

A STIR IN POLITICS.

Under the above heading the Toronto Globe of Tuesday last draws attention to the suggestions made by the Empire, in view of the approaching visit of Mr. Laurier to Ontario, that Sir John Thompson's return to Canada ought to be followed by the drawing up of a programme for a series of conservative meetings, and expresses the hope that the conservatives will act upon the suggestion. We also hope that they will do so. There is very little doubt that in Ontario, as well as throughout all the rest of Canada, such a course would create a very considerable stir in politics, and in no part of the dominion would the stir display itself more than in the maritime provinces. Indeed the province of New Brunswick has already begun to feel the prelude to some such commotion in politics, which will, in the immediate future, extend itself to Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. This has been brought about in the first place by the list to this province of the finance minister on his tour of tariff enquiry, and during the present week by the very large and successful liberal meetings held by hon. Messrs. Davies, Blair and Fielding in the cities of Moncton and St. John. These meetings were equal to the very finest political gatherings ever held in this province. Great numbers of people attended on both occasions, and the eloquent speeches delivered were received with the most unbounded enthusiasm. But they are chiefly noteworthy as marking the commencement of a genuine awakening among followers of the liberal party in these provinces of the sea. They will be followed by similar conventions in Fredericton, Woodstock, and in the cities of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The organization of the maritime liberal association into an active, practical and all embracing political league will be the next step, and the appointment of a Maritime provinces lecturer and organizer for the purpose of completing the good work thus begun will follow soon after. But we would be glad to welcome to our centre conservative speakers as well, in order that the great question of the day in Canada, the tariff, and all the issues involved therein, may be fully and thoroughly ventilated in the ears of the people of these provinces. We would like best of all to see hon. Messrs. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright, on the one side, and Sir John Thompson and hon. Mr. Foster on the other, make a complete and simultaneous tour of this section of the country. These men, more than any others, would attract general attention to their discussions, and from their great experience in public life and intimate knowledge of the affairs of Canada, would be able in the fullest way to place the issues plainly and fairly before the people. That done, we have no fear of the result.

TO PURCHASE BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The San Francisco Call publishes a copy of a bill to be shortly introduced into congress by Hon. Horace F. Cutler, empowering the United States government to purchase the province of British Columbia from Great Britain for \$100,000,000. Here is the bill: "Be it enacted etc., that the president of the United States be and he hereby is authorized and empowered to enter into negotiations with the British government for the purpose of acquiring by purchase for the United States the ownership in entirety of the said now called British Columbia; and that the sum of one hundred millions of dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be placed at his disposal to effect the said purchase. "The sum agreed upon to be paid either in gold, in ten equal annual payments without interest, or at once in silver bars at the actual average cost of the same as purchased by the United States government." Upon this scheme the Toronto Empire comments in the most approved style of Tory sarcasm, affecting to treat the whole matter as entirely absurd, and beneath consideration. We, too, think that the scheme is absurd and unpracticable, so long as it addresses itself to the British government, and ignores the government which is at present managing the affairs of Canada. Should the United States, on the contrary, make an effort to treat with the present colonial government first, they might obtain some substantial interest in the coveted province provided they had the money for it. When we remember that the Emperor's pet government bartered away to the Canadian Pacific railway the very fat of the land in the fertile Northwest and the mining districts of the Rocky mountain tract; that they have already been ready and willing to sell full government jobs to the individual contractors for money to aid in running their elections; that they have in effect sold their country to wealthy monopolists for the same purpose; and finally that there is a general election in view in the not very distant future, for which corruption money will be needed; we would not at all discourage the enterprising Americans from pursuing their projected scheme, or a modification of it, provided they apply to the proper authorities before the announcement of the next election.

The old willow tree which was blown down Monday night last used to serve one good purpose, namely to hide the appearance of the barracks barns and barn yard from the view on Queen street. Now that it is down everyone realizes that, like charity, it covered a multitude of sins. The barns are discovered to be considerably out of plumb, their roofs decayed with moss, their sides, once white washed, now glowing in a lurid condition of color in which the white struggles to hide the dirty gray beneath. The barnyard with its not too aesthetic appointments can be plainly seen from the street, and the whole space laid bare presents what might truthfully be called a most disagreeable appearance for a public building in a clean, handsome, orderly city like Fredericton. It would be a brilliant move for some of the military authorities to rebuild the barns in question, or else have the whole yard enclosed by a high board fence.

The total loss by the fire in Halifax the other day is \$150,000; insurance \$134,000. The church of England Sunday school picnic will be held at Willow Bank, Lower Berton, next Wednesday. The David Weston has been chartered to convey a picnic to the grounds. There will be the usual sports. The Methodist picnic will probably be held next Saturday, but the place and date have not yet been definitely fixed.

LIBERAL MEETINGS.

