THE HERALD.

VOL. V., NO. 39. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894. $1.00 PER YEAR

Board of Works Jan 1 92

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

10.10 A. M.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east. Vanceboro, St. Stephen and St. Andrews.

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

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON FROM

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Bangor, Montreal, etc., 12 30, p. m.
Woodstock and North, via Gibson branch, 4.20 p. m.
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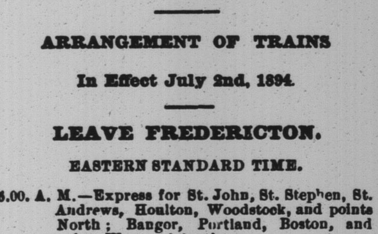

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7—23.

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FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

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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 all Medicine Venders throughout the World.

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American Ingrain Papers,

With Borders To Match.

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

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Fredericton, May 6th 1893.

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CATARRH

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ST. JOHN, N.B.

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A Garden,
A Village Lot,
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OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Fredericton, May 6th, 1893.

For the Painter.

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PAINT, Varnish, White wash, Kalsomine, Tar, Paste, Paper hangers, Striping, Stensoling, Hearth, Counter and Window brushes. Sash tools, flat and round, Bears hair, Camels hair, Badger hair and Artists' brushes. 1 case Canadian, in White wash and Varnish, Counter, Scrub, Shoe and Horse brushes, also Machine made Window, Scrub and Shoe Brushes. Away down in price, and cheap.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

THE CATTLE HORN-FLY.

Effective Remedies for the Bites of the Pests.

Almost any greasy substance rubbed on the animals will keep the flies away for several days. A number of experiments were tried in the field, with the result that train oil alone, and train oil and lard with a little sulphur, oil of tar or carbolic acid added, will keep the flies away for from five to six days, while with a small proportion of carbolic acid it will have a healing effect upon any sores which may have formed. Axle grease, tallow and any such greasy substance can be used to advantage, but train oil or fish oil seem to be more lasting in their effects than any others experimented with.

The safest and most convenient way of using carbolic acid is in the shape of carbolized oil, which may be prepared by disolving one ounce of crystalized or liquified carbolic acid in one quart of oil. Train oil, fish oil, tanner's oil, olive oil, or any other fixed oil will answer; but not coal oil, as carbolic acid is not soluble in this liquid. The crude carbolic acid does not disolve easily in fixed oils, and therefore must not be used. Instances have been reported to me of injury to animals, and the hands of operators, when the crude has been substituted for the purer form of carbolic acid.

An effective and undoubtedly the easiest remedy to apply, if a small spray pump be used, is the kerosene emulsion, which consists of the following: Kerosene (coal oil), two quarts; rain water, one quart; common hard soap, two oz. Boil the soap in the water till all is dissolved; then while boiling hot, turn it into the coal oil and churn it constantly and forcibly with a syringe or force pump for five minutes, when it will be of a creamy nature. If the emulsion be perfect it will adhere to the surface of glass without oiliness. As it cools it thickens into a jelly-like mass. This gives the stock emulsion, which must be dilluted before using with nine times its measure (that is, twenty-seven quarts) of water. It will be found to mix much more easily if done at once before it cools. The above proportions give three quarts of the stock emulsion, which, with twenty-seven quarts of water added, make up thirty quarts of the mixture ready for use. This may be applied to the animals by means of a sponge, brush, rag, or, what will certainly be found most convenient where there are many animals to treat, by means of a force pump and spray nozzle. The emulsion thus made and sprayed over the cattle kills all the flies it reaches, and if repeated twice a week will almost entirely relieve cattle from annoyance. Another method of diluting the coal oil is to make the emulsion with milk instead of soap and water. Take sour milk, one part; coal oil, two parts. Mix the two thoroughly, as described above for the soap emulsion. Then dilute with water, so that one part in ten will be coal oil.

