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THIS HOTEL has been refitted and furnished in the most attractive style...

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

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

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

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

INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY. 1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1891.

Wm. Thomson Co., Agents. ST. JOHN N. B.

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO. THE REGULAR LINE.

VALENCIA. 1800 tons, (Capt. F. C. MILLER), will leave COMPANY'S WHARF, Rear of Custom House.

FRIDAY AT 3 P. M. (Standard Time). Returning, steamer will leave Pier 40, East River, FOOT OF PINE STREET, NEW YORK, EVERY TUESDAY AT 5 P. M.

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HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS. PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, &c.

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

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78, NEW OXFORD STREET, EAST 533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

STEAMSHIPS. ALLAN LINE. 1891. Summer Arrangement, 1891.

ADAMS BROS. FUNERAL. FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS, OPP. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON.

GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED LIME. PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

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

R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, and TINSMITH.

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MISS WORTMAN'S STORY. A CURIOUS AND UNUSUAL CASE.

Clara Wortman account of whom was given in last week's Herald, instead of by a Transcript reporter at her home at Salisbury.

At the farm of Byron McLeod, about two miles this side of Sussex. She was seen by a Transcript reporter at her home at Salisbury.

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A CURE FOR THE CROUP. Simply Remedy for the Terrible Affliction Discovered in France.

Several papers of Paris have published that Dr. Langardiere, of Toulouse, had at different times experimented with success with a new treatment of croup.

The cure consisted in the use of sulphur. Dr. Langardiere narrates that his first experiment in the Paris Temple.

"I called for some sulphur powder, took a tablespoonful of it, which I diluted in a glass of water, ordering to drink one tablespoonful of the mixture every hour.

"After that cure the doctor obtained several others, but none more convincing than the following:

"A little girl was dying; neither cry nor the least sound could come from her larynx; the pupils of her eyes were dilated.

"The doctor had secured a probe to insufflate nitrate of silver into the larynx. The parents opposed that, but consented to make the child swallow the sulphate of potash during the night.

"The communication of Dr. Langardiere is of too much importance not to be the subject of a serious and immediate examination and it is for the academy of medicine to order such.

THE THIRD PARTY DRIVES UP. (New York Sun.) I am the Third Party! Git on to my style.

By gravy, I don't wear no socks, And my gaiters is fastened with a lynch pin.

A Farmer's Alliance-Citizen's Alliance-King-of-Labor-National-Industrial-Anti-Monopoly-Single-Tax-Prohibition-Woman-Suffrage-Greenback-Free-Silver-Potato-Currency-Socialist-Grand-Old-Party's party.

What are they going to do about it? To what? By socks, I have come to stay.

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A GENIUS IN OLD RAGS. A Musical Beggar Thrills a Crowd with Her Skill.

"Would you please give a little assistance to a poor woman that hasn't had a mouthful to eat since yesterday morning?"

The speaker was a woman not younger than twenty-five nor older than forty-five, but she would have been difficult to make anything like an accurate guess at the age of the unkempt and bedraggled creature that stood before the little group.

Her face, that once might have been fair and girlish, was coarse in feature, and almost devoid of any expression save that of stupid, callous mendacity.

"Beneath the tattered and soiled mop of hair which she wore over her head and shoulders, after the manner of a mantilla, two or three little faded yellow curls were peeping out in strange contrast with the furrowed and weather beaten forehead, over which they seemed inclined to stray.

Her dress was soiled and tattered, her small shoes were discolored and broken in many places, and her hands were hidden in the ragged mantle of dirty lace which they held in place upon her shoulders.

She looked intently at the piano for nearly a minute, while her back was turned to the group, and then facing about toward them, with a softened look in her face and a curious, nervous nervousness in her voice, she remarked:

"I'd like to play on that piano if nobody objects." Nobody did object, and, in fact, all were anxious to see how this tattered and decrepit creature would perform at the piano.

They were not long in doubt. As the woman seated herself at the piano the dirty mop of hair fell from her shoulders and released a tangled mass of faded yellow hair, which she smoothed and fluffed in the sunlight as it streamed over her shoulders and down her back.

Her hands, which were now seen for the first time, were small and daintily formed, and except that they were not quite free from grime, and that the nails were far from being tidily kept, they would have readily passed for those of a high bred girl of twenty who had always lived in ease and luxury.

These trifles surprised the gentlemen; but though they wondered at the sudden change which had come over the old woman, they were lost in amazement at the dainty but grimy little fingers struck the first two or three chords with a touch firm, masterful and yet delicate.

Then the little fingers wandered swiftly about among the keys in search of a theme, and then with infinite pathos breathing through every note, came the plaintive aria from Il Trovatore, "Ah, I have sighed to rest me."

