THE HERALD.

Board of Works

VOL. II., NO. 34. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel Office.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

Wm. WILSON,

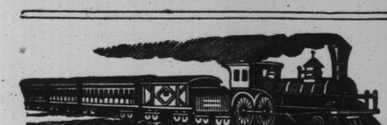
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Registrar University of New Brunswick.
Agent Glasgow and London Insurance Co's.

Office: CARLETON STREET.

RAILROADS.



CANADIAN PACIFIC

RAILWAY.

New Brunswick Division.

ALL RAIL LINE } TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect June 1st, 1891.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

7.10. A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North.

10.40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

4.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, no connection for St. John Mondays.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.25, 8.30 a. m.; 4.30, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.15, a.m.; 12.10, 5.55., p. m, McAdam Junction, 7.00, 10.50, a. m.; *3.30, p. m. Vanceboro, 10.25, a. m., *2.40 p. m. St. Stephen, 5.45 7.45, a. m. St. Andrews, *7.20, a. m.

*Monday and Wednesday at 5.15 a. m.
*Sundays and Mondays excepted.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.15 a. m., 1.20, 6.40 p.m.

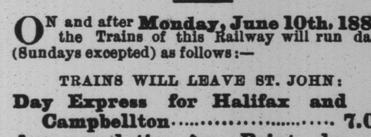
LEAVE GIBSON.

6.55 A. M. — Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

C. E. McPHERSON, Dist. Pass. Agent. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen'l Supt.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 889

ON and after **Monday, June 10th, 1889,** the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton....7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene....11.10
Fast Express for Halifax....14.30
Express for Sussex....16.35
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal....16.35

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex....8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec....10.50
Fast Express from Halifax....14.50
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton....20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave....23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

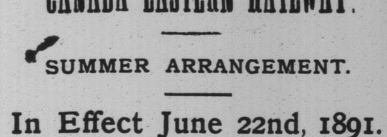
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

For Tickets and other information, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS,
Agent, Fredericton



CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect June 22nd, 1891.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

AN EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

3:00 p. m; Gibson, 3:05; Marysville, 3:13; Durham, 3:4[illegible]; Cross Creek, 4:17; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:15; Upper Blackville, 6:52, Blackville, 7:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:05; Chatham Junction, 8;35, arrive at Chatham, 9:00.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

7:00, a. m.; Chatham Junction, 7:35; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:50; Blackville, 8:35; Upper Blackville, 9:00; Doaktown, 9:42; Boiestown, 10:25; Cross Creek, 11:35; Durham, 12:10; Marysville, 12:47; Gibson 12:57; arriving at Fredericton, 1:00 p. m.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction for all points on the I. C. Railway and Upper Provinces; at Fredericton with Canadian Pacific Railway for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, and all Western points, and River Steamers for St. John and points on St. John River; at Gibson, with Canadian Pacific Railway for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN,
Superintendent.

COOKED CODFISH.

Ask your Grocer for

COOKED SHREDDED CODFISH,

And Try It.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

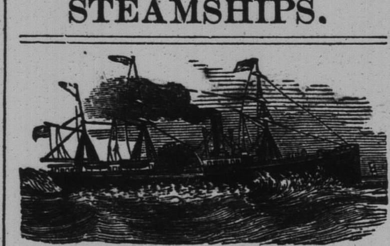
78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of all Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

13-10-83

STEAMSHIPS.



ALLAN LINE.

1891. Summer Arrangement. 1891.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made some of the fastest trips on record.

Liverpool, Londonderry, Quebec and Montreal Service.

From Liverpool.		From Montreal.	From Quebec.
9 July	PARISIAN	25 July	26 July
16 "	CIRCASSIAN	1 Aug.	2 Aug.
23 "	POLYNESIAN	8 "	9 "
30 "	SARDINIAN	15 "	16 "
6 Aug.	*MONGOLIAN	26 "	....
13 "	PARISIAN	29 "	30 Aug.
20 "	*NUMIDIAN	9 Sept.	....
27 "	CIRCASSIAN	12 "	13 Sept.
3 Sept.	SARDINIAN	19 "	20 "
10 "	*MONGOLIAN	30 "	....
17 "	PARISIAN	3 Oct.	4 Oct.

