

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REBUILT AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT, BAR, OFFICE, AND BATHS. DELECTABLE DINING ROOM on Ground Floor. PERFECT VENTILATION and REFRIGERATION throughout. LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS. COMFORTABLE BATHROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

Wm. WILSON, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. -UNLIKE ANY OTHER.- ESTABLISHED 1810. AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED. TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. THE PILLS. PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, &c.

THE OINTMENT. Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO. ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. In Effect December 30th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM. ST. JOHN, 9:40 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON. 7:15 A.M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

1890. Winter Arrangements, 1890. The Company's Lines are composed of distinguished, Clyde-built STEAMERS.

WEEKLY MAIL LINE. Leaving from Liverpool on THURSDAY, and from Halifax on SATURDAY, calling at St. John's, and returning on board and land.

RATES OF PASSAGE TO LIVERPOOL. SALON (according to accommodation) \$50 to \$100.

RATES OF PASSAGE TO ST. JOHN'S, N. F. SALON, \$20; Intermediate, \$15; Steerage, \$5.

GLASGOW LINE. Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

W. THOMSON & Co., Agents. ST. JOHN N. B.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. FALL ARRANGEMENT.

Four Trips a Week. FOR BOSTON.

PROF. LOISETTE'S MEMORY. DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. FALL ARRANGEMENT.

FOR BOSTON. ON and AFTER MONDAY, October 1st.

NEW VICTORIA HOTEL. 248 to 252 PRINCE W. STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THOS. HOBN, Superintendent. One minute's walk from Steamboat Landing.

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HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS. The Italian Government has just paid \$2,100 for the stallion Elwood Medium, \$240, by Happy Medium. He was foaled in 1874.

An extraordinary and fatal malady has appeared among horses in Lincolnshire, England, and no cause or explanation of its nature has been discovered.

Murphy & Colter, Woodstock, N. B., have purchased the colt Lord Dufferin, 11,444, foaled 1888, by Endymion, 2,283, son of Dictator, dam Jessica, trial 2:24, by George Wilkes.

Baltimore reports are to the effect that Professor Ward has at his infirmary a horse with a clearly defined case of lamppie.

The death of Bell Boy, the High Priced Trotting Horse. During the fire which occurred recently at the stables of Macey Bros. in Versailles, Key, the famous \$51,000 4-year-old stallion Bell Boy perished in the flames.

He was sired by Electioneer (son of Hambleton and Grandmaster Maid).

Senator Stan. sold him as a yearling to Brown & Stockbridge, of Kalamazoo, Mich., and in October, 1887, was a record of 2:26 at Lexington.

In 1888, in the spring, he was sold for \$30,000 to Jefferson & Seaman, of Kentucky.

In February, 1889, he was again put up at auction. The bids started at \$10,000, and he was sold for \$15,000.

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NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

Lord Robert Cornelius Napier, G. C. B., G. C. S. I., died of the influenza. He was at the time of his death one of the five field marshals of the British forces, ranking next to the Prince of Wales; Colonel Commandant Royal Bengal Engineers and Constable of the Tower of London.

Lord Napier was born in Geylon in 1810 and educated at the Military College, Addiscombe; entering the corps of Bengal Engineers in 1826 he served with distinction in the Sutlej campaign, at the conclusion of which he was appointed engineer of the Diabar of Lahore.

He was chief engineer officer on General Wagh's staff at the siege of Mooltan, and subsequently took a prominent part in the battle of Goojerat. As chief engineer in the Punjab, a position to which he was appointed at the conclusion of the conquest of that country, he planned and superintended the construction of an elaborate system of military and commercial highways which have been of inestimable benefit to the country.

He was subsequently appointed chief engineer in Bengal. During the mutiny of 1857, he served as the captain of chief engineer with the corps of Sir Colin Campbell. It was Lord Napier who, at

planned that bridging of the Gopmote river which exercised so great an influence on the operations for the relief of the garrison. For his services in China, as second in command under Sir Hope Grant, he was made a baronet in 1862.

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FARMING MATTERS.

HINTS USEFUL TO THE FARMER. Feeding Poultry. Prof. C. F. R. Bellows, of Ypsilanti, who raises poultry as a diversion and relaxation after the more serious incidents of getting Normal studies, and who yet is very business-like in his poultry business, tells the Poultry Breeder how he manages the feeding problem.

"My method of feeding varies so much that I can hardly describe it. In the main it is as follows: Soft feeding in the morning, made up of corn and ground oats and bolt, wheat bran two parts, mixed with boiling water.

"A light feed of green consisting of scraps from the house, noon stuff, etc., into which I mix three times a week is put also a little meal. At night I feed the young birds corn, and the old ones wheat and oats, changing from one to the other from day to day, with an occasional feed of corn."

"I give the pullets a week a week of boiled potatoes in the morning feed, and the pullets I mix three times a week in the corn as a regular feed, substituting wheat and oats."

"The above is the basis of my feeding, as I would say, but in that I constantly consider that variety and not uniformity is the spice of chicken life.

EGGS IN COLD WEATHER. The art of feeding may well be applied to poultry in winter, if eggs are expected. True, feeding is an ordinary matter, but how many consider what they are trying to accomplish when feeding? There should always be some object in view, and the feeding, if well planned, should conform to the realization of that which is sought.

We said the "art" of feeding, for feeding is quite an art, and has science to keep it company. What do we feed to secure? Eggs—and in so doing we must look into the nature of the carbonaceous, or heat-producing elements, and of a variety. Then we must adjust the food to the egg. If the hen is kept warm and comfortable, the food required to provide her with animal heat will be correspondingly lessened.

Knowing that the food should contain an excess of the carbonaceous, or heat-producing elements, we look to those substances that furnish the albumen. All foods contain these, but they vary in proportions. When the farmer throws down corn and feeds his hens liberally he may secure but few eggs for a season. A fat hen will not lay, and is as unprofitable as a fat sow for breeding.

What the hens most need is nitrogenous matter, for they can eat, if fed any grain at all, easily provide the yolk, lime, phosphoric acid, etc., but the large amount of albumen for egg calls for more nitrogenous food than is usually allowed. Some, improperly, ascribe the failure to secure eggs to a lack of green food. While some kind of bulky food (such as clover hay, chopped fine and scalded, as well as cooked potato) is an excellent feed, yet the desideratum is animal food, and if less grain be fed and more meat, either raw or cooked, there will be more eggs. Milk and curds are also suitable, but meat is better than anything else. As a pound of meat daily will be as profitable as a dozen hens, and almost any kind of meat will do, the expense is a small matter compared to the high prices obtained for eggs in winter.

It is not necessary to feed grain more than once a day. A morning meal of scalded, chopped hay, and some kind of animal food, such as mutton or mutton, will give more eggs, if the hen house is kept warm, than any other method, and it will be cheaper than feeding three times a day on grain.

A pan of warm water in the morning should always be allowed.

MR. RUSKIN INSANE. The Herald's cable from London says: John Ruskin, the great leader in English critical literature, has become hopelessly insane. There has been a great deal of whispered talk in the upper circles of London for months past concerning Mr. Ruskin's condition and the peculiar circumstances by which he is environed.

There has been no public comment on the matter, but it is a matter of desire among his most intimate friends—Swinburne, Burns, Jones and others—to have the removal of his publisher from Orlington to London, and the change in the sale of Ruskin's books from the no-nonsense system, which he has instituted, to the ordinary methods prevailing in the book trade, together with other circumstances, make further secrecy impossible.

The story of the great man's breakdown, as told yesterday by a gentleman who for many years has been an intimate business and private relations with Mr. Ruskin, is as follows:

"Mr. Ruskin's mind has been gradually failing for some eight years. The first public suspicion of the fact occurred at Oxford in 1886, when, on the occasion of his last visit to London, he broke down during the delivery of one, became incoherent on the platform and greatly excited the feelings of a sympathetic audience. He delivered no more lectures there, and the matter was hushed up. His health improved, and in 1888, the occasion of his last visit to London, he went to the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor and other galleries in company with Oscar Wilde, and was never more perspicacious in comment or brilliant in conversation." At this time he said he should not immediately return to Brentwood, his residence in Cumberland, and he took a place at Sandgate, in Kent. He then went to France, and after spending some time at Amiens, went thence to Florence on a visit to Miss Alexander, and seemed in good health. At Venice, however, he had an attack and broke down mentally. Mr. and Mrs. Severn, living at Brentwood, were sent for, and in company with them and two physicians he was brought home. Of his life at Brentwood since his return very little is known. In July last, however, Miss Kate Greenway went to visit him, but her stay was brought to a sudden termination by an unfortunate occurrence. In company with Mr. Ruskin, she went out on the moor, back of Brentwood, to make some water-color sketches. In the midst of her work she noticed that her companion was acting and looking strangely and talking incoherently. Suddenly he seized her colors and a large brush and angrily daubed paints of all kinds over her sketches. She ran back to the house and informed Mrs. Severn, who sent attendants out for her, she having had an attendant in waiting on him ever since his return. Since that time Mr. Ruskin has been necessarily confined to his own house and no one outside of the Brentwood people has seen him since August.

