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THE QUEEN HOTEL.

An Elegantly Equipped and Popular Hostelry.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS TESTIFY TO MR. McCaffrey's INTENTION

Of Keeping the Queen in the Front Rank.

Beautiful Fredericton, the most attractive river resort in Lower Canada, the seat of the local government and a thriving business centre, can now boast of the second largest hotel in the province and as modern a hostelry as one would care to live in.

Manager J. J. McCaffrey, formerly manager of the Dufferin, St. John, has recently spent a small fortune transforming the Queen, which is now resplendent in new decorations, new furnishings, new bedroom fittings, a new bowling alley, etc., etc.

The painters, plumbers, furnishers, and carpenters have but recently withdrawn their forces, though a few carpenters and plumbers are finishing up a few odd jobs, and they have left behind them the prettiest little hotel in this section of the land.

The spacious office has been cosied up with giant arm chairs and inviting lounges, with an open fireplace and other comfort-giving appurtenances. Then, as you pass through the lavatories, the old patron will notice a new door leading presumably to the lawn, but it doesn't; it is the gentlemen's entrance to the new bowling alley, the ladies' entrance being from the lawn. There is no better equipped alley in Lower Canada. It is of regular length, is strongly lighted, has an alert staff of attendants, and is causing the great game to boom beyond the fondest hopes in the capital city. The alley's fun cannot be heard in the main hotel.

Along with the bowling goes the billiards, which room, like the alley, is for guests only. Here two new tables—one a May and the other S. of the Brunswick-Balke make—afford fun for ivory lovers. A well appointed barber shop, under John McGilivray's management, is under the hotel roof. It has three chairs and all the modern notions, including compressed air apparatus.

The dining room, which also leads off from the main office, has been beautified in a lavish manner. The ceiling is a work of art in stucco work, all prettily paneled and tinted, and the walls are made to correspond. The effect under lighted electric lights is dazzling. All through this department of the house the distinguishing feature is cleanliness and order. Pantries, kitchen, the refrigerator room, the scullery, and even the storage apartment are as neat as wax and quite free from uncleanliness. For years the Queen Hotel has maintained an enviable reputation for its cooking, which it intends to retain at any cost. The present charge d'affaires in the culinary department has been on duty for over fourteen years.

But it is up in the body of the hotel that the most radical improvements have been made. Three spacious hallways—one on each flat—are now veritable bowers of comfort and attractiveness. Surely the man who wrote "no place like home" never experienced such fireside pleasures in any public house as are found in the Fredericton hotel. The carpets are fresh and delightfully padded, the pictures are not the old ones, the walls and curtains bear evidences of late improvements and all through the living sections the effect is that of brightness and newness. Take the parlor, for instance, it is entirely rejuvenated. The ceilings and walls were attended by the artists in J. H. Pullen's employ, St. John; the rich green carpet, the fantastic lighting fixtures, to say but a word about the silk-upholstered furniture. A fireplace adds to the winter charm of this large room.

Manager McCaffrey accompanied the writer down the long rows of guest chambers, all of which shone farth in new carpets, new brass bedsteads, new bedding and even new springs. Bureaus and commodore were right from the dealers and the mattresses were of the best. Indeed it is not frequently that one comes across a hotel that has been so thoroughly overhauled. Six of the rooms have been supplied with up-to-date porcelain baths. This is a long step in modernizing a house, and one that will be greatly appreciated. When the campaign of improvement is over the Queen will be able to boast 63 rooms, placing it second in the list of (N. B.) hotels. The additional rooms will be secured by rebuilding the servant's quarters on the third floor, and by utilizing a laundry, (long used as a storage) for help. There will consequently be no shortage of accommodations during either the tourist or parliamentary rushes, when the hotel is usually filled to capacity. "Your house appears to be quite comfortable in all the rooms," observed the writer.

"That's one of its strong features," answered Mr. McCaffrey; even during the record cold snap of 44 degrees below zero on the 14th inst., every thermometer in the place registered nothing lower than 70."

"The Queen Hotel is well protected from fire and in every nook and corner fire buckets, perpetually filled, are ready for emergencies. It is well situated on the front street, commands a superb view of the river and the towns of Marysville and Gibson opposite, and is handy to the parliament buildings. Its staff, always attentive, numbers at least 30 all the year round, and 40 in the rush seasons.

