

THE DAILY ADVANTAGE

VOL. IV., NO. 47.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REBUILT AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. ALL ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLORS, OFFICES, AND BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM, on Ground Floor. PERFECT VENTILATION, and SWEETNESS throughout. LARGE and ALEX. BRIDGES' 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 the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTEL IN THE PROVINCE. 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 arranged HAMBLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances, 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 the Steamboat Office and Queen 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.

GOING OUT OF THE FURNITURE BUSINESS.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT COST PRICE.

Mattresses and Woven Wire Springs, Bedsteads, Single and Double, Woven Wire Cot Beds, Children's Cot Beds, Baby Cribs, Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Lounges and Washstands, Chairs of all kinds, Sewing Machines, Organs, Camp Chairs and Camp Beds.

Sale begins **October 14.** Intending Purchasers must not be afraid to come over on **PHOENIX SQUARE.** Where they will be well waited on by Male and Female Clerks. Business hours from **TEN TO FOUR.**

This will be the last opportunity for the public to purchase any of the above goods at such **Reduced Prices.**

New Home Office, Phoenix Square, Opposite City Hall. F. DUFFIE, F.T.C. P. O. Box 28.

WILLIAM WILSON, Attorney-at-Law, SOLICITOR AND CONVEYANCER. Offices: Carleton St., East Side. Directly opposite Dr. Conihair's office. Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated. WILLIAM WILSON.

H. B. RAINSFORD, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC. Clerk of the Peace and District Registrar, Real Estate Agent, Loans Negotiated, Office: Lower part of County Court House. Adjoining the office of the Registrar of Deeds. Fredericton Nov. 10th, 1891.

GEO. A. HUGHES, Attorney and Solicitor, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &c. OFFICE: WHELEYS BUILDING, Fredericton, N. B. Opposite Post Office, corner St.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH, MASON, Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer, SEBASTIAN ST. NEAR GAS WORKS, FREDERICTON, N. B. WORKING FIRST-CLASS. Prices satisfactory.

RAILROADS. ALL TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE LINE MONTREAL, &c. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. In Effect June 25th 1893.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ATLANTIC DIVISION. ALL TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE LINE MONTREAL, &c. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. In Effect June 25th 1893.

LEAVE FREDERICTON. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. 6.00 A. M. - Express for St. John and Intermediate points: Vanovers, Hargreaves, Portland, Boston, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodville, Woodville, and points North, via Gibson branch. 6.55 A. M. - Mixed for Fredericton Junction, St. John, &c. RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM St. John, 4.25, 9.30 a.m., 4.40 p.m. Fredericton Junction, 9.10 a.m., 11.35, 6.30 p.m. Vanovers, 9.45 a.m., 11.45, 6.55 p.m. St. Andrews, 7.10 a.m.

W. E. SEERY, Merchant Tailor, Has Just Received a splendid new stock of

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS, COMPRISING Spring Overcoating, Suitings, and Trouserings, in the LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES AT MODERATE PRICES.

W. E. SEERY, WILMOT'S AVE. **Portland Cement.** TO ARRIVE: Barris White Portland Cement, JAMES B. NEILL 50

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 incident to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are a priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is also a valuable Remedy for Rheumatism, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Constipation and Biliousness it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON and one each in St. 14, St. 4, St. 6, St. 11, St. 22, and St. 28, each Box or Pot may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not J. 10-31 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

HAWKERS' BALSAM of Tolu and Wild Cherry
A SURE REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS. AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. SAFE AND PLEASANT. SURE TO TAKE. SURE TO CURE. PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

DO NOT GO DOWN TOWN Without Calling at **KITCHEN & SHEA'S** FURNACES, Stoves, Tinware, Royal Diamond Stoves are the best. Finest Plumbing Goods in the City. Dinner Cans, Basins, Mixing Pans, Plates, Camp Requisites, Acme Steam Cookers.

Galvanized Iron Cornices and Door Caps, a specialty. **KITCHEN & SHEA'S** 272 QUEEN STREET. **JUST RECEIVED:**

Anti-Dandruff, Dodds Kidney Pills, Dr. James' Nerve Beans, Orange Quinine & Wine.

Campbell's Quinine & Wine, Enos Fruit Salt, Paines Celery Compound.

California Syrup of Figs, Beef, Iron and Wine, Quinine, Iron and Wine, Cough Balsams.

W. H. CARTEN, Drugist and Apothecary, COR. QUEEN & CARLETON STS. FREDERICTON, N. B.

WESLEY VANWART, Barrister. Office: Queen Street. OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL. Fredericton, May 6th, 1891.

