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THE BORDEN TRIAL.

The Evidence Given by Miss Russell Tells Against Lizzie.

Peculiar Circumstances Connected With Miss Russell's Actions.

The people in the vicinity of New Bedford regularly live in the court house during the hours it is open for the Borden trial. They bring crullers and cookies and other New England food atrocities in their pockets, and actually camp out and lunch near the scene of battle. They swarm all about the neighborhood and invade the verandas of adjacent houses until it has been necessary for the people owning them to have signs printed and posted up, warning them off. Next to the anxiety to get in the courtroom is the overmastering curiosity to catch even so much as a glance of Lizzie Borden. At the adjournment of court, the street from the back entrance of the court house, out of which she passes to her carriage, all the way down to the jail, three long blocks away, is daily literally lined on both sides of the way with wagons and carriages many of them stylish turnouts. In addition to this the sidewalks on both sides of the street are packed with people all the way down to the jail, standing as closely together as they comfortably could. It looks like a country street down which a circus procession was expected to pass, and the extraordinary thing is that all these people, both in the carriages and on the sidewalks fully 80 per cent are women and little girls. But they see nothing for their pains. Miss Borden drives to and from the goal in a little old coupe drawn by one horse. The curtains of the coupe are so tightly closed that not a glimpse of her face or figure can be seen.

Of late the coupe has been actually blocked and stopped in its passage by the great number of carriages, and one evening, just for the tenth part of a second, Kirby, the deputy who had charge of the prisoner, pulled the curtain aside just long enough to peep out and see what was the matter and the glimpse of his grizzled face was all the spectators had to

REWARD THEM FOR THEIR PATIENCE.

The full force of the prosecution's attack has developed and the most damaging of all their evidence against the prisoner been brought out. The one distinctly vulnerable point is Lizzie Borden's movements at the time of the murders and during the few days immediately following them was the burning of the light blue dress with the dark, navy blue diamond figure. It is upon this that the Grand Jury indicated her and it is this which will convict her if she is convicted. Without that dress the Commonwealth's case is a mere tissue of speculations. The Commonwealth established beyond a peradventure in the opinion of all who heard the evidence, that Lizzie Borden did on the Sunday morning following the crime, which occurred on Thursday, burn such a dress in the kitchen stove and in the presence of two persons. The testimony of one of these persons was the feature of the forenoon's proceedings, and, indeed, of the entire trial up to that moment. Not only was the testimony itself the most startling of any heretofore produced, but the witness herself was a person of such singular individuality that she seemed typical of all the uncanny features of this amazing mystery, as well as of the strange people and their strange and narrow lives who are the actors in it.

It was fully expected that this witness, Miss Russell, would occupy the stand for at least one day, but her examination and cross-examination were both finished in a trifle more than an hour. During that time, however, the witness, who in her way is as extraordinary a woman as the prisoner herself, made,

APPARENTLY WITHOUT RELUCTANCE,

and at times even with an air of every desire to inflict injury, the most terribly damaging statements in relation to the girl who for years had been her bosom friend. This sudden change in the attitude of Miss Russell toward the prisoner is one of the most mysterious features of this most mysterious case. At the trial in Fall River last year Miss Russell testified with marked reluctance and carefully suppressed the features of prime importance to which she has so glibly sworn. In Fall River her testimony was of hardly any importance, but now she did more to secure a conviction than all the witnesses so far heard from. The prosecution claims that Miss Russell at first confined herself to unimportant testimony because she desired to shield the woman who was her dearest friend; that she continued this deception even when she was summoned before the Grand Jury, and it was only when she could no longer stand the pangs of a gnawing conscience that of her own accord she sought the authorities and made a clean breast of all she knew. Twice Miss Russell swore that she had told the whole truth, and then at the eleventh hour she admits that she deliberately suppressed the two essential features of her testimony. Whatever her motive may have been, the prosecution could hardly have expected to get a verdict without the testimony supplied by her. Under cross-examination, Miss Russell remained absolutely unshaken as to Lizzie burning the dress, although as a matter of fact the defence hardly made any serious attempt to impugn the truth of what she had said. It becomes more difficult every day to see what the line of defence will be, although an indication of a portion of it was given when ex-Governor Robinson extracted from Dr. Bowen the

statement that he had given Miss Borden morphine to quiet her nerves, and that this had a tendency to produce hallucinations, the evident purpose of this being to accout for the various contradictory stories told by the prisoner.

