CHILDRENS' XMAS STORY.

A CHRISTMAS CURE

From St. Nicholas.

Santa Claus sat by the fire in his own home, looking anxious and troubled. His droll little mouth was not drawn up like a bow; his eyes had not twinkled for ten minutes; and his dimples, even, wouldn't have looked merry if they could have helped it.

Santa Claus sat there thinking—thinking. It was just before Christmas. What was the matter with the good jolly old saint? Had his sleigh broken down? Had any of his reindeers run away? Had he lost his own, particular, pet, private map?—for a body must have a wonderful map to guide him all about among the chimneys of the whole world.

But no,—it was none of these things. Couldn't he find toys enough to go round? Bless your dear little anxious heart, don't you be afraid of that! He had thousands of bushels of toys left after planning all the stockings of the children whose names were down in his books! Oh! no. Santa Claus had toys enough. That wasn't the trouble!

I shouldn't have said, "after planning all the stockings." One stocking there was for which Santa Claus had not yet planned a single thing; and that was why poor dear old Santa Claus was in such a state of worry and anxiety. This stocking belonged to a little boy whose good parents had long before Christmas sent in his name to Santa Claus. But although there had been plenty of time, and Santa Claus had put plenty of thought upon the matter, he had not yet been able to decide upon even one thing for that little boy's stocking. So there he sat by the fire, thinking and thinking and thinking.

Perhaps it seems strange to you that Santa should be puzzled about such a thing as that, when filling stockings is his regular profession—a highly honorable one, too, and long may Santa lived to grace it!—but the little boy to whom that stocking belonged was a very strange and unusual child. If anything was given to him he would either break it to pieces very soon or do some naughty mischief with it. Worst of all, he would even hurt his nurse or his little brothers or sisters with his beautiful toys, if he happened to feel like doing so.

Yet kind old Santa could not bear to leave even this stocking empty. So he had been puzzling his brains to find something with which the little boy could not hurt people, and something he could not break; and although he had been thinking over all his lists of toys and presents, nothing had he found yet!

"Chirp! Chirp!" sounded a sharp little voice. "Chirp! chirp! You may as well give it up. He doesn't deserve anything, the little scamp!"

"Oh! Is that you, cricket?" said Santa. "Come up here," and as he held out his fat forefinger a tiny black cricket reached it with a sudden jump.

"You may as well give it up!" creaked the cricket in a shrill tone. "You can't think of anything, I know."

"It begins to seem as if I couldn't," said Santa Claus dolefully. "But I am so sorry for the boy! I can't bear to think of that stocking, and of the poor little rascal's disappointment on Christmas morning. What do you think of those nice little donkeys, saddled and bridled, and with cunning baskets slung at each side? Little—ahem! you know who I mean, and it is best not to mention names—he would be delighted with one of them, and they are really quite strong."

"Chirp!" snapped out the cricket, scarcely waiting for Santa to finish; "quite strong, indeed! But you know perfectly well that it doesn't matter much how strong a thing is, any more than how nice it is. That boy breaks everything! You know yourself he had ten presents on his birthday, about a month ago, and where are they now? All broken but the umbrella his mamma gave him, and that has been put away."

"I know, I know," said Santa. "No! I can't give him the donkey!—nor any other of those fine little animals that we have this year. Nor a drum; nor a cart; nor a wheelbarrow; nor a ship; nor a fire engine; nor a top; nor a music-box; nor a clock! Oh! how I did want to give him one of those fascinating clocks!" and Santa Claus looked very wistfully at the cricket, and then sighed heavily. "But I know I couldn't. I can't bear to see the nice presents and interesting toys broken to pieces. But I've thought of one thing, Cricket; and I don't believe he could break it. And yet he would like it, I am sure." Santa looked a little more cheerfully at the cricket, and continued: "I thought of a nice little hammer and a box of nails, and some blocks of wood to hammer the nails into! That's the present for him. Hey, now! what do you thing of that?"

"What do I think?" said the cricket. "I think, Santa Claus, that you have forgotten how the little boy beat his brother with his drumsticks; how he snipped his sister's fingers with the scissors; how he threw his harmonica at the nurse; how he—"

"Dear, dear, dear!" groaned Santa, "so he did!"

