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Editor and Proprietor,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

Maritime Farmer.

FREDERICTON, N. B., August 5, 1885.

The St. John Election.

The Grit party in St. John are apparently thirsting for an election to fill the vacancy in the city and county's representation, caused by the death of Hon. Isaac Burpee. Before the prorogation of Parliament, Mr. Weldon, M. P., was constantly asking the Government when the writ would issue, and now since Mr. Weldon's return to St. John, he has organized a Grit convention, and nominated Mr. George McLeod as a candidate. It appears there was considerable division of opinion as to running Mr. McLeod. One wing of the party —would it be the dynamite wing?— desired Mr. Ellis of the *Globe*, but the ruling spirits, it is asserted, put Mr Ellis aside, and forced Mr. McLeod's nomination for obvious reasons—one perhaps, being that Mr. McLeod is supposed to be financially well fixed, and therefore able to put forward an important feature of the Grit election policy.

This is not the first time by any means, that Mr. McLeod has been heard of in political contests. He once sat in the Commons for Kent County, his return having been secured by a most lavish expenditure of money, and by some of his friends stuffing the ballot box at Harcourt. On appealing to Kent for re-election, Mr. McLeod was defeated, and transferring his ambition to St. John in 1882, he met a like fate at the hands of Sir Leonard Tilley. Mr. McLeod is a gentleman possessed of some ability. He is essentially a fighter, and in his public addresses is inclined to be considerable of a braggart, but he is a favorite with the stalwarts of the Grit party in St. John.

The Government candidate for St. John has not yet been selected, but at the proper time, the party will put a strong man in the field, who, backed up by the prestige and popularity of the Government, should find little difficulty in capturing the seat. If Sir Leonard Tilley resigns and accepts the Governorship as some of our Grit friends predict, there will be a vacancy in St. John city's representation, and in that case, both elections would probably be run together. Mr. Ellis may therefore still have an opportunity of sacrificing himself. It is stated by some who pretend to have a knowledge of the inner political circle, that Sir Charles Tupper, who is returning from England, and may desire to re-enter Parliament, will be invited to contest St. John city in case of Sir Leonard's retirement. He would undoubtedly be elected. We can scarcely conceive of the existence of any constituency in Canada, that would decline Sir Charles' services in Parliament.

In any case, there will be a warm election in St. John before many weeks, but the Government party may be counted upon to win. The death of Hon. Mr. Burpee made a severe break in the ranks of the Grit party in that constituency, and his mantle has not fallen on Mr. George McLeod.

Riel's Fate.

The announcement of the conviction and sentence of Riel, has sent a thrill of satisfaction through the heart of every loyal Canadian, regardless of nationality or creed. With the strong and complete chain of evidence before them, which the crown officers were able to produce against the Rebel, there could have been no hesitation in the minds of the Jury, and they were only one hour in agreeing upon their verdict of "guilty."

The trial was promptly brought on, and speedily ended, and the verdict was a righteous one. Riel had the assistance of two, at least, of the best criminal lawyers of Quebec, but their efforts could not save him. The plea of insanity which was principally set up by the defense, could scarcely have been regarded as tenable. Riel's acts of the past few months have not been those of a mainac, but of cool and deliberate planning and attempted execution to overthrow the constituted authority of the country. It was through him, and by his orders, that the half breeds rose in rebellion. He it was who incited the Indians to pillage and murder the peaceful settlers of the Saskatchewan Valley. Talk of sympathy or mercy for a red handed murderer such as Riel? Why he should have been hanged for the murder of poor Scott fifteen years ago. Riel deserves less sympathy than any other murderer. True, he has personally shed no man's blood. He is to much of a coward for that, but what a terrible responsibility he assumed, when he ordered Scott's execution, and "let loose his dogs of war" to exterminate his fellow countrymen. There ought to be no hitch in carrying out the sentence of the court. There will be an appeal in Riel's case, and an application for commutation of the sentence, but the temper of the people will not permit so ripe a wretch as Riel to escape the gallows. Let him meet the fate he so richly deserves, and there will be an end to rebellion and discontent in the North West.

The committee in charge of the erection of the fountain, ought to know that they are placing it too near the City Hall entrance. There was room enough without interfering in any way with a public interest.

The funeral ceremonies of the late General Grant at New York, on Saturday, will be the most elaborate ever witnessed in America.

Death of Hon. Dr. Vail.

After months of illness, Hon. Dr. Vail, M. L. C., died at his home in Sussex last Friday, lamented by hundreds of friends all over the Province. Dr. Vail for more than twenty years was in public life. He was twice speaker of the Assembly, and on the formation of the Blair Government, he was called to the Executive without office. He represented Kings County in the Assembly almost continuously since 1857, and until elevated to the Legislative Council.

While taking very little part in the discussions of the Legislature, Dr. Vail was industrious in committees, and his views, ripe from experience, were regarded with respect by his fellow members. As a physician, he was successful, and especially considerate to the poor around him, and his friends in Kings County included all classes of the people.

Dr. Vail was twice married, and his second wife, who was a daughter of the late Dr. Murphy of Fredericton, survives him.

A HOLIDAY TRIP.

From Halifax to St. John.

Through the Garden of Nova Scotia.

The Land of Longfellow's Evangeline.

Scenes and Incidents.

(Editorial Correspondence of the "Farmer.")

Under ordinary circumstances, Halifax is a slow city, but it is a wealthy city, and possesses very many attractive features. Its citadel and dockyard, its manufactories and its public buildings, its splendid park and magnificent gardens, its fine harbor and the historical recollections that are revived in viewing its fortifications, are all matters that will deeply interest the visitor. One meets with many peculiarities of people in Halifax. The city is essentially English. It could scarcely be otherwise. Founded and nurtured by Imperial money, garrisoned continuously since its nativity, by British soldiers and peopled largely by the descendants of those who laid the foundations of its growth and prosperity, there is every reason why English habits customs and traditions, should be marked and distinct in Halifax. Some of the more radical of its citizens will tell you that this is why Halifax is not more progressive and they may be correct. They say that the business of Halifax has for years, been

Run in Certain Ruts,

and that when the seniors who have made their pile in the fish and West India trade, are superseded by a more enterprising class of men, a revival in the prosperity of their city will follow. I offer no opinion on the subject.

Halifax being the capital of the Province of Nova Scotia, local politics, as in Fredericton, occupy quite an important place in the minds of the citizens. As in Fredericton too, a Grit government wields its imperial sway. But the Government of Nova Scotia is a small affair compared with the extensive and expensive luxury, we in New Brunswick possess. Although the population of Nova Scotia is a half greater than New Brunswick's, and although the interests of that province are quite as important and varied as ours, the people manage to exist with only *three* heads of departments as against *five* in New Brunswick. Here is an opportunity for Reform. Then too in the matter of departmental salary, we outstrip Nova Scotia. The Attorney General of that Province, who also has control of the Crown lands, receives a salary of only $1,600, while our Attorney General, who acts in that capacity alone, receives $2,100 and the difference is the same in the other departments. Three heads of departments in Nova Scotia cost, $4,800, while in this province the paid members of members of the Executive cost $8,800. But I do not propose to introduce politics into this letter, furthur than to make a reference to

Nova Scotia's Premier,

who to a greater extent than any of our successful public men, is self made. Hon. W. S. Fielding the clever young Provincial Secretary, and leader of the Nova Scotia Government, only a few years ago was a newsboy in the employ of the *Chronicle* office. But he had the elements of success inbred. He worked steadily up till he became editor of the paper he formerly sold on the streets, and from that position vaulted into the Premiership. There are but few such striking instances of well deserved success as Mr. Fielding's, especially in such a conservative city as Halifax.

The trip from Halifax to St. John, via rail and steamboat, through the western counties of Nova Scotia at this season of the year, is a peculiarly delightful one. While the first forty miles from Halifax to Windsor, passing as it does through a rocky and uninviting country, is rather uninteresting, the remainder of the journey is one of the most attractive that could be chosen in the Maritime Provinces. I had only time to take a passing glance at the old town of Windsor, which has a beautiful situation on the Amazonian-like estuary of the Avon. Windsor boasts of Kings College, the oldest seat of learning in British America, a large cotton mill, which, however, in comparison with Gibson's, is insignificant indeed, a splendid system of water works, very many wealthy citizens and pretty suburban residences. Windsor is the home of Bennett Smith, who next to Mr. Gibson, is perhaps

The Wealthiest Man in the Lower Provinces,

and who made his money in shipping. At Windsor, I met Mr. John A. McCallum, an enterprising New Brunswicker, who is doing a lumbering business on the Avon.

Falmouth, Hantsport and Avonport, pretty villages through which I passed before entering the far famed marshes of Grand Pre, are all interested in the shipbuilding trade, the decline of which has struck a blow at their prosperity. But the centre of interest to the tourist in Western Nova Scotia is the little village of Grand Pre, immortalized in Longfellow's Evangeline," and in history, as the scene of one of the most tragic events recorded in Canadian annals. The expulsion of the Acadians was a delicate duty the British Government undertook in 1755. These people were most comfortably situated in the midst of a rich agricultural country. They formed a community

Distinct in Themselves

and on the final cession of Nova Scotia to the English, they declined either to take the oath of allegiance to the British Crown, or remove from the country, alternatives offered by the English government. Their removal was therefore decided upon and executed under Col. Winslow. But the story need not be told here, for history, in prose and poetry, has recorded the event. Grand Pre is an unpretentious little village, but it is the centre of historical interest.

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pre
Lay in the fruitful valley."

From Grand Pre, one has a fine view of the Basin of Minas and of Cape Blomidon, the highest and terminal point of the North Mountains which traverse the country along the shore of the Bay of Fundy, from Digby. A hasty glance of Wolfville, the seat of Acadia College and the Baptist Academies, is gained as the train dashes up to the depot, quite within the pretty village.

Few travellers in the western counties have failed to make the acquaintance of Conductor Joe Edwards. He knows every inch of historic Grand Pre, and is a guide book in himself. Joe could probably quote Longfellow's Evangeline from cover to cover, and he is a most genial and intelligent campanion. He can point out to you at Grand Pre, the identical point of land where the Acadians were embarked for exile, the site of their chapel, and all the other localities of interest to the student of history. A few years ago "Joe"

Sent the Poet two Canes,

one cut from an apple tree at Grand Pre and the other, a white birch plucked from Blomindon's dizziest height, and in return, received an autograph letter of thanks from Longfellow, which he carefully preserves and as modestly exhibits.

Having long heard of the wonderful fertility of the Cornwallis Valley, I stopped off a day at Kentville to visit that region. And first a word as to Kentville. It is about the same size as Woodstock but not so progressive I should judge. It has a beautiful situation amidst encircling hills, and in the very centre of the richest agricultural district of Nova Scotia. The town is very prettily laid out and contains some enterprising business houses and fine residences. But fancy a town with a population of over two thousand, unincorporated and

Absolutely without Fire Protection,

except a few ladders and buckets. Kentville is decidedly a pretty place: it has an excellent class of citizens, and situated as it is in the centre of so rich a country, it ought to extend its borders rapidly. Taking a carriage with that genial landlord of the leading hotel of the town, Mr. Joseph Lyons, I found myself traversing the splendid Cornwallis Valley. For twelve miles, we drove through a succession of magnificent farms. The country here is very thickly settled, and everywhere there are evidence of wealth and prosperity. The orchards, every farmer there has an orchard, and such orchards. Some of them are acres upon acres in extent. One farmer was pointed out to me, who raises, in good years, one thousand barrels of apples, and every other crop in proportion, including six thousand bushels of potatoes. But apples, potatoes and hay are the staple products of the Cornwallis Valley. The dyked marsh of that country covers an immense area. Ascending the North Mountains to what is known as the "look off," a short distance below Cape Blomidon, I had a magnificent view of the whole Cornwallis Valley, and of the beautiful Basin of Minas. The land area opened to my vision from this point, was fully twenty-five miles long and twelve miles wide, and over two-thirds of its extent, I should judge, is under cultivation. Standing from my point of vantage, by the aid of a field glass,

I could see Seven Counties.

and a more beautiful landscape one could not wish to view. Away to the south, towered the South Mountains, lifting their verdure-covered peaks to the sky. At their base nestled as if for protection, pretty little villages and suburban retreats. Here and there little patches of woodland dotted the smiling valley, and the smoothly flowing Canard and Cornwallis rivers journeyed to the Basin. A fair land indeed, is the Cornwallis Valley—a rich inheritance to the successors of the Acadians, a theme well worthy the pen of Longfellow, and the homes of hundreds of happy families. Canning is a tasty little village in the midst of this fertile country. Some of its people engage in shipbuilding, but the place is not so prosperous as it once was. There I had the pleasure of meeting at his home, Lieut. Northup, who will be remembered in Fredericton as a smart young attached officer of the Infantry School Corps last winter, and near the village was pointed out to me, the birth place of Mr. G. W. Burbidge, the clever young lawyer, who fills the important position of Deputy Minister of Justice at Ottawa. Canning is justly proud of having produced such men as Burbidge and Dr. Rand, and many others I might name.

