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DOM PEDRO IN PARIS.

AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT'S INTERVIEW WITH AN EMPEROR.

The Amiable Ruler of Brazil Still Pursuing Knowledge and Making Friends Everywhere—Kindly Recollections of Our Centennial Exhibition.

I nudged some one in the back and asked which was Dom Pedro. The individual thus accosted turned to me with a glance of astonishment and indicated a tall, broad shouldered man, a little on the plan of Abraham Lincoln. I proceeded to study that man. His hair was silver white, as well as his long full beard, and he was dressed very simply in black, without the slightest mark to distinguish him from any one else. He received standing, and the order of business appeared to be to kiss the back of his hand, say a few words and back off. I moved along slowly with the others, waiting my turn, and meantime turned my attention to the emperor.

I have heard since then that the emperor got sadly taken in when he selected her for his better half, and I believe it. They say that she was a Neapolitan princess and that he married her by proxy on the strength of a beautiful photograph which had been sent him, and of course when she arrived in Brazil and he found after the ceremony that she was not only not beautiful but lame it was too late to do anything. Theresa Christina Maria is a sort of triangular woman, i. e., she begins at the bottom with very broad flowing skirts and tapers upwards to a small pointed head, surmounted by a little black cap, which is profusely decorated with roses in pink, yellow and red.

I decided to devote myself to the emperor, who was now quite close to me. I nudged the man ahead of me again, and he did not appear to like it. However, as he was not the emperor I had no hesitation in nudging him a little. GREAT MEN OF FRANCE. "That long haired thin faced man who has just kissed the emperor's hand," began my new made friend, "is Ravaission, the philosopher, and one of the curators of the Louvre museum. That tall, spare individual, with a black wig, sallow complexion and Indian features—that is Hervey, editor of the Soleil and member of the French academy. He is one of the Count of Paris' chief advisers and fugitives. You see by the easy way in which he kisses the emperor's hand and salutes the emperor that he is accustomed to being in the presence of royalty. Contrast Hervey's graceful movements with the awkward air of Prime Minister Rouvier, who is just coming up to Dom Pedro. There is De Lessens, saying nothing but things to the emperor. How heartily she is laughing. But the old count is aging rapidly. His mind is as young as ever, but don't you see how shaky his legs are getting, especially the right one?"

And so my neighbor talked on, while I was interested in this passing scene before me the greatest men of France that that I did not notice that I was at last right next to the emperor. I began to feel nervous about what I should say to him. But as necessity is the mother of invention here I struck by a bright idea. When my turn came I stepped forward, and, mustering up my whole stock of coo-ees, I remarked in very quiet English (all the others had spoken in French): "I suppose your excellency has quite forgotten me, but I had the honor of meeting you when you were in the United States."

Scarcely had this little introductory speech escaped my lips, when I remembered that at the time of Dom Pedro's visit to America I must have been about 13 years old! However, I had the conversation started, and that was something. "What name?" inquired my imperial interlocutor in very bad English. "Moffett, sir," I answered carelessly, quite ashamed of having at first addressed him as emperor, and of my own coo-ees. But Dom Pedro didn't seem to mind this faux pas. In fact it appeared to me that he rather liked this evidence of "democratic simplicity."

A TWO MINUTES' CHAT. "Yes, I have forgotten you," he continued, in a very kindly tone, holding my hand all the time in his own, which put me quite at my ease, and immediately awakened in me much admiration for the fatherly and unpretentious "rule of men." "Yes, your name has escaped my mind. But tell me what are you doing in Paris?"

"Writing for English and American newspapers," I answered, frankly. "Ah," he said, with a little surprise, as if he sensed an interview in the air, "you are an American newspaper with assiduity, but unfortunately I cannot speak English with any fluency to misperceive. No nervous pas franchises?"