The firms attending to the renovating and other changes, were:

Carpentry—H. M. Clark, Fredericton.

Plumbing—D. J. Shea, Fredericton.

Painting—Bruce Dayton, Fredericton.

Electrical—Harry White, Fredericton.

Parlors—J. H. Pullen, St. John.

Furniture, carpets, bedding, etc.—Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

Carpets, etc.—A. O. Skinner, St. John.

The hotel has fourteen sample rooms, nine of which are centrally located in the Edgecombe building on York street, and are fitted with lavatories. The other five are in Wilmot's Alley, a handy place.

The livery stable is under the efficient management of J. A. Edwards.

"Yes," remarked Mr. McCaffrey, after the inspection was over, "this has cost a lot of money, but in the two and a half years of my management I find the business has increased over one-third, so I think the house can stand a little enlarging and attention, don't you?"

CATARRH IS CERTAINLY CURABLE.

In fact it is one of the most curable diseases if fragrant healing Catarrhazone is used. No matter how long you have suffered with catarrh you can be perfectly cured by inhaling the antiseptic vapor of Catarrhazone, which strikes at the foundation of the trouble and establishes such a healthy condition in the system that catarrhal germs simply can't exist. "I suffered from catarrh of the nose and throat for years," writes H. S. Downie of Plattsville. "My nostrils were always stuffed up and I had a most disagreeable hacking cough. Catarrhazone cured me completely." Catarrhazone never fails. Two months treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

A PICTURE OF DEATH.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose, that's there,
The first yet tender fruits that break
The languor of the placid cheek,
And, but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's spathies
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore:
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray.
A glided halo hovering round decay.
The farewell beam of feeling past away;
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its
cherished earth! —Lord Byron.

The man who always stops to think before he speaks may not say much, but he seldom has to take any of it back.

MAN'S MOST CRITICAL AGE.

Very often the vital resources are small at forty-two, but if not then, between fifty-seven and sixty-two years of age there is a strange slow-down and loss of vitality. It is important that this transient period of decay should be checked, strength must be imparted to the tired brain, the weakened nerves must be fortified. The wise man will use Ferrozone whose potency is particularly applicable to these critical periods. Ferrozone quickens the whole being, imparts vigor and power, pushes back the onset of senility in a very manifest way. It's because Ferrozone gives strength, vitality and vigor that it is useful to old men. Try it. Price 50c.

A RACY SKETCH.

Of the Opening of the Canadian Parliament.

Some Things the Other Correspondents Did Not See.

H. F. Gadbsy, writing in the Toronto Star of the opening of the Canadian Parliament says:—The tenth Parliament of Canada was opened today. As it was his new Excellency's first official performance, an unusually large crowd was present at the ceremony. It was in fact a record breaking crowd, and the unhappy Black Rod had his work cut out to please all those who thought they were entitled to a seat on the floor of the Red Chamber. Hell hath no fury like a society woman turned down. The life of a Black Rod is not all beer, bows, and skittles.

The function was appointed for three o'clock, but the crowd began to come at one, and at two o'clock there was standing room only on the floor of the Senate. The assemblage distributed itself in the usual way, beauty decollette in the Senators' chairs, and chivalry in scarlet uniform and gold lace to the right and left of the dias. The galleries of the Red Chamber were jammed with lively femininity, and one or two girls' schools lent a pleasant air of youth and vivacity to the scene. Everybody seemed to be interested in a new Parliament with two new speakers, opened by a brand new governor general, assisted by a Black Rod almost as good as new, having been used only one session. It was an aggregate of novelties that simply could not fail to capture the public.

HEART BURNINGS.

There were, of course, some heart-burnings among those who had been left out. There were also some people present who had "rung in" when the Commons came over at the behest of his Excellency to hear the Speech from the Throne. John Charlton, Chief Messenger has a keen eye for a legislator, spotted a group of offenders comprising a couple of ordinary colonels in mufti and a job lot of country judges, and sang out: All them things that isn't Senators had better clear out from behind the bar of this house." And cleared out they were.