Following the example of the great liberal convention at Ottawa, the prominent members of the party in the Maritime provinces, have commenced holding a series of meetings, beginning with New Brunswick. The chosen leaders of the party in the three provinces are: hon. A. G. Blair, for New Brunswick, hon. W. S. Fielding, for Nova Scotia, and hon. L. H. Davies for Prince Edward Island. The first of the proposed series of meetings was held by these three leaders in the opera house at Moncton on the evening of Monday, the twenty-first instant. The opera house was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Notwithstanding the heavy rains that fell in the afternoon and evening, the opera house was completely filled and it is estimated that fully one thousand people attended the meeting. J. J. Anderson presided as chairman. Very able and eloquent speeches were made by Messrs. Blair, Davies and Fielding, which were all received with great applause. A convention of the liberals was held in the afternoon, at which large delegations from the surrounding country were present. Resolutions were passed endorsing the leadership of Messrs. Laurier and Davies; then adopting the Ottawa resolutions, and finally endorsing the maritime council. The work of organization was discussed at length, and the necessary committees selected. There was an organization committee for each parish chosen, and one central committee composed of W. F. George, D. N. Murray, C. S. Hickman, Early Kay, and George Copp. Speeches touching the question at issue were made and the fullest confidence expressed in the liberal platform. The successful meeting at Moncton was followed by a routine one at the institute, St. John on Thursday night. Besides the three liberal leaders there were present upon the platform over fifty of the most prominent citizens of St. John. George McAvity occupied the chair. Hon. W. S. Fielding was the first speaker and was followed by hon. L. H. Davies. Hon. H. R. Emmerson, one of the vice-presidents of the liberal association of the maritime provinces, was the next speaker. He spoke for some time and was very enthusiastically received. Hon. A. G. Blair who had entered during the proceedings, was then called upon, but on account of the lateness of the hour shortened his remarks. The meeting closed with three cheers for the queen. Altogether the liberal leaders have met with an excellent reception in the two chief commercial cities of New Brunswick, and have every confidence in the success of the coming campaign.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Rev. R. W. Weddall has returned from his vacation in the States, and is expected to be absent two or three months. Inspector Bridges resumed work this week after the vacation. Postmaster and Mrs. Hilyard are home from St. Andrews. W. R. Basy returned to his home at Halifax last Saturday. Louis McKenzie is home from the states on a fortnight's holiday. Miss Laura Wood of Boston, is here, the guest of her uncle, G. T. Whelpley. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McMurray are going to the World's fair the last of September. Prof. Hart left on Tuesday to assume his new position in Parsh college, Lafayette, Indiana. Major Gordon will be acting D. A. G. of N. B. and P. E. I., during Col. Maunsell's absence in England. Frank McAdam, express messenger on the C. P. R., from Moncton to Halifax, is here on a short vacation. Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Maunsell left on Thursday for England, and expect to be absent two or three months. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Flewelling returned Tuesday night from a visit to friends in Kings county and St. John. Miss Gertrude Brandan, who has been visiting her home and friends here a few weeks, returned to Boston this morning. Wm. Farrell of Macanlay Bros., established in St. John, has been spending his holidays here with his father, Ald. Farrell. Prof. Duff of the U. N. B., returned home from Edinburgh Monday night. He has handed his formal resignation to the registrar. W. F. Mitchell is back again to the management of the Merchants bank, after a pleasant holiday spent at St. Andrews and Halifax. Percy Walker, for some years accountant with D. W. Hoegz & Co., has gone to Portland, Me. where he proposes taking up his residence. The Misses Casey daughters of R. H. Casey formerly of this city, but now of New York are visiting Fredericton, the guests of their uncles, James Cranley and Geo. E. Howard.

A COMING EVENT.

Miss Annie Louise White, of New York, has been secured for one of her celebrated recitals, humorous, pathetic and dramatic, under the patronage of Major Gordon and the officers of the R. R. of C. I., in the city hall, Monday evening, Sept. 4. The band of the regiment will furnish some of their finest music for the occasion. Miss White, who is justly recognized as one of the most versatile and popular entertainers before the American public, is just closing her summer vacation in Nova Scotia and the Island, and has consented to take a few engagements in this province before resuming her work in the west. Every place she has appeared in these provinces she has been received with the greatest favor. In Windsor she read for the benefit of the 78th Batt. band and was much appreciated. The band has arranged for her re-appearance Monday next. Three times she was secured for Moncton, and always greeted with full honors. Speaking of her last appearance in that city the Times says: "To say that Miss Annie Louise White's third recital last night was highly successful is talking mildly. Never before has an entertainer received such public favor in this city. The Husking Bee, given by request, elicited rounds of applause and sorry, sorry the audience was that it was the last selection on the program."

SCOTCH SETTLEMENT.

Aug. 21.—The dull wet weather of the past week was very much needed for the grain crops which promised to be very good this season. Hay was only about half a crop with many farmers on high land. Turnips are looking fine as well as other root crops. Fruit, especially apples, is very scarce. The farmers here speak very highly of the new cheese factory at Kewick Ridge, and seem to be well pleased with the way in which it is managed. Mrs. Butler, of Wakefield, Mass., is visiting her sister, Miss L. E. Allen, at David Haines'. Mrs. J. Caverhill, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Jas. F. Clark, returned to her home last week. Chas. E. Sharp has gone to Poquillon to work at the Blacksmith trade. Jesse Clark passed through here last week on his way from Fredericton with a heavy load of goods for his store in Springfield, where he is doing a good business. The Congregational Sabbath school, Kewick Ridge, held their annual picnic at J. W. Jewett's on Saturday afternoon last. The weather being fine a very enjoyable afternoon was spent by all. We are sorry to record the death of Mrs. George Hagerman, sr., which took place at Springfield on the 18th inst. Her funeral, which was held on the following Monday, was conducted by the rev. S. Sykes and was very largely attended.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Aug. 21.—Geo. Tompkins is moving from the "Way house" to the "Shelton house". Byron Grant fell out of a boat backwards one day last week and lost his jack-knife and a wallet containing a five dollar bill. The latter he recovered by diving.

Israel Churchill, of Temperance Vale, has lost his bell cow—bell and all. He has, so we hear, offered a reward \$5 to any one who will find her dead or alive. Alexander Munro, Jr., J. P., sounds well, and is as well as it sounds. Before being made a "justice of the peace," Mr. Munro of Lower Southampton, was one of the very best constables this parish ever had.

