

FREDERICTON GLOBE.

The FREDERICTON GLOBE is published every Saturday from the office, Sharkey's Block, and mailed to any address in Canada or the United States for One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Advertising.

Advertisements such as: Wanted, Lost, Found, Houses to Rent, Etc., one dollar first insertion, 25 cents each subsequent insertion. Local Notices ten cents per line first insertion, 5 cents each subsequent insertion.

Births and Marriages fifty cents each insertion. Contracts for yearly advertising furnished on application.

All communications business or otherwise to be addressed to FREDERICTON GLOBE.

Fredericton Globe.

A. J. MACHEM, Publisher and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., AUG 20, 1892.

PARK FOR FREDERICTON.

A few years ago when a certain ex-mayor was in office he endeavored to improve the opportunity of securing, if possible, the "Odell Grove," so-called, for the benefit of the city, influenced by the same spirit which gave us the city hall clock and other improvements by which Fredericton is to-day largely enriched. He accordingly put himself in communication with the owner of the property (Hon. Wm. H. Odell), with a view to purchasing, but after a number of letters were exchanged, the whole business fell to the ground. The idea was to secure this property and present it to the city as a free offering—to be used as a public park with all the accessories necessary for recreation purposes, to have a band stand and a wooden canopy for large assemblages, refreshment booths, etc. At the same time it was expected that the Scully property might have been secured, and a road run through the entire properties conjoined, from Regent Street to College Road, with one or two intersecting roads running east and west. In fact the gentleman in question had the whole thing fully planned out on paper, and the entire cost estimated and even provided for; but, alas! it was not so to be; and now we proceed to give the reason of the failure. The price named by the owner of the grove (Senator Odell) was \$4,000. Now this land has been lying idle, it may be said, from the beginning of the century, and longer; and it is reasonable to suppose that any offer approaching this sum of \$4,000 would have been greedily accepted—for the grove is not so situated as to make it desirable for building purposes, as it is close beside the railroad, the land is low and the soil is all consumed by the primeval trees, the roots of which pierce deeply into the soil upon which they have been feeding for a century and using it all up, so to say. To cut down those trees alone, occupying a lot, would be worth as much as the area itself is worth. For building purposes, therefore, we see very little merchandise in the "Odell Grove." The place then is only fit for the one purpose, as suggested, and it is a great misfortune that the overtures made at the time were not met as they should have been. The price named—\$4,000—was not objected to by the said ex-mayor, but he asked that the land on the east side of the grove (about four acres, if we mistake not) might be thrown in, so that the whole place might be squared off, and the entrance to the park be from a street and more in keeping with the whole design. The answer was, that this land belonged to another person, (Dr. Odell) and the offer could not be entertained. Now, if there had been a reasonable willingness to sell, the owner of the grove could have easily managed with the owner of the outside acres, and the \$4,000 would have amply paid for the whole, according to the values of properties in Fredericton this day. But, no! It must be kept locked up until the growth of Fredericton overtakes it, (a hundred years from this) when the calculation, no doubt, is that it will sell for a good figure—whereas looking at it in a business light the owners will have lost in the way of interest, say in 20 years only, at 6 per cent. \$4,800, on the offer made and refused of \$4,000! Of course every man has a right to do as he likes with his own; but then the public at large have a right, as they have in Ireland, to complain of absentee landlordism, and when we find large districts of country locked up from decade to decade, and the owners residing abroad, not helping to develop the resources of the city, but waiting for the advancement of the city to improve their interests, then we say the owners of such properties should be taxed according to their own values—not only so, but streets should be run through those lands by the city, even at the owners' expense, and all the land abutting on either side should be taxed for bringing said lands into the market as building lots. Certainly something ought to be done to meet the state of the case.

