

**TOWN TALK.**

**What the Little Birds are Whispering Into the Ear of the Journal Editor.**

We should be sorry to make the charge that our mail had been tampered with at the Post Office, but there are circumstances that seem to lend color to the charge. We frequently find our papers minus the wrappers, and while that might be set down as an accident, its frequent repetition looks suspicious. Not long ago we sent a manuscript poem to a New York paper, rolling it up, marking it "Printer's M. S." and putting a one cent stamp on it which had always sufficed for former manuscripts. In due course of time we received the manuscript returned by the Dead Letter Office with the request that we put on letter postage. There was no charge made on the returned letter. This aroused no suspicion. We sent it again with proper postage and duly sealed, also a letter to the editor of the paper, but instead of receiving any reply the paper failed to make its appearance for three weeks, although it has come before and since, and after it began to come again it was minus the wrapper though now it comes all right. "Straws show which way the wind blows," and while the proof is not sufficiently strong on which to base a charge, yet considering the fact that we have enemies in the Post Office here, we are satisfied in our own mind in regard to the matter.

The services held at St. Dunstan's Church during the past week by the Mission Fathers have been largely attended and productive of great good. Father Doherty has proved himself to be a forcible speaker and carries conviction to the hearts of his hearers in every sentence. Our local pastors and the people seconded their efforts nobly and they carried away with them substantial tokens of the generosity of both the priests and people of Fredericton.

Now is the picnic season in full blast and the representatives of every church, every society and of no church and no society are hieing away to green fields and cool and moss-grown retreats "by forest lake and stream." While we have not the money to spend or the time to spare we sincerely wish for them all happiness and enjoyment. There is at best but little enjoyment in this life and those who can enjoy it should do so in the summer time of youth "while the heart is young" ere the frosts and snows of winter and misfortune throw a pall over the earth.

The A. O. H. excursion to St. John and Digby on Labor Day promises to be a grand affair. The completion of its management is a guarantee of success on this as on that of all former occasions. As many of the people of both country and city should take advantage of the opportunity it offers them as can. Those who do not go will miss a rare treat.

Father O'Leary's picnic at French Village was as usual a grand success. The Rev. gentleman spares no pains to make this the event of the season and his friends (who are numerous not only among his own congregation, but in all others) nobly second his efforts.

It is reported that three of our local politicians were suddenly put to flight by a skunk on St. John street on the eve of the Sunbury-Queens contest.

They took it for a cat, as it was rubbing itself against their legs, and one of the heelers resenting such familiarity, particularly as it did not have a vote, went to "scat" it into the street. It "scattered," but before doing so, elevated its tail and inflicted considerable injury to the leg of one of the politician's pantaloon. It was their turn then to "scat," which they did in short order, seeking a less odorous atmosphere and new clothing.

Oh, the tiny little ants,  
How they clamber up your pants  
At the picnic 'neath the willows in the glen—  
How they seem to take delight in  
The obnoxious sport of biting  
Indefensible and modest gentlemen.

Its delightful when your cooing  
To the damsel you are wooing,  
To feel the playful creatures in your pants ;  
And upon the lonesome air  
You sob a soulful swear  
At your sisters and your cousins and your ANTS.

"It never rains but it pours" is an old adage, the truth of which was demonstrated to one of our young tonsorial artists, who was forced to seek shelter some nights ago on coming from Marysville, beneath the C. E. R. cars ; but as we promised to say nothing about it we will keep mum.

We miss the broad and genial visage of Oney from the vicinity of Orr's stable. It is reported that he has taken up his residence for a period of 30 days in a public institution on Brunswick St. in company with his dusky Dulcinea, Hannah. We cannot exactly see the wisdom or justice of the law in thus preventing a harmless flirtation between an Irish-Canadian gentleman and a lady of color, particularly as the hue of some of the policemen is quite as dark as that of the lady in question ; but wonderful are the ways of the law.

The re-assembling of the Normalites has caused quite a flutter, especially among the young men of the town. The girls are many and beautiful, and are being rapidly appropriated,

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