There is to be a basket picnic at Southampton near the parish hall, on Friday, 25th inst.

Somerton Bragdon has moved back from Grafton, Quebec county, and is doing the mason work of this section in his usual excellent manner.

Mrs. Lucy Hartley, of Seattle, Washington state, is back on an extended visit to her many friends in this locality.

Mrs. Annie Farnest, of Temperance Vale, was visiting on the river last week.

The new F. C. B. (or rather, as we understand, Union) meeting house of Campbell Settlement, is being pushed along rapidly. It has a splendid location right on the bank at the head of Draper's mill pond.

The dry weather has continued with but slight intermission till this evening when an old fashioned rain has set in and bids fair to continue all night. It will do much good to pastures, late crops and to the alfalfa, to say nothing of putting out the fire. Of late hunting cattle, fixing fence and fighting fires has been the order of the day.

The Gleason correspondent of this place, in his last batch of items seems to go out of his way to cast a slur on the friends of the Blair government, who happened to be present at Mr. Bluet's lecture. As we know full well the characteristic fairness of the writer we cannot think for a moment that he was present at the meeting, and hence will defer any lengthy remarks on the matter. Had he been there he would have seen that two of the young men who whooped the loudest, when Mr. Bluet rubbed his nose up against the grain (as one lady put it) with his bare hand and then wiped his hand on his pant leg, voted for the opposition in the last fall election. All the Blair men, your correspondent saw, sat quietly till the "tempest in a tea-pot" had subsided. There was one exception. Leonard W. Miller, a staunch and venerable orange-man, who has always voted an open ballot for Mr. Blair and his friends, said: "hear! hear!" to the references to the Boyne and the struggles of the orangemen in the past. At the close Geo. W. Brown asked the speaker to explain more fully the terms "Jemite." I may add that both these gentlemen expressed themselves well pleased with nearly all the discourse. But I am free to say that there were some present, of both parties, who think that an expression like "Jemite" rather than "Canada annexed" I would see her go to hell!" (and then repeated for the sake of greater emphasis) coming from a "Rev." can do no permanent good.

J. N. Grant is enjoying a very beautiful phaeton put up by his brother D. A. Grant the extensive carriage and sleigh manufacturer of Woodstock, N. B.

LOWER PRINCE WILLIAM.

Aug. 22.—The farmers here, without doubt, had the finest having season which they have witnessed for many years. All are done having with a few exceptions in this locality.

A large blueberry excursion party intends visiting the place to-morrow with a four-horse team. The berries are reported small and a poor crop generally.

Mrs. E. H. Peters has returned home from Queens county.

Hiram Kitchen returned home from Pennsylvania the first of the month after spending two years in that state. After a short visit to friends here he proceeded to Houlton.

Harry Moore is home on a visit from Uncle Sam's domain. He is at present with his sister, Miss Millie Moore, visiting friends at Pennac.

William Strange, of Boston, who was visiting his friends here, has returned home.

Mrs. S. W. Jones and daughters are spending the summer at their country residence.

Charles Gunter passed through here on his return from Garden meadow, where he gathered twenty tons of hay in three days with a crew of six men and three horses. The grass stood about five feet tall and was exceptionally good this year.

Miss Beesie Taylor arrived from the city yesterday and took charge of the Burden school.

G. L. Hoyt has been engaged finishing J. W. Smith's addition to his house.

Miss Georgia Mott has returned home from visiting friends in St. John and vicinity.

Miss Alfreda Dorcas, of Fredericton, is visiting at William Lounsbury's.

Thomas Hoyt has built a large barn this summer. He is one of our most enterprising and prosperous farmers.

Miss Annie and master Willie VanWart, of Fredericton, are spending their holidays at William VanWart's.

Thomas Sawyer has an order for a consignment of papers which will be shipped to Gibson in a few days.

Mrs. Andrew Long, of Eureka, California, and Isaac Long, of Fredericton, paid a short visit to friends in this place last week.

Miss Jennie Corner, of Marysville, is visiting friends in this locality.

Miss Teresa Nevers, of Boston, is visiting her parents.

John L. and Moses Jewett are at Gibson engaged at carpenter work.

Charles Courser has moved and remodelled one of his buildings, making an improvement to his place.

A Sunday school picnic is being talked of which will take place towards the close of the month.

NASHWAAK.

Aug. 24.—The Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday school picnic was a complete success. Thirty-eight dollars were realized. This will make a nice addition to the libraries of the schools. Miss Annie Young won the ladies prize for archery, which was a pair of bronze statuettes presented by McMurray & Co., Fredericton. The boys' race was won by master Albert Hall; the girls' race by Miss Agnes McBean and Gerlie Cameron. The concert in the evening was pronounced one of the best ever given here. The chief attraction was a recitation by master Wells Parker and the motto song "God is Love". Fred Weeks paid a short visit home and returned to St. John on Friday last.

Chas. Brown of Gibson, who was among the sufferers by the late fire, was home last week visiting her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Dever and family are occupying a country house at Kingsclear for the summer. Mrs. P. Dever's little boys also spent their holidays at Kingsclear.

AROUND THE WORLD.

The News of the World in Brief—The Cream of Our Exchanges.

The dockmen's strike at New York continues. John R. Arnoldi has been released from prison at Ottawa.

Still there is no news of the overdue steamship Sarnia.

The New York police broke up a meeting of anarchists Tuesday.

The re-ballots in the French elections, Gabriel Dumont has got tired of Dakota and returned to the Canadian side.

The live stock show opened at the world's fair on Monday.

