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Society Boxes and Canvas Covers Made to Order.

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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.**

"Do you believe that we are all united in heaven after we are dead?" asked a little girl of her mother who had just buried her second husband.

"Why of course I do, my dear," she answered, "but why do you ask?"

"Because I wanted to know," replied the young hopeful, "with which of your husbands you expected to live when you went to heaven."

Mrs. Boodle (to salesman in the underwear department): "Have you any gauze ladies' vests?"

Salesman (with a ten-dollar smile): "No madame, we have ladies' gauze vests."

"Keep 'em then!" she answered snappishly, as she bolted for the door, and since his discharge the salesman has decided not to sell dry goods and educate the human race at the same time.

Customer (at the soda-water fountain): "I suppose you must drink quite a lot of soda yourself?"

Proprietor (who must have been drinking something else): "No, sir; I have n't touched a drop of it since I went into the business and saw how it was made."

Merchant (sizing him up): "Do you think you're competent to take this position?"

Applicant (elated): "Oh, yes, sir."

Merchant (investigating): "How long have you been out of work?"

Applicant (sorrowfully): "Over two years, sir."

Merchant (shaking his head): "Then I guess you won't do. When a man has been out of employment for so long I am afraid he's forgotten how to work."

ENTHUSIASTIC CITIZEN ABOUT TO VISIT EUROPE.

"How delightful it will be to tread the bounding billow and inhale the invigorating oxygen of the sea, the sea, the boundless sea! I long to see it! to breathe in great draughts of life-giving air. I shall want to stand every moment on the prow of the steamer with my mouth wide open."

(Citizen's wife encouragingly.)

"You probably will. That's the way all ocean travellers do."

(A dejected silence ensues.)

A HOME DELICACY.

Mrs. Catesby is giving a small rock party at Nahant, and the footman was left in charge of the luncheon.

Mrs. Catesby—What is it, Michael?

Michael—It's this way, ma'am. Mrs. Grill, that lady from Chinchinnotty, kem up to th' wagon, an' axed me had Oi enny ham. She tuk th' whole man, ma'am, wid a knife an' fork, and disappeared in th' thicket, ma'am, axin' me to tell yez she didn't care for enny lunch.

HE FELT GRATEFUL.

The hammock swung unheeded as it rubbed the bark off the old man's favorite sycamore tree.

"Gertrude," he said, "have you ever felt that your heart beat responsive to that of another?"

"I have, George," answered Gertrude, and her head nestled on his shoulder.

"Did you ever feel that your destiny was so linked to that of another that it was useless to try to follow it out alone?"

"Yes, George," replied Gertrude, as she nestled some more.

"Gertrude, I will ask you more plainly, do you love me?"

"I will not attempt to conceal my feelings, George, I do."

"Well," said George, sliding out of the hammock, "I'm glad to hear that, because Will T. let me a box of cigars the other day that you were just indulging in a little flirtation. I am really much obliged to you for the assurance, and—"

"But Gertrude had gone into the house and slammed the door with all her might."

He—"I'm desperately blue to-day. Hadn't you noticed it?"

She—"No, I hadn't. You know I'm color blind."

A sullen looking man with a horse-whip entered a Nebraska newspaper office and asked the boy where the editor was. The boy "sized him up" and answered:

"Come to Ohio; won't be back for six months."

"Where's the forman?"

"He's gone to Washington with an invitation to the President. Won't be back 'fore cold weather. What do you want—want to paralyze 'em?"

"No, no; I owe \$4 and thought I'd pay up."

"That's so; hold on a second; perhaps the editor hasn't started yet."

He whistled; a long, dark form crawled out of a wood-box and the editor was ready for use.—Nebraska State Journal.

People complain that the electric light pole on the corner of West Elm and Main street does not throw any light on the latter thoroughfare.—Brockton Gazette.

ELLA WHEELER ON BATHING.**Views of the Poetess as to the Improperities of the Beach.**

Shelter Island Heights, N. Y., Aug. 23.

Fashion has decreed that ocean bathing is no longer "the thing" to do. Yet so healthful and invigorating a custom will be long in wholly dying out. Here at Shelter Island, where two hundred cottages and two large hotels people this little paradise with at least eight hundred souls during the "season," the beach is well crowded with merry bathers every afternoon. Sitting in the pavilion and watching them sport in the briny wave, I could not help wondering why Mrs. Grundy, who is so particularly critical in some things, should have so long ignored the vulgarities of the ocean bath. Here men and woman, young girls and youths, half nude and with the covered portions of their bodies plainly outlined by their clinging wet robes, mix and mingle and indulge in familiarities which would not be tolerated on land.

