MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING GAZETTE

s published every evening (Sundays excepted) at No. 21 Canterbury Street.

JOHN A. JOWES, Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING GAZETTE will be delivered to any part of the City of St. John by Carriers on the following terms:

ONE MONTH	35 CENTS.
THREE MONTHS	$1.00.
SIX MONTHS	2.00.
ONE YEAR	4.00.

The Subscription to THE GAZETTE is payable ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING.

We insert short condensed advertisements under the heads of Lost, For Sale, To Let, Found and WANTS for 10 CENTS each insertion or 50 CENTS a week, payable ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

General advertising $1 an inch for first insertion and 25 cents an inch for continuations. Contracts by the year at Reasonable rates.

ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY DEC. 27, 1889.

For the Latest Telegraphic News look on the First Page.

THE DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The Provincial government is announced to meet in the course of a few days, for the purpose of fixing the date of the elections and attending to other public business. The people of St. John expect as a result of their deliberations some announcement in regard to the proposed subsidy to the docks which are to be built in Carleton. The matter is one which will not admit of being postponed until after the elections are held; the decision of the government on the subject must be had at once in order that the work may go on which is so necessary for the prosperity of St. John. The government in considering the question of a subsidy to aid in the construction of a dock and other terminal facilities at this port must be liberal to St. John and guided by no niggardly policy. They must consider that St. John has claims upon the Province which have never been liquidated, and which would only in part be liquidated by a grant of $10,000 a year for twenty years to aid in harbor improvements here. We showed the other day that during the past seven years the county of St. John had received from the Province for great roads and bye roads $110,000 less than it was entitled to according to population. This deficiency is equal to $15,000 a year so that a grant of $10,000 a year for twenty years to the St. John dock, so far from making up any arrears of indebtedness to us, would not even place us on an equal footing with the other counties in the years that are to come. The expenditure in St. John county by the province has always been far less than we were entitled to according to population. Indeed the only considerable expenditure by the Provincial government in this county for many years past was that for the purchase of the suspension bridge fifteen years ago, which is more than over-balanced by the money paid for the construction of the bridge at Fredericton. The government should announce their intentions with regard to the subsidy for the dock without any unnecessary delay.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC AND RAILROAD RATES.

A few days ago one of the Bangor papers announced that the Canadian Pacific Railway was violating its charter granted to it by the Maine Legislature by discriminating against Maine ports in its new freight tariff rates. These rates are uniform being 37½ cents per 100 lbs. from St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other Western points to Boston, Greenville and Mattawamkeag, Maine, and to St. John and St. Andrews. The following additional information on this point is given in a New York despatch to the Boston Herald.

According to the new arrangement, the Canadian Pacific is to deliver freight, destined for St. John or St. Andrews to the New Brunswick railway at Vanceboro at a less rate per hundred than to the Bangor & Piscataquis railroad at Greenville, which latter station is 131 miles west of Vanceboro. This is clearly a violation of the charter granted by the Legislature under which the Canadian Pacific is operated across the state of Maine, and there is a decided kick against any such tricks on the part of the foreign corporation. The charter provides that the Canadian Pacific shall deliver passengers and freights to and receive the same from, connecting roads in the state of Maine without discrimination, and make and maintain rates with such roads pro rata according to distance. If the Canadian Pacific should comply with the terms of its charter, through western freight in carload lots would be delivered to the Bangor & Piscataquis road at about $15 less per car than at St. John, which would entitle Bangor to be made a billing point, and thus greatly benefit the whole section. Hon. J. P. Boss and other prominent men are making strenuous opposition to the discriminating schemes of the Canadian Pacific, and the company will probably be obliged to fulfil their charter obligations.

It is not at all likely that the Canadian Pacific people have done anything in violation of their charter. The charter granted to them by the Legislature only extends from the boundary of Quebec to Mattawamkeag and no doubt within these limits a pro-rata tariff will be observed. But the Canadian Pacific Co. cannot control the rates of the New Brunswick railway and even it were held that a pro rata mileage tariff must be maintained the laws of Maine are powerless to regulate rates in New Brunswick. A pro-rata mileage tariff would not help Bangor in the least to obtain any of the business that ought to come to St. John for it is only 40 miles farther from Greenville to Vanceboro than it is from Greenville to Bangor, where the jurisdiction of Maine Legislature ends, and the slight difference in rates in favor of Bangor would be more than offset by the cost of transfer from the Canadian Pacific to the Bangor and Piscaguis and from the latter to the Maine Central, to say nothing of the lack of facilities at Bangor as a terminal point, and the difficult navigation of the Penobscot river.

ST. JOHN'S OLD ENEMY SPEAKS.

The Globe professes to be very indignant because of the comments of some of the Upper Province papers in regard to the action of the Common Council on the proposed dock scheme. "One would suppose," says the Globe, "that this place has been asleep for twenty five years, or say since the first days of Confederation, but that now it has suddenly determined to do something." Of course every one understands that the Globe is not really indignant at these comments, but that the cause of the anger of its editor, is the proof which they afford that St. