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6.00 A.M. MINE for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, ...

10.50 A.M. ACCOMMODATION for Fredericton, St. John, ...

3 20 P.M. FREIGHT for Fredericton, ...

ARRIVALS

10.10 a m from St. John, etc.

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ART THAT WILL WASH.

A Chinese Colorist's Works on Exhibition in the Sandwich Islands.

A Chinese artist came here on the last Oriental steamer, and has been selling some queer things in red, green and yellow to his admiring countrymen. His paints on silk and linen as a rule, but will turn off genre pieces on white paper. His taste, however, runs to large pictures on grass cloth, painted in a panoramic way, which permits him to sketch a scene along several linear feet of space. Accustomed as he has been at home to paint by the acre and with both hands, he is not dismayed by a huge canvas, but with calmness and industry will proceed to illuminate a whole set of bed sheets with blue elms and green roses and diabolical Chinese gods and women and lovers.

One picture that he showed a reporter last night was said to represent a garden party, though it needed some assurance at first to dispel the idea that it was a catastrophe at sea. What looked like the raging main, however, was really a Chinese turf; and the boat and bedraggled object in the foreground was not a wreck, but a tree. An awful print of a lost Celestial maid in the grasp of a devil fish proved to be one of an almond-eyed damsel twined in the leaves and tendrils of a flowering shrub. Instead of slippery squids, as one might have supposed, were tambourines; and a rock in the boiling surge was only a pagoda set in heather and bushes.

A series of small paintings told a romantic story very dear to the Chinese heart. The hero of the pictorial tale was the strongest man in the empire, having been an athlete under the teaching of his wife, who was a female Samson. Together they challenged the world without soft gloves, and "bar none." In course of time, however, war came and the wife was overpowered and taken away, leaving the husband very miserable. As the artist paints him standing mournfully at the door of his deserted lavender house, great vermilion tears roll down his face, and trickle along his chromatic trousers and sink into the scarlet and yellow earth.

Then twenty years go by, and another war ensues. Two armies meet, and the strongest champions go forth for a preliminary combat. Behold! The man and wife are sent against each other, and the artist rises to the occasion. He shows the husband holding his Dulcinea out at arms' length by her belt, and as he bears her away toward a saffron river which runs between sky-blue banks, he has a fierce, bewhiskered joy on his face that invites not a pearl-tinted breeze but a crimson hurricane to blow through it. Meanwhile, the captured giantess, demure and sweet, has surrendered without a murmur.

The visiting knight of the brush uses pigments that will wash, and he says that one of his pictures can go through a Chinese laundry without the loss of the natural blue tint on a maiden's cheek or of the delicate bronze flush of an opening flower or leaf.—Hawaii Star.

DR. SMITH AND THE SNOWBALL.

A Story of a Prank Once Played Upon a Distinguished Collegian.

Apropos of the late Sir William Smith, The London Christian World tells a story of a famous prank once played upon him during his professorship at New College. He was not to be joked with, as a rule, but on this occasion he was fairly "had" by an audacious student. On a winter's day, during an interval between classes, some of the men had been amusing themselves by snow-balling in the rear court. Just before the bell rang for the doctor's next class, one of them, "greatly daring," caught up a snowball, ran with it to the class room, and, standing on the professor's rostrum, threw it with beautiful accuracy to the ceiling, where it stuck exactly above where the learned doctor's head would come. In another minute the bell rang, the class assembled, and the stately form of the classical tutor appeared. Seating himself at his desk, he called on the first man to construe. Scarcely had a sentence been got through when a drop of water came "pat" from above on the professional cranium. No notice was taken of this, but when another quickly followed the doctor looked up, his gaze being followed by that of the class. These fortunate enough to have been present will not to their dying day forget the tableau. The professor was furious when the men were in convulsions. Terrible threats were issued, but though every student in the place knew who the offender was who had dared thus to offend the majesty of learning in its own rostrum, his name never reached the ears of authority.

Can't Hypnotize the Camera.

Two young men of Boston, while on a journey through India last summer, witnessed an exhibition by a fakir in a small village outside Calcutta. The fakir was performing the usual experiment of making a rope descend from the clouds and a man come down the rope, who ascended by the same route, after having his head cut off. The exhibition was in an open square before 1000 spectators. Every one saw plainly what was happening. The two Bostonians had cameras with them, and took numerous snap shots of the exhibition in its various stages. They intended to write an article upon the subject for a magazine and illustrate it direct from photographs. They developed the plates with much interest upon their return to Boston recently. They were nonplussed when they saw the results. The photographs revealed the fakir, surrounded by the crowd, with astonishment, bewilderment, and horror pictured on their faces; but the extraordinary decapitation they had witnessed did not show upon the sensitive plates. The crowd standing around were apparently looking at nothing in the photographs. What they saw had not happened at all, but they merely saw it in their mind's eye. While there is nothing remarkable in the force of suggestion, when applied to one person, it would not be impossible for an impression, such as the event which the Boston men saw, to be conveyed to one person in a hypnotic condition. The circumstances at the Indian fakir's exhibition were, however, entirely different. Here were 1000 people, fully awake, who all saw in their mind exactly the same picture, and had no doubt that the wonderful events actually happened.