A pretty young lady swam from the beach out to the diving pavilion yesterday. Then she clambered up on the pavilion with ten or twenty others of both sexes. Here, in full sight of all the spectators on shore and all her companions, she lifted her short skirts a trifle and adjusted the elastic of her long stocking, which had become loosened with the effort of swimming. She did this with the utmost nonchalance; yet just imagine the sensation it would cause if she should perform this same harmless little toilet act on the veranda in presence of the same audience! She would be cut dead by every woman, and quite likely be requested to leave the hotel. Yet I doubt if any one beside myself noticed or commented on the little performance—it is such an every-day occurrence. I do not wish to seem hyper-critical, and I believe I have never been called overparticular or prudish, but I can't help wondering why the same act is deemed proper in one place and vulgar in another.

Only last week I heard a young miss declaring she would not dance with any man unless he were a relative or very dear friend. "I don't like and won't tolerate any man in such close proximity to me," she said, "unless he is a relative."

Yesterday I saw her swim to the shore with a male escort who was not a relative, and it seemed to me the situation held a good deal more of unpleasant familiarity than any waltz ever contained. She sat down in the sand and her escort leaned on his elbow close beside her. He wore a single very thin garment, which exposed his brawny arms and bony neck and unlovely ankles and feet. The single garment clung close to his body, and displayed his entire anatomy with unblushing distinctness. Her own pretty arms were bare to the shoulder, and, as she sat curled up in the sand, one could gain a very pleasing outline of her graceful limbs and rounded shape. But again I felt to making comparisons.

"Suppose," I said, mentally, "that young lady should meet that young gentleman in the halls of the hotel, arrayed precisely as he is now—she would run screaming to her room, indignant and alarmed. If he should approach her in that state of dress, and attempt to sit down beside her, she would call a policeman to arrest him. Queer, is it not?"

Some of the young ladies who have heard that bathing is not as fashionable as it used to be—unwilling to be independent, yet more unwilling to abandon the delight of a daily swim—choose an afternoon hour when other people are napping and paddle about in pretty costumes, with no male spectators, or at least only an accidental one. These were the young ladies who declared they would not be introduced to or dance with any strangers at the hop given in honor of a yachting club recently.

This led a happily married woman to discuss the proprieties with me. "I like to see girls prudent," she said, "but it seems to me young people do not have as good times as they used to at these resorts. No matter how well recommended a young man may be, some of these very particular girls declare they will not dance with any one save an intimate friend."

"It is commendable, no doubt, and yet," she added, with an arch laugh, "why I shouldn't have been John's wife to-day if I had been so careful. I danced with him the first night I met him, and we found we kept step so nicely we concluded to glide through life together. I am sure young folks had a better time in those years than they do now, and I really don't think any more misfortunes befall them than in these conventional days."

Last evening the children were dancing, and I overheard an amusing conversation between a trio at the parlor door. A tiny young gallant in long stockings was begging two smaller belles, not over ten years of age, to let him introduce a friend of his, a nine-year-old boy, who had arrived that day with his parents.

"Oh but we couldn't think of dancing with him," said the two haughty young misses. "We don't—we don't know him at all, you see."

"Oh, pshaw, now—I say come—let's make up a set and have a good time," pleaded the boy. "He's a good dancer, and he wants to get acquainted, you know. Let's really we can't dance with such a stranger?" the girls insisted, and I went to my room to ponder over

the wonderful prudence and decorum of the growing generation.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

People Talked About.

Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria has beaten the record with regard to shooting large game. During three hunting days at Bormze he shot with his own gun forty-seven redbucks—a feat unprecedented in the annals of European sport.

A correspondent who has met Buffalo Bill and his daughter in England describes the latter as a young lady of nineteen, "inclined to be pretty, but conveying the impression that she revels in sucking oranges, chewing gum, etc." One of the curious features of her make-up was a piece of court-plaster stuck artistically on the side of her nose.

Some of Sir George Pulman's cognac cost him over fifty dollars a quart, and is imported by himself directly from France. He has brandies and whiskeys that are half a century old, and people who have enjoyed his cigars after an evening banquet say that they are simply delightful to contemplate. Sir George buys the most expensive obtainable, and they are made according to his directions. Then they are taken and wrapped in leaves of different flavors and kept at least a year before being used. His particular cigar is wrapped in orange leaves.

