent an enjoyable evening.

William Nichols, of Deer River, N. S., was killed at that place yesterday by being thrown out of a carriage. Some part of the carriage gave way, which frightened the horse and he dashed off at a great speed, throwing Mr. Nichols out of the wagon very violently. His injuries were such that he died three hours after receiving them.

James Gibbons, driver of the Alma Home wagon, was severely injured Wednesday by falling from a load of manure which he was taking from the rear of No. 1 line engine station on Charlotte street, St. John. He fell backwards, landing heavily on his right shoulder and side. When picked up he was unconscious. Several ribs were broken and he was internally injured, but nothing serious is anticipated. Dr. James Christie attended him.

The last act in the McNeill tragedy was witnessed by a few of the deceased's friends and relatives in the churchyard at Richibucto Tuesday morning, when the remains of the late Henry McNeill were consigned to their final resting place. The young man's father and brother, Nathaniel, accompanied the body from St. John and were the chief mourners at the funeral. The latter felt his brother's untimely end very keenly, and accordingly administered to the remains of the mishap, though he thinks the shooting was unnecessary and not done in self-defense, as there was no intention of doing the police any previous injury. It is his intention to have Caples tried on a charge of murder as soon as possible. There is considerable sympathy here for the family. Henry McNeill was the 38th year of his age, and was considered by those who knew him a good-natured, industrious man.

Train from Chicago on Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.

The midnight train from Chicago on Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad was robbed by masked men near Western Union junction at 10 o'clock Thursday morning. The robbers are supposed to have boarded the train at the junction, and when it was well away from the station in the open country, they compelled the engineer to stop it, breaking into the express car with dynamite bombs and took the safe and express boxes bodily from the car. Total amount of booty will reach \$100,000, possibly more. It is not known how many robbers were concerned in the affair. The passengers were unharmed.

Coming and Going.

Mrs. L. W. Johnson, Mrs. A. F. Randolph, Mrs. Henry Johnston, Mrs. James Hamilton and Miss Thorne have come to Boston to attend the National W. C. T. Union meeting.

Mrs. F. T. Thompson has returned from a visit to her sister in New York.

Mr. Frank McFadden has returned from his trip to Ireland.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. Our Cures, Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, soothes the Gums and relieves many other affections, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."—Aug. 9-91—ly.

DAIRY FARMING.

Address by Prof. Robertson on Dairy Farming.

Delivered at Maudsleyville, Followed by Remarks by W. W. Hubbard and Others.

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POOR DOCUMENT

'LADY ALICE.'

Continued.
"Lord Roy said something about new harness for your ponies," observed Miss Ross, pouring some chocolate into a priceless china cup.

"Ah, smiled Lady Darrell, "then I see what it is. Roy has made that an excuse for cementing the friendship afresh. He thinks no one knows anything about horses but Eustace."

"Are you not jealous of this great affection asked Valeris suddenly.

Lady Darrell's face grew grave.
"Roy is so precious to me, you know Valeris, I might be jealous, dear, if I did not love him so much; to see to know he is happy is to me the height of all earthly bliss."

"Oh, that I had had you for my mother!" cried the girl, involuntarily her pale beautiful face was bent.

Lady Darrell rose softly and kissed the young face.

"Look on me as such, dear Valeris," she whispered, who knew, perhaps—"

Her sentence was not finished for the door was opened, and the butler advanced into the room.

"My lady, there's a park-keeper in the servant's hall begging to see you. We've told him it is impossible; but he will not go."

Lady Darrell seated herself at the table again.

"A park-keeper, Chelnic? she repeated. "What can he want?"

"I don't know, your ladyship; but he'll tell me of anything—only asks to see you, my lady."

Miss Ross looked at her hostess, who smiled.

"Some begging petition, I suppose. Well, Chelnic; I will break through my rules for once, and see the man. Perhaps, continued Lady Darrell as the butler withdrew, "poor fellow, he has got into trouble of some sort."

"He evidently knows where to apply for consolation," remarked Miss Ross.

"It is a few seconds the butler returned, and entered in a man dressed in the ordinary rustian worn by keepers, a look of trouble on his honest comely face.