"And if you keep giving him things when he uses them so wrongly," continued the cricket, "how will he ever learn better? To be sure, his mamma and papa and all his kind friends are trying to teach him, but it is necessary that everybody should help train such a boy as—"

"I know," interrupted Santa, "I know. You're a wise little counselor, and not as hard-hearted as you seem. And if you think it will cure the poor little fellow, I suppose we must give him the sawdust this year."

"Yes," said the cricket solemnly, "sawdust it must be."

Christmas morning came. The little boy, whose name Santa Claus did not wish mentioned, saw all the other children pull out one treasure after another from their long, well stuffed stockings, while in his own, which he had hung up with so much hope the night before, there was nothing but sawdust.

If I should use all the words in the English language I never could tell you how sad that little boy was as he poured the sawdust out of his stocking, and found that Santa Claus had really sent him nothing else.

Poor little chap!

It was almost a year later, just before Christmas, when Santa Claus again sat by his fire—thinking.

But this time he was in no trouble; no, indeed, not he! He was rounder and rosier and jollier than ever before; and how he was smiling and chuckling to himself! His eyes twinkled so, and were so very bright, that you could almost have lit a candle at them. He and the cricket had been planning all sorts of ecstatic surprises for the stocking of the boy to whom they had given sawdust the year before; for, if you can believe it, the little boy had been trying all the year to be careful and gentle, and he was really quite changed!

"Sawdust is a grand thing," chirped the cricket, leaping about in delight.

"Yes, but I am glad we do not need to use it this year," replied Santa. "Let me see the list again. Don't you suppose we could cram in one or two more things? Have you put down the"—

This is the end of the story; or, at least all that could be told before Christmas; for if I should write more and a certain little boy should read it, he would know just what would be in his stocking—and that would never do in the world!

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THE HERALD.

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CHRISTMAS.

The wiser the world grows, the more doubt thrown upon the historical character of the coming festival, the more general becomes the observance of Christmas. There is no reason to discredit Dry-as-dust, when he tells us that unnumbered years ago our pagan ancestry used to hold high festival at this season to celebrate the return of the sun from his southward journey in the sky—a festival in honor of the fact that the Artic midnight was past. All this is probably true enough, and there is not the least reason to believe that on the night of Dec. 24th, shepherds were watching their flocks on the hill-sides of Palestine. Let all this be granted. Nevertheless Christmas remains; and the strong point about it is that it is Christmas—not yule tide, nor the winter solstice, but Christ-mas.

What was the inspiration of Christ's mission? Love. What was the sum total of his teaching? Love. What are the inspirations and lessons of Christmas? Love. We dedicate the day to those who can make no return in material value for our gifts. We recognize that a mercenary thought robs a Christmas gift of all its worth. We give for the pleasure of giving—not with the hope of ourselves receiving ought in return. Unselfish love is what makes Christmas dear to all. Then perhaps more than at any other time we realize how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. And when we see how this spirit is forming, how it is making itself felt in all lands, so that Christmas is now the greatest world's holiday, what better proof can we ask of the spread of the influence of Him, whose name it bears?

What memories survive in the good old salutation: "A Merry Christmas." We would hardly think of inventing such a greeting now-a-days. In it are the echoes of centuries past, of crackling yule logs, of shouts of children beneath the mistletoe, and of noisy toasts drunk to the rattle of beer mugs in old baronial halls and farmers kitchens. It tells of a ruder civilization than ours. But there is more of the brotherhood of man in it, than in all the shibboleths that reformers have ever devised. There is in it "a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." We are all better friends on Christmas day than on any other of the three hundred and sixty-five.

It is scarcely necessary to remind Fredericton people that the wider they make the circle of happiness of which they are the centre, the greater will be their own. Few persons in this city are so situated that they are unable to observe the festival in some appropriate way; but there are some, and these should not be forgotten, nor is it likely that many of them will be. The fashion of aiding the unfortunate on Christmas is becoming very general and it is really one of the best features of the day.

THE HERALD wishes its readers A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MR. LAURIER'S VISIT.