*S. S. Mongolian and Nubian will carry cattle, and only Cabin Passengers to Liverpool, and do not call at Quebec on the homeward voyage, but from Liverpool they carry all classes of passengers and call at Quebec.

Mail steamers are despatched from Montreal at daylight on day of sailing. Cabin, Intermediate, and Steerage passengers desiring to embark at Montreal can do so (without extra charge) after 8 o'clock the preceding evening. Steamers sail from Quebec at 9 a. m.

Liverpool, Queenstown, St. John's, Halifax and Baltimore Mail Service.

Liverpool to Baltimore via St. Johns and Halifax.		Halifax via St. Johns, N.F. to Liverpool.
7 July	NOVA SCOTIAN	3 Aug.
21 "	*CARTHAGINIAN	17 "
4 Aug	CASPIAN	31 "
18 "	NOVA SCOTIAN	14th Sep
1st Sep	*CARTHAGINIAN	28th "

And fortnightly thereafter.

*The Carthaginian will carry only Cabin passengers from Halifax.

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation) $50 to $80
" RETURN .... $95 to $150

Children, in saloon, between 2 and 12 years, half fare; under 2 years, free.

Clergymen and their families are allowed a reduction of ten per cent. from these rates.

INTERMEDIATE....$30
STEERAGE....$20

S. S. MONGOLIAN.

Reduced Cabin rates.

Saloon — Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool, $45 and $50. Return $95 and upwards.

The cabin accommodations are first-class in every respect, and the steamer is lighted throughout by electricity.

Rates of Passage to St. John's, N.F.

Saloon, $20; Intermediate, $15; Steerage, $6.

Reduced rates on railroads are allowed Allan Line passengers.

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

GLASGOW AND HALIFAX LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

MANITOBAN....23 July
HIBERNIAN....6th Aug
CANADIAN....20 "

And fortnightly thereafter.

(Late State Line Steamers.)

From Glasgow.		From New York.
17 July	STATE OF NEVADA	6 Aug., 10 a.m
31 "	STATE OF NEBRASKA	20 " 9.30 a.m
14th Aug	STATE OF GEORGIA	3 Sep., 9.30 a.m
28 "	STATE OF NEVADA	17 " 2 p.m
11th Sep	STATE OF NEBRASKA	1 Oct., 8.30 a.m

Rates of Passage New York to Glasgow.

Saloon........$35 to $60
" Return........$65 to $110

Special Railway fares from Glasgow to Liverpool, $2.50; to London, $5.00; Londonderry to Belfast, $1.30; to Dublin, $1.85. Passengers have their choice of lines and are allowed 10 days stop over at Glasgow or Londonderry if desired.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON CO., Agents,
ST. JOHN N. B.

July 22

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.

THE REGULAR LINE.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP,

VALENCIA,

1600 tons, (Capt. F. C. MILLER), will leave

COMPANY'S WHARF, Rear of Custom House,

ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK

via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every

FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.

(Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave

Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, New York, EVERY TUESDAY at 5 p.m.,

For Cottage City, Mass., Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.

CHEAPEST FARES AND LOWEST RATES.

Shippers and importers save time and money by ordering goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on the Intercolonial Railway.

For further information address

N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York

Or FRANK ROWAN, Agent,
N.Y.S.S. Co's wharf, rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS

A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, *sent free.* Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

PARSONS' PILLS

Make New, Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. ONE PILL A DOSE. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps; five boxes $1.00. DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

ADAMS BROS.

FUNERAL

—AND—

FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS,

OPP. QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON.

Caskets, Coffins,

Robes, Mountings, &c.

and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.

☞ *Special Prices for Country Orders.*

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.
Residence over Warerooms.

ADAMS BROS.

GILLETT'S

PURE POWDERED 100%

LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.

Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON

ON and after MONDAY, May. 5th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John, for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer ROSE STANDISH, for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Special Notice—On and after Aug. 16th, and up to and including Sept. 13th, a Steamer will leave St. John for Boston direct, every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.25 Standard time.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent,
Reed's Point Wharf, St John, N. B.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

BELL HANGING,

Speaking Tubes, &c.

