

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been refitted and painted in the most up-to-date style. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor. PERFECT VENTILATION and REFRIGERATION 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 ready to receive 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 situated SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel.

—SABERS and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLES 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 Persons, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are preferable.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is a certain cure for Rheumatism, Gout, and all Skin Diseases. It has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Affections of the Throat it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78, NEW OXFORD STREET, GATE 533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold at 1s. 10d., 2s., 4s., 6d., 1s., 2s., and 3s. each Box or Pot and 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 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FARM AND FIRESEID.

Timely Hints Useful to the Farmer and His Household.

A subscriber writes to the Country Gentleman as follows: I have been interested from time to time in the different methods published in your issue of handling corn fodder. J. E. Wing's plan for handling large fodder seems very practical. The very large fodder grown here on our well-drained black soil has been one of the obstacles to storing this excellent feed. We have some this year which matures 11 feet, and was cut 15 inches from the ground. The 144-hill shocks yielded 33 bushels of shelled corn. There are 35 of them to the acre, or a little over 90 bushels. This fodder is very bulky and would require considerable room to store.

It has been the custom in some localities for many years to store cornstalks in either barn or stack, but with one or two exceptions nothing of the kind has been done here until recently. It has not been for want of thrift among our farmers, but more for lack of help. It is impossible to obtain help enough to get our corn all hauled before bad weather. There is more or less corn rot yet on almost every farm in this locality; some whole fields may be seen standing in the shock at this writing. It seems impossible to handle our corn in the old way. These are the conditions which now exist here, with 3000 people supported by associated charities in Springfield, ten miles distant!

The better care of this most valuable forage has been a subject I have often considered, but when we cannot get time or help to secure all the corn, we get discouraged about the fodder. Some may suggest, why not secure some of these idle men, helping them as well as yourself? This has been tried with very unsatisfactory results. My brother's experience with them was that at the end of the day their tender hands succumbed to the hard and rough work of the fodder. They also had to be taken in and boarded with the family, which was very unsatisfactory. In more prosperous times even these men could not be had with all the obstacles in the way we must seek another method. I believe the corn-husking machine will list us out of this difficulty, for with it we can get both corn and fodder secured in good time. We had a little experience last fall with one of these machines, but unfortunately a small fire in the field, 130 shocks of 144 hills. The fodder was cut and elevated in mow, the corn in wagon, at a cost of about 6c. per bushel, including hauling from field, mowing away fodder and cribbing corn. Owing to the small capacity of the machine the expense was somewhat greater, I think, than it ought to be. With one double the capacity, the cost could be reduced to 4c. per bushel, or perhaps less, which is what we have to pay to get shuck corn hauled, with the fodder set up loose, two shocks set in one, corn thrown down in field.

Of course all may not have large room enough to store all the fodder, but it does not require nearly as much space after it is cut. The whole 130 shocks were placed in a space of 1,800 cubic feet. This was only a small space of the machine in the absence of barn room. I would construct rail or plank pens with self-feeding mangers at the bottom, and cover them with boards or planks. These could be placed on the west and north side of feed lots, forming a good wind break, where out door feeding is necessary. The machine is so constructed with heavy iron rollers as to pinch even the smallest nubbins, and the knives cut the stalks at any desirable length. If the corn is very dry, a little of it is shelled off the ends, and the husks are left on the corn, which are objections, but I think these will soon be, if not already, overcome by new improvements. One thing is sure—no ears go with the fodder. There have been instances where there was enough corn secured to pay for cutting the fodder, with these machines, from shocks which had previously been hauled by hand. We are looking forward to the time in the near future when these machines will be in general use, and not only our corn but our fodder will be safely housed before bad weather overtakes us.

FARM AND FIRESEID.

water to keep it moist, and cover closely. By this simple process the corn will last perfectly sweet into the following summer. Whenever any is required for dinner, put it in a pot in cold water the night before; when the time comes for cooking it drain off the water, add more cold water and set it on the fire. The flavor as well as delicacy of the corn is improved by letting it boil two hours at least; when done it will have just a sufficient flavor of salt and no more, and will be as superior to canned corn as corn eaten from the cob always is.

This method of preserving corn is widely practiced in the British provinces, where the people depend largely upon their own vegetables for diet, but seems to be little known in New England.—Ex.