The new Lincoln monument at Edinburgh, Scotland, was unveiled Monday.

Over 1,000 dockmen struck at New York Monday against a reduction in wages.

Sir Oliver Mowat had a warm reception at Port Arthur and Fort William on Monday.

Havenemyer sugar refineries, employing 4,000 men, have resumed work after a few days' shut down.

Rev. Father Fierens, vicar-general of the diocese of Oregon, died Sunday night. He had been in the west 30 years.

It is said that a plate glass trust has been formed in Canada, composed of three Toronto and two Montreal firms.

A despatch from Victoria, B. C., says the sealer talk of removing their headquarters from that city to Yokohama.

The fifty-third congress of the United States is now fully organized. Speaker Crisp announced his committees Monday.

The Merchants' bank at Montreal received \$5,000 in gold bullion from London, and another \$40,000 is now on the way.

Since the opening of navigation 494 cradles of all kinds have arrived at Montreal, against 446 for the same period of last year.

The first electrical postal car ever built is now being constructed by the Ottawa car company, and will be ready by the middle of November.

Near Piggott, Ark., six masked men beat Alfred Allan, a farmer, until he was unconscious and then stole \$1,000. Piggott is expected to die.

Ottawa city council decided Monday evening by a vote of 14 to 6 to extend a civic reception to Sir John Thompson upon his return from Europe.

The Prince of Wales' yacht Britannia again won in the royal Torbay yacht races off the Devon coast, Tuesday. The American yacht Navahoe did not start.

While playing base ball at Chicago Sunday afternoon Peter Hyland was struck in the back of the neck by a ball in the hands of the pitcher and almost instantly killed.

In an interview at Montreal Monday Prof. Bell, inventor of the telephone, expressed his belief that the flying machine would be an accomplished fact before ten years have passed.

A call, with the signatures of the executive officers of various temperance associations, has been issued for the holding of a united prohibition convention in Toronto next October.

Near Palo Pinto, Texas, Ed. Nates shot and killed Miss Ida Beatty and James By. Grant the extensive carriage and sleigh manufacturer of Woodstock, N. B.

In a new business enterprise of the Schuykill Traction company and the municipal authorities of Gilberton, Pa., three citizens were killed and half a dozen railway men were seriously injured.

Unknown parties, Wednesday night broke the windows of a store on Rideau street, Ottawa, which was placard calling for soldiers to enlist in the United States army was displayed, and destroyed the placard.

A movement is on foot in Montreal to secure pardon for Neagle and Fahy, who, with Bureau, another detective, were given long terms in the penitentiary five years ago for stealing \$12,000 from the G. T. Railway.

A Chicago despatch says Antoine Brouseau, a French-Canadian, has arrived at the world's fair from the far north of Ontario, having travelled 1,000 miles in an old punt, with no companion but a dog named Pete.

Dr. DeBertram has purchased from the bond holders the Buctouche and Moncton railway, which will be put in first class condition at once and operated regularly after next month. The new company is made up of New York capitalists.

At Brookbridge, Ont., Tuesday, the six year old son of Thea Berry of that place, while playing with some companions along the bank of the river, slipped off a rock, and was drowned before assistance arrived. The body was recovered.

The city of Ottawa sold the bank of Ottawa, five hundred and eighty-four thousand bonds at four and a half per cent, and raised \$1,000,000. This sale of bonds ever made by the city, shows the credit to be good and money plentiful.

The maritime provinces were swept by a furious storm on Monday. Barns and other buildings were blown down in several places, and telegraph wires were prostrated. And the farmers were taken up at Buctouche, N. B., and several boats were sunk.

Capt. W. H. Smith, R. N. R., has delivered his decision at Halifax regarding the case of the Donaldson liner Alcides, which ran ashore on Anticosti some weeks ago. The captain is blamed for the accident and his certificate is withdrawn for two months.

David Plewes, a prominent Canadian liberal, was seen in Liverpool lately by Ald. Dunnell of Brantford. Mr. Plewes told the alderman that from personal observation made during his travels, he considered that the farmers of Canada were the best circumstanced of any in the world.

Thursday the largest shipment of fresh salmon ever made from British Columbia was forwarded to Montreal. The shipment consists of six cars aggregating 120,000 pounds, and is made by Port and Winch. The Canadian Pacific officials say it is the largest shipment of fresh fish ever handled by any railway on the continent.

The Central railway will, it is understood, be sold at an early day, in fact two offers are said to have been made for it by provincial people and the other by American capitalists. It is intended to spend considerable money in repairing the road. The purchase of the road by either of the companies means its extension to serve some iron papers. McKinon's head was cut open, exposing the skull, he was also seriously wounded on the left arm just above the elbow, the right wrist and the left side, the last mentioned injury being inflicted by kicks while he was lying insensible on the ground.

A FULL LINE
—OF THE—
HAWKER REMEDIES,
—FOR SALE BY—
C. Fred. Chestnut,
APOTHECARY.
2 Doors Above Barker House, Queen St.
Fredericton, N. B.
Ju 6 17th, 1913.

JOHN G. ADAMS, is still carrying on business at the OLD STAND.
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQUARE, Fredericton, N. B.
Undertaker.
And has in stock everything required in a First Class — — —
First Class **HEARSE,** give me a call before placing their orders elsewhere. As I own a — — —
I am in a position to let it at a reasonable Price. — — —
All orders by Mail, Wire, or Telephone, will receive Prompt Attention.

