

THE FREEDRIFT

VOL. IV., NO. 46.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1893.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REBUILT AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE MANNER. AS SEPARATE DEPARTMENTS PARLOR, OFFICE, AND BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM ON GROUND FLOOR. PERFECT VENTILATION AND SEWERAGE THROUGHOUT. LARGE AND AIRY BEDROOMS. COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS AND CLOSETS ON EACH FLOOR; AND IS CAPABLE OF ACCOMMODATING ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is today one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The cooking is highly commended, and the use of Atlantic sea water is daily used. There are two of the largest and most commodious street entrances and also connecting with Hotel GORRIB and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Government and Queen Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

AN AIR-CONDITIONED BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS
PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are precisely.

THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Red Legs, Red Swells, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is a certain cure for Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Ruptured Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON
and are sold at 14., 2., 4., 6., 8., 10., 12., 14., 16., 18., 20., and 22. each Box of Pills and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

LIVE CHILD IN A COFFIN.

Waiting the burial it Cried Out and was Rescued.

Corner Johnson and a jury investigated a most extraordinary case at Prospect cemetery, Toronto on Saturday. At Fairbank, about seven miles out on the Vaughan plank road, live William Malon, a child, and his wife, on Tuesday morning, October 3, Mrs. Malon gave birth to a girl, which being supposed to be stillborn was placed in a box after breakfast that morning and taken to Prospect cemetery for interment. When the clerk of the cemetery came to look at the dead certificate he found that it was written out; that is to say, it was not one of the regular printed forms, as is required. He refused to accept the body for burial. In this certificate the child was described as a male. At last the body was accepted at the cemetery and placed in the office until the grave could be dug.

PRIZE LIST OF NO. 38.

The Most Successful Show Ever Held at Lower Prince William.

Following is the list of prizes awarded at the show held by Agricultural society district No. 38 at their grounds, Lower Prince William, on October 10th, 1893:

Lovett's Estabrooks—Parsons, 1st and 2d; best, 1st; calliflowers, 1st; heifer, 2d; cow, 1st; spring sow, 1st; fat hog, 1st; colt 1 yr old, 2d; brown leghorn fowls, 1st; corn, 1st.

Charles Courser—Maple honey, 1st; embroidery, 2d; Home shearing, 2d; fat hog, 2d.

Josiah Lawrence—Homespun (all wool); 1st; overalls, 1st; Mexican work, 1st; ewe lamb, 1st; pair turkeys, 1st.

William Vanwart—Heifer 1 yr old, 2d; pair steers 1 yr old, 1st; spring sow 2d; fat pig, 1st; black oats, 2d; bull 2 yrs old, 1st; W. Smith—Elching work, 2d; darned net work, 2d; milch cow, 2d; white oats, 2d.

Daniel S. Worden—Red carrots, 1st; butter in print, 2d; blankets (cotton and wool) 1st; bread from imported flour, 2d; mixed wares, 2d; potato onions, 1st; braided work, 2d; lace work, 2d; row work, 1st; pair steers 1 yr old, 2d; beans of any variety, 2d; buckwheat (smooth) 1st; buckwheat (Japanese) 2d.

Thomas H. Sawyer—White carrots, 2d; mixed wares, 2d; potato onions, 1st; William Scott—Calliflowers, 2d; cabbage, 1st; woolen socks, 2d; bull 2 yrs old, 1st; milch cow, 1st; heifer 2 yrs old, 1st; heifer 1 yr old, 1st; heifer calf, 1st; pair steers 1 yr old, 1st; black oats, 1st; corn, 1st.

J. C. Mott, M. D. White turnips, 2d; carriage horse, 2d.

John Fisk—Squash, 1st; Alexandria apples, 2d; apples of any other variety, 2d; peas, 1st; beans of any other variety, 1st.

N. C. Hoyt—Blankets (cotton and wool) 2d.

E. D. Estabrooks—Swedish turnips, 1st; Anyshire bull, 1st.

E. H. Peters—Mat, 1st; white beans, 2d.

Joseph Scott—Swedish turnips, 2d; mixed wares, 2d; white barley, 1st; black barley, 1st.

John Scott, Jr.—Beets, 2d; potato onions, 2d; pumpkins, 2d; cabbage, 2d; arsew work, 2d; colt 1 yr old, 1st; colt under 1 yr, 2d; brood mare with colt by side, 1st; W. W. Graham—Tomatoes, 1st; homespun (all wool) 2d; homespun (cotton and wool) 2d; woolen mitts, 2d; quilt, 2d; blankets (all wool) 1st; bread from imported flour, 1st; braided work, 1st; mixed wares, 1st; Anyshire bull, 2d; pair steers 2 yrs old, 1st; breeding sow over 1 year old, 1st; fat pig, 2d; pair turkeys, 2d; pair ducks any variety, 2d; etching work, 1st.

Frank Saunders—Painting work, 2d; Walter B. Barker—White turnips, 1st; seed onions, 1st; butter in crock, 1st; bees honey, 1st; bread from wheat grown by the exhibitor, 1st; crazy work, 2d; rope work, 2d; woolen stockings, 1st; peas, 2d.

John Scott, Sr.—Bull calf, 1st; ram shearing, 1st; Durham bull, 1st; carriage horse, 1st; draft team (tested) 1st.

West Loos—Drawers (knit) 2d; timothy seed, 1st.

W. W. Boddy—Mangold wurtzels 1st; potatoes (Hebron) 2d; Jersey heifer under 2 years, 1st; ram with colt by her side, 2d.

Andrew Carlin—Spring bear, 1st.

Edgar Slipp—White carrots, 1st; pumpkin, 1st; overalls, 2d; crocheted work, 1st; Berlin work, 2d; crazy work, 1st; painting under 2 years, 1st; Durham bull, 1st; pair horses (general purpose) 2d; pair ducks any variety, 1st.

Edmond Brown—Butter in print, 1st; butter in crock, 2d; knit shirt, 1st; Mexican work, 1st.

James Kelly—Woolen socks, 1st; woolen work, 1st; knit drawers, 1st; woolen stockings, 2d; ewe over two years old, 2d; ewe shearing, 1st; ewe lamb, 2d; colt 2 yrs old, 2d; colt under 1 yr old, 1st.

Ernest Holyoke—Woolen mitts, 1st; woolen yarn, 1st; maple sugar, 1st; crocheted work, 2d; embroidery work, 1st; quilt, 1st; bull of any age, 2d; ram over 2 years, 1st; spring hog, 2d; potato of any variety, 2d; timothy seed, 1st.

Gilbert Graham—Ram shearing, 1st; Wm. McMullin—Heifer calf, 2d.