But now we come to another story—nor should we revive the old story and bring in the ex-mayor if it were not for the recent edition of obstructive proclivities as characteristic of some people. A wealthy gentleman of this city, wishing to do something for the place of his birth,

and leaving a memorial as it were behind him, put himself in correspondence with the surviving owners of this same "grove"—the Senator and Doctor having passed away—in order to obtain the price and possession, if possible, and then to do with the property, no doubt, as the ex-mayor intended, viz.: Fit out a park and hand it over to the city; but the encouragement he received was about as disheartening as that of his predecessor. No sale—no Grove. Quite sure are we that the Odell Grove will never have such other opportunities of bringing a fair price in the Fredericton market—for it is discouraging to have to do with such business.

TALK BUSINESS.

It appears that the "Gleaner" has had an interview with Assistant Postmaster General (U. S.) Hazen, and that he highly approves of the suggestion of Governor Russell for the people of Fredericton to erect cottages for summer visitors from the States, and doubts not if properly advertised there will be quite a demand for as many as may be built. We would suggest, as we did a few weeks since, that the Board of Trade meet and examine the situation, talk over matters, and see what can be done. There is a number of vacant houses in Fredericton already. Suppose the Board appointed a committee, who should invite persons owning vacant houses to send in a statement each of the situation of said house, the size and rent—as much rent may be obtained for three months as for a whole year. By this means the Board could form a very good opinion by the houses we have empty, if taken, what business we may calculate upon in the way indicated by Governor Russell. After this list of houses is obtained have it printed, with explanatory remarks—also the remarks or suggestions made by Governor Russell—and forward a number of copies to Boston, New York and Philadelphia, have them placed in all the principal hotels in the States—and by all means send a number of copies to the Governor himself. If, this course bore fruit, there will be no trouble in forming a company for the erection of pleasant, cheap summer cottages. Will the President of the Fredericton Board of Trade take action? Here is a chance of making a move in a direction that need cost nothing more than the printing of about one thousand circulars.

A CHATHAM MIRACLE.

Dr. Carl Verrinder's Vicissitudes of Torture and of Health.

He Survives Them all, and Recounts His Wonderful Deliverance from Poverty and Death, and His Restoration to Prosperity and Vigor of Mind and Body—Good Words for the A. O. U. W.

Chatham Planet. In a Raleigh street residence there lives with wife and one child—a little ten-year-old daughter—a musician known throughout Ontario, if not the whole Dominion, as a prince among pianists, organists and choir masters—a veritable maestro and "Wizard of the Ivory Keys," and no one who has ever listened to his manipulation of the great organ in the Park Street Methodist Church, or heard him evoke "magic music's mystic melody" from the magnificent Decker Grand in his own drawing room but will declare that his eminence is well deserved, and his peers can be but few among the professors of Divine Art. The door plate bears the following inscription:

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

DR. CARL LEO VERRINDER, Director.

To sit, as did a Planet reporter a few days ago, in a very atmosphere of sweet harmony, created by Dr. Verrinder's magician-like touch was an experience that might well be envied, and one calculated to inspire the most sentimental reveries. But sentimental moods finally vanished and leave one facing the sober and practical side of life. The music ceased, and the conversation took a turn leading to the real object of the reporter's call.

"There are stories abroad," said the newspaper man, "regarding some extraordinary deliverance from death, which you have met with recently, Doctor. Would you object to stating what foundation there is for them, and, if any, furnish me with the true facts for publication." Dr. Verrinder shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I have not," he replied, "been given to seeking newspaper notoriety, and at fifty-five years of age it is not likely I shall begin, and yet," said the professor after thinking a moment and consulting Mrs. Verrinder, "perhaps it is best that I should give you the circumstances for use in The Planet. The story of my rescue from the grave might fittingly be prefaced by a little of my early history. We resided in England, where though I was a professor of music, I was not dependent on my art, as I had acquired a competence. My wife was an heiress, having £50,000 in her own right. Through the rascality of a broker she was robbed almost of all her fortune, while by the Bank of Glasgow failure, my money vanished forever. It became necessary for me then to return to my profession in order to live. I do not speak of it boastfully, but I stood well among the musicians of that day in the old land. My fees were a guinea, a lesson and it was no uncommon thing for me to give twenty in a day. We came to America, landing in Quebec, where I anticipated getting engagement as an

