THE HERALD.

Board of Works Jan 1 93

VOL. V., NO. 4. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1893. $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 up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having) and also connecting with Hotel

nd CARRIAGES of every style are to nand at 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.

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,

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and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of al 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.

3-10-88

HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST.

NOTWITHSTANDING the report that the **New Home** received no awards at the Worlds Columbian Exposition, I take pleasure in announcing that the NEW HOME made a Clean Sweep, and history again repeats itself.

Three Highest Awards

Were given the New Home Sewing Machine, as follows: One each for the

☞ { New Home Manufacturing Sewing Machine,
New Home Family Sewing Machine,
Samples of Work Exhibited.

Everything claimed was granted.

Do you want a Sewing Machine!

I feel assured, if you do, that you can make a selection from this list. I keep an extensive variety, with styles to please everybody, at prices from $25.00 to $80.00.

I Challenge the World

To produce a Better Sewing Machine for the money. All Sewing Machines that I sell are guaranteed for Five Years.

PETER DUFFIE, Jobber and Direct Importer of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines and Furniture.
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IF YOUR HEAD ACHES

THEY CURE

SICK-HEADACHE.
SOUR STOMACH.
BILIOUSNESS.
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JAUNDICE.
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THEY ARE SMALL.
EASY TO TAKE.
SUGAR-COATED.
PURELY VEGETABLE.
DO NOT GRIPE.
DO NOT SICKEN.

For Sale by all Druggists & Dealers
PRICE 25 CENTS.
Manufactured by
THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO'Y, LTD.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

DON'T GO

DOWN TOWN

★ Without Calling at ★

KITCHEN & SHEA'S

If you are Going to Purchase

FURNACES, Stoves, Tinware. Royal Diamond Stoves are the best. Tinware Boilers, Steamers in Pans, Oil Cans, Dinner Cans, Basins, Mixing Pans, Plates, Camp Requisites, Acme Steam Cookers.

FINEST PLUMBING GOODS IN THE CITY.

Galvanized Iron Cornices and Door Caps, a specialty.

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272 QUEEN STREET.

FINE

OVERCOATINGS

—AND—

Latest Cloth for Suitings,

—AND—

GUNN,

THE TAILOR,

Guarantees good fit, and first-class materials in his MAKE UP

Come in and see my Cloths and hard pan prices. It will pay you to do so.

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WESLEY VANWART,

Barrister.

Office: Queen Street,

OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Fredericton, May 6th, 1893.

Ladies,

Mother Green's Tansy Pills. Used by thousands. Safe, Sure and Always Reliable. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. From all Druggists or mailed, free from observation, on receipt of $1.00. Sealed particulars, 3 cents.

LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, CAN.

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Fredericton Nov. 16th, 1891.

GEO. A. HUGHES,

Attorney and Solicitor,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE: WHELPLEY BUILDING Opp. Post Office, QUEEN ST. } Fredericton, N. B.

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MASON,

Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,

SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

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Workmanship first-class.

Prices satisfactory

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

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

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect December 4th, 1893.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North, via Gibson.

6.15. A. M.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West and South.

10.50 A. M.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

3.30 P. M.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction and St. John, also with Night Express for Bangor, Portland and Boston.

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, etc., 10.10 a. m.

Bangor, Montreal, etc., 1.10, p. m.

Woodstock and North, via Gibson branch, 5.30 p. m.

St. John, McAdam Junction, etc., 7.10 p. m.

☞ All above trains run Week Days only.

D. McNICOLL, Gen. Pass. Agent, MONTREAL.

C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent ST. JOHN, N. B.

