

# Frederickton Globe.

FREDERICTON, N. B. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1893.

No. 52

VOL. III.

## Professional Cards.

**GEO. L. WILSON,**  
Barrister, Notary Public,  
etc.

OFFICES:—Next door below Weddall's,  
Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.

**C. E. DUFFY,**  
Barrister-at-Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES: West Side of Carleton St., Second  
Door from Queen St.,  
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

**H. D. CURRIE, D. D. S.,**  
DENTIST,  
Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.  
Ether and Gas administered; Also,  
Local Anesthetics used for painless ex-  
traction of teeth.  
All work carefully performed. Exam-  
ination Free.

## FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

Best English American and  
Canadian Companies.

APPLY AT OFFICE OF  
**JAS. T. SHARKEY,**  
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

**JAS. T. SHARKEY,**  
Barrister & Attorney,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

**T. AMOS WILSON,**

## BOOKBINDER

—AND—  
Paper Ruler.  
Cor. Queen and Regent Sts

## MILLINERY

to be found in the city is at the  
Millinery Establishment

—OF—  
**MISS HAYES,**  
QUEEN ST.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The  
Short Line to Montreal, &c

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.  
In Effect Oct. 3rd, 1892.

DEPARTURES.

6.15 A.M. EXPRESS for St. John, St.  
Stephen, T. Andrews, Houl-  
ton, Woodstock and points  
North; Bangor, Portland, Boston and points  
South and West.

10.30 A.M. ACCOMMODATION for  
Fredericton Jc., St. John and  
points East MeAdam Junct.

2.55 P.M. ACCOMMODATION for  
Fredericton Jc., St. John and  
points East, also with Night  
Saturday excepted, with Short Line Express  
for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, the West  
North West and Pacific Coast.

ARRIVALS.

9.15 a.m. from St. John, etc.  
1.15 a.m. from St. John, Bangor,  
Montreal, etc.

7.10 p.m. from St. John, St. Step-  
hen, Presque Isle, Wood-  
stock, etc.

**GIBSON.**

DEPARTURE.

6.20 A.M. MIXED, for Woodstock,  
Presque Isle, Edmundston,  
and all points North.

ARRIVE.

4.50 p.m. from Woodstock and  
points North.

All above Trains run Week days only.

G. E. McPHERSON, Assn. Gen. Pass. Agt., St. John, N. B. D. McNICOLL, Gen. Pass. Agt., Montreal.

## New Advertisements.

## SPRING MEDICINES!

Hood's Sarsaparilla.  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.  
Radway's Sarsaparilla.  
Our Own Sarsaparilla.

## W. H. CARTEN,

Druggist and Apothecary, Cor. Queen and Carleton Sts.

## Don't Fail to Read This!

### A WANT SUPPLIED.

Having noticed lately the eagerness of purchasers of Ready-Made Clothing to get a better article than that which is imported from Montreal, I have decided this coming year

To Fill the Bill.

I am now showing a line of Custom Made Clothing at Ready Made Prices.

Ask to see the Fifteen Dollar Custom Made Overcoats.

A few suits of Montreal clothing that I have on hand I will close out BELOW COST. I would also call your attention to the fact that I am closing out my stock of Gents' Furnishings, consisting of:—White and Regatta Shirts, Neckwear, Suspenders, Collars, Cuffs, Caps, Silk Handkerchiefs, etc., consequently

### GREAT BARGAINS

Await Purchasers of the above goods at

**150 QUEEN STREET,  
JAMES R. HOWIE.**

## GRANBY RUBBERS.

Honestly Made. Latest Styles.  
Beautifully Finished. Everybody Wears them.  
Perfect Fit. All Dealers Sell Them.

THEY WEAR LIKE IRON.

## JUST OPENED!

A Large Stock of

## Roll Blinds,

BEST OPAQUE, Plain and Bordered,

AT

VERY LOW PRICES.

## W. T. H. Fenety

286 Queen Street.

## Watches and Jewelry



**F. J. McCausland,**

Opp. A. F. Randolph & Sons,  
Fredericton, N. B., June 7.

## JOHN H. FLEMING.



152 Union Street,

Saint John, - - - N. B.

## ANOTHER LONDON MIRACLE.

An Oddfellows Lodge Passes a Resolution of Thanks.

The Extraordinary Case of Mr. E. F. Carrothers—Elderly Helpless for Three Years—Pronounced Permanently Disabled by his Lodge Doctor—Restored to Health and Strength and Again Working at his Trade—A Story Fraught With Hope for Others.

London Advertiser.  
Canadian Order of Oddfellows.  
Manchester Unity.  
Loyal Perseverance Lodge, No. 118,  
LONDON, Nov. 22, 1893.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company:  
GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in forwarding you a vote of thanks passed by a resolution of the above lodge thanking you for the good your valuable medicine Pink Pills, has done for my brother, E. F. Carrothers, who for three years and a half was almost helpless from locomotor ataxia and given up by our doctor as incurable, and who is now we are happy to say by the use of your Pink Pills, able to follow his employment.

