JINGLES OF HUMOR.

A Little Nonsense Gathered for Leisure

She-You see all this talk about hoop After skirts coming back again has died out He-Yes. The women have compromised by putting the hoops in their sleeves New York Herald.

Spratts-Who was the most miserable man you ever saw? Jacks-A fellow who couldn't read his paper, smoke his cigar and eat his breakfast all at once.

Harry-One never loses anything by keeping his engagement punctually. bullets and the crash of splintered glass Charlie-My experience is, he is apt to that brought the meal to a panic stricken lose half an hour's time waiting for the close. The cause of it all was a well other fellow.

Blinks-What would you do first thing if you should come into a big fortune? Winks-Jupiter! Sail out of here before any of the folks I've borrowed of found i out.

He smiled when he put his frock coat on. But afterward how he did snort.

When he found his last fall overcoat Was just about a foot too short.

How is it your little baby sister goes to sleep as soon as you father takes her? Little four-year-old-I 'spec it's 'cause she'd rather do that than stay awake and hear him sing.

A Paisley gentleman, hearing that two o his female relations had quarreled, asked Ha's they ca'ed each ither ugly? Na, na Ah, weed, then, I can mak' it up atween them yet.

Annie-You should be excused when you leave the table. Little Nephew-Should I! now and for all time! I thought, from the way you acted about that third piece of pie, that you'd be glad to

Oh, whether fixed in curls or bangs-A woman's glory is her hair, But not when through the night it hang Upon a bedroom chair.

She-Oh, the irony of life! The man who wrote Home Sweet Home never had a home, He-Yes. And the fellow who wrote The Man in the Moon was not a lunatic!

Farmer-What yer settin' on that fence | street corner, piercing it in the very cenfer? Tramp-'Cause I'se tired. mister. Farmer (scornfully)-Tired! Tired of what I'd like ter know? Tramp-Answering fool questions, mister.

Tenderfoot-And you say that tough looking party is one of your leading citizens? Inhabitant-Yes, sir. There hain't been lynching in this section for five years which he hasn't led.

Who was the author of the saying that a man is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before?

Dunno. Some lawn mower manufacturer, suppose.

The Old Cow.

I used to go a-milking when the shades of night were falling

And the sunset's bendiction sanctified the evening air; When the crickets from the thickets in their

piping strains were calling, And the twilight peace was brooding, softly

brooding everywhere, But the twilight peace I felt not, night's odor-

ous balm I smelt not, And the black night gloomed about me with a

melancholy frown. When I strained each manual muscle in ar

agonizing tussle

But the old cow wouldn't give down ! Ah!

The old cow wouldn't give down !

O, Brindle most lacriferous of all the herd herbiverous

Nearly always non-withholding, grandly generous wert thou;

No cow grazes with such praises, for thy praises were vociferous,

For thou wert our most beloved and our most belauded cow.

But sometimes all unapplauded, unbeloved, unbelauded.

Did our looks of admiration darken to a Yes, our looks were black and baleful when fourth shot aimlessly at the ceiling.

we went to get a pailful.

And the old cow wouldn't give down. Ah!

The old cow wouldn't give down.

Milking since has been my mission, and my cow is young ambition, And I've milked her night and morning, milk-

ed her early, milked her late; But my butter-sad to utter-my sweet butter of fruition,

Does my most persistent churning often fail

to concentrate, Though my milking seat's adjusted still my

cow.cannot be trusted, And the smile of fickle fortune often darkens the smoking weapon from the madman's

When I pull with tearful traction, but I get

no satisfaction-For my old cow won't give down,

Ah! My old cow won't give down.

And all ye who read this jingle who peruse this little lyric, Will ye say, His cow was stubborn when he

botched that verse, the clown? You can say who read this lyric, if you wish

to be satiric, When the author wrote that lyric, why his

cow would not give down, Though he milked with much compulsion, and strained with great convulsion. She heeded not his prodding heeded not his

kick or frown; And she showed the bard no pity when he tried to milk this ditty,

And his old cow wouldn't give down, Ah!

His old cow wouldn't give down.

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER,

CRANK IN DELMONICO'S in West Thirtieth street, until it was dis-

His Revolver.

Windows From the

Outside

built, sharp featured young man, with a

pair of glaring blue eyes who, just before

the excitement commenced, turned into

Fifth avenue from Twenty-sixth street,

and halted in front of the brilliantly res-

Under ordinary circumstances at this

early hour the fashionable dining rooms

would have been practically empty, but

this evening there was scarcely a table

tenaatless when the sharp featured young

man leaned against the iron railing and

peered in through the Fifth avenue win-

dows. It was a busy corner, and the tide

of humanity rushed headlessly by with-

oct a thought a thought for the young

man who stood glaring at the brilliant

Suddenly the solitary figure drew a re-

volver and shaking it in a frenzy of ex-

Curse the Rich! Curse Them

could be outstretched in interference, he

levelled his revolver at the restaurant

windows and fired. Crash! went the

glass in the second window from Twenty-

sixth street as the bullet passed through.

burying itself in the decorated ceiling

and spread panic through the restaurant

ed toward the door of the restaurant fir-

ing as he ran. The second shot struck

tge fourth window from the Twenty-sixth

tre and psssing into the restaurant dir ectly over once of the tables at the height

of a diner's chest. That shot barely

missed the head of a fear-petrified waiter

and buried itself in the western wall of the

In the bombarded restaurant and street

there was the wildest kind of scurrying

for cover. The hackmen grouped in front

vanished, heads and heels into their cabs;

pedestrians darted in every direction

away from the madman's revolver, and

Fifth avenue or at least a block of it, was

in undisputed possession of the armed

Shrieking, down with the rich! at every

jump the frenzied man rushed straight at

the main door opening into the restaurant

lobby. Shot No. 3 flattened against the

escape which baffle description.

toned cries of "murder."