Mr. Laurier gave a very good address to the St. John meeting, which by the way was strongly representative in its character. Perhaps the liberal leader's speech did not come up in oratorical finish and power to what was expected of him; nevertheless it was an able, calm and judicious effort, presenting the claims of reciprocity in a strong light. Personally he produced an admirable impression. Every one, who came in contact with him, has a good word to say for him. He is really a gentleman of exceptionally good parts and with a reputation upon which many years of public life have left no stain. He made one statement, which ought to be kept in mind, namely, that if Sir John Macdonald would declare for reciprocity, the liberals would support him. That is the sort of talk the people want to hear. To the majority of the people it does not make much difference who administers affairs, provided they are well administered; and Mr. Laurier in thus placing, what he rightly considers the best interests of the country, far above the interests of the political party which he leads, has done much to inspire public confidence in himself and those who are associated with him.

GENERAL BOOTH'S PLAN.

General Booth's plan for the amelioration of poverty in London and other large cities met with a very warm reception at first and money rapidly flowed into him; but of late there has been a check on the golden stream. The scheme was a very comprehensive one, and in spite of the disapproval of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of most of the directors of charitable organizations, it comes nearer what is needed than anything yet suggested. It proposes to ameliorate poverty by removing the poor from the city. In whatever way the result is achieved, poverty can be permanently alleviated only by getting the people upon the land. The herding together of idle people in the cities breeds crime and poverty of the worst types. Little can be done in the way of reformation while the slums of the city exist with all their teeming horrors. To a very large degree charity under such circumstances becomes only an encouragement to idleness, a provision which may be depended upon when the profits of crime are small. And this will continue to be the case as long as the poor and the criminal classes are compelled to live under the condition now existing in the great cities. General Booth proposes a "city colony," where poor people, who are willing to do such work as can be given them, will be afforded food and shelter, a "farm colony" which will be recruited from the city one, an "over-sea colony," which shall be recruited from the farm colony. The basis of the plan is reciprocity—work must be given for relief: the ultimate aim being the removal from the city of those who are fitted to make a living for themselves. General Booth proposes that the Salvation army shall take charge of the work and he wants a million pounds sterling to make a success of it. The price is small, if the work can be done for it. Something of the sort must be done sooner or later. An invisible "bridge of sighs" connects the world we are familiar with and the haunts of vice and poverty, and over it might well be written the legend "Who enters here leaves hope behind." There is no avenue outwards, and the awful aggregation of vice and squalor grows greater year by year. A way of escape must be provided for those who are yet not sunk so low as to cease to desire something better. Whether General Booth and Salvation army are the best means that can be employed, we do not pretend to know; but there does not seem at present to be any other organization fitted to cope with the task. Resolution, the confidence which success inspires, enthusiasm, complete organization and an appeal to the moral and emotional side of humanity are among its guarantees of success.

MISS GREGORY, who took leave of her pupils at the Fredericton High school, on Wednesday last, has been a long time on the city teaching staff. Few teachers have gained popularity equal to hers; but few have deserved it. She was painstaking and kindly in her dealings with her classes, and her influence was always for the right. Her departure creates a vacancy that it will be difficult to fill. It is understood that an important event in her life is near at hand, and that Fredericton's loss will be Amherst's gain. THE HERALD wishes her every happiness and knows that in so doing it voices the sentiments of hundreds of young people and their parents.

A CURIOUS thing is this Messiah craze, which has affected most of the Indians along the Rocky mountain slope. It will help people to get an idea of the insignificance of the beginning of christianity to remember that the expectation of the Messiah, which was fulfilled by the coming of Christ, was not nearly so general as that now prevailing among the Indians. No doubt the wise men, who heard about it, shook their heads and talked about the "craze;" yet next Thursday millions of people all over the civilized world will celebrate the coming of the Messiah. What a wonderful force lay hidden in the baby, whose eyes first saw the light in the Bethlehem stable?

SITTING BULL has become "a good Indian;" that is he is dead. Being an Indian Sitting Bull had no right to live. To be sure he had been acting rather badly; but he had done nothing in recent years worthy of death. It is said that he broke his promise to the Indian police; but if the same rule were applied to the U. S. officials who have dealings with the Indians, there would be an appalling morality in departmental circles. It is admitted that the treatment of the Indians by the officers of the United States is as unjust as can be; and yet if the unfortunate people attempt to have their grievances remedied they are shot down.

Heraldisms.

Specimens of the Tay coal are on view at all the principal coal merchants' stores in the city.