But I must hurry on to Annapolis, of historic memory. This old town is sixty miles from Kentville and one hundred and thirty from Halifax, and to reach it, one has to pass through the beautiful Annapolis Valley, the

Great Fruit Producing District

of Nova Scotia. From Kentville, the North and South ranges of mountains gradually draw together till at Annapolis, a mile or two only separate them, and the Valley though not so extensive as that of Cornwallis, is equally fruitful. There are some villages between Kentville and Annapolis that deserve a passing notice. At Wilmot, there are mineral springs that attract many health seekers—Governor Wilmot was among the number last week. Middleton is famed as the place where Gates manufactures his "Life of Man Bitters"—and Laurencetown and Bridgetown are places of great local importance. Between these two places, I entered Paradise unexpectedly, but was disappointed to learn from the conductor parenthetically, that it was only Paradise, Nova Scotia.

Annapolis is very prettily situated on a beautiful basin which receives the waters of the Annapolis River. It is, as every school boy knows, one of the oldest settlements in North America, having been founded by the French in 1604 under the name of Port Royal. The old ramparts that rendered it almost impregnable, are yet wonderfully preserved, but the town itself has a standstill appearance. Opposite Annapolis is the village of Granville, a great ship owning port and the home of much wealth and quiet luxury.

The run from Annapolis to Digby down the Basin by steamer, is a pleasant twenty mile trip. Digby is a neat little town splendidly situated on Digby Basin. It is cool in summer and attracts numerous visitors Among other familiar faces there, I met

Hon. A. F. Randolph of Fredericton,

who, with some members of his family, is spending a holiday in his native town. As a place of retreat from hot weather, Digby is unsurpassed. The hotel accommodation, Mr. John Daley of the "Royal" leading off, is excellent. There are good boating and bathing facilities, and the people are hospitable, Coming across the Bay in the "Empress," I met Mr. Fred. S. Williams, the popular traveller, who talks Gibson cotton so glibly, and who knows every inch of the Maritime Provinces familiarly. The surface of the water was unrippled, the trip a very enjoyable one, and considerable amusement was afforded the passengers by the affectionate embraces of a newly married couple. St. John is dull, but there is quite a rush of American visitors, and the weather there for the past few weeks has been simply delightful. Halifax is a pleasant city in many respects, Windsor, Kentville, Annapolis and Digby, have their attractions, I like cleanly, plucky, pushing St. John, but Fredericton for natural beauty, for situation, for steady onward progress, and for the intelligence, energy and general prosperity of its people, is second to none of them.

L. C. M.

In the year 1792 there were only 264 post-offices in the United States, and so light were the duties of the Postmaster-General regarded that President Washington was opposed to giving him a seat in the Cabinet. Now there are nearly fifty thousand post-offices, and the annual revenue has swelled from $25,000 to $45,000,000.

FOR THE GALLOWS.

The Rebel Riel Convicted.

And Sentenced to be Hanged on the 18th of September.

An important witness in the trial of Riel, which was concluded at Regina on Saturday, and resulted in the rebel being convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the 18th of September, was George Kerr, a storekeeper at Batoche, and brother of Mrs. D. R. Forgan of Fredericton. Kerr deposed that his first intimation of an uprising was on March 17th, when Riel and some breeds came into his store and took some arms. Riel did not exactly seize them, but he said to let the people have what they wanted and to "charge it," without mentioning to whom. The following day the breeds got a quantity of ammunition from his store. Kerr was subsequently arrested, taken before Riel's council, and imprisoned.

Mitchell, a justice of the peace and Indian trader at Duck Lake, detailed his experience at Batoche, and conversations with Riel. He said that the prisoner was bitter against the Government and particularly against Sir John A. Macdonald, who, the prisoner said, he would bring to his feet.

Thomas Jackson, brother of the prisoner who was adjudged insane the other day, was the next witness. After detailing his brother's arrest by the rebels, he said that Riel asked him at Batoche to write letters to certain eastern papers placing him in a good light. He told witness he had applied to the Government for $35,000 for losses occasioned by exile from the country, etc., etc. He told him he had actually lost $100,000, but was willing to take the ammount mentioned. The witness thought the prisoner's motives were those of revenge. Saw arms in the prisoner's hands once He was in charge at Batoche, Gabriel Dumont being under him.

Gen. Middleton on the Stand.

