

HOTELS.

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

THIS HOTEL has been refitted and... THE QUEEN is centrally located, directly opposite the Maritime and Atlantic Railway...

Wm. Wilson, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, &c.

Office: CARLETON STREET. Railroads. In Effect October 12th, 1890.

RAILROADS.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

New Brunswick Division. ALL TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE LINE MONTRÉAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS.

In Effect October 12th, 1890.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

6.30 A. M. - Express for St. John and intermediate points.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM.

St. John, 8.30, 10.30, 12.40, p. m. Fredericton, 10.30, 12.40, p. m.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.30 A. M. - Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

6.10 P. M. - Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

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

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. THE PILLS. THE OINTMENT. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, &c.

R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, and Tinsmith. WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street.

ADAMS BROS. FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS, OPP. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON. Caskets, Coffins, Robes, Mountings, &c.

ADAMS BROS. SPECIAL NOTICE. IT IS ONLY A SHORT WHILE SINCE LUCY & CO. started their present undertaking, and they can now with pride boast of having one of the best.

ALLAN LINE. Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the Dominion and Canadian and United States Mail.

MAIL LINE TO LIVERPOOL. The Steamers of the MAIL LINE TO LIVERPOOL. SALOON (According to accommodation) \$60 to \$150.

Wm. Thomson & Co., Agents. ST. JOHN N. B. STEAMSHIP CO. THE REGULAR LINE.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. Three Trips a Week. FOR BOSTON.

COOKED CODFISH. Ask your Grocer for COOKED SHREDDED CODFISH, And Try it.

DRAMATIC TOPICS.

A Short Sketch of London Celebrities Known to the Writer. It is the invariable custom of the London reports to require an account of the known town rendezvous patronized by the Bohemians of art and fancy.

The late Henry J. Byron was the most prolific as well as the most ingenious of modern play writers. Take away the sparkling bon mots which invariably accompanied his old fashioned English comedies and the play is a mass of nothing.

It is related of Byron that one day after having relieved an impecunious "Pro" (the topical term for actor) he was met by Labouchere, the cynic and editor of Truth, who jestingly commented upon the haggard appearance of the dramatist.

The late Fred J. Stimson, the burlesque actor, was an immense favorite in London and Liverpool, and like the Price Webber of to-day, his "gag" and local witticisms were the run of his name and fame.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

A MODERN ANDROCLÉS.

How the Lion Began Terrorized the People by His Careless Abandon. "The lion has escaped!" A thrill of horror ran through the crowd at the terrible announcement.

The cry rang through the quiet village and startled the citizens. It was early morning. The circus men had been up to a late hour the night previous, and when they retired the beasts were all securely locked in their cages.

But morning revealed the fact that the African of the cage of Leo, the monster lion, was open and - Leo was missing.

How did he get away? There had been no unusual noise during the night. He must have been very quiet about his leave taking.

But Frachard - the lion tamer - where was he? He could not be found! "The beast has devoured him!" cried the manager.

"Impossible!" said one of his men. "He attacked Frachard? Never! The beast loved him as if he were his dog."

"Don't care a blessed button," retorted the doerkeeper. "But I tell you I am Toole."

"I don't care if yer had a gimlet, yer karn't go in without paying yer blunt like a man!" And Toole did, and all for the satisfaction of hearing himself said.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

John Tenniel is the veteran caricotist of the day, and his efforts are always aimed at some European or American event. Every body and everything has felt the satiric touch of his fertile pencil.

CATCHING CROCODILES.

Dangerous Position of a Small Party of Saurian Hunters. Four of us were cruising in a three ton sloop, and while coasting close along shore early one morning we espied a crocodile apparently asleep on the beach.

To capture it became almost a passion with us immediately, but we wanted to do the problem, as we wanted to do it. After a brief debate we decided to run the vessel as close to shore as possible, enter the small boat and attack the reptile with harpoons.

He made a dash for the beach before we could land it dashed for the water at its best pace, after uttering a gruff cry of warning or defiance. Fearing it might escape, two of us jumped into the mite of a dingy we towed behind and pulled ashore for dear life. We reached it just as the reptile plunged into the sea without raising even a ripple. "Come," my companion exclaimed in a tone of the utmost despair.

"Not at all," I replied, pointing to a struggling mass of young reptiles which were crawling and tumbling over the beach. "Let us capture some of them," I observed, as I ran toward one about eighteen inches in length.

"But they'll bite," he answered. "Seize them back of the head," I shouted, as I grabbed my prisoner around the neck, despite its hissing and threatening aspect, and shoved it into the capacious pocket of my shooting jacket.

He made a third attack on another, but instead of grasping it promptly, he was content to make feints and to pull back his hand prominently whenever the creature hissed. This assault caused all the others to begin hissing and ejecting their luskly breath in jets of anger.