C. C. GILL,

PAINTER,

House and Sign Decorator.

Tinting in OIL or WATER COLOR.
PAPERING and GRAINING.
EXPRESSES and WAGONS Painted at Short Notice.

SHOP AND RESIDENCE:

59 Brunswick Street.

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.

WANTED

RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal Terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G. CLYNE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

THE GUILLOTINE.

A Desperate Struggle on the Scaffold—A Ghastly Scene and Many Brutal Spectators.

PARIS, July 27.—The execution of young Berland and Dore, two accomplices of Mere Berland in what is known as the Courbevoix murder, took place this morning on the Place de la Roquette. Berland walked calmly to the guillotine, and Dore did not make any resistance until he reached the scaffold. The execution of the two men occupied only eight minutes. Mere Berland has been granted a reprieve. Crowds had gathered last night and early this morning on the Place Roquette to the number of thousands of people, and there were 300 foot policemen, 250 infantry soldiers and 100 mounted policemen on duty about the guillotine. Dore when he was aroused from his apparently peaceful slumbers at an early hour, rubbed his eyes, scowled at his visitors and then guessing the object of their coming relapsed into a state of indifference and seemed to all outward appearances to be utterly indifferent as to what was taking place. He dressed himself calmly and under the circumstances quickly, and thanked the prison officials in a firm low voice for the kindness they had extended to him. Dore however, did not reply to the kind words addressed to him by L'Abbe Faure, the prison chaplain. Dore left the prison a few minutes later with extreme composure. He made no objection as Deibler, the chief executioner, assisted by his son, attended to the criminal's toilet for the scaffold; but though he thus far conducted himself with wonderful courage, Dore faltered and trembled as he reached the shadow of the red painted uprights of the guillotine and caught sight of the deadly, shining knife which was to sever his head from his body. The murderer at the sight of the instrument of death seemed to become dazed and helpless and in this condition the executioners helped him up the steps to the platform of the guillotine and quickly threw him upon the bascule, strapped him down, slid his head into the lunette, and in a second or so the knife fell and Dore's head rolled into the sawdust-filled basket awaiting it. Young Berland died in an entirely different manner. When he was awakened he showed a considerable amount of bravado and remarked with a hideous smile, "No more card-playing for me." In conversation with the prison officials and executioners while his toilet was being made, Berland showed that he resented his mother's reprieve and that he was very much disappointed that she was not to die with him. When all the preparations for death were made Berland walked jauntly across the prison yard and maintained his air of bravado and impudence until he reached the platform of the guillotine. Just as the executioners were upon the point of throwing him upon the bascule or sliding plank to which he was to be strapped previous to being pushed beneath the knife, Berland made a desperate resistance and a terrible scene took place in full view of the thousands of lager spectators gathered in the Place de la Roquette. In spite of his struggles, however, the executioners and guards held Berland on the scaffold and eventually threw him upon the fatal plank, slid him beneath the grim uprights and as the young criminal was writhing furiously the knife fell and Berland's head rolled into the basket. No sooner had this occurred than the crowds, with a combined mighty rush, broke through the cordon of troops and police and rushing up the scaffold gloated over the blood-stained apparatus, some of the most horrible creatures taking a handful of sawdust away with them as a souvenir.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

Welsh Lovers Fight Over a Girl With Sledges—A Mother's Awful Curse.

BEVIER, Mo., July 25.—Details have just been received from the little Welsh mining settlement known as the Black Road district of what is probably one of the strangest duels ever fought. The principals were James Carmichael and Al Jones, and the bone of contention was the hand of handsome Martha Lightfoot, the village belle. Both had been devoted for a long time as suitors to Martha with about equal success, she giving the one as much encouragement as the other.

One night, when the villagers were assembled in a barroom, Jones entered and proclaimed himself the accepted one. Carmichael was present and gave him the lie, saying that he himself occupied that position. Hot words followed, but it was finally agreed to leave the matter to the girl herself. She declared, however, that she could make no choice, so a duel was arranged.