Also a Full Line of **FURNITURE** kept in stock. **UPHOLSTERING** and **REPAIRING** done as usual. Goods called for and Delivered Free of Charge.
County Court House Square, Opposite Queen Hotel.
Can be found Nights or Sundays at my Residence below the store, House Next the River.
DR. MURDOCK'S Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Ticking in the Throat, Shortness of Breath, And Diseases of the Throat & Lungs.
Cough = Balsam = GEORGE H. DAVIS, Agent, Fredericton, N. B.

Elegant and Durable.
We have received to-day a **CAR LOAD OF FURNITURE,** comprising Bedroom Sets, Tables, Lounges, etc., all New Designs, well finished and sure to be Satisfactory. Goods offered at the Lowest Living Profits.
Bedroom Sets, \$12 to \$100.
Also daily expected, a Full Line of **English and German Crockery,** which will be opened to the Public in the store lately occupied by W. T. H. Fenety. Intending purchasers will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
E. H. ALLEN & CO.
Telephone 225. OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

IN STOCK.
—A FULL LINE OF—
CANNED GOODS.
CORN, TOMATOES, PEARS, PLUMS, STRAWBERRIES, BLUEBERRIES, APPLES, BEANS, LOBSTERS, SALMON, CONDENSED MILK, CONDENSED COFFEE, CORN BEEF, OX TONGUE, OYSTERS.
New Evaporated Apples.
A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS. HARDWARE.
22 CANS, 10 Cans and 24 Bunches, just to hand per rail. 7 cases General Hardware; 11 cases Groceries and Family Staples; 2 cases Lard and Kerosene; 19 cases Coal, Soap, Slop, Eggs and House Goods; 24 bundles Galvanized Lumber, Store Pipe and Watering Pots; 12 doz. Barre Ladders. For sale by **R. CHESTNUT & SONS.**

NEW BRUNSWICK Third Annual Provincial - Exhibition, FOR 1913. UNDER MANAGEMENT OF Agricultural Society, District No. 34. **Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday, September 19, 20, & 21.** —AT— **FREDERICTON, N. B.**

Chas. Prices in all Departments; Horses, Cattle, Agricultural, Horticultural, Poultry, Sheep, Swine, Fruit, Dairy Products, Honey and Apisary Supplies, Fancy Work, etc. Prize Lists now ready on application to the Secretary. New and special attractions, of which due notice will be given. Races at Driving Park each day. JOHN A. CAMPBELL, President. A. S. MURRAY, Secretary. Fredericton, August 5, 1913.

FOUNDED 1710. THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUN OF LONDON ENGLAND
A. S. MURRAY, Agent, Fredericton, N. B.
ALSO AGENT FOR THE "Yost" Type Writer.
IRON. IRON. 60 BARRIS R- and refined Iron; 178 Bars 1 1/2" x 3/4" flat rolled, assorted sizes, per woodbox. And for sale by **R. CHESTNUT & SONS.**

Girls wanted. THREE Girls wanted at once. Apply in person at Long's Hotel, corner King and York streets, Fredericton, Aug. 6, 1913.—fr.

Black and Navy Cravenettes,
Black and Navy Storm Serges,
—AT—
JOHN J. WEDDALL'S.
Fredericton, July 15th, 1913.
CLOTHING.

SPECIAL BARGAINS In Order To
CLEAR OUT ODD LINES.
\$4.50 Halifax Suits \$4.50
—AT—
OAK - HALL, 276 Queen Street.
NEW BRUNSWICK FOUNDRY
MACHINE SHOP.

McFARLANE, THOMPSON & ANDERSON, MANUFACTURERS OF
Buckeye Automatic Cut Off Engines, CELEBRATED
DUNBAR IMPROVED SHINGLE MILLS.

Improved Rotary Saw Mills, Mill Machinery, Enclosed Gear Mowers, Ithaca Horse rakes, Stoves and Furnaces, Railway Castings.
JOHN HASLIN.

NEW FALL DRESS GOODS
OUR showing of Fall Dress Material, is now most complete and varied in the most fashionable shades and fabrics. The assortment consists in part of the following makes:
JOHN HASLIN.

ONLY A PANSY.
Having had a Large Sale of Challies with the Pansy Pattern this season, we have ordered and received our New
DEVER
Flannel Serges,

In Black and Colored Grounds, with that New and Fashionable Design, also in Spots and Figures. Our prices, as usual, are as low as any in the trade. Dever Bros.
LADIES', GENTS' & BOYS'

ENGLISH BICYCLES
—AT—
Lemont & Sons.
ALSO receiving, English, German and Austrian Dinner Break-fast and Tea Ware. Fancy pieces for Wedding Presents.
GOOD VALUES IN
Parlor Suites and Bedroom Sets.

Parlor Suites and Bedroom Sets.

POETRY.

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I have brought you dinner, father." The blacksmith's daughter said, As she took from her arm a kettle And lifted its shining lid.

The blacksmith tore off his apron And dined in happy mood, Wondering much at the favor Hid in his humble food.

White while with her kettle swinging, Merrily nudged away, Stopping at sight of a fire, Catching some wild bird's lay.

SELECT STORY.

THE SILVER SHOON.

CHAPTER III.

CONTINUED.

"The little girl she picked up in the streets?" "Not exactly in the streets, Hetty; the child belonged to some poor woman your aunt had been in the habit of helping, and when she died Elizabeth took the little thing to her own home."

"How strange! I wonder what she is like?" "You will know soon," Mr. Clare added. "As she is left to my guardianship she must live with us."

"How nice," Hetty murmured, clasping her small hands. "When will she arrive, papa?" "To-day, most probably."

While Mrs. Clare hurried off to prepare a room for the new comer, Hetty amused herself by gathering flowers in the sunlit garden, beautiful fragrant ones and clusters of starry jacinths, destined to fill the many old-fashioned bowls.