I had grabbed the second youngster and was about to return to the boat when I saw the mother emerge from the sea and hasten toward my timid friend. Her body was swollen with anger, her little pin head eyes were fairly ablaze with fury and her head extended straight forward, much like that of a greyhound when in pursuit of a hare. He tumbled rather than got into that craft, and was about to push off when I shouted that I wanted to enter also and get a harpoon.

He reluctantly stopped, but the moment I stepped in he pushed away from the shore with frantic vigor, and we were not far from the boat when I saw the mother emerge from the sea and hasten toward my timid friend. Her body was swollen with anger, her little pin head eyes were fairly ablaze with fury and her head extended straight forward, much like that of a greyhound when in pursuit of a hare. He tumbled rather than got into that craft, and was about to push off when I shouted that I wanted to enter also and get a harpoon.

He reluctantly stopped, but the moment I stepped in he pushed away from the shore with frantic vigor, and we were not far from the boat when I saw the mother emerge from the sea and hasten toward my timid friend. Her body was swollen with anger, her little pin head eyes were fairly ablaze with fury and her head extended straight forward, much like that of a greyhound when in pursuit of a hare. He tumbled rather than got into that craft, and was about to push off when I shouted that I wanted to enter also and get a harpoon.

He reluctantly stopped, but the moment I stepped in he pushed away from the shore with frantic vigor, and we were not far from the boat when I saw the mother emerge from the sea and hasten toward my timid friend. Her body was swollen with anger, her little pin head eyes were fairly ablaze with fury and her head extended straight forward, much like that of a greyhound when in pursuit of a hare. He tumbled rather than got into that craft, and was about to push off when I shouted that I wanted to enter also and get a harpoon.

He reluctantly stopped, but the moment I stepped in he pushed away from the shore with frantic vigor, and we were not far from the boat when I saw the mother emerge from the sea and hasten toward my timid friend. Her body was swollen with anger, her little pin head eyes were fairly ablaze with fury and her head extended straight forward, much like that of a greyhound when in pursuit of a hare. He tumbled rather than got into that craft, and was about to push off when I shouted that I wanted to enter also and get a harpoon.

He reluctantly stopped, but the moment I stepped in he pushed away from the shore with frantic vigor, and we were not far from the boat when I saw the mother emerge from the sea and hasten toward my timid friend. Her body was swollen with anger, her little pin head eyes were fairly ablaze with fury and her head extended straight forward, much like that of a greyhound when in pursuit of a hare. He tumbled rather than got into that craft, and was about to push off when I shouted that I wanted to enter also and get a harpoon.

He reluctantly stopped, but the moment I stepped in he pushed away from the shore with frantic vigor, and we were not far from the boat when I saw the mother emerge from the sea and hasten toward my timid friend. Her body was swollen with anger, her little pin head eyes were fairly ablaze with fury and her head extended straight forward, much like that of a greyhound when in pursuit of a hare. He tumbled rather than got into that craft, and was about to push off when I shouted that I wanted to enter also and get a harpoon.

He reluctantly stopped, but the moment I stepped in he pushed away from the shore with frantic vigor, and we were not far from the boat when I saw the mother emerge from the sea and hasten toward my timid friend. Her body was swollen with anger, her little pin head eyes were fairly ablaze with fury and her head extended straight forward, much like that of a greyhound when in pursuit of a hare. He tumbled rather than got into that craft, and was about to push off when I shouted that I wanted to enter also and get a harpoon.

He reluctantly stopped, but the moment I stepped in he pushed away from the shore with frantic vigor, and we were not far from the boat when I saw the mother emerge from the sea and hasten toward my timid friend. Her body was swollen with anger, her little pin head eyes were fairly ablaze with fury and her head extended straight forward, much like that of a greyhound when in pursuit of a hare. He tumbled rather than got into that craft, and was about to push off when I shouted that I wanted to enter also and get a harpoon.

He reluctantly stopped, but the moment I stepped in he pushed away from the shore with frantic vigor, and we were not far from the boat when I saw the mother emerge from the sea and hasten toward my timid friend. Her body was swollen with anger, her little pin head eyes were fairly ablaze with fury and her head extended straight forward, much like that of a greyhound when in pursuit of a hare. He tumbled rather than got into that craft, and was about to push off when I shouted that I wanted to enter also and get a harpoon.

He reluctantly stopped, but the moment I stepped in he pushed away from the shore with frantic vigor, and we were not far from the boat when I saw the mother emerge from the sea and hasten toward my timid friend. Her body was swollen with anger, her little pin head eyes were fairly ablaze with fury and her head extended straight forward, much like that of a greyhound when in pursuit of a hare. He tumbled rather than got into that craft, and was about to push off when I shouted that I wanted to enter also and get a harpoon.