

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE HAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE MERRIFUL PRESS WRITE.

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

A squeaky sofa squeals on the young people—New Haven News. The successful lover thinks he is getting ahead when he is getting a heart—Boston Courier. Affection and confection go together. That is the reason your best girl's so sweet—Philadelphia Call.

The plea of the financially embarrassed swain is "Love me little, love me short"—Merchant Traveller. A lover always wants his love returned, but if she really does give it back to him, because she does not want it he is not happy—Boston Post.

A young man ought not to propose too gracefully. If he does the girl may get the idea that he has had more practice than she deems desirable—Somerville Journal.

The cottonseed becomes cotton, the cotton becomes thread, the thread becomes fabric, the fabric becomes a gown, the gown becomes a wrapper and the wrapper becomes a beautiful woman.

The declaration of Bishop Foster to the Vermont conference, "that he would as soon pray for a plague to come into his church as for an evangelist," reminded us of the emphatic declaration of Bishop Fowler to the Maine conference: "Preach sanctification, but not cranksification."—Globe's Herald.

Wife—I just received such a nice letter from Sister Sue. Husband—That so? What color's her new dress? Wife—Here's a sample she sent. Husband—And didn't she have a new Easter bonnet? Wife—Yes, here's a piece of the trimming. Husband—And hasn't John got a new wig? Wife—Yes, here's a handful of his hair enclosed.—Duluth Paraphraser.

A man went into an editor's office in Boston, Mass., one day last week, transacted his business in half a dozen words, and left without offering any advice whatever as to the conduct of the paper. At last accounts the editor was very low.—Epoch.

"Have you a very stylish young girl you could recommend me?" said a gentleman in an employment bureau. "Excuse me, sir," replied the affable manager, "but do you live in the corner house?" "Yes; but why do you ask?" "Because you will be here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose.—Judge.

A woman in Halifax sat up late in the night recently to see a pail of ice-water had hung above the bed. She looked on her husband, when he returned from the "club." She got tired and went to bed. In the morning she found the pail still hanging over the bed and she admitted her mother. The two ladies are still as mad as wet hens.

"Do you know if Brown is a man of ability, Dumley?" "I don't know anything about Brown or his ability either, and don't want to know. He refused to lend me twenty-five dollars six months ago, and I haven't noticed him since."

"He seems to be a man of financial ability, Dumley." "I am surprised, Bobby," said his father reprovingly, "that you should strike your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to hit one smaller than yourself?" "Then why do you hit me, pa?" inquired the boy with an air of having the better of it.

Minister's wife (whose husband is short of a sermon): "Here is an old one, dear, that you preached several years ago, before you accepted your present call; why not use that?" Minister: "What is the text?" Minister's wife: "It is about the camel and the eye of the needle." Minister: "That wouldn't do at all. Don't you know that I preach to a two-hundred million dollar congregation every Sunday morning?"

If your hat blows off in the street follow it placidly and with gentle dignity. Somebody else will chase it for you.—Harper's Bazar.

We are sure that a man can glorify his Maker by publishing a newspaper as effectively as he can by preaching the gospel, but he must have a long list of prompt paying patrons to make his work a success.

Editor (to intellectual looking young man)—No poetry this morning, my friend. We're full of it. Young man (handing him manuscript)—It's not poetry, sir, it's prose. Editor (looking at the manuscript)—How—yes—yes, one month, seventy-five. Just leave it, please, and I'll read it at my leisure.—Tid-Bits.

"Ah, my dear brother," said the minister to his unregenerate parishioner, "I have talked to you many, many times, but today I have come to ask you directly to become a Christian." "Um—er—er—" replied the parishioner. "I am very sorry, Mr. Dexter, but you see this is house cleaning week, and really, you are asking too much. Come around later."

"You seem thoughtful, this evening, Bobby," said the minister, who was making a call. "Mr. Goodman," inquired Bobby, rousing himself, "what is a vocabulary?" The minister kindly told him. "I heard it this morning," Bobby explained, "and I didn't know what it meant. Ma said she had no idea what a vocabulary was until she heard him asking down the parlor stove."

Publications.

In the May number of WOMAN commences a series of remarkable articles, by Helen Campbell, on the wretched condition of the working classes of London. This series will be one of great interest, and will portray the miseries of the poverty-stricken workers of Berlin, Paris and Rome. The illustrations, by Hugh Eaton and Edgar J. Taylor, are of the highest class of pictorial art. Olive Thorne Miller begins in this number her articles on Representative Woman's Clubs, the Sorosis and Meridian Clubs of New York being the subjects of the first paper.

Price \$2.75 a year. Woman Publishing Co., N. Y. THE SAINT JOHN ATLAS, recently published by the Canada Railway News Co., contains a panoramic view of the city, a fine portrait of King's Square, Mount Pleasant, the Suspension and Cantilever bridges and many of the public buildings. The book, which is thoroughly artistic and correct, is sold by Mr. Mulhall at the News Stand, and by all booksellers.