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

LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, QUEBEC. For Sale by ALONZO STAPLES.

SAL HUGGINS PUNISHED.

Whipped and Ducked by Mrs. Minnie's Avengers.

There is a deep hole in the creek which flows through the Pine Ridge cranberry bog near Cooktown, New Jersey, and on one side of it the bank has been trampled and torn up. From the bushes near by bits of cloth torn from women's dresses flutter, and on the further side of the stream, a line of footprints, deeply sunken in the spongy mud, leads into the thickest of the woods. These marks of a struggle meant that, on last Saturday night, a crowd of enraged women from the cranberry bog, gave to Sal Huggins, the handsome, and, if her neighbors may be believed, the wickedest woman in the bog lands, the first punishment she has received since her childhood.

For fourteen years, since as a handsome blue-eyed girl of fourteen, Sal went "on the bog," she has been the terror of the law-abiding and the pride of the lawless young girl to identify herself with the reckless and often vicious crowds that go from bog to bog picking the cranberries and spending their wages in drunkenness and debauchery, means but one thing and Sal Foster, that was her true name, was soon as wild as the wildest Cornish. With unusual beauty she had a quick intelligence, enough vanity to make her wish to better her position, and though small and slight, she possessed great strength and agility, important factors in the bog, where the resort to physical force is a usual method of settling disputes among the women as well as the men.

So by the time that Sal was sixteen years old, she was the most beautiful girl and the most dangerous fighter in the bog, a variable queen of the bog. But she wasn't enough for the girl. She knew she was beautiful, and she wanted the fine clothes to set off her beauty, money to spend, and horses to drive.

"I'll have hundreds some day where you have pennies," she said to her father, a respectable farmer, when he told her that she must either reform or leave his house. "You'll live to see me so rich that I can throw money away."

The handsome vagrant had already laid her plans and determined to make a fortune. She was a girl of sixteen, and a confirmed bachelor, made no difference to her. He was a firm, it is said, \$150,000, and owned a farm at Cream Ridge, and he had shown some interest in the wayward beauty. How Sal drove the old man on, no one but herself knows but one fine day they were quietly married and set up housekeeping. This is what Sal says herself, but her acquaintances say that she never has been able to show a marriage certificate. Be that as it may, from the day that she came into his house, the ruin of old Jesse Huggins began. He was in complete subjection to his girl wife, afraid of arousing her ungovernable temper, enslaved by her beauty and not daring to protest at her wildest freaks. His house became the scene of wild carousals, in which Sal's old friends, the cranberry pickers, took part, for she still kept in touch with her old boon companions, and every picking season found her on the bog.

She began to drink and dissipate the old man's money in amounts, fast and costly dresses. It was no unusual thing for her to drive out at night, get a half dozen of her friends in the carriage, and go galloping from village to village all shouting and singing, demanding drinks at all the hotels, and breaking in if she admitted no refusal, and she was as much dreaded as any western desperado at the head of his armed band.

It is a little history in Wrightstown, how she and five companions, one other woman and four men, drove into the place one midnight, broke into the hotel, and when he came down stairs to remonstrate, threw the proprietor down cellar and locked him down; then sacked the bar and carried away all the liquor they could find, leaving fifty dollars in gold on the bar as payment. No one dared to appeal to the law.

If any one ever had me arrested," Sal said once, "I'd never rest till I killed him, and if I was put away, there's others would do the job for me."

This saying was spread abroad, and no one doubted that Sal meant all she said. So frequent frequent complaints to Mr. Huggins, who did what he could in regard to her wife's misdeeds, nothing was done. One day Sal came to her husband with a demand for a large sum of money. He told her that he had no money and couldn't get it unless she sold some of the stock or part of the farm. At this she flew in a rage.

"Sell them, then!" she exclaimed. "What do you think I married you for, you old fool, for money? If I don't get what I want tonight, you'll be sorry for it. Come down and see what I've got for you. All at once now, for the rocks that broke off with an shriek as a black form leaped upon her, knocking her to the ground. The Whiting woman, following Manny's instructions, had crept up on the bridge and jumped down upon the enemy. Sal struggled under her, but she was no match for the other's shoulder. Then she broke away and plunged head foremost into the undergrowth, but she would penetrate the barrier, the others had jumped down from the road and seized her. They dragged her back and one dashed her head against a tree.

THE RAILWAY HORROR.