ROUGH ON THE EARL.

Accidents will occur in the best regulated families. Nature should have retired in favor of a new Governor-General, but it snowed intermittently all day. Members of parliament said it was typical of the virgin purity of a new parliament, but it also looked like a freeze-out for Earl Grey. When the Earl went inside the soldiers were carelessly left outside. When the Earl was ready to go away again, some of them had to be dug out. To make matters worse when the band started up "God Save the King" the high note froze, the best trombone in the Governor-General's Foot Guards burst, and had to be sent to the plumber for repairs. The battery on Napier Point didn't catch up with their job until His Excellency was twenty yards from the main doorway, and the first gun, which should have been fired when royalty entered the Parliament Hill, was very much like the pardon that came too late.

KEPT THEM LATE.

Earl Grey was late—twenty minutes late—which was the habit of one of his predecessors, the Earl of Aberdeen.

Meanwhile the Commons waited in its Green chamber—greener than ever now because every desk has a green blotting pad—waited breathlessly for the three knocks that would summon them to the august purlieus of the Upper House. The Commons noted with approval that Colonel Smith was wearing all his medals, and one or two Past Master's jewels to make a brave front. Speaker Sutherland seemed to have got used to his new gown, and handled his tricorn as easily as if it were a common Christy stiff. It's wonderful how a man rises to all this new gear inside of a day and a night.

Presently Black Rod's warning sounded, and Black Rod entered and said his piece.

A GOOD START.

Arrived in the Senate Chamber, the dialogue between the two cocked hats, the Governor-General's and Mr. Speaker's, began, and everybody got off to a good start. Senator T. O. Davis tried to fade away into a corner but he was spotted by his old pals. "What are you in for, Tom?" asked one. "I'm in for life," said the prisoner of fame. Senator Sir Richard Cartwright was also

present. Windsor uniform, and moustache fiercer than ever. Most of the other notables were in their places, including five robin red-breasts from the Supreme Court. But the greatest of them all, the Chief Justice, Sir Elzear Taschereau, who is His Excellency in spots, was not present. Having been the sun, he scorned to be anything less. Besides, he is getting more difficult every day. He still refuses to sit on a woolsack that doesn't give him three inches prominence over his humble but inferior associates.

MADE A HIT.

Earl Grey made a great hit. Part of the speech he had evidently composed himself. There is every reason to believe that, down to the words "It is gratifying to note that the trade, etc., his Excellency actually did it off his own bat, after which the Cabinet, according to constitutional usage, took a hand in and provided the usual quantity of dry bones that a speech from the throne contains. His Excellency, however, made no difference, between his own part and the other. He read one part just as well as the other, and he read it in a fine vibrant voice.

LONDON BEGGAR'S TRICKS.

At Day's End His Disease Vanished and He Retired to Live High.

A wealthy beggar was recently sentenced to three months labor in a London court as a rogue and vagabond.

For many months the prisoner had been a familiar figure in the neighborhood of Bishopsgate. With head hanging on one side, one foot dragging behind him, and his limbs shaking he presented a pitiable spectacle. Very few people bought the matches he carried, but coins were dropped into his box by city merchants, clerks, and even poverty-stricken char-women, and the police calculated that he collected six pounds a week on the average. The paralysis it was alleged, was assumed, and on his way home to his villa at Norwood the accused became "much better," running up the station steps two at a time. He lived in comparative comfort, and his wife only knew that he was "something in the city."

Mr. F. G. Brown, surgeon to the city police, said he thoroughly examined the accused. Smith told him that a few weeks before Christmas, 1901, he was thrown from a trap and injured at the back of the neck, setting up paralysis. Witness found the accused could grip fairly well with either hand, and the pupils of his eyes were quite normal. He knew of no instance of paralysis on record consistent with the prisoner's symptoms.

The prisoner, whose demeanor had quite changed since his last appearance, said he wished to withdraw his plea of not guilty. His desire now was to plead guilty, and "by God's help" to tell the truth. But first he would like to say a few words to exonerate others.