As she wandered among the bright blossoms, looking a dainty flower herself in her azure-hued dress, she suddenly came face to face with a tall handsome youth who had been apparently seeking her.

"I've been hunting everywhere for you. What are you doing, Hetty?" he asked cheerily after the first greetings were over. "Have you forgotten you promised to let me row you down river this morning?"

"No, I have not forgotten; but I am too busy to go now," she answered. "You must go without me to-day, Dunstan."

"His face fell." "Oh! come now, Hetty. You know I hate to be teased; you promised, and I am not going to let you off so easily."

"But really I cannot go, Dunstan," the girl went on more earnestly. "We expect a visitor to-day, and I am gathering flowers for her room."

"A visitor! Dunstan echoed wonderingly. "Yes; you don't ask who she is. You are not so curious as you used to be."

"Am I not? Only yesterday you told me I was too curious when I asked you if you were very fond of me."

"That is different," the girl answered turning aside to gather a lovely half opened rose.

"Is that flower for me?" Dunstan said tenderly. "No," Hetty answered shortly. "But all the same she held the rose towards him; and as he took it Dunstan bent to kiss the fair trembling fingers."

"Thanks, oh! my queen. Now tell me, like a dear child, who is this wonderful stranger?" "A ward of papa's."

"Is she young—pretty?" "She is young; but as I have never seen her, I cannot say whether she is pretty."

"Is she coming to live with you always?" "Until she comes of age or marries. Any more questions?"

"No—at least only one. What is her name?" "Nora Clare."

"Hetty, couldn't you manage to spend an hour or two on the river? The boat is waiting, and I promised to stop at our place to pick up Cathy."

"Very well," Hetty answered yielding to his entreaties; "but you must bring me back before luncheon."

Leaving her dainty basket in the summer house, Hetty followed her companion down the green slope which slanted to the water's edge. A tiny boat was resting motionless upon the silvery surface, attached to a drooping willow tree by a slender cord. Into this they stepped, and in another moment a few vigorous strokes had sent it out in the centre of the stream.

"Isn't this better than standing broiling in the sun on shore?" Dunstan asked triumphantly. "Ever so much better!" Hetty responded in a low dreamy tone, and she leaned back against the red cushions with a little sigh of utter contentment.

What a delicious morning they spent on the river's calm bosom! Cathy, Dunstan's merry sister, joined them further down, and added to their enjoyment by their bright mirth. It was long past luncheon time when Hetty parted with her friends.

Still she did not feel very anxious; Mrs. Clare was a tender indulgent mother, and her father's absence would make it easy for her to slip in unnoticed. As she entered the cool house, she saw several trunks were piled in one corner of the hall, giving it a rather untidy air, and moving blithely towards the staircase with her strong arms full of wraps was her mother's maid Patty.

"Has Miss Clare arrived?" Hetty asked. "Yes, miss, and Mrs. Clare has been asking for you," Patty answered, and then Hetty noticed the look of suppressed excitement on the girl's rosy face.

"Where is she?" "In the blue room."

Hetty waited for no more; she flew up the broad staircase, and rushed rather abruptly into the room allotted to their guest. Her mother was there, but it was not upon her the girl's surprised eyes rested.

Standing near the window with a ray of golden sunlight falling straight across her face was a young girl clad in deepest mourning; the tall lissom figure still had something of a child's grace about it, as if not fully developed into perfect womanly beauty; dainty white hands gleamed like snow against the blackness of her dress, and masses of soft golden hair fell in one unloosened shower down to her waist.

But it was her face upon which Hetty's eyes lingered longest; and as she gazed she drew her breath in a half unconscious sigh. Never had she seen anything half so lovely as those faultlessly chiselled features; the transparent skin just touched by the faintest pink tinge; and the change-

ful grey eyes glancing so steadfastly from beneath long black lashes. A tremulous smile parted the delicately curved lips, and Hetty thought she saw traces of recent tears on her cheek. She looked at her mother, and Mrs. Clare turned in relief to greet her.

"My dear, I wonder you left the house when you knew your cousin was to arrive this morning," she began reprovingly. "See after her now, she must be tired to death, and everything is strange to her eyes." As she finished Mrs. Clare moved forward, and taking one of Nora's listless hands in here, pressed it tenderly. "This is my daughter Hetty; I hope you two will be friends."

A smile which dazzled poor Hetty by its exceeding brightness quivered for an instant over the girl's sweet face. "I am sure we shall!" she said warmly. "I have heard your name from poor auntie, so I cannot look upon you as a stranger."

Mrs. Clare hurried off, suddenly remembering she had not put out clean damask for the table. Left alone Hetty moved to Nora's side and laid a soft hand on the girl's slim shoulder.

"Would you like to change your dress? Shall I tell Patty to bring up your trunks? I am sure you must be both tired and dusty."

"I am; but it does not matter," Nora replied wearily. "I shall feel better when I have bathed my face."

Patty was called and with ambitious eagerness waited upon the new comer; her hands trembled a little as she brushed out the long fair hair, and she lingered over the task as if it were one of love rather than duty.

Having changed her heavy dress for a thin silk one, Nora followed Hetty downstairs into the big dining room where a delicate luncheon had been laid.

"Welcome to Claremont, my dear," Mr. Clare said kindly, as he rose to meet his ward. "I hope you will be happy with us."

Nora smiled, but her trembling lips refused to frame the words that came straight from her heart; seeing how moved she was the forebore to question her too much.

"How old are you, Nora?" Hetty asked later, as they sat alone in the cool garden.