Prof. H. A. Morgan, of the Louisiana experiment station, has tried some new experiments during the past year with various materials, the results of which he summarizes as follows: "It was soon found that none of the solutions were of much value except kerosene and fish oil emulsions, and after a third trial, all were discarded except these. At this time the fish oil emulsions had shown superiority over the kerosene, and further trials soon showed that animals after four or five days from time of spraying with fish oil emulsion were free from attack of flies, while those upon whom kerosene emulsion had been used were more or less annoyed. (Louisiana exp. station bull. 2nd series, No. 22). Fish oil emulsion differs from kerosene emulsion only in the substitution of fish oil for coal or kerosene.

A good way to fight this pest will doubtless be to prevent it from breeding and increasing. Their life history is briefly as follows: The mature flies appear early in the spring and lay their eggs upon the fresh droppings of cattle. These soon hatch and the maggots live in the dung while in a moist condition. They then turn into pupa in or beneath the dung, and the flies again appear within two or three weeks from the time the eggs were laid. There can thus be several broods in a season. As stated above the maggots can live only in the moist droppings of the cattle. Any means, therefore, which will insure the drying up of these before the maggots are full grown will destroy them. This can be done most easily by spreading the dung out into the pasture regularly and at short intervals. Twice a week would be sufficient, and it would be equally effective in wet weather when the substance would be washed away, as in hot weather when it would be dried up.

When the flies appear in large numbers on the ceilings and wall of stabling in cool weather, or when driven from the cattle by applications, they can be destroyed by spraying them with either kerosene emulsion or a strong decoction of Pyrethrum insect powder. Dusting them with dry Pryethrum powder by means of an "insect gun" would also be effective.

In studying the history of this insect since its first appearence in North America in 1877, I have noticed that at the places were some years ago its attacks were very severe, it is now much less troubiesome. I was, therefore, led to hope that after a time the considerable loss which Canadians are now suffering from the horn fly would be much less. Correspondence with entomologists confirmed this view. In reply to letters on this point and with regard to any new remedies which might have been discovered, addressed to the United States entomologist, and other specialists who have studied this pest, I have received the following:

"Yours of the 25th has been received during Prof. Riley's absence. We have found nothing better than kerosene emulsion for the protection of cattle from the horn fly. In answer to your second question, I may say that it has been almost the invariable rule that the second year the flies are worst, and after this bad second year, the numbers are fewer. We have explained this on the ground that native parasites preying ordinarily on the native larvæ in cow-dung, acquire a taste for the horn-fly larvæ after a short time."—L. O. Howard, acting entomologist, Washington, D. C.

HOW TO PROPOSE.

Young man, you can secure any woman you want if you will exercise care as to the time and place, and with some little regard as to the manner. Never propose to a young lady after a hearty meal. The vitality is then needed to aid her digestion, and her imagination is then chilled Nor should it come just before a meal, for the longins of the importunate system conduce to anxiety and irrability, and the shock might prove hazardous.

It would be better to select the evening and generally after you have taken her to some entertainment. Her nerves are then apt to be stronger, and her mind may have already dwelt upon the possibilities until she is perfectly prepared for the reality. Never forget yourself so far as to propose on returning from a theatre.

She will have the air and style of some actor before her mental vision, and you can't compare with the romance she throws over him. The best way is to invite her to some entertainment which you know she wants to attend, and then propose to her just as she is ready to start. This will be greatly to your advantage, for she will easily see that a rejection will upset an evening's enjoyment, and largely influence her decision. In the spring of the year, you must remember that she requires a change of scenery to excite her imagination.

Never risk a proposal in the house at this season. Take her out for a drive over the worst possible road available. When at a distance from home, convenient for your purpose, tell her frankly that she must consent or walk back. Nine times out of ten, she will prefer the drive.

The summer possesses claims over other seasons, if natural advantages are judiciously applied. Strolls in the evening have been found efficacious, or losing one's way in a wood will bring women to terms. Never go fishing with a view to proposing. You can't avoid smelling a bait, a perfume inconsistent with love making.