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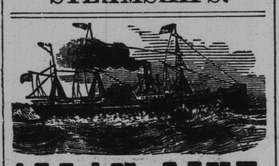

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From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
Dec 14	LAURENTIAN	Jan 6
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Jan 11	MONGOLIAN	Feb 3
" 25	LAURENTIAN	" 17
Feb 8	NUMIDIAN	Mar 3
" 22	MONGOLIAN	" 17
Mar 8	LAURENTIAN	" 31
" 22	PARISIAN	Apr 14
Apr 5	NUMIDIAN	" 28

Cabin passage, $45 and upwards; Second Cabin, $30 and $35; Steerage, $24. Round trip tickets at reduced rates.

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

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STATE OF NEBRASKA	Dec. 23 and Feb 1
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Cabin, $40 to $60; Second Cabin, $30; Steerage, $24.

For Staterooms, Tickets or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,

ST. JOHN N. B.

Dec. 26

W. E. SEERY,

Merchant Tailor,

Has Just Received a splendid new stock of

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,

—COMPRISING—

Winter Overcoating,

Suitings,

and Trouserings,

Which he is prepared to MAKE UP in the

LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES

AT MODERATE PRICES.

W. E. SEERY,

WILMOT'S AVE.

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Office and Residence,

Corner Queen and Regent Sts.

Office Hours.

8 to 10 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

Telephone, 66.

Fredericton, May 6th, 1893.

THE DAIRY INTERESTS.

Prof. Robertson Visits Middle Southampton and What He Said.

A valuable subscriber to THE HERALD who takes a lively interest in all that pertains to elevate the farm and farmer, has kindly sent us the following address, which we publish with thanks:

Having received timely notice from Julius L. Inches, secretary for agriculture, and Prof. John W. Robertson, dairy commissioner for the province, that Mr. Robertson would address the farmers here in the interests of dairying, on the 21st of Nov., notices were posted and at the appointed time the school house was well filled with representative men and women of the community. W. S. Tompkins was appointed chairman of the meeting, with F. C. Brown, secy.

The chairman introduced the subject of the evening in a few well chosen and pithy remarks and then called upon Mr. Robertson, who among a host of other good things said: There are twenty-one factories in the province, and visiting these and holding such meetings as this filled up his time. He congratulated the government and the farmers of the province on the advancement of the dairying interest in New Brunswick. Our Carleton Co. cheese took the silver medal at Liverpool, Eng., in open competition with that of other countries. This year New Brunswick got eight medals at the World's fair, Chicago. He was satisfied New Brunswick could produce cheese equal to any country in the world. He then told us how these meetings originated, said our representatives from New Brunswick travelling through Ontario, found that the Ontario farmers were very much more prosperous than New Brunswick farmers. They began to make inquiries and learned that the Ontario farmers had gone into dairying. They (the representatives) were anxious that the condition of the New Brunswick farmer should if possible be improved, and asked the dairy commissioner at Ottawa what course they had better take. He advised that a man should be sent to see if the conditions in New Brunswick were favorable for dairying. A man was sent, his report was favorable, provided the farmers were properly informed in that line. New Brunswick was even better in some respects than Ontario. We have for instance a better climate, our cool nights and cool clear air, our abundant springs of clear pure water, were all better for the purpose than they had in Ontario. We have good pastures, but this must be supplemented by some green food sown for the purpose. Having then, the climate, soil, and water, all we needed was the cattle and the knowledge of feeding them and caring for them, and that was what these meetings were held for. The next step was the New Brunswick government communicated with the dominion government, and as a result he was employed by the New Brunswick government this and last summer to inform the people how to start factories and to hold these meetings and talk up the dairy business. He was rather pleased than otherwise that the people were taking up the matter slowly, as then they had a chance to inform themselves, etc. Referred to the ten P. E. I. factories and their product, 6000 boxes sold for $50,000, and formerly the people there had but poor satisfaction from marketing their butter. Said people argued that if so many factories were built the market would be glutted. To them he had to reply that the New Brunswick cheese were all sold now and we could sell ten times more. New Brunswick has to import cheese. Ten thousand dollars annually are paid out by New Brunswick for dairy products that might be produced here. New Brunswick paid out $50,000 for provisions imported that might be grown home. No better country in the world to grow pork. If we can't grow corn in some localities, we can grow oats and potatoes which have proved as good for pork. Said our system of farming was all wrong. Land has been ploughed too much, mowed too much, and thus been robbed of its fertility, much of which has been sold off the farm without any proper return of plant food. Plants require food, if not they become weak and poor, and the relationship between the farm and farmer being so intimate, the farmer becomes poor as the product of the farm decline. If this is the result, the system is wrong. We do not urge the people to go into dairying to the exclusion of everything else. We urge the farmer to produce that which will bring the best results. Ontario farmers followed our system till they could produce nothing but thistles, and found out their mistake ten or twenty years ago. The remedy for poor land was, feed it and let it rest. Take one crop of hay and then pasture. Hay five or six years robs the land perhaps more than anything; since changing their system the Ontario farms and farmers have improved their condition until there is now no more prosperous country in America than Ontario. He gave some good illustrations to show that the first half of any work was the hardest, most disagreeable and poorest paid part of the work, while the last half was generally easy, pleasant and best paid for, and then applied it to the farmer who grows hay and oats and potatoes, etc., and sells them off the farm as they come from the field. Said farmers who did this did the hard, disagreeable half of the work and let some one else have the better half to do, and not only this, but they robbed themselves and their farms by so doing. The man who converts these products into food upon the farm, will not only get the higher and better price, but will also have the lighter and more agreeable part of the work. The latter way is how they do in Ontario. They have stopped growing turnips and grow mangles and carrots instead. Instead of hay for five or six years, they grow corn and get as much food off half an acre as from three or four acres of hay. The way to determine the relative value of crops is by their food value, not their bushels. Said we could make more money off five acres well cropped than 150 acres poorly cared for.

