THE HERALD.

VOL. V., NO. 49. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894. $1.00 PER YEAR.

Board of Works Jan

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.

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Fredericton Nov. 16th, 1891.

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

6.05 A. M.—Week days for Woodstock and points North, via Gibson.

10.55 A. M.—Week days for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

3.20 P. M.—Week days for Fredericton Junction and St. John, Vanceboro, Montreal and the West, via the Short Line.

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, etc., 10.10 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
Bangor, Montreal, etc., 1 3½ p. m.
Woodstock and North, via Gibson branch, 5.45 p. m.
St. John, St. Stephen, etc., 6.15 p. m.

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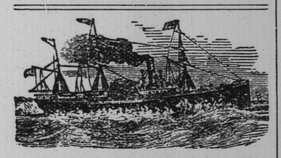

ALLAN LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.

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From Liverpool		From Montreal	From Quebec	
13 Sept.	*NUMIDIAN	29 Sept	29 Sept	3 p.m.
20 "	PARISIAN	6 Oct	7 Oct	9 a.m.
27 "	MONGOLIAN	13 "	14 "	"
4 Oct.	LAURENTIAN	27 "	28 "	"
18 "	*NUMIDIAN	3 Nov	3 Nov	3 p.m.
25 "	PARISIAN	10 "	11 "	9 a.m.
1 Nov.	MONGOLIAN	17 "	18 "	"

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9—24.

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J-10-83

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Fredericton, May 6th 1893.

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the Muscles
the Intestines
the Liver
and Kidneys.

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A Village Lot,
A Home in the City or Village or Country

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Fredericton, May 6th, 1893.

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16 BOXES Apple Pearers, Improved Kind, does the business right every time, for sale low by the dozen.

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THE FARMERS' COLUMN.

Something of Interest For the Men Who Till The Soil.

From the Country Gentleman.

In many country houses, just now a large share of the domestic activities may be included in this comprehensive phrase. The busy tasks are all too many for the shortening days. The last preserving and pickling, the fall sewing, the fall cleaning, the care and arrangement of plants for the windows, the getting out and renovating the winter clothing, the storing of the cellar for the cold months to come—all these and many others press upon us in the golden autumn days that pass only too swiftly. The open doors and windows; the fruits and vegetables brought in so freely day by day from the orchard and garden; the milk and butter sweet from the sweet pasture grasses that have sprung up so freely after the long-desired rains; the hammock under the maple tree, where the hour of rest is spent in comradship with bird and bee and butterfly—these must be resigned and comfort found in more artificial conditions.

The northern winter compells foresight. We are told on the authority of Agassiz, whose eager entuhsiasm in the study of organic life always included man, that the dwellers on the Amazon, amid the wonderful prodigality of tropical nature, suffer actual want at times, in the presence of amazingly rich natural resources, because the very freedom of earth's lavish bounties induces them to trust wholly to chance and not at all to their own industry. We know how unfavorable such situations have proved to the best qualities of manhood and womanhood. The life that is so seductively easy and pleasant, without labor, becomes of little value. Moral obligations are forgotten, the higher wants are lost sight of, an indolent, languid life is soon sunk in ignorance and stagnation, and becomes hardly more noble than that of the lower animal creation. These are facts, and it is a fact, too, that the Brazilians, living on the borders of a river so vast as to be almost a fresh-water ocean, and teeming with delicious fish, buy and eat the salt cod secured by the hardihood of our stout New-England fishermen!

Our winter comfort and home enjoyment depend so absolutely upon foresight, that this provision is the real foundation of much that is essential to the very idea of the home. The Brazilian Indian lives in a canoe; a palm-thatched hut with bare walls, and pegs upon which to hang the hammocks which he makes from fibre also gathered in the forest; a few primitive implements for cooking, fishing and hunting; a single garment of the rudest native manufacture—these, and the freedom of the woodpaths, which are also boat ways, and all the rest he trusts to happy accident. How little of what human life means to us is to be found in such an existence! We seek to command by our utmost efforts, as many of the good things of daily living as our susceptibilities crave, and the extent of our development decides the limits of this craving. We want books, pictures, opportunities of instruction; we must live in the life of thought. In outward arrangements we need to satisfy our own sense of order, symmetry and beauty. There is something stirring in us higher than the mere bodily needs of hunger and cold. We earnestly desire to carry on the work of human progress, to give our children opportunities beyond our own, to see them "make the most of themselves"—this is the birthright of civilization.

