

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and About a Great Number of Subjects.

The modern widow's cruise is a voyage for a husband.

Newspaper humorist (sarcastically, to his best girl)—People may sneer and laugh at my special line of work, but it brings in the dollars just the same.

Best girl (reproachfully)—I hope, Charley, you don't include me. I never think of laughing at you.

If your wife should throw a scone at you, or a flat-iron, or anything of that nature, for pity's sake don't dodge. You might get hit.

A weather sharp says that cats with their tails up and the hair apparently electrified indicate approaching wind. We always supposed they indicated an approaching dog.

Young lady—I heard somebody kiss you in the dark last night.

Maid—You got kissed, too.

Yes, but that's the young man to whom I am engaged to be married.

There is no harm in that.

I'm glad to hear it. He was the young man you heard kissing me in the hall last night.

Young lady faints.

St. Peter (the gates slightly ajar)—Who are you?

Applicant—I'm Mr. Veritas.

St. Peter—The man who writes letters to the newspapers?

Applicant—The same.

St. Peter—Well, you can't get in here.

Agitated Female—My husband been in here—short, fat, red-complexioned man, an' breathes heavy.

Bartender—A man answering that description, madam, was in about five minutes ago, and drank seven fingers of gin.

That's Jim; that's Jim.

Paid for it, an' went out.

That ain't Jim, an' she shot herself into the street.

The Bideford Times has this for its neighbor. The Journal speaks of a Bideford lady as the "Hon. Mrs. J. J. J."

Why not also speak of her young sons and daughters as the Hon. Master John and the Hon. Master Tom, and the Hon. Miss Mary and the Hon. Miss Jane?

"And if I should die, dear," said a sick husband, "will you sometimes visit my grave?"

Yes, John," she replied brokenly, "every pleasant Sunday afternoon, when I will take the children. Poor little things, they don't have very much to enjoy."

Is there such a thing as a fool killer, John?" asked Mrs. Brown as she folded the newspaper which she had been reading.

I don't believe there is, if not the identical encyclopaedia tree of the day.

Oh, yes there is," replied Mr. Brown. Then with a laugh he added, "And you had better keep out of his way."

No," said Mrs. Brown musingly, "there isn't such a thing. If there was, I would have been a widow long ago."

Then she took her sewing and Mr. Brown went out on the stoop to see what kind of a night it was.

An Ohio man has patented a revolving hat-tree with twelve eggs in it, and the man who comes home drunk can probably manage to hit one of them with his hat.

Visiting Chum (to Gould, who writes verses)—"That poem of yours, old boy, I saw myself in a literary waste; it's splendid. Just needs one word to complete it."

Gould—"What is it?" I'll be glad of any suggestion."

Visiting Chum—"Basket."

Featherly (making a call)—I suppose you will soon be going into the country, Mrs. Hendricks?

Mrs. Hendricks—Yes, we leave for the Catskills next week. Mr. Hendricks will come up once a month for a day or so.

Featherly—Yes, I heard him say that he was looking forward to a pleasant summer.

Mr. Bascom—I see that the University of Bologna celebrates its 800th anniversary on the 12th.

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, how I should like to be there and see them make the sausage!

Fond Papa (to daughter)—And so you think you must learn French, Clara?

Daughter—Yes, papa; in fashionable society there are so many things one can say in French that wouldn't sound well in English, you know.

Fond papa—H—m!

A good story on a Lewiston ex-mayor, and one which will be appreciated by many people in this city, who have met the present postmaster of Lewiston, Hon. Charles Walker, comes from Moosehead Lake. The Lewiston gentleman was overturned accidentally from one of the boats, and being very stout, floated valiantly. His proportions, however, didn't admit of pulling him into the boat. So they heaved a rope about him under the arms, and towed him up to the steamer.

Rich Old Lady (entering palace car)—I want a seat on the shady side, porter.

Porter—Impossible, madame. On whichever side you sit will be the sunny side.

The old lady gives him a dollar, and writes to the papers to complain of the overworked condition of the palace-car employees.

Ah, Mr. Dumley," said the widow, with a gasp of tears, "if it were not for my children, life would have for me few charms indeed! You do not know what a mother's love for her offspring is."

Ah, no, my dear madam," replied Dumley, with tender sympathy; "I have never been a mother."

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

One of Arizona's Wonders—A Region Strewed with Agatized Wood.

On the way hither through Arizona I stopped at the petrified forest. I left the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe at Holbrook, engaged a cowboy and horses and started at 8:30 a. m. After riding about thirty or thirty-five miles we reached a canyon, and following this a mile or so found ourselves among the most wonderful works of nature I ever seen. At this point the canyon is wide and rocky, yet every rock, large or small, is a piece of agatized or petrified wood. On one side the transformation seems to have been of the ordinary kind, and we find perfect specimens of petrified wood, showing the bark and in some instances even the rings of growth. In some places protruding from the earth may be seen the trunks of trees, branches and even roots, so complete has been the change. In other places sections of fossil trees have from exposure at last been broken up by the action of the elements. Often the fragments of stone resemble perfectly, both in color and structure, the natural wood, showing the grain, sap and knots of the original tree. At first I picked up two splinters a foot long and not more than three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and struck them together to be sure that they were not real wood, but they flew to pieces and I was convinced.