organist in the cathedral, but was disappointed. Subsequently we moved to St. Catharines, in which city I procured an organ and choir and soon had a large clientele. Later, in order as I thought to better my fortune, I took up my residence in London, first filling an engagement with a Methodist church and afterwards accepting the position of organist in St. Peter's Cathedral. In those cities I made many warm friends, and their tributes and gifts I shall ever retain as among the most precious of my possessions. It was while living in London and pursuing my art with much earnestness and labor that I received a stroke of paralysis. Perhaps, here the speaker rose and stretching himself to his full height, thus displaying his well-built and well-nourished frame—"I do not look like a paralytic. But the truth is I have had three strokes—yes, sir, first, second and third, and they say the third is fatal, ninety-nine times out of one hundred. Yet here you see before you a three-stroke victim, and a man who feels, both in body and mind, as vigorous as he ever did in his life. My ultimate cure I attribute to my testing the virtues of a medicine whose praise I shall never cease sounding as long as I live, and which I shall recommend to suffering humanity as I am now constantly doing, while I know of a case and can reach the ear of the patient. After removing to Chatham I had not long been here when my health further began to give way. Gradually I noted the change. I felt it first and most strongly in the stomach affection which produced constant and distressing nausea. It grew worse and worse, I myself attributed it to bad water poisoning my system. One doctor said it was catarrh of the stomach. Another pronounced it diabetes, still another a different diagnosis. I kept on doctoring, but getting no relief. I tried one medicine after another, but it was no use. Grippe attacked me and added to my pain, discomfort and weakness. At last I took to my bed and it seemed that I was never going to get well. Nothing of a nourishing nature would remain on my stomach. No drugs seemed to have a counter-acting influence on the disease which was dragging me down to death. My wife would sit at my bedside and moisten my lips with diluted spirits which was all that could be done to relieve me. Besides three local doctors who gave me up, I had doctors from London and Kingston whose skill I believed in and to whom I paid heavy fees, but without receiving any help or encouragement. It is true that a stomach pump operation afforded temporary relief, but yet I felt that my peculiar case needed some special and particular compound or remedial agent which I knew not of. But, at last, thank God, I discovered it. I had been for eighteen months a miserable wreck, unable to work, unable to eat or sleep properly. My means were becoming exhausted. My poor wife was worn out in body and spirit. Suddenly the deliverer came! Pink Pills! Yes! Pink Pills—God bless their inventor or discoverer!—have rescued me from the jaws of death and miraculously made me what you see me to-day, hearty, happy, with a splendid appetite, a clear brain, a capacity for work and an ability to sleep sound and refreshing sleep—a boon that only a man who has experienced the terrors of insomnia can rightly appreciate. Bear in mind, my friend, I am no wild enthusiast over the supposed merits of this medicine. I have tested the virtues of Pink Pills and am ready to take oath to their efficacy. No one could shake my faith in them; because what a man has thoroughly proved in his own experience, and what he has had confirmed in the experience of others—who have prescribed the pills to other sick persons and know what extraordinary good they have effected in their cases he ought to be convinced is so. I shall tell you how I came to try them. A fellow member of the A. O. U. W., the brethren of which order had been more than kind to me during my illness, recommended Pink Pills. I knew nothing about what they were or what they could accomplish. In fact, I am rather a sceptic on what are termed "proprietary remedies." But I started to take Pink Pills for Pale People, made by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville.