D. C. Jolin—Barned net work, 1st; pair horses (general purpose) 2d.

T. W. Hoyt—Durham bull, 2d.

John Crowdon—Squash, 2d; potatoes, (Hebron) 1st; white beans, 1st.

Percival Wheeler—Apples (Alexandria) 1st; apples of any other variety, 1st; pair geese, 1st.

George McMurray—Set of horse shoes 1st.

The following is a list of the judges: Horses and fowl—John Kirk, John A. Courser, John E. Thompson. Cattle, sheep and swine—Byron McNally, C. H. Peters, Edmond Brown. Grain, pulp, roots and fruit—William Henry, William Arbuckle, Samuel McMullin. Domestic manufacture—Mrs. Edmond Best, Mrs. Thomas Moffat, William Scott, Jr. Fancy work—Mrs. Gilbert Graham, Mrs. Clowse Nevins, Miss Lottie Vandine.

The show this year was the most successful ever held by the society. The exhibits in every department were very fine, especially the grain and roots. E. D. Estabrooks had a sample of twelve Swedish turnips that weighed 213 lbs; Joseph Scott of Lower Pokok, also had a sample that weighed 196 lbs, and a number of samples of potatoes and carrots which were very fine.

THE STORY OF A FUED.

It Begins in a Romance and Was Ended by Religious Intolerance.

A narrow avenue separates the Kentucky and West Virginia state buildings at the World's Fair. An imaginary line running through the Cumberland mountains, divides the two states the structures represent. Many years ago a family by the name of Tyson lived on the West Virginia side of the imaginary line, and the family of old John Brackett lived on the Kentucky side. These two families engaged in a feud that has come down from generation to generation with more deadly results than any of the Italian vendettas.

In all the world now there is but one representative of each family living, and both were at the world's fair grounds recently, one in the West Virginia building and one in the Kentucky building. Efforts were made to bring them together peacefully, but they declined. Each of these men, when young, swore that he would take the life of the other, or lose his own in the attempt. Since that time, however, George Tyson has become not only a convert to, but a priest of the Catholic church, and John Brackett a member of the church, Pryor Brackett, the Kentucky man, has never said anything of carrying out his threat. It is believed that he will not carry it out because with the death of the priest, the blood and the name will become extinct, while he has four boys and one girl to perpetrate his race.

The story of the beginning of the feud is romantic. The Tysons and the Bracketts were among the first to settle in that mountain country. In the original Tyson family, or clan, besides the country and other connections, there were two boys and a girl. There was a large number of Bracketts, too, but the head of the family had two children, a boy and a girl. Now, the elder Tyson boy, John by name, loved Bertha Brackett, daughter of Brackett. Clarence Brackett also loved Edna Tyson. There were not many young people to choose from, so the marriage of the elder couple was looked upon as a matter of course, while less attention was paid to the younger couple.

The last few months of the period of engagement for the elder couple had come round when they moved into the neighborhood, some miles from the Tyson homestead, a family of Culbertsons. They, too, had a daughter, said to be very beautiful, and the name of the girl was Bertha Brackett. When going after the cattle at night time John Tyson often saw and talked to Annie Culbertson. None suspected the growing love between them, and when they ran away and were married, the father of the bride, John Tyson, was so angry with the Culbertsons, both the Tyson and Brackett families were thrown into consternation.

Clarence Brackett, who loved Edna Tyson, felt keenly the affront to his sister and openly bitterly of it, but as the Tyson family blamed John for his unfaithfulness he resolved not to take any revenge.

But one day while John was at his old home visiting his father, Clarence who had been hunting, approached the house on horseback. John seeing the gun, supposed he was seeking revenge, and retreated into the house after his own gun. As he reappeared with the gun in his hands Clarence fired at and missed him and killed Edna, whom he loved, and who had been standing beside her brother. John returned the fire, killing Clarence.

After the burial of these two bodies a bloody war ensued, and many were killed on each side. Bertha died of a broken heart, and was buried beside her brother. John was killed some years after by another member of the Brackett family.

As each generation went by the members of the two families became fewer, owing to the almost incessant duels and battles between the two factions. When the present George Tyson and Pryor Brackett were children the last tragedy occurred, when their fathers killed each other.

The story of their long contest bears out what is claimed by each side, that no one ever shot an unarmed enemy or took advantage in any way. The given names of their fathers were also George and Pryor. One day George Tyson rode over into Kentucky, armed with his rifle. Looking over the fence, he discovered Pryor Brackett milking a cow.

"Good morning, Pryor," said George.

"Good morning, George," said Pryor.

"Are you ready, Pryor?" inquired George.

"No," replied Pryor, "I take water."

George shouldered his gun and rode away.

On another occasion Pryor met George when the latter was unarmed. After the usual salutations George said to Pryor: "I take water," and Pryor turned and left him.

The next time they met near the banks of the Cumberland River. Both were armed and stood within a few paces of each other.

"There is plenty of water there," said Pryor, pointing to the river.

"I never drink water," retorted George.

In an instant both men were raised and fired, and both men fell, and the friends who were with them carried their bodies home to the young sons, who are now grown men, visiting the fair, and are alone saved from a repetition of their fathers' act by the influence of the Christian religion.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

EGG TOAST.

One egg, one cupful of milk, a pinch of salt; four or five slices of stale bread. Break the eggs into a soup-plate or other shallow dish, beat lightly, and add the milk and salt. Have a frying-pan hot and well buttered, dip a slice of bread in the egg mixture, fry brown on one side, then put a piece of butter on top of the slice, turn and brown the other side. Serve hot with toast.

MILK TOAST.

One pint of milk, one tablespoonful of corn starch, a pinch of salt, six slices of toasted bread. Wet the corn starch with a little cold milk, bring the remainder of the milk to the boiling-point, stir in the corn starch, butter and salt, and stir until quite smooth. Dip each slice of toast in the mixture, lay in a deep dish, cover, and keep the dish over hot water until ready to serve.

BALLY BUNNS.

One cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of yeast, or one-quarter of a yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cupful of water, one egg, four enough to make a drop batter, one tablespoonful of butter. Scald the milk, cool it, then mix with it the other ingredients in the order named, with the exception of the butter. Mix late in the forenoon for tea. The dough will rise in five or six hours, add the butter, melted, mix well, and fill muffin pans two-thirds full. Let them rise fifteen or twenty minutes, and bake in a hot oven. Serve hot.

FRIED INDIAN MEFFINS.

One pint of Indian meal one pint of boiling water, two eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, a large tablespoonful of flour. For breakfast, pour the water, which must be boiling, in the evening on the meal, salt and sugar. Beat smooth, and set away in a cool place. In the morning add the well-beaten eggs, and the flour. Dip a tablespoon in cold milk, fill it with butter, and slide off into deep fat made boiling hot as for frying doughnuts. Fry ten minutes. Serve with syrup.