CITIZENS TAKE UP ARMS.

BRIDGEVILLE, Pa., Jan. 28.—The rioters seemed to have a systematic plan of operation. They started in about noon on the Toms Run district, where are located the Pittsburgh fuel company mine, the W. J. Steen mine, the Charles block coal company's mines, Nos. 1, 2 and 3; the B. K. Wylie and the Bechtelmin mines. In this section the attempt was made to destroy property. The rioters seemed satisfied if they could inconvenience the work at the mines. At most of these places the tracks were torn up, the mines were turned down and bands of loaded coal cars were dumped and the wheels broken off so as to make the job complete. Sections of the Tipples were also torn down. The band then proceeded down the Run and across the hills to Bridgeville.

They passed through the main streets towards the A. J. Schulte coal mines. As they passed C. P. Mayer's general store, they made an onslaught on his place, smashing the front windows. The occupants fled from the house in terror, thinking the purpose of the mob was to burn them out. But all they wanted was several cases of axe-handles that stood within. They went straight to the Schulte Tipples. There were several Tipple men present at the time but they all fled except Dick Layton, the weigh master.

He made a brave stand as the horde of foreigners approached. An attempt to shoot him only called forth terrible threats. Pick handles were wildly brandished and several weapons were levelled and Layton fled. A dozen matches were applied to the structure and it was soon a mass of flames.

In a moment the entire community was abroad at the scene of the fire. The rioters fed over the hills. Efforts were made to save the works, but nothing could be done. The Tipple valued at \$5000 was doomed.

"LET US ORGANIZE."

Was this most exciting scene there occurred an incident that eclipsed even the disaster. A man's voice rang out through the silent air. On a freight car a few paces from the burning Tipple stood C. P. Mayer, one of the leading citizens and business men of Bridgeville. It was his voice that rang out in the midst of the rioters. In words trembling with fervor and eloquent with feeling he pleaded with his fellow-citizens to avenge the wrong just committed in their midst. "Let us organize a band and pursue each scoundrel until brought to justice. Patriotic men, during this time, the sentiment was greeted with cheer, including the voices of the women and children. "We'll do it, we'll do it," exclaimed voices, and within ten minutes a band of twenty armed men had gathered about Mayer and were clamoring for action. The result was made plain by the fleeing horse, which was on its way to the Painter's Run district. In this district are the Panhandle coal company's mines the Esmer coal company and E. and Beading Run mine. The mob had a start on its pursuers, and the latter were crossing Bowser's hill when they saw the Panhandle coal company's Tipple in flames. This Tipple was a new one, having just been completed at a cost of \$6000. The work of destruction was then continued at the Esmer mines.

ONE MAN KILLED.

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MARRIED THE WRONG GIRL.

Claiming to have been drugged and then married to the girl he did not wish to wed, Frank Williamson, an aged and wealthy farmer residing near Pittston, Pa., has begun a suit for divorce in order to make another sweetheart his wife. This remarkable series of ups and downs in courtship and marriage has astonished the friends of the unwilling husband.

It appears that Mr. Williamson has accumulated a snug property by his thrifty habits. He is industrious and stands well in the community in Pittston township, where he resides. All he needed to complete his happiness was a wife. Accordingly he began paying attentions to Miss Annie Walden, a good looking dark-eyed young woman, living not far away. The wise ones said farmer Williamson had at last settled upon a wife.

But old hearts are so fickle as young ones and the love changed his mind. He suddenly transferred his affections to Miss Emma Richards, who is a demure little blonde. So charming was she that farmer Williamson at once capitulated, and the fair captor took complete possession of his heart.

This new devotion appears to have aroused the friends of Miss Walden, for Mr. Williamson avers that they met him one day and gave him a liberal quantity of liquor, which he thinks was drugged. He was kept in a stupor for two days, and during this time, he says, he was married to Miss Walden. He didn't want her for a wife, he claims, and was not responsible for what he did.

He began proceedings for a divorce from Miss Walden. Miss Richards says she knows her lover was imposed upon. She thinks his heart is still true to her, and she is ready to marry him as soon as he is separated from the bride with whom he has spent a brief honeymoon of a week.