Monday night was the coldest of the season. The thermometer registered 20° below zero.

The university examinations, which have been in progress during the week, will finish to-day (Saturday).

Attorney general Blair will speak on local politics at the Woodstock town hall on January 6th next.

The oyster social in the Church hall at Gibson was well attended despite the unfavorable weather.

Private Hachey of the R. S. I. corps will be court martialed for having in his possession a loaded revolver.

Luther Patterson of Mactnaquack had an eighteen months old pig on sale Wednesday morning weighing 524 lbs.

A snow slide from the roof of this office on Thursday afternoon last caused a general stampede of pedestrians.

The Fredericton boom company have postponed their annual meeting until the fifteenth day of January next.

Special music, preparatory to Christmas, will be rendered by the St. Mary's church choir at the evening service to-morrow (Sunday).

The city treasurer has issued a notice warning defaulters that if their taxes are not paid by the 27th inst., they will lose their right to vote at the forthcoming civic election.

There is a magnificent showing of all sorts of holiday goods in the stores, and good roads, with seasonable weather, will bring in a great number of people from the country.

A Grand Display.

The stock of staple and fancy dry goods for the season's trade at John J. Weddall's will be found complete in every department. Dress goods are a specialty, and the choice furs are all in the newest styles. Black and colored silks of the latest makes are a fine display, and there is a good assortment of ulster and jacket cloths. The silk sealettes range in prices from $4.30 to $12, and all goods are as represented, or the money will be refunded.

A SURPRISE PARTY.—A party of the boys on Friday night dropped upon one of their friends, who is boarding at a King street hotel, and gave him a regular surprise party "preparatory, so the boys said, to Christmas." A royal feast was spread in one of the rooms, toasts and songs were the order of the evening, and the merriment was kept up until twelve o'clock. Then the boys withdrew to face twenty below zero and a strong northwesterly wind.

KING STREET ALIVE.—The sleighing has been excellent this week and the merry jingle of the bells has been heard in place of the rumble of the wheels. There has been some lively spins along King street almost every afternoon, and the scene has been animated and interesting. Several sleighing parties have been out during the week, and much enjoyment has been participated in by the young people.

DECORATING THE CHURCHES.—The old time custom of decorating the churches for Xmas is being observed in the city. Busy committees of ladies are at work on greening, assisted by excited groups of young gentlemen armed with the enevitable hammer and tack. There will be many sore fingers this week, in spite of the bright eyes and arch looks.

HAD A RELAPSE.—The many friends of postmaster Hilyard will be sorry to hear that he has been suffering from the effects of a relapse this week, and that in consequence his condition is not so favorable as reported in a former issue. His medical adviser, Dr. Coulthard has deemed it necessary to call in the assistance of a consulting physician from St. John.

THE CANADA EASTERN.—John Stewart superintendent, and E. Tiffen general freight agent of the N. B. division of the C. P. R. arrived in town Thursday. It is stated that the C. P. R. have virtually assumed control of the Canada Eastern, and that the meeting of the directors at Gibson on Tuesday next, will be for the purpose of transferring the road to the C. P. R.

FOR BEST ESSAYS.—The University monthly offers an interesting competition among the students for the best essay on any literary subject, said theme not to contain more than two thousand words or less than one thousand. The first prize offered is $5, and the second $3; professors Duff and Hyde will be the examiners.

A PLEASANT EVENING.—Some thirty-five couples including a large party from Marysville, attended the dance at Barker's point Friday evening. Music was furnished by Allison Cook, and the fascinations of the mazy were indulged in until the wee sma hours of dawn.

CALL SUSTAINED.—The St. John presbytry on Thursday last sustained the call extended to the Rev. A. J. Mowatt of this city. The delegates representing the St. Paul's congregation, who were present at St. John were Edward Jack, Willard Kitchen, and C. S. Everett.

PLEASED WITH THE CITY.—Arthur Neville, the violinist of New York, before his departure from this city to Calais, was driven round the principal places of interest, visited Marysville, and was pleased with all he saw and heard regarding the attractions of Fredericton as a summer resort. Mr. Neville will carry away with him happy reminiscences of his successful trip to this city.

CANADIAN NEWS.

The Week's Events in Brief—The Cream of our Exchanges.

