

John Haslin.

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F'ton, March 5:

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KANSAS VIGILANTES.

Reminiscences of the Early Days
of the Prairie State.

How Horse-Thieves Were Hunted by the
Sturdy Western Pioneers—Expeditions
That Usually Ended with a Tragedy
—Railroads and Civilization.

The depredations of horse-thieves in Southern Kansas was for a time something appalling, and kept the whole country alarmed, writes W. B. Holland in the Detroit Free Press. For the past thirty years the Indian Territory has been the rendezvous of many of the worst citizens in the West. Fugitives from Kansas and Texas, as well as from the Eastern States, flocked in there, where they were sure to find protection and congenial companions. A man's social standing in this lawless community depended on his readiness with a "gun," and the number and atrocity of the crimes he had committed. The word "gun" refers to a revolver, but these were of such an enormous size that the term "gun" seemed to suit better.

A residence of a few days with these people would make an agnostic argue the necessity of a hell and he could easily show the utility of such a place. While the inhabitants were banded together to resist the law, they had no confidence in each other and no fear of any power, human or divine. They would have been unable to have told Sunday by the aid of an almanac and the entire absence of razors caused their faces to have a heavier rufous adornment than a bearded woman at a show.

It was an easy matter for one or more of these outlaws to enter Kansas, steal a horse and be back in the Territory before the loss would be discovered. With such facilities for horse stealing at hand, it is no small wonder that the farmers in Southern Kansas living close to the State line were able to keep any horses at all.

The result of so much crime resulted in the formation of "vigilance committees," the object of which was to cause a suspension of horse-stealing by suspending the thieves. The members of these committees were called "Vigilantes," and the beauty of their method was found in the fact that they never had to punish a man for the second offense.

While a great deal of fault may be found with mob law in general, there is no doubt but the vigilantes in Kansas had an elevating effect on the horse-thieves.

When a horse was stolen, the neighborhood was notified and men started out in squads of from three to six. They all went into the Territory, each squad selecting its own route. A noticeable part of the outfit of each squad would be a new halter rope of a size sufficient to hold three or four horses, and perhaps thirty feet long. Just why such a rope was necessary to hold a pony that at other times was perfectly gentle did not appear, but the rope was taken along at any rate.

In two or three days the squads of vigilantes would begin to return. Finally one squad came in leading the horse that had been stolen. It might also be noticed that while all the other men had brought back the massive halter-rope, the squad that brought the horse brought no rope.

"We found the horse, but the thief got away," the successful men said, apologetically.

"Did you see the thief?" some one would ask.

"Yes, we saw him and the last we

noticed of him he was going through the brush," would be the answer, sometimes varied so as to have the man "drown while crossing a river."

The truth was apparently told, but to the farmer who had been a member of a similar squad the careless words told of a tragedy and he knew that somewhere in the wild country just south was a corpse hanging to a tree, a note pinned to the bosom and fluttering in the wind. He knew that a soul had been hurried to its Maker; that one desperate man had struggled with others as desperate and determined as himself and had succumbed to the odds against him. He knew also that it was a horse-thief that had been hung and that his own animals were so much safer. Conscience was stilled by the thought that it was his duty; a horrible task, but none the less a bounden duty, due to himself, to his neighbors and to his family.

When starting on such a trip, each man hoped that it would not be his squad that should overtake the solitary man riding the stolen horse. He closed his eyes to shut out the remembrance of the time when he was a member of the successful squad—when he was one of the four who captured the sullen criminal on the tired and worn-out horse. He could still hear the poor fellow beg and plead for mercy which all four were about to grant, until one of them whispered "our oaths," and from that moment the doom of the thief was sealed. He hoped that he would never be a party to such another hideous crime, but he knew that if he caught the thief he would do what his neighbors expected of him and what he expected of them. Dead men tell no tales, and neither does a vigilante, so he knew he was safe from all human law and punishment.