"Ah, Miles, so you want to see me? Well, speak out, I am quite ready."

The man hesitated.

"I beg pardon, my lady, but if I can speak to you alone—"

"Valeris, come."

"Now, Miles, said Lady Darrell quietly, though a vague sense of coming ill seemed to have fallen on her.

"My lady, I have had news to tell you. I came straight to you, for I thought it best."

"Go on, said the lady quickly, as he hesitated.

"My lady, this morning on my way through the woods, I found—"

CHAPTER III.
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was betrayed in face or limb.

As the butler entered, Lady Darrell in brief quiet words told of the discovery of Captain Rivers' dead body, and the supposed murder; then as the old servant withdrew in fear and horror, she wrote a few lines on a card, and handed it to Miles.

"To the police-station, Nestley; go at once."

Miles bowed and withdrew; as he went the door of the inner room opened, and Valerie Ross came out. Her hair was pushed from her brows, her face ghastly white, a fixed look of anguish in her gloomy eyes.

Lady Darrell advanced to meet her.

"You have heard—your love heard?"

"Ah," repeated Valerie blankly. "Is it true?" she asked after a moment's pause. "Is it true? Is he dead—murdered?"

"He is dead," answered the older woman almost mechanically. "Yes."

"And you can stand there so calm! Oh, Eustace—Eustace, gone, my—"

"Valeris, don't let her darting up to her face, away to and fro for an instant, then she lay stretched prostrate on the floor."

With the same set face, Lady Darrell bent over the inanimate girl, and pressed her cold lips to the senseless ones; then fringing the bell again, she directed the servants to carry the still form to her room.

"Leave me alone, she said as they went through the door—'quite alone!'"

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Alto took no notice. She moved forward into the doorway.

"What is your name?" asked Sir Robert, "Margaret Dorton, sir, but I am always called Alice."

"Then, Miss Dorton, please will you answer me this question? Were you carrying that basket through the woods to the castle last night?"

Alice looked at him straight.

"Yes, sir, I was," she answered.

"Then you must accompany me, please at once to the castle; you will be wanted."

Alice tied on her cotton sun-bonnet without another word, while her aunt started, silent through amazement; at last she found her tongue.

"What has Alice done? Tell me, your honor. Is she going to be punished for—"

"There is an impost up at the castle, Mrs. Brown. Captain Rivers was murdered in the woods last night, and Miss Dorton is chief witness against the suspected murderer, Lord Roy Darrell."

"Mercy make!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown, as Alice walked quietly down the courtyard into the village by that was waiting.

The girl sat back in her corner very quiet and untroubled, as she was bowed along the wide country lane that led by the longest route to the castle.

She was thinking, wondering if she still dreamt; whether the horrors of the past night, the strange hurried marriage of the morning, the knowledge that she was no longer a free lonely maiden, but a wedded wife, were after all but visions that would float away in mist.

She had had a great strain put on her young mind during the last few hours, but she was stronger firm to herself, knowing that she had done all she could, that a man's life had been in her hands, and she had saved him.

She had Roy Darrell's image always before her careworn, haggard, his handsome face lined with agony; she could still see or feel of gratitude that lived in his eyes as they separated this morning in the early sunshine, man and wife.

A strange sense of gladness was creeping into her heart amid all the horror and fear that had nearly driven her to a sense of hopeless despair.

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"Your life is saved," he said gently but—""

"But dishonor remains," added Lord Roy bitterly. "Yes, I see. I know now what you mean."

The door opened at this instant, and Lady Darrell appeared leaning on Valerie Ross's arm. Roy's mother looked suddenly and with a gasp at the girl who was so pale and so beautiful.

"Forgive me, gentlemen," began Lady Darrell weakly; "I should not intrude at such a moment, but the suspense was so terrible it would have killed me had I remained another—"

She was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Chelnic, the butler.

"Oh, my lady—sirs—my lord—pardon me," he gasped rather than spoke the old servant. "I have great good news! He has confessed! They are bringing him here?"

"He! Who? Speak man! Were the hurried crisis, while above them all