An Indian funeral passed thro' Springhill, N. S., last week. There were just three mourners in the procession. One ahead carried a large wooden cross, the other two carried the coffin of a child turn about.

The fruit merchants and railway men of Toronto met on Wednesday morning and discussed the grievance of the latter as to Montreal merchants taking advantage of them in the matter of rates. The railway men promised to look into the trouble.

Four shanty men, belonging to Ottawa were attacked by wolves near Gordon creek and narrowly escaped being eaten alive. It was not until seven of the ravenous animals had been killed with axes that the pack fled. All the men were badly bitten.

The prospects of the Seelye copper mine at St. George are said to be flattering. Capitalists from the United States have recently been examining the mine and are well pleased. The ore has been found on analysis to yield at the rate of $20.00 per ton of fine copper. There are three or four leads within a space of twenty rods, one of which is clearly defined and about fourteen feet in width.

The schooner "Otter," of Lunenburg, N. S., eighty tons register, now at Halifax, has been purchased by Mr. Buns, a fur merchant of Victoria, B. C., who is now at Halifax, and she is fitting out for her long voyage. She will take a crew of ten men, and will be commanded by Capt. John Reilly, of Victoria, who is looking after the fitting up of the vessel. Capt. Reilly is one of the pioneer sealers of the Pacific, having been engaged in the business for over nine years. He is a native of Glasgow, Scotland.

Sir Charles Tupper and the Australian Agents-General met Wednesday at London, England, in private conference to consider the expediency of establishing a regular service of steamers between Vancouver and Australian ports. Nothing definite was decided, but Canada's ideas will be submitted to the Australia governments. An important point is that if the arrangement desired is agreed to, the Hartington syndicate at Barrow-in-Furness will take steps to provide a fast service between England and Canada, as well as on the Pacific. It is certain, however, that many awkward questions of detail will be presented in negotiating an agreement with the different Australian colonies.

The man most talked of in Chatham Ont., just now is James N. Henry, produce dealer. He left town on Saturday rather hurriedly for a prolonged absence, and in his haste did not say good-bye to his friends. When seen last seen he was in Detroit, with his face to the south, and some say that his objective point was not far from the tropics. His destination, or his immediate whereabouts is not, however, of so much concern as the fact that he has victimized a number of business men to a large amount, the lowest estimate being $25,000 or from that to $30,000. Time alone will tell. It is not known at present whether haul was the result of the deliberate transactions of weeks, or of a cut and run. If the former, then some time must elapse before the evidences of the extent of his rascality will develop. The Grand Trunk and bank of Montreal are the parties chiefly interested.

The express train from Halifax on the Intercolonial, which was due at Levis at 11.40, Thursday, met with a frightful accident about three miles of its destination. The scene of the wreck is the embankment at St. Joseph de Levis. The train was made up of a baggage and mail car, one second-class and one first-class car, with one sleeper. It was running at high speed and, after passing St. Joseph station, the second class car appears to have jumped the track at the end of the station siding on a curve, and to have dragged the first class car with it, besides derailing the mail car and the baggage car ahead of it. The three passenger cars ran diagonally along the embankment for 200 yards, the second-class car striking the western abutment of the bridge which carries the track over the public highway at this point. It was in this car that the sacrifice of life occurred, the front of the car being smashed to atoms against the solid stone abutments. The three cars turned over, the first class being badly shattered, fortunately the curve on which they were, running the cars away from each other, and though the heavy sleeper was carried half the length of the first class car, it run along side of it instead of crushing through as it would have done on a straight line. The sleeper was not so badly smashed as the other cars. The engine, still dragging the baggage and mail cars passed over the bridge, the timbers of which were badly broken up by the two cars derailed by the plunge of those in the rear. Six people were killed, and about fifty injured.