But all this is past and horse-thieves and vigilantes are almost unknown in Kansas. The Missouri Pacific and the Santa Fe railways each cross the Indian Territory and it is no longer a den of criminals. The pioneer farmer of Kansas speaks of the vigilantes with a far-away air as though dimly remembering something of them and their ways.

The scattering trees that have borne such horrid fruit are still there and may be known by their names and local tradition. "Dead Man's Tree," at the head of "Horse Thief Gulch," is a well-known place in the Territory on the Arkansas river. Years ago when going south from Wichita on a stage the horses would be changed at a station known as "Three on a Limb," but the allroads have done away with the stage us as civilization ended the necessity for vigilance committees.

A Princess' Menagerie.

Princess Maria Theresa, of Bavaria, combines an uncommon taste for traveling with a passion for domestic pets, and as she insists on taking quite a menagerie of them about with her, the two things do not go very well together. She is unmarried and is attended in all her wanderings by a maid of honor and a chamberlain. The care of the Princess' cherished animals devolves on the latter functionary, whose position is no sinecure, as he has no fewer than fourteen of them to look after, including several dogs, two magpies, an enormous rat and a diminutive bear.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

How Father Taylor and Henry Ward Beecher Made Use of Them.

The true preacher, the "one who loves his fellow men," never fails to seize an opportunity of ministering to their needs. Any occurrence of the present moment furnishes a text. Hugh McCulloch says in "Men and Measures of Half a Century" that one day, as Father Taylor entered his chapel, a note was handed him, containing a text from which he was desired to preach.

It was signed "An Aged Seaman," and instead of preaching from the verse, Father Taylor made this signature his text.

"An aged seaman!" he repeated, sadly; "an aged seaman! and why are there so few aged seamen? Why is it, that among the hundreds before me there is not a single old man, scarcely one who is past middle age?"

Then, in trumpet tones, he went on to enumerate the vices which cut men off in their prime, and spoke of each man's accountability for putting to noble uses the talents he had received. Finally, he dwelt upon the dangers to which all mariners are exposed, and concluded in tones which brought tears to every eye: "God save the mariners when no human hand can save, in the raging of the great deep! God be merciful to those who are sunk in vices deeper and more dreadful than the sea!"

As he knelt to pray his hearers knelt also, tears streaming down their cheeks.

Henry Ward Beecher was once called upon unexpectedly to attend, at the wretched place where he died, the funeral of a man who had long been a drunkard. The man had no family, but a large number of his associates, bear-eyed and hard-faced men, had assembled to show their regard for him. The preacher did not shrink from the cross of addressing them personally, and, with the terrible example of the dead man before their eyes, warning them that their own future might be as grievous as his. The men wept like children, and two of them were afterwards absolutely temperate.

"I never felt," said Mr. Beecher, afterward, "I never felt God's helping hand as I did when I addressed a score of drunkards at a drunkard's funeral."

The Wrong Preposition.

"Well, my boy," he asked, cheerfully, at the breakfast table the morning after Cholby had taken the important leap, "how did things go last evening? Did she smile on your proposal?" "No," said Cholby, faintly pushing away a breakfast roll. "She smiled at it."

TOOLS AND MACHINES.

According to an Old Mechanic They Grow Tired Just Like Men.

It is a common complaint among mechanics that their tools do not serve them as well some days as others.

A correspondent of the Iron Industry Gazette says: Tools, like men, grow tired. I have seen a first-class chisel get tired and act as though it was possessed of the king of sheel. It would not keep its edge, and the more I sharpened it the sooner it would lose its edge.

I called the attention of a shop-mate, a grizzled old veteran, to the curious behavior of the chisel. He looked it over and handed it back to me saying: "The tool is all right, only a little tired. Lay it away and let it rest. It will come out all right again, just like a man who is tired." I did not believe the old fellow, and I really thought he was crazy to talk of a tool getting "tired," but as there was no help for it, the tool was laid away. I do not remember how long it was left to rest, but when it was again sharpened and used it appeared to hold its keenest edge as well as it did before it got "tired." Barbers tell me their razors in constant use get tired in the same way, and wood-choppers say their axes sometimes seem to get soft all at once. Possibly constant and hard usage may cause changes in crystallization that would account satisfactorily for the peculiarity alluded to. Locomotive engineers often observe peculiar misbehavior in their machines, which may possibly be the result of continued heating, friction and pounding. When a tool gets "tired" or a machine "balky," give each a rest.