TEA CAKE.

Ingredients—One pint of flour, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a pinch of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift the salt and baking powder with the flour, beat the yolks of the eggs with sugar, add the milk, mix, and last of all stir in the well beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in one loaf in a hot oven. Serve hot.

COBS CAKE.

One cupful Indian meal, a teaspoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, one cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter. Bake in two jelly-cake tins, having the mixture to half fill the pan. Serve hot.

Waffles.

One pint of sifted flour, about two-thirds of a pint of milk, or sufficient to make a thin batter, two eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a pinch of salt. Mix the milk with the flour gradually until a smooth paste, and the salt and butter and the eggs beaten very light. Heat the waffle irons, butter them well or grease with a bit of pork, pour in enough batter to cover an iron, close the iron, keep over the fire half a minute, turn, and keep the other side over the fire another half minute. Remove, and place the waffles where they will keep warm until sufficient are cooked to serve. Serve with butter and sugar, or syrup.

LITERALLY STARVED TO DEATH.

NEW LONDON, Ct., Oct. 12.—One of the most famous cases in Connecticut medical history came to an end yesterday in the death of Mrs. Amy Peck, an eccentric lady of Lyme. She literally starved to death.

She was 70 years old and for the past 53 days had not taken any nourishment. Her case baffled the skilled physician. She had been unconscious for two weeks. Last week a small quantity of water was forced down her throat with great trouble and since that time she has not taken even water.

Mrs. Peck, when first taken ill, seemed to be suffering from no disease in particular. Her sufferings at first were intense, but subsequently she passed into a semitorpor and finally became wholly unconscious.

Only a short time remains in which to visit the World's Fair. It has been a far greater success financially than had been anticipated in the early summer. So far as the show itself is concerned, all visitors agree in describing it as marvellous; and when its variety, volume and significance are considered, even this term seems

GOING OUT OF THE FURNITURE BUSINESS.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT COST PRICE.

Sale begins **October 14.** Intending Purchasers must not be afraid to come over on **PHOENIX SQUARE.** Where they will be well waited on by Male and Female Clerks. Business hours from **TEN 'O FOUR.** This will be the last opportunity for the public to purchase any of the above goods at such **Reduced Prices.**

Mattresses and Woven Wire Springs, Bedsteads, Single and Double, Woven Wire Cot Beds, Children's Cot Beds, Baby Cribs, Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Lounges and Washstands, Chairs of all kinds, Sewing Machines, Organs, Camp Chairs and Camp Beds.

New Home Office,

Phenix Square, Opposite City Hall.
P. DUFFIE, F'ton. P. O. Box 28.

WILLIAM WILSON,

Attorney-at-Law,
SOLICITOR AND CONVEYANCER
Offices: Carleton St., East Side.
Directly opp. Dr. Coulthart's Office.
Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.

WILLIAM WILSON.

H. B. RAINSFORD,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Clerk of the Peace and Division Registrar,
Royal Mail Steamer Service.
Adjoining the office of the Registrar of Deeds.
Fredericton Nov. 16th, 1891.

GEO. A. HUGHES,

Attorney and Solicitor,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE: WHELPLEY BUILDING,
QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,

MASON,
Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,
SHORE ST. NEAR GAS WORKS,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
JOBBER a specialty.
Workmanship first-class.
Prices satisfactory.

RAILROADS.

Has Just Received a splendid new stock of
CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,
COMPRISING
Spring Overcoating,
Suitsings,
and Trouserings,

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ATLANTIC DIVISION.

ALL RAIL LINES
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
In Effect June 25th 1893.
LEAVE FREDERICTON.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
Which he is prepared to MAKE UP

6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John and Intermediate points: Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houston, Woodville, and points North.
6.30 A. M.—Mail for Woodville and points North, via Gibson Branch.
3.25 P. M.—Express for Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM
St. John, 6.25, 9.20 a.m., 4.40 p.m.
Fredericton Junction, 8.20 a.m., 11.25, 4.20 p.m.
MacAdam Junction, 10.10, a. m.
Vancouver, 9.45 a. m.
St. Stephen, 1.25.
St. Andrews, 1.10 a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.10 a. m., 12.15, 4.15, 7.30 p. m.

D. McNICOLL, Gen. Pass. Agent, MONTEAL.
C. E. McPHERRON, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent, ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. B. SEERY,

Merchant Tailor,
Which he is prepared to MAKE UP

LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES
AT MODERATE PRICES.

W. B. SEERY,
WILMOT'S AVE.
Portland Cement.
TO ARRIVE:
Barrel White Portland Cement.
JAMES S. NEILL

DR. MANNING'S German Remedy

The Greatest Rheumatic and Neuralgia Cure Of the Age

AVAILABLE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY
PAIN CURE
(BOTH INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL)
PRICE 50 CENTS
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO. LTD.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

DON'T GO DOWN TOWN

KITCHEN & SHEA'S

If you are Going to Purchase

Without Calling at

FURNACES, Stoves, Tinware, Royal Diamond Stoves are the best. Plumbers, Oil Pans, Steamers, Dinner Stoves, Basins, Mixing Pans, Plates, Camp Requisites, Acme Steam Cookers.

Galvanized Iron Cornices and Door Caps, a specialty.

272 QUEEN STREET.

KITCHEN & SHEA'S, JUST RECEIVED:

Anti-Dandruff, Dodds Kidney Pills, Dr. James' Nerve Beans, Orange Quinine & Wine.

Campbell's Quinine & Wine, Enos Fruit Salt, Paines Celery Compound.

California Syrup of Figs, Beef Iron and Wine, Quinine Iron and Wine, Cough Balsams.

W. H. CARTEN,

Druggist and Apothecary,
COR. QUEEN & CARLETON STS.
FREDERICTON, N. B.

WESLEY VANWART, Barrister.
Office: Queen Street, OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.
Fredericton, May 6th, 1893.

Ladies,

Mother Green's Tansy Pills. Used by thousands. Safe, Sure and Always Reliable. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. From all Druggists or mailed, free from obligation, on receipt of \$1.00. Sentaled, 3 cents.

LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, CANADA.
For Sale by ALONZO STAPLES.

SOUNDS WITHIN THE BOX.
The box had only been a short time when the clerk heard sounds issuing from the box. He at once rushed out to call a couple of workmen, but they thought he was nervous and would not go to it. While he was talking to them they heard the child cry out, and immediately they broke open the box and the little one was living and showing considerable strength. Word was at once sent to Dr. P. H. Bryce, who was Mrs. Malon's physician, but that gentleman was down in the city so Dr. Page was brought from Fairbanks. He at once gave the child proper attention and then removed it to his house where he had it properly treated.