Arthur Day, of Rochester, N. Y., suffered the extreme penalty of the law in the jail yard at Welland, Ont., Thursday morning for the murder of his wife, Desieriah, at Niagara Falls, Ont., July 27th. The condemned man spent his last night on earth in writing letters to his relatives and in singing gospel hymns. He did not sleep more than half an hour all night. He sent letters to his brothers, accompanied by his photograph, and containing affectionate greetings and exhortations to them to lead better lives. The condemned man's spiritual advisor arrived at the jail at 4 o'clock a. m. He engaged in earnest prayer with Day and the latter listened and took with evident sincerity. Shortly after seven Day took his breakfast. A minute or two before eight, the minister having said the last consoling words, the hangman pinioned Day's arms and the dismal procession started from the cell to the yard. Rev. Mr. McCuag and the sheriff came first, then Day and his two guards, followed by the hangman, "Bill," and jail officials. Day walked with a swagger, and notwithstanding the constant praying and singing, was in outward appearance the least affected of the party. Arriving at the scaffold Day, after calmly surveying the crowd of spectators, shook hands with the jailer, sheriff and minister saying "Good-bye." The hangman quickly adjusted the strap on his legs, the black cap was pulled down and the fatal rope placed round his neck. Rev. Mr. McCuag offered up the Lord's prayer, and as the words "Deliver us from evil" were uttered, the hangman pulled the cord and the great weight dropped, jerking the wretched man several feet into the air. He came down with another great jerk, and after a few spasmodic convulsions the body hung motionless in the air. Ten minutes afterward the doctor declared the pulse to have stopped beating. It is generally conceded, however, Day was beyond pain within two minutes of the drop. After twenty minutes had elapsed the body was cut down and the doctor, after examination declared the neck was unbroken and death was produced by strangulation.

Judge Elliot of Arkansas sentenced Charles Seward, for murder, to be hanged on Thursday Jan. 29. The judge said, he never had and never would sentence a man to be hanged Friday because on that day Jesus Christ was crucified, and he would not thus insult the memory of the founder of Christianity.

SITTING BULL'S DEATH.

The expedition which started on Wednesday last from Rapid City, Dakota, for Sitting Bull's camp, 40 miles distant, to take him dead or alive, with the chances ten to one of his death, was no haphazard force of Indian police and subordinates. Despite the early hour of the arrival of the force at its destination all was astir in the village, where on every hand was evidence that a hurried exodus was contemplated. The ponies of the police were pushed for all they were worth, and before Sitting Bull's dazed adherents had half a chance to realize the situation, a dozen of the police had pulled their panting animals up short on all sides of the chief's abode. No time was wasted in ceremony. The proud old medicine man was hustled out, hoisted on a waiting horse, and in a trice faced towards civilization. He raged and sputtered in a fury for a moment, then, straightening up, shouted hoarsely, not for help, but a command to his followers. Despite the threatenings of the police, Winchesters being alternately directed at his head and those of his kinsmen, the old medicine man retained his presence of mind, and with a powerful voice continued to direct his own rescue. Suddenly there was a puff of smoke beside a tepee, and the sharp crack of a Winchester. The policeman at Sitting Bull's right, grasping the chief's bridle, reeled in the saddle, and toppling over, was trampled under the hoofs of the ponies, which were then in retreat from the village. The shot was instantly answered by a volley from the police at their blanketed tribesmen, many of whom were already mounted, and in frenzied pursuit. The police volley told with deadly effect, and the firing in a moment was general on both sides. Sitting Bull could be heard in the confusion still attempting, though captive to direct, the fight. Raising his guant form he was beckoning his sons and warriors on when without warning, his body straightened rigidly and dropped limp on the hard prairie. The police halted round the corpse, not knowing for the moment but that it was a trick of the wily old chief. The sudden movement and the fall of Sitting Bull disconcerted the pursuers, who, remaining at a distance, suddenly fired at intervals toward the police. The latter held their ground, knowing that the cavalry, under Capt. Fouchet, would be at hand. To the surprise of all, however, the hostiles, who had been consulting among themselves, began a movement to close in from all sides. The rattle of Winchesters was now redoubled by both parties, the police using their ponies as a protection. It was just at this critical juncture that Capt. Fouchet's men dashed up, and the machine guns, which were at once put in position, opened on the redskins. The latter were too dismayed at this unexpected onslaught to stand for a moment and all bolted for the river. The cavalry followed only a short distance deeming it the best policy not to drive to desperation the now leaderless mob.

BLANCHARD EXECUTED.

He Expressed Contrition And Was Prepared to Die.