From the very first, one at a dose, I began to mend, and before I had taken more than a box or two I knew I had found the right remedy and that to Pink Pills I owed my life. In nine months I have taken twelve boxes—just six dollars worth. Think of it my friend! Hundreds of dollars for other treatment, and only six dollars for what has made a man of me and set me again on the highway of health and prosperity. There is some subtle life-giving principle in Pink Pills which I do not attempt to fathom. I only know like the blind man of old: "Once I was blind, but now I can see!" God, in the mystery of his providence directed my brother of the A. O. U. W. to me. I took it. I live and rejoice in my health and strength. I have no physical malady saving a slight stiffness in my leg due to grippé. I feel as well as in my palmist days. My prospects are good. All this I gratefully attribute to the virtues of Pink Pills for Pale People, "and now my story is done" as the nursery ballad runs. If anybody should ask confirmation of this tale of mine let them write to me and I shall cheerfully furnish it. The Pink Pills were my rescuer and I'll be their friend and advocate while I live!

The reporter finally took his leave of Dr. Verrinder, but not without the professor entertaining him to another piano treat, a symphony played with faultless execution and soulful interpretation of the composer's thought. Calling upon Messrs. A. E. Pilkey & Co., the well known druggists, the reporter ascertained Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale in Chatham, and that from all quarters come glowing accounts of the excellent results following their use. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer—curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous

headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scurvy, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to female sex, while in the case of men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50; and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The Best Stock of

MILLINERY

to be found in the city is at the

Millinery Establishment

—OF—

MISS HAYES,
QUEEN + ST.

ICE CREAM AND ICE CREAM SODA

G. F. WILKES'

Our line of Confectionery comprises: Choice Mixtures, Chocolates, Creams.

Fruit! Fruit!! Fruit!!!

A complete assortment of Cigars in stock.

George F. Wilkes.

6TH HALF-YEARLY COMPETITION.

The Most Interesting Contest Ever Offered by the Canadian Agriculturist.

One Thousand Dollars in Cash, a pair of handsome Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness, and over two thousand other valuable prizes for the Agriculturist's brightest readers! Who will have them? According to the usual custom for some years past the publishers of THE AGRICULTURIST now offer their Sixth Half-yearly Literary Competition. This grand competition will, no doubt, be the most gigantic and successful one ever presented to the people of the United States and Canada.

One Thousand Dollars in cash will be paid to the person sending in the largest list of English words constructed from letters in the words "The Canadian Agriculturist." Five Hundred Dollars in cash will be given to the second largest list.

A Handsome Pair of Shetland Ponies, Carriage and Harness, will be given for the third largest list.

Over one thousand additional prizes awarded in order of merit: One Grand Piano; \$300 organ; \$400 piano; Dinner Sets; Ladies' Gold Watches; Silk Dress Patterns; Portiere Curains; Silver Tea Services; Tennyson's Poems, bound in cloth; Dickens in 12 volumes, bound in cloth, etc.

As there are more than 1,000 prizes, any one who takes the trouble to prepare an ordinary good list will not fail to receive a valuable prize. This is the biggest thing in the competition line that we have ever placed before the public, and all who do not take part will miss an opportunity of a life time.

Rules.—1. A letter cannot be used oftener than it appears in the words "The Canadian Agriculturist." For instance the word "egg" could not be used, as there is but one "g" in the three words. 2. Words having more than one meaning but spelled the same can be used but once. 3. Names of places and persons barred. 4. Errors will not invalidate a list—the wrong words will simply not be counted.

Each list must contain one dollar to pay for six month's subscription to "The Agriculturist." If two or more tie, the largest list, which bears the earliest postmark will take the first prize, and the others will receive prizes in order of merit. United States money and stamps taken at par.

The object in offering these magnificent prizes is to introduce our popular magazine into new homes, in every part of the American continent.

Every competitor enclosing 30 cents in Laubs extra, will receive free, by mail, post paid, one to "The Canadian Agriculturist's" Elegant Souvenir Spoons of Canada.

Prizes awarded to persons residing in the United States will be shipped from our New York office free of duty. All money letters should be registered.

