

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

The Whipping-Post in Fredericton—
The Festive Maud's Release—10 ct. Sports.

CHECKERBOARD AV., Jan. 30, 1897.—The question that hourly affords speculation among the smoked denizens of the Av., is the job of whipping the prisoner now under sentence in the Bastile; should the job be done by a colored man, his days will be numbered as far as a residence in this city is concerned, so sayeth the many friends of the victim. *Cholly, the collar-button however, has expressed a willingness to take the job in hand in spite of the threats. Hu—lin expresses himself in the following manner to a few of his friends—"See heah, if Jack Hawthorne don' wants to dierty his hans wid dat niggah, jess let me know, an if he gives me one good big silvah dollah, a squah face an two dodgers, I'll do it, yes sah. I'll cut dat niggah to de fat, suah."

Maud S. is at liberty once more. Her numerous friends started a subscription list in aid of that lady, but funds came in slowly owing to the fact that the majority of the sports were of the cheap 10c. grade and it is quite probable that the one and only Maud S., would have remained in durance vile up to the present time of writing had it not been, that a former admirer came to the rescue, and with true Celtic generosity, paid the fine and drove the "lady" from Granite Hall, to her grotto—Smoky Hollow, much to the disgust of the barbers and other 10c. sports. On reaching her residence, Maud S. and her admirer found that the "Queen" had taken possession of it, when she asked the latter what she was doing there? she received this reply:—"Well, I knowed dat yo' was coming out, so I thought dat I would hab de ouse good and wam fo' yo'." Maud S. thinking that the Queen had some selfish motive in her apparent kindness, paid a visit to her wood-shed, found the stock of fuel sadly diminished, she came in her house and ordered the Queen out; H— said: "Well dat's all I should expect from low white trash after trying to keep dem wam." As "the last feather breaks the camel's back," according to an Oriental maxim, the above was too warm a reply for the impulsive Maud S., who hurled Her Majesty, body and bones out of the door, into a snow drift, and turning around to the Queen's boarder, detective McL., she said: "Take that pot off my stove and get with your boarding mistress". Owey thinking discretion the better part of valor, seized the iron boiler, which contained a nourishing and toothsome compound, known as buckwheat sounds stewed with liver, he accompanied his faithful boarding mistress, leaving M. S. in the company of her festive dealer in bovines.

R.

*Since the above was written the prisoner has been whipped.

Valises, all sizes and qualities at Anderson & Walkers, headquarters for these goods.

FALLEN ASLEEP.

Friends of The Editor Who Have
Crossed Death's Dark River.

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death—
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath,
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke
And crowded cities wail the stroke.
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song and dance and wine,
And thou art terrible, the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream or fear
Of agony is thine.—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

JOHN RICHARDS.

While we were lald up ourself, the intelligence reached us through the papers, that

our worthy friend, John Richards had been removed to the hospital. We looked upon his illness as only of brief duration and expected to see him soon restored to health and vigor, but our hopes were soon dashed by the reports of his gradual sinking and finally of his death, the pang of separation being still greater heightened by our inability to be present at his obsequies, and pay the last mark of respect to one who has ever treated us as a genial, kindly and generous hearted friend. Peace to his ashes—among his many friends we are by no means the least to mourn.

ARTHUR C. EDGEcombe.

The recent terrible accident on the C. P. R. Express near Dorchester, by which two lives were lost and several persons seriously injured, has a specially sad interest for the citizens of Fredericton, considering the fact that Arthur C. Edgecombe, a member of the well-known and highly respected Edgecombe family of this city was one of the two victims. Although unacquainted with him personally, we are not a stranger to his many virtues, which were pretty well shown by the almost general mourning over the sad event by the people of the city, and the immense attendance at the funeral, on a day, it is safe to say, was not fit for any person to be out in.

Not only for his own good qualities as a man and a citizen, but as a member of a family, every one of whom have proved our friends, we have good reason to mourn his sad and untimely death and mingle our tears with the rest.

EDWARD QUINN.

A quiet, unassuming gentleman, who was proprietor of the Lorne Hotel on Regent St., past last week quietly to his rest. He was well known in hotel circles, as he had served in the Barker and Queen and several others before setting up in business for himself and was universally beloved and esteemed among his circle of friends. The A. O. H. turned out in a body at the funeral.

HOWIE McFARLANE,

Son of Mr. Allan McFarlane of Waasis, died recently at his father's home in that place of that dread scourge, consumption, to which his brother William, a promising young man, a few years ago fell a victim. Howie was the soul of good-fellowship and generous rough good nature, and a pleasant and entertaining companion, full of fun and spirit, but without a particle of malice towards any one. He leaves a large circle of friends, particularly among the young folks. As a friend of him and his family for years, we sadly miss him, and when we next visit the old home, his empty chair will speak more eloquently than words.

MRS. LOGAN.

A dear good old lady who used to run the "Stanley Arms" Hotel at Stanley, has passed to a well earned rest. We wish to be considered among the large circle of friends who mourn her loss.

MRS. PHEENEY,

Mother of Mr. Bernard Pheeny of this city, died recently at the home of her son, Philip Pheeny, in Kingsley and was buried on Sunday last in the Pickard burying ground. Rev. Mr. Sellars conducted the services. She was a native of Ireland and had travelled quite a long journey, being 88 years of age.

BLANCHE MOTT.

And just as we go to press, we hear with great sorrow of the death of Blanche Mott, a daughter of our good friend, John Mott of Three Tree Creek. It is needless to say that we feel the loss of our dear friends keenly.

Trunks, good value at Anderson & Walkers.

Since writing his famous message, Gov. McClelan has contributed \$150 to the India famine fund. Although an afterthought, we give him the credit of it.

Up to the hour of going to press, the condition of our beloved pastor, J. C. McDevitt remains unchanged, beyond the fact that he is slowly sinking and no hopes are entertained of his recovery.

IT'S ALL OVER!

We have finished Taking Stock and find a good chance for some

GREAT BARGAINS!

Lots of things in Different Departments we must close out, the present month, to make room for Spring Importations, especially in

Carpets, Linoleums, Common Furniture and Hanging Lamps.

Call and we will quote you Prices which are sure to be Satisfactory. We have no "Catch Penny" prices on third quality goods or old stock. We offer Regular Goods, which we are willing to close out to prepare for New Season. Please call early, as our New Goods have already begun to arrive.

Nine Crates and Casks of China and Earthenware, direct from Staffordshire, Potteries, now landing and first shipment of Carpets on the way.

James G. McNally,

152 and 154 Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

FEBRUARY SALES

AT

EDGEcombe's.

SALE } Of Table Linens, Towels, Sheet-
ings and Pillow Cottons.

20 per cent. discount for cash. One week only.

SALE } Of Ladies' Sewed White Wear
ann Flannelette Underwear.

Less than Cost Price.

SALE } Of Flannelette and Print Wrap-
pers, 20 per cent discount.

SALE } Of Winter Cloth's, Dress Goods,
Fur Goods, Boys' Overcoats and
Ladies' Jackets.

At "Away Down Prices"

FRED B. EDGEcombe,

Agent for Butterick's Paper Patterns.