William Blanchard was hanged at Sherbrooke Que. Friday morning week for the murder of Chas. A. Calkins on the 19th November, 1889. The drop fell at 9.6½, and at 9.30 the goal surgeon stepped forward and pronounced him dead. The execution was performed by Ratcliffe, who hanged Birchall. Rev. Fathers Lefebvre and Fizette kept watch with the doomed man till eleven o'clock, and Sisters St. Bernard and St. Charles remained in the corridor till morning. At seven o'clock Fathers Lefebvre and Fizette returned, accompanied by a third priest, when High Mass was celebrated in the corridor on which the prisoner's cell opens. Blanchard joined in the exercises with much fervor, and when they were over expressed himself as thoroughly penitent and prepared to die. He was glad, he said, his sentence had not been commuted, as death had no terrors for him. By nine o'clock the approaches to the gaol were filling up, and a few minutes afterwards those who were to witness the execution, to the number of sixty, filed into the yard. The gallows was erected under a woodshed and was of the usual type, with the weight that did duty for Birchall. The procession appeared, Sheriff Witcher leading. Then came the two priests with the doomed man between them, followed by the guards. The medical men in attendance ranged themselves on one side, the spectators on the other. Blanchard walked on the scaffold calmly and firmly, knelt down beside a kneeling priest and was absolved. He rose and turning to the crowd thanked all who had been kind to them and bade them all farewell. The executioner adjusted the cap and drew the cord. The weight rose and the victim rose up into the air four feet and turned half round. Scarcely a tremor was perceptible, and not a sound was heard. In one minute Dr. Austin felt the pulse, which was full and rapid. It decreased gradually and became hardly perceptible, and in twenty four minutes the man was pronounced dead. The body was then cut down, a post-mortem examination made and death was found to be due to strangulation.

The feeling here is that the execution of Blanchard was inadvisible as the crime was not meditated; he and a companion named Calkins had been drinking and quarrelled about a boat. A scuffle followed. Blanchard drew a revolver and shot Calkins in the head, from the result of which he died. Blanchard was tried at the October term of the court, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. All the jurors memorialized the department of justice for clemency, but not even an answer was received.

A HARD CORNER.

The age of 30 is a hard corner for a woman to turn, and 35 is still harder. She feels that she is fast leaving her youth behind her. But there is no reason why a woman should be faded and *passe* at 35, or even at 45. The chief cause of the early fading of American women is found in the fact that many of them suffer from some form of female weakness or disease which robs the face of its bloom, draws dark circles about the eyes, bring early wrinkles and sallowness, and stamps the face and figure with signs of ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription will cure all these troubles, will bring back the lost bloom, and remove the pains and ailments which make women grow old before their time. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or price ($1.00) refunded.

QUACK ADVERTISEMENTS

Are a nuisance and we think it behooves publishers to examine into the merits of many articles puffed up in their columns. We do not deny that many meritorious remedies are properly to be classed under this heading. Take the hundreds and thousands relieved from severe suffering by the use of Polson's Nerviline; would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn that far-famed remedy? Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nerviline is without exception the most powerful, pleasant and certain remedy in the world for pain. It cannot fail, for it goes right to the bottom of pain, penetrates to the nerves, soothes them into quietness, and affords prompt and permanent relief.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Steel Sinks.

JUST RECEIVED:

12 STEEL SINKS, almost indestructible. Best Sink ever made. For sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

GEO. A. HUGHES, B.A. JNO. W. WETMORE, B.A.

HUGHES & WETMORE,

Attorneys and Solicitors,

NOTARIES, CONVEYANCERS, &c.

OFFICES: WILEY BUILDING, Opp. Normal School, QUEEN ST. } Fredericton, N.B.

Clothes Wringers.

1 DOZ. Bench Clothes Wringers; 2 doz. Wooden Frame Wringers; 3 doz. Iron Frame and Steel Spring Wringers.

For sale very low by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Bells. Bells.

JUST RECEIVED, a lot of **Sleigh Bells**, various kinds and styles. We have a special Bell call nic el frame and Bell which we are offering remarkably low in price.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Ready Mixed Paints.

14 CASES READY MIXED PAINTS in one and two pound cans, half gallon and gallon tin cans; 12 gallons Light Oil Finish; 12 gallons Light Oak Varnish. Just received and for sale low by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Notice to Farmers.

THE undersigned, who intends proceeding to England as special Emigration Agent, on behalf of the New Brunswick Government, to lay the advantages of the province before English farmers who may propose emigrating, will receive applications until December 20th, from owners of farms who may wish to sell. Full particulars required with a small fee for entry and advertisement in my register.

