

Daily Leader

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Advertising Rates given on application H. T. STEVENS, MANAGER

FALSE ALARMS.

A VIEW OF THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

In the variety of false alarms that irritate, worry and injure, there is none, so common as the cry of hard times, meaning that times are harder than usual. Often the only foundation for the cry is that the speaker's liver is out of order, or that some transaction has turned out less profitable than he expected, or that the preacher has happened to...

the extreme wickedness of a reference to some sin he allowed himself to indulge in which he thought he had cause to believe the good Lord also permitted in his particular case. Most people will say that times hereabouts are a little hard just now, and so they are to the great majority, as they always are, but if it is meant that a general business depression widely prevails, there is absolutely no foundation for the statement except a disordered stomach, or personal financial misfortune, or a sluggish liver.

These reflections are suggested by a conversation yesterday with a gentleman from Albert county, who knew whereof he affirmed, respecting the shipping at Shepody and thereabouts. He informed us that the shipment of lumber from Shepody and the south shore will be larger this summer than it was in any previous year—a statement that we confess rather surprised us, as we supposed there had been a gradual but steady decline in the forest supply. No less than five large rigged vessels have loaded at Hopewell Cape and Hillsboro with deals this year, and two more are due to arrive for cargos this week and three a little later. A steamer and a barque are now being loaded at five fathom hole, Brindstone Island, by C. & I. Prescott, with deals manufactured at the Prescott mills, Albert, and at Westport, where Mr. George Prescott has a saw steam mill, built last summer, occupying the site of a water mill formerly owned by the late John Turner, which was burned two years ago.

The steamer will carry about two million feet of deals and the barque about 600 standard. The steamer commenced loading a week ago last Monday and the barque a little later. The shippers expect to complete the loading of the steamer by Saturday night and of the barque a few weeks later. We should judge (though we may be poor judges of this matter as some judges, of law, who sit on higher benches) that the diminution of lumber shipments at Shepody in a score of years has not been very great, but in any case it is gratifying to learn of activity in a branch of business that has in times past done very much to promote the welfare of an endless number of our settlements in all parts of the Province. We believe that the indications are that business in this line will be steady, and if so, one of the chronic grumblers' complaints will be found a substitute. So mote it be.

THE TURF.

The Moncton Driving Park Association, who have leased the park for the present season, will hold their initiatory meeting on July 6th. The events will be a running race (handicap) for a purse of \$100; a 2.45 class trotting for a purse of \$100 and a named race, trotting and pacing for a purse of \$50. There will also be a two-mile one-mile bicycle race, the prizes being a silver and a gold medal respectively. The new association is composed of some of Moncton's most reliable citizens, and they promise just treatment to both the public and the horsemen. Entries close July 1st in the horse races, and July 15th in bicycle races.

Yesterday a reporter saw a letter addressed to a well known firm in this city which was dated August 12, 1890, from a man in Switzerland, and it only arrived in Moncton June 18th, 1895. The address was not plainly written, and the letter had been tampered with in any way. The letter was for the last five years the firm would like to know?—Sun.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Renewer Hair, unquestionably, the best preservative of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff, itching, and all scalp affections.

A NIGHT WATCHMAN'S STORY.

(CONTINUED)

"I got that letter," said George, "in October last, and went to the address that gave me. I managed to get into the garret where he had lived, and having rented it for a fortnight, searched everywhere I could think of. I had the floor boards up, and looked and felt up the chimney and tried every conceivable place, but I could find no trace of any money or anything else, and as I had no means to pay the rent, I had to give it up. I had not told a soul about it, as I meant to try again some day, but I shall never have another chance now, so if you care to start on a wild goose chase, you can, and anything you may find you are welcome to."

"After I had buried George Rankin I turned my attention to the hidden money. I am not, I hope and believe, a covetous fellow, but I thought that if I could find it, I might as well have it, and as I had been in a carpenter's shop for a year or two when a boy, I knew a little of building and could handle the tools fairly well. I therefore started off to the Old Kent Road. Yorkham street is in a very poor neighborhood, the houses being let out in tenements of one and two rooms each. I found No. 27, and arranged to rent the attic at half a crown a week. On the Monday I moved a bed, a table and a few chairs to my new abode, leaving the rest of my belongings at my old lodgings, and set to work to try and find the miser's hoard.

"Day after day I persevered, trying every bit of the room's surface, but, like poor George Rankin, I could find nothing. I had had the boards up one at a time, sounded all the walls, and went half way up the chimney, but all to no purpose, and I had quite made up my mind that the old miser had played a hoax on his son, when I determined, as a last resource to consult a detective sergeant at the East End who was a friend of mine.