"Oh," I quickly replied, quite forgetting to add any title to my name, "I thought of really having gained my point and at perceiving that his imperial majesty was quite willing to talk. "Tell your countrymen for me," the emperor continued in French, "that I can never forget the visit which I made to the United States at the time of your grand Centennial exhibition. The many courtesies then shown to me are still fresh in my memory. Everywhere I went I look careful notes of all that I saw and heard, and as I traveled considerably and met most of your leading statesmen, authors, scholars and scientists, you will readily perceive that this record must be valuable. I cannot tell you how precious this journal is to me. Sometimes, even at this late day, I can sit with pleasure and profit. For instance, on my recent voyage from Rio Janeiro to Europe I took it out and thus whiled away many an hour that would otherwise have been long and profitless on shipboard."

"And when may we expect the pleasure of another visit, sire?" I put in to keep the conversation a-going. "I am not sure yet whether I shall go to the United States this trip or not," was the answer. "I should like to, however, for I entertain the warmest and pleasantest recollections of the great republic."—Cleveland L. Moffett in Philadelphia Times.

Life in House Boats. Since Londoners discovered the River Thames and began to live upon it in house boats, it has been found necessary to invent a costume for it, for your young gent Englishman cannot do anything unless in a dress intended especially for it. Ordinary yachting suits will not quite do for the river, for which something less formal and more suggestive of home may be necessary, and so it is in a shirt waist and a rather plain skirt that the Cockney maiden goes forth a-rowing.—Boston Transcript.

THE PICTURESQUE PAVANE.

A Revival from the Ball Rooms of Bygone Times—How It is Danced.

The pavane is to be the next revival from the ball rooms of the bygone times. To dance in character, the performers should wear Louis XIII dresses, with their large puffed sleeves and wide vandyked lace turned back from the shoulders and drooping over the arms. The overdress and petticoat would not be any novelty in these days of Louis XV gowns and the lace wired high at the back of the neck would be becoming to many and by no means a startling innovation. The style of hair, however, would be rather trying. The coiffure of that period was perfectly flat on the top. The back hair was arranged around a comb, while a thick bunch of curls hung over either ear, concealing both. The buckled or rosetted shoes, with gold, silver, or high heels, are familiar enough to us all. The men's dress is sufficiently picturesque, with silk stockings, ruffled shoes, knee breeches ending in a full of rich lace and tied with ribbons at the knees, tight jacket of silk or velvet, with slashed sleeves, and a coat hanging loose from the shoulders. Their deep cavalier collars and long lovelocks are inseparably connected in our minds with a later period of our own island history.

The dance itself is a graceful one, with much sinuous turning and twisting of the dancers, many delicate steps, deep courtesies and pretty pointed toe brought up to the recover. The music is in triple time, like that of the minuet, and the first remarkable feature in the dance is the starting off of two out of each four couples to the very end of the room in the minuet step, and their slow dance back again to place themselves vis-a-vis to the other two couples. Immediately after the latter set off on a similar expedition, returning to their original positions. This preliminary center concluded, the real business of the dance begins, strangely enough, by scattering the four couples to the very extremities of the room. Brought together again in the center, still holding hands, they content themselves as though for a quadrille. The thin party one, but one in which men in modern costumes would probably feel themselves to be ridiculous. Each gentleman meets with one lady, his sword well out at the back, his right hand resting—palm upward—on his right knee. Each lady, taking a scrap of her overdress in each hand, sets off with the left foot and glides coquettishly in front of the partner opposite her own in a diagonal direction.

Then the men rise, lady and cavalier making each other a low reverence, the whole four couples in the same moment. Much of the beauty of this figure consists in the courtesy being made exactly simultaneously by the eight dancers. This is the only point in which the dancers at the costume ball failed in their gait. Some of them were rising after their low bow at the moment when others were making the descent. This reverence over, the cavaliers go down again on one knee, while the ladies dance off, each arriving before her very own partner, when there are fresh courtesies, the men rising and giving their right hands to the ladies, who pivot on their left feet, the hands being supported by the other arm of their partners, which is passed round their waist.

In the last figure the four dancers form a circle by taking hands and then letting go, but still holding the arms raised high in the air, each couple turns to each other with a step to the right and then one to the left, repeating this double movement four times. After this the couples stand ranged behind the first and dance off out of the room by a door on the opposite side to that by which they danced into it.—London Society.

