

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

A Novel by Arlo Bates. The first September volume of "Tickenor's Paper series" is: The Pagans, by Arlo Bates, author of A Wheel of Fire, Patty's Perversities, etc.

A Remarkable Book. Messrs. Wm. Drysdale & Co., of Montreal, have just published a remarkable piece of Canadian fiction entitled, The Young Seigneur; or, Nation-Making.

The September Wide Awake opens with a jolly story of the Harrison campaign of 1840; it is by Mrs. F. A. Humphrey, a personal reminiscence, entitled "Two Conspirators," and illustrated by Smedley.

Notes and Announcements. The Academy complains that while Miss Sarah Orne Jewett has "finished," she catches hold of her story by the middle, as it were, and asks querulously what is the use of finishing what was never begun.

Truth says that the publication of Sir Robert Peel's papers will not prove as fruitful as was supposed. They will not, for example, clear Peel's memory from the charge of deserting and opposing Canning.

A new volume of Matthew Arnold's miscellaneous essays which have not heretofore been collected, will be brought out late this coming autumn.

Mr. Croly has been to see the author of One Summer, at Stuttgart, where she lives, enjoys and works. Miss Howard divides her attention between her housekeeping and her new novel, The Open Door.

Mr. James Russell Lowell at his place at Faringford. Lord and Lady Tennyson will pass the coming winter in the south of France.

Last Tuesday's World said: Col. Carson Lake, who has recently been made one of the editors of The American Magazine, announced yesterday that he had secured from James G. Blaine the promise of an article on Grover Cleveland for the September number of his magazine.

Some industrious persons in England are unearthing the buried "treasures" of the long-defunct "Keens" and in one of them have found the following verses by Tennyson (1850), not published in his works:

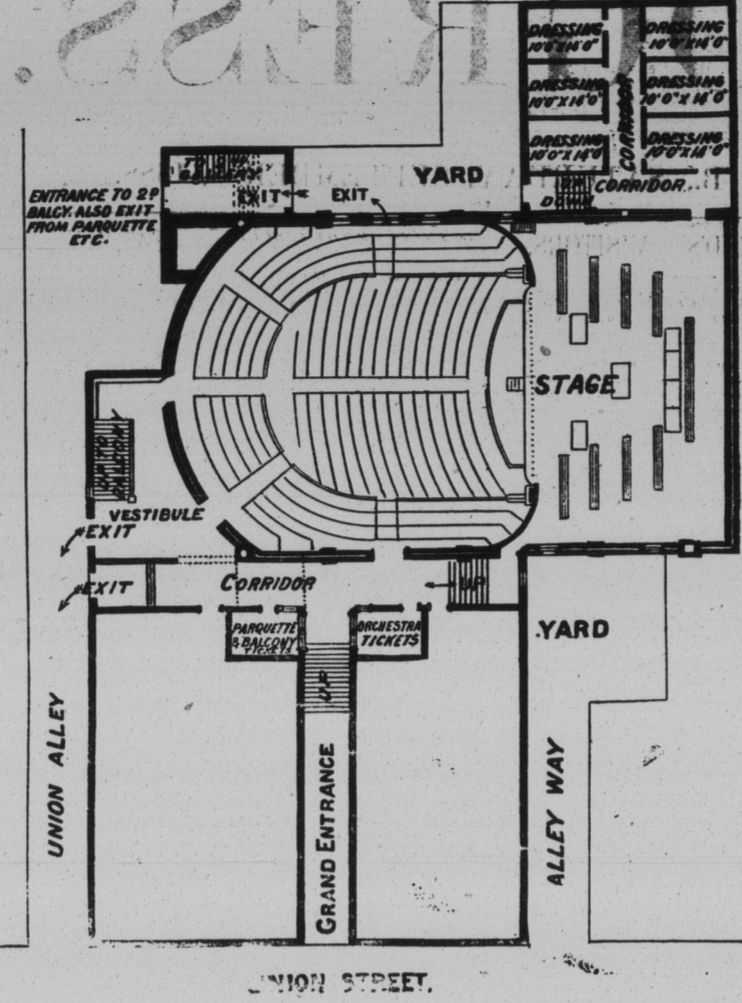
What time I wasted youthful hours, One of the shining winged powers Show'd me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers. They seem'd high palaces and proud, 'Till now and then with sliding cloud.