WM. H. BOYCE,
Real Estate Agent,
Fredericton.

3 ins.

Just Stored:

PURE CANADIAN LARD

in Tubs and Cases of 5 lb. and 3 lb. tins (very choice).

Pork & Beans,

New Codfish,

CANNED SALMON,

Queen and B. A. Brands.

Armour's Canned Beef

Lemon and Citron Peels,

Spices of all kinds,

and a full line of

GENERAL GROCERIES

FOR SALE LOW.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SON

Nov. 22.

City Dwelling and Lot FOR SALE.

THE subscribers are authorized to dispose at private sale the Dwelling House and Lot on Brunswick Street, City, belonging to the estate of the late George Thompson.

For terms and other particulars apply to

BLAIR & BARRY,
Barristers.

Fredericton, Sept. 11th, 1890.

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given, that CHARLES E. SMITH, of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, Lumberman, has this day executed a deed of Assignment to me, the undersigned, in trust for the benefit of his creditors, and that the said deed now lies at the Office of BLAIR & BARRY, Carleton street, in the City of Fredericton, for inspection and signature. Creditors desiring to participate in the distribution of the trust Estate are required by the said Deed of Assignment to execute the same within ninety days from the date thereof.

Dated this 15th day of September, A. D. 1890

J. H. BARRY,
Trustee.

3m.

Stop and Read!

This fall's announcement. Between Vanwart's and M. Estey's Grocery stores, Queen St., you will find the Cheapest and Best Tailor in the City.

I have always on hand a Choice Selection of Tweed and Overcoatings, all of which will be made up at a small profit.

Call and examine my stock before placing your orders elsewhere.

JOSEPH WALKER,

Practical Tailor,

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,

MASON,

Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,

SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

☞ JOBBING a specialty.
Workmanship first-class.
Prices satisfactory

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

An Immense Stock of

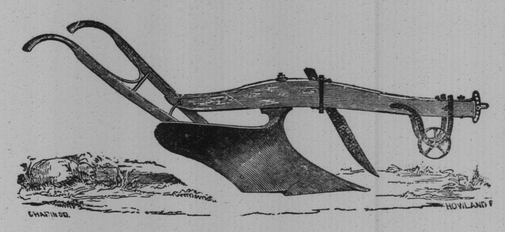
NEW
Fall Dry Goods

TO SELECT FROM

—AT—

JOHN J. WEDDALL'S.

New Brunswick Foundry and Machine Shop.



McFARLANE, THOMPSON & ANDERSON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buckeye Automatic Cut Off Engines,

CELEBRATED

DUNBAR IMPROVED SHINGLE MILLS.

Improved Rotary Saw Mills, Mill Machinery, Enclosed Gear Mowers, Ithaca Horserakes, Stoves and Furnaces, Railway Castings.

One 50 Horse-power Buceye Engine on Hand.

One Rotary Saw Mill on hand.

FLANNELS.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS NOW COMPLETE IN THE FOLLOWING MAKES, VIZ.:

White Flannel, Grey Flannel, | Red Flannel, Blue Flannel,

Fancy FLANNELS Flannel,

Opera Flannel, Jersey Flannel, Dutch Flannel, Tennis Flannel, Homespun Flannel.

Comfortables — Grey, White, and Colored.

Blankets — Horse Blankets, Etc

JOHN HASLIN.

DEVER BROS.

NEW - - FURS

—IN—

Capes, Muffs, Boas, Collars, Cuffs, and

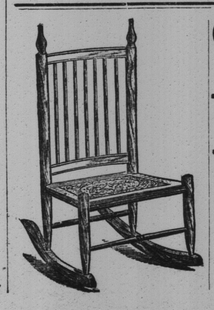
FUR TRIMMINGS,

IN ALL WIDTHS, NOW OPEN AT

DEVER BROTHERS.

INSPECTION INVITED.

October 11th, 1890.



Our assortment of CHILDREN'S CHAIRS and SLEDS is more complete than it ever was.

We are selling a beauty of a SLED at 50 cents.

When you come in ask to see our HANGING LAMPS and BEDROOM SUITES.

Lemont & Sons.