Good housekeepers, will find much useful information in "Ferry Sows," by Thomas J. Murray," late caterer at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, and the Astor House, New York. The soups are all of an economical character, and the directions for making them cannot be misinterpreted. It is one of the most charming little cook books ever published, and the vignette on the cover is worth all it costs. Published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York, and sold by J. & A. McMillan.

Come, by W. E. Norris, author of My Friend Jim, A Bachelor's Blunder, and many other charming stories, comes to us from the National Publishing Co., Toronto, through D. McArthur, the King street bookseller. The book is full of absorbing incidents, and novel situations, and will delight all its readers.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Ruskin has written sixty-four books, and his annual receipts from his publisher reach \$20,000. Ten tons of paper were used for the new edition of Stones of Venice.

It was reported a little while ago that certain writers had received authorized material for a biography of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe publishes a letter denying that she has given any material for such a biography, or any authority to write the same.

In an article in America, Julian Hawthorne alludes to the manuscript of his father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, saying: "I never saw him in the act of composition—no one ever did, but I have seen several of the MSS. of his books. The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales are written throughout with scarcely an erasure; the same is the case with The Blithedale Romance, which I examined carefully, and found only one correction—a omission of a paragraph. The MS. of The Romance of Monte Beni is a mass of corrections. Regarding others of his books, I cannot speak; but there is no reason to suppose that he differed essentially in this respect from those I have mentioned."

Emily Ruess was a born princess of Oman and Zanzibar, the Sultan of Zanzibar being her father. She has written "Mama Ruess's" and has given a clear and interesting description of Oriental harem-life. She and her brothers and sisters appear to have had a good deal of freedom and indulgence while the sultan, her father, lived; but after his death the usual intrigues and palace revolutions occurred, everything was upset, a new dynasty arose, and the young princess had a hard time of it. The writer of the memoirs married a German and escaped with him to Europe, but in doing so lost the bulk of her inheritance, her brother, who had made himself sultan in the Eastern fashion, refusing to recognize her claims. She should have been glad enough to get away from it altogether. Evidently, however, she regrets the palace existence to some extent, and quite possibly finds the conventional life of a German town too confining and artificial. There is a certain Bohemianism in the harem which has nothing in common with nineteenth-century Teutonic respectability.

A delicate, ethereal, gossamer-clad girl stole furtively into the dining room of the St. Charles Hotel at Richmond the other morning, and sunk languidly into a chair, writes Eugene Field in the Chicago News. A worthy Ethiopian bedeviled and panting, approached. She met his deprecating bow of recognition with a wan smile.

"Boeefsteak, mutton chops, fried liver and fowl," he whispered, hoarsely. His tones, suppressed as pent-up agony itself, bore an awful meaning to the beauteous maiden's ear.

"Never," cried the unhappy girl, folding her shapely arms across her billowy bosom. "Sooner shall I die and feed writhing worms than harbor your base proposition. Know, William Johnson, and know it once for all, that in this virgin breast burns and surges and heaves, with the tiger fury of volcanic fires, an all-pervading, all-devouring, all-consuming, brain-toppling and soul-rendering passion for cold boiled beans."

It was none other than Miss Amelie Rivers.

A story of Melville W. Fuller's frisky days in Maine as a newspaper man, is told by the Chicago Times. While reporting the legislature he once made a wager that on the next day, in his report, he would put a Shakespearean phrase in the mouth of every member in the House who spoke. He did it, even to the member who made the motion to adjourn. On the day following the House was so pleased with the work of the young reporter that it grew magnanimous and voted him an extra supply of pencils and rubbers. He was called out from his work, complimented and then invoked for a speech, to which he responded.

The genial beetle has made its appearance to overlook the planting of the potato fields.

Horse Talk.

Thousands of Persians, says a writer in the Stable, own beautiful horses which they would not sell for love or money, although these men are quite ready and willing to sell anything else, including their honor, at a fair price. And the gold and silver and turquoise and rubies that are lavished by them upon the equipage of their beasts! It is simply marvelous, and is one of the few bits of medieval splendor and chivalric romance that have survived even in Persia in this nineteenth century. But to come to the cold facts in regard to the different breeds of horses. There are three of them of pure lineage (besides several mixed breeds)—the Arab, the Turcoman, and the Persian. The Persian horse enjoyed a pre-eminent reputation in ancient times; and the poets and historians, both native and Greek, have loudly praised his fine build and fiery spirit. But to-day the Persian horse is a poor, much abused creature, of ungainly shape, knob-headed, and on time, and rough of coat. The natives call him "yaboo," meaning a homely old critter. The decadence of this breed was due to the conquest of the country by the Arabs twelve hundred and fifty years ago. The best of the conquering race made the native horses despised; as the religion of the conquerors was Mohammedanism, and their owners were also despised and trodden under foot. All judicial breeding of the native animals was neglected and abandoned, and no care in the selection of stock further exercised, thus gradually making out of the once famous and high spirited Persian horse a poor, degraded slave, used to kicks and lashes from the earliest days of the foalhood. For all that the yaboo is still a remarkable creature. In some respects he is the most servicable beast that could be conceived of. Indolent when he thinks he can afford it, fed on a poor and decidedly cheap diet, he is indefatigable when it comes to the point of an untrailing climber, sure of his patient as a dog, and on time, never sick; no matter how much exposed to the rigors of a tickle climate, he is sure to get through safe and sound, and, provided you spare neither spur nor whip.

