

NEW UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT.

TO the Citizens of Fredericton and Surrounding County:

The Undersigned wishes to inform the Citizens of Fredericton and Surrounding Country that, having secured the services of A FIRST-CLASS MAN AS UNDERTAKER, he is now in a position to fill all orders with which he may be favored.

I HAVE NOW ON HAND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

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As I Manufacture Caskets and Coffins on the premises, I claim to be in a position to sell the same quality of goods cheaper than can be purchased elsewhere in the city.

A Full Stock of Shrouds, Gloves, etc always on hand

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I would also call your attention to the fact that I am prepared to attend to all orders for Cabinet work and Repairing Furniture. All such work called for and delivered anywhere in the City, Free of Charge, W. J. S.

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Beautiful and with a Clear, Healthy Complexion,

Of course every man wants his wife to be beautiful; but how can she be beautiful if her face and hands are disfigured by rough skin, freckles, tan or eruptions? Nothing will throw such a damper on love as a blunished face.

By the use of "GEM CURATIVE SOAP," an article which combines the best known remedies for the cure of all cutaneous diseases, a refined healthy complexion is assured.

When GEM CURATIVE SOAP is used according to directions the effects are marvellous and gratifying. Time has proven this to be true, as thousands of the most flattering testimonials are on file from customers in England, Scotland, France and Germany, in which countries the Soap is a staple toilet article.

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Write this sentence on a piece of paper
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And send to with twenty cents for a sample cake of Gem Curative Soap.

To the first lady from whom a slip is received will be given a handsome Seal Skin Mantle, valued at \$300.00, or its equivalent in cash, less 20 per cent. To the first Gentleman from whom is received a similar slip will be given an 18-karat Gold Watch set with one karat diamonds. Appleton & Tracy's movement, valued at \$250.00.

In addition to these, we have prepared five thousand sample cakes numbered 1 to 5000. Every number ending with naught (0) will receive a prize valued at not less than \$10.00. Sample cases postpaid. All goods for the United States free of duty.

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A YOUTH'S DARING DEED. HOW A STRONG FORTRESS WAS CAPTURED.

A Sixteen Year Old Nicaraguan Boy, With Thirty Men, Took the Almost Impregnable Fortress of Corilla.

Godfrey L. Carden, Lieutenant United States Revenue Marine, writes to Harper's Weekly:—The revolution in Nicaragua just ended has witnessed in the short period which marked its existence the performance of a deed of daring the like of which has probably never been excelled since the storming of Bakajoz. All the more interest is centred in the event since it is known that the central figure is a boy only sixteen years of age—a mere child in years, but a giant in courage and ability. This lad, a representative of one of Spain's oldest families in Nicaragua, captured, with the assistance of but thirty men, the fortress of Corilla, which is the strongest post in Central America. The account of the capture reached New York during the present week. It was participated in by Mr Frederick Rockwood formerly a lieutenant in the United States Revenue Marine. Mr. Rockwood is at present a wealthy planter in central Nicaragua. Prior to his departure for Nicaragua, more than six years ago, he was a prominent member of the New York Seventh Regiment. Mr. Rockwood reached New York after forty-five days of travel from his plantation. The story he tells runs as follows: "I left my plantation some two weeks before the revolution broke out. I knew as indeed we all did, that trouble was coming. I was importuned by my fellow-planters to take sides with the Liberal party. Had it not been for those interests which demanded that I immediately set out for New York, I am inclined to believe that I would have followed the bent of my inclination. I promised however, that I would return to Nicaragua as soon as my business affairs were settled. With this promise given, I bade a lot of my neighbors, one bright morning, a farewell, and set out on horseback for the

Head of Lake Nicaragua.

To reach the head of the lake required a ride of two hundred and fifty miles. This portion of the journey I traversed without incident, and one bright evening not many weeks ago I reined up at a little station situated at the head of the White Lake. Here, for the first time, I learned that the revolution had broken out in force, that skirmishing was going on to the eastward and westward of the station and, worse yet, that every form of water craft on Lake Nicaragua had been seized by government forces. My chagrin was great. I debated whether I should work through to the east coast or back to the west coast. I finally concluded to wait. In the meantime I kept my eyes and ears open, particularly my ears, and not more than three days elapsed before I learned of the existence of a small tug somewhere back of the station. I will not say how I obtained possession of the tug. It is that I soon had every prospect of pushing my way on down the lake. It was while placing stores aboard, however, that I was suddenly surprised by the appearance of a young Spaniard, his sword in hand, and himself in the dress of a lieutenant in the regular army of Nicaragua. The Spaniard was a mere boy. He was about sixteen years of age; certainly not more than seventeen. As he stood there on the deck, smiling, and in the purest of Spanish requesting that I turn the craft over to him, hardly knew which to admire most, his impudence or his beauty. His face was of pure Castilian type. His eyes had all the tenderness and his skin the softness of a girl. He was a handsome chap; in fact, a handsome boy I never saw. While eyeing him in a half quizzical manner, some thirty armed men