One objection farmers have to keeping cows is that they eat their heads off in winter. Two tons of hay will winter a cow, at $9 per ton, this will be $18; this is too much. Ontario farmers don't feed hay, they feed three quarters ensilage, some oat straw and some chopped oats, and the cows like the oats first rate. Keep no animal on the farm that will not help keep the owner; weed out the poor animals; cows go dry about this time of year and remain dry till spring and no wonder if we leave them out in the fields with nothing but frozen stubble to eat and the lea side of a rail fence for shelter. Advised us in the spring to sow half an acre or two acres or whatever would at first suit our circumstances, of peas and oats where they would be convenient to get at, and in the hot dry part of the summer, when the pasture feed got short, cut this and give the cows some of it twice a day. Here he gave some good illustrations showing difference between well fed and poorly fed cows. He would not in the present state of market advise growing beef. it costs five and five and a quarter cents per pound to produce, and the profit must come from what is realized above that. Next came milk. Cow's milk is the best food we have, it can be converted into butter and cheese and the cow can thus be made to pay her way every day in the year. A good cow ought to be worth $50 or $60 a year and the cost of keeping not more than $20 or $25 if fed on the ensilage, straw and mashed oats, cows should give milk ten months in the year and thus pay their way in winter. There are plenty of cows in every community that will do this. Tests were made at the experimental farm and hay and oats were found to be perhaps the best food but were too expensive, and good results could be obtained from food costing only one third as much. After the cow comes the pig, which pays well for its feed. Sheep from present prices of wool, lambs and mutton would not now pay; like the beef business they had declined. He was pleased as he came along, to see our new cheese factory, said it would be the making of this community if properly supported by the farmers, and managed on business methods. Explained at some length the advantage of the factory saving of labor, of time, of worry, producing a uniform article commanding a better price in the market, etc. etc. Said that in five years the farmer who employed the new method and adopted the better system would double his income. Admonished us to be honest with the cow, give her good food and attention and with the milk, not to be afraid that it was too thick or too rich, etc. Explained the chemical changes that took place from the time the milk was drawn from the cow till it was butter, and why the cow should have a variety of food, and gave the women a lot of valuable information as to management of the milk, cream and butter. Then the meeting was open for questions, and for half an hour the professor was kept busy answering questions as to the construction of silos, growing and storing ensilage, feeding different farm animals, etc. At the conclusion of Mr. Robertson's address, remarks were made by the president of the cheese manufacturing company, J. N. Grant, and by the chairman, after which a vote of thanks to Professor Robertson and to the chairman brought the meeting to a close.