A ring was formed by the villagers, and the two combatants took their stand in the centre, each armed with breaking hammers, or sledges. Science and great physical strength were combined and for half an hour the battle raged. At last, by some strange chance, each received a crushing blow on the head at the same moment and sank to the ground. Jones died within fifteen minutes and Carmichael lingered until the next day.

The sequel is as strange as the story itself. When Jones was pronounced dead his aged mother, whose only support he was, stood forth and "put the curse" on the girl who had caused it. Anathema followed anathema from the old woman's lips until the poor girl sank to the ground senseless. When consciousness returned she was a raving maniac and has since become so violent that she has been sent to an asylum, which she will probably never leave alive.

COLOR OF EYES IN MEN AND WOMEN.

M. de Candolie, a French investigator, has come to the conclusion from his researches that women have a larger proportion of brown eyes than men. He also finds that where both parents have eyes of a like color the chances are eighty-eight to twelve that their children, when they arrive at the age of ten (when the color of the eyes is fixed), will have eyes of the same color, the chances are fifty-five to forty-five in favor of brown as against blue or gray eyes in the children. He is also of the opinion that the health of the brunette type is, as a rule, superior to that of the blonde.

WHAT! LIMPING YET!

Why should you go limping around when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will remove your corns in a few days? It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Polson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless.

THE ENGINEER'S YOUNG WIFE.

She Always Knew the Whistle of Tom's Locomotive.

She was the wife of a railway locomotive engineer and the two lived in the newly built little house to which he had taken her a bride a year before.

Many other people in the country railroad town used to laugh at a thing which she had once said to a gossiping neighbor:

"I can tell the sound of the whistle on Tom's engine from all the other whistles. Every afternoon when that train gets to the crossing at the planing mill, I hear that whistle, and then I know it's time to get Tom's supper."

The gossips found something humorous in the fact that the engineer's wife recognized the whistle of her husband's engine and knew by it when to begin to prepare his supper. So are the small manifestations of love and devotion regarded by course minds. You frequently observe this in the conduct of certain people at the theater when tender sentiments are uttered upon the stage.

Perhaps the men were envious of the engineer. He had a prettier wife, they said when he was not present, than was deserved by a mere freight engineer very recently elevated from the post of a fireman. Perhaps, also, the petty malevolence of the women was due to the wife's superior comeliness.

Be that as it may, each afternoon at 4.30 or thereabouts, when Tom's whistle was blown at the crossing by the planing mill, loungers in the grocery stores and wives in their kitchens smiled knowingly and said:

"Time to begin to get Tom's supper ready."

But the engineer was careless and his wife was disdainful of their neighbors. She loved the sound of that whistle. In the earliest days of their married life it even sent the crimson to her cheeks. The engineer could make it as expressive as music. It began like a sudden glad cry, it died away lingeringerly, tenderly. Virtually it said to one pair of ears:

"My darling I have come back to you."

Whenever the engineer pulled the rope for that particular signal he pictured his wife arising from her work basket in their little parlor with a thrill of pleasure and affection, and passing out to the kitchen.

She, likewise, at the signal made a mental image of Tom seated in the hot engine cab, his one hand resting upon the shining lever, his eyes fixed upon the glistening tracks ahead.

At 6 o'clock, usually supper was hot, and Tom arrived through the front gateway, glancing at the flower bed in the centre of the diminutive grass plot, carrying his dinner pail, having divested himself of his grimy, greasy blouse and overhalls at the great repair shops, where his engine had already begun, with much panting, to spend the night.

In a small railroad town on the main line one is continually hearing locomotive whistles. All the inhabitants know that one long moan of the steam is a signal of the train's swift approach; that two short shrieks of the whistle direct the trainmen to tighten the brakes; that four, given when the train is still, are intended for the flagman, who has gone away to the rear to warn back the next train, and they tell him to return to his own train, as if it is about to start, that five whistles in succession announce a wreck and command the immediate attendance of the wreck crew.

In the town many cheeks blanch when those five long, ominous wails of the escaping steam cleave the air. A husband, a son, a father who has gone forth blithely in the morning with his dinner pail full may be brought out of the wreck mangled or dead. And until complete details are known there is a tremor in the whole community. Some hearts beat faster, others seem to stand still. People speak in hushed tones.