Gen. Middleton said he was sent for by Hon. Mr. Caron, on March 21st, who told him to leave for the North-West. He told him a rising might take place. He left two hours later, and on the way up heard of the Duck Lake fight. At Winnipeg he found the 90th nearly ready to march, also the Winnipeg battery. He heard that Col. Irvine was afraid to go by Prince Albert, and remained at Qu'Appelle some time and then proceeded to Fort Qu'Appelle. At Fish Creek the witness had the 90th, the so-called "A" Battery, and Boulton's scouts, in all 425 or 450 men. An engagement took place there, in which the Canadians lost nine or ten killed and forty wounded. This was on April 24th. Remained there until the wounded were disposed of, and then went to Batoche. Marched on to Batoche on May 9th. On reaching the plateau near the river he saw a large number of men and fired on them. Batoche was carried on May 12th. He arranged on the 12th to engage the enemy on the right, leaving the second officer in command to take the position occupied by the troops under his command the two previous days. He was brought a letter by Mr. Astley. (The witness identified the message, which was a threat from Riel to kill the prisoners if the women were injured.) The witness wrote an answer, and returned it by Mr. Astley. Later on Jackson came up with another letter. (The witness identified the documents.) Took no particular notice of this. After this the witness fell back on the camp, and felt much annoyed to find that instead of his second in command taking advantage of his feint he found them quietly in camp. The witness is afraid he used some strong language. His troops went out again, and forced the first line of rifle pits. Astley ran the gauntlet of both fires with another letter from Riel, with a memo on the outside envelope. They then forced their way on and carried the place by a series of rushes, when all attempts at defence ceased, Astley going down with them. The Canadians lost six killed, and twelve or thirteen wounded. This practically closed the campaign so far as the witness was concerned. The witness then spoke of the search for Riel and Dumont. On the 15th Riel was brought in. When he entered the witness's tent he produced a paper signed by the witness, saying that his safety would be guaranteed until after the trial. Had a conversation with the prisoner, who talked freely. Remember he accepted the position as leader. Riel said: "General, if the Lord had given me a victory as He did you, would I have made as good a use of it?" The prisoner was sent to Regina.

Captain Young, Winnipeg Field Battery, said he had charge of Riel, and handed him over to the authorities at Regina. The prisoner offered every possible information to assist Gen. Middleton to subdue the Indians. Riel told him that during the Duck Lake fight he called his men to fire in the name of the Trinity. His words were:—"God Almighty, who created us; God and Son, who saved us: Holy Ghost, who sanctified us, reply to that," meaning the fire of Crozier. The witness recognized the documents found at Batoche and put in as evidence.

Chas. Nolin related the prisoner's entry into his country, and how the prisoner showed him a book written with blood, which gave an account of his plans. The first portion of the book expressed a determination to destroy Canada and England. This was in December of last year. Riel said he wanted $100,000 indemnity from the Government. In an interview between Riel and Father Andre the latter promised to use his influence to get him $35,000. The prisoner said if he got the money he would start a paper, and write down the Government. Riel told him before the grass was half a finger's length there would be foreign armies here to destroy the country. McDowall received a telegram from the Government saying that the Metis' claims would receive immediate consideration, but nothing was said about Riel, On March 2nd a meeting took place between Riel, a priest, and others. When the question of a provisional government came up, the prisoner was very excited, and said to the priest "you will have to give me permission to proclaim a provisional government before midnight." The priest put him out of doors. At a meeting on the 3rd there were about sixty armed men. On March 5th Riel and Gabriel Dumont visited the witness and proposed a plan of operations. Riel said he would take up arms for the glory of God, the honor of religion, and the salvation of their souls. The witness suggested public prayer for direction. It was announced in church that a service would be held for that purpose, and notice of the date was given.

The Conviction and Sentence.

Riel's case was given to the jury Saturday, and after an absence of one hour they returned a verdict of guilty, with a plea for mercy. When the jury returned with its verdict, Riel was on his knees praying. When the verdict was announced, he smiled and bowed to them.

When Col. Richardson, the Magistrate, asked Riel if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, Riel replied in the affirmative. He then detailed the alleged grievances of the half-breeds in Manitoba, and spoke at length of the rebellion of 1869. If he had to die for what had taken place, it would be a consolation to his wife and friends to know he had not died in vain, as in years to come people would look at Manitoba and say Riel helped the dwellers of these fertile plains to obtain the benefits they now enjoy. It would be an easy thing for him to make an incendiary speech, but he would refrain. God had given him a mission to perform, and if suffering was part of that mission he bowed respectfully to the divine will and was ready to accept the task, even unto death. The troubles in Saskatchewan were, he said, but a continuation of the Red River troubles. The breeds felt they were being robbed by the Government, which had failed to carry out the treaty promises made them. He then explained his idea of the division of the country into sevenths. Regarding the Red River rebellion, he said the money that had been given him and Lepine on leaving the country had been accepted as part of what was justly their due. The whites were gradually crowding out the Indians and Metis, and what was more natural than for them to take arms in defence of their rights. He justified his claim to $35,000 by saying it was offered to him to keep out of the country for three years. If he must die for his principles, if the brave men who were with him must die, he hoped the French Canadians would come and help the people to get back what was unjustly wrenched from them. Peace had always been uppermost in his thoughts, and it was to save the country from being deluged with blood later on, that they strove for their rights now. He objected to the jury and the decision of the court, and asked that he be not tried for alleged offences of this season, but that his whole career be put on trial, and the jury asked to give a decision as to whether his life and acts had benefited the country or not. He also asked for a commission of doctors to examine him, for though the jury pronounced him sane, some thought otherwise. He was glad the jury had decided as they did on this question, but he did not want a shadow of doubt on this point, and therefore, to prove his sanity he would show his plans and the objects he had in view and he thought they would then say he was sound in mind as well as body. He claimed to be the prophet of the new world, and he had prophesied that morning that the jury would convict and the court would charge against him. He did not want people to think he was shamming insanity. Let the doctors examine him, hear what he had to say, examine his plans and they would see they were those of a sound mind and of an honest man.