DEATH OF THE CHILD.
The poor little thing lived until about 1 o'clock next morning. Dr. Page took the remains to the cemetery again, but of course superintendent Pinder refused to receive the body without the consent of the father. Dr. Page and the superintendent at once visited Mr. Malon's house, where they told him of the affair, but took care not to let the mother hear that a dreadful thing had occurred to her child.

Mr. Malon asked Dr. Page if the child was dead, and when answered in the affirmative authorized the superintendent to have the little girl—for such both Dr. Page and the cemetery authorities pronounced it—buried in the lot he had provided. This was done. The body was exhumed and a post mortem examination held.

WHAT WAS IT.
Horrible Monster That Attacked Two Women on a Lonely Road.
As Mrs. Casper Mann and Mrs. Joseph Grosnick, two well known ladies, says the Toronto World, were returning home in a buggy about sunset, they heard an unnatural noise in passing along the road south of the Magnus quarry. The noise was a cross between a hellow and a shriek and excited the curiosity of the hearers, but as they could not locate it, but little attention was paid to it, and they continued on their journey. In approaching a lonely spot on the road where large trees stand on either side and all along is covered with underbrush they heard the noise again. This time it appeared to come from the boughs of a large tree just ahead of them. As they approached the tree, there was a commotion in the branches, and the lonely and helpless women were hurried to see a horrible-looking monster descending from the tree onto the road. The monster seemed paralyzed with fear, and for a moment refused to answer the frantic effort of the driver to force him ahead.

As the animal reached the ground it gave a terrific snarl and roar, and started for the buggy. One of the occupants seized the whip and prepared for the attack. Recovering the power of locomotion, the horse started at a brisk rate down the road. The race for life began. The monster, though apparently constructed made excellent time, and in a few minutes had overtaken the buggy and was making frantic efforts to climb up on the box in the rear. The lady with the whip laid on the lash with all her might in the hope of frightening the fearful-looking animal off, but the stings of the whip only seemed to infuriate it and increase its determination to devour everything in sight.

As the women were about to give up the fight and surrender themselves to the monster, a friendly dog fell upon their ears and they realized that they were nearing a farm-house. To their gratification two men stepped out on the road a short distance in front of them, and it was but a moment for the women to notify them of their terrible predicament. As the men and dogs approached, the animal seemed to sniff danger, and with a roar that could be heard for a quarter of a mile, whirled to one side and ambled through the bushes. As it made its way through the brush its course could be plainly discerned by the waving branches. The men, being unarmed, did not deem it wise to follow the animal, and the dogs showed no disposition to take up the chase.

Very dead than alive, the women were assisted into the farm-house, where they were given such stimulants as were at hand, and when sufficiently recovered, they related their experience as given above.

The animal, they say, was about seven feet long. Its head was long and ended in a beak like an eagle's, its body was round, like that of an alligator, covered with scales and ornamented with a pair of wings, which would probably measure six feet from tip to tip. It had four legs and its feet were cloven and covered with a hoof. The smell of its breath and body was terrible and pervaded the atmosphere for some time after it had escaped to its retreat in the woods. In its effort to climb into the buggy, the animal left unmistakable proof of its hoofs on the buggy bed, there being deep cuts and scratches all over the rear of the vehicle.

The spot where the animal made its appearance and the country for miles around is lonely and seldom frequented by farmers or others, and is certainly just the place for a wild animal of any kind to seek its lair.

Inquiry of scientists and naturalists, fails to throw any light on the existence anywhere of such an animal as this, and it is probable that a searching party will be organized in the hope of capturing it, and thus adding another curiosity to zoology.

THE PERILS OF MATRIMONY.
Two Young Women Who Would Like to Know to Whom They are Married.
From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.
JAMES TOWN, Pa., Oct. 8.—The misfortune of having a "double" who so closely resembled Thomas McCobb that his own wife could not tell one from the other, resulted in such a furore in the United Presbyterian congregation that husband and wife were both dismissed. The rights of a man to wed the sister of his deceased wife was also a feature of the case.

McCobb and Wm. Clyde of the Shenango United Presbyterian congregation, looked so much alike that the session, the Presbytery, and finally the Synod itself, had trouble over it. They were both members of the Shenango congregation. Thomas McCobb had three pretty cousins in Philadelphia, and admired them all. He became engaged to the eldest. When she died he married the second, and married her. In the course of time she died. Her younger sister, having in the meantime become rich by a fortunate investment in oil lands, had been living with the McCobbs for several years and continued with Thomas McCobb and his family. The Presbytery, by and by Newton Fletcher happened to be over in Greenville one day when a Justice of the Peace pointed to Thomas McCobb on the street and said:

"I married that man an hour ago to Miss Blank," naming the youngest of the three sisters.

Newton Fletcher came home and the news soon spread among the congregation that Thomas McCobb had married his deceased wife's sister, contrary to the rules of the church. The session of elders took up the matter, and it was decided to have been William Clyde. The Justice of the Peace was confronted by all concerned in the presence of the session.

"That's the man I married," he said, pointing to William Clyde. William denied it.

"Then it must be that other one," Thomas denied it, too.

"That's the woman, anyhow, and that's the bonnet she had on. She must know whom I married her to."

The case was appealed from the session to the Presbytery, and when they were all ready to try it somebody had stolen the news out of one of the news. What they finally did decide it, it was taken to the synod on appeal. Then it was declared that McCobb was the husband, and he and his wife were both dismissed from the church.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
FOUR WOMEN, Tex., Oct. 7.—A rather novel sensation developed here today, in that a young man prominent in live stock circles played a rather unpleasant part in the matrimonial life of a young woman employed in the telephone exchange. In her petition for divorce the states she was married to R. L. Anderson on June 9, 1891. They came to Fort Worth and registered at the Hotel Pickwick. On June 18, her husband deserted her, taking \$50 of her money and leaving an unpaid bank bill. Since that time she had heard nothing of her missing spouse until on June 23, 1893, a man named R. L. Anderson registered at the Hotel Pickwick from Peccos city. She filed her suit for divorce, and the citation was served upon him at Peccos city.

He answered the citation by coming to the city yesterday. He is under thirty years of age and manager of the Ben Houston ranch in the Peccos Valley. He states he was never married, but if he was he would probably have no objection to the divorce, but he strongly objects to paying \$150 a month alimony, and \$1500 attorney's fees.