But by far the most interesting side of the canyon is the side where the agatized wood is found, or at least is most abundant (it is found for miles in every direction, and to the south as far as the eye can reach the country is dotted here and there with what appear to be short saw logs). On this side the trees must have grown closer, for the ground is covered with trunks of trees ranging in length from 3 to 10 feet and in diameter from 1 to 7 feet (mostly about 2 1/2 to 3 feet in diameter). The agatized wood seems by its process of transformation to have lost its grain as well as its natural color, and the only apparent likeness which I think these rocks bear to a tree of this size (besides their cylindrical shape) is that in all instances the sap is of a darker color, showing that decomposition probably affected it while the heart or wood of the tree remained sound. Also in many instances the rings of growth, being very thick, are marked by lines of cleavage.

You would think it strange if at every step you were treading on pieces of beautifully colored agate, but in this canyon if you are not stepping on pieces of petrified wood, you are on one piece; it is all agate. I did not go prepared to bring back specimens. In fact I found a Wheeler rifle, and six-shooter were enough to carry, but it was impossible to come away without bringing something, so we took the sack that had held oats and that oat sack is now in my satchel inclosing about forty pounds of Arizona agate. I have seen the roots, bark, sap, branches, pitch, knots and best of all a cone, to prove that these trees were closely allied to, if not the identical encyclopaedia tree of the day. In one place a fossil trunk spans a ravine fifty feet above a running stream. The tree trunk is exposed for over fifty feet. This tree was the longest unbroken section and varied from 2 1/2 feet in diameter at the base to 2 1/2 feet where the top disappeared in the ground. There was nothing to show that branches had been broken off and but one knot was visible. The tree was perfectly straight, and compared with the rest was scarcely as large as an average-sized tree.

Would not this have been a paradise for a lumber camp before nature got a claim on the limit. But I suppose some enterprising fellow-citizen of ours will long take up this tract and begin manufacturing everything from a tabletop to a cuff-button. In fact, before reaching Holbrook I was informed that a firm of New York jewellers had bought up the entire tract (thus getting a corner on agatized wood) and were about to develop it.

Publications.

The second volume of WOMAN commences with the June number, the contents of which are of a varied and attractive character. Among its leading articles are, Prisoners of Poverty Abroad, by Helen Campbell, Representative Woman's Clubs, by Olive Thorne Miller, Hints on Physical Culture, by C. R. Dodge, and Through Ayrshire, with Burns, by Sarah L. Rags. The departments of Home Decorations, The Household, The Table, What to Wear, Our Society, Our Daughters, etc., are well sustained. The illustrations are remarkably fine, and altogether, WOMAN appears to be a necessity to every wife and daughter in the land.

By MISADVENTURE, by Frank Barrett, author of the "Great Hesper" etc., is a very pleasing story of rural English life, the actors in which the writer has clothed with a good deal of interest, and all in the end are rewarded according to their merits, as they should be in all stories for summer reading. Published by the National News Co., Toronto. Sold by J. & A. McMillan.

A Ready Course.

The ravages of Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and other summer complaints among children during the hot weather, might be almost totally prevented by having recourse to nature's sovereign remedy for all bowel complaints, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Miss Ada—How do you pronounce Mephistopheles, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith—I never pronounce it. I simply mention his home address.

After Long Years.

"I was troubled with Liver Complaint for a number of years, finding no cure," tried B. B. B. I took four bottles and was now perfectly cured, strong and hearty." Mrs. Maria Aslett, Alma, Ont.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Mrs. James T. Dalton (nee Sallie Holman) died at Liddell, Ont., June 7. She had an attack of Hemorrhage of the lungs four months ago, but rallied and improved until about a month since, when she suffered a relapse, and consumption supervened. Deceased was one of the leading prima donnas of the continent twenty years since.

Mr. Henry Villard says he is really going to undertake an expedition to the south pole. Mrs. Villard, however, says he will undertake no such thing. We guess he won't.

They must have some real tough family quarrels in Bangor, Me. We recently saw a statement relating to one of the rich business men who died suddenly, and "who had not spoken to his wife in twelve years though she had helped him in his business all along, and she did not speak to him even on his death-bed."

The Canadian Pacific Railway, which owns the town site of Donald, B. C., has issued orders prohibiting gambling and whiskey selling on its lands.

The New York News offers \$100 reward for any well-authenticated case of faith-healing.

At the hacienda of Rio Florido, in Mexico, there lives a man 129 years old. His wife is in her 111th year. The owners of the hacienda and the people of the neighboring plantations anticipate the pleasure of giving this aged Indian couple a great many presents on the 100th anniversary of their wedding day.

At a Philadelphia publishing house may be seen, running day and night, six printing presses, which take in the paper at one end, and, at the other, turn out completely bound books at the rate of 5,000 copies an hour. These wonderful machines each require eight tons of paper daily, and in a single week each require twelve 30,000 lbs. box car to transfer its output.