One afternoon the engineer's wife, observing the altitude of the sun, and looked at the clock and saw that the time was a few minutes before five.

Tom's whistle had not yet blown.

At 5.15 came the sound of another whistle. It was prolonged and then repeated. The engineer's wife stood still and counted.

Five.

The most docile and apparently cheerful patient in the———Asylum for the Insane is a widow, still young, who spends the greater part of each day sewing and humming tunes softly to herself. Every afternoon at about 4.30 she assumes a listening attitude, suddenly hears an inaudible whistle, smiles tenderly, starts up and places invisible dishes and impalpable viands upon an imaginary table, and then loses herself in a revirie which ends in slumber.

No striking clock is allowed within her hearing. It was long ago noticed that the stroke of five or a series of five similar sounds, would cause her to moan piteously.

The people afar in the country town do not laugh when they talk of Tom and the whistle, which was shrieking madly as he and his engine plunged down the bank together on that day when the huge bowlder rolled from the hillside stone quarry and lay upon the track just on this side of the curve above the town.

HE WAS WITH HIS MOTHER.

A small boy sneaked out of a house on Croghan street the other evening and waited till the policeman came by.

"Whist," he whispered, holding up a finger, "stop a minute, will you?"

"What's the row?" inquired the officer.

"Ain't no row; leastways not much of a one."

"What do you want?"

"Want to ask a leading question."

"Fire away."

"Would you run in a great big man for hitting a woman?"

"Of course I would. Where's the man?"

"That's all right. Would you do it if he'd jist slap her face?"

"Sure, if I had a witness or two."

"Well, you wait here for a few minutes."

"What's up?"

"Chance for business, mebbe."

"What is it?"

"Well, pa came home awhile ago and slapped ma 'cause supper wasn't ready, and then ma she wiped him over the snoot with a stove lid and got him down under the table, and when I came out she was lickin' the Jerusalem jumpin's out of him; but pa's game, and if he could git the upper hand of ma before she's done with him I want you to run him in for slappin' her jaws. See? Wait a second," and the boy made a dive into the house and was back in a minute.

"I guess you can go ahead," he said, "pa's piled down in the corner and ma is settin' on him in great shape."—Detroit Free Press.

A TOUCHING TALE.

The Pathetic Story of the Awful Death of a Soldier's Little Girl who was on a Mission of Love to her Father.

In the year of our Lord 1871 one of the largest and finest cities of the old world was in the throes of a violent commotion without and within. It is of the commotion within we have to do, says the Chicago News. On one side were scarecrows in rags and tatters. These were the people. On the other, gaunt faces attached to bodies wearing blue uniforms. These comprised the army, and upheld the government. The city was Paris; the people Frenchmen, and the time during the reign of terror succeeding the fall of the French capital.

Across one of the main streets there was a high, massive heap of stones, boards, barrels, pieces of furniture and debris of every description. This was a barricade. On the other side of this barricade were the human skeletons in their threadbare garments. Their eyes were sunken, their cheeks wan and their foreheads seamed with many deep furrows. But they grasped their muskets none the less tightly for all this; their movements were none the less rapid, their aim none the less deadly. There were the men who had set the government, with all its trained grenadiers, its artillery and its authority, at defiance. Four blocks distant were the soldiers— the government. Both sides were resting, preparatory for the morrow's death struggle, for it was night. But they were on the elert; behind the barricade every man was a sentry. None of them expected to see another nightfall, and it mattered not if they were cheated out of a few hours' sleep now; the welcome rifleballs of the morrow would satisfactorily decide the question of hunger and sleep.

The night was intensely dark, and with the exception of an old lantern hung against the flagstaff, on the top of the barrier, everything was as somber as the shades of death. But these barricades watching—oh, so keenly! And their guns were double-shotted for the government.