To-day the young people were brought face to face, when the young lady promptly declared that he was not the man, and she had never seen him before. The story told by her husband and the record of the young man tally very closely, and it is now thought she was married to some cowboy familiar with Mr. Anderson and his life, and who assumes his name. Mr. Anderson returns to Peccos city to-morrow, greatly relieved, and the lady is now anxious to know who she is.

The Waltham board of health held a meeting recently and after the regular business the matter of Jet pencils conveying contagious diseases was thoroughly discussed. It was the opinion of the members that the present system of distributing and collecting pencils in the public schools should be stopped. They consider the pencil injurious to children.

HOP RAISING AT BATHURST.
About two years ago Mr Harris bought the large farm at Bathurst, known as the Vail farm, at Bathurst, on which he tried to make money by raising

wheat, oats, hay and potatoes, but failing to make both ends meet at this kind of farming, he turned his attention to hop culture. After finding out all he could about the raising of hops, both here and in England, he brought a man from Ontario who understood the business. The first year he set out fifty acres of roots, the second year, about fifty acres more, and the third year as many more acres, until last year he had about one hundred and fifty acres under hops. He added forty acres more last fall, 190 acres in all. The roots are set out in hills about six feet apart each way, and a space of five feet is left between them. Three cedar poles about fifteen or sixteen feet long, pointed, are placed in each hill. He generally plants potatoes close up to the poles, and out of the way of the horses and manures them with superphosphates. Two years ago he raised two thousand barrels of potatoes in that way. The starting of the business cost about ten thousand dollars. It requires about forty hands, male and female, to attend the hop yards during the summer. He has four large buildings about one hundred feet long by thirty-five wide and two stories high, with furnaces for drying the hops, after which they are pressed into bales of about one hundred pounds each, and packed in boxes for shipment. The hops, it is quite a big affair. This fall Mr. Harris had two hundred and fifty men and women, boys and girls, picking eight days. The hops are picked into boxes with four compartments, each compartment holding about two and a half bushels. The pickers are paid thirty cents for each compartment. Two men attend fifteen pickers who are mostly girls. The men cut the vines about six inches from the ground and lift the poles out, and all day they score the hops and move them to the place in the field. There is one walking boss over every sixty persons, and when a box is full, the picker calls out and the overseer hands her a ticket for thirty cents. Two men with a team of horses haul the hops to the kiln where they are dried. Mr. Harris says there is money in the business, but it takes money to get it out.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.
Only a short time remains in which to visit the World's Fair. It has been a far greater success financially than had been anticipated in the early summer. So far as the show itself is concerned, all visitors agree in describing it as marvellous; and when its variety, volume and significance are considered, even this term seems

THE PERILS OF MATRIMONY.
Two Young Women Who Would Like to Know to Whom They are Married.
From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.
JAMES TOWN, Pa., Oct. 8.—The misfortune of having a "double" who so closely resembled Thomas McCobb that his own wife could not tell one from the other, resulted in such a furore in the United Presbyterian congregation that husband and wife were both dismissed. The rights of a man to wed the sister of his deceased wife was also a feature of the case.

McCobb and Wm. Clyde of the Shenango United Presbyterian congregation, looked so much alike that the session, the Presbytery, and finally the Synod itself, had trouble over it. They were both members of the Shenango congregation. Thomas McCobb had three pretty cousins in Philadelphia, and admired them all. He became engaged to the eldest. When she died he married the second, and married her. In the course of time she died. Her younger sister, having in the meantime become rich by a fortunate investment in oil lands, had been living with the McCobbs for several years and continued with Thomas McCobb and his family. The Presbytery, by and by Newton Fletcher happened to be over in Greenville one day when a Justice of the Peace pointed to Thomas McCobb on the street and said:

"I married that man an hour ago to Miss Blank," naming the youngest of the three sisters.

Newton Fletcher came home and the news soon spread among the congregation that Thomas McCobb had married his deceased wife's sister, contrary to the rules of the church. The session of elders took up the matter, and it was decided to have been William Clyde. The Justice of the Peace was confronted by all concerned in the presence of the session.

"That's the man I married," he said, pointing to William Clyde. William denied it.

"Then it must be that other one," Thomas denied it, too.

"That's the woman, anyhow, and that's the bonnet she had on. She must know whom I married her to."

The case was appealed from the session to the Presbytery, and when they were all ready to try it somebody had stolen the news out of one of the news. What they finally did decide it, it was taken to the synod on appeal. Then it was declared that McCobb was the husband, and he and his wife were both dismissed from the church.

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POETRY.

WHY SHOULD WE WEEP FOR THOSE WHO DIE?

Why should we weep for those who die? They fall, their dust returns to dust; Their souls shall live eternally.

They die to live, they sink to rise; They leave this wretched mortal shore; But brighter suns and bluer skies Shall smile on them for evermore.

Why should we sorrow for the dead? Our life on earth is but a span; They tread the path that all must tread, They die the common death of man.

The noblest sonnet of the dead; Must cease when we are from their appear; The reddest rose is wan and pale; When autumn tints the changing year.

The fairest flower on earth must die; The brightest hopes on earth must fade; Why should we mourn that man was made To drop on earth, but dwell on high.

The soul, the eternal soul, must reign In worlds devoid of pain and strife; It will be there when all is o'er, And then why should mortal man complain Of death which leads to happier life? —[Alfred Tennyson.]

SELECT STORY.

GOLDEN CHAINS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"That would ease us of a difficulty. In that case, we should put you into an Italian man-house as Anita's daughter. I think so—I'm not sure; on the whole it is safer, perhaps, to keep you here, and if anything should happen to you—as it may do—a few of these paving stones will loosen and come up, and the soil I fancy is soft enough beneath."

He laughed. Her hands fell rigidly against the sides of the shabby gown; she looked, with a strange expression straight before her.

"You mean to murder me," she said in a quiet voice.

"I may mean that, we shall see. Once, Nessa, I had a dog that had served me faithfully, and that was fond of me, and that I was fond of. It grew old, it was of no more use, so I kindly shot it. An easy death—quickly ever. Once upon a time I had another dog, who took a fancy to a friend of mine, and disobeyed my whistle, and was to be found, two or three times a day, on my friend's doorstep. I took that dog and I chained him up. Once a day I used to take him bones and meat and water; I put them down just within his sight, just beyond reach of his chain. Poor Carlo! He died, too—at last. He took a long time about it. He understood, I hope, that he was paying the penalty of his own indifference. That's a fable, Nessa; reflect on it. Good-bye."

CHAPTER IX.

"Wiv, Linden, where are you off to now?"

"I am going abroad, Dick. I can't stop while I talk to you. Sit down there, you like, I must put these things into this portmanteau."

"Paris?" queried Dick, laconically.

"No, Italy."