Burst Through the Bush

and leaped on board. The smile of the young Spaniard rapidly played round his well-shaped mouth. The men were his followers. There was nothing left for me to do but give up the boat. The youngster deemed my conclusion wise, and I could see that my discomfiture rather amused him. He was an odd little fellow; yet hardly lithe, for he was tall for a boy of his age, and strong too, while his every step showed off a lithe active form. At first it looked as if I were to be summarily tossed on shore, but on my making known that I was an American, and a former United States officer, the boy saw an opportunity to make me of service to him. He knew I was anxious to reach the east coast, and he promised to assist me—that is, if I were willing to assist him. My function was to navigate the boat. I undertook it. The thirty men who came aboard with the young Spaniard were as fine a set of fighting-men as I have ever seen. They were all mountain men, great tall fellows who looked capable of withstanding immense fatigue. They were splendidly armed, each man carrying a breech-loading Remington rifle and two full cartridge belts. I have seen a great many soldiers in my lifetime. I have also had the honor to be a member of one of the finest national guard regiments of the United States, the New York Seventh, but I have yet to see thirty men with the word "business" more plainly stamped in their faces than in the case of those thirty Nicaraguans. I asked the youngster in command where we should go? He very quietly said "Corilla." I could hardly believe my ears. "What? Corilla?" I ejaculated. It cannot be possible that this boy means to attack that place, the strongest post in Nicaragua. But it was true that he did, and in a very short time. Off we went down the lake, the little tug carrying thirty rebels, all dressed in the regular uniform of

the Nicaraguan Army. I had not been deceived as to the true character of my companions. I recognized them as men of

The Revolutionary Forces

very shortly after they got aboard. On the way down the lake I saw a great deal of the young Spaniard. Not once did he speak of the work ahead. He talked mostly on national subjects, and inquired particularly into the relation of the States to the national government at Washington. He was fairly well posted on the form of government in vogue in the United States, but was better posted regarding existing governments in Europe. His mind seemed to possess great breadth, while at all times there was evinced that same gentleness, that same softness, which made me at times almost doubt that he was a boy. Corilla was reached in the broad break of day. The morning in Central America usually breaks suddenly. It was just the beginning of this morning when the fort loomed up ahead on a high bluff fully one hundred feet above the river. This fort is armed with modern rifled cannon, mostly Krupp guns. In addition there are several machine guns. The fort commands the entrance to Lake Nicaragua. Its guns are able to deliver a terrific plunging fire on any craft attempting to pass up without authority. As we neared Corilla I expected every moment to hear the whizz of a rifle-shot. As we drew nearer I really began to feel that perhaps, after all, we would escape a salvo. Right ahead was a wharf jutting out at the base of the bluff, alongside, we managed to secure the boat. As we did so, the young Spaniard leaped on the dock. A sentry stood three doing guard duty. The boy said something brusquely to him about his force being re-enforcements, and the sentry saluted. The lad sent him up the hill on some message, and then turned to his command. Every man of the thirty was on the dock. It needed only a nod to set them in motion, and this nod the handsome young Spaniard gave. Leading up to the gates of the fort from the wharf was a winding road. Up this road the young rebel and his men marched, the boy leading off some twenty feet in advance and swinging his

Sharp Razor-Like Sword,

much as one would a walking stick. I could hardly believe my eyes. Here was a mere boy with only a handful of men marching straight up to the gates of the strongest fort in Nicaragua. Instinctively I found myself on the dock and following them. My arms consisted simply of a revolver, and I doubt if in the excitement I realized that I might have occasion to use it. To look at that body of men swinging along up the roadway in splendid unison, one would have fancied that it was merely a reconnoitring party in from a tramp. Surely, I said to myself, their real character will be discovered before they reach the gates. They never possibly can deceive the guard. At this moment the great, ponderous gates opened, and an officer, the officer of the day, stepped out. He had evidently just sprung out of bed, for there was a half-yawn around his mouth as he made his appearance. The sentry had told him that reinforcements were coming up the road. This was good news. It would mean lighter duty at the post, and more companionship. All this doubtless passed through the mind of the officer of the day as he stepped out to greet the commander of the re-enforcing party. As for the thought of caution, it had not entered his mind. The rebels he had heard of, but had not seen. He doubted if any really existed; and if they did, they were hundreds of miles from Corilla, while, besides, these men coming up the roadside were dressed as regulars. So with a cheery "Glad to see you. Where are you from?" he advanced some twenty feet beyond the gates. Inside the gateway the guard was drawn up prepared to receive the new arrival. The cheery hail of the officer of the fort received an indistinct reply from the young Spaniard. In another moment the two were but a few feet apart. I recall at that instant a whirl of steel in the air, a sharp agonizing cry, and the next instant the officer of the fort

Lay Writhing on the Ground.