Our people especially those interested in the cheese factory, were greatly pleased with the straightforward and convincing manner of the Professor's address and we have a number of practical farmers in this locality who are going to benefit by the information received.

On the 22nd Nov. Mr. Robertson held another meeting in the adjoining district of Campbell Settlement, which, though not so largely attended on account of a heavy storm, was an entire success.

TO CURE BACON AND HAMS.

The Country Gentleman gives several receipts for the cure of hams and bacon, and have proven good by those who have long made use of them. As there is more or less variation in the proportion of the ingredients, the taste of the user must decide which is best for him:

No. 1. One ounce of salt to every pound of meat; one ounce of saltpetre to twenty pounds of meat; five pounds of sugar to 100 pounds of meat; water to cover.

No. 2. For 100 pounds of meat, nine pounds of salt, three ounces of saltpetre, three pounds of molasses sugar, one ounce of bicarbonate soda, six gallons of water. Leave in pickle six weeks, and smoke to taste, using fragrant woods.

No. 3. For 100 pounds of meat, nine pounds of salt, four ounces of saltpetre. three pounds brown sugar.

No. 4. Dry-curing—Mix one pint of fine salt with one pint of coffee sugar and rub every part of hams for three days, As moisture oozes from meat, lay in pans, and dip it over meat as you rub on the salt and sugar. In three or four weeks smoke, rub a little black pepper on surface, put in cloth bags and whitewash.

No. 5. Hampshire bacon—In a shallow, wide tub, put brine strong enough to float an egg. To each peck of salt add two ounces of refined saltpetre, and one to two pounds of brown sugar or good molasses. After being six weeks in the pickle take out meat and smoke it; or, when dry, rub with wheat flour, wrap in newspaper, and put in dry place.

THE ARK BEATS ALL.

Speaking of ancient ships and shipbuilding, Prof. J. Harvey Biles said that, though Great Britain and America had made such great strides in shipbuilding, none of their wooden ships approached the dimensions of the Ark, which was 450 feet long, 75 feet broad, and 45 feet deep. He calculated that this was the size of this vessel from the Bible measurements, taking the cubit to be 18 inches. This, he thought, was the correct measurement. The largest wooden ship afloat now did not nearly approach the size of the Ark; the vessel was the Shenandoah, and her dimensions were 299 feet by 49 feet broad and 29 feet deep. Even the Campania was much smaller than the Ark, except in length, and the dimensions of the Ark had only been exceeded in the case of the Great Eastern. In 1856 a prize was offered for the best model of a ship made by any one in the United Kingdom, and the models were on view at the Royal Institution. The prize was awarded to a model six times the beam to the length, and ten times the depth to the length, these being the same proportions as those of the Ark.

TORN TO PIECES.

A dreadful fatality took place Monday in one of the machine shops of the Montreal rolling mills. William Wilson, who was over 50 years of age, had been in the employ of the firm for some time past, and was supposed to be too careful a man to become the victim of such a terrrible accident as that which occurred Monday forenoon. Wilson was alone in one of the rooms, when it became evident to those outside that something had gone wrong, and sure enough upon running into the apartment where the poor man was last seen alive an awful sight met their eyes. It appears that Mr. Wilson had been caught in a belt propelled at lightning speed and his body hurled upward to a frightful death. When found the trunk alone remained, as both legs and arms had been torn from the body. The fragments were got together and the mangled remains of the unfortunate man were removed to the general hospital.

Husband — You'll have to wait half an hour for your change in that big store, and we are in a hurry. Why not go to a little store? Wife — The idea! Do you suppose I can get enough stuff for sleeves in a little store?