Corrected by the Butler.

It is an English lady of high position who tells the story. Dining out the other night she saw in the hall as she went in a servant who for a long time in earlier days had been butler to the late Lady Waldegrave, whom she had often visited. She spoke to him, an act in no way remarkable among people between whom and their servants there is margin enough. At dinner there were ortolans and this lady's neighbor asked whether she cared for them. "Oh, yes," answered she; "I am fond of all delicacies. I would dine, if I could, like Nero on nightingale tongues." As she finished the ortolan and the sentence she became aware that Lady Waldegrave's butler was leaning over in that respectful attitude proper to the British servant handing a dish, and he murmured: "I beg your pardon, my lady, but Cicero says it was Vitellius."

Sympathies of Sound.

It is owing to the sympathetic communication of vibrations that persons with a clear and powerful voice have been able to break a large tumbler glass by singing close to its proper fundamental note. We have heard of a case where a person broke no fewer than twelve large glasses in succession. The sympathy of vibration shows itself remarkably in the case of the going of two clocks fixed to the same shelf or wall. It was known near a century ago that two clocks set going on the same shelf will affect each other. The pendulum of the one will stop that of the other, and the pendulum of the clock which is stopped, after a certain time, will resume its vibrations, and in its turn, stop that of the other clock. These effects are clearly produced by the small vibrations communicated from the one pendulum to the other through the shelf or rail or plank on which they both rest.

A Help for Harvard Students.

A new help for student-work is for a professor to gather out of the whole library such books (no matter how many) as he wishes his classes especially to study. These are put in an alcove under his name; his pupils have access to them all day, and take them over night, returning them next morning. This plan is new, but it grows in favor. In 1880 thirty-five teachers thus reserved 3,330 books. In 1886 fifty-six teachers reserved 5,840 books. All books lent out numbered in 1880, 41,986; in 1886, 60,195. This rate of increase greatly outruns that of the number of students. It speaks of an increasing industry and productiveness. An interesting thing about the international library is that it is popular and not limited.

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NOTICE.

NEW GOODS.

James R. Howie, Practical Tailor.

I beg to inform my numerous Patrons that I have just opened out a very large and well selected stock of NEW WINTER CLOTHS, consisting of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the Latest designs and patterns in Fancy Trousers, from which I am prepared to make up in first class style, according to the latest New York Winter Fashions and guarantee to give entire satisfaction. PRICES MODERATE.

Ready-made Clothing in Men's, Youths and Boys' Tweed, Diagonal and Men's All Wool working pants

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

My stock of Men's Furnishing Goods cannot be excelled. It consists of Hard and Soft Hats of English and American make in all the Novelties and Staple Styles for Spring Wear, White and Regatta Shirts, Linen Collars, Braces, Silk Handkerchiefs, Merino Underwear, Hosiery and a large and well-selected assortment of Fancy Ties and Scarfs in all the Latest Patterns of English and American designs. Rubber clothing a specialty.

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190 QUEEN ST., F'TON

Fredericton, June 12th.

"Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

Rheumatism.

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

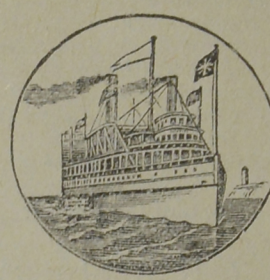
"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

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Returning, the Steamer CUMBERLAND will leave Boston every Monday Morning for St. John, via Portland and Eastport; and the Cleopatra will leave Boston every Thursday morning for St. John, calling at Eastport only.

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