Among other contributors to the volume were Lord John Manners, R. Monckton Milnes, E. Bulwer Lytton, Harry Cornwall, W. M. Thackeray and Albert Smith.—New York Critic.

Little Johnny one day surprised his father with: "Pa, I love grandma and I want to marry her." "You silly boy, that would be impossible."

"Why, pa?" "Because—because she is my mother." "Well, pa, didn't you marry my mother?" Pa collapses.—N. Y. World.

GROUND PLAN OF THE NEW OPERA HOUSE



THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

GROUND PLAN OF A HANDSOME, COMMODIOUS STRUCTURE.

Favored by Location, It Has Been Able to Add the Best Features of the Great Theatres of the United States—Eleven Exits, All on the Ground Floor.

The subscriptions for the stock of the new opera house are coming in so rapidly that, if the directorate proves equal to its trust, there is no reason why work on the structure should not be begun within the month.

Persons who have not carefully considered the advantages of the Dockrill site will have them forcibly impressed by the ground-plan of the proposed edifice, herewith printed.

Quite a number of the desirable features of large theatrical buildings have been taken advantage of. The opera house is to be of brick, with hollow walls, 62 by 100 feet, exclusive of two vestibules, 24 by 24 and 26 by 34, respectively, and a wing 37 by 38 for dressing-rooms, of which there will be six. The stage will be 60 by 40.

with the proscenium opening 35 feet wide and 40 feet high, and the proscenium wall 16 inches thick. There will be three entrances; the grand lobby on Union street, which will be 60 feet long and elegantly decorated, and two others, one on Union alley.

Although there are to be eleven exits, safety, in case of fire, will be furnished by natural instead of artificial means. The hills in St. John are countless, and it is on the grade of one of these that the new theatre is to be built. The height from the auditorium floor, on which are to be situated all the ladies' dressing and cloak rooms, as well as the gentlemen's waiting-room, with all modern conveniences, is fully 51 feet. The auditorium floor will be level with the street, both front and rear; the balcony will be 12 feet high from the ground in front, but in the rear it will only be a question of a step to the ground, and

the gallery, while 24 feet from the ground in front, will be only six feet from the level—an easy dropping distance—in the rear.

Objections have been raised about the locality, and there was great objection at first on account of the existence of a factory, some calling it a fire box. It did prove a fire box, but the fire of a few weeks ago removed that, which was the chief obstacle. The position of affairs is this: The Dockrill estate had certain property valued by two of the most competent men in the city; 25 per cent. of the valuation made by them has been deducted, and Mr. Dockrill now proposes to put this into the company, taking stock therefor. If the property pays, he will get his percentage the same as the other shareholders, but if the house just pays running expenses Mr. Dockrill gets nothing; he is on the same footing as others in that respect. Nobody was found who would come forward with a like offer. Some had lots, but they wanted to be paid at the outset, but those interested had concluded that all that they could afford to do was to build. This will be done. There is no reason why the result should not satisfy everybody.

FISHING IN GRAND LAKE.

A New York Sportsman Tells a Correspondent How He Enjoyed It.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—"A person who has never cast a line for a land-locked salmon has a great deal to learn about the pleasures of scientific angling," said a well-known New York sportsman, today, "and I know the spot where this princely game fish just lies back from sunrise to sundown waiting for the fisherman to come along and give it a chance to have a bout with him. Loch Lomond in New Brunswick, Sebago and Sebago lakes in Maine and a half dozen or so of lakes in Canada are noted fishing grounds for land-locked salmon, and fishermen, until three or four years ago, thought there was no use of going anywhere else. But one season recently I had the good fortune to get to a spot where I found the land-locked salmon more abundant than I had ever seen them in any water. I ran on the spot by the merest accident, although it had been long known to a few Boston and New York fishermen. The place is Grand Lake, Washington county, Maine. A village that grew up there, around a great tannery, is inhabited by less than one hundred people, half of them Canadian-French and the rest made up of Indians and native Yankees. There is no post-office within 40 miles, and if any one were ill and wanted a doctor, the doctor would have to be brought many miles, and no lawyer could be found nearer than 50 miles. The village is truly in the Maine wilderness, and its people are log-drivers, wood-choppers, bark-peelers, hunters, trappers and fishermen. Although there is no church or preacher there—or at least, there was none a year ago—not one of the inhabitants touches a drop of liquor, and only four in the settlement ever tasted any intoxicant.