JACK'S NEW YEAR'S EVE.

New Year's eve was not pleasant to Jack Knickerbocker. It made him think how happy the coming year might be if he could recall a certain blunder in his life. Recollections of other days when another and more dainty pair of slippers rested on the fender beside his own, came back to him. He could see those red Turkish shoes among the pictures in the coals, and sometimes the face of the woman who wore them, smiled at him from the changing glow. Jack remembered how, not many months after he had been married to the owner of those slippers, he had deliberately put her from him. It was their first quarrel, and his quick temper made him swear that it should be their last. But he did'nt start to bring this about by improving his temper. Oh, no! He decided at once, that marriage was a failure, and his pretty wife, when he had brutally announced that decision, had quietly said, through her tears:

"Well, Jack, if you think it is, it is."

And he had said goodby.

Oh yes, he had given her money enough, he reasoned, when he tried to justify himself for his cruelty; he had arranged that with his lawyer. But he had gone to London, and was there yet. To-night he realized that he had got his reasoning mixed up. He saw plainly, that he had been crueler to himself than to his wife. His lawyer had carefully followed his instructions. Jack had neither seen nor heard from his wife since that night.

Four years had passed, and Jack was almost accustomed to being a bachelor again. New Year's eve, and just back again in New York, he occupied an appartment in the Osborne.

A noise of some one entering from the hall, made Jack start from his reverie, and look around.

There in the center of the room stood a wee mite of a girl. She could not have been more than three or four years old. Her blue eyes twinkled with mirth and her short golden curls seemed to reflect the firelight.

"You is Jack, is'nt you?" she said, as she stretched out her baby arms and toddled forward.

"Yes, that is my name," gasped the astonished man, and opening his arms, he received the little bundle of lace.

"I knowed you was Jack," said the child, as she nestled closer to him "cos I saw'd you from de hall."

"And who is Jack?"

"I don't know, but mum loves Jack."

The little girl slipped down and sat on an ottoman at Jack Knickerbocker's feet, and looked up earnestly into his face. "You is'nt as pretty as our Jack," she said, after a pause.

"And where is your Jack?" was the question of the surprised host.

"Oh, our Jack hangs over de fire. We lives in de next 'partment, mum and me. won't you come in and see our Jack, an' our fire is brighten dan your's."

"But what will mamma say?" asked Jack, as his face reflected with joy that seemed to shine from the child's.

"Oh, mum's gone out with nurse, but she'll be back to wake me to see de New Year, but I juss waked myself. Is it New Year yet?"

Jack looked down into the wistful little face.

"No little one," said he. "What is your name?"

"Alice," replied the child, and lovingly stroked his forehead with her tiny fingers. As she pressed her cheek to his, Jack sighed deeply. "I had an Alice once," he said, more to himself than to the child.

"Did you ever have a girl like me?" asked the baby comforter.

"No." Then something seemed to choke Jack, for he arose to his feet and placed the child on the floor. Finally went on the lonely host, his face tender with emotion as he gazed lovingly upon his little visitor: "Let's play you are my little girl, just for to-night."

"All right, Jack," replied the child, as she reached her arms upward. "You juss take me up an' tell me all about New Year." And for more than an hour, happy Jack Knickerbocker told the child tales, while she pillowed her golden head on his shoulder, until at last, the baby eyes grew heavy.

"Put me to bed, Jack," demanded the child drowsily.

"Put you to bed!" gasped Jack.

"Yes, I'll show you," and, slipping to the floor, she took Jack's big hand and led him to her own little room in the apartment across the hall. No one was there.

"Dis is my bed," said the child, pointing to a little crib. "But turn in by de fire. I ain't so vewy sleepy now." And the companions softly entered the parlor. The blazing log fire cast a cheerful glow over everything, and Jack forgot all about the lonliness of his own luxurious rooms.

