

**A HOME-MANUFACTURED
BURGLAR-ALARM AND
HOW IT WORKED.**

A burglar was to Mrs. Plunkett a holy terror, and she was always possessed with the idea that ever burglar who ever visited this city got his eye on her house the first thing.

It is not strange then that when Plunkett came home day before yesterday and told the old lady that he had gotten up a burglar-alarm that could never fail, she was delighted, and actually drew the first long breath that had entered her withered lungs since she heard of the burglaries of the previous day.

'It's dead sure, is it, Plunkett?' said she.

'Sure? I jist wisht I was as sure of getting to Heaven. I'll show ye.'

And then he showed his plan. He had three large oyster cans, partly filled with pebbles. His scheme was to leave his bed-room door, that of his son Erastus and the one in the dining-room slightly ajar. On the top of the door he would place the can, leaning it slightly against the door casing.

Of course at the least push the can would fall and the pebbles rattle over the floor, and not only scare the burglar half to death, but at the same time wake everybody on the block.

It was quite a good idea and would have worked nicely; but the old man forgot something else, which will appear later.

That night Erastus came home half full of beer and went to bed early. Soon the old man came, and before retiring proceeded to fix the doors. He found the one in the room of Erastus wide open and that youth sound asleep.

'I'll jist fix this and not wake him,' said he. 'He'll see this in the morning and take it down himself.' So cautiously fixing it, he went out.

He then fixed the others and retired, feeling that he had done his duty. He rather hankered for a burglar, as he wanted to hear him break through a whole window in his frantic efforts to escape from that terrible burglar-alarm.

And now came the trouble.

The old family cat had a way of going up to the room of Erastus every night. Erastus would come home with remnants of cheese sandwiches in his pockets and they acted as bait for all the mice in the house. The old cat knew this, and as the door was always open, she used to treat herself to a mouse lunch whenever she was hungry.

Last night about twelve, she went up as usual. If she was surprised at finding the door nearly closed she didn't say anything, but gently introducing her head, she walked in—or rather she started in.

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A space of about two seconds is supposed to intervene between each of the above lines.

The first represents her entrance to Erastus' room, the second is when she thought the cat Hades was coming, and made one bolt across the hall and struck the old man's door—and another oyster can—and the third is where she gave one despairing yowl and threw herself wildly over the banisters and shot into the dining-room just in time for the third can to hit right in the highest arch of her back.

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Up stairs all was confusion. Awakening out of a sound sleep, Erastus grabbed an umbrella and bolted into the hall just in time to meet his father, who in his wild haste had forgotten his pistol and grabbed a trusty boot.

Each took the other for a burglar, and went to work, and such hammering and slipping and swearing and tearing off of toe-nails was never heard before in the Second Ward.

How long they would have fought no one knows, but just as he was delivering an extra blow with the boot, the old man shouted:

'Gol dern ye!'

And Erastus, recognizing his father's favorite expression, let go of his throat and cried:

'Is that you pap?'

This settled the whole business. Mutual explanations followed, and the old lady was pulled out from under the bed to go and hunt up a lot of arnica and bandages and court plaster, etc.

Neither old Plunkett nor Erastus appeared on the street yesterday morning.

A man with a map of the Russian war done in court plaster on his face don't feel like coming down town. They are both praying that their faces will heal up before the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the A O U W, as they both want to go to the banquet.

Eight policemen slunk around in the alley and behind the tree-boxes near Plunkett's house till daylight this morning, laying for the cause of all the racket but they didn't catch any burglars.

At seven, a cat with an abnormal tail climbed slowly and cautiously up the back fence and gave a long and steadfast look at the mansion of the Plunketts and it happened just at that moment that the hired girl threw the three oyster cans out into the back yard.

The cat gave a last indignant yelp and a spit, and the way she fled like a hair

meteor up the alley toward the sand pit is said to have knocked Jay-Eye See in to a cocked hat.

Plunkett will not patent his invention.

AN ITEM FOR TOPERS.

SOMETHING THAT IS BETTER THAN WHISKEY TO RELIEVE THE 'ALL-GONENESS.'