A Novel 'Bus.

A trial has been made of an electrically-lighted electric 'bus with pneumatic tube silent wheels and ball bearings, and will soon appear on the

HOUSE AND HOME TOPICS

LITTLE SERMONS TO BE READ IN THE EASY CHAIR.

Health Requires Cleanliness.—The Practical Application of the Term in Living and Sleeping Rooms.—The Proper Way for Girls to Sit.

Exquisite cleanliness in sleeping apartments and living rooms is certainly conducive if not essential to health.

A place of residence may be filthy where there is no visible pile of dirt. Carpets loaded with dust and saturated with grease, neglected draperies that harbor miscellaneous germs of disease, and dirty inside; old wall papers, smoky and grimy, if not worse, are sources of danger as much to be suspected and feared as garbage cans or refuse heaps. They defile the atmosphere quite as much, and if they do not menace health they certainly develop disease.

The room occupied by a family as a sitting room and those occupied by sick or ailing persons, says the New York World, should really be without a carpet, or if there is one it should be so scattered that it could be taken up every week and cleaned and aired. People with a tendency to throat troubles and all growing children are better for living in rooms with bare floors, uncurtained windows and doors and uncovered furniture.

Sweeping a carpeted room with a broom certainly removes much dirt from the floor, but what is not swept up is scattered through the air, making every dust settles the room is usually "dusted," which means practically whipping the deposit from one piece of furniture to another with a feather duster. It would be better to leave the dust alone once it settles, unless it can be removed. The only way to do this is to wipe everything with a wet cloth and wash out the rag afterward, just as a clean woman cleans a hardwood floor or oilcloth.

Most people have any idea of the exquisite cleanliness that children and delicate women require. What robust, active people in health put up with for a night or a day at a time is very deleterious to the weaker persons who occupy the house with the dusty furniture, the smoky lamp or chimney, the steaming kettles and pots, or the toilet utensils, sinks, etc., cleaned but once a day even in the best of houses. It is the exception where the water jug, soapdish and cleaner every day, and yet the bad odors from them poison pure air and so disperse the organs of respiration and poison the blood. It is to give the lungs a chance to throw off these loads of poisonous material that everybody who can move or be moved should go out into the open air daily, or properly wrapped up, get an airing in an open door or window.

THE WAY TO SIT.

Our Grandmother's Straight Backed Chair is the Best One. When our grandmothers were girls and straight-backed chairs instead of cushioned divans were the usual resting places, the young women held themselves with a straightness that was almost stiffness. Then when they grew old they still held themselves like duchesses. For it is the way one sits rather than the exercises one takes that determines the erectness of the figure.

A prominent physician says that the proper sitting position requires that the spine shall be kept straight and that the support needed for the upper part shall be felt in the right place. Therefore, it is necessary to sit as far back in the chair as possible, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced against the back of the seat. If this back is straight the shoulders will also rest against it; but even if the shoulders have no point of support, it will be found that they do not need it when the base of the spine is supported properly. This position makes no strain upon the ligaments of the spine. Every organ of the body is properly fixed by this attitude.

The feet should rest squarely upon the floor; the hands should rest lightly on the lap, and thus perfect equilibrium and rest is secured. The arms should never be crossed, for that position causes a strain upon the spine, places a weight upon the stomach and diaphragm and thus increases the labor of digestion and respiration.

Once in a while it is a good thing to place the arms behind the back, giving as it does, the fullest expansion to the upper part of the body.—New York World.

A Theorist Who Failed.

There recently died in New Jersey at the age of 73 a theorist who had spent all his fortune, which at one time was considerable, and all his life in a vain attempt to solve the problem of extracting the silver which lies in solution in the sea from the salt water which holds it. He lived down on the coast in a cottage which he built years ago, and on every side were constructed sluices, runways, washes and the various appliances with which he was experimenting. The interior of the cottage resembled the apartments of a medieval alchemist rather than that of a nineteenth century house by the sea. It was fitted with retorts, phials, crucibles and in the same corner was a diminutive furnace. Some ten years ago he was joined in his labors by a young woman about 18. She attended him up to the day of his burial, but since that time no trace of her can be found. The cottage is dilapidated, and no heirs have claimed it, nor has any paper been found to indicate the name or origin of its strange occupants.