THE ART OF LAUNDERING.

Hints Particularly Applicable to the Winter Season.

Some of the domestic virtues of the good old days when every woman knew how to wash linens and woolsens beautifully, to iron her husband's shirt, until they glistened, and to "do up" laces, are of necessity being restored. The woman who does not know how to wash her own laces will soon have no laces.

Woolen undergarments and flannel ones have to be differently treated. Flannels should be shrunk before being made up. Boiling water should be poured on them, and then they should be laid to lie until the water is cold. Then shake, stretch and fold them smoothly to make them straight and even and hang them out. When half dry shake, stretch and turn out. Take them in while still damp, then smooth and in half an hour iron with nearly a cold iron.

To wash them do not soak or put any soda in the water. Wash in lukewarm, not hot, water, finish quickly and dry at once in the open air. To wash woollens, wash in clean, hot suds, rinse in clear, hot water, and shake out the water without passing through the wringer.

To wash lace, cover a bottle with fine white flannel and tack the edges of the lace upon it, being careful to fasten down every point and to lay the lace quite straight. Squeeze the bottle in plenty of lukewarm suds till the lace is clean and rinse in the same way. Dip it, bottle and all, in starch, wrap clean cambric around it and let it lie in the open air. When nearly dry the lace may be unstacked and shaken dry. It will need no ironing. When black lace is to be cleaned, a few drops of ammonia should be substituted for the soap.

If one wishes to iron well it is necessary to own the proper sort of iron. If one undertakes to iron collars, cuffs or stiff shirts polishing irons must be used. Fluting irons will improve the appearance of ruffled underwear. Embroidery should be ironed on flannel and on the wrong side.

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 \$50.00.

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. P. O. Box, 28, Fredericton, N. B.

WILLIAM WILSON, STEAMSHIPS.

Attorney-at-Law, SOLICITOR and CONVEYANCER

Offices: Charlotte St., East Side.

Directly opp. Dr. Coulthart's office.

Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.

WILLIAM WILSON.

H. B. RAINSFORD, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Clerk of the Peace and Division Registrar, Real Estate Agent, Loans Negotiated. Office: Lower part of County Court House. Adjoining the office of the Registrar of deeds. Fredericton, Nov. 19th, 1891.

GEO. A. HUGHES, ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE: WHELEPHY BUILDING, Fredericton, N. B. Opp. Post Office, CROSS ST.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH, MASON, Plasterer, and Bricklayer.

SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS, FREDERICTON, N. B.

JOHNSON'S specialty. Workmanship first-class. Prices satisfactory.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

ALL TO BOSTON, &c. RAIL THE SEABOARD 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, Hamilton, Woodstock, and points North, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West and South.

10.00 A. 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, 3.30 p. m. St. John, etc., 4.10 p. m. St. John, etc., 4.10 p. m. All above trains run Week Days only.

D. McNICOLL, Gen. Pass Agent, MONTREAL.

C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent, ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. E. SEERY, Merchant Tailor.

Has Just Received a splendid new stock of

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,

Winter Overcoating, Suits, and Trousers, Which he is prepared to MAKE UP in the LATEST and MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES AT MODERATE PRICES.

W. E. SEERY, WILMOT'S AVE.

DR. R. McLEARN.

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, 1894.

TAKE YOUR HEAD ACHES

IF YOUR HEAD ACHES

THEY CURD

SICK-HEADACHE, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

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 HAWK MEDICINE COY., LTD. ST. JOHN, N. B.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Manufactured by THE HAWK MEDICINE COY., 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 in Pans, Boilers, Oil Cans, Steamers, Basins, Mixing Pans, Plates, Camp Requisites, Acme Steam Cookers.

Galvanized Iron Cornices and Door Caps, a specialty.

KITCHEN & SHEA,

272 QUEEN STREET.

FINE OVERCOATINGS

Latest Cloth for Suits, and Trousers.

WESLEY VANWART, Barrister.

Office: Queen Street, Fredericton, May 6th, 1894.

OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.

TO HAVE CORN IN WINTER.

James Holmes, of Carleton, says the Maine Farmer, recently had his wheat threshed and found that he had raised 103 bushels of white Russian wheat, machine measure, on two acres of land.