Our getting ready for winter, then, does not mean providing food and clothing merely, important as these are. The homely necessary cares for food and fire, the provision for cheerful days and comfortable nights, however low the mercury may sink, take on a new dignity and value when we consider the physical life in its true relation to that which is intellectual and spiritual. A good home is a seed-bed for all that is best in human life. Could anything be better worth while than making the most of this opportunity? Considerations like these exalt the humblest work, and give new courage and spirit for its faithful and thorough performance.

The complexity of modern life tends to throw responsibility more and more upon the mother and housekeeper. She is bound to have regard to sanitary considerations which our grandmother ignored, in real or fancied security. It is no longer enough to follow neatness blindly, for its own sake, but we must be on our guard against a host of dangerous microbes. Here again life rests lightly upon the dwellers in tropic lands. With scarcely clothing to deserve the name, and an open hammock as the sole sleeping arrangement, with no exclusion of free air, where doors and windows are closed only by mats of palm fibre, there is immunity from many of the dangers against which we must scrupulously defend our households. But how great are the compensations that accompany the more strenuous life! Earnest effort is demanded, but it brings an ample reward. The rich satisfactions of a well ordered and happy home are great enough to repay with interest every outlay of strength and thoughtful care which the rolling seasons, in their continual change, require.

Never are the charms of home greater or its privileges more dear than in winter, when the long evenings and the cheerful hours around the lamp leave an impression never to be effaced. In making ready for winter we are putting into real shape our ideal of that home life which means so much in our highest aspirations:

"Far reaching as the earth's remotest span,
Widespread as ocean foam,
One thought is sacred in the breast of man,
It is the thought of home.
That little word his human fate shall find
With destinies above,
For there the home of his immortal mind
Is in God's wider love."

LOSS IN STORING POTATOES.

Many farmers are in doubt whether it is best to sell their potatoes as soon as harvested or to store them through the winter and sell in the spring. This is particularly the case on Long Island, N. Y., where the potato crop is the principal agricultural industry. The common custom is to sell from one-half to two-thirds of the crop from the field when the price is more than fifty cents per bushel. When prices are above the average, as was the case last year, when many car loads were sold at 75c per bushel, there is a general disposition to hold out for higher prices, and the grower is not half as anxious to sell as when the price ranges from fifty to sixty cents. Many of the growers last year sold the larger part of their crops, reserving from 1000 to 15000 bushels to sell in the spring when they felt sure they could get $1 per bushel. The outcome was, that when spring came, the price dropped to 60 and 50c, and the deliveries had to be made when the mud was so deep that the horses could draw only half a load at a time, and that too when spring work was crowding.

Few farmers consider how much it costs to store potatoes during the winter, and much is lost by shrinkage. The dealers have urged in vain the farmer to sell his crop as fast as he could dig, no matter what the price might be, as the market for Long Island potatoes is always best just after the southern crop is disposed of and before the state and western crops come in. Wm. Newbould, of Suffolk Co., L. Isl, a farmer who thinks while he works, and reads agricultural papers in the evening, concluded he would try an experiment in order to know what would be the best for him. Accordingly, last season he put in a storage warehouse 100 bushels of potatoes at sixty pounds to the bushel. In April he weighed the same potatoes, before selecting out the unsavable ones, and found he had just 83 bushels. These had to be sorted over, as many of the tubers which were large enough to sell in the fall, had shrunk so much that they were not large enough in the spring. Besides some were rotting and unfit for sale. When these were taken out he found a further loss of five per cent, which just left him 78 bushels. These at sixty cents per bushel brought $46.80, and for the same he could have got $75 if sold direct from the field. In addition to that was one cartage which would have been saved, the interest of the money for six months and his work out of the way, so there was nothing to interfere with his farming operations the following spring. This year this farmer has sold his crop from the field.