Twenty-sixth street.

straight at his throat.

He Disappeared Under it

Unfortunately, only two of these win

dows were open, and into them the ter-

roized c.o.d had securely wedged itself-

three separate masses of kicking feet and

waving arms—when the crank jumped

into the restaurant. He promptly fired a

bringing down a shower of plaster, and

was levelling his revolver for a fifth when

one plucky man, small and wiry, sprang

The new actor in the scene was no

match physically for the frenzied intruder

but help was at hand. Felix J. Jewell,

engineer of fire engine 16, was standing in

front of the Hotel Brunswick when the

crank began his fusillade. Running at

top speed he bounded in the restaurant as

the crank and his plucky little antagonist

were whirling around in a lively fight for

possession of the revolver. Jewell tore

hand, but not before the fifth and final

shot was fired, the bullet burying itself in

A policeman on duty in Madison square

had meanwhile been making lively time toward the scene of the shooting. He

heard the first three shots, but they

sounded to him like sharp strokes of a

heavy hammer, and knowing that tin-

smiths were at work on a neighboring

roof he paid no attention to the reports.

little gentleman had succheded in disarm-

According to the testimony of Police-

moment of the capture there was not a

single employe in sight beyond those

An Enermous Crowd

escorted him to the station and massed itself

ing and subdufng the crank.

wedged in the windows.

the floor close to the engineer's foot.

dashed through it.

Yelling like a madman, the crank dash

With the last word and before a hand

citement above his head, shrieked

taurant.

scene within.

persed by the reserves.

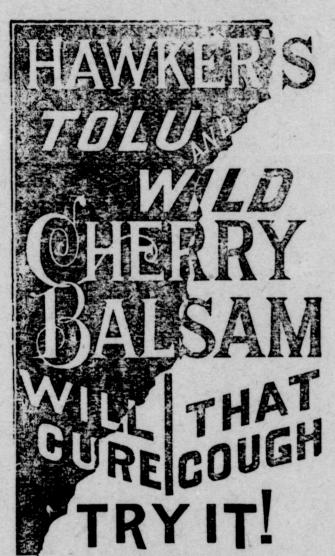
Guests and Waiters Fled Before Once inside the station the prisoner responded readily-in fact, cheerfully-to Sgt. Lane's question.

Shooting Through the My name is Garoeth, said he. I am 28 years old and live at 530 West Forty-sixth street. You see, sergeant,-he laughed The Man Rushed Into the Restaurant Crying "Down With the Rich." pleasantly as he said it-I don't like to see the rich people enjoying all the blessings of life while the poor starve. I did this shoot-NEW YURK, Nov. 18.—Fashi nable ing to-night with the idea of frightening diners-men and women-who surroundthem into a change of heart, don't you see? rounded the tables in Delmonico's at 5.30 On the dead level, I did not intend to kill any o'clock Thursday evening will never forget the shrieks of terror, the whistling of

The prisoner is by trade a stone cutter. He was locked up for the night in the best possible humor, and passed the greater part of the evening singing German student songs and cracking jokes with the policeman detailed to watch him.

The plucky little gentleman who grappled with the crank disappeared immediately after the capture, modestly refusing even to mention his name. He is believed to be a Mr George Hancock, and the police have summon-

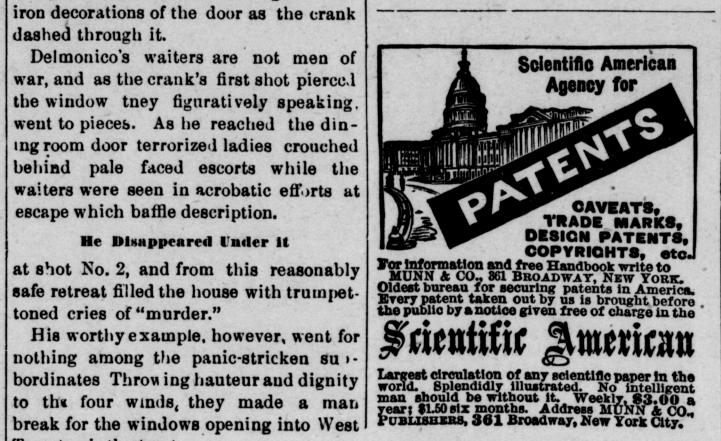
ed him to appear as witness. The officers were in decidedly bad temper over the manner in which Mr. Delmonico saw fit to treat the affair. No one representing the restaurant would perfer any charge against the "crrnk." Del monico wishes to shirk all trouble, and to keep his restaurant as muce as possible out of the case.



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Opp. A. F. Randolph & Sons

The wild scurry of cabs and pedestrains told him an instant flater that something was wrong, and he plunged into the restaurant just as Jewell and the plucky Hotel man Dillon and Engineer Jewell, at the

The prisoner's frenzy subdued rapidly. Mrs. B. Atherton Prop.

Fredericton, N. B. | Saint John,

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