Two blocks distant from this ugly fortress a little girl turned the corner and gazed tremblingly at the flickering light on the flagpole. In her hand she carried a small basket, over which was a red napkin. This was tied tightly to prevent the rude gusts of wind from blowing it off. She crept close to the walls of the buildings and walked softly toward the light. Nearer—nearer—she drew, the pulsations of her heart increasing the closer she approached. But she kept valiantly on. She had approached within a half block of barricade, when her foot trod on a small piece of wood and it cracked noisily. Instantly half a score of guns "clicked," and a harsh, penetrating voice rung out: "Who's there?" She tried to answer with all her might, but she could not. Every energy was paralyzed. Her mouth was dry; her tongue motionless. She staggered and attempted to support herself against the wall near which she was standing. She felt her strength leaving her; her head began to swim and she knew she was falling. She dropped her basket, tried to raise her hands, when—

"Who's there?" was repeated, loudly, and a moment afterward the same voice gave the command: "Fire!" The vibrations and flashes of twenty heavily-charged muskets followed the order. The walls of the houses echoed and re-echoed. The awful stillness was broken. The little messenger shrieked—a long, pitiful, pleading cry—and all was still again. The silence continued a moment or two. Then two of the men reloaded their guns, descended the outside of the beastworks, and went in the direction in which the shots had been fired. One of them struck something with his foot. He stooped down. "My God, Franz!" he cried, "it's a little girl!" He picked the slight form up in his arms and started at a run toward the barricade. His companion found the basket and brought it with him. The first man, after crossing the barrier, took his burden into a tavern near by. He laid it on a table in the main room. A light was held over the little waif. The man gazed at it keenly a moment, then uttered a terrible cry: "Merciful heavens! It's my little Janet!" and dropped on the floor as lifeless as the little girl he had killed. It was his only daughter, and her errand had been to bring her father something to eat.

The troops, hearing the firing and supposing an attack, advanced, took the barricade, and, as its defenders would not ask for quarter, they were shot down to the last man. But the saddest occurrence there was the death of little Janet while on her errand of love.

TATTOO MARKS.

Nothing Yet Discovered Which Will Eradicate Them.

It has often been claimed that tattoo marks may be removed by pricking over them goat's milk. This is a mistaken idea, says the Boston Bulletin. Chemists and otherwise have for years experimented with various preparations, in the hope of discovering some agent to wholly remove india ink-marks from the human skin. Nothing, however, has as yet been found that will remove a portion even of the objectionable marks, unless, possibly, the attempt be made immediately following the tattooing process. At Mount Washington university hospital, Baltimore, an experiment was some years ago made in presence of the writer upon the forearm of a noted character of that city who died there. Before his death the man granted permission to the students of the university to experiment as they saw fit with his dead body. One of these students, curious to learn everything possible connected with the practice of tattooing, cut from the dead man's arm a strip of skin upon which a coat of arms appeared. Beneath the skin the design remained visible. By degrees the flesh was removed, the design in india ink still remaining in sight until finally the bone was reached. After a thorough sponging for the purpose of removing the blood and pieces of flesh remaining, it was found that the representation still appeared. After cutting away a small section of the bone, the india ink mark was found to have not penetrated beyond.

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

CONCERNING SHOES.

Materials Used and the Hard Wear Some Withstand.

The calfskin is one of the most delicate of leather fabrics. Light shoes of this material on the feet of heavy men are subjected to a strain to which they are unequal. One cause of leather cracking is perspiration. Skins are finished flesh side out and always begin to give way from the grain side, which is next to the foot, and perspiration rots leather and linings very quickly. Patent leather is more troublesome still. It is never warranted; when it passes out of the possession of the seller he is done with it. Being subject to great heat when in process, it becomes tender, and requires careful treatment in wear. Many manufacturers sell patent leather shoes entirely at retailer's risk. It is best suited for city use, but shoes made from it are being sold through the country and inexperienced people put them on for traveling on rough roads and in fields and forests, which is altogether too severe a test.

Glazed kid is the material of which most fine shoes for women's wear are made. The alum-tanned is preferred. Alum is a preservative, and leather produced with it can hardly be called tanned—it is tawed. If the skins are overlined, or if the ingredients are not properly mixed, the finished article is liable to crack when made up. The perspiration affects it somewhat, for the leather will soften, and then, when dry, it hardens and breaks. Shoes made from kid won't stand wet weather or mud without either breaking or losing their gloss. Retailers should impress on their customers that kid shoes are to be used tenderly and carefully. The old sumac tannage pebbles, straight grain, etc., have about gone out of fashion. Some of them are still used, and they are not liable to break.