Ladies,

Mother Green's Tanny Pills. Used by thousands. Safe, Sure and Always Reliable. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. Free from all Druggists or mailed. Free from observation, on receipt of \$1.00. Send particulars, 3 cents.

LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

For Sale by ALONZO STAPLES.

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FEEDING BEAN VINES TO COWS.

I wish to learn if any of the dairymen who read the Country Gentleman, writes a correspondent of that paper, have ever fed bean vines and pods (after being threshed) to milk cows, and if so, was there any difficulty in churning? Have the vines of a large crop of beans, we have been utilizing them as part ration for three weeks, and the cows seem to be in much better health than when they were on corn and hay. In connection with the vines, these cows have been fed cornstalks and hay, no grain. At first there was a perceptible increase of milk as well as color in the butter, but soon a difficulty was manifested in the length of time required for churning and gathering the butter, which after a month's feeding of the vines, makes it impossible to make butter come at all. After a vigorous churning of five hours duration, the contents of the churn is one mass of froth, showing not a single butter globule. I have been a butter-maker for many years, and no device has been invented that I have practiced heretofore, but without avail. The milk is set in pans in a pantry near a good coal fire skimmed properly and ripened as usual, but I am having my labor for naught, as there is not the least sign of butter after a half-day's churning.

We have discontinued the use of the bean vines as a ration, and there is a perceptible shrinkage of milk, but as there has been no churning done since, the matter still remains unsettled. The cows eat this kind of fodder with a voracious appetite, and it is said by those who have used it, that it is unsafe if fed in large quantities. As we have never before used it, we would like to hear from others who have been in the habit of feeding it to milk cows, in order to test its value for making butter, if indeed it possesses any value at all.

TO CLEAN CARPETS AT HOME.

It is often the case that accidents happen when one is far away from a cleaner, or when the expense of the professional's service, but will be extremely useful if put in good order.

A simple and effective means of cleaning is to rip the threads apart, if the carpet is large; take one breadth at a time over a common kitchen table or wide board and scrub with prepared soda, if necessary, or naphtha. If that substance is to be used scrub the carpet throughout with an ordinary scrub brush. If the washing is done with soda, it is well to rinse the carpet thoroughly, which may be done by throwing on handfuls of water and scrubbing it out with the brush to rid the fabric of the soda as much as may be. If the carpet shows symptoms of fading, or if the colors threaten to run, it is quite worth while to get it again and again with the brush and with soft cloths, and remove the water as rapidly as possible, meanwhile rinsing the board or table tipped at an angle so as to allow all surplus water to drain away as quickly as it can. This is rather slow work and hard work, but if well done the result will be a carpet entirely cleaned, perfectly wholesome, and quite good enough for an upper room for the next year, and pieces that are required in every house.

PREVENT HENS EATING EGGS.

To prevent hens eating their eggs, a trouble so general during the winter season, and so difficult to cure after the habit is once acquired, on the experimental farm at Brandon, Manitoba, the use of dark nests has effectively put a stop to this bad habit. They are made about four feet long by one foot square, with a nest in each end, and the opening, just large enough to admit a hen, in the centre, the box elevated two or three feet off the floor.

LIME ON GRASS.

The proper reason to sow lime on grass, says the Country Gentleman, is in spring, as soon as the grass starts, taking care that the lime is thoroughly air-leaked and spread thinly and evenly. About twenty bushels to the acre is an average quantity, but land varies so much that in some cases, half that quantity would be sufficient; in others, more would be needed. It may also be applied in fall to good advantage.

Too many farmers mistake good, fair treatment of live stock for pampering and coddling. They think that to let the stock run out around the straw stack, or lie in the shelter of a barbed wire fence, will make an animal healthy, hardy and vigorous. Such men will even starve the mare that worked hard all summer and fall, and is now carrying a foal. When feed of all kinds is as low as it is at the present time, there can surely be no excuse for such wanton cruelty to dumb animals. A decent ration of grain and fodder will grow into good stock that sells for a fair price. A course of abuse will reduce the most highly improved breed to the lowest depths of scrubbiness in a short time.

Many Vermont dairymen are feeding home grown corn and oats ground together, to their cows for a grain ration. Oats are easily raised, they say, and cows do well on this feed and early cut hay. This is good practice and is all produced on the farm. It would not be a strictly "balanced ration," but it will balance a cow in good shape, and in the account will have the balance on the right side.