"Seventeen," Nora answered quietly. "And how long have you been with Aunt Elizabeth?"

"More than five years." Hetty was longing to ask more questions, but a shadow slowly settled on her companion's face, which warned her that in time she would learn all that was so strange and mysterious to her now.

"What is that beautiful place I can just see through the green trees? It looks like an old castle from here."

"That is Winderfels—Lord Randall's home."

"Is he a friend of yours?" "Yes. His wife is one of the most delightful women I have met with. She is beautiful as a picture."

"Have they any children?" "One little girl; a sweet little child whom everyone adores."

"Shall I ever know them?" "Why of course you will!" Hetty said, laughing, gazing in quick amusement at Nora's absorbed face. "You are one of us now, and all our friends must be yours."

Nora soon became deeply attached to Hetty; but when strangers called at Claremont she either slipped unnoticed from the room, or else sat dumbly in a corner by herself.

One day however, as she walked to and fro by the river side, her favorite walk, a tiny boat suddenly darted towards her, and a man's voice shouted—

"Hallo, Hetty! What little bird whispered to you that I was coming?" The girl started and turning looked at the new comer. Her large screening hat hid her face, but Dunstan saw with some embarrassment that it was not Hetty's familiar form standing before him.

"I beg your pardon," he began in an abashed tone. "I made sure it was Hetty."

"No, it is not. Hetty is in the drawing room entertaining some visitors," Nora answered, amused at the confused look on the young fellow's brown face.

"And you—you are not the ward, are you?" Dunstan asked curiously, gaining his insouciant air almost as quickly as he had lost it.

"Yes, I am the ward," Nora replied laughing. "Has my fame even reached your ears?"

"Oh—Hetty told me you were coming, so I thought it might be you when I saw it was not she," he muttered not very clearly. "How do you do, Miss Clare?"

"I am quite well, thank you," Nora answered; and after a moment's hesitation, she held out a snowy white hand.

Dunstan greeted it heartily, making her wince under the pressure of his strong fingers; as he released her she looked up with a smile.

"You know my name—may I ask yours?" "Dunstan Lisle, at your service; better known as Hetty's shadow."

"Is that your boat?" "Yes. Would you—you won't be offended at my asking—would you let me row you a little way down the river? By the time we return, Hetty will perhaps be free; and I daresay you have not seen half the beauties of our surrounding country."

"I have been nowhere as yet. I should like very much to go with you, if you are sure I shall not be in the way."

"It will be an honor—a pleasure if you will really come."

Nora was simply delighted with the lovely views on both sides of the river; her eyes wandered dreamily, rapturously upon smooth emerald meadows sloping down to the water's edge, and now and then upon dense little bits of wooded glens from which white-walled houses rose.

She did not speak, and Dunstan was perfectly content to row in silence, finding enough pleasure in looking at her exquisite face.

"Do you not think we had better turn back?" Nora said presently, lifting her long lashes to look at him.

"If you wish it."

They soon reached the landing place, and as the boat touched the bank, were greeted with a merry shout; looking up Nora saw Hetty standing beneath the willow tree, and beside her was a lady.

Osmond's wife had scarcely changed during the six years that had elapsed since her marriage; she seemed, if anything, more bewitchingly lovely, the girl's beauty having developed into exquisite womanhood.

There was a changing picture in her rich amber-hued dress, with scarlet poppies at her breast and in the shaly hat; the little child clinging to her hand had inherited his mother's glorious eyes, with the glorious features of her father.

There was a shadow on Hetty's usually bright face, and her greeting to Dunstan was full of constraint; try as she would she could not throw off the sudden pain which oppressed her.

"You are Hetty's cousin, so I will take no denial," Lady Randall said in her imperious manner, when the girl had excused herself from visiting Winderfels. "You are sure to like the place, it is so

picturesque, and I know my husband will be charmed to welcome you."

"You are very kind, but I do not go anywhere," Nora answered.

"That does not matter, you can make Winderfels the exception. I daresay Hetty has already told you that I have a passion for blonde beauties, so pray don't deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you."

Nora could not help smiling, but she was forced to give in. Who could resist when she pleaded so sweetly, and yet with that little air of command that brooked no denial?

"And now, Mr. Lisle, do you think you could row her home? We walked here but I feel too lazy to return on foot."

"I shall be delighted," Dunstan hastened to reply, though he glanced rather wistfully at Hetty.

"Come Osmond," Lady Randall said catching the child's hand in hers. "Good-bye, Hetty—good-bye, Nora."

The girls responded to her farewells, they watched her as she stepped lightly into the boat; Dunstan would have lifted Osmond after her, but suddenly the child broke from him and ran towards Nora.

"Good-bye, pretty lady," he cried in his piping merry voice. "I like you."

"Nora kissed the beautiful baby face. "Good-bye, little one. I am glad you like me," she whispered.

The boat glided off leaving the two girls alone on the slope; and Nora with a little sigh linked her arm in Hetty's.

"Hetty, what is your brother like?" "Oh, rather thin and pale. He studies a great deal, and I imagine it makes his eyes bigger than his face, that is why people call him picturesque, though for myself I think him dreadfully plain."

"Oh, Hetty!" Nora cried reproachfully. "Your only brother, too!"

"Well, what of that? Surely I can call him ugly, and yet love him dearly. We are immensely devoted to each other."

"How does he come home?" "Not until the end of November."

"That is a long while yet."

"Not very long—the time passes so swiftly."

Nora did not answer, but followed her adopted cousin into the house.

CHAPTER IV.

As Hetty had truly remarked, time passed swiftly away, and November set in with cold winds and unpleasant downfalls of rain.

