

FREDERICTON GLOBE.

The FREDERICTON GLOBE is published every Saturday from the office, Shaker's Block, and mailed to any address in Canada or the United States for One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Advertising.

Advertisements such as: Wanted, Lost, Found, Houses to Rent, Etc., one dollar first insertion, 25 cents each subsequent insertion. Local Notices ten cents per line first insertion, 5 cents each subsequent insertion. Births and Marriages fifty cents each insertion.

Contracts for yearly advertising furnished on application.

All communications business or otherwise to be addressed to FREDERICTON GLOBE.

Fredericton Globe.

A. J. MACHUM, Publisher and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., APR. 23, 1892.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

This week Canada has been called on to mourn the loss of one of her greatest statesmen. Within the past year the two men who have governed the Dominion since confederation have joined the majority. Both in their way were wonderful and distinguished men, and it may well be said that the country has gained much by having had them as residents. Alexander Mackenzie was in many ways a remarkable individual. It is seldom that one can find in a statesman that love of principle and regard for what is right and proper, as marked the whole life of the ex-Premier. His term of office was short indeed, but it has been truthfully said that had he sacrificed his principles and adopted the policy of protection he might have governed the destiny of Canada for many years to come. As years roll by it becomes more and more evident that Mr. Mackenzie was a true born statesman. How often during the campaign of 1873 did he tell the people of his country that the National Policy would be but a sham and destroyer of our growth. People could not see this and so they refused to believe it, and they were carried away by the glorious pictures painted for them by the Conservative party, of a great and wonderful future, and thus deceived, the Liberal leader was retired to private life. Since that time, fourteen years have passed away and people now are beginning to see that the words of Alexander Mackenzie were not the outcast of some politician grasping for power, but the remarks of only a wise and far-seeing statesman. Sir John Macdonald was a wonderful politician, all will admit, but a few years hence it will be found that Mackenzie was the statesman of the first twenty-five years of our Canada. The ex-Premier's life sets a noble example before us of what an honest man can do and how by such a life he may gain the love of his fellow countrymen. Let all young Canadians keep his life before them, and if they but follow in his footsteps, then as regards Canada's fair name, little anxiety may be felt. It may truthfully be said that we have lost a good and faithful servant.

COMMERCIAL UNION.

It is always the rule with the Tory party to denounce any move in the direction of Commercial Union with the United States and to pronounce such a simply veiled disloyalty, and they accuse every person supporting the idea of being annexationists.

These people forget that Canada is growing and cannot remain a colony forever. We do not mean by this, separation from the Mother Country at present, but the position of the colonial citizen is humiliating. Years ago Canada copied the American tariff and framed her laws on American principles, and she must abide by it. The idea of separation from the mother country is accompanied by a pang, but no lad ever left home without a pang.

It is evident that the charge of disloyalty is absurd in the extreme. It is not long since Balfour, in the English House of Commons, in reply to a question, said: "The self-governed British colonies were legally free to form commercial leagues. If he be authority the accusation made by the Tories falls flat, for Canada has an absolute right to make a commercial treaty with the United States if it so desires, and that nation will consent."

A recent issue of an American paper referring to a speech of Mr. Laurier delivered at Ottawa a short time ago, has the following:

"But there is this to be observed, that when the leader of the opposition in the Canadian House of Commons thinks it expedient, not to say necessary, to disclaim being an annexationist the sentiment in favor of annexation is growing. Laurier proceeded to define his position by saying that the highest goal of his political aim was to see Canada an independent nation among nations, and that the change must come, not by war and bloodshed, but at the desire of both parties, as naturally as the separation of the ripe fruit from the parent tree.

That is precisely the American view of the Canadian question, only we look a little further ahead and see Canadian independence followed by her incorporation

into the American Union. We can see so many advantages to Canada in annexation, and so many dangers and drawbacks in her remaining an independent nation, that we feel sure that self-interest will lead Canada, after her independence has been secured, to knock at the door of the Union for admission, and to secure her independence by merging it into that of the greatest and most powerful nation of the world."

WATER THE STREETS.