Our Former Competition.—We have given away \$25,000 in prizes during the last two years, and have thousands of letters from prize-winners in every state in the union and every part of Canada and Newfoundland. Lord Kilgourie A. D. C., to the Governor General of Canada, writes: "I shall recommend my friends to enter your competitions." M. M. Branden, Vancouver, B. C., "received \$1,000 in gold" and we hold his receipt for same. A few of the prize winners: Miss J. Robinson, Toronto, \$1,500; J. J. Branden, Fenelon Falls, Ont., \$1,500; David Harrison, Syracuse, N. Y., \$535; H. Beavis, St. Louis, Mo., \$300; Jas. Baptie, West Duluth, Minn., \$200; Miss Georgina Robertson, Oak St., Brooklyn, \$1,000; Fred H. Hills, 359 State St., Bridgeport, Conn., and thousands of others.

Address all communications to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ontario.

THOUSANDS IN REWARDS

The Great Weekly Competition of the Ladies' Home Magazine.

Which word in this advertisement spells the same Backwards as Forward? This is a rare opportunity for every Madam and Miss, every Father and Son, to secure a splendid Prize.

WEEKLY PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received (the postmark date on each letter to be taken as the date received) at the office of the LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE and (each every week during 1892) will get \$200; the second correct answer \$100; third \$50; fourth, a beautiful silver service; fifth, five o'clock silver service, and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from \$25 down to \$2. Every correct answer, irrespective of whether a prize winner or not, will get a special prize, competitors residing in the southern states, as well as other distant points, have an equal chance with those nearer home, as the postmark will be their authority in every case.

RULES.—Each list of answers must be accompanied by \$1 to pay for six months subscription to one of the best HOME MAGAZINES in America.

Note.—We want half a million subscribers and to secure them we propose to give away in rewards one half our income. Therefore, in case one half the total receipts during any week exceed the cash value of the prizes, such excess will be added pro rata to the prizes. If the reverse, a pro rata discount will be made.

REFERENCES.—"THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE" is well able to carry out its promises. "Peterborough (Canada) Times," "A splendid paper, and financially strong."—(Hastings) Canada Star. "Every prize winner will be sure to receive just what he is entitled to."—Norwood (Canada) Register. Address all letters to THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.

Grand Promenade

—AND—

Remnant Sale!

AT

EDGECOMBE'S.

"Everybody Invited,
Nobody Slighted."

On the morning of Wednesday, August 10th at 10 o'clock

a Banquet of Good Things will be laid on the Remnants from all Departments accumulating since Our Sale in January.

On the following Saturday in the Gents' department we will sell Underwear, Shirts, Scarfs, Braces, etc.

WONDERFULLY LOW PRICES.

Fred. B. Edgecombe.

June 16—92—1y.



A COMPLETE LINE AT

J. H. FLEMING'S,
222 Queen Street.

NEW GOODS

ARRIVING DAILY AT

Dever--Bros.

NEW DRESS GOODS

Cheviots, Bedford Cords, Henriettas, Cashmeres, Serges, Homespins and Wool Fabrics in the Latest Colorings.

—AT—

DEVER BROS.



SEEDS!

THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST VARIETY IN THE CITY IS AT THE

Drug--Store

—OF—

DAVIS, STAPLES & CO.

"IMPERIAL HALL"

JUST RECEIVED!

A Fine Line of English, Scotch, Irish and German Suitings, which will be made up at the lowest prices.

THOMAS STANGER,
280 QUEEN STREET.

MISS WILLIAMS, Milliner.

Feathers, Flowers, Laces Trimmings, etc.

All the Latest Spring BONNETS MADE TO ORDER

228 QUEEN STREET.

W. H. Golden

Manufacturer of

ICE CREAM

—AND—

CONFECTIONERY.

Now in Stock a Fine Line of Confectionery of every grade.

Choice Mixtures, Chocolates National Creams, etc.

Our stock you will find complete in every line.

Fruits, Peanuts, etc., at

W. H. GOLDEN'S,
198 Queen Street.

LANDING!

Molasses,
Codfish,
Soda,
Pork,

FOR SALE LOW.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

228 QUEEN STREET.