Grain and imitation goat is very reliable stock. If the former cracks it is because it is too dry or stuffed improperly. Imitation goat, if properly tanned and dressed, is a good wear resister. The people who buy shoes made from this class of stock are not apt to take pairs a size or so too small for them, and that is another reason why they are less likely to crack. Careless tanning will cause waxed upper and kid to break when in the shoe. If worn in muddy or clay mixed soil, they should be oiled at least once a week and before being dampened.

The custom of stretching shoes is objectionable. A pair may be stretched for length, if too short, or for the width, if too tight. If too closely drawn over the instep, there is an instrument which will give the necessary expansion, but doing so breaks the fiber and weakens the part so treated, and thus impairs the wearing qualities of the shoes.

There is much complaint of the lack of duration in children's shoes. The little folk are restless and paddle in every clay and mud bank they can get at. If a house is being built they will go out of their way to get into the lime or plaster-beds. Their shoes may get washed off and dried, but the "life" is all gone out of the leather, and it can be torn like paper.—Shoes and Leather Reporter.

"LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS."

The Incident that Led up to the Famous Saying of the Governors.

Every man in the United States is supposed to know what the "Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina," but possibly some do not know when and under what circumstances the famous remark was made. Nearly a century ago a man prominent in political affairs in North Carolina moved across the border and settled in South Carolina. He had been there only a short time when he committed some small crime or misdemeanor, for which he was indicted. To escape arrest he returned to his old home in North Carolina. In due course of time the governor of South Carolina issued his requisition on the governor of North Carolina for the fugitive criminal.

The fugitive had rich and influential friends in his native state, and they interceded with the governor until he refused to grant the requisition. A long official correspondence followed. Prominent men in South Carolina told the governor that he had not been treated with proper official courtesy by the governor of North Carolina. The result was that the South Carolina governor, accompanied by a large party of friends and advisers, journeyed by stage to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, for a conference with the governor about the matter of giving up the criminal.

The governor of North Carolina, with a large party of distinguished friends, met the governor of South Carolina several miles from town and escorted them to the governor's mansion with all the ceremony due such distinguished visitors. Before the object of the visit was stated, the entire party sat down to an elaborate dinner. After dinner wine was served and after wine came brandy—the apple-jack for which the old north state is famous. After many rounds of drink the decanters and glasses were removed and the governor of South Carolina stated the object of his visit. He demanded the surrender of the fugitive criminal. The governor of North Carolina refused. Then followed a long and heated discussion, in which the attorney generals of the two states took an active part.

Finally the governor of South Carolina grew angry, and rising to his feet, he said: "Sir, you have refused my just demands and offended the dignity of my office and my state. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner, I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the state, and returning with my army, will take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor what do you say?"

All eyes were turned to the governor of North Carolina, and his answer was awaited with breathless interest. The governor rose slowly to his feet and beckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and dignified, as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the governor of South Carolina demanded: "What do you say?"

"I say, governor, that it's a long time between drinks."

The reply restored good rumor. Decanters and glasses were brought out again, and, while the visitors remained, if any-one attempted to refer to the diplomatic object of the visit he was cut short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks.

When the visiting governor was ready to return home he was escorted to the state line by the governor of North Carolina and they parted the best of friends.

The fugitive was never surrendered.

DEATH LIKE A FLASH.

43 Dead and 104 Wounded—Nothing but Cinders left of Bodies.

PARIS, July 27.—The latest reports from St. Maude, near Vincennes, say 200 people were either killed or injured as a result of the railway collision there on Sunday. Many of the unfortunate people imprisoned beneath the cars were drowned by the firemen, who were summoned to the scene, and who poured torrents of water upon the wreck. The town hall presents a fearful spectacle. The blackened bodies of the dead lie in rows upon tables in that building. In some cases the remains are but little more than heaps of cinders intermixed with portions of limbs.

The majority of the victims are women and children. There were 20,000 persons around the station and school room and town hall where the bodies of the dead were lying besieged by distracted people. Inside there was a constant succession of heartrending scenes as in the dim light afforded by the lamps identification of the charred and mangled bodies proceeded.