As the dry season is now at hand we would like to see some arrangement made by which our streets—especially Queen street—would be properly watered to keep down the dust. The merchants on the front street suffer a great deal every summer from this cause, and in dry, dusty weather it is next to impossible to keep the store doors open. With the plentiful supply of water right at hand, cannot something be done to remedy this? The watering cart at present in use does not fill the bill. It is either constructed on a wrong principle or else we are too sparing of the water. The practice in the past has been to go over the street two or three times and then cease; the consequence is that in the course of an hour or so the dust is as bad as ever. Would it not be a good idea, instead of using the cart, to simply attach the hose to each of the hydrants on Queen street every morning and give the streets a thorough drenching? This, we are sure, would answer the purpose far better than simply sprinkling it, as now. Roadmaster McKay, what do you say?

C. P. R. IMPROVEMENTS.

The Canadian Pacific Railway management are always alive to the interests of the public, and everywhere their road is located, signs of improvement are noticeable. The changes now going on at this end of the road show that their ideas of improvement are as favorable to this city as elsewhere, and the work of overhauling and remodeling the Fredericton depot will be highly appreciated by the citizens of Fredericton, as well as the travelling public at large.

These improvements are in noted contrast to those of some other roads in our vicinity. Take, for instance, the disgraceful and unsightly shed called a station house at the terminus of the Canada Eastern Railway here. This paper has called the attention of the council to this matter several times before, but not an alderman seems to care whether anything is done or not. Now that the new mayor is a resident of that part of the city where this "beauty of modern architecture" is located, possibly His Worship may interest himself in the matter and try to remedy the evil. It must surely be an eyesore to him in passing it several times a day.

If other roads would take a leaf from the book of the Canadian Pacific it would be a great benefit to them and their patrons.

A Prize Puzzle.

If a frog is at the bottom of a well, ten feet deep, how many days will it take him to get to the top if he climbs up one foot each day, and slides back six inches each night?

One Hundred Dollars in cash will be paid to the person who sends the first correct answer to the above prize puzzle, an elegant pair of diamond ear-rings in solid gold settings given to the one sending second correct answer. A complete education at business college given for fourth correct answer. An imported Music Box (playing six pieces) given for fifth correct answer. A silk dress pattern for each of the next five correct answers. A handsome parlor lamp to each of the next ten. And a Solid Gold Watch for the first correct answer from each Province. Every person answering must enclose four cent stamps for two sample copies of the "finest illustrated publication on this continent." We give these prizes simply to introduce it. Address, Ladies' Pictorial Weekly (22) Toronto, Can.—4—9. 3 ins.

THOUSANDS IN REWARDS.

The Great Weekly Competition of the Ladies' Home Magazine.

Which word in this advertisement spells the same Backwards as Forward? This is a rare opportunity for every Madam and Miss, every Father and Son, to secure a splendid Prize.

WEEKLY PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received (the postmark date on each letter to be taken as the date received) at the office of the LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE (each and every week during 1892) will get \$200; the second correct answer \$100; third \$50; fourth, a beautiful silver service; fifth, five o'clock silver service, and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from \$25 down to \$2. Every correct answer, irrespective of whether a prize winner or not, will get a special prize.

Competitors residing in the southern states, as well as other distant points, have an equal chance with those nearer home, as the postmark will be their authority in every case.

RULES.—Each list of answers must be accompanied by \$1 to pay for six months subscription to one of the best HOME MAGAZINES in America.

NOTE.—We want half a million subscribers, and to secure them we propose to give away in rewards one half our income. Therefore, in case one half the total receipts during any week exceed the cash value of the prizes, such excess will be added pro rata to the prizes. If the reverse, a pro rata discount will be made.

REFERENCES.—"THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE" is well able to carry out its promises. Peterborough (Canada) Times, "A splendid paper, and financially strong."—Hastings (Canada) Star. "Every prize winner will be sure to receive just what he is entitled to."—Newwood (Canada) Register. Address all letters to THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.

ADVERTISE THIS PAPER.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.**Running Comments on Passing Events.****Sundry Ebulitions in Prose and Rhyme.****How the Domestic, Social and Literary World is Wagging.**

One of the "novelties" of the day is the "mirror glove." A woman often has need of as much looking-glass as she can see her face in. In the street, at the ball, at a theatre, in the shops all sorts of little disarrangements may occur and to see them right a mirror is an absolute necessity. The want is one that really has been long felt and some clumsy attempts have been made to meet it. But the very handiest form of portable mirrors is the new "mirror glove." A little flap buttoned up into the palm of one glove. When it is let down a small circular mirror is disclosed. The advantage of this arrangement is said to be that the wearer can look at herself without looking as if she were looking.