A Tribute to Gladstone's Eloquence.

For one good speech Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Balfour may make, Mr. Gladstone makes 20. He is versed in every artifice of oratory; he is practised in every mood and method of debate. He has the temperament and the equipment of a great orator, though Mr. Hayward made a good point when he wrote the words, "A shade more imagination." Yet, before admitting Mr. Hayward's qualification, I would prefix the adjective "poetic" to the noun "imagination," for Mr. Gladstone's imagination is most active. As a man of business he is inspired. Let his theme be a great trade or industry; let the subject of his voluminous discourse be railway rates, bi-metalism, the opium traffic; let him rattle his mind and unroll his memory before his audience—do but hearken to his illustrations and follow his discus-

HORSE NOTES.

Russell, Kansas, has a kite track. The trotter can be bred to a profit. Repetition 2,191, brought \$3,900. Alix may be wintered in California. Nominee, 2,174, is at the Buffalo track. Lord Bryon, 2,174, is going to Europe. Braddock, Penn., is to have a mile track. The trotting horse will sell for good money.

Sidwood, by Sidney, now has a mark of 2:16 1/2.

Dandy Jim, 2,161, will stand for \$100 next season.

McHenry may be seen behind Monbars next year.

This has been a good year for Kansas bred ones.

Keep your youngsters well engaged in the stakes.

Nancy Hanks has won over \$62,000 in her turf career.

The dam of Director's Flower, 2,20, is in foal to Directum.

Tommy Russell, 2,271, has been sold to Texas parties.

Dictator Did, 2,25, brought \$500 in New York, Thursday.

Moquette, 2,10, should be able to trot to the record next year.

Fanny Witherspoon, 2,164, is in foal to Expedition, 2,191.

The dam of Laura T., 2,091, is in foal to Walnut Boy, 2,111.

Nine trotters have obtained race records of 2:10 or better this year.

It is said that Alix will be controlled by Monroe Salisbury next year.

The ... asy, 2,081, is in foal of Eriton, son of Stamboul.

Dolly C., 2,184, won nineteen races out of twenty-four starts this year.

A. H. Moore has purchased the dam of Gold Leaf, 2,111, and Thistle, 2,134.

But fourteen sons and daughters of Director, 2,17, scored for the word this year.

Director's Flower, 2,20, was purchased by R. L. Rose of Providence for \$5,100.

Steve Whipple, 1,12, brought \$3,100. He was purchased by Providence parties.

Sylvester K., 2,201, started sixteen times this year, and won fourteen first moneys.

The American Association will not investigate the Chicago free-for-all until May.

It is said that Charley C., 2,144, was bid in at the New York sales Wednesday at \$3,500.

Doble thinks that excepting Directum, Arion stands the best chance of beating 2:04 next year.

McDonald, by Jerome Eddy, 2,164, out of Buffalo Girl, 2,12, will be campaigned next year.

The Board of Review of the National Association was in session at New York last week.

Onward, Nutwood and Electioneer have each added eighteens performers to their roll of honor this year.

George Starr and John Dickerson will doubtless do the driving for the Doble stable next year.

Palo Alto Farm sold 86 head at auction in New York last week; they brought an average of \$429.24.

The two leading twelve-year-old sires, Gambaetta Wilkes and Sidney, are both members of the 2:20 list.

The world's trotting records for yearlings, three, four, and five-year-olds have all been lowered this year and in races.

The road horse can be produced cheaper than the trotter. The small breeder should breed the roadster in trotting lines.

Paola, 2,281, a six-year-old brother to Palo Alto 2,081, was purchased for \$1,250 by Texas parties at the Palo Alto sale last week.

Robert Bonner purchased a yearling half brother to Sunol, 2,084 by Advertiser 2,134, at the Palo Alto sale last week for \$3,100.

Gordon Sim has been sold to Western parties for \$2,000 and should be quite a horse next year, although he was off the last of this season.

Faustina dam of Faustino 2,131, and Fausta 2,221, was purchased by C. I. Hood of Lowell, at the Valensia sale in New York, Tuesday.

Leslie McLeod, for the past three years editor of The Horseman, has resigned and accepted a similar position with Clark's Horse Review.

Homewood Park, Pittsburgh, was sold at auction Monday for \$300,000. It was purchased by a syndicate headed by Henry Stewart and J. M. Guffy.

A fire on Monday at Burlington, Iowa, destroyed Republican, 2,191, Sam Keith 2,251, Shelmont 1,241, Romain 2,30, and Clinker, 2,30. Republican had shown a mile in 2:13 and was valued at \$8,000.

What's Limping Yet?

Why should you go limping around when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will remove your corns in a few days. It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Polson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe sure, painless.

SKODA LITTLE TABLET

Cure of Head and Dyspepsia