Never propose the evening you take supper at the house, for there is nothing that impairs a young lady's affections for a man as to see him eat. In approaching a young lady at this time too much meekness and lowliness in spirit cannot be manifested. It is well for a man to linger with painful attention to details upon his own unworthiness. He must speak of his "follies and faults," and occasionally allude to himself as a "worm," to which may be added a parenthetic desire to feed upon the damask of her cheek.

A hint as to dark fate in the event of rejection has been found advantageous, and a suggestion of the wave of despair has worked wonders. There is no excuse for failure on the part of any man who follows these directions carefully.

THE NEWS IN QUEENS.

Olinville.

AUG. 20.—Haying is nearly over here and the grain fields are fast changing their color. They promise a fair yield.

The five year old child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Elder was taken sick with scarlet fever a few days ago, but is recovering.

The return of a number of the young people who have been earning their bread of late in the land of the free, has greatly increased the social activity of this place. They may be seen rusticating near the Sucker Brook, (so called) whose sparkling waters dance in the sunlight, or driving in a covered buggie drawn by a prancing steed, aiding cupid in the development of "love's young dream."

THE HERALD is the people's friend around here, and it proves to be most useful both as an educator and for the news it contains.

White's Cove.

AUG. 22—The farmers in this place have finished haying, which was a good crop, and have begun to harvest their oats which are much lighter than usual. The farmers have now another pest added to the many with which they have to contend. It appears in the shape of a small fly, called the horn fly, which attacks the cattle and causes them considerable annoyance, settling in clusters around the horns and back.

C. D. Titus has men at work preparing his grist mill.

Douglas McLean and son, of Ottawa, are here visiting friends.

Miss Jennie Macdonald has charge of the school here for the coming term.

Misses Gertie and Louise Scribner, of St. John, who have been visiting friends here, have returned to their homes.

Allen Currier, of Upper Gagetown, is at the Cove again, the guest of W. H. Gunter.

Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Higgins, of Newcastle, are visiting at Samuel Ferris'.

Arthur Hay, of Woodstock, is the guest of L. P. Ferris.

AMMONIA HIS WEAPON.

How a New York Druggist Prevented a Burglary.

Mr. Windolph, a New York druggist the other morning prevented a burglary in the most peculiar manner. He was asleep in the rear of his drug store, when he was awakened by a noise in the front of the store. Looking out, he saw two men outside. One was giving the other a "lift" to get inside by climbing through the fan-light. The first man entered and the second one followed soon after. Mr. Windolph had no weapon, but a novel idea entered his mind. He quickly took down a bottle of concentrated ammonia and filled a glass full of it. Then he waited. In a few moments a burglar came to the rear of the store within a few feet of where he was standing. Mr. Windolph threw his concentrated ammonia full in his face. The man staggered and inquired what hit him. Neither of the burglars saw the druggist, and the man who had been struck by the drug fell unconscious to the floor. Meantime Mr. Windolph had quickly prepared another dose. He threw it at the other burglar, but the man turned and it strcuk him in the neck. He smelled it, and with a yell ran for the door. It was closed and locked, and without the least hesitation he jumped through the plate glass windows of the door. The other robber recovering consciousness staggered to the door, and jumped through the hole made by his companion. A policeman who heard the crash seized the second robber. His companion made his escape.

A FESTIVE MESS DINNER.

A military scandal of the first magnitude is reported from Marienwerder, Germany. A mess dinner of brigade officers was celebrated there last week, and 100 of the guests got drunk. They formed in a line with the band at their head and marched through the streets. Some were without coats and others were without helmets or caps and all brandished swords or canes. All the officers will be court-martialled.

Hon. C. F. Fraser who for twenty years was a member of Mowatt goverment in Ontario and retired last spring on account of ill health was found dead in his room at Toronto yesterday morning. He was filling the office of inspecter of registry offices and had just returned from a long and tiresome trip. Deceased was in early life a printer, subsequently he became a successful lawyer, and a popular politician, he was a Roman Catholic and was fifty-three years old.