HE KNEW. Sunday School Teacher—Now tell me what the Epistles are.

First Scholar—I dunno.

Second Scholar—I does.

Teacher—Well, Johnny, what are the Epistles?

Second Scholar—The Epistles are the wives of the Apostles.

Mr. Lushforth—You never help me on with my coat like you used to in the days of our honeymoon. Mr. Lushforth—No? And I never had to help you off with your boots in those days, either.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE. "Guadalupe Frau, have you a trifle to give for a poor cripple?"

"You impertinent fellow! Why, you were here last week in the character of a blind beggar!"

"Well, you see, ma'am, nowadays the public wants variety."

THE BOY GOT SQUARE. Small Boy—I saw my sister kiss your photograph.

Smith (older)—When she kissed you, Small Boy—Yesterday; she kissed it on the other side, where Charlie Smith wrote a few insulting lines to your map.

ORIGINAL BLUE-BEARD'S CASTLE.

On a bright morning in May, 1887, I left Angers for Nantes, the metropolis of Brittany. As I was about to take the train, a friend, who had come to see me off, said with a parting hand-shake, "Good-bye, my friend, before you get to Anecnia, there is a station called Champtooe. As the cars pull up, look to the right, and you will see the ruins of an old chateau. Take them in well they are the remains of Blue-Beard's castle." What Blue-Beard do you mean?

"Surely there is only one. Perreault's Blue-Beard, Offenbach's Blue-Beard."

"Did he ever live?"

"Certainly, in flesh and bone as you and I,—with this difference,—that he was a hard case to begin with, and a marshal of France into the bargain."

"Really? What was his name?"

"Gilles De Retz, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Europe. His career was most extraordinary."

The name was not unknown to me. I had read of it in the chronicles in which is handed down to us the marvelous story of the Maid of Orleans. But what could be the connection between that and the blood-thirsty hero of Perreault's celebrated tale?

This question suggested itself to my mind as the train bore me all full speed over the waving hills that border the Loire, and from one thought to another, I found myself unconsciously rehearsing the different scenes, phases, and catastrophes of the childish drama which grandmothers take such delight in presenting to their little gapping and shuddering audiences.

I could see the youthful bride, led on by curiosity, creep tremblingly, clutching the little gold key, to the fatal door, open it noiselessly, utter a cry of terror, and drop fainting at the sight of the bloody bodies hung in a row.

Then the sudden return of the angry husband to the castle, his fury on seeing the little gold key soiled with blood, his brandishing of the deadly sword with the infuriated cries of "Prepare to die, Madam!"

I could hear the pitiful tones of the poor victim, during the short respite granted her, as she called to her sister perched up on the tower: "Ann, sister Ann, send thou no one come?" And the lamentable reply: "No, I see nothing but the shining sun on the dusty road!"

And at last came the sigh of relief of yore, as I fancied I could hear from afar the sounding approach of the gallows rescuers.

The vision haunted me till we reached Champtooe, where, sure enough, I saw on the right, as my friend directed, about a quarter of a mile off, the jagged form of a lofty medieval tower which stood atop of a heap of ruins and a clump of rusted oaks, casting against the heavens its vast and sombre outline.

This was Gilles De Retz's castle, Blue-Beard's home. Or rather it was one of his castles, for he had many, the whole surrounding country which bears his name (Pays de Retz) having once been his.—Louis Frechette, in the January Arena.

THE LATEST SOCIAL SENSATION. Ottawa society is agitated over the fate of a divorced lady who last summer married a member of the Cabinet in Chicago.

It was felt that her recognition at the reception to Ministers' wives, after the State dinner, would determine her social position, but the illness of Lady Stanbury seemingly left the matter in abeyance.

Now gossip significantly points to the fact that only the name of the Cabinet Minister appeared on the official list of those invited to Government House, as published in the local Government organ. It transpires that the ladies of two members of the Government called on the bride shortly after her arrival in Ottawa. This course is hinted, was not approved of by Lady Macdonald, who held aloof from any social intercourse with the new arrival. Government House appears to have gone a step further. Much sympathy is beginning to be shown for the lady, whose social accomplishments are known to very superior.

Captain McMahon, A. D. C. to the Governor-General, stated this morning in an interview that the list of guests at the state dinner last evening was correct, and that Mrs. Foster's name did not appear on the regular official list; in fact that she did not receive an invitation. Hon. Mr. Foster was present, however. This statement by Captain McMahon caused quite a ripple of excitement when it was whispered around the corridors of the House to-day.—Montreal Star.

Respectability is contagious, but, like other contagions, you can't always catch it when you want it.