Judge Richardson then said: "Louis Riel, you are charged with treason, you let loose the floodgates of rapine and bloodshed and brought ruin and death to many families who, if let alone, were in comfort and a fair way to affluence. For what you did you have been given a fair and impartial trial, and your remarks are no excuse for your acts. You committed acts that the law demands account for at your hands. The jury coupled to their verdict a recommendation to mercy, but I can hold out no prospects for you and I would recommend you to make your peace with God. For me only one duty, and a painful one to perform, remains. It is to pass the sentence upon you. If your life is spared no one will feel more gratified than myself, but I can hold out no hope. The sentence of this court upon you, Louis Riel, is that you be taken to the guard room of the mounted police at Regina and kept there until September eighteenth, and from thence to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck until dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Riel was then taken from the court room and driven under a strong escort to the guard room, and his leading counsel, Mr. Fitzpatrick left for Winnipeg at once to enter an appeal in the Court of Queen's Bench.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Newsy Notes and Notions of Everything.

The cost of cremation in Paris will soon be low as $2.50 per body.

The smallest salary a pastor in the Presbyterian Church of Australia is permitted to receive is $1,500.

The Governor of Massachusetts gets a salary of $5 000 a year and the Mayor of Boston $10,000.

Spurgeon has a son who is a pastor in New Zealand, and whose sermons are said to be even more sensational than his father's.

Paper bottles now made in France are built from sheets of paper rolled together and cemented with albumen, lime, and alum.

In St. Louis more than four hundred saloons have been closed up since the first of July by the operation of the high license law.

The death of Gen. Grant leaves Gen. McClellan the only survivor of the men who at different times commanded the army of the Potomac.

The polygamists of Utah now introduce one woman as "the wife" and the others as her "companions," and the law is put out over the trick.

Herr Milch, the Bavarian aeronaut, has just come to grief, after making more than 200 ascensions in safety. His balloon collapsed at a height of nearly a mile.

Many boys who are examined for "apprentices" in the United States navy are rejected as liable to heart disease. This, the medical men say, is due to cigarette smoking.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Drake, just married, have settled in Ness county, Kan. The bride is 40 inches high and weighs 60 pounds, and the groom is 44 inches high and weighs 75 pounds.

California papers report the discovery of a new wine—peach wine, made from the juice of soft ripe peaches. It is said to be the finest flavored and most delicious wine ever discovered.

Lord Palmerston once remarked that the drawbacks and objections to war are somewhat mitigated by the fact that it teaches geography to persons who otherwise would never learn it.

Many of the roller skating rinks in parts of the country where the sport first raged are being turned to other uses, and everywhere the tendency of the diversion is towards unfashionableness.

German photographers are now making excellent photographs of lightning. The extraordinary ramifications of the lightning are beautifully represented by means of the gelatine plates.

As regards personal protection during a thunderstorm, never go under a lone tree in a field. In a thick grove you are almost absolutely safe, though it is not well to stand against a tall tree in the woods even.

A lady has trained her pug to run out his tongue and lick a postage stamp when called upon. The expert canine affords much amusement to visitors at the post office when his services are thus required by his mistress.

General Washington was very proud of his coach horses, and had them carefully groomed. Before using them on special occasions he had their teeth picked and washed and their hoofs polished and varnished. The shoes were solid silver.

There are now about a dozen bridges across the Thames at London, and the corporation has just decided to build another. Two centuries ago London bridge was the only one, and the bold proposition to throw across another as far up as Putney was kicked out of the House of Commons.