At the Imperial Institute corner-stone laying, it is said, Queen Victoria used glasses for the first time in public. Mr. Matthews had forgotten to bring the reply to the address, which, as Home Secretary, it was his duty to draw up and hand to her majesty, so that she might read it at the proper time. So when the proper time came the document was not forthcoming, and Mr. Matthews hastily scrawled from memory a reproduction of the document over which he had scratched his head and chewed his pen the night before. The scrawl was too much for the queen, and she produced from her pocket the small hand-lenses which she uses for reading by lamplight.

A band of highway robbers was the other day brought before the High Court of Poltava, at the head of which stood a noble lady of the name of Rustanovitch. The band was exceptionally well organized, and it appears to have been extremely difficult to obtain a membership, every intending member having to undergo a severe examination by the lady chief, who apportioned his work to each.

Mme. Rustanovitch was in the widest sense of the word the head of her people, who blindly obeyed all her orders. She distributed the work, had her agents, who sold the results of the work, and divided the spoil equally between them, keeping, however, the lion's share for herself. The final capture was due to the treachery of a member. All the members, as well as the daring lady chief, presented a bold front to the authorities, and were all of them condemned to terms of imprisonment.

Beautiful Women in Wall Street.

(New York Letter to Philadelphia Press.)

Curiously enough, it is in Wall street that one is certain to see the most stylish and beautiful women who are now to be met with in the streets. They drive down the four streets that inclose the brokers' offices and the Stock Exchange in delightful little victorias, loling on the cushions as lightly as if their bodies were really the mere clouds of gauze that their drapery makes them seem like. A liveried man drives each wagon, and a gaudy parasol shields each haughty beauty. Always, as each lightly-balanced victoria approaches Trinity Church, at the head of Wall Street, the teams are reined up until their pace is the very next thing to a standstill, and one sees the brokers lifting their hats on either side of the street. Here and there a victoria is seen to stop as a young speculator in white flannels steps into the street to greet the fair longer on the cushions. Yet you cannot help but notice that such sights are infrequent and excite a great deal of comment from the onlookers, just as you also are sure to notice that most of the polite men who lift their hats do so very hurriedly, with apparent awkwardness and without looking fairly at the carriages. Their manner is exactly what you would look for in a man who expects to be gazed for his behaviour if the people around him chanced to see what he was at.

The truth is that those who bow to these daily apparitions of beauty are very awkwardly placed, for "the street" is greatly disturbed over the victorias, and their occupants know it so well that many do not halt until they are at least a couple of blocks away, where the more timid brokers, having seen the slow-moving carriages pass their doors, have gone hastily by back alleys and short cuts, to meet them out of sight from Wall street. For these women are adventuresses coming down to speculate with their lightly gotten incomes, and their daily presence in such great numbers as now come there has scandalized the more circumspect operators on 'Change.

The money which built the Thistle is said to have come mostly from Clark, the Paisley thread manufacturer. O. N. T. was the mystic device adopted by the founder of that house, meaning not "Our New Thistle," but "Our New Thread," and backward, not "Take No Odds" but "Take No Other." The two crack racing cutters of all England are the net products of Scotch thread and Irish whisky. The Thistle is the thread boat and the Trex belongs to one of the Jamesons, the great distillers of Dublin.

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Is offering immense inducement in the way of

LOW PRICES — AND — GOOD CLOTHING

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Wishing to dispose of all the SUMMER STOCK before September, he has reduced the prices on all the Stock of

MENS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

COME FOR BARGAINS.

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HARDWARE,

Plated Ware,

Fancy Goods, Cutlery, &c.,

Bought in the European, American and Home Markets, and which we are prepared to sell at Lowest Possible Prices. We claim to have

One of the Largest Assortments

of goods in above lines in the Maritime Provinces.

THE LEADING LINES ARE

Housekeepers' Goods,

In Tinware, Agate Ware, Ironware, Granite Ware, Cutlery, etc.,

EVERY VARIETY OF GOODS IN

ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,

In the Latest English and American patterns.

We mention Novelties in this Line in SALAD Bowls, Biscuit Boxes, Caskets, etc., in New Designs and Colors.

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60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

PIANOS & ORGANS,

The Best and Cheapest,

SOLD ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT.

Small Musical Instruments, Strings, &c. Kinds.

PICTURE FRAMING,

of all kinds.

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BIRD CAGES, of all kinds,

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BRACKETS, TOOLS,

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Croquet, Lawn Tennis,

CRICKETING GOODS,

Fishing Tackle, Gas Globes,

AGENTS FOR

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