

A Leading Horseman's Opinion

Few men in Canada are better known, or whose opinion will have greater weight with the horse-loving public, than A. L. SLIPP, Nova Scotia's famous trainer and driver.

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Customer (looking in mirror)—Great scissors, Charley! You've gone to work and peeled my head of every dern hair there was on it.

Barber—Isn't that what you told me to do?

Customer—Told you to do? Why, Charley I told you I wanted it cut a la mode.

Barber—Beg pardon, I thought you said you wanted it all mowed.

Mabel's mother came into the room suddenly.

George—Mr. Chinler, stammered Mabel, 'was just describing an armistice to me, mother.'

'Yes,' said her mother, 'I notice the arm—is't his?'

And George, by hastily withdrawing it from Mabel's taper waist, seemed to admit that it was.

Small Son—Ma, what's polygamists?

Mother—U'm—men who have a good many wives.

'A good many?'

'Yes; 30 or 40 sometimes.'

'Ooo! That's awful.'

'Yes, my son.'

'Just awful! I wouldn't like to have 30 or 40 mammas to spank me.'

She had just return from a visit to Boston. "Is it true," asked an acquaintance, "that there is an air of culture and educational refinement plainly noticeable in the speech of Boston residents?" "My dear," she replied impressively, "even the owls around Boston hoot 'To whom!' instead of 'To whoo!' as they do in the west—Chicago Times-Herald.

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A FIDDLER WANTED.

HE WAS FAMED AND AT DANCE MUSIC DID VERY WELL.

Fun and Frolic in a Washout on the Oregon Short Line—Millionaires and Immigrants Attend a Dance and Experience a Musical Surprise.

On St. Patrick's day, 1894, five through trains, bound both to the eastward and westward of the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific, were tied up at Glenns Ferry, Ida. They had been caught between two serious washouts, one at Pocastello and the other at Indian Creek three days before, and had to wait at Glenns Ferry for track repairs along the line before they could proceed. Glenns Ferry is a bleak little railroad and sheep herders' town of 800 or 400 inhabitants, situate on a sagebrush bluff overlooking the unspeakably dark and dreary Snake river.

The five stalled trains carried 600 passengers of as miscellaneous a character as could be gotten together at a carefully selected congress of types. There were emigrants and millionaires; soldiers on the move; dainty women in palace cars and women bound for Creede and Cripple Creek in day coaches; miners who killed time during the wait in shooting magpies circling over the Snake river; Shoshone Indians traveling to the limits of their reservation; well behaved and quiet people, noisy and tumultuous people. But all were stuck alike, and they made the best of it.

Lines of social demarcation were for the time erased. All hands mingled easily on the little station platform and in the little station waiting room. The supply of food on the dining cars gave out the first day of the hitch, and everybody was fed, and well fed, too, in the station eating room. They sat down at the tables in relays and patiently awaited their turns.

The railroad employees and their wives were to give a dance at the little town hall on St. Patrick's night. The switchman who had been customarily employed to fiddle for them had been switched to another division. In a quandary, the dance committee toured the trains and station to ascertain if any of the stalled passengers happened to be carrying a violin and was capable of producing music on it. In one of the sleeping cars they came across an artistic looking man, with very long hair, a seraphic, oleaginous countenance and exceedingly baggy clothes. They were looking for a fiddler, they said. Did he know of any on the train? Well, he didn't know (in outrageously bad English); he played a little himself once in awhile, and had rather a fair fiddle with him. The long haired man accented the "fiddle" rather curiously. But the railroad men were overjoyed. Would he play for them to dance with their wives and sweethearts? Certainly! Did he know dance music? Well, some.

All of the stalled passengers were invited to the dance, and they all went. A good many of them could not get in. The baggily clothed fiddler turned up in good time. The pianist was waiting for him. So was the railroad dance committee, one of the members of which slipped \$3 in one dollar bills into the fiddler's hand as payment in advance for the evening's work. It was smilingly accepted. The dance began. The fireman's wife, who played the piano, produced an old bethumbed violin and piano tune book and turned to the lancers. She told the fiddler, at the end of the first dance, that he did pretty well, only he went too fast. Then there was a waltz. The fiddler was informed by his accompanist that he was getting along finely, and everybody in the room began to prick up his ears at the sweetness of the violin music, although the dances were common enough and tawdry enough.