The days were eagerly counted by Hetty, who looked forward with delight to having her brother at home; and Nora somehow caught some of her enthusiasm.

"I believe I am as impatient to see him as you are," she remarked one day to Hetty. "I wonder if we shall be good friends?"

"Of course you will. He could not help liking you, especially after the glowing descriptions I have given of you in my last letters."

Nora blushed and her eyes drooped; but she did not speak of Roger Clare again, although her thoughts often wandered to the grave student of whom she had heard so much.

Strangely enough in spite of the friendly footing she was on with Winderfels, Nora had never yet come face to face with his master. Lady Randall she saw daily, and little Osmond was never so happy as when beside her; but Lord Randall nearly always happened to be absent during her brief visits.

"It is curious, but Osmond is never at home when you call," Ines said laughing one morning. "I believe he goes off just because he knows how I love to introduce you two."

"I shall see him some day I hope," Nora responded. "If he is anything like Osmond I am sure we shall be friends."

"Indeed, Miss Nora, but I hope you will not win his heart as entirely as you have won my son's," Ines went on, "because in that case I should be jealous, and jealousy is not a passion I should care about cultivating."

They all laughed at this, but a rosy flush covered Nora's fair skin. To hide her confusion she drew Osmond closer to her and began talking to him, to his intense delight.

"So Roger arrives to-day?" Mr. Clare said a few days later at breakfast. He writes to say he will be here in time for dinner."

"How nice!" Hetty cried, jumping up to give her brother a hearty hug. "I hardly thought he could get away so soon."

The hours seemed to lag that day in spite of the many little things both girls did in preparation for the long absent brother. At last however evening shades began to fall, and Hetty hurried off to her room.

"Make yourself look as nice as possible," she whispered to Nora. "I want his first impression of you to be a pleasant one."

"Which dress will you wear this evening, Miss Nora?" Patty asked, fixing her soft blue eyes on her young mistress' pensive face.

Nora glanced carelessly towards the bed upon which lay spread her only black dinner dress, one of dainty French lace, the other of rich clinging silk. A little pearl necklace adorned her brows, and she turned away dissatisfied.

"I think I ought to wear something fresher—lighter, in honor of Mr. Roger's return. Those are both too sombre."

"Yes, miss," the maid said quietly, and with a smile brought out robe after robe for Nora's inspection, until she at last decided.

"Shall I do, Patty?" Nora asked anxiously, as she gave a last critical glance into the tall mirror.

"Miss Lenore, you are perfect!" Patty answered with feeling, before her buried her face in the shimmering silken robes.

"Forgive me, Miss Lenore; but I could not keep silent any longer. It was such joy to see you—wait on you! Do you not remember little Patty—your sister as you used to call her?"

"Patty—Patty?" Nora murmured, then as her eyes lingered on the flushed face lifted to her a low cry broke from her.

"I remember. How could I have forgotten you so soon?" she exclaimed full of self-reproach. "Patty, dear little sister, how is it I find you here and alone?"

"It is a long story, Miss Nora, darling! When Miss Clare parted us taking you far, far away I thought my heart would break. When Uncle Silas died three years ago kind friends found me this

place; but I never dreamt it was here I should once more meet you."

"But why did you not let me recognize you sooner?" Nora asked, passing two loving arms around the girl's neck.

"Because I was afraid," Patty said humbly, a faint flush dyeing her cheeks. "You were so changed, and seemed to have lost all memory of the past. How could I recall it without giving you pain?"

"I am not changed in heart, Patty. If I did not recognize you it is because you do not have any more of the old, but only as a child."

"I saw that but it was sufficient joy to be near you, so I hid the truth. You will let me stay with you always?"

"Always, Patty. Not as my maid but as a friend."

Patty shrank back and a look of distress crossed her face.

"No, no, Miss Lenore. You will make me regret having betrayed my secret. There is a girl between us only a poor vein cannot bridge, and even if you were to have married, and I remembered you only as a child."

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ADOPTS A YOUNG CARIBOU.

Some weeks ago a son of J. Francis, of Moro, saw what he supposed was a big rabbit with a heifer in the field. The cattle were pastured in a back lot near the woods. The boy as he approached saw that it was not a rabbit. He easily caught the animal, which proved to be a young caribou, and carried it home in his arms.

It was apparently a day old, and was weak and staggering. A nursing bottle was secured, and the little caribou was fed on milk. Very soon it followed the boy around the room. It was allowed to nurse from a cow for some weeks, till it grew so boisterous, butting and striking its foster mother with its feet, that the farmer feared the cow might injure it, and now feeds it with milk by hand three times a day. All this time it has evinced a fondness for its first foster mother, the heifer. The little fellow is flourishing to all appearance. It is very tame and delights to be led into the woods, where it will run and play. But at the slightest unusual noise it will immediately scamper home. It is a buck, and its horns are just coming through.

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two doors below People's Bank.

With my experience of twenty-one years in the Drug Business and being manager of the business of the late firm for thirteen years, I feel with every confidence that I can fully meet the requirements of my friends and the public generally.

Yours Respectfully, ALONZO STAPLES.

April 29, 1893.

Executors Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been appointed Executor of the last will of the late John A. Morrison.

All persons indebted to such Estate will please arrange with me at once, and all persons having any legal claims against such estate are requested to hand the same to me, duly attested to within three months from this date.

FRANK I. MORRISON, Executor of last will of late John A. Morrison.

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UFF received several cases Ready Mixed paint, all of the popular colors in one and two pound cans, white, red, blue, green, yellow, black, etc.

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