The cities of marvellous growth are not all in this country, and the same cause in very different regions have the same results, Baker, the great petroleum town in Russia, on the Caspian Sea, had only 12,000 inhabitants in 1873, and 58,000 in 1883.

A Chinese belle has arrived in San Francisco. She is the first genuine exhibit of her kind on the Pacific coast. She is tall and handsome, and her feet possess the requisite deformity so thoroughly, that whenever she walks a servant supports her at each side.

A scientist says it takes a prodigious amount of vegetable matter to form a layer of coal; that it is estimated that the present growth of the world would make a layer only one-eighth of an inch think, and that it would take 1,000,000 years to form a coal bed 100 feet thick.

The memory can as easily be trained as the mind and body. One method is to see that impressions are properly registered—that is, will them to become part of the brain. Another is to be careful and not register impressions that are valueless. Forgetfulness is essential to remembering.

The troops of the Ameer of Afghanistan are disposed as follows. At Herat and between there and Gherian, 10.000 men; in the envirous and Zulfikar, 11,000 men, and a large force of artillery; in Maimena, 6,000; in Andehut, 8,000; in Candus 5,000, and the bulk of the remaining troops at Cabul and Candahar.

Each of the regiments of the Imperial Guard of Russia has its characteristic type. The Preobrajenskis are distinguished by their size, the Samenoffsks by their good looks, the riflemen by being all of the same height, and the men of the Favloff regiment by all having snub noses. A snub-nosed regiment must be a moving spectacle.

The island of Ceylon is 270 miles in length, 156 miles in breadth, and very mountainous near the centre, there being mountains ranging between 3,000 and 7,000 feet high, 10 of which are above the latter limit. The highest is Pidurutalage, 5,296 feet. Large tracts of the island are still covered with dense jungle, in which many wild elephants are to be found.

The French have more suspension bridges than any other nation on the globe. Their engineers are putting up suspension bridges everywhere, and at least one of the structures approximates to the size of the Brooklyn bridge. So numerous are such bridges in France that it is impossible to secure an accurate list of them on this side of the water.

Down on Broad-street, New York, a coloured man who runs an apple stand, worked from daylight on Friday on a big placard, printed in big black letters on a sheet of white paper, with which to decorate his little place in memory of Gen. Grant. When he had completed his task he hung it in front of his stand and surveyed it with great admiration. The words were: "He sent me free."

Princess Beatrice's wedding cake was made in three sections, and weighed on completion about four hundredweight. A notable feature in the ornamentation was that all the flowers, buds, sprays and leaves were modelled in pure sugar and were of a snowy whiteness; each section was decorated with hundreds of the above; the vase and bouquet which surmounted the cake, were composed of similar flower buds, &c. Each one was modelled in superlative beauty, and is a real triumph of the confectioner's art.

FUN FACT AND FANCY.

Five Minutes Light Reading for Everybody.

Shakey, take a fader's plessing,
Take it, for you ket it sheap;
Go in hot for making money,
Go in for to make a heap.
Don' you do no dings vot's grooked,
Don' you do no dings vot's mean—
Aber rake right in dot boodle,
Quiet, calm and all serene.

Don' you lend your gash to no one,
Not for less dan ten per cent—
Don' you make no vile expenses—
Dot's de vay de money vent.
And, I tells you, little Shakey,
Put dis varning in your ear—
Be a man of pisness honor—
Nefer fail but twice a year!

Sound a sleep—A snore.

A great hardship—An iron steamer.

Breeches of contract—those that shrink.

A wooden wedding—Marrying a blockhead.

Beef tongue and oxtail soup make both ends meat.

A morally conducted family should have an "upright" piano.

In one respect the ladies have a parallel—The spring chicken will never tell its age.

"Capital punishment!" as the boy said when the schoolmistress seated him with the girls.

Fifty more young ladies were made bachelors last week at a Boston college. If this thing continues there will be a shortage in old maids.

Patient.—"Brain faver, is it? Oh! Docthur, it's a proud man I am the day! The ould 'oman schwears Oi niver had enough fur a cockroach.

"Happy the man whose bride has many needle-marks on her fingers." This doesn't necessarily follow. Perhaps she has just completed a crazy quilt.

Oh, where does beauty linger?' sings a Philadelphia poetess. Considerable of it usually lingers upon a young man's shoulder unless her head rests very quietly.

Sympathetic Citizen—"What! another railroad accident? Too bad, isn't it?"

Practical Newsboy—"Too bad? No, boss, not much. It's just boomin' business!"

What are you thinking about when you are not thinking about anything?" "In that case, I am thinking that what answer to make to a man who does not ask a question."