A PLUCKY WOMAN

Mrs. Charles Parker of St. John Attacked by a Jew Pedlar

Disarms Him and Turns Him out of Her House.

Mrs. Parker, wife of Charles W. Parker the well-known St. John druggist, had a thrilling experience Monday morning, and showed herself to be possessed of nerve, courage and pluck in abundant quantities. Her experience was one that few people would care to go through and one that not many women could have faced as courageously. What she did was to fight with, overpower, disarm and drive from her premises a peddler who attempted to kill her.

When seen by a Globe reporter a couple of hours after the event Mrs Parker looked none the worse for her severe struggle. She described her adventure and from the particulars it will be seen what a narrow escape she had. Mr. and Mrs. Parker live at No. 138 St. James street, near the corner of Sidney street, in a double house the upper flat being occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Parker. Shortly after 9 o'clock Mrs. Parker was at work in her kitchen, when glancing at the window, she saw a young peddler passing through the yard. The peddler, who is supposed to be a Polish Jew, is a short heavily built, powerful lad of about sixteen years of age, with coarse features and a forbidding countenance. He was well known to Mrs. Parker, having called there many times to ask her to buy of his stock of pins, needles, laces, towels, threads and other like articles, He had never made a sale and this fact apparently

HAD ANGERED HIM.

When Mrs. Parker saw him passing the window she twice shook her head, signifying that she did not want anything, but the youth kept right on. Thinking that he intended to go up stairs Mrs. Parker paid no more attention but resumed her household duties and was surprised a moment later to see the door open and the youth walk in. He had opened not only the fly screen door, but also the ordinary door. The care he took in closing them again convinced Mrs. Parker that she was in for trouble. Her second look at the boy's face strengthed this conviction, for anger was plainly stamped on it, but she had no idea of his terrible purpose. Dropping his pack on the floor, the peddler looked round the room, and his eyes resting on a large carving knife that lay on the table, he grapped it up and, clutching it aloft with both hands, gasped,

"NOW YOU'LL BUY SOMETHING,"

and made a rush at Mrs. Parker. She was in the corner, where she had been working between the sink and the stove, and all escape was cut off. Her position was a dangerous one, for she knew that the knife in the hands of the peddler was a sharp one and a blow from it meant death, as it was aimed directly at her heart. Her courage, however, did not fail, and she resolved to fight the would be murderer, feeling satisfied that help would come if she could but hold him off for a few minutes. She watched her chance, and as the young man sprang at her with upraised knife she grasped his wrists in both her hands and exerted all her strength to overpower him. At the same time she screamed with all her strength, hoping to alarm her sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Parker. An exciting struggle ensued, and finally the pair fell to the floor with Mrs. Parker on top. She quickly placed her knees on the peddler's chest and then with her hands

WRENCHED THE KNIFE FROM HIS GRASP.

She now had the upper hand and apparently in terror that she she would murder him, the young peddler began screaming for help and begging for mercy at the same time. Mrs. Parker got him to the door and then was compelled to discard the knife to get it opened. She flung the weapon to the farthest side of the room and then opened the doors. When he saw she was disarmed, the peddler again became aggressive. He fought his way back to the kitchen, and when he had secured his pack, began to upbraid Mrs. Parker with having attempted to rob him. Mrs. G. W. Parker, who had heard the screams after the door was opened, but had failed to hear the first of the disturbance, then came to her sister's assistance, and the peddler took to his heels and made out the yard.

Capt. Jenkins, from the description given by Mrs. Chas. W. Parker, arrested Israel Jacobson on Erin street about noon as the man who had attempted the murder. Jacobson is a rather stoutly built boy of about fourteen years of age. He was identified as the assailant He cannot speak the English language fluently, but told Capt. Jenkins that he took the knife to fix his basket and did not intend to stab Mrs. Parker, but she became frightened and grappled with him. He has been committed for trial.

A FATHERLY TOMCAT.

A Singular Case of Feline Affection.

