

HOTELS.

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

THIS HOTEL has been REBUILT AND PAINTED in the most attractive style...

WILSON & WILSON, Solicitors and Conveyancers.

H. B. RAINSFORD, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public.

HUGHES & WETMORE, Attorneys and Solicitors.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH, MASON, Plasterer, and Bricklayer.

W. E. SEERY, Merchant Tailor.

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS, Spring Overcoating, Suits, and Trousers.

W. E. SEERY, WILMOT'S AVE.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels...

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings, and all other Diseases...

78, NEW OXFORD STREET, GATE 533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes.

STEAMSHIPS. Allan Line.

Liverpool, Quebec and Montreal Mail Service, 1892, Calling at Londonderry and Glasgow.

From Liverpool, Steamship, to Montreal.

From Montreal, Steamship, to Liverpool.

From Liverpool, Steamship, to Halifax.

From Halifax, Steamship, to Montreal.

From Montreal, Steamship, to Liverpool.

From Liverpool, Steamship, to Glasgow.

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Delaware.—The dry and extremely hot weather of late...

Ohio.—Potatoes generally yield less than the growth of top indicated...

Michigan.—The condition of potatoes generally is not very much improved...

Minnesota.—Potatoes late and have suffered from their insect enemies...

Kansas.—Irrish potatoes will be a light crop...

North Dakota.—Potatoes are being injured in a few places by potato bugs...

Utah.—Early potatoes are small and poor, the late crop promises fair...

California.—The potato crop will be an average...

The above intelligence gathered especially for our farmers would certainly indicate good prices for their potatoes...

HOW SISSORS ARE MADE.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of these indispensable articles...

Japan is said to possess a timepiece exhibiting remarkable mechanical ingenuity...

Like Straw in a Sheaf.

They were the most humble of the Jewish population of New York...

Learn to Take the Pulse.

Every mother should know how to take her child's pulse...

Through a Funnel.

The other day a young man sauntered into a saloon...

Cucumber Pickles.

Pick your cucumbers every morning before the sun gets high...

Potato Crop in United States.

From the authorized report of the growing crops in the United States...

UPPER MAGUADAVIC.

Sept. 28.—Miss Edna McCutcheon has gone back to her home in Harvey...

Like an Electric Spark.

In each of the other five synagogues the horn blowing was going on...

THE BARONY.

Sept. 27.—Mrs. John Anderson is visiting in St. John.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Sept. 27.—I have used Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaint...

FOR SALE LOW AT NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

CRUSHED BY A MOB.

Candles at a Jewish Service Cause Death to Men and Women.

In the festival of Rosh Ha-Shana, the Jewish New Year...

In the East Side tenement synagogues a foolish panic...

It was the second day of the festival. In the Orthodox synagogues there are services morning, noon and afternoon...

The building is a five story, ramshackle tenement house...

The police say there were 1,800 men and women in the building...

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BOWSER AND THE BABY.

How He Took Care of It and How It All Ended.

"If you are going to be home this evening I'd like to run in and see Mrs. Swift for a few minutes..."

"You can go as well as not," he replied. "If the baby wakes up do you think you can take care of him?"

"Certainly. Run right along and stay as long as you will."

"If he should wake up, which he probably won't, you..."

"I'll have him asleep again in two weeks. Don't you worry about us. It would be a mighty curious father who couldn't take care of his own baby for a quarter of an hour."

"You won't be impatient with him?" she asked, as she was ready to go.

"Go on! I'm the most patient man on the face of the earth, and you know it. One would think from the way you talk that I was in the habit of pounding him against the wall."

Young Bowser was asleep in the baby carriage in the back parlor. Mrs. Bowser had been gone just three minutes when he became restless, and Mr. Bowser pushed at his offspring. "Mrs. Bowser, imagine she's the only person on earth who knows how to handle this young un, but I'll show her that..."

The kid suddenly put up a lip and uttered a dismal wail.

"Just so—I want to come to your father's arms. All right, my boy, come along."

He extended his arms with a smile, but the wail broke into a howl and the child began to kicking.

"Don't want to get up, eh? All right, my blossom. Cuddle down and think of angels while I push you around and sing 'The Old Kentucky Home.' What on earth is all this row about?"

The kid's kicks became more vigorous and his yells more enthusiastic, while his face turned a strawberry color and his eyes bulged out.