MARKETING POULTRY.

Ten days or two weeks before marketing fowls confine them in small yards where they will be quiet, contented and out of sight of other poultry. Seeing other fowls at large will make them fret and lose flesh instead of gaining. Keep the yards scrupulously clean. Feed three times a day all that will be eaten at each meal. Give the first meal early and the last one late in the day. Provide plenty of sharp grit and fresh water. Corn is best for finishing off poultry as it gives a firmer flesh and a yellower color than buckwheat or other grains. Pullets can be fattened just before commencing to lay and cockerels when the tails begin to turn. It is a mistake to keep males until fully matured. As soon as fit for broilers they should be marketed. Crockerels always meet a ready sale and command high price.

There is much to be learned about dressing poultry. It is useless to send fowls to market unless fat and neatly dressed. Attractiveness is an important feature in selling and great loss frequently occurs from lack of it. In selling to local dealers use the same care in dressing that would if shipping to a distant commission merchant. Fowls look best when dry-picked, especially if fat and plump. If they are not in fine condition it is best to scald them before picking. When dry-picked the natural firmness of the flesh remains, and poultry for Chicago markets should be so prepared if possible. Let the fowls go without food for 12 to 24 hours before killing so that nothing will remain in the crop to sour. Kill by severing the veins of the neck or inside the mouth. This can be quickly and painlessly done with a sharp knife. Hang the fowls by the the feet to bleed and pick while the body is warm, using great care not to tear the skin. Leave the head and feet on and do not removing the crop or intestines. Wash in cold water, wipe dry and hang up by the feet in a cool place, for scalding heat, the water to a boiling point. Holding the fowl by the head and feet, dip the body into the water three or four times If the head touches the water it will give the eyes a shrunken appearance. Buyers are naturally sucpicious and if the eyes are sunken they think the fowl has been sick. When the feathers and pin feathers have been removed, immerse the fowl in scalding water for four or five seconds an dip immediately in ice-cold water to give a plump appearance. If the heed is cut off, turn the skin back a trifle, cut off the bone and drawing the skin forward tie it neatly.

Ducks and geeese should go through the same process of dressing as chickens. For these fowls it requires more time for the scalding water to penetrate and loosen the feathers. After scalding wrap them in a thick cloth for two minutes and the feathers and down will come off easily. Turkeys should always be dry picked. Before packing for shipping be sure the meat is dry and cold. Pack snugly in clean boxes or barrels after placing a layer clean hay or straw in the bottom. Boxes or barrels holding 100 to 150 lbs. are conveniently handled.

CARE OF SOWS AND PIGS.

A sow that farrows only once per year is not paying greatly. In the time of idleness when she should be making a second record and is not, she largely devours what she yielded as profit. It is far better to make a half a dozen sows yield 12 litters than to get the same number of young at one farrowing from a dozen of sows. Those who do not make a business of raising pigs for sale, produce only spring pigs and soon from the opinion that it is almost as cheap to buy suckers. Any man who spends time with one litter may care for four to eight almost as quickly and with ten times as much profit.

There should be a double object in serving the sows early: Early pigs sell more quickly and at a better price, and give opportunity to get early litters next fall instead of late ones. Have the spring pigs on foot not a day later than April 15. Then care for the dam diligently and see that the fall litters arrive in September or early October. Half the battle is won for the fall pig if he has his chance to make his first growth on grass, roots, pumpkins, late sweet corn and plenty of sunshine. He ought to have a rollicking, happy childhood (pighood) and develop a a strongly-settled digestive apparatus. He will need it later on when cold and cheerless winter days come. A pig cannot grow and do well unless early, strong and well cared for, and unless he does grow and grow constantly he will not pay.

Don't have anything to do with fall pigs unless they can be made to prosper all winter. A fall pig should be sold as pork at six or not over eight months of age. To keep him just alive with the old-fashioned notion that he can be grown and fattened with profit is to lose on him. Young pork is profitable and young pork only. Dont be deceived by the thin slop doctrine. Dish water cannot grow pigs. They need a rich slop made from good foods. Middlings and bran, and milk, if the latter can be obtained, are none to good for him, and he will pay the bill every time if treated rightly.

TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK.

A Steamer Dashes on the New Zealand Coast.

Over One Hundred Lives Lost.

Intelligence has been received of the wreck of the steamship Wairarapa on the coast of New Zealand and the drowning of over one hundred persons by the disaster. She was bound from Sydney, New South Wales, to Auckland, New Zealand, and on Sunday night, Oct. 28th, struck on a rock off the north east cost of New Zealand, becoming a total wreck. The night was very dark and a rough sea was running. The passengers were aroused by the shock of the steamer going ashore, and rushed in terror upon the deck, where life belts were served out and preparations were made to lower the boats. The woman passengers and children were placed in the boats, but several of the latter were capsized while being lowered. The crew then set to work constructing rafts, and ran a line ashore with great difficulty and saved a number of people who would otherwise have been drowned. When the passengers saw the danger in which they were placed many pathetic and heart-rending scenes ensued, especially between husbands and wives, or parents and their children. But there was no panic. It was with the greatest difficulty that the boats were launched, as heavy seas were continually breaking over the vessel, which was soon partly submerged, thus rendering the work of rescue more difficult than ever.

THE LIFE-RAFTS WERE CUT AWAY

and many of the survivors were saved by their means, and others clung to improvised rafts until rescued from the shore. When the passengers rushed on deck, many of them sought refuge on the bridge of the steamship, until heavy seas swept a number of them overboard, and caused those who were unable to find places in the boats or on the rafts to escape to the rigging, where they remained until daylight. There is no doubt that many more passengers would have been drowned, had it not been for the gallantry of two seaman who swam ashore with a line and eventually hauled ashore a stout rope, which was used later in the work of rescue. Nearly all the survivors reached the shore in the scantiest attire, and some of them remained on the rocks for thirty hours, subsisting on oranges which washed ashore from the wreck. When the disaster became known to the Maoris on land, these natives launched their small boats and succeeded in rescuing a number of people. Assistance was finally obtained from Port Fitzroy, and the survivors of the Wairarapa were brought to Auckland.

CORPSES FLOATING AROUND.

When daylight came it was found that the steamer had struck at the foot of a precipitous cliff that loomed 700 feet above the vessel. To effect a landing on the shelving places of the cliff was a most difficult and dangerous undertaking. Those aboard the steamer could see floating in the sea around the wreck a large number of corpses. Some persons, by means of floating wreckage, managed to reach the edge of the rocks. The main and fore-rigging were then filled with passengers, who had gone aloft to escape being swept into the sea by the huge waves that were breaking over the vessel. About sixty of them were standing on the ratlines or cross-trees. Others were hanging with most tenacious grip to the davits.

The outlook was very dark when an engineer and a fireman volunteered to swim ashore with a line. They took the rope and jumped overboard, but had not gone far when the seas, pounding them, compelled them to relinquish the line. They then swam for the rocks, which they reached in a terribly bruised condition. A Scotchman then volunteered to make the attempt to get the line ashore, but, he, too, failed. Those on the steamer had about given up hope of escape, when one of the stewards said that he would try to get the line ashore. Divesting himself of nearly all his clothing, he

BOLDLY SPRANG INTO THE FOAMING SEA,

and made straight for the rope that was floating outward. Grasping it with one hand, he struck out strongly landward, a sailor on the steamer carefully paying the line out as he proceeded. Time and again it appeared as though he had gone down, but then his his head would appear on the crest of a wave, which would sweep him nearer and nearer the rocks. His strength and skill as a swimmer stood him and those on the steamer in good stead, for he reached the shore, if shore it could be called, with the line still in his grasp. Aided by those on the rocks, the line was made fast and it was by this means that most of the survivors were saved. Several of the passengers reached the rocks only after terrible struggles.

SHOT HIS PARENTS.

A Young Man Kills His Mother and Tries to Kill His Father.