An Irish counsel, being questioned by a judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied: "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff; but I am employed by the defendant."

"Oh, you can laugh," exclaimed Fenderson, with a show of impatience; "but I'm not quite such a fool as you think I am." "Tell you the truth," said Fogg. "I didn't believe it could be possible."

A wealthy Chicago man buying a large washing tub, the seller asked: "Vell, mein frendt, you vill got your vashin' done?" "Oh, no. This is for a foot tub for my daughter," was the truthful reply.

"What Floored Tompkins?" is the title of an article in an exchange. That depends upon circumstances. It may have been whiskey, or rum, or beer, or whiskey and rum, or rum and beer, or perhaps Tompkins called a larger man a liar.

An Irishman, recently landed, entered a barber shop in Jersey City, for a shave. After the barber was through, he asked the customary question: "Have bay rum, sir?" "No, sor; the fact is, sor, I've just had a glass of beer an' don't like mixin' drinks."

"How does it happen that there are so many old maids among the school teachers?" asked a reporter of Superintendent Jasper, the other day. "Because school teachers are, as a rule, are women of sense, and no woman will give up a $60 position for a $10 man," was the reply.

Doctor—"You see, my dear, I have pulled my patient through, after all—a very critical case, I can tell you!" His wife—"Yes, dear; but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah, if I had only known you five years earlier, I feel certain my first husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved!"

Irate Individual—"What did you mean by telling Smith that I had been in jail?"

Calm Individual—"I did not tell Smith that you had been in jail. I simply said that you ought to be in jail."

Irate Individal (calming down)—"I beg your pardon. I must have misunderstood him."

There is such a thing as being smothered in honey. A Kansas man recently drew a big prize in a lottery, and the very same day his wife had twins—both boys—his mother-in-law was struck by lightning while in transit to pay him a visit, and a man who had owed him nine dollars for ten years sent along the money.

Two immigrants, evidently a married couple, bound for Omaha, stopped in a Chicago restaurant for dinner. Sitting opposite them at the table were a pair of dudes, one of whom was nibbling a piece of celery. "Say, say Pat," said the old woman, poking him with her elbow, "d'ye get on tu 'is nibbs atin' ther bouquet."

A commercial traveller was boasting that there were very few towns on his route in which he had no young lady friend to call upon.

Then he turned to a man who was sitting near a window and said;

"What do you think of that, stranger?"

"I don't think nothin' of it," replied the stranger; "I'm a sailor."

"My dear," said a frightened husband in the middle of the night, shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?"

"On the self next to the peppermint."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, "I've swallowed it."

"Well, for goodness sake," whispered his wife, "keep quiet or you'll wake the baby."

Lawyer—"You say you want to sue Dr. Morris for treating your mother-in-law?"

Client—"Yes,"

Lawyer—"Did he kill her?"

Client—"No, he cured her."

Lawyer (in surprise)—"What is your charge against him, then?"

Client—"Obtaining money under false pretences."

"Your wife died while you were abroad last summer, I hear."

"Yes. She's in heaven, the good old soul."

"That ought to be a great source or worriment to you."

"Why so?"

"Because it's not likely that you'll ever see her again."

Clerk (to employer)—"Can I get a couple of days off, Mr. Smith? Ma wife's mother is dead, and I want to attend the funeral."

Employer—"Will it require two days for the funeral?"

Clerk—"No, sir. The funeral occurs tomorrow; but I've been sticking pretty close to business, and I would like to take in Coney Island on the following day."

"What kind of a man is he? Good, bad or indifferent!"

"Well, that depends a good deal on who teeters on the other end of the plank with him."

How so, sir?"

"Well, if you size him up alongside of Judas Iscariot he looms up middlin' fair; but when you come to set him down between such fellers as you an' me, judge, he does dwindle terrible surprisin'—he does, for a fact."

"So you've quit the railroad, have you?" said one Evansville conductor to another.

"You bet. I couldn't stay on it and make anything. They've got a new uniform that broke me all up."

"How? Too costly?"

"No. It's a plain coat—a military coat that buttons clear up to the throat and down to the waist, and you have to keep it buttoned up all the time, too."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Got to do with it? I'd like to know what show a fellow has for his inside pocket."

Nervous Debilitated Men.

You are allowed *a free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guarranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

April 15th.

Carpets.

John J. Weddall's

Retail DRY GOODS trade having grown to such proportions that it is necessary he should have MORE ROOM for the successful carrying out of his plans, he has therefore decided to go OUT of the CARPET TRADE for the present.

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FOR CASH!

DURING THE

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Fredericton, April 15, 1885.

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