A few weeks ago Mrs. P. F. Bellew's handsome tiger cat Myra gave birth to four pretty kittens at Mrs. Bellew's residence in Locust Grove, Pa. Bub, a yearling son of Myra, made much of the youngsters from the day of their birth, cuddling up with them and his mother, licking them, and acting as if he thought the kittens were the cunningest little things he had ever seen. Within a week the young tomcat became so much attached to the little ones that he wouldn't leave the nest for more than five or ten minutes at a time, never going away except when the old cat was with them.

When the kittens were eight days old, just before their eyes had begun to open, Mrs. Bellew decided to put them out of the way with chloroform. The old cat was absent when she had got everything ready, but Bub was snuggled up with the kittens, fussing away and working his paws as though the family belonged to him. Mrs. Bellew tried to coax Bub to get out of the box and go away, but he refused to budge until she got a dead mouse from the trap and held it over him, when he sprang out and chased her into the kitchen.

Mrs. Bellew shut him in, and while he was amusing himself with the mouse she placed the kittens in a tin basin lined with cotton, saturated the cotton with chloroform, and quickly covered the basin with the lid of a stone crock. In a few minutes the kittens were dead, and Mrs. Bellew put them into a cigar-box and buried them in a corner of the garden.

Myra, who had been deprived of a dozen litters of kittens before, made no fuss whatever when she returned to the empty box. As soon as she had found that the kittens were gone she lay down on the doorstep and went to sleep. But Bub acted in an entirely different way when he hopped into the box and discovered that the kittens had been removed. He called to the lost little ones for several minutes, Mrs. Bellew said, listening after each call as though he expected to hear their faint answer from some part of the woodshed. On ascertaining that the kittens were not in hearing of his voice, Bub leaped from the box, mewed mournfully, and began to search around the piles of wood and some barrels. Every little while he would stop his noise and listen for a moment, and then he would go to crying again as though he were almost broken-hearted.

After he had searched and called for a long time the sorrowful young tomcat spied his mother sleeping in the sun, and trotting to her he begged most piteously for her to help him hunt up the missing kittens. The wise old cat knew from long experience that it would be a waste of time to search for her kittens, so after Bub had bothered her for a minute or two, she gave him a cuff and went to sleep again.

Bub hunted all day for the kittents, going from the cellar to the garret and from the woodshed to the corn crib in his vain search. His calls were so pitiful, Mrs Bellew said, that she felt grieved over having made away with the kittens. The next morning Bub resumed his mournful calls about the house, making such a racket that Mr. Bellew threatened to knock him on the head. Soon after breakfast Mrs. Bellew missed the young cat, and toward noon she saw him coming down the road from the direction of an old hay barn with something in his mouth. Bub trotted into the woodshed holding his head very high, jumped into the kitchen box, and began to call the old cat. Mrs. Bellew ran to the box to see what Bub had got, and to her intense surprise she found that he had captured a tiny young skunk kitten not more than five or six days old, and that he was curled up with it and purring as contentedly as he had been with his little brothers and sisters the day before.

Presently the old cat came, took a look and a sniff at the baby skunk, sizzed and spit spitefully, and then went cantering off to the wagon house as though she had seen something that both angered and frightened her.

The skunk's eyes were not open, but Mrs. Bellew said it was as playful as a kitten. After dinner, Mr. Bellew took it away from the fatherly tomcat and destroyed it. He had tried in vain for a month to drive the old skunks from the hay barn, and he felt certain that Bub had found their nest. When Mr. Bellew started to milk that evening, he saw the tomcat come from under the barn with something in his mouth. Bub had captured another baby skunk, but this time the parent skunks were after him, and they headed him off in the middle of the road and gave him such a hot fight that he was compelled to drop the kitten and turn tail. By that time Mr. Bellew had got his shotgun, and he blazed away and killed the old skunks and their kittens at one shot.

It was eight days before the tomcat showed up again, and since then, Mrs. Bellew said he has brought home two live young gray squirrels and tried to be a father to them.