"I knew the sergeant could be trusted, and I saw him and told him all. "Sergeant Green listened patiently to my tale and carefully read the letter which George had received from his father.

"You have tried the place all over and found nothing?" he asked. "Yes, I replied, 'I have, and if you can help me, and we find the money, you can have what ever share you like to name.'"

"Well," said Green 'there may be something in it or there may be nothing—but I am inclined to think there is something. If we find the money it may be much or little. Suppose we say that you shall give me a third, but that it shall not be more than £20.'

"I did not, at the moment, catch his meaning, and I told him so. "Why, what I mean is," said he, 'suppose we find £30, I am to have £10, if we find £60, I am to have £20, but that' the limit. If we find £600, I am only to have £20.'

"Right you are," I cried. 'You are very fair, and I agree.' "We then went to my attic and recommenced operations. Green questioned me closely as to where I had searched.

"Well, I think it must be either in the window, the door or the ceiling," he said at last. "You have not had the window out?" "We got the sashes out and opened the box of the casement frame, but it was quite empty, and it took us some hours to reinsert the window.

"Green then carefully tapped the stiles and framework of the door and tried them with a gimlet, but without effect. "The ceiling was now the only chance. It was plastered all over except the roof joists, which projected below the plaster and the whole of the ceiling, like the walls, was covered with a thick coating of whitewash.

"Green took the gimlet again, and kept boring holes every few inches in the side of the joists one by one. He had arrived at the last joist next to the window, all the rest having proved perfectly sound, and I was getting quite hopeless, when his gimlet met some obstruction. He quickly removed it and tried again and again and again.

"It's here, I believe!" cried Green. "I had been looking on as patiently as could, for I thought it was impossible for my money to be here. "But I gave 'Hurrab!' and started scraping the whitewash off the bottom of the joist. Only the solid wood presented itself.

"Meanwhile Green had continued his borings and had marked off a piece of joist about four feet long as containing some thing that prevented the gimlet from entering more than half an inch into the wood. With a quarter-inch gouge he then cautiously made a small hole, and lighting a match, he said: 'I can see some paper.'

"We then scraped the sides of the joist, and found that on the side opposite to that which Green had been boring, a piece of wood had been let in and screwed up like a cover or lid. We quickly had the screws out, and prying out the movable piece of wood, we disclosed a hollow channel, evidently cut with great labor, with a pen-knife in the joist. It was four feet, six inches long, and just large enough to hold a sovereign standing on edge.

"This channel was filled with a row of rouleaux, containing £20 each. There were thirty-six rolls, making £720, and the papers they were wrapped in proved to be bank notes. Ten pound notes were around the remaining sixteen, making £280 more. In all there was exactly £1,000. "Poor George!" I cried, 'what a pity I should not find it. It might have saved his life.' "We replaced the side of the joist and with the money in my pocket we returned to Green's home and I had a jolly evening with him and his wife.

"The sergeant wanted only to take the £20, as he had agreed, but I insisted on his having £100, and he and his wife saw us so upset when they refused, that they ultimately gave way, and I went home with a light heart and a heavy pocket containing £900. "Sergeant Green always declares it was the best day's work he ever had or is likely to have. He and I are great friends now, and all the youngsters call me Uncle Jarman when I go to spend an evening there."

CURRENTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.

These fruits are coming so rapidly into favor, that they promise to become fully as profitable as cherries or other fruits in a very short time. The trouble with gooseberries heretofore, has been that they were subject to mildew, but with improved varieties and fungicides prevented this disease is being driven out of existence and fine specimens are now produced, and find a ready market at good prices.

The bushes of these plants require exactly the same treatment in every way and clean cultivation, with liberal care as to fertilizers. A mulch of straw, dead leaves or freshly mown grass is good to retain the moisture in the soil and acts as a fertilizer. With clean cultivation in the early part of the season it is much easier to meet the advances of the currant worm and this is a matter that is of importance as it requires but a very few days to destroy the leaves, if the worms once get started. They always begin in the center of the bush at the surface and work up and out. We find Persian insect powder sure death to them if sprinkled over the bushes when wet with rain or dew, and a second application is hardly ever necessary. The powder may be applied with a powder gun which can be bought at drug and seed stores for about fifteen cents.

The bushes should be pruned so as to be open in the center to let the sun into them and give all the fruit the same chance to mature. These fruits are of the easiest culture, and every farmer can have a plentiful supply with a little care. They make a very grateful sauce when green, and delicious jellies or a dessert fit for a king when ripe.

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And another thus:

"If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

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