While workmen were engaged in digging for sand at Yarmouth's Bend, Ill., recently, they unearthed the bodies of six men that are supposed to be those of an extinct race of giants. The bones are much larger than those of the present day. The mound has produced a large number of skeletons and many interesting relics.

A convention of parrots will soon be held in Turin, and a great many learned parrots are expected to be present. Prizes will be given to the best singer, the brightest conversationalist, and the finest orator. A great many queer stories have been told about parrots; but the coming show will give the world a chance to know precisely what they have to say.

A vessel sailed from Boston, a while ago carrying 1,400 packages of New England rum, which is the largest cargo of the kind ever shipped from that port for the African coast. There were no missionaries on board.

A tunnel 9,000 feet long, through the Cascade Mountain on the route of the Northern Pacific Railway, has very recently been completed. Nearly the whole length of the tunnel is through solid rock, and the work has been progressing since early in 1886.

The lovely myosotis has a most romantic story connected with the origin of its well-known name of "forget-me-not." It is related that a young couple, who were soon to be married, while walking along the banks of the Danube river, saw one of these flowers floating on its bosom. The affianced bride admired it, and fearing it would be carried away, regretted its flight. The lover impetuously plunged into the water, where he had no sooner seized the flower than he sank in the foam. Making a final effort, he threw the blossom upon the bank, and at the moment of his disappearance forever exclaimed, "Vergiss mein nicht," which, Englished, means "Forget-me-not!"

An enamored Waterville Maine youth had just witnessed the most eventful scene of the night was warm, and he found the young lady fast asleep on the lounge in the parlor. After gazing for some moments in rapture at the sleeping beauty, he conceived a brilliant idea. Taking a patent rod he had purchased, he proceeded to pin it to her gently heaving bosom before waking her. No sooner, however, had he heaved the pin, than a loud hissing sound was heard, and one side of the lovely bust soon became as flat as if an elephant had trodden upon it, while the other still retained its Hogarthian curve and fullness. It was only a patent rod he had purchased, and he presented his relations with the fair one, to use a diplomatic term, "somewhat flattened."

A divorce has been granted to the wife of Rev. Henry Whyte-Melville, who eloped in December with his daughter-in-law, Capt. Dunne, late Governor of the Castlebar. The ground on which the divorce is granted is that the husband committed bigamy.

The Calais Times don't want any of its readers bit in twain, and accordingly publishes this cautionary item: Sharks are appearing in remarkable numbers in these waters. It is many years since so many have been captured, or seen in St. John harbor, and the papers of that city publish cautions to bathers. One was taken at Fambroke, another was seen at St. Andrews, Sunday, and the same day a third showed itself in Oak Bay. This fish is evidently getting familiar with our shores.

The Railway Age of Chicago says that from January 1 to June 1, 1888, 2,271 miles of railway track have been laid. This is a very large amount to be reported so early in the year, and indicates that the total for 1888 will exceed 9,000 miles with a likelihood that it will reach 10,000 miles and a possibility that it may not fall short of 12,000 miles. Almost 15,000 miles of track were laid in 1887, the year of greatest construction known.

It is said that Mount Ararat, on which the ark landed, is more than 17,000 feet above the sea level, and constantly covered with snow and ice.

The United States Government collects at the port of New York about \$12,000,000 every month in customs duties.

Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, uses in his private office a bar of gold, valued at \$12,000 as a paper weight.

A big flannel sale was held in New York, last week, and \$3,500,000 worth of flannel was disposed of.

A Bridgeport, Conn., man became impatient at his dog when he hesitated to go down stairs. The man in giving the dog a kick lost his balance, fell headlong and broke his neck.

Literary Notes.

Miss Dora Wheeler is painting a series of portraits of eminent authors.

A daughter of the Sultan of Zanzibar has written a description of harlem life. In his youth Thomas Hardy was apprenticed to an ecclesiastical architect.

Voltaire had in his room sometimes five desks at which he pursued different tasks.

When a boy Clark Russell led a roving life and lived several years on the sea. Robert Louis Stevenson was educated for an engineer.

David Christie Murray was once a teacher of elocution.

Walter Besant was educated at Cambridge for the church.

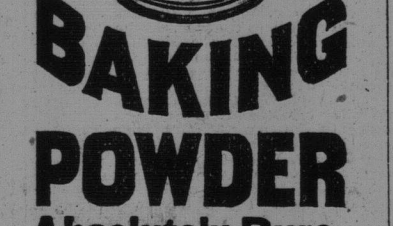
Schiller, before composing, always put his feet in cold water.

Before he was twenty Roder Haggard went to Natal as secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer.

George MacDonald is and looks like a poet-prophet, of the old type translated into modern life.

William J. Bok states in the Daily Graphic that Lippincott's is said to have increased its circulation by more than twenty-five thousand by printing a complete novel in each number.

The serial that has been running in Harper's Weekly, entitled "A Strange MS. Found in a Copper Cylinder," is said to have been written by the late Professor De Mille, and to have lain in the archives of the Harper's establishment for the past fifteen years. This information will rather disturb those persons who have pronounced it an imitation of the peculiar literary productions of Mr. Rider Haggard.



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