THEIR LAST SONG.

The Heroic Conduct of a Company of British Soldiers.

A letter to Lord Gifford from his son, sent through Reuter's agency, gives a touching incident of the recent battle in South Africa in which the English force under Major Wilson fell in their attempt to capture the Matabele king, Lobengula. Mr. Gifford obtained the facts from an Induna, who was an eye-witness of the fight.

Major Wilson and his party, numbering thirty-five men, were surrounded by nearly three thousands of the Matabeles. The Induna ordered their men to shoot the horses first, but the Englishmen piled them up as ramparts and fired over them.

The battle lasted three hours. The Englishmen refused to yield, in spite of the fearful odds, and so sure and steady was their aim that the Matabele warriors lay dead around them in heaps.

The Induna states that as the afternoon wore on and the sun went down, large reinforcements arrived for King Lobengula's army. One by one the Englishmen had fallen, and their shots became slow and fewer. Their ammunition was giving out.

At last there was but a half dozen of them left alive, among who was Major Wilson himself, a large man, who was steaming with blood and who fought desperately. Presently the shots ceased altogether. The last cartridge had been fired.

"Then," the Induna said, "they all stood up together, shoulder to shoulder, and taking off their hats they sung a song in English, like those the missionaries sing to the natives. They sung until the Matabeles rushed in and assegaied them."
—Youth's Companion.

A PECULIAR DISCOVERY.

While laborers were excavating for a cellar in the rear of the box factory of Richard & Co., Toronto, Saturday afternoon, they found at a depth of eleven feet a well preserved skeleton of a man. The skeleton was lying face downwards with the head resting on a small board about one foot square. The skull was broken as though by a heavy blow on top of the head. The hair had fallen away but was well preserved, being of a very dark hue. Remnants of a dark blue coat which the man had apparently worn when buried, were found. Attached to the cloak were several brass buttons, indicating that the man had been a public officer, probably a policeman or military man. The bones were those of a man apparently about five feet eleven inches in height, and of a heavy build. Seven years ago, while excavating within a few yards of this spot some workmen discovered a skeleton of a man more than six feet six inches in height. The bones are at present in the Toronto University. The body is believed to be that of a soldier, member of a regiment stationed here about sixty years ago.

GET THE BEST.

The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time, on the contrary they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Events of Interest Provincial and General.

Hon Mr. Laurier is to speak at Winnipeg Monday.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen will visit Manitoba next month.

The population of Great Britain and Ireland is 38,776,134.

The great Toronto Industrial exhibition will be formally opened next Tuesday by Sir John Thompson.

His Lordship Bishop Sweeny, of St. John, celebrates today the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into the priesthood.

Thirty-seven miners were killed Saturday by explosion in the coal mine, at Necanton, thirty-four miles from Seattle, Washington.

Hon. Levi P. Morton, ex-vice President of the United States, is named as the likely Republican candidate for the governorship of New York this fall.

Geo. S. Lyon, of the Rosedale, Ontario, cricket club, Saturday, scored 238, not out, against Peterboro'. The Rosedale total for eight wickets was 390 runs.

Lizzie Halliday, the murderess, bit Sheriff Bercher of Monticello, N. Y., on the hand the other day, and now there is danger that the Sheriff will lose his arm.

James McNeill, aged seventy-five, shot and killed Wm. McMillan, aged twenty-five, at Wood Islands, P. E. I., Saturday. McMillan had been annoying the old man, who was a bachelor and lived alone.

A. F. Spring, manager of the Western bank of Ontario, at Penetanguishene, has skipped out leaving a shortage on the bank books of nearly $20,000. He was "a jolly good fellow," lived fast and speculated in stocks with the bank funds.

At Truro, last week the Governor-General and party called on Rev. Dr. McCulloch the veteran Presbyterian clergyman and wife, and during the visit, Countess Aberdeen photographed the Rev. doctor and his wife and Earl Aberdeen in a group.