Passengers Entangled in a Fiery Furnace and Cremated Alive.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 20.—The worst accident of the year occurred about four o'clock this morning in the yards of the Chicago and Grand Trunk railway, close to the roundhouse, in this city, in which at least twenty-five persons lost their lives and double as many more were badly injured.

A Raymond and Whitcomb special train of passengers from New York and Boston was returning from Chicago. Scott of this city and engineer Wesley, and took orders at the station to meet at Nichols No. 9, the Pacific express going west, due at this station at 1.30 this morning, but which was three hours late.

The conductor or engineer, or both, of the Raymond special disobeyed orders and passed Nichols station and collided with the Pacific express coming west at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. The two engines were driven into each other and are total wrecks. The one on the express was No. 153, a new Cook engine, in use only two weeks.

The collision took place the second and third day coaches No. 9, the train going west, completely telescoped. It was in these cars that the horrible sacrifice of life took place. The second coach cut through the third coach like a knife and the roof passed over the heads of those sleeping, and the ill-fated passengers were completely entombed in a fiery furnace.

Twenty-five killed in car No. 13. The engine and baggage car of the special were badly wrecked, but the coaches being sleepers, and the train moving slowly, escaped injury. The passengers in the four coaches were more or less injured and in one of them, No. 13, the most unlucky coach, it having been in several accidents before, there were twenty-five dead bodies taken out this morning by the firemen. They were pinioned under seats and jammed up against the end of the coach by the next coach, which had whistled and in the process had struck the car, and then burned like rats in a trap.

HEADS, ARMS, AND LEGS BURNED OFF. The accident was a mile from the fire station and before the water could be turned on the cars they were all burned. No one on the Raymond special was injured. The Pacific express was made up of thirteen old coaches and four of them were completely burned, catching fire from the lamps in the cars. The bodies were burned so badly as to be unrecognizable. Nearly all had their heads, arms or legs burned off and cannot be identified as yet.

THE CAR INSTANTLY ABRAZE. As the third car was driven back through the third it swept the people in a mass to the north end of the latter car, in the vicinity of the stove, where most of the bodies were afterwards found. The cars immediately caught fire and in a few minutes were all ablaze. The night yardmen and the people living in the vicinity were on the scene as soon as possible.

One passenger escaped through the doorway. Others who escaped smashed through the windows and clung to the roof. Only three escaped from the left side, all the rest from the right side. The second coach perished.

IN SIGHT OF THOSE PRESENT. The most horrible sight was that presented by Mrs. Charles Van Dusen, of Fort Plain, N. Y. She succeeded in getting half way out of the window, but her legs were fastened, and those who ran to her assistance could not release her. She was burned to death before their eyes with one half of her body still hanging out of the window. Before death came to relieve her sufferings she gave her name.

Her husband, Charles Van Dusen, was terribly injured, but was taken from the wreck alive. He was removed to the Nichols Memorial Home, where he died at 10 o'clock.

SHE REJECTS HER ENOCH.

A Nova Scotia Annie Nearly Repeats Tennyson's Romance.

Nestling in a quiet and pretty dell between two parallel ranges of gently sloping hills that overlook a wide expanse of sea, lies the once busy mining village of Thorburn, N. S., though of recent years it presents a somewhat shabby and antiquated appearance. The town is divided into two sections, the northern and the southern. In the former resides the business men and local manager of the coal company. The dwellings of the southern section, where the miners dwell, are erected by the company and consist of long rows of toy and badly ventilated houses, scarcely affording sufficient door-room to admit a person of portly stature. There are no places of amusement. Life is a round of monotony. At the north end of the town is the union store, with a broad and spacious platform in front where men and boys, after a day of weary toil in the dusky mine, assemble to talk and smoke.

Some days ago this quiet village was thrown into a ferment of excitement by a romantic occurrence. After a quarrel of a century a husband returned to the woman he had deserted, to find that in his absence she had become the wife of another, and that she spurned the prodigal.

A WEALTHY FARMER. The woman is a daughter of Patrick Power, who for a time represented in parliament, the adjoining county of Antigonish, who, through untiring industry and business integrity, rose to a position of wealth and influence. At her father's death his daughter Annie came into possession of some property and a considerable portion of money. She was a gay and beautiful girl, on whom fortune seemed to smile. For few was life more promising. Men of wealth and position sought her hand in marriage, but were rejected. She formed an early attachment for a seafaring man named Habald, and, despite entreaties of friends and relatives, wedded him. Habald is of Dutch descent, was born at Marie Joseph, Halifax county, and was second officer of a coasting vessel. Beyond a handsome face and robust body, possessed few personal attractions.