Trusting that your valuable medicine may be the means of curing many sufferers and be a blessing to them as it was to our brother, I am yours truly, on behalf of the lodge,  
ED. GILLET, Secretary,  
521 Phillip Street, London Ont.  
This is to certify that the above facts are a true statement.

E. F. CARROTHERS.

The above is self-explanatory, but in order to lay the facts of this extraordinary case more fully before the public an English reporter proceeded to investigate it. It was his pleasure and duty some time since to record the remarkable cure of Mr. E. J. Powell of South London, wrought by the medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was a striking story of release from life-long affliction but it was even surpassed by the miraculous experience of Mr. E. F. Carrothers of 103 William street. Mr. Carrothers is an uncle of Alderman R. A. Carrothers, and by virtue of long residence and personal qualities is well and favorably known throughout the city. He is a carpenter and joiner by trade, and a good workman. His friends and acquaintances are aware that a healthier and more robust man never walked the streets of London until a few years ago, when he was suddenly stricken with what is generally supposed to be paralysis. They heard with regret that he had been pronounced incurable and as he was unable to leave the house, only occasional callers saw him again during his long spell of total disability. Within the last few months they have been agreeably surprised to see him around again plying his vocation and apparently as vigorous as of yore. Inquiry and explanation naturally followed, and it is now widely known in the city to what agency Mr. Carrothers owes his magical restoration to health and strength.

A TALK WITH MR. CARROTHERS.

The other evening the reporter called upon Mr. Carrothers and found him seated by the fireside in the bosom of his family, looking hale, hearty and happy. Upon learning his visitor's errand he said he was only too happy out of the depths of his gratitude, to relate the circumstances of his affliction and his wonderful cure.

"I had always been a strong, healthy man," he said, "until this stroke laid me low. I hardly knew what sickness meant. It came three years ago last April when the attack came. I went to bed apparently in my usual health one night and awoke about 5 o'clock in the morning as my watch at the head of the bed told me. I dozed off again, and on waking the second time attempted to rise. I could not move. Every nerve and muscle of my body seemed to be paralyzed. I lay like a log. At first I was speechless but managed after a time to articulate feebly and not very audibly, my wish that a physician be sent for. Dr. Moorehouse came and placed a mustard plaster across my bowels, telling me to lie quiet for a few days. I did so because I could not do anything else.

"As I was entitled to the services of the lodge physician Dr. Pingle, I sent for him. He gave me some medicine that relieved the excruciating pain in my head. He brought another doctor with him (I don't know his name) and they subjected me to a regular course of treatment, by which I was suspended from a support around my neck. I asked the doctor what the matter was, but as he evidently wished to spare my feelings he did not tell me directly, nor did Mr. Gillett, the secretary of the lodge, whom I also asked. I inferred that there was something that did not wish me to know.

"I had now been about a year in the same condition. Sometimes I was able to get out of bed, but never out of doors. At other times I was unable to feed myself. I had absolutely no control over my muscles. If I attempted to touch or pick up anything my arm would usually stray, apparently of its own volition in an entirely different direction. I was more helpless than an infant, and I suffered a great deal. The doctor commenced the injection of some compound into my arm and leg, but a kind of abscess gathered in each and it had to be lanced. This was very painful. A quart of matter of a greenish color came out. I seemed to get stronger in general health, but my paralysis remained the same. In December 1891, after two years and eight months of this helplessness I was given up by the doctors as hopeless. The grand master of the order, who had come to London to look into my case, and the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, called to see me and informed me of this. I had given up all hope myself so the blow fell lighter. The lodge had all this time been paying my weekly sick dues, and I understood that after the doctor's certificate of my helplessness had been handed in they made arrangements to continue giving me permanent aid.

"And now as to the remedy which proved my earthly salvation: A next door neighbor one day sent me in a label of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills box. I read it, and acting on a whim, and not with any real expectation of benefit, gave my little girl 50 cents to buy a box. The first box made me more cheerful; it seemed to brace me up and I began to feel

a glimmer of hope. With the second and third box the improvement continued, and I felt more than delighted to find that I was commencing to recover the use of my limbs. Through a friend I got a dozen boxes and the taking added half a dozen more. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and I gained steadily; so that I am now what you see me to-day. Yes, I am capable of earning my living as before. I am working at my trade in London West at present and walk over there (a distance of nearly two miles from the house) and return every day."