A man who, for a long time had been rushing about half demented seeking his family, stopped a litter entering the school room, and found that it bore the charred bodies of his wife and baby, the latter being only a few months old. Five of the man's children were on the train, and only one was rescued living.

Inquiry into the causes of the accident shows that the second train left Vincennes at regulation interval of five minutes after the first train. The latter train was delayed at St. Maude owing to the enormous crowd of excursionists. The station master at Vincennes blames the driver of the second train for the accident. When the train was starting the station master advised the driver to go slowly as there was a train in front of him, but the man paid no heed to the advice and went ahead at full speed. The driver asserts that he has been the victim of an act of revenge on the part of some one who severed the communication with the Westinghouse brakes, thus preventing him from bringing the train to a standstill the instant he perceived the lights in the rear of the stationary train. The stoker of the second train declares that when the train left Vincennes the signal discs indicating that there was no danger ahead. On reaching a curve he caught sight of the red lamps on the rear of the front train. Then he tried to put on the brakes but they failed to act properly, crowding into the rear van, which, he says, was intended to remain empty.

The greatest number of dead was found beneath the ruins of this van. From the force of the collision the engine mounted to the top of the rear van, crushing it to fragments.

An official statement makes the number of dead 43 and number of injured 104.

LeParis this evening states that an investigation which had been made into the St. Maude railroad accident has disclosed the startling fact that the disaster was intentionally caused by some unknown miscreant who deliberately altered the signals so as to bring the two trains into collision. This announcement has caused the most intense indignation among the relatives and friends of the victims and has aroused popular feeling generally to a state of great excitement.

Among the victims are the marquis and marquise Montferate.

An artillery lieutenant climbed to the top of the burning car side to rescue a girl, but fell with her into the burning mass and neither were seen again.

It is reported that warrants have been issued for the arrest of the driver of the second train and the traffic manager at Vincennes station.

A PHILOSOPHICAL FAMILY.

Amelia has pimples and sores in the head,
From humors internal her nose has grown red;
She's a boil on her neck that is big as a bell,
But in other respects she is doing quite well.

And pa has dyspepsia, malaria and gout,
His hands with salt-rheum are all broken out;
He is prone to rheumatics that make his legs swell,
But in other respects he is doing quite well.

And ma has night-sweats and a troublesome cough,
That all of our doctors can't seem to drive off;
She wakes every night and coughs quite a spell,
But in other respects she is doing quite well.

There is nothing like philosophy to help one bear the ills of life, but in the case of this family what is most needed is a good supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It would cleanse Amelia's bad blood, cure pa's ailments, and check ma's cough. The "Golden Medical Discovery," by its action on the liver, cleanses the system of impurities. It cures humors, ulcers, boils, scrofula, salt-rheum, erysipelas, and all kinds of sores and swellings. The only guaranteed blood-purifier.

FIFTY PERSONS KILLED AND EATEN.

LONDON, July 24.—Advices just received from Stanley Falls, in the Congo Free State, tell of cannibalism among the natives and of an armed expedition against them. Natives along the Lomane river who had blocked the stream with hundreds of armed canoes, killed and ate 50 natives friendly to Europeans. An expedition composed of 10 Europeans and 50 Arabs soon after left Stanley Falls to punish the cannibals and after a day's battle succeeded in routing them and occupying their villages. Hundreds of rebellious natives were killed and wounded.

The same advices also state that the Bekumas around Stanley Falls are returning to cannibalism and that several of them have been courtmartialed and executed.

A VALUABLE HUMP.

For years there was a beggar on the steps of Saint Sulpice with a hump which steadily grew. A few months ago he was taken ill, and in delirium jumped out of a window and was killed. A neighbor who picked him up upon investigating his hump found that it contained twenty thousand dollars in bonds and coin. Finding that the beggar had two relatives to whom he had left his fortune by will, the finder sent the money to them with the exception of four thousand dollars. The relatives discovered this fact, and after prosecution for theft the man in question was condemned to two years' imprisonment.

F. Mahlon Swain, of St. David's, Ont., was arrested Sunday night in Buffalo, on a charge of stealing a horse and buggy from James Doyle, of St. David's, Ont., taking it to Buffalo.