

AROUND TOWN.

Items Gathered by the Editor and his Reporters.

Ver dry.
 Forest fires are raging.
 The kids are again appearing in their bare hind legs.
 Some one wants us to record a fight that took place recently in St. Mary's. We would inform all who may be interested that THE JOURNAL is not a "scrap" book.
 Ralph's red head can be seen on the darkest night as he scorches down the street on his wheel. Ralph's in it.
 The fate of Morash should be a warning to the girls who bite so readily at a red bait, to the exclusion of many under black and brown and hodden gray who never "present arms."
 "Dunrobin" is the name of a magnificent mansion recently erected down town. It strikes us that name is misleading, as no one can be said to be done robbing until he has retired from business.
 Several "barks" have slipped their moorings and drifted away from George St. during the past week or two, but there are sufficient left to keep us awake o' nights yet.
 The enterprising proprietors of the Waverley Hotel, Regent St. McDonald & Pheeney have flung to the breeze a magnificent new sign. We are glad to see this sign of prosperity and progress on their part. May their shadow never grow less.
 The old Catholic grave-yard on Regent st. is being fixed up and fenced in. It is to the credit of Father Carney's initiative that this much needed improved has been brought about.
 With a one-armed man working on the streets, Luke Craig taking charge at a farm on the Taxis River and the editor of THE JOURNAL shovelling saw-dust in the West End Mill, the one-armed men hereabout are giving a pretty good account of themselves. Ed. Segee will have to "get a wiggle on" if he wants to keep up with the procession.
 We hasten to assure an up-town saloon keeper that we will willingly accede to his request and suppress the facts in a little episode in which he recently figured. Out of consideration for his sensitiveness on the temperance question we will therefore rather draw the "mackintosh" of charity over his failings than expose him to a cold and unsympathetic public.
 Touches of human nature will occasionally show up even in this prosaic and commercial age. For instance:— A man hailed me on the street for a Journal a week or so ago and in return handed me a quarter. I fumbled in my pockets for the change, when he walked away, with the remark:—"Never mind any change, keep it for a Christmas present." I had not gone a block up the street when I saw a one-legged man playing some sort of a musical instrument. He finished his tune and started off when I felt constrained to follow him and give him a few cents. On coming up to him I spoke to draw his attention, and on turning around and seeing my motive he

started away with the deprecatory remark, No! I'll not take anything from you. Your a poor cripple like myself; and hurried on to prevent me from slipping the cents into his cup.
 Although we, the submerged of society work in dust and grime, or often vainly by music or barter to coax enough out of an unwilling public for our daily necessities we are rich in these little "romances of the heart" beyond the computation of dollars and cents, which are like a never-failing spring which keeps the heart ever fresh and human.
 A curious specimen of the backwoods orator and jack-of-all-trades has made his appearance in our midst and has secured rooms in the Macpherson building, corner Queen and Westmorland streets, which he has fitted up for a cobbler shop and general confectionery and fruit store. He is straight forward, and in no wise afraid of offending the public and means business from the start as the sign over his door, "No admittance, except on business," will show. Not content alone with mending the soles of boots and shoes he essays to also mend the souls of the general public, and will hold forth in his own doorway to the boys, or when the spirit is strong upon him, will seize his zither and go up and down the street, playing and exhorting. The authorities have shown decided objections to this phase of his missionary work and he is now restricted within the limits of his little shop.
 The York Hotel, run by McEwen & Bridges on the corner of King and Westmorland streets though running but a short time is doing a good business. We can cheerfully recommend George, whom we have known for over 20 years to the general public.
 Mr. John Toner, the well known truckman of Westmorland st. possesses a prodigy in the shape of a Hackney colt. It is a fine looking specimen of the equine breed, and although little over month old shows remarkable intelligence. It will come when called slip its head inside the halter, shake hands, kiss its master and eat sugar out of his little two year old daughter Allie's hand. We would scarcely have believed such a young colt could have such intelligence had we not witnessed its performance. He has also a fine jersey cow and a flock of fine Brown Leghorn hens, and is as proud of them as he is of the kids.

Hard Times.

Nothing to breathe but air;
 Nothing to eat but food;
 Nothing to wear but clothes
 To keep us from going nude.

Nothing to do but things.
 Quick as a flash they're gone!
 Nowhere to fall but off,
 Nowhere to sit but ou;

Nothing to quench but a thirst;
 Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
 Nothing to have but what we've got;
 Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to weep but tears.
 Ah me! Alas and alack!
 Nowhere to go but out;
 Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to comb but our hair;
 Nothing to wed but a wife.
 Only to suffer and bear:
 What is the value of life?
 Malakand Foghorn.

Of Course You Have Been to the Circus,

And taken your wife and family with you, and you didn't do it up much under a five dollar bill. Now this is a mild extravagance and one that you ought to be able to treat yourself to at least once a year.

But you need Groceries all the year round, and if you haven't thought of it before just drop into the

FREDERICTON CASH STORE,

West End, and see how far a dollar will go.

D. H. FERGUSON, Manager.

MAY 9th.

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