All that Miss Borden has done or said is equally consistent with the theory of innocence or the theory of guilt. This is most strikingly illustrated in that worst of all things against her.

THE BURNING OF THE DRESS.

A woman accused of a double murder of such a character that she must have been spattered and splashed with blood from head to foot when she did the deed burns up a dress which corresponds to one the witnesses describe as having been worn by her on the morning the murder was known to have been committed. That certainly is a portentous fact, pointing with dreadful emphasis to guilt, but, on the other hand, how would a guilty woman destroy an article which bore evidence that would hang her surely. She would never do it in broad daylight, in the presence of two witnesses, in a room with open windows and with a swarm of detectives prying about the place to discover precisely some such move on the part of a person whom they must necessarily have had under suspicion. Yet that is the way in which Lizzie Borden destroyed the dress which the Commonwealth is making the pivotal point of its attack upon her. When on the following day, one of the witnesses to the destruction of the dress said: "Lizzie, I am afraid the burning of that dress was the worst thing you could have done," Lizzie replied "Oh, why did you let me do it? Why did you not stop me?"

A guilty woman, relying upon the fidelity of a friend to screen her, might have made precisely such a remark as that, provided you can conceive of a guilty woman, then under suspicion, making a public bonfire of an article that she knew was damning evidence against her. So, too, an innocent woman so conscious of her innocence that she had no thought of being,

SERIOUSLY ACCUSED OF THE CRIME,

might have made precisely the same remark when her friends pointed out to her that she was under suspicion, and under grave suspicion, and when for the first time, there came a realization of the awful significance of a purely thoughtless and harmless act. Of course, in their closing appeals, the counsel for the concurring sides will make the most of each one of these bewildering confusing circumstances, and the task of weighing and deciding the delicate possibilities will fall to the jury. It is a task which as far as now has been revealed will be one of the most difficult ever submitted to the judgement of twelve good and true men.

The Borden family physician Dr. Bowen, gave some interesting evidence. He told a long story of his visit on the fatal morning to the Borden house, which is situated across the street from his own residence on second street. He conversed with Lizzie Borden about the awful deed, asking her, among other things, if she had seen any one about the house. To this the young woman returned a negative reply. He enquired where she was when her father was killed. Her response was that she was out in the

BARN LOOKING FOR AN IRON.

She said she was afraid that her father had had trouble with his tenants. Dr. Bowen emphatically denied that he had told anybody that Mrs. Borden had fainted, after he saw her body, but he admitted that he said it was fortunate for Lizzie that she was out of the way, or else she would have been killed too. The witness pressed closely on the subject of the dress that Miss Borden had on the morning of the murders, but his recollection on this point was a trifle misty. I don't pretend to describe a woman's dress and I don't intend to exclaimed the doctor, when Mr. Moody urged him to give a description. Mr. Moody put up the dark blue dress which has been shown in the Court room before. The dress was inside out, crumpled up and twisted out of shape, so the attorney attempted to get it into its normal condition before exhibiting it to Dr. Bowen. His attempt was a failure until Mr. Knowlton went to the rescue and endeavored to help him unravel the dress mystery. Their united efforts could not solve it. Mr. Moody held up the stubborn garment and asked the witness if it was the dress that Miss Borden wore the morning of the murder. Dr. Bowen said it was not. In the cross-examination by Lawyer Adams, the physician stated that he had administered brome-caffeine and morphine to Miss Borden after the murder. She was not accustomed to drugs, and the morphine, he thought, might have had a tendency to cloud her memory and cause hallucinations.

Assistant Marshal Fleet in his cross-examination by Governor Robinson disclosed the fact that other hatchets than the handleless hatchet were found in the box by the chimney, and that there were piles of ashes in the place. The handleless hatchet was found on the witness' second visit to the cellar on the day of the murder. Mr. Robinson led Fleet into a contradiction of his former testimony that the broken part of the hatchet-handle