You likely number among your friends or acquaintances some hearty old chap who has taken a drink of good whiskey before breakfast for forty-seven years, and couldn't eat without it. Now, at the risk of having this worthy but prejudiced person laugh himself into a state of apoplectic red-faced-ness, let me suggest that as old as he is he may yet find a substitute—not only a cheaper one, but one that will never coax him to take more than is good for him. Take any man who is in the habit of looking in the bottom of the glass for 'pure sociability' at intervals from noon until midnight, and for stomach comfort before he breaks his fast in the morning and let him, after he has arisen and dressed, repair to a drug store instead of a bar-room. He has no appetite. He does not feel as though he were 'all there.' Instead of a cocktail let him ask the druggist to prepare a mixture of these ingredients and quantities, which, when mixed together, shall constitute a single dose:

Chloroform, five drops; tincture of ginger, half teaspoonful; compound tincture cardamon, two teaspoonfuls; water, one wine-glassful.

Swallow that slowly—take five minutes to it. You will be surprised to find that in about fifteen minutes the 'all gone' feeling will have disappeared. A gentle, pleasant warmth is felt in place of the gnawing sensation, and in a very little while there are decided symptoms of being hungry. A repetition of the dose inside of an hour, in case the attack the night before was very severe, will do no harm. A cup of black coffee twenty minutes after the first dose is an excellent thing to follow with, provided the patient is not of a particularly nervous temperament.

You will find some men whose nerves become unstrung upon very slight alcoholic provocation, and such men are prone to try the similia similibus cure: antur racket. The best thing for a case of that kind is the drug store again. Here is the dose:

Bromide of potassium, thirty grains; celerina, two teaspoonfuls; elixir valerianae ammonia, two teaspoonfuls.

I'll guarantee that you will never resort to whisky again after you have tried whichever of these doses that may suit your particular case. As soon as you feel able to eat, make your breakfast of oatmeal principally for two or three days. On the day after taking the first dose, invest in two Havana oranges and substitute the juice for the pick-me-up tonic. If the stomach rejects the oranges as too sweet, throw them away and try the tonic again and eventually return to the fruit.

This treatment will begin to show its effect in a few days. Instead of that uneasy, uncomfortable feeling there will come a vigor and natural exhilaration that will brighten the eye and quicken the step. A brisk walk around the block, if you live in the brick and mortar section, will not come amiss. I would even go so far as to advise a five minutes' exercise with half-pound dumb bells. Grasp them firmly, and strike out as though you intended thumping somebody. All that is needed is faith and a little perseverance, especially perseverance. Three week will bring the faith and

A STINGY MANŒUVRE WHICH DIDN'T WORK.—'Talking about stingy me,' said the conductor of a Pullman car, as he sat in the smoking-room while the porter was doing the work, 'the worst specimen I ever saw came out of Detroit the other night. His wife, a great fat woman, was with him, and they took seats in the ordinary coach. Pretty soon he came back, selected a berth—single upper—and than went back to his wife. Pretty soon he returned and went to bed alone. About an hour after this I was going through the train when the fat woman stopped me and wanted to know if I had any empty berths. I told her there were plenty of them, when she brought her lips together like a vice and clenched her fat hands as she said: 'I thought as much. Here, take my bag with you and make me up the best section you have. I'll be back as soon as the train stops again.' You see that selfish husband of hers had told her there wasn't an empty berth left, but he had found a chance to share a bunk with an acquaintance. He was the maddest man you ever saw next morning, when he had to hand over \$5 for her night's rest, in addition to the \$2.50 he had paid for his own. He gave the porter only two cents for shining his shoes, and scowled so the porter didn't dare kick for more. Oh, but he was a tough one.'—[Chicago Herald.]

HE WANTED A ROOM ON THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF THE HOUSE.—A tall, fine looking gentleman arrived at one of the leading hotels yesterday afternoon. He registered, and as the clerk was looking over the room board and the porters were looking after the gentleman's bag-

gage he addressed the clerk as follows: 'I wish, if you please, that in assigning me to a room you would use some discretion and place me, if possible on the religious side of the house.'

The clerk stammered a little, looked at his diamond pin, rang two or three bells nervously, coughed, fumbled a blotter on the desk and said he did not quite understand what the gentleman was driving at.

Well, my dear sir, the last time I was here you gave me a room on the worldly side of the house. To be frank with you, I think I was put between two—well, two poker parties, and I heard nothing all night but the rattle of poker chips. If you have a religious side of the house just give me a cot there. To some men poker will take the place of sleep. I am not one of that kind.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE ROAD.

The resurrection is the silver lining to the dark cloud of death, and we know the sun is shining beyond.—[J. Walton.]