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SWALLOWED FOURTEEN SWORDS.

M. Cluquet, a French-Canadian sword swallower at New York, the other day, swallowed fourteen twenty-two inch swords and lies unconscious and suffering from internal injuries at the Union square hotel. He was giving an exhibition of sword swallowing at his rooms in the hotel, and after swallowing all kinds of swords, he swallowed a long cavalry sword, and to show there was no deception about the act, he placed a bar on the hilt which protruded from his mouth, and weighed the bar with a fourteen pound dumb bell. Then he took fourteen swords, whose blades were about an inch wide, and putting them in his mouth swallowed them. Dr. Hope, for whose benefit the exhibition was given, instead of drawing the swords singly, drew them altogether, cutting Cluquet severely. Cluquet is in a critical condition, and is not expected to recover.

CHASED BY A BULLET.

On Friday night last, the store of Leonard Morris, Water street, Summerside, P. E. I., was broken into, and a quantity of watches, rings and \$140 in cash stolen therefrom. A young man named John McInnis, belonging to Seven Mile Bay, near Cape Traverse, was suspected of committing the robbery, and was arrested by constable Shepherd Allen. Shortly after his arrest, McInnis got away from Allen and the latter fired two shots, the second striking effect in the prisoner's thigh. McInnis was taken to the police station, where his wound was dressed. He was reported easier today, and it is thought he will recover. The bullet has not been extracted. It is said many of the stolen articles were found on McInnis and that he had spent forty dollars of the money for new clothes.

BOUND TO KICK.

The man with two cork legs was in a bad humor because he couldn't go skating, and he growled when he handed his fare to the street car conductor.

"Well, it is pretty hard," admitted the conductor, "but you have no advantage."

"I'd like to know what it is?"

"You are never troubled with cold feet."

"Perhaps not in the day time," he admitted grudgingly, "but I am at night."

"Oh, come off," protested the conductor.

"It is true, I tell you," he said sharply. "Get out; you haven't any feet to get cold."

"Possibly not, but my wife has," and the conductor rung up seven fares before he recovered from the shock.

POISONED BY MISTAKE.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I., Jan. 29.—Peter McNutt, barrister, N. S., graduate of Harvard, died suddenly this morning of paralysis of the heart, aged forty-five. He had grip and by mistake took an overdose of mix vomica from his own hand, twelve hours previous to death. He had a large practice and was highly respected. His wife is a sister of Joseph Pott, assistant clerk in the privy council at Ottawa.

A CITY SWALLOWED UP.

Advice by the steamer Belgio, from China, announces the complete annihilation by earthquake of the town of Kuchan, Persia. Twelve thousand persons were killed in the awful disaster. Ten thousand corpses have been recovered. The once populous and beautiful city of twenty thousand is now only a scene of death, desolation and terror. Fifty thousand cattle were destroyed at the same time.

QUEBEC GARNIVAL.

Characteristic of the enterprise of the Quebec Daily Telegraph, the promoter of the Mid-Winter Carnival which is to be held in that city on the 29th instant, comes the startling information of the publication of a superb carnival souvenir entitled work of nearly forty pages is mailed to any address on receipt of 40 cents. Address Daily Telegraph, Quebec, Canada.

BOLD BOSTON ROBBERY.

Boston, Jan. 30.—One of the most daring cases of highway robbery committed in this city for years took place at 3.30 o'clock this afternoon on one of the principal streets. A. L. Bennett, manager of the Metropolitan stock exchange, was held up in the entry of the building, where his office are, by three young men, one of whom held a pistol at his head, while another held his arms, and the third went through him and took his red leather book containing \$2,200. The thieves ran into an adjoining building and escaped through a back entrance. Up to the present time no clue has been obtained.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A Strange Meeting of an Eighteen Years Separation.

A strange incident was told a Gazette reporter by John Collins of the T. C. R. gate, St. John. While not of very recent occurrence, it has not yet appeared in print. An old gentleman whose appearance bespoke rural occupation arrived in the city on an eastern train and passing through the gate enquired of Mr. Collins when the next train left for Boston. The latter told him it would be fully two hours. The answer was not received with great pleasure as the countryman was impatient, wishing to return to his journey. Being somewhat communicative he entered into conversation with the stalwart gate man.