Started by a Pepper Corner. Corners in various articles of merchandise, and especially of food, from wheat and pork to prunes, are characteristic of the business methods of the present day. But the most recent and the most famous East India company, according to a document recently published, had its origin in a Dutch corner in pepper. The London merchants thereupon held a meeting and resolved to form an association to trade directly with India. Queen Elizabeth at the same time sent an envoy to the Great Mogul to secure privileges for the company, and in 1600 the first British East India company was incorporated by royal charter under the title of the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies. In due time this company established a greater monopoly, and the Dutch had ever dreamed of, and the British empire in India may be said to have been started by the Dutch pepper corner.—Philadelphia Times.

The Beggars of Lisbon. Begging and all the forms incident to it is a perfect pest in Lisbon. The masses of the Portuguese are well adapted for the woful lamentations which in tones to melt a heart of stone. Mendicancy is a profession over which these beggars are master, and no tragedian has stultified their part than have these wretches the part they depict. Little children, and some of them beautiful, are placed about the different places of amusement by some old crone who has hired them, and for a mere pittance the little address wails forth her cry for a penny. The day over, the child carries her mites to the brute who is her master. After nightfall, women with their features covered, will quietly approach you from the shadow of some tree or doorway and solicit alms. They claim to be of respectable birth and station, driven by extenuating circumstances to ask assistance of strangers, yet too modest or proud to expose their features.—Lisbon Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Lord Eldon's Murder Case. I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember in one where I was counsel for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who swore that the murdered man had been killed by a shot in the head, and he produced the matted hair and a quantity of blood taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought, and the blood was gradually softened a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun—which proved to be half a ball. The wadding was found in the prisoner's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.—Boston Free Press.

The Mosquito Wonderfully Beautiful. It ought to console people who are bitten this summer by the mosquito to be told by a scientist that the mosquito is wonderfully beautiful. "Place one," he says, "under a microscope. Adjust your lenses. Now place your eye to the eye piece. Presto! The tiny dirt colored speck has vanished, and in its place appears the most radiant and gorgeous creature which the mind can conceive of. The wings are of pale amber, the legs and thorax magenta, the body dark green, the eyes purple and black and glittering like diamonds, the proboscis shining like ebony. Compared with this picture of magnificence and decoration the brightest and most vivid of the painters' pigments are muddy."—Philadelphia Call.

UNREST.

All day upon the garden bright the sun shines strong. But in my heart there is no light, nor any song. Voices of merry life go by adown the street. But I am weary of the cry and drift of feet. With all dear things that ought to please the hours are best. And yet my soul is ill at ease and cannot rest. Strange spirit, leave me not too long, nor stint to give. For if my soul have no sweet song it cannot live. —A. Lampanin in Lippincott's.

THE USE OF PARATRIPTICS. Physiological Reasons for the Cravings Common to the Human Race. It will be conceded, we think, that whatever is of universal use, or nearly so, must have some quality of value to induce such use. Food, clothing, shelter, are universal use, not for any inherent quality they possess, but because of their value to the users. Their universal use proves their value to the human family, and the antiquity of their use demonstrates the continuity of human nature, and a whole in all these things there has been no change. There has been development and civilization and evolution, but we today go into a house when it rains for precisely the same reason that the primitive man sought his cave. We eat when we are hungry and sleep when we are tired for just the same reasons that he did.

