

**TOWN TALK.**

**What the Editor Sees, Hears and Comments on, that is of Interest to Our Community.**

The Editor of THE JOURNAL is now one of the city fathers.

As a result of the Grit tariff the immense establishment of Todd & Hallett on King St., known as the Fredericton Beer Works has closed its doors, throwing out of employment 1,500 men and boys. One of the proprietors has skipped for parts unknown. (St. John Sun please copy.)

There ought to be some way of quashing the indictment as in the case of Private Patchell. Surely there is some extra judicial law or "Queen's Regulations" with whom the people dare not interfere. It ought to be no worse to let off fire crackers on the Queen's birthday than to sell whiskey to the Queen's soldiers.

One of the finest club rooms in this city is that belonging to the Horse Shoe Club, over Kitchen & Shea's tin shop. The club was re-organized this spring and has now a membership of between seventy-five and one hundred and is in a flourishing condition. They have a fine piano, a reading room containing all the latest periodicals, smoking room and bath room with hot and cold water. A lady living on the premises takes charge of the place, which is kept in first-class style. There is no better crowd of young men than those belonging to it and no better place in which a young man can spend his evenings.

**LOST HIS HAT.**

One of the St. John excursionists to this city on May 24th, on getting ready to go out to see the sports reached for his hat, that he had brought with him all the way from St. John, but it was not on its accustomed peg. He thereupon rushed frantically out into the street to find the robber if possible, and deal him summary justice. Phillips, the policeman thinking the man insane, or at least a fit subject for the lock-up came sailing along to see what was the matter. On listening to his pitiful story the sergeant with that kindness of heart for which he is noted made him a present of a hat wherewith to cover his excited cranium. It is safe to presume that said hat was not of the latest style and had never seen the inside of Christy's establishment. If it had been clean it would have made an excellent soup colander; but, "beggars must not be choosers," and the kindness of heart of the good sergeant should not be impugned because he saw a chance of disposing of an old hat, that had been the property of some unfortunate bum or tramp who had fallen into his clutches some ten years ago.

The St. John man took the hat thankfully, placed it on his head and went off down the street. At one of the principal hotels he was called in by a chum, placed the hat on the rack and after a few minutes pleasant conversation, on rising picked off a silk heaver, the property of a summer tourist and proceeded on his way. He took the train that night for St. John, the tourist has also taken his departure and it is safe to say that they will not meet soon and that the mystery of "who took the beaver" will still remain an unsolved problem.

**THE BOYS AND THE BERKS.**

As was expected, certain collisions have taken place between the boys of the town and the Berkshire regiment which were sent to take the place of our own soldiers during the summer.

Now, we are in no way predisposed in favor of the Berks. We would not be expected to think as much of them as we would of our own friends and companions or of our native soldiery, but a just regard for honor and fair play to all, and a careful inquiry into the causes of the quarrels between them and our own boys, forces us to the conclusion that our boys were the aggressors. The Berks, so far as we have seen, have carried themselves straight, interfering with nobody, and if, like some of our own boys, they seek disreputable female associates, the boys should not blame them for doing what they do themselves. "Fair play is a jewel." Let the Berks alone, boys, and you will find there will not be any cause for trouble.

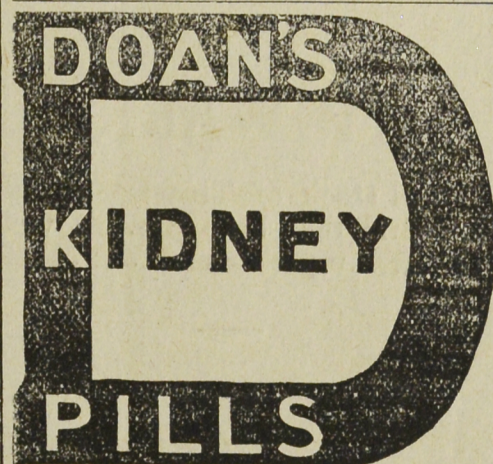
**NEARLY A FATALITY.**

What came near being a sad fatality occurred on May 25th "Judlow" and "The Professor"—two well known men-about-town; who, not contenting themselves with celebrating the birthday of "Her Gracious Majesty" in proper shape thought they must continue it over the next day. So with a plentiful supply of intoxicants left over and supplemented by visits to the various establishments, they hired a boat and started for a "pull" down river. The boat, like themselves, was a rakish craft, and somewhat tipsy, but did not commence to get "full" until they had covered about half the distance between the Nashwaaksis and the passenger bridge.

On perceiving their danger they immediately began to "pull for the shore," as they had both a great horror of taking anything like water into their internal economy, but the current and them being at cross purposes they ran plump against one of the piers of the bridge and managed to clamber up in some manner, and in due time reached terra firma, and are thankful that they are alive to tell the tale. The boat was left to its fate.

**FINED FOR THEIR LOYALTY.**

Even loyalty has its drawbacks; as was instanced in the fate of nine of our prominent citizens whose exuberant devotion to the Queen found expression on May 24th in cannon crackers, torpedoes and roman candles, which they let off indiscriminately on the public streets and thoroughfares contrary to "the statutes made and provided" by the city fathers. They were accordingly arraigned before Col. Marsh of H. M. 71st. volunteers and made to pay the minimum penalty of \$1.00 each.



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