"You are naturally thankful for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills then?" interpolated the reporter.  
"Thankful!" echoed Mr. Carrothers. "I can't find words to express my gratitude. You can imagine a man in my position, always strong and healthy before stricken down that way, with a family dependent upon him; and after giving up all hope of being anything but a useless burden, to be restored this way to strength and happiness—haven't I reason to be thankful, and my family too?" And there was no mistaking the sincerity of the utterance. "I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure anything that any medicine on earth can," he continued. "I know of other cases in this city where they have succeeded when doctors have failed. Well, good night." And the reporter left to call on Mr. Ed. Gillett, the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, who lives a couple of blocks further south at 521 Phillip street.

MR. GILLET'S STATEMENT.

"There is nothing that can give me greater pleasure," said Bro. Gillett, "than to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tell you they saved the lodge a good deal of money in Bro. Carrothers' case and there is not a member of Perseverance who won't say the same thing. We had paid out over \$400 on our sick brother, and of course it was a big drain on our finances. We asked the lodge physician, Dr. Pingle, to examine him so that we would know whether he was going to get better or not. The doctor informed us that he was incurable, and gave us a certificate to that effect."

Mr. Gillett opened his secrétaire and extracted the document referred to from the lodge records. It read as follows:  
Dr. Pingle, Office, 354 Dundas street,  
LONDON, Dec. 2, 1891  
Bro. Gillett  
DEAR SIR,—At your request I carefully examined Bro. Carrothers, of Perseverance C. O. F. M. U., who has been unable to perform any labor for several years, and find him suffering from the results of cerebral hemorrhage (extravasation of blood into brain). As no improvement has taken place for me eighteen months, I have no hesitation in pronouncing him permanently disabled.  
Yours fraternally,  
A. R. PINGEL.

## PARAGRAPHS

On All Subjects of Current Note at Home and Abroad.

ACCIDENTS, HAPPENINGS AND GENERAL COMMENTS

Clipped and Condensed for the Readers of The Globe.

A man with a bad liver very often has a good heart.

If the tongue could kill, not many would live to old age.

A theory of yesterday may be exploded to-morrow.

Murder will out, and the murderer also will get out if he can.

The easiest thing for a loafer to do is to find fault with busy people.

A Chinese bank note five hundred years old is preserved in the Chinese museum.

The trouble with people who can talk is they are apt to say too much.

When people are hired to be good they quit work as soon as the pay stops.

How to preserve a beautiful complexion? First catch your complexion.

The diamond has the most sparkle, but window glass does the most good.

Undertake to prove that there is no hell and every mean man will throw up his hat.

Civilization has done its worst for the poor Indian when he will not even hunt for a living.

The world is full of lion fighters, but it is hard to find people who won't run from a hornet.

They know in heaven how much religion the rich have by the way they treat poor folks.

A new novelist has written "A Girl with a Temper." She will be a novelty in the book stores.

Some one invented "Mock Mince Pies." The genuine thing is mockery enough when it keeps one awake nights thinking about it.

A Texas scissor grinder named Hobson has just come into a fortune of eighty thousand dollars. —Oh, scissors! If this were Hobson's choice it was a good one.

A Mississippi man is suing his wife for divorce on the ground that she makes him do the cooking. There is no knowing what might happen if he tried to make her do the cooking.

Coffee is adulterated with chicory; and chicory with carrots, turnips and mangle-wurtzel. The crime will be complete when something is found to be adulterate the mangle-wurtzel with.

They kept it.

A little boy who has an old maid aunt who is very fond of cats has been in the habit of officiating as executioner whenever the kittens multiplied around at his auntie's at a degree that even that venerable feminine cat fancier could not support.

A natural result he became very expert at putting kittens in a bag, together with a big paving stone, and consigning the whole lot to the tender mercies of the river.

As it happened only the other day the little Harlem boy's mother presented her husband a couple of daughters in the shape of a splendid pair of twins.

As a great favor Johnny was allowed to go into the room to see his newly arrived sisters. He gazed upon them with a languid interest for a few moments, and then looking up at his father said, suddenly:

Say, pop, let's keep the one with blue eyes. It was kept.

Wedding Comments.

Here she comes!  
Pretty, isn't she?  
Who made her dress?  
Is it surah silk or satin?  
Is her veil real lace?  
She's as white as the wall!  
Wonder how much he's worth!  
Did he give her those diamonds?  
He's scared to death!  
Isn't she the cool piece?  
That train's a horrible shape!  
Isn't her mother a dandy?  
Aren't the bridesmaids homely?  
That's a handsome usher!  
Hain't she a cute little hand?  
Wonder what number her gloves are?  
They say her shoes are fives!  
If his hair isn't parted in the middle!  
Wonder what on earth she married him for?  
For his money of course.  
Isn't he handsome!  
He's as homely as a hedgehog!  
He looks like a circus clown!  
Nod he's like a dancing master.  
Good enough for her, anyway.  
She was always so stuck-up.  
She'll be worse than ever now.  
She jilted John Hall, P. Somebody, didn't she?