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AMONG THE PAPUANS. A Land Where Woman's Rights are Largely Recognized.

Every foot of land with the coconut, or manna apple, or banana tree upon it belongs exclusively to some individual of the tribe, either male or female; is jealously guarded, and poaching is promptly punished, women's rights being recognized and protected strictly.

In fact, in many ways, the woman is a more fortunate and valued personage than the man; for instance, a young man courts his sweetheart and must be approved by his before he attempts matrimonial negotiations.

After this is settled he has to offer her parents compensation for her loss as a member of the household, which is generally a little over the equivalent of what she takes away with her. Husband and wife thus join a kind of life partnership, in which it is strictly understood that what property she has brought with her remains hers, as his own property remains his, during their lifetime, or while they agree to live together, for they have separations and divorces also, at times, in New Guinea, in which case, if the woman goes back to her parents, they have to refund her compensation to the disappointed husband, unless she can prove ill-usage, in which case it is confiscated and the man has no redress.

If the couple live and die together and have children, their joint property is equally divided among the survivors. There is no oldest son system among the Papuans so far as property is concerned.

They are an industrious race, and male and female have each their own allotted portions of work, and do not vary it any way. For instance, perhaps half a dozen tribes are allies, one tribe devoting all its energies to market gardening; that is, the inland tribes are mostly gardeners, while the seacoast tribes may be pot makers, boat builders, net and mat makers, or fishers; so they hold markets and barter their different wares among each other.

Each tribe owns his own canoe, which has been purchased equally by every property holder in the tribe, so that, although the chief may be explain while on the waters, he has no greater right to the Lakoto than anyone else, and it is lost all partners suffer in the same proportion.

THE INDIAN HEAVEN. The Iroquois and Hurons believed in a country for the souls of the dead, which they called the "country of ancestors."

This country lies to the west, from which direction their traditions told them they had migrated. Spirits must go there after death by a very long and painful journey; climb many mountains and cross many rivers, and just as the long sought after appears in the distance, the spirit must cross a long narrow bridge and fight with a monster dog which stands guard at the west end. Weak souls are not equal to this task, and many of them are pushed over the narrow edges of the bridge into the rushing waters below, to be swept through dark canyons and over immense precipices forever.

The ideas of the two tribes mentioned above, is all on earth; but several of the tribes consider the light band across the heavens which the astronomers call the "milky way" to be the path of the soul. The main body of the stars is this milky path they suppose to be human souls on their journey to heaven; the smaller ones to be the souls of dogs and other pet animals which are accompanying their masters to the land of bliss.

It is curious and interesting to note that the British Columbian tribe of the Shanonks have a soul belief which is an almost exact counterpart of that cherished by the old Israelites. They believe that every being has its double or shadow, a thin, pale figure, seldom or never seen by mortals, which after death descends to an abode beneath the earth, and there leads a sad and gloomy existence.

The Israelites called this place Sheol; the Shanonks know it as "Eteka." Some Arizona and old Mexican tribes believe that the spirit is carried to the moon by a coal-black, monkey-faced owl; that upon arriving there, it is met by its thousands of ancestors, who come with a long train of white donkeys; that the spirit is then carried to a large cavern in the centre of the moon, where joy reigns supreme.

THE MOTHER SHIPTON PROPHESIES. Were Mother Shipton's prophecies genuine? Ursula Seathley, or "Mother Shipton," was an English woman who lived near Kewborough about 30 years ago, and in her own time had a considerable reputation as a witch or prophetess, but which people were not certain. She uttered a great many prophecies, which are, in the main, meaningless jumbles of words and can be made to fit almost any shade of confounding business and selling several hundred skunks a year. The pet of the polecat, as it is called in Europe, is worth now about \$2 when in good condition. Formerly 25 cents was the average price. The animals are very inexpensive things to feed as for the mother who grub the ground and take care of themselves. The old ones raise a family of from four to six, breeding in May and June. The common skunk is about the size of a cat, generally black or very dark brown, having the same white stripe along the back. It lives in burrows which it digs in the earth, and in a wild state feeds on mice, frogs, etc.; and also on fruits and insects. It is obnoxious to the poultry raise as it is fond of chicken, and in a single night ten skunks has been known to kill two dozen fowls, sucking the blood and eating the brains, for which it seems to have a special preference. That for which the skunk is most famous, is the intolerable odor it emits when alarmed or angry. Mr. Clark has had a monopoly of the skunk market, and his animals become tame. The well known "Alaska" fur, which is much worn by ladies, smells just the same as ever. Probably there are not enough tame skunks yet to supply the market.

"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, etc., 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.

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A GREAT SCHEME. Proposed Tunnel Between Ireland and Scotland.