"Probably takes me for a stranger, and I'd better lift him up and convince him to the contrary," muttered Mr. Bowser as he proceeded to carry out the idea.

The child kicked, and struggled and yelled, and though Mr. Bowser went galloping around the room and yelled: "Hi! Hi!" he failed to produce a diversion. He stood before the mirror and bounced the child up and down, but it was no go. He sat down to rock, but the yells became shrieks.

"Swallowed a thimble or the spoon or the tack hammer, probably, and wants turned upside down. I've told Mrs. Bowser more than a million..."

The kid was turned head downward, but no thimble or spoon or tack hammer was dislodged from his gullet. If he had shyly swallowed a section of garden hose or a coal stent it was too late to recover them. When this fact became apparent, Mr. Bowser changed ends and began to canter around. He jumped over a chair, jumped upon the lounge and off again, kicked a foot stool, and then he fell and rushed back and forth through the Japanese curtains in a way which took three or four strands with him every time. The boy let up for a minute, but only to get a better hold. When he turned on a seam again he lifted the neighbors off their chairs, and every hair on Mr. Bowser's head stood on end.

"Consume him, but what on earth is the matter with him?" shouted the father as he tossed him into every direction. "I'll bet a dollar to a cent that he's got a darned needle stuck in his back, or a piece of iron rods! I've warned Mrs. Bowser time and again that she would be the death—Shut up! What you need, young man, is a good dressing down, and I'll give it to you in about 10 seconds! I won't wait 10 seconds! I won't wait 10! I'll give it to you right now..."

But he didn't. There was a clattering of feet, a rush through the hall, and as someone snatched the child from his arms four or five neighbors excitedly demanded information. When they had departed, satisfied that one had been killed, Mrs. Bowser asked:

"How did he come to wake up? What's the reason you couldn't pacify him?"

"Who do you refer to?" he icily replied. "Why, to our child, of course."

"I don't know anything about 'our child,' Mrs. Bowser! I have no child and I thank heavens that I haven't! If you've been to an orphan asylum and adopted a howling, shrieking, blood-hoing, bellowsing, ball-headed fooling thing, it's your business to take care of him. I was not nothing whatever to do with him—don't even want to see him! Good night, Mrs. Bowser!"

A NEW-FASHIONED GIRL.

She'd a great and varied knowledge picked up at a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics and pneumatics, very vast. She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all theologies of the colleges, and the knowledge of the past. She knew all the forms and features of the pre-historic creatures—ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs, megalosaurs and many more. She'd describe the ancient Turanians and the Esquimaux and the Etruscans, their traditions, their customs, and the vicissitudes that they gnawed.

She'd describe the learned chamberer, the theology of Brahms, and the scandals of the Vandals and the sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science; all the learning that was turning in the burning of the Doer of Logic was contemplating buying a cemetery lot in which to bury the girls who died while in their teens, and Miss Anderson declared that she would conceit the cent to this cause. She bought an egg and sold the chicken that was hatched from it for a dollar. The dollar was invested in silk, ribbons, card-board, and fancy articles. Out of the card-board were made picture-texts, and the silk was crocheted into little rings, which, with strips of satin and ribbon, made good plumb-line holders. The fancy articles were sold at good prices. Now Miss Anderson has nearly \$12 and she hopes to have at the expiration of the year enough money to pay for a centre piece in the cemetery lot, which has been purchased.

A CENT WELLS INVESTED.

Miss A. J. Anderson, matron of the Door of Hope, a charitable institution for girls, New York, found in his leg about 15 cents the time the Door of Hope was contemplating buying a cemetery lot in which to bury the girls who died while in their teens, and Miss Anderson declared that she would conceit the cent to this cause. She bought an egg and sold the chicken that was hatched from it for a dollar. The dollar was invested in silk, ribbons, card-board, and fancy articles. Out of the card-board were made picture-texts, and the silk was crocheted into little rings, which, with strips of satin and ribbon, made good plumb-line holders. The fancy articles were sold at good prices. Now Miss Anderson has nearly \$12 and she hopes to have at the expiration of the year enough money to pay for a centre piece in the cemetery lot, which has been purchased.

"Who is the military man?" "Which one?" "Follow with the straight shoulder and fierce look." "Him? He's a military man; he's broken a suspender button!"

"Oh, he's a patent medicine!" Wait until you try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment my friend.

"Miss Sharpe proposed to Cholly last night." "Did he accept?" "He had to. Her father was in the house."