Without so much as a look at the man he had cut down in his track, the young Spaniard, with the bound of a panther, sprang into the open doorway, and quicker than it can be told he had cut down two soldiers. Like the sudden blast of a mighty wind every man of the command rushed forward. Carried away with the excitement, I followed; and as I did, I stumbled over the bodies of the dozen men of the guard. Every man had been bayoneted where he stood. Once inside the fort, the men of the young Spaniard spread out in skirmish order across the parade-ground and facing the quarters; until now not a shot had been fired. Suddenly, though, it came, and from the revolver of the lad ahead. The commandant of the fort, hearing some unusual noise outside, had sprung out of bed, and hastily stepped out on the veranda before his door. As he did so, the young Spaniard, at a distance of more than one hundred feet, drove a pistol-bullet between his eyes. The body of the dead commandant rolled down on the walk below. This pistol-shot roused the fort and instantly men poured out from the quarters. Their appearance was the signal for every rifle in the army to open action. The scene that followed was little short of that of a slaughter-pen. The men of the fort had been cut off from their arms. They were

Now Being Butchered.

Men yelled and cursed, begged for mercy, and shrieked as they fell wounded. The young Spaniard dashed about, using a brace of re-

volvers. It looked at one time as if he proposed to slaughter the garrison, but he suddenly gave the word to cease firing. Some twenty-three men were killed. The fort contained about seventy-five men. The living were made prisoners. The first act of the young Spaniard did was to slam the gates. He next inspected the ordnance, stationed men on guard, and then proceeded to wash and refresh himself. The flag of the Liberal party was soon floating over the ramparts of the fort. A little later in the day, with that same smile on his lips, and that same tenderness of expression, he fitted me out for my journey, and wishing me a pleasant passage, bade me an affectionate adieu. I reached the east coast without mishap, and took passage to Colon. From Colon I came to New York by one of the regular steamers.

The success of the revolution Mr. Rockwood first learned on reaching New York. He says, that expects to learn on his return to Nicaragua that the young Spaniard had been made an officer of high rank. If they do not promote him, he declares that the youngster will promote himself.

The Old Man in the Pansy.

Maggie Symington tells in the Dublin Warder the following pretty fancies about the pansy: I have found him and you can do so, if you follow directions. Have you ever heard the pansy story? Listen Every pansy that grows represents a whole family: father, mother, two daughters and two stepdaughters. So they say in la belle France, and for this reason the pansy is called the stepmother. When I tell you how to find the different members of this interesting family you will I know, all be seeking for pansies that you may prove the truth of my words. First of all you must know that the petals are the colored leaves of the flower; and the sepals are the leaves of the calyx; the calyx is the green outer covering, or leaf-like envelope of a flower. The pansy has two plain colored leaves, these are the step-children. By looking at the back you will find that they have only one sepal between them. These are the step-daughters, who have only one chair, the sepal, to sit down upon. The two marked side petals have a sepal each these are the own daughters and each has a chair to herself. The fifth leaf the largest and brightest of all, is the step-mother, and she has two chairs or sepals. She cannot sit on two chairs at once, so one must be for her old man; but where is he? Ah, where! Now, do just what I tell you, and you will discover him. Carefully pull away the step-daughters, the real daughters and the step-mother, and then you will see him—a funny little old man, with a comforter round his neck, sitting huddled up with his feet in a bath-tub.

Household Hints.

Mend the torn pages of books with white tissue paper.

Save your cold tea. It is excellent for cleaning grained wood.

Clean plaster of paris ornaments with wet starch brushed off when dry.

Clear, black coffee, diluted with water and containing a little ammonia will clean and restore black clothes.

Denim is one of the best materials for dress facings. It will outlast six facings of silesia and will not rub your shoes white as does the canvas.

Interesting Facts.

One woman in 137 in India can read.

Philadelphia has 23,000 more girls than boys.

An English corset firm made 838 corsets on orders for men last year.

Patrik Henry, in 1776, was the first to make use of the expression "fellow citizens."

The Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Siamese, New Zealanders and North American Indians are beardless.

The first lightning conductor was invented not by Franklin, but by an obscure Bohemian monk in 1754.

In 600 the king of Northumberland gave 800 acres of land for one book containing the history of the world.

The average weight of adult Bostonians of both sexes is only 133 pounds. Western people average six pounds heavier.

To gain strength—Hood's Sarsaparilla. For steady nerves—Hood's Sarsaparilla For pure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Eternal Vigilance

Is the price of health. But with all our precaution there are enemies always lurking about our systems, only waiting a favourable opportunity to assert themselves. Impurities in the blood may be hidden for year or even generations and suddenly break forth, undermining health and hastening death. For all diseases arising from impure blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is the unequalled and unapproached remedy. It is King of them all for it conquers disease.

True Philanthropy.

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I will mail free to all sufferers the means by which I was restored to health and manly vigor after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness. I was robbed and swindled by quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thanks to heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong. I have nothing to sell and no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever, but being desirous to make this certain cure known to all, I will send free and confidential to anyone full particulars of just how I was cured. Address with stamps:

MR. EDWARD MARTIN (Teacher), P. O. Box 143, Detroit Mich. May 20—4m.

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