William Gipp, early Saturday morning, at his home in Buffalo, N. Y., apparently without provocation, shot and killed his mother, and shot and probably fatally wounded his father. Gipp is a car inspector, employed by the Lehigh Valley railroad, and about 20 years old. There are six persons in the family, John Gipp, a laborer; his wife and his sons, Charles, William and Fred, and Gussie, a daughter. As nearly as could be learned, the tragedy took place about 2.30 o'clock. A neighbor, Fred Kurph, was first to hear pistol shots, and he hurried into some clothes, and bounded up the back porch of the little cottage, and knocked sharply at the door "Break the door in," shouted several voices. Kurph threw his heavy frame against the frail wood. It sprang open with a crash, and a terrible scene met the gaze of the neighbor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gipp were stretched on the floor, and lined about the room Charles and Fred, and the little girl, with Will standing in the middle of the room waving a revolver threateningly. As the door opened the murderer made a break for liberty, and was seized by the strong arms of the neighbor. But after a momentary struggles young Gipp broke away and springing out into the yard, was over the fence of the back yard and out of sight in a moment. The family say that when William came home his mother got up from bed and opened the door for him. Without a word he pulled his revolver and fired at her, hitting her twice. She screamed and fell, dying almost instantly. The father, hearing shots and screams, went to her aid, and William immediately opened fire upon him. The mother was hit twice, in the temple and breast. The father was also wounded in the face and breast. He is at the hospital and may recover, although chances are against him.

Gipp was afterwards captured at Brockton, N. Y., and is now in jail at Buffalo. He is a raving maniac, and it required the combined strength of four men to hold him. He was found in the barns of the Buffalo car shops, and was induced to go quietly to the police station. When he found were he was, however, he made it so hot for those who arrested him that four men had the utmost difficulty in placing him under restraint. Gipp has been examined by several doctors, and pronounced violently insane.

CHIEF OF ARMY SCOUTS.

Frank Guard, Who Was Reared by the Sioux and Shot Sitting Bull.

Frank Guard, chief of scouts in the United States army, is esteemed by the people of Wyoming as more than a rival of Buffalo Bill. Guard comes of mixed French and Kanaka parentage. His parents were slain by the Sioux in crossing the plains, and the lad fell into the hands of the savages. He was a manly youngster, and he so pleased Sitting Bull that the chief adopted him and brought him up. The youth in due time went through the tortures of the Sun Dance, was declared a brave, and became in all things, save race, a savage of the plains.

Knowing the hopelessness of the Indian outbreak that brought the Custer massacre, Guard determind to desert to the whites. He was detected and pursued. The Indians shot his horse as Guard swam a river, and lodged four bullets in the fugitive's body. Believing that he was slain, they ceased the pursuit, but Guard reached the shore, and, wounded as he was, continued his journey to Crook's camp. On the way he read afar the Indian signal fires announcing the massacre of Custer and his men. He brought the news into Crook's camp, and the latter asked whether Guard could lead to the scene of the battle. Guard said he could if Crook would havo his wounds dressed and let him have a good horse. The bullets were extracted, and Guard, mounted on Crook's favorite horse, rode away. He reached the battlefield to find Custer and his men lying stiff in their blood. As Guard his Indian blanket about him and his hand to his forehead, Indian fashion, sat watching the scene an Indian approached and asked who he was. He replied Sitting Bull's brother. The Indian asked half a dozen more questions, and finally asked Guard how it was that he rode a grain-fed horse. Guard replied that he stole it from a white man. Finally the Indian demanded his name. Guard, seeing that the Indian was disarmed, unblanketed his face and looked him in the eyes.

"Ugh, Frank!" said the Indian, starting back and turning to run. Guard permitted him to get within ten feet of the shelter of a tree and then shot him dead.

From that time until this Guard has been true to the whites. Sitting Bull once offered 1,000 ponies for his scalp, and Guard always knew that if he should ever fall into the hands of the savages death in their cruellest guise would be his fate. He escaped from the savages after hearing them debate as to the most unpleasant method of death for the prisoner. Upon one occasion Guard, then out as a scout, became convinced that he and the command under a lieutenant, must certainly fall into the hands of the crows unless the troops slew their horses and crept away in the darkness. The officer was unwilling to slay the horses, but Guard said that he meant to escape at once. This convinced the officer, and all the horses save one was killed. That one was left by the fire to attract the savages, and the men crept for miles on their bellies and escaped. On that night Guard, with tears in his eyes, killed the horse that Crook gave him. According to tradition that is the only time that any man ever saw Guard cry.