WAS COVERED WITH ASHES

when he found it; that it was not produced at the preliminary hearing and that he did not testify about it at the time because he did not think it was used in the murder. Harrington, an

officer, was called. During his testimony as to the condition of the bodies the prisoner said she left her father reading a paper, and after twenty minutes found him dead, and that she said the motive was not robbery, as everything was all right about the house. The witness gave a detailed description of the prisoner's dress which caused amusement, and the prisoner twice leaned on her arm and laughed heartily for the first time in the trial. Mr. Robinson involved the witness in several contradictions about the conditions of the barn doors and windows. Witness contradicted Fleet as to the place where one hatchet was found. Doherty, another officer, was put on and described his experience at the Borden house on the day of the murder. Mr. Mullally's direct testimony as to the condition of the premises on the day of the murder developed nothing. He corroborated Fleet's testimony as to finding the handleless hatchet. The broken handle was clean, but the blade was covered with ashes. In searching about the premises he said, in answer to a question, that he had seen

NO WEAPON WITH BLOOD ON IT.

Some of the testimony given by Mullally a few minutes later took on a curious interest. Mr. Robinson was asking the witness about the hatchets found in the cellar. He said there had been no dust on the hatchets when he saw them. He told his questioner that something else had been found in the cellar besides what had been enumerated. It was nothing less than the missing part of the handle.

Where was it found? asked the surprised lawyer, while everybody leaned forward anxiously. It was found in the box with the hatchet, was the reply.

Where is it now? the question came quick and sharp.

I don't know. Assistant Marshall Fleet found it.

Ex-Gov. Robinson turned to District Attorney Knowlton and asked: Does the Government know anything of that missing part of the handle?

The Government has no knowledge of it.

Fleet was recalled to the stand. In a few rapid questions he was asked about the finding of the handle. He said he had not found it, had not seen it, and did not know of anybody who had seen it, or knew anything of it. There was an awkward pause for a moment, and then he was excused. Other evidence followed, but merely corroborative or in line with previous testimony.

The Great Fair.

One of the pleasing things about the white city is its exhaustless capacity for surprising changes. In the centre part of the grounds Venice and Lagoons and marble palaces greet the eyes, but in the Northeast corner one comes upon a wild and freer stretch and an ocean scenery. On a windy day our much abused lake rolls up to the curved stone walls skirting the beach in great, booming waves, dashed with angry white spray. Down the curve of the harbor loom the monstrous palaces, and the fresh, sweet breeze blows inland over the sandy shore. If one happens to be there in time above the roar of the waves will peal out the chimes in the German building, lending a foreign touch of enchantment to the scene that completes it. Those German chimes are rich and clear, and off in the distance the echoes still clash musically.

It is a lovely, dreamland country, the six hundred acres shut in by a prosaic board fence, and it grows upon one. Next winter, when the edict goes forth for its destruction, there will rise an indignant protest from the visiting thousands. But it is like the snow sculpture we made when we were young, or the desert mirage, and, like them, melt away. It is out of the question to think of its being torn to pieces, board by board like a common creation.

Sick Esquimaux Children.

The cunning little children in the village of the World's Fair are sick nearly all the time. They are not used to the sweet things which the visitors give them, and so the poor little tots suffer from all the troubles which our children have when they have eaten too much at Christmas or Thanksgiving. The poor little Esquimaux children have fared the worst. In Iceland, where the Esquimaux live, there are no sugar at all or any sweet things. And until they were brought to Chicago the children had never seen a piece of candy nor as much as heard of a peanut.

But everybody who visits the Esquimaux village is sure to give the funny little snuggled toddlers a stick of candy or something else that is sweet. And, not long ago, there was not a well baby at the fair, just on account of the things which the visitors gave them to eat. If people keep on feeding the children candy out of their hand-bags and cakes from their lunch-baskets, a woman is to stand near by and tell every one that candy makes the children sick and please not to give them any.

He Said It.

One day during the war, while a Middle Tennessee regiment was stationed in the city of Nashville, an Irish recruit was put on guard duty on one of the principal streets in the city. He thought it his duty to challenge every one who came along, just as he would in camp. By and by a well-dressed citizen approached.

Halt! Who goes there? says Mike.

A citizen, answered the man. Advance, citizen, and give the countersign! But I don't know the countersign, said the citizen; and if I did, I think it is very strange and unusual that it should be demanded in a public place like this.

Well, be jabers then, said Mike, ye don't pass this way till ye've said 'Boonker Hill'!

Bunker Hill, said the man, with a grin. Right! Pass on! said the sentinel at "present," and the citizen went on about his affairs.