For two years after their union they lived happily together, but the love he formerly professed gradually grew colder. Habald fell a victim to intemperance; his conduct became harsh and tyrannical; he would extort money under various pretences, so recklessly squander it with the result that when he had exhausted everything in his power to live, he was left a penniless man. He was abandoned by his wife, who returned to her father's home, where she was well cared for. Her father, who was a wealthy man, was anxious to see her married, but she would have none of her father's money. She persisted in her refusal to do anything to do with her wandering first husband, who twenty-five years ago deserted her.

THE DEAD FIELD MARSHAL. His Obsequies Celebrated Most Elaborately in Paris, Sunday. The obsequies of the late Field Marshal MacMahon in Paris, Sunday, were interesting, not alone from the fact that he was paid by the French, but from the participation of the representatives of the German Emperor and the Russian Czar. The body was brought at 9 o'clock from the vault of the church of the Madeleine outside of the gates, and placed in the catafalque draped with the tri-color. The building was draped in black. The soldiers of the regiment which were taken from the infantry regiment which the Field Marshal commanded more than a generation ago. The mourners arrived slowly.

Army officers were placed at the right of the bier and citizens of the town to the left. The bier was borne by some ten academicians walked in behind them. Under a great crowd of admirers, who stretched motionless, double lines of infantry, keeping the way clear for the bier, the body of the late Field Marshal was borne to the church. The hearse was drawn by six horses. On each side were carriages filled with guests. A carriage was driven up hastily and Count Munster, the German ambassador, his head uncovered, stepped out, an officer of the red Hussars, followed by the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The hearse was drawn by six horses. On each side were carriages filled with guests. A carriage was driven up hastily and Count Munster, the German ambassador, his head uncovered, stepped out, an officer of the red Hussars, followed by the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies.

General Loizillon, Minister of War, Admiral Aycard, and the President of the Senate, followed, closely followed by the Field Marshal's two sons. There was no ceremony at the church. General Loizillon, of the troops in Paris, waved his sword and the cavalcade began at the Madeleine and the band of the Republic Guard struck the first notes of Sellenick's funeral march.

There seemed to be no end of the carriages filled with flowers. The most conspicuous of all the exquisite processions was a great wreath of Russian lilies, forget-me-nots, violets and hearts-ease, tied with blue and white satin ribbons bearing the words: "Imperial Mediterranean Squadron." It was the tribute of Russian visitors to the dead soldier. All along the route the wreath was the signal for murmurs of admiration. The clergy preceded the hearse.

At the corners walked Premier Dupuy, Admiral Bieuzier, Marine Minister Chalens Lacour, and the President of the Senate, Loizillon, holding the cords of the pall. MacMahon's chestnut carriage, carrying with it the hearse, was followed by three non-commissioned officers, saddled on cushions the Field Marshal's decorations, including the black eagle, came next. The hearse was followed by the Field Marshal's regiment, followed by the members of MacMahon's staff. Representative, the entire corps of diplomatic officers of the Russian fleet at Toulon, generals of the French army, admirals of the French navy and academicians. There were few marks of mourning along the route of the procession. A band post was hung with crepe here and there and a flag fluttered from a window.

The crowd was enormous. Hundreds of thousands filled the streets up to the military lines and covered the roofs of houses. The hearse arrived at Hotel Des Invalides at 12.50. The choir and nave were filled with the great men of France and their guests. The priest celebrated low mass. The band played a funeral march and the choir chanted requiems. The body was taken back to the hearse in the mile of the court and Premier Dupuy made a funeral oration. Taken after the services to the Esplanade Des Invalides, where 40,000 troops drilled past and saluted. The march past occupied nearly two hours. At 4.50 the ceremony was over.

WARD WAS THE SEAT IN FRONT OF THE WOMAN

was occupied by a young man and in the seat back from him were two young men. None of them escaped.

A FAMILY ESCAPES DEATH. Ward's brother, B. S. Ward, came out through the roof in some manner, just how he cannot tell. He jumped off the roof and assisted the Smith family, of Fort Plain, N. Y., father, mother and two children. All four are more or less seriously injured, but miraculously escaped death, while all around them passengers less fortunate were either killed outright or fastened down in the debris and burned to death before help could reach them.

BODIES TAKEN OUT IN PIECES. The bodies taken from the burned cars were so badly mangled and dismembered that those of them had to be taken out in pieces. These pieces were placed in blankets and baskets and have become so mixed that it will never be known to whose bodies they belonged.

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