The prisoner detailed incidents of his life in London, declaring that he had been a respected member of society. He had served in the Royal Artillery until returned medically unfit. He then spoke of his accident and sufferings. Coming to his stay at Hastings, he continued: And, gentlemen, it is at this point that the chief trouble commences. I became associated with bad company, and was obliged to put money on horses. It was the first time I had made a bet in my life. I ventured small sums at first, and became elated with success, till I put on larger sums and lost. I gave various men my I. O. U.'s, but I became heavily involved, and being unable to pay these so-called friends, who had led me on, they threatened me with exposure. I dare say some of them are in court now, laughing at my downfall. I began to think of my wife and little girl, and what this exposure would mean to them, and the thought crashed me, and I decided to do the things for which I am now brought here.

The prisoner begged the court to remember the time when he was a better man. "When I have served my sentence," he said, "whether long or short, every friend will have turned his back upon me, and every door will be closed—probably that also of my own home. With the help of a higher power I intend to start again with a clean sheet, and twelve months from the time I am a free man I will come back and prove to you that at any rate I have tried to do better."

Never's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap powder is better than other soap powders. It also acts as a disinfectant.

Said "Good-bye" To His Family.

Dying of Weakness—Given up by Doctors as an Incurable and Hopeless Wreck.

FERROZONE

SAVED HIS LIFE!

After reading the following letter from Mr. H. A. Thurston, of 228 Vermont street, east, Indianapolis, Ind., no one will ever doubt the merit of Ferrozone.

"A year ago I took the grippe. 'I was as weak as a child. 'I was no longer able to eat. 'My blood was thin. My cheeks were white and hollow. 'Doctors gave me all kinds of medicine, but none of them brought me strength. 'My friends said I was wasting away with some slow disease, and I bid them good-bye. 'Then I heard of the wonderful Ferrozone.

"After three days it gave me an appetite. I gained strength and became cheerful. Under Ferrozone I improved steadily. I am well today. I weigh fifteen pounds heavier than ever before, and feel like a new man. (Signed) 'H. A. Thurston.'"

The secret of growing strong is solved by Ferrozone. It supplies actual nourishment. It braces you up quick, supplies new energy, brings back the snap and fire of youth. Try Ferrozone, 50c. per box, or six for \$2.50, at all dealers in medicine, or Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

The New Anthem.

It was a new anthem, composed by the village organist, and this was its effect: The soprano started off with the very laudable though rather startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash. And the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping of steam or splash of the waves, after which the choir, individually and collectively, asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocence."

EVERYONE WITH SORE THROAT

Should know how quickly Nerviline cures. "I can recommend Nerviline very highly for sore throat," writes Mr. R. McKenzie of St. George. "I once had a very sore throat and my chest was full of cold and soreness. Every cough hurt me. I cured myself quickly by rubbing my chest and throat vigorously with Nerviline and using it also as a gargle. I believe Nerviline to be the best general remedy for emergent sickness that one can get. We have used it for twenty years in our home." Price 25c.

Gluttonous Englishmen.

Bluffkins wandered in at the club the other night and drew his chair close to the fire.

"I wouldn't be an Englishman for anything!" he ejaculated. "They have the most gluttonous appetites on record."

"You can't prove that, bah Jove!" said Mr. Algernon Hawkins, who lived on chops and swore by his majesty. "I can," replied Bluffkins, with unruffled composure. "And here is the proof. I was riding home in an electric last night. Two Englishmen sat next to me. 'I've just bought a stove,' said one. 'So 'ave I,' said the other. 'But mine is the best on earth. It cooks my breakfast in 'alf an hour,' said the first. 'Jove,' said the second, 'that isn't anything. I can 'eat my stove in five minutes.'"

And even Mr. Algernon Hawkins acknowledged that the Englishman did have a pretty solid appetite.

Self Respect.

Maintain your self respect as the most precious jewel of all and the only true way to win the respect of others, and then remember what Emerson says, for what he says here is true: "No young man can be cheated out of an honorable career in life unless he cheats himself."

BLOOD POISON OFTEN RESULTS

From paring corns with razors. Wise people use Putnam's Painless Oorn and Wart Extractor, the standard cure of America and Great Britain, for all sorts of corns, warts and bunions. Use only Putnam's.