"Dere's our Jack," exclaimed the child, pointing to a large oil painting over the mantel. Jack Knickerbocker glanced up at the portrait, then started back so violently as almost to upset the child. It was himself as he looked five years ago. As he recovered from his surprise, the corners of his mouth twitched as he remembered that he had once been known as Handsome Jack. So some old flame of bygone days still cherished his picture. But who was she and where did she get it? Jack did not have much time to think it out, for the child insisted upon being undressed. As Jack had never put a youngster to bed in his life, he felt some hesitancy, especially as he was a stranger in a strange apartment, and the child's parents might come in at any moment. How on earth would he explain things if they did?

But as the child grew more sleepy, she became more clamorous, and pleaded with such sweet artlessness, that the kind hearted clubman determined to play nurse for once in his life.

"I jessed myself after mum went out, but I'se too tired to undo it," explained the child, as she turned her back for her guest to unbutton the little lace dress.

Jack Knickerbocker realized the gravity of the situation then, and his courage failed him, and he arose to depart, but the child clasped her little arms about his leg and held him back. "I kin scweam," she declared half laughingly, but there was a mischievous twinkle in the bright blue eyes, that the cowardly bachelor trembled and wiped great beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"No, little one," he insisted; but a shrill childish scream caused him to make up his mind to make the best of it. He bent over and nervously unclasped the mysterious hooks and eyes that continually evaded his clumsy fingers.

At last the thing was done, and, all smiles and laughter at the many awkward mistakes of her new nurse, the little girl stood before the fire robed in her trailing nightgown.

"I dess I'd better say my prayers over, cos I'se going to bed agen."

As the child clasped her little hands and looked up into the face of the portrait above the mantel, Jack gazed intently upon the outlines of the baby profile. Something in the childish face made him actually want to cry. As he glanced from the portrait to the child, he was sure that there was a slight resemblance between the two. He arose and took a step forward, but his knees trembled.

A dream so strange and happy that it made him dizzy flashed through his brain and took possession of him. He tried to ask the child if her last name was——, but his tongue refused to obey. There was a swish of skirts in the hall, and the stately figure of a woman stood in the open doorway, but Jack heeded not. Slowly the marble clock struck the first stroke of twelve, and the child's amen to the Lord's prayer broke the spell. Jack sprang forward, but as the little hands unclasped and went out in supplication to the picture above, he paused: "God bless mum, and make me a good girl and send Jack back to us."

"Alice!" shrieked the delirious man, in an ecstacy of joy.

A rustle of silk and a flash of light, as a woman glided across the room, and, as husband and wife were clasped in each other's arms, the clock on the mantel sounded the last stroke of twelve, A log falling in the fire sent out a ruddy glow that brightened the whole room, and turned to glistening diamonds, the tears that sparkled in the eyes of the happy pair; and one diamond, larger and brighter than all the rest, rolled down and fell upon a golden head that nestled close to a father's knee.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL SPEAKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD;

SIR,—I was somewhat surprised upon reading an item in the Gleaner, headed "The Guardian Angel," to hear the head guardian on the south-west branch of the Miramichi river, called "a gorgeon." I think the correspondent to the Gleaner must be a little shaky in the upper story, or perhaps he has been tippling. He surely meant glutton.

Now all who know Mr. McDonald, can testify to the fact that he is strictly temperate in all things, and neither gorges or tipples. I would be pleased to say the same of the correspondent of the Gleaner. Can that person be feeling crestfallen at having been outwitted by a woman; or is sorrowing because he did not get a gorge of this coveted salmon; or does he feel badly at not getting the longed for position as head guardian? Please allow me to say just here, Mr. Editor, that if the said gentleman had not made so much talk about spear lights, and at the same time, made such a display of pitch wood, the head guardian's wife would not have watched him so closely. Perhaps the witty writer to the Gleaner of the 18th of November, is at this time gorging the neighbors with gossip, as he is in the habit of doing, and telling them that when he was fish guardian, he laid in bed at nights, while his good wife pulled down the blinds to prevent him seeing the spear lights drift tranquilly back and forth, past his window, and also how he used to make at most, one trip up river every fall, to gorge himself on the fresh, ripe blueberries, and return home loaded with the same, besides lots of little small talk, equally interesting. He says too, Mr. Editor, that the head guardian and wife, are very much elated at the former's position. Now Sir, that is a great mistake, as both guardian and wife, try to fill the position faithfully and well, however humble.