Another of the Queen's old servants, Mary Ann Wellbore, has just died at the ripe age of ninety-three. She has been a royal servant all her life, and in her younger days was in the service of George IV. at Cumberland Lodge. She had seen two royal jubilees, and up to the day of her death she had all her faculties.

Cardinal Manning's School-days. Here are a couple more anecdotes of the late Cardinal Manning's boyhood, in addition to those already published in the July number of the "Strand Magazine."

Bishop Wordsworth presented him with a cricket bat on one occasion, accompanied by a characteristic poetical epistle. Young Manning promptly replied in twelve stanzas, of which the last is distinctly the best:—

The bat that you were kind enough to send
Seems—for as yet I have not tried it
—good;
And if there's anything on earth can mend
My wretched play, it is that piece of wood.

One boyish escapade is related with gusto of Manning, in consequence of his later teetotal views. He and Wordsworth were on a walking excursion together, and were invited by two midshipmen at Oxford to join them in a bottle of champagne. This they readily did, although the inn was out of bounds. They were surprised by "The Doctor," decamped like startled hares, and jumped over a hedge, and left the worthy headmaster to "apologize" to their hosts for their sudden flight. However, as soon as the coast was clear, they returned and drank their glass or two of champagne.

The man who says he will welcome death as a release from a life made up of sorrow, generally sends for four doctors when he has a headache.

Emerson's Mistake.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, having risen one night, unintentionally awoke his wife, who inquired, "Are you ill, Wald?" "Oh, no, my dear," was his reply, but I've got an idea. What's the matter with these matches? I can't make them ignite. Let it go now," sighed the philosopher, "my idea is gone."

The next morning upon rising Mrs. Emerson found all the teeth in her comb broken out.

His Ill-Behaved Leg.

"A cork leg is no end of a bore," said the man who limped. "Just think of it! I was at a dinner party the other night, and it was my happy lot to have a most charming damsel fall to my share at the feast. We conversed most pleasantly through the oysters and the soup, but when the fish came on she became silent, and seemed unaccountably embarrassed. To draw her from this mood I redoubled my efforts to please, but in response she only flushed and looked angry. Finally, interrupting me in the midst of a little mot which I had composed carefully while dressing for dinner, she said, sotto voce:—

"I'll thank you to stop squeezing my foot!"

"Imagine my embarrassment! I had been treading upon her toes with my cork foot—of course, without knowing it. It is an annoying thing to have to explain to a young lady at a social festivity. Nevertheless, I was forced to do so. She accepted my apology, and then proceeded to injure my feelings by giggling."

He Saw It At Last.

It is said that an American went into a London bookseller's, and asked for Hare's 'Walks in London.' In the United States it is printed in one volume, in England in two.

"Oh," said the Yankee, as he looked at them, "you part your Hare in the middle do you?"

"I, sir," said the shopman, with a bewildered look. "Oh, no, sir."

"I saw he didn't see the jotted," said the Yankee, "so I didn't explain, but bought the books and went away. A week later I entered the same shop. As soon as the assistant saw me, he approached me exclaiming: 'Good! Capital! Part your hair in the middle? That's capital, sir—capital!'"

A Boy's Essay.

A little boy in the north Side public school recently handed in to the teacher the following composition on "Our Breath":—"Our breath is made of air. If it were not for our breath we should die. The breath keeps going through our liver, our lights, and our lungs. Boys shut up in a room all day should not breathe, they should wait until they get out doors. Air in a room has carbonic oxide in it, and carbonic oxide is poison than mad dogs. Once some men was shut up in a black hole in India, a carbonic oxide got into that there hole and afore morning nearly every one of them was dead. Girls wear corsets which squeezed their dia-rams too much. Girls cannot run and holler like boys cause their diagrams are squeezed. If I was a girl I would just run and holler so my diagram would grow. That's all on breath."

A San Francisco clergyman not long since observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson, taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed, "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than to see you privately interfering in bargains between man and man in this way." "Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the State prison," replied the clergyman.

New York is said to contain more widows than any other city in the world. London is 'fairly well' off for widows, but New York is weller. The word 'Weller,' we think, is permissible and appropriate in connection with 'vidders.'