Another waltz—the "Beautiful Blue Danube." All of the dancers on the floor stopped dead at the first bar, and the travelers with cultivated musical ears moved close to the piano. The pianist ceased. She wished to listen. The violin music was miraculous. The player swayed from side to side as he phrased. He appeared to be oblivious of his surroundings. He improvised variations of inspiring tenderness. He out-Straussed Strauss. His violin sang, throbbled with passion. When the last note died away, the people in the hall appeared to be in a dream—all but one.

"M. Ysaye," said Charley Fair, the son of the late United States Senator Fair, stepping from the throng, "won't you play that lively, rattling thing you gave us at the Bohemian club in San Francisco the other night? It's been running in my head ever since."

M. Ysaye played Berlioz's "Pizzicato" as he perhaps never played it before.—Washington Star.

The Du Maurier Woman.

In an article which the late Mr. Du Maurier wrote some years ago for The Magazine of Art apropos of the typical "pretty woman" of his drawings, occurs the following quaint and characteristic passage: "I do hope the reader does not dislike her—that is, if he knows her—I am so fond of her myself, or rather so fond of what I want her to be. She is my piece de resistance, and I have often heard her commended, and the praise of her has sounded sweet in mine ears and gone straight to my heart, for she has become to me as a daughter. She is rather tall, I admit, and a trifle stiff—but English women are tall and stiff just now—and she is rather too serious, but that is only because I find it so difficult with a mere stroke in black ink to indicate the enchanting little curved lines that go from the nose to the mouth corners, causing the cheeks to make a smile."

In the Omnibus.

Conductor—Beg pardon, madame, but these coppers are counterfeit.

Lady—Oh, excuse me! Keep those for a fee. Here are some good ones.

Conductor (with a deep bow)—Many thanks, madame.—Paris Figure.

Geo. V. McInerney, Barrister, Attorney, Notary, &c. Solicitor for the Merchants Bank of Halifax. RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

R. HUTCHINSON, Q. C., Clerk of Peace. VICE CONSUL FOR SWEDEN AND NORWAY. LLOYD'S SUB-AGENT. Divisional Registrar Births Marriages and Deaths. RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

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NOTICE, All parties indebted to me are requested to make payment before the last of June, otherwise the bills will be place for collection. B. McLEOD, Harcourt. May 31 1897.

WARNING! Any person cutting fire-wood, logs, or other lumber on the "Smith property," Molas River, will be prosecuted and punished under the provisions of the Dominion Criminal law. Dated, December 14, 1896. J. D. PHINNEY.

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COLLECTOR'S NOTICE. The undermentioned non-resident rate payers of Districts No. 3 or 4, in the Parish of Weldford, in the County of Kent, Province of New Brunswick, are hereby notified to pay the amount of rates and taxes set opposite their names, together with the costs of advertising, 50c. each, to the undersigned within two months from the date hereof, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

Table with 3 columns: Name, 1895, 1896, 1897. Includes William Brown, Robert Brown Jr., David Keswick, Patrick Kenney, Teddy Lynch Estate, Bernard McAffrey, James McDougald, James Scott, William Wallace, Mrs John Campbell, Mrs George Moody, Joseph Fenney, George K. McLeod, Michael Wood Estate.

RICHARD WARMAN, Collector North Welford, Kent County, N. B. June 1st 1897.

Sheriff's Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, in the County of Kent, on TUESDAY, THE TENTH DAY OF AUGUST next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand, whatsoever, either at law or in equity, of James Dunlap, of, in, to, out of or upon the following land and premises:—all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the Parish of Wellington, in the said County of Kent, Province of New Brunswick and described as follows:—All that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being on the north side of Little Buctouche River, being the lot originally granted to John W. Weldon, containing one hundred and twenty acres, reserving six acres for a mill site, together with house, barn and outhouses and appurtenances to the same belonging, and also, all other lands and tenements belonging to said James Dunlap situate lying and being within my bailiwicks. The same having been levied and seized under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit of Sarah M. Smith, Edward J. Smith and Henry R. Emmerson Executrix Executors and Trustees, under the last will and testament of Sir Abart J. Smith deceased, against the said James Dunlap. AUGUSTE LEGER, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, May 4th, A. D. 1897.

BARGAINS.

I have purchased the immense stock in store from B. McLeod for cash and am making large reductions on old prices for these goods. New goods coming in daily. I buy for cash and give the public benefit of discounts. MRS. MORTON, Harcourt.