Attempts of New Bedford and Fall River Mass., cotton goods manufactures to reduce wages have caused strikes and lockouts affecting nearly 30,000 employes, operating fully three million spindles, over half the cotton spinning capacity of the country.

Sir John Lubbock gave some remarkable figures at the meeting of the Peace Association. He said one-third of England's national income was spent in paying for past wars, one-third is preparing for future wars, and only a third was left for the government of the country.

Hon. Christopher Finley Fraser, up to the middle of June last Comissioner of Public Works in the Ontario Cabinet, and since that time inspector of registry offices and superintendent of forestry, was found died in his apartments in the parliament building, at Toronto on the 24th. inst.

Methodists throughout the Dominion, and the colony of Newfoundland as well, are looking forward with interest to the approaching quadrennial conference of the Methodist church which is to open at London, Ont., next Thursday. Eleven conferences will be represented and the New Brunswick delegates include Rev. Dr. Brecken, Rev. R. W. Weddall, Dr. Inch, and Martin Lemont.

A single flash of lighting coming from an almost cloudless sky, Sunday afternoon, killed Wm. Carr, aged 20, at Atlantic city, who was bathing, and so shocked Mrs. Rachel Fainmeir, who was bathing with him, that her condition is extremely critical. The same flash rang the fire alarm, spilt a telegraph pole and tied up traffic on the electric railroad.

Queen Victoria's newest maid of honor, Miss Majendie, owes her entrance to Royal favor to a curious bit of chance. She happened to be singing in a church choir one day when the Queen was present at divine service, and Her Majesty was so greatly pleased with the fresh sweetness of the girl's face that she invited her to fill the place coveted by the young girls of the English aristocracy.

The Bangor Whig says: John Kc her of Fredericton, was released Friday, after passing almost a year in jail. He immediately preceeded to get into lively condition and begin to assert his feelings by trying to pull a door from its hinges at Drew's blacksmith shop. Afterwards he tried to trip up a man who was carrying some iron. Officer Knaide soon had him in custody and he was placed behind the bars. A quick return to jail awaits him.

At Elizabeth, N. J. Mrs. John R. Kirkman placed her infant, in a bath tub for its morning bath. While she had gone into the kitchen for a moment, her son, aged three years, turned on the water faucet. When the mother returned to the bathroom the baby was lying face downward in the water, unconscious. The infant died soon after being removed.

A story comes from Lexington that a negro was recently buried alive to force from him the confession of a crime. The men who did the deed took the negro to an orchard, dug a grave, pinioned his arms and legs, and buried him for nearly twenty minutes. They told him they would kill him if he would tell on them. The negro is in a serious condition. The men have been arrested.

At Mammoth Hot Springs Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, while a number of tourists were viewing the Black Sand Basin, which is a portion of the upper basin, they heard a rumbling noise which lasted only a few minutes when a new geyser broke forth within fifty feet of them, the water being thrown over a space with a radius of 200 feet. The water gradually formed into a column fully 150 feet high. One tourist, was badly burned by the water.

The local Conservative party in Manitoba is in a sad plight. As the general elections of 1892 it only elected ten members out of a house of forty. Its leader, W. A. Macdonald, was unseated and defeated in a by election. The leadership then desolved on Davidson, of Beautiful Plains. He, too, was unseated, and in the election which took place on Thursday of last week, he was beaten by Adams, a Patron candidate, the first of that party to succeed in that province.

While theshers were at work on the farm of George Whitney near Arkon Ohio, a box of dynamite was found concealed in a sheaf of wheat. Half an hour later a dynamite cartridge which had been secreted in another sheaf was fed to the separator and exploded, wrecking the machine and setting fire to the barn. John Whitney, Jacob and Meyer and Charles Lacey attempted to rescue the horses in the barn. They failed, and Meyer lost his life in the attempt, while Whitney was fatally and Lacey painfully injured. Four horses, one mule and several cattle were burned to death, and Whitney's entire wheat and oat crop, and many farm implements were destroyed.