He's left town, anyway.  
Oh, look the ceremony has begun.  
Isn't he awkward.  
White as his collar.  
Why don't they hurry up!  
Did she say she would obey!  
Oh! there they are married.  
Don't she look happy?  
Pity if she wouldn't.  
Wish I were in her place.  
What a handsome couple.  
She was always a sweet little thing.  
How gracefully she walks.  
Dear me, what airs she puts on.  
Wouldn't be in her place for a farm.  
I'd bet those jewels were hired.  
Well, she's off her father's hands at last.  
Doesn't she cling tightly to him, though.  
She has a mortgage on him now.  
Hope they'll be happy.  
They say she's awful smart.  
Too smart for him by a jugful.  
There they are getting in the carriage.  
The magnificent dress will be squashed.

Probably in March more than any other month in the year are the ravages of cold in the head and catarrh most severely felt. Do not neglect either for an instant, but apply Nasal Balm, a time never-failing cure. Easy to use, pleasant and agreeable. Try it. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—50c. and \$1 a bottle. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

JINGLES OF HUMOR.

A Little Nonsense Gathered for Leisure Reading.

No Room For Doubt.

An Irishman with a dignified load on entered one of the L trains the other day and sat down, putting his hat in the seat next him. At the next station a dude of the dullest kind got in and unwittingly sat down on the hat.

Rising he held it out to the man with the load, saying: "Excuse me, but I think I sat down on your hat."

The Irishman took the hat and looking at it said: "Yes tinks yez did! Yez know dam well ye did."

Miss Pinkerly—Why, Mr. Tutter what are those little pockets for in the sleeves of your overcoat?

Tutter—Don't you know really! Why they are for a lady to put her hand in. I will show you if you will let me have your hand.

Miss Pinkerly—Oh, Mr. Tutter—George—this is so sudden!

Ricketts—Broker and his wife used to quarrel all the time, but now he calls her "darling" and takes her out to lunch every day.

Racketts—Yes; but they have been divorced and she is now his typewriter.

Mamma—You have been a very good boy Johnny, to keep baby so quiet while I had called, how did you do it?

Johnny—Why I just put a gag in baby's mouth, like the burglars did in papa's and—what's the matter mamma!

Mother—Haven't I told you little boys must be seen and not heard!

Johnnie—Yes'm.

Mother—Then why do you talk so much!

Johnnie—I guess I must have inherited it.

Manager of Museum—That woman never rests.

Friend—How is that!

Manager of Museum—Well she's a skirt dancer and she is always kicking about the salary she receives.

What decoration is that you are wearing!

said a recruiting sergeant to a new recruit.

The man blushed deeply and responded, It's a medal our cow won at the cattle show.

The plain truth is good enough for Hood's Sarsaparilla. No need of embellishment or sensationalism. Hood's Cures.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY,  
The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy



BABY RIDER, Boston, Me.

## CURED BY

### SKODA'S!

"Baby Rider, was a terrible sufferer from Eczema of Scalp and Face. The whole Top of Head was covered with crusts 1.5 inch thick, and Face and Ears involved in similar manner. No rest night or day for child or mother. Hands and Clothing Covered with Blood, where the little one endeavored to allay itching and burning, by scratching the raw surface of Face, with its tiny fingers. Remedies of nearly all kinds, had been used, but it was constantly growing worse, when the mother began the use of SKODA'S GERMAN SOAP, and SKODA'S OINTMENT. These Remedies used externally, four or five times, daily, for a few weeks, produced as clear and fair a skin, as ever adorned a Baby's Body."

## SKODA'S GERMAN SOAP,

TOILET AND MEDICINAL,

Should always be used in the Nursery. It leaves the Skin without Spot or Blemish.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

The way she does look at him.

She's making believe she loves him.

It's kind of nice to get married isn't it!

No, it's a dreadful bore.

What lovely dresses.

I'll never go to another.

I'm just suffocated.

Tired to death.

Glad it's over.

Oh, dear.

## The Coming of Spring

Hail, gentle spring!

But gentle spring do not

We prithee hail,

Unless you make it hot.

Hail gentle spring! With pen in hand

The poet thus began his ode;

But spring obeyed not his command,

It didn't hail; it snowed.

The wind is quite invitin'

And its getting down to play,

Where the silver perch are bitin'

In the cool lakes far away;

The violets peepin' from the sod;

The sweethearts at the gate,

One liar's got a fishing rod—

Another's diggin' bait.

Probably in March more than any

other month in the year are the ravages

of cold in the head and catarrh most

severely felt. Do not neglect either for

an instant, but apply Nasal Balm, a time

never-failing cure. Easy to use, pleasant

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