If the writer to the Gleaner has any fault to find with Mr. Orr for electing Mr. McDonald head guardian, why not go to that gentleman, and and have it out like a man, and not be trying to quarrel with the guardian's wife. In correcting another mistake which appeared in the item, allow me to state that that lady is not in the habit of sitting up until twelve o'clock midnight, the time being not later than half past nine.

Now Mr. Editor, hoping the poor dissapointed fisherman will get his gorge, if not of salmon, of something not as substantial, but just as dearly beloved, I remain the head guardian's good angel.

E. M. D.

Bloomfield Ridge, Dec. 9, 1893.

A QUEENS COUNTY MAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD;

SIR,—I hope you will grant me space to express to the friends of Captain Smith, of Young's Cove Road, the opinion of myself and the general public, of him, in the West Koutenay country.

While travelling there for Jardine & Wilson, of Toronto, I took passage from Robson to Revelstoke on the steamer Lytton. After leaving Robson, I chanced to go to the pilot house, and was cordially greeted by a fine looking young man, in handsome uniform, who, after chatting pleasantly for a short time, informed me that he was from Young's Cove Road, Queens Co., N. B. After briefly describing the country around his home, he told me that his relatives there, took THE HERALD, published in Fredericton, N. B., a copy of which I saw then in the pilot house. While on his steamer, I was deeply indebted to him for many acts of kindness, and the public are unanimous in his praise for the generosity and kindness shown them. I also spoke to a fellow passenger, and remarked that the night was awful dark, and he replied "it is all right; this is Captain Smith's steamer; we are sure to get through safe." I as one, owe him a debt of gratitude, which I will not soon forget, and his friends and relatives need not be ashamed nor afraid to own him as a friend. I met him with a smile on his face, and parted with a warm handshake and smile.

The people of Queens county, should be proud that a man from among their midst, should, in so short a time (since last spring) hold such a responsible position, as captain of one of the finest steamers in the west. Hoping you will grant me space enough for the benefit of Capt. Smith's friends,

I remain

Yours truly,

FRED. JONES.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

The Montreal Weekly Herald, is rapidly coming to the front in the race of the great Canadian weeklies. The Herald advocates the farmers' cause in every issue and is dealing sledge hammer blows at the legislation which now oppresses him. The Herald is just issuing a premium supplement, in which great inducements are offered for subscribers. Send a post card for a copy of it, to the Montreal Herald Co., 603 Craig Street, Montreal.

TREATMENT OF DIPTHERIA.

Some Good Hints Regarding the Treatment of Diptheria.

New York Independent.

An observant and thoughtful country doctor in the French village of Neuville-Champ-d'O'lsel, about nine miles from Rouen, made an important experiment last year, which may be the means of saving many lives if the knowledge of it comes to be widely diffused. A violent epidemic of diphtheria broke out, and the deaths were appallingly numerous, and his usual methods of treatment seemed a total failure. He remembered that the English had used petroleum (kerosene) as an anispasmodic and antiseptic; he determined to try it on a little girl of seven, whom he had given up. He explained to the parents that, with their consent, he would make the experiment, and at once commenced swabbing the throat with the petroleum. He was careful not to have an excess of the material on his brush, as a drop too much might strangle in the disabled condition of the throat and larynx. To his astonishment there was improvement after the first application. He continued the treatment, and the child recovered; and he used it successfully with many patients afterwards—in fact, he lost none.