Guard was the man who killed Sitting Bull, when the old savage refused to give up his arms. Sitting Bull made ready to shoot, as Guard, his foster son, approached, but Guard, with characteristic quickness, shot him dead. When there is a dangerous duty to be done up about Fort McKinney, Guard is the man to do it. He went after a noted desperado with a warrant not long since, and was met with a bullet from a Winchester. Guard dismounted in leisurely fashion, took aim, and sent a bullet through desperado's forehead.

Guard is now forty-four years old, and if his apprehensions are well-founded he is likely to have a chance for further distinction. He believes that the Government has not had the last of its Indian wars, and that another uprising at Pine Ridge is invitable. That would be accompanied by uprisings at other agencies and a good deal of trouble. Guard has been constantly warning his superiors on this head.

MARITIME LIBERALS MEET.

The Maritime Liberal Association, Hon. L. H. Davies presiding, was in session at St. John, Friday of last week, as already briefly mentioned in THE HERALD, was largely attended. There were present:

Representing New Brunswick—Hon. A. G. Blair, C. W. Weldon, ex-M. P., H. H. McKeown, ex-M. P. P., A. E. MacIntyre, George McAvity, J. V. Ellis, ex-M. P. P., Z. R. Everett, of Fredericton; W. F. George, of Sackville; J. T. Hawke, of Moncton; Alex. Rogers, of Hopewell Hill; Hon. Geo. F. Hill, M. P. P., of St. Stephen; John Anderson, ex-M. P. P. of Dumfries; W. Wilson, ex-M. P. P. of Fredericton; Charles Burpee, ex-M. P. of Sheffield; Kilgour Shives, of Campbellton; Dr. Colter, M. P. of Woodstock, and Hon. A. H. Gilmor, M. P. of St. George.

Representing Nova Scotia—Hon. W S. Fielding, Senator Power and Hon. Wm. Ross, ex-M. P. of Halifax; Hon. Robert Drummond, of Stellerton; John D. McLeod, of Pictou; James D. Eisenhauer, ex-M. P. of Lunenburg; T. B. Flint, M. P. of Yarmouth, and Dr. Borden, M. P. of Canning.

Representing Prince Edward Island—Hon. L. H. Davies, M. P., Hon. D. Laird Hon. D. Farquharson, M. P. P., Dr. Robertson, ex-M. P., of Montague; S. F. Perry, M. P., of Tignish.

The main business was arranging to contest all Maritime constituencies in the next general election. The Opposition contemplate a political compaign, commencing the last of this month extending over portions of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia including Fredericton.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Events of Interest Provincial and General.

The Halifax firemen have been dismissed by the City Council because they refused admission to F. J. Horneman who has since been arrested for seduction and abortion.

It is reported at Quebec that Hon. Felix Marchmand will retire from the leadership of the local Liberals, to be succeeded by Hon. Joly de Lotbiniere, ex-premier of Quebec.

Frank Elein and Otis Savage, young men of respectable parentage, are in jail at The Dalles, Oregon, having confessed to the robbery of the Pacific Express Company's office there on October 12th.

Three Maine Central stations, at Orono, Great Works and Webster, were broken into early Monday morning, by burglars, who after blowing open two big safes and smashing a lot of window glass, escaped with the sum of eight cents.

H. A. Powell, solicitor for Josiah Wood, M. P., on Monday bid in at $1,000 advance on encumbrances, total $17,200, all of H. T. Stevens' houses and real estate in Moncton, including both his private residences and Times office building. It is proposed to form a local company and run the paper, excluding Stevens.

An eleven-year-old son of Jeremiah Sullivan was killed at McAdam Junction last Saturday afternoon. The boy was engaged in coupling cars when he was knocked down and run over, the wheels severing both his legs from his body. One was taken off below and the other above the knee. The little fellow lived only about two hours after the accident happened, dying in great pain.

Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh is confined to his room at Ottawa, and will not be able to get out for some time yet. He is suffering from the effects of a carrage accident which happened to him shortly after his arrival in the North-west last year. The hip joint was injured, and it will be probably several months before Mr. Mackintosh will be able to walk without the aid of crutches.

Samuel McCann, one of the foremen on the Standard Guage railway line, was killed by a premature blast at Glenwood, about sixteen miles from Yarmouth, N.S., Monday. He was tamping a big blast loaded with several kegs of powder. It is said that when his stick broke, he continued the work with an iron bar, and the blast went off, throwing him high in the air and terribly mangling his body.

A bomb exploded Sunday night outside a house in Tilney street, Park Lane, London, two doors from the residence of Hon. Henry Hawkins, one of the justices of the Queen's bench division of Her Majesty's high court of justice. The front of the house was much damaged, and the windows of houses on the opposite side of the street smashed. Judge Hawkins had recently sent several anarchists to prison, and it is believed their friends threw the bomb.

A St. John despatch to the Montreal Witness, says: Bishop Kingdon's health is not what it should be, and as the work of this diocese is enough to tax the energies of a robust man, it is rumored that His Lordship will ask for the appointment of a coadjutor to assist him. The acceptance of the post of sub-dean of the Fredericton cathedral by Canon Partridge, who gives up a high position in Halifax, lends color to the report that he will be nominated coadjutor at the next diocesan synod, and the post of sub-dean abolished.

All London has taken much interest in a tragedy at the Zoo. A boa constrictor, nine feet long, inadvertently swallowed its mate, eight feet long. A pigeon had been given to each snake. The larger boa swallowed his first, and then seized the bird which was in the jaws of his mate. As the teeth of both reptiles were securely fixed on the pigeon, there was nothing for it but that one should swallow the other, and the smaller one suffered. The appearance of the survivor is sufficient proof of his guilt. He is swollen to nearly three times his normal girt.

THE DEADLY TROLLEY WIRE.

Kills a Horse in St. John and starts a Fire.

At St. John, Saturday night, the big sign board on Hayward's building, King Street was torn away by the wind and fell to the sidewalk breaking two telephone wires. One of these ran across the street and into a room of the Royal hotel occupied by Mr. Temple, St. John; the other ran into Barker's drug store, just below the hotel. As soon as the wires were broken they fell across the trolley wire of the street railway, and were immediately heavily charged with the electrical current. The broken ends rested on the ground, thus forming a complete circuit. A crowd at once collected, which the officers tried in vain to keep back.

Ed. Brimingham, who collects the mail from the street letter boxes, came out of the Royal hotel a moment after the sign board had fallen. Seeing the crowd at the corner of the streets, he jumped upon his cart and drove his horse towards it. He did not know the telephone wires had been broken, and even before he realized what had happened, the horse had run against a doubly charged wire and dropped dead.

Young Birmingham was pitched forward suddenly, and as he went out, one hand came in contact with the body of the horse. In this manner he received a slight shock. In falling, he also injured his shoulder. It is stated that had he placed both hands on the animal's body the circuit would have been completed and death would have resulted in a moment.

In the meantime, and while the attention of people was taken up with the horse, both telephone wires took fire. The one leading to the Royal hotel ran into the room, set fire to the curtains, scorched the carpet badly and burned the telephone out before it could be cut. The damages were about $100.

The other wire was cut before the fire did much damage in Barker's store.

The horse fell on the ends of the wires which rested on the ground, and they had to be cut off close to the body before it could be touched. Meanwhile the sparks continued to fly from his shoes and from the tires of the cart.

BALAAM'S ASS AND THE ANGEL.

At a church, on a recent Sunday, a lady said a smart thing. Church was over, and as usual a company of women were standing about the roadway, talking and laughing, though probably not concerning the sermon. Soon a young man acquainted with the group approached, saying: Aren't you ever going home? You are blocking up the way like Balaam's ass.

You are wrong there, replied a young woman with a toss of her head, it was the angel who blocked the way and the ass made a fuss about it.