



VOL. 6. NO. 12.

FREDERICTON, N. B., JUNE, 1896.

{ 35 Cents per Year.
{ Single Copy 3 Cents.

C. E. DUFFY,
BARRISTER,
—AND—
Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC ETC.

Accounts Collected and Money to Loan on Real Estate Security.

Offices: West Side of Carleton Street, Second from Queen.

All the Latest Styles of
Photographs

MADE AT

HARVEY'S.

Studio: 164 Queen Street.

GEO. A. HUGHES,
Barrister,
Solicitor and Attorney-at-Law.

OFFICE—Whelpley Building, opp. Post Office, Fredericton.

RUBBER STAMPS.

SOMEBODY in your town ought to take orders for Hand Stamps and send them to us. There is money in this for the right man. We make only the best. Our Agent's Price List shows just what everything in the line will cost laid down.

WALTON & CO.,

Hand Stamps, Seals & Stencils,

SHERBROOKE, - - OUE.

QUEEN HOTEL

J. A. Edwards, Prop.

FREDERICTON - - - - - N. B.

Fine Sample Rooms in Connection.

WAVERLEY HOUSE

Regent St., Fredericton.

JOHN B. GRIEVES, - - Proprietor.

TERMS, MODERATE.

GEO. L. WILSON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, and Notary Public.

OFFICE:—Next door below Weddall's Store,
Queen St., Fredericton, N.B.

Black, Bliss & Nealis

Barristers,
Solicitors, etc.

Queen St., Opp Post Office.

Solicitors for Bank of Nova Scotia.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Teeth extracted without Pain by the Famous Hale Method.

Dr. F. W. Barbour,

Sole Licensee for Fredericton.

QUEEN STREET, OPP. NORMAL SCHOOL

No extra charge. Telephone 49

SNAP SHOTS.

From Grave to Gay—From Sober to Severe.

Mashed in the Tunnel.

By what good chance I cannot tell,
We sat so that I faced her,
And when the tunnel's shadow fell
I caught her and embraced her.
Said she, half angry, struggling hard,
And trying to draw back,
"I think you'd better call the guard;
Your mouth is off the track."

But still I held her closer still,
And called her "sweetheart," "sister!"
And still she struggled with a will,
And still I kissed and kissed her;
And as each sweet collision came
I blessed the sweet eclipse
That turned my spirit into flame
And telescoped our lips.

It's all of twenty years gone by,
The fact that I've related,
And my fair tunnel mate and I
Have twenty years been mated,
And she and I are still content,
Though we have long been lashed,
And still we bless the accident
In which we both were "mashed."

A teacher, questioning little boys about the gradation of intelligence, asked, "What comes next to man?" Whereupon a little fellow, who was evidently smarting under a sense of previous defeat, immediately distanced all competitors, by promptly shouting, "His flannel shirt, ma'am!"

St. Peter—"Um, you were an ice man I believe, while on earth?"

New Arrival—"Yes St. Peter; I dealt in ice."

St. Peter—"You were always very fond of hot weather, were you not?"

New Arrival—"Y-e-s."

St. Peter—"Well, you will go where the weather will always be summery, and the hotter it gets the smaller will be the piece of ice left at your door. Ta, ta."

A brakeman who was caught between two freight cars was describing his sufferings to his wife.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's just the way it feels when you are breaking in a new pair of corsets."

Patient—"What do you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor?"

Doctor—"No, no; not yet."

SURPRISED FOR ONCE.

A Rare Occasion in Which a Drummer Looked Astonished.

This is not a story by a drummer, but about a drummer. This travelling man lives not a thousand miles away, and a while ago he started for New York state under conditions at home which made him naturally somewhat nervous. A while after he was telegraphed that all was well, but he had better come home. He responded with a despatch stating the hour he would arrive. In their joy over the event of twins the members of the family invented a little surprise for the drummer.

Two other babies had been born in the neighborhood within a day or two, and as the exact hour of the happy father's return was known they were borrowed to assist. The hour came, and with it the drummer. He bounded up the stairs two steps at a time, but came into the room on tiptoe. The nurse softly drew down the coverlid, and there lay four little innocents, their wide eyes blinking him a welcome.

"Good heavens! Martha," said he. "Sure you haven't missed any?"

It is a remnant of barbarism in our natures that we should take pleasure in displaying our skill on living animals. Deerstalking is no doubt a healthy and exhilarating exercise, requiring skill, stamina, a clear sight, and a steady hand. Yet the last act in a successful stalk is if we come to think about it, disgusting and brutal. In close proximity to us we see a lordly animal, happy, peaceful, and enjoying fully the gift of life. We draw a trigger, and, if we do not miss, we wound or kill. Happy it be if it is the latter. More often than not it is the former; and then, if limbs are not broken, a fierce tracking ensues, resulting sometimes in the death of the victim, sometimes in its loss, and, as a consequence, many an hour of torture ere death closes its sufferings. Yet thousands are spent yearly on deer forests, and the paean of animal woe that goes up therefore throughout the stalking season expends itself year after year unheard, unfelt, unthought of, amid the throng of men.—Lady Florence Dixie.

Whoever thinks that men might have full sympathy With their fellows, while lacking all sympathy with inferior creatures, will discover his error on looking at the facts.—Herbert Spencer.