"What on earth are you going to do there?"

"Well I can't explain. My first object is to see Captain Beamish."

"I say, Linden, have you—have you seen this morning's Times?"

"Yes, Mrs. Beamish is dead—that is what you mean, I suppose," said Beamish in a low unstridently steady tone.

"It must have been sudden?"

"No. I met old Mabin in town just now, and he says she had been ill for some months. It was consumption."

"Poor soul!"

"You should have said that sooner, Dick. Don't pity her now. I was glad to know that her troubles here were over."

"Had she troubles? She was fond of that husband of hers, I suppose, or why else should she have married him? Some shady tales are afloat about him."

"And the shadiest tales are not generally known. It was he who robbed me of those diamonds that I lost in Paris."

"He?"

"Yes. It's a long story; I haven't time to tell it here's my husband. Drive with me as far as Charing Cross, Dick."

"What did you mean by what you said just now?" began Dick, as the hansom rattled on its way. "Beamish had a hand in that theft?"

"Yes. He, I believe, planned it. He forced his wife to write me a letter, begging me to come to her; and I foolishly fell into the trap he had laid for me. The impudent daring of the fellow surprised me. I got a note from him a day later from Berlin, saying that he had discovered that his wife was corresponding with me, and that on that account, he had been compelled to leave Paris, and that if I continued this correspondence I must be prepared to stand the consequences. His cleverness overbore the mark, however—for that note of his convinced me that he was the author of the deep laid plot by which I had been robbed."

"And all this time you have said nothing about this!"

"She was living."

"But what of that?"

"She must have written the letter—in obedience, no doubt, to her husband's commands, perhaps his threats—but at all events, she wrote it. I could not bring disgrace upon the woman I loved."

"And now?"

"Now I am going to confront Beamish with my accusation. Possibly those stones or at all events the finest of them, have not as yet been parted with; if not I mean to unearth them."

"You've a hard task. Not a very hopeful one."

"I know that."

"You have let too long a time elapse."

"That, too, I know. Still I am going to do the best I can."

"Look here, Linden, I've nothing to keep me in town—I shall come with you."

"Do."

"Have I time to run to my rooms for a few things?"

"That you haven't."

"All right. Never mind. I've money with me. I'll come."

Late one sunny afternoon the two friends arrived at the little Italian town beneath the hills, and made the necessary inquiries, and were pointed out the house which they sought.

"Captain Beamish is still there, I suppose?" asked Linden, in Italian, of the handsome lad who was giving him the desired direction.

"Has not the signor heard?"

"The English signor was found yesterday—drowned—washed ashore just there beneath that wall. Some say it was grief—grief, the signor will understand, for his young wife who died about a week ago."

"Captain Beamish is dead?" exclaimed Linden incredulously.

"Dead many hours when he was washed ashore—so the doctors said."

"Who is living in there now?" pointing to the house half hidden behind the grey olive-clad wall.

"No one; it is empty. A friend of the

English signor was staying there; but he has gone. They say that old Anita has gone too."

Linden and Dick parted from the lad and went slowly up the hill.

"Beamish never seemed to be a likely man to commit suicide," Dick observed. "No; foul play, more likely. All that what a desolate garden. And this is the house, more desolate still. I mean to search it, Dick."

"You scarcely expect to find anything do you?"

"Not the diamonds; but I may find some scrap of evidence of the robbery, and even that is worth searching for."

"For an hour they wandered about the great rooms, some of which were empty, and then went out in the open air. Dick passed outside the door leading into the garden, and stood there holding a cigar between the fingers of his left hand, whilst his right hand searched for his box of fuses."

The box was forthcoming but it was empty. Dick looked round for Linden, and saw that he was resting on a rickety seat, overgrown with a green tangle of leaves, beneath the olive mantled wall.

"Linden, can you give me a light?" Dick shouted.

No answer came. Linden was looking far away to the land of sunset.

"Poor fellow!" murmured the younger man to himself, "his thoughts are all he has. I'll leave him with them for a bit. Now, I wonder if this heaven forsaken place can afford a match? I suppose they light fires and candles sometimes. There ought to be a box of matches somewhere; I'll go and see."

The yellow light died out of the sunset sky; the shades of the olive-crowned wall grew fainter and fainter on the grassy path; darkness enveloped the old garden; walk and wall and his thoughts were left alone together.

At last he missed Dick, rose, and looked vaguely round for him, then went towards the house.

"Dick!" he cried, but no answer came. He was not impatient. Leaning his shoulder against the stone framework of the open door, he waited.

"Linden, for heaven's sake, come here!" The voice startled him from his reverie. He turned to see his friend's white face close beside him.

"What is it?"

"I've found Mrs. Beamish," panted Dick. "She's dead, I think, but I'm not sure. Come!"

"What are you talking about?" cried Linden roughly. "Don't joke upon such a subject as this!"

"Joke! Look at me. Do I look like a man who is joking?" Don't waste moments; they're precious. Come!"

Linden, like a man in a dream, followed whither Dick led him.

"She was in a vault like place under ground," the young fellow gaspingly explained. "I didn't want to disturb you, so I went exploring. I found her and managed to carry her up here. I fancied she was breathing, and then I fancied not. See—she is here."

With a great cry Linden fell on his knees before the prostrate figure on the ground. A candle was glaring on the wall; its light fell on the white thin worn face—a face which was beautiful still, though its youthful roundness was gone forever.

Without a word, without another sound Linden lifted the fair head against his arm and sought for a flask of brandy which he had with him on his journey. Dick brought a cup, and still in silence the two men succeeded in pouring a little of the spirit between the cold pale lips.

"She lives," said Dick at last speaking very quietly.

"Hush! don't give me hope," was the almost harsh reply.

A few minutes interval, then a little more brandy was administered. And then at last the feeble pulse beat more surely; the girl with a long shiver moved slightly and opened her eyes.

"She has come and find a doctor," said Linden quietly.

As Dick departed he drew the girl a little closer within his arms. He looked down at her with a tender reverent glance.

"I am here, Nessa; you are safe; you are with me," he said gently.

The sunken eyes had no gladness in them. They looked at him, but that was all.

"Dearest, do you know me?"

"Yes," she faintly murmured.

"All is well, Nessa. You have been cruelly used, but all is well. You are safe with me. Tell me, dear one, that you are glad to see me."

"I am tired—so tired," was the murmured answer; and the weary eyelids closed again.

Three months later, one golden summer evening, a bright haired woman was standing upright before the great oval window of the drawing room at Mount Langin.

She was shading her eyes with her hand, and watching the sun go down, and looking up with a happy smile at the path of gold upon the water.

Someone came softly across the room and stood beside her.