The details of the great Irish Channel tunnel project has been presented. At a recent meeting of the company Mr. Barton the engineer, explained his preliminary plans. The shortest line between Ireland and Scotland was from Tor Head to the Mull of Cantyre, a distance of 13 miles but the water there was 402 feet deep and the site unsuitable. Mr. Barton proposed to cross between Inland Magee and Wigtownshire with a tunnel about 33 miles long, with 500 feet of water overhead. The proposed line would leave the Northern Counties railway at a point near Wiltown and pass out under the head land known as the Gobbins, enter Wigtownshire outside of Loch Ryan at Portobello, and passing under Wiershon hill connect at Stranraer with an existing line of railway.

The heaviest gradient proposed is one in 75. In the Mull of Cantyre, Galloway and Arberly tunnels the average is one in 40; the Mersey tunnel is still steeper, while the Severn has a flatter gradient of one in 90. No fears are entertained of trouble from water entering the tunnel; and in this view Mr. Barton is supported by Sir John Hawkshaw, Sir Douglas Fox, Sir Benjamin Baker, and other eminent engineers. The proposed tunnel would have 150 feet of rock between the roof and the bed of the sea. The rock is only 30 feet thick above the Mersey tunnel and 40 feet in the Severn.

As to cost, it is estimated that this would not be more than in long tunnels through mountains. Judging from past experience the cost here is put at \$500 per lineal yard. The shafts, pumping plant, additional shafts, etc., are estimated at \$3,305,000, and the total estimate, with 10 per cent added for contingencies, is put at \$40,000,000.

The time of construction is estimated at ten or twelve years. J. T. Barton, C. E., explained that at several points, a tunnel plan placed at the pumping stations at each end, about twenty-four miles from each other, could be made to draw out all foul air and supply pure air, in a current moving at the rate of two miles per hour.

AN ENTERTAINING GAME. Amateur poets may find a good deal of amusement in several parlor games. Crabro is an old friend of those who rhyme and sometimes of those who cannot. There is a new game, or at least an adaptation of an old one, in a rhyming game which the listener saw a quartet of young people playing about a library table. They all began together, wrote a line, exchanged papers; each wrote a second line and exchanged again; the third line must rhyme with the first, the fourth with the second. When the first pair of stanzas was finished, four exchanges of papers having been effected in the course of their writing, the results were read. The absurdity of these stanzas was not intrinsic. It depended chiefly on the rhyming words chosen, and on the nonsense in them, their spice was in the moment of their production and in the merriment of their reading, but it was piquant, and tickled the palates of the four young people.

The four young people laughed a good deal. When four hands each have a finger in the pie there is proof in the eating of it. Three of the accidental nonsense stanzas are given, as a pattern for other rhymsers in search of employment of this sort, and not for the purpose of interesting to note that the British Columbian tribe of the Shanonks have a soul belief which is an almost exact counterpart of that cherished by the old Israelites.

Miss Jenkins had a bonnet; 'Twas made of bright pink chip; She had a cabbage in it, And a beetle that could skip!

The golden and the pollywog Went walking down an Irish bog, And fell ker-plump in an Irish bog, Then hung on a line to dry.

John and Thomas loved each other With a wild adoring love; His animal was a black old mother With a double hogging glove!

A SKUNK FARM. The Maritime Agriculturist gives an account of a successful but rather unwise enterprise, which was started a few years ago by Frederick Clark in the western part of New York. It is nothing less than a skunk farm. The skin of this animal is valuable, and has been fashionable for some years. Mr. Clark managed to catch a few pairs of skunks alive to stock his farm. For the first two or three years little was done, but Mr. Clark raised some farm truck, while his skunks were settling down to quiet family life, and so made both ends meet until the animals had increased in number so he could dispose of them. Up to the present Mr. Clark has had a monopoly of the skunk farming business and selling several hundred skunks a year. The pet of the polecat, as it is called in Europe, is worth now about \$2 when in good condition. Formerly 25 cents was the average price. The animals are very inexpensive things to feed as for the mother who grub the ground and take care of themselves. The old ones raise a family of from four to six, breeding in May and June. The common skunk is about the size of a cat, generally black or very dark brown, having the same white stripe along the back. It lives in burrows which it digs in the earth, and in a wild state feeds on mice, frogs, etc.; and also on fruits and insects. It is obnoxious to the poultry raise as it is fond of chicken, and in a single night ten skunks has been known to kill two dozen fowls, sucking the blood and eating the brains, for which it seems to have a special preference. That for which the skunk is most famous, is the intolerable odor it emits when alarmed or angry. Mr. Clark has had a monopoly of the skunk market, and his animals become tame. The well known "Alaska" fur, which is much worn by ladies, smells just the same as ever. Probably there are not enough tame skunks yet to supply the market.

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