The Persians of to-day, as those of old, are a "horsey" race, born riders, fond of their horses, looking never completely ill seen in the saddle, with all the luxurious trappings and ornaments they love to bestow upon their steeds and their equipages. The beauty and superior breed of a horse, together with the costliness of his apparel, are an unfailing indication of the owner's wealth and station. And such harness, such saddles, such trappings and blankets! It is the Arabian Nights revived. On race day last spring, after a fine day, the Persians of the East, his finest charger, a Turcoman of magnificent proportions, to be brought in front of the huge pavilion tent, where the whole European and American diplomatic corps was assembled. What a fine fellow that was and how he was admired and caressed by the ladies! But what was especially noticeable about him was the splendor of his accoutrements. A saddle blanket of the finest washable, every square inch of which was thickly incrustated with diamonds and pearls, and rubies, and other precious stones. A saddle blanket of the finest washable, every square inch of which was thickly incrustated with diamonds and pearls, and rubies, and other precious stones. The whole outfit was worth a large fortune; and this was but one of many.

What a Mistake.

A careful examination would convince any one that a great number of the people in New England have been or are afflicted with catarrh of the nose and throat.

No doubt more than half of those persons have tried every blood purifier they have heard of, with the erroneous idea that catarrh is a constitutional disease and must be purged out of the blood.

Why a greater mistake was never made! Stop for a moment and think or ask any reputable physician what common catarrh is, and what causes it, and the answer can be only this: "It is an irritation or inflammation of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat caused by neglected colds, damp piercing irritable winds, foreign matter in the air, which is poisonous to some persons and not to others; just as the bites of certain insects is a poisonous torture to some and has no unpleasant effect upon others."

The reason for this is found in the different structure of the skin and its counterpart which lines all the inner organs of our bodies. Some people have chapped hands and chapped chins, and are never so afflicted because of the peculiar structure of the skin of different individuals.

Therefore stop dosing. It is not blood purifiers you want, but good wholesome food, the planer the better, then "keep your feet dry and warm, your head cool and bowels open," and use an external application, Johnsons Anodyne Lintment is the best we know, to allay the inflammation, cleanse the surface, heal the sores, and your catarrh will disappear like magic. We do not say never to return, because you may cure a severe cold and in three months catch another equally bad, so with catarrh and bronchial troubles. Exposure may bring it on again. We learned more about treating catarrh from the wrapper around a bottle of Johnsons Anodyne Lintment, than we ever knew. Certainly this good old medicine deserves to be called "A universal family remedy." No matter how well you know this medicine it will pay you to send to L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet, free, just to learn how to use the lintment economically. A teaspoonful properly used will often do more good than a half bottle as some people use it.

First Steps to Authorship.

She continued to write poetry on kindred subjects, for the following eight years, until about sixteen, and then they grew more sad and sentimental, and finally she developed her talent for telling stories in prose. Wild ghostly tales were her delight at first, then fairy tales, and finally she commenced to contribute to the newspapers. That was when the family removed to Boston again for a time. Her first story was published in "Gleaner's Pictorial," for which she received the sum of \$5. Less than a year later she wrote the story called "Rival Prima Donna," which was published in The Saturday Evening Gazette, and for which she afterward received \$10. Her

"Flower Fables," in poetry, which were written about this time, were not published until she was twenty-one. They were dedicated to Miss Ellen Emerson, of Concord, who had been a younger playmate of the Alcott children, and for whom, and the Hawthorne children, the stories were written. These have been recently published anew, which is eminently fitting, inasmuch as the book contains much that is of a very high order, especially considering the early age at which it was written. One experiences a deep regret in reading her poetry, that we have so little comparatively, when it is fully equal to her best work in prose. Not that we would have had less prose, but more of both poetry and prose. Beside the stories mentioned, she was for many years a contributor to Frank Leslie's. The stories were highly sensational, however, and soon pulled upon her taste.

From "Ladies May Alcott," by CARRI H. HOWARD, in "Woman," May, 1888.

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