"Nessa," he said.

"Hugh!" She turned a soft loving glance upon him, and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I didn't hear you come," said she self-reproachfully; and yet I was thinking about you."

"Was it the thought of me that brought that happy smile to your lips, Nessa?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

"I am glad I have the power to make you happy. Nessa, when are you going to give me the right to regard you from trouble?—that is what I have come to-night to ask you. When I asked you two months ago you said 'wait'—when I asked you a month ago I got the same reply. I have waited long enough, dearest; I want you to be mine—mine to love and honor and cherish—mine till death parts us. When will you give yourself to me?"

"Whenever you will take me, Hugh."

"My darling!"

During the next few minutes neither spoke again. Linden's arm was about the slender waist; the bright head was drawn down to rest against his shoulder.

"I wish I hadn't grown so pale and thin and old and plain, Hugh!" she said presently. "I can't bear to come to you with all my good looks gone."

"Good looks gone? Please don't run down my bride. I won't have it. She's the fairest woman in the world."

"I may grow to look less old again, by-and-by; Hugh, I hope I shall; happiness works wonders, and I am not really old."

"Old—just a girl in her teens."

"But age doesn't go by years. I lived years and years and years—fifty or sixty I think—in those two horrible weeks—"

"Don't talk of that now; don't think of it."

"I used to beg him to kill me quickly. I begged and begged for nothing else. But he wouldn't strike me and kill me; that would have been too kind."

"Dearest, put the thought of those dreadful days away."

"Can I? Will they ever quite go? He is dead and I ought to forgive him. I try sometimes; but it is hard."

"The mystery of his death has been explained, Nessa; that is one of the things I had to tell you. Giraud murdered him, your surmise was correct. He and Beamish

SOUTHAMPTON.

Oct. 10.—A thunder storm, accompanied by very severe lightning, passed over here last evening.

Solomon McFarlane of Lower Southampton bid in the job of repairing the ferry road and steamboat landing opposite the Pokioik tannery.

W. S. Tompkins took the following prize on poultry at the parish exhibit on Wednesday last: Barred Plymouth Rock No. 274, 1st; white Brahma chicks No. 275, 1st; white Leghorn chicks No. 276, 1st. A visit to his henry is of interest; and if you have an hour to spare in passing he will show you through. The building is on dry ground, two feet stone wall, finished inside to bottom of sill, one room 8 x 12 which is calculated for the roosters in winter, and for "setting" in spring. Mr. T. thinks it a bad plan to have all together in laying season. On one side of walk hangs "tally-board" on which all eggs gathered are worked. The owner takes several poultry magazines; among them Farm Poultry printed in Boston by I. S. Johnson, which he thinks the most of. "If you wish," said he, "to learn all the ins and outs of poultry just read this magazine." He is also a subscriber to the "Poultry" and "Dust" papers. Feed boxes are arranged in the side of the sills. Water fountains are fixed in the walk where the fowls drink, but not in any way dirty the water. He is raising white leghorns imported from Sand Beach, Michigan, by John Oldham of Brahma imported from Rhode Island and Plymouth Rocks from New Plymouth. He purchased the white leghorn cock which took first prize at the provincial exhibition last month from A. W. Thomas. Nor is his energies confined to poultry raising; he also exhibits considerable skill in general farming; he has turkeys that weigh 8 lbs. each; potatoes a dozen of which weighed 14 lbs.; spring pigs that weigh 250 lbs.; and last but not least, 100 bushels of corn from 4 bushel sowing. Best if you can."

James T. Masten of Campbell Settlement, had 31 turkeys taken last week by the foxes. There are no foxes in this way, and when turkeys are driven away in the cow pasture to fat on raspberries and some of them are missing, it is tempting to say that a neighbor, whose grain they are in the habit of destroying, has dislocated their necks, and laid them beside their own potato patch.

Israel Churchill of Temperance Vale, raised this season 41 goslings from one goose and gender in two hatchings. To-day she has in one flock the whole 43 full grown geese. Who can beat it? Mr. Churchill says that since the enormous duties have not so high, that there is more money in "goose raising" than in "sheep raising." It now stands in hand for the tory brethren at Ottawa to see how many affix that our American friends will put a duty (as high as that on lamb) on geese.

Grant has found the plough-coller under his platform that was used to try open his store door. Grant is a blacksmith, and he says, owing to its peculiar shape, he knows for whom he sharpened this particular collar. Powder and shot were also stolen. One of the parties he suspects has been known to fire six or seven shots in a single evening since the theft. These have of late gone and bought some more powder of him. All the parties he suspects have been known, such as apples, lumber and fence poles.

Scene: Sabbath school superintendent pro tem to the front: "Bro. A, you pray."

"I won't!"

"Bro. B, you pray."

"I won't!"

"Bro. C, you pray."

"I won't!"

"Bro. D, you pray."

"I won't!"

"And so on alphabetically. "Now that the opening exercises are through, we proceed with the classes. But in the meantime I wish to say that during the week a committee will wait on all those brethren that showed disobedience."

A. E. Farnham is sick. Dr. Turner is attending him.

SCOTCH SETTLEMENT.

Oct. 10.—We are at present enjoying some very fine warm weather for October. Our farmers are getting pretty well through with digging their potatoes and have an extra crop, both in quantity and quality, some having more than they have room to store them for the winter. Turnips are also looking fine, and will be above the average. Wheat, with some farmers, is an extra crop; while others have a very good afternoon's work was done. Orea, of Macnaquac, raised forty-five bushels from two bushels of seed. We call that pretty good for New Brunswick. The knitting party at Mrs. Jones Edmondson's, was quite well attended, and a very good afternoon's work was done. Several of our young men are again preparing for leaving for the lumber woods.

An epidemic, something like la grippe, is at present visiting several of the families in this place. Some have been quite ill, but are getting around all right again.

Mrs. J. Palmer, of Scotch Lake, and her daughter, Mrs. Sheldon, from Massachusetts are visiting at D. Haines'. Mrs. David Pickard spent a few days visiting here.

We were pleased to see so many prizes, from the late provincial exhibition, won by our villagers. This shows that some of our farmers are not backward in a good cause.

Mrs. Peters, of Vancouver, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. S. Allen.

GASPEREAUX.

Oct. 12.—Our long wished for bridge is nearing completion. The wood work is being painted. When finished we will have one of the finest bridges in the county.

Geo. Briggs is jubilant over the greatest yield of potatoes this season. Fifty barrels "snow flaks" from one barrel of seed.

Miss Langin has gone to the reformatory or Boys Industrial Home, to assume the duties of matron. Her many friends in Gasperaux miss her very much, but it is a good thing for the unfortunate little waifs who are sent to the Home, that a lady so well fitted for her duties has charge of them. Miss Langin is a first class teacher, and a graduate of Boston city hospital school for nurses.