The most cross-grained are by no means the worst of mankind, or the humblest in station the least polished in feeling.

Our Lord has written the promise of the resurrection, not in books alone, but but in every leaf in spring time.—[Martin Luther.]

There is nothing so sweet as a duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.—[Jean Ingelow.]

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections. For love which hath ends will have an end, whereas that which is founded on true virtue will all ways continue.—[Dryden.]

The warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glaciers which have bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.—[Herder.]

Show me a father who fences his home around with God's commandments, and lights it up with domestic comforts and pleasures, and anchors himself to his home, and I will show you the best kind of restraint from dangerous evening resorts.—[Dr. T. L. Cuyler.]

HE WAS ACCOMPLISHED.—Serephemia, do you consent to be mine? he asks anxiously.

Hold! Have you any accomplishments? she says.

Several, I believe.

Do you drink? Copiously.

Do you smoke? Continuously.

Do you chew? From early morn till dewy eve.

Thank Heaven! then I'm yours; and now adorable, I can go and select the materials for a smoking jacket at once, and buy you an exquisitely beautiful cuspidor.

—= MARCH =—

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COMPLIMENTARY PRESS NOTICES.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter." This is the title of a neatly-printed book of some 150 pages, from the facile pen of Herman H. Pitts, of the *Fredericton Reporter*. The story, which savors of the Bad Boy style of fiction, treats of the adventures of Joshua Bangs, from his entry into the office of the *Swampton Era* up the inky ladder of journalistic success till he revels in wealth and domestic felicity, the editor of a thrifty village daily. Mixed up with Joshua, from start to finish, is one Spuds, a practical printer, who divides the honors with him. Mr. Pitts boldly lifts the veil that hides from vulgar gaze the mysterious interior of the sanctum and discloses the manner in which the crank of an opinion mill is turned. Only early familiarity with the secrets of a printing office could have enabled the writer to dress up his characters as naturally as he does; indeed one is almost forced at times to believe that Mr. Pitts, in the earlier chapters, has simply torn a few pages from his own autobiography. If for Bangs we substitute the name Pitts, and transform *Swampton* into *Fredericton*, the interest in the tale is heightened and its true inwardness made more plain.—*St. John Daily Sun*.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter," is one of the funny books of the season, and having been written by a New Brunswicker and dealing with the amusing incidents of provincial life is calculated to amuse if not to instruct Canadians. This mythical reporter's extraordinary adventures form a story far better worth the twenty-five cents charged for it than many more pretentious publications. It may be purchased at the book stores or ordered from H. H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*Yarmouth Herald*, Nova Scotia.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of "Brother Jonathan Sketches." Brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life, it describes the experience of a Reporter, whose numerous escapes, love affairs, etc., make up an amusing story. Published in pamphlet form, price 25 cents. For sale by all booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamps. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*St. John Daily Telegraph*.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter," has just reached us. It is from the pen of the author of "Bro. Jonathan Sketches."

This little manual is replete with graphic descriptions of "Joshua as a Reporter. We may return to it again.—*Victoria Star*, Grand Falls.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of the "Bro. Jonathan Sketches." It graphically describes the trials of "Our Joshua" as the devil in a printing office, and his experiences as a reporter on a weekly and daily paper. It is brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life and will be particularly interesting to those who have been at some time connected with journalism. Joshua's many scrapes in the printing office in company with his friend Spuds are dwelt on at length; his trials as a reporter; his falling in love and leaving home on account of a difficulty with the "boss"; and finally his triumphant return, all form the basis of an interesting story.

The book is published in pamphlet form, in readable type, and contains 160 pages. Price, 25 cents; for sale by all booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamp. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*Carleton Sentinel*, Woodstock.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter" is a pleasant companion for a leisure evening, or railway journey. The hero certainly managed to get into as many scrapes as the general run of printers' devils and reporters, and to come through on all occasions with quite the usual *sans froid* and *ecbat*. But there is no need we should relate any of these adventures, when 25 cents remitted to Mr. H. H. Pitts, Business Manager of the *Fredericton N. B. Reporter*, will secure the volume.—*Orillio Packet*.

Flattering notices have also been given the work by the *St. Croix Courier*, Woodstock; *Chatham World*, Summerside; *Journal*, P. E. I.; *The Watchman*, Halifax, N. S.; *Wat-^rfall Luminat* or and a number of other Provincial and United States papers.

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