"The land-locked salmon is one of the gamest fishes that live. It is closely allied to the salmon, but it never seeks salt water even if it has the chance. These Grand lake salmon, or seabagoes, seem to me quicker in the water than even the brook trout. A three-pound seabago will show greater strength and make a stiffer fight than a five-pound black bass.

"The best time to fish for land-locked

FOUND IN A CLEFT.

A Steed and His Rider Who Had Been Hidden for Years.

Henry Martin, who resides up in the direction of Antelope Basin, W. T., recently came across a ghastly relic of early days which might well form the foundation for a tale of frontier life.

He was out prospecting in a wild and broken part of the country, where in the midst of an elevated plateau it is not uncommon to find one's self on the brink of a crevasse or cleft in the rock, a plunge down which would inevitably prove fatal. It was in examining one of these strange openings, formed during some tremendous convulsion of the earth ages ago, that Mr. Martin saw pinned between the adamantine walls far below him the whitened bones of a man and a horse. He made a circuitous journey around the hill, which brought him to where it was possible to enter the narrow gorge, and by difficult climbing over rugged boulders to reach the skeletons. He cautiously picked his way through for a distance of several hundred feet, and at length reached the object which had excited his curiosity. There was no doubt, from the position of the animal and his rider, that they had plunged headlong to their death, either while being pursued or in some mad ride which did not leave time to check themselves on the brink of the yawning chasm.

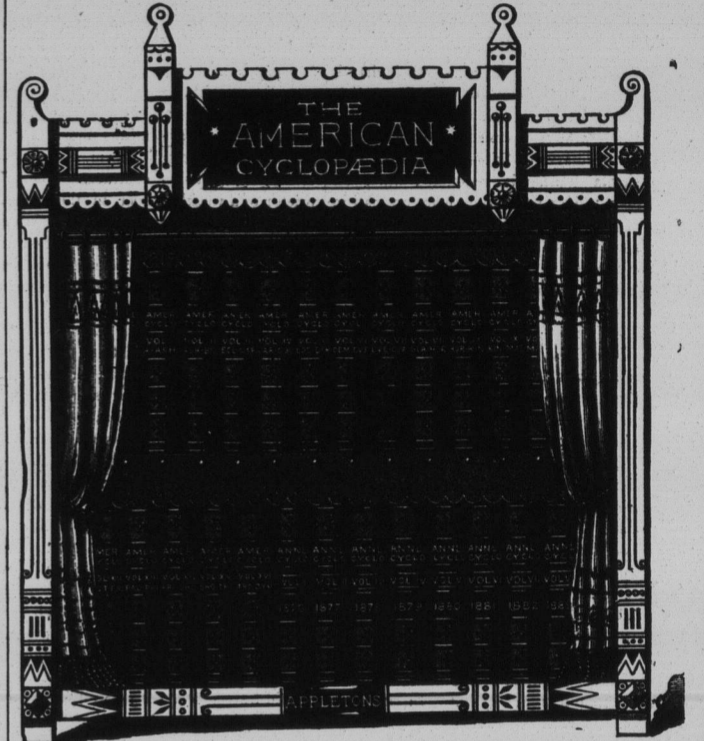
The man must have been fully six feet in height and between 50 and 60 years of age, the latter supposition being established by the fact that he had during life lost some of his teeth and the bone had grown over the cavities. The skull showed a rather intelligent forehead, the cheek bones were prominent, and the general shape of the head indicated that the bones were those of a Mexican. This theory was confirmed by the further discovery of a rich Mexican sombrero, with heavy gold trimmings, all in a good state of preservation. The skeleton was found in a perpendicular position, the head downward and tightly pinned between the two walls of rock. The rider had fallen from his steed, and bones of the latter were similarly suspended, but 20 feet further up. In a little basin at the foot of the gorge was discovered a copper plate, about six inches square, and, strangest of all, a plug of tobacco of apparently ancient manufacture, but seemingly as perfect as when the dead man had put it in his pocket to solace him in his lonely ride across the hills.—Laramie Boomerang.

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