Mr. William Jones, aged 83, passed peacefully away from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss after a short but sudden attack by Alice Blossom, a blooming widow thirty-five. So runs an obituary par in a Wild Western contemporary. It is to be presumed that the worthy Yankee printer mislaid the matrimonial headline—and hence this thushness.

The other day the Boston people asked Madame Modjeska to give them a recitation in Polish. They have since learned that what she did was to repeat numbers 1 to 230 in that soft and gentle language. The fact of their having been taken in casts an aspersions on Bostonian intelligence, and the inhabitants of the 'hub' are proportionately annoyed.

At a telephone exchange a call came in from a residence to a feed store. "Hello, helio. What is it?" "Mamma says send us a sack of oats and a bale of hay," answered a child's voice. "Who is it for?" inquired the feed man. "Why, for the cow, of course," drawled the youngster.

"I say," whispered the hotel clerk, as he stepped into the landlord's private office, "you own real estate in this city." "Yes," "Well, a man has just asked me if this is the best hotel in town." "Of course you told him it is." "I haven't answered him. I didn't know whether to boom the opposition hotel or give the town a black eye."

BOY ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

London Police Believe He Feared the Vengeance of Anarchists.

Herman Reidel of London, a boy of 15, attempted suicide the other day by opening veins in his arm. A letter was found in his pocket, in which he wrote: "I am compelled to do this. I cannot live as a slave. It is better to die a free man. Anarchy forbids slavery. Let all tyrants' blood flow."

The police think he had been induced to become a tool of the Anarchists, and, having been selected to perform some outrageous act, had flunked, and tried to kill himself, as the only way of escaping the vengeance of his employers.

CITY HALL.

3-NIGHTS ONLY-3
Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 28, 29, 30.

The Popular Character Comedian,
Mr Wallace Hopper,
And an Excellent and Carefully Selected Company, headed by
Miss Nella Robinson,
Will Present the Popular Comedy Drama,
'RECLAIMED'
And the Exquisite Domestic Comedy
RAZEL KIRKE,
And an Entirely New Version of the Comedy
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Introducing Each Evening the Latest Songs, Dances, etc.
27 Prices 25 and 50c. Reserved Seats on Sale at Davis, Staples & Co.

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CHAS. T. HERRIN,
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Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings in Latest Designs.

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in Cheviots, Belford Cords, Henriettas, Cashmeres, Serges, Homespuns
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222 Queen Street.

AN OPENER For House-keepers.

Great Bargains in Carpets and Furniture.
First Importation of the Season. 65 Rolls per Steamer Celebes, just arrived from London. More Shipments to Follow.

Our Stock will comprise 268 Rolls of Carpeting beside Art Squares Rugs and Door Mats. About 600 Yards of Mohair and Silk Plushes Genoa Velvets, Raw Silks, English Tapestries and other Furnitue, Coverings; Chenille and Lace Curtains.

We Import Direct
Without paying any Commissions, or Importers profits, and can sell as Low as Any House in Canada. Please Examine Our Prices.

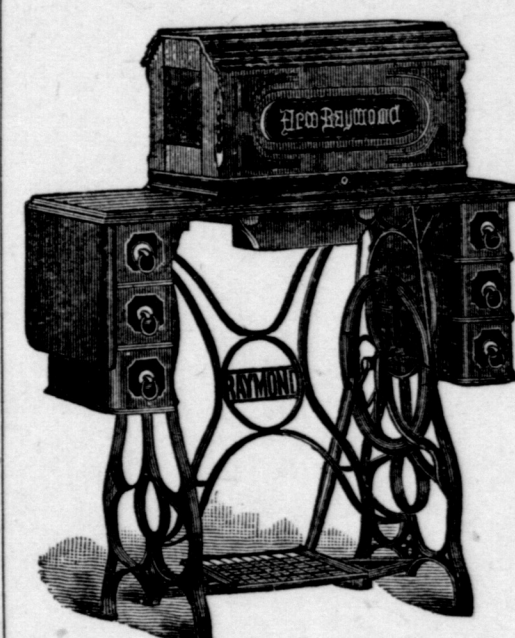
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Old Furniture Recovered and Made like New.

We are prepared to compete with All Comers, at home or abroad. Customers served on Most Liberal Terms. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Dealers supplied at very close wholesale prices.

JAMES G. McNALLY.
Mar. 5th, 1892.



To whom all it may concern.

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All orders promptly attended to. Material and Workmanship Guaranteed.
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Fredericton, N. B., April 5.