Lest this should turn out to be too good news to be true, and it should prove that he had been treating false diphtheria, which so closely resembles the true that only examination by an expert bacteriologist can determine its nature, he sent proportions of the expectorated membrane to Prof. Francois Hue, bacteriologist of the medical college of Rouen, and he reported the presence of numerous bacilli of diphtheria.

A little observation and reflection show how the potent fluid works. The membrane of diphtheria consists of a most rapidly growing plant, and among the other elements in petroleum is a large amount of sulphur, which is very inimical to diphtheria membrane. Did you ever notice how effectually a handful of common salt will kill a tuft of thrifty grass? There is something in this oil that is just as fatal to the diphtheria plant; at once the membrane seems to become thinner, i. e., it ceases to grow and that which had attained its growth breaks down under the softening of the oil, and eventually disappears.

We are thus careful in detailing the use of this remedy, for supposing a person, far from a physician, is attacked with a malady which produces "white spots on the throat." Whether it is false or true diphtheria, it is an undesirable inmate, very liable to be communicated to others, for it only wants a throat slightly inflamed by a cold to find its natural habitat—a soil where it will thrive.

Of course the family has kerosene in the house, and a bit of soft old cloth wrapped about a smooth stick will answer in the absence of the camel's hair brush always recommended in regulation articles on applications to surfaces; the point is to get that oil on to the white spots and kill the bacterial growth then and there. The operation should be repeated once an hour. The careful ridding of the brush or swab of any superfluous drop prevents choking.

The person applying the oil should be careful to stand a little at the side, so that should the patient cough, no particle of expectorated material can get into the eye of the operator, as the human eye is of all culture mediums for diphtheria bacilli about the most favorable, and today many a lost eye is owing to want of carefulness. It is said that the patients experience relief at the first application, and if the brush is properly shaken before using, the only discomfort they experience is a disagreeable taste for a short time.

We wish that a warning word might make people more vigilant as to the care to keep the disease confined to the original sufferer. Among the ignorant and poor, where comforts are scarce, it is spread by using the same handkerchief for the sick and well, allowing them all to drink from the same glass, etc.

A German family of five children were swept off within nine days by simple carelessness in these matters, but let every one remember that diphtheria is the most easily communicated of all the "catching" diseases, that its period of incubation is very short, not generally more than two days, and that it fastens on the very gates of life—the breathing apparatus—and that it is one of the most rapidly progressive of maladies, No harm can come of the use of the remedy above recommended, and its prompt use may save some precious life.

THE ARMY AT MARYSVILLE.

Through the kindness and generosity of the members of the Reformed Baptist church at Marysville, the Salvation army have been granted the privilige of holding meetings in their church every Monday evening. The meetings are remarkably well attended, and the conduct of the young people who attend is highly commendable and greatly encouraging to the army soldiers who, in many instances, we all know, are subjected to great annoyance and rough treatment, in very many of what are called Christian communities. But this is only fulfilling the old saying that God's people have always been a persecuted people. "Marvel not if the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you." The Salvation army have a perfect right to protection by our civil authorities, from the assaults and insults of evil disposed people, some of whom are to be found in every community. The objects of the army are very praiseworthy, and must commend themselves to the mind of every right thinking person, and every place in which they have established themselves, men and women have been made better in their moral and social habits.

A REMEDY THAT TOOK HOLD.

A preacher's righteous soul was sadly vexed by the talking and gigling of some of the junior members of his congregation. Breaking off in the middle of his discourse, he looked straight at his tormentors, and said:

"Some years ago there happened to sit right in front of the pulpit a young man who was perpetually laughing and talking and making silly faces. I stopped short and took him severely to task. At the close of the service a gentleman stepped up to me and said:

"'Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man is an idiot.'

"Since that time I have not ventured to reprimand any persons who behave themselves indecorously, lest I should repeat the same mistake and inflict censure upon an idot."

There was exemplary silence during the rest of the service.