"I am going," said he, "on a long journey in search of my son. He left home eighteen years ago and I have never heard from him since. I understand he is in Illinois and now I am going to find him."

"But do you know exactly where he is?" was asked.

"No I don't, all I know is that he is somewhere in the state of Illinois."

The discomfited rejoinder was that if there was no other information he had better return home.

But the father was persistent. He had sold his farm and would use all the money in the search for his boy, and would not rest until he found him.

Shortly afterwards the Boston train arrived. Among the passengers was a young man tastefully dressed and of pleasing appearance enjoying a fragrant Havana. He enquired the time of the departure of the eastern train. The old gentleman stood by and they entered into conversation. Said the young man, "I left home eighteen years ago and have not heard from my folks since. I went to a dance one night. When I got home in the morning my father gave me a thrashing. I concluded to leave and did. Now I am going back."

The old man eyed the stranger curiously. He asked the young man where he had lived and whom his parents were.

"It is my son, my lost son," cried the old man excitedly, "oh, my boy, my boy."

The depot re-echoed with the cries of joy, and the reunited father and son returned home to Nova Scotia together.

CHASED BY A BULLET.

On Friday night last, the store of Leonard Morris, Water street, Summerside, P. E. I., was broken into, and a quantity of watches, rings and \$140 in cash stolen therefrom. A young man named John McInnis, belonging to Seven Mile Bay, near Cape Traverse, was suspected of committing the robbery, and was arrested by constable Shepherd Allen. Shortly after his arrest, McInnis got away from Allen and the latter fired two shots, the second striking effect in the prisoner's thigh. McInnis was taken to the police station, where his wound was dressed. He was reported easier today, and it is thought he will recover. The bullet has not been extracted. It is said many of the stolen articles were found on McInnis and that he had spent forty dollars of the money for new clothes.

BOUND TO KICK.

The man with two cork legs was in a bad humor because he couldn't go skating, and he growled when he handed his fare to the street car conductor.

"Well, it is pretty hard," admitted the conductor, "but you have no advantage."

"I'd like to know what it is?"

"You are never troubled with cold feet."

"Perhaps not in the day time," he admitted grudgingly, "but I am at night."

"Oh, come off," protested the conductor.

"It is true, I tell you," he said sharply. "Get out; you haven't any feet to get cold."

"Possibly not, but my wife has," and the conductor rung up seven fares before he recovered from the shock.

POISONED BY MISTAKE.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I., Jan. 29.—Peter McNutt, barrister, N. S., graduate of Harvard, died suddenly this morning of paralysis of the heart, aged forty-five. He had grip and by mistake took an overdose of mix vomica from his own hand, twelve hours previous to death. He had a large practice and was highly respected. His wife is a sister of Joseph Pott, assistant clerk in the privy council at Ottawa.

A CITY SWALLOWED UP.

Advice by the steamer Belgio, from China, announces the complete annihilation by earthquake of the town of Kuchan, Persia. Twelve thousand persons were killed in the awful disaster. Ten thousand corpses have been recovered. The once populous and beautiful city of twenty thousand is now only a scene of death, desolation and terror. Fifty thousand cattle were destroyed at the same time.

QUEBEC GARNIVAL.

Characteristic of the enterprise of the Quebec Daily Telegraph, the promoter of the Mid-Winter Carnival which is to be held in that city on the 29th instant, comes the startling information of the publication of a superb carnival souvenir entitled work of nearly forty pages is mailed to any address on receipt of 40 cents. Address Daily Telegraph, Quebec, Canada.

BOLD BOSTON ROBBERY.

Boston, Jan. 30.—One of the most daring cases of highway robbery committed in this city for years took place at 3.30 o'clock this afternoon on one of the principal streets. A. L. Bennett, manager of the Metropolitan stock exchange, was held up in the entry of the building, where his office are, by three young men, one of whom held a pistol at his head, while another held his arms, and the third went through him and took his red leather book containing \$2,200. The thieves ran into an adjoining building and escaped through a back entrance. Up to the present time no clue has been obtained.

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