Applying the same reasoning to the question of human nature, that universal and continuity of use are in our favor. It is about 200 years since tea and coffee were brought into Europe, and hundreds of millions of tons of them are annually used the world over. Tobacco was taken from America to England in the Fifteenth or Sixteenth century, and now for each human being existing on the globe five pounds are yearly demanded. Wine, too, or some equivalent stimulant, has been universally adopted, and its pristine use is lost in the mists of antiquity. No nation, barbarous or civilized, was ever found without some such substitute for food, and every nation of which we have any knowledge has seized with the greatest avidity upon the varieties of the kind within certain bounds. There must be some physiological reason for such phenomena, for a desire and a craving common to the human race. Man has not chosen these things because they afford him pleasure or enjoyment, or because, to him, they are an end in themselves. Their adoption into general use must be sought in the fact that they meet some want in human life, and a better solution of the problem can be found than in the fact that their use prevents waste in the body, so that, by their help, man can do more work with less body and mind, and endure more privation with a smaller amount of food. If the opposite of paratriptics are right in their conclusions, the average duration of life should have greatly shortened since the introduction of them. On the contrary, statistics distinctly show that it has lengthened. Besides, they should be able to find numerous individual instances where life has been abbreviated by their use; but, unfortunately for their position, such cases are in a hopeless minority. That the introduction of paratriptics from inquiries into the effects of tobacco, a celebrated English physician found in the pension hospitals of England 150 men over 80 years of age. Fifteen of them were over 90 and four were over 100. These formed the remnant of the armies of England, and of these survivors all but two had been consumers of tobacco all their lives.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The First of the Drummers. Daniel R. Wolf, of Chambersburg, says he is the first commercial traveler who ever went the round in 1841. He went to Philadelphia as a salesman with the dry goods house of Dunton, Gemmill & Co. It was then that he met Mr. Wolf, and I suggest to the firm the idea of sending some one among the country merchants to drum up trade.

"Will you be the drummer?" asked one of the firm. "I will," I replied, and they sent me on. That was the origin of the term 'drummer,' by which all traveling salesmen are now known. I went on the road and solicited trade among the merchants of southern and central Pennsylvania and New Jersey. For five years I carried no samples, filling my customers' orders from samples provided by themselves. In 1849 it struck me all of a sudden that this was necessarily keeping my trade limited, and that if I carried a line of samples of my own I could introduce new goods and more of them. I sent to the firm and showed them that the samples were coming from the wrong end of the line, and they saw the point and furnished me with samples. From that time dates the custom of carrying samples by drummers."

Mr. Wolf has been constantly on the road ever since his pioneer trip among the country merchants, and at the age of 47 he carried a line of samples of my own to Philadelphia.—Philadelphia News.

Effects of Tip Receiving. No man or woman can regularly indulge in the practice of receiving tips from strangers without becoming in spirit as well as in fact a beggar. It degrades the receiver more than the giver, and it will breed a class in this country like the lower classes of Europe. It is told of Senator Thurman that when asked if he had met Prince Bismarck he replied that he was extremely sorry that he had not, because he did want to meet one person in Europe who was not waiting for him to hand over a shilling.

We laugh at that now, but we won't laugh pretty soon, because it will be equally applicable to this country. I am fully aware that people who think as I do will not combine against the system, but will weakly yield, and in the end it will be as firmly rooted in Philadelphia as in London. The poor will not gain by it and they will lose immensely in self respect. It will create a class whom you may kick if you are willing to pay for it, a class no better than slaves; a cringing, sneaking, low lived class; a class that will disgrace the name of American citizen.—'Observer' in Philadelphia Call.

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Messrs. HASTINGS BROS: Early in February, 1885, while in St. John, N. B., I had a severe attack of Rheumatism, was treated by an eminent Physician and with great care was enabled to come home in about two weeks time, after which time I grew worse and suffered dreadfully. We did everything we could to control the disease and get relief, and various kinds of liniments, including Minard's and Electric Oil, I then had good medical advice and treatment which at times afforded temporary relief, but the disease lurked in my system and shifted from one side to the other, in fact it permeated by whole being. For more than two months I was unable to get to my room or retire without assistance. I chanced to see an advertisement of your "Anodine" ointment of wonderful cures. I procured a package and when I received it my limbs were much swollen, my feet and ankles were purple, and so swollen that they were shapeless. After four days of the internal medicine and three applications of the ointment, the swelling had all disappeared. In five days the Rheumatism had completely gone, could walk about as well as ever I did. Have had no return of the disease since having passed through the autumn and winter to this date, January 5th, 1886, with its climate change. I can recommend your "Anodine," and hope that all who are affected with that most painful disease Rheumatism, will not hesitate to give "Anodine" a trial.

Any person wishing to know more of the particulars, or desiring this statement given in writing to Mrs. W. H. Moore, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N. B., who will cheerfully give them all information.

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