The quarterly meeting of the Baptist church is to be held here beginning Friday, 13th inst., 7:30 p. m.

WICKHAM, Q. C.

Oct. 10.—The council election passed off quiet to-day. Mr. McCrea resigned, the result being Vanwart and Delong. Miss Susie Whelpley left for Boston last week. She has spent the summer with her sister, Mrs. T. M. Carpenter.

David Smith, of Sunbury county, has purchased the millstone belonging to Geo. Davy's grist mill of this place. The farmers are digging their potatoes. The average is good, being very large in size.

Gilford Slipp, of Ormoco, has been visiting his friends in Queens county.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Belyea are intending to spend their twentieth anniversary of their marriage in St. John at her father's, Mr. Barker.

DURHAM.

Oct. 13.—Henry A. Stoddard, of Calais, who has been visiting his friends here this week, left for home on Saturday.

Harry Johnston, of Douglas, paid a visit to his relatives here, on Monday and Tuesday last. He has just returned home from the Northwest, to which he expects to return in a few weeks.

Miss Eva McBean, of Nashwaak, is spending a few days with her friends.

The harvest is about finished. Potatoes were an extra crop; oats quite good.

AN EXTRA CATCH.

Great joke on Larley.

What was that? Went fishing and didn't catch anything. Ordered a half a dozen bass sent to his house, so that his wife would think he caught them. When the basket was opened they turned out to be bottled bass.

She (wearily)—Yes, I'm engaged to three men, and they have each of them given me a ring. He—What if all three should happen to call on you at the same time? She—Why, then, I'm afraid there would be a circus with three rings in it.

MACDONALD'S POINT, Q. C.

Oct. 16.—Miss May Macdonald, Miss Ida Wright, Miss Anna Barnes and Miss Minota Macdonald, who have been visiting their friends and relatives in St. John have returned home.

Mrs. T. C. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Macdonald, and Miss Ella B. Macdonald are in St. John.

Miss Dowling and Miss Davis of St. John are the guests of Mrs. G. W. Macdonald.

Miss Denton, of Douglas Harbor, Q. C., is spending a few days with her friends here.

Stephen Smith, of Somerset St., St. John, spent last week with his friends at the Point.

Rev. J. D. Wetmore preached in the Baptist church last evening. Mr. Wetmore is an able speaker, and always has a household of hearers.

WHITE'S COVE, Q. C.

The people in this vicinity have about finished harvesting their grain which, as a general thing, has been very good. The potato crop is unusually large.

The Rev. R. J. Clements preached in the Methodist church on Sunday, 15th, to a goodly number of people. The Methodist church has been thoroughly repaired by Westford Taylor and C. W. White.

L. P. Ferris is having his dwelling repaired by H. Fisher; he has also a large granary in course of construction. The work is being done by Abraham Ferris.

W. W. Wright has taken charge of the school at the Range for the remainder of the term.

J. D. White who is teaching at Cole's Island has been home on a short vacation.

Mrs. L. P. Ferris has returned home from a short visit to St. John.

Westford Taylor who has been home spending his vacation, has returned to Boston to resume his dental studies.

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Loathing of Food, dyspepsia or Biliousness, take Hawker's Liver Pills. They will cure you. Recommended by leading Physicians as a most reliable medicine.

Don't you think there is always some (puff) risk in riding (puff) in a smoking car? I do, sir. There is no telling (puff) what the man sitting next to you may light a cigarette. (Moves three seats) forward.

H. A. Harvey, manager at St. John of the Bank of British North America, writes to the Hawker Medicine Co., of a case that came under his notice where a man who had been laid up all winter with a heavy cold and severe cough was restored to health by Hawker's Tonic and Cherry Balsam and Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic.

I tell you, Tompkins, you don't know the value and felicity of a contented married life, the happy light of years, the long restful calm of — How long have you been married? Er—four days.

A PROMINENT LAWYER SAYS: "I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has a complaint of it. My Extractor, in which my wife has bounding confidence."

But why are you so bitter against the police? asked the caller. It's just this, said Mr. Owspeak. As soon as I have caught a girl who to be good cook one of them comes along and marries her.

BE WARNED.

Don't be a fool; know what you want and refuse to be imposed upon by greedy dealers when they attempt to palm off some producing substitutes for Putnam's Sarsaparilla. Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure, and painless corn cure. Putnam's Corn Extractor is the best, the safest, and only painless corn remedy. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

She—It can hardly be questioned that every woman is more or less of a mind reader. He—Do you think you can read mine? She—I'd rather not. Mamma is a little particular as to the character of my reading.

And so on alphabetically. "Now that the opening exercises are through, we proceed with the classes. But in the meantime I wish to say that during the week a committee will wait on all those brethren that showed disobedience."

A. E. Farnham is sick. Dr. Turner is attending him.

HARTLAND, CAR. CO.

Oct. 12.—The election of councillors came off on Tuesday—Richardson and Phillips were elected.

Miss Watson has returned from St. John. She is now showing a fine lot of millinery.

Miss Eva Alexander, from Kilburn, spent a few days last week with her brother, E. Alexander.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. McFarland left last Friday attended the F. C. Baptist conference in St. John.

Rev. Jos. Cahall will lecture Monday evening in Burt's hall. Subject: "What we eat."

WASHADEMOAK, QUEENS.

Oct. 16.—The people of this place were pleased to have a visit from hon. A. G. Blair and L. P. Ferris, our representatives, who were looking after our roads and bridges in the interest of the public, and by so doing, they have made many new friends.

Their visit stirred up the wrath of the anti-Blair or tory party, and after consulting some of their oracles and observing the position of the moon, they came to the conclusion that October 10th, would be the best day for them to go in power in our council. The liberal ticket had been formed, being John Leonard and S. C. Perry. J. H. Pearson, the standard bearer and expounder of tory laws and all dark tory deeds, put a candidate in the field, in the person of David Hamilton, so the story goes, and in his mind he saw his candidate leading the poll. The observing liberal party saw a brake in the tory ranks, for the most intelligent tory in the parish had deserted them, and one on whom they had always relied as the mainstay of the party. When it became known that they had lost John Thorne, there was more consternation in the tory ranks than there was in James' army, when Churchill left James and joined William's army.

The referee has justified the opinion of the liberals that the parish was liberal, as the following figures will prove. Liberals: John Leonard, 131; S. C. Perry, 127. Tories: David Hamilton, 75; Deacon Sonerville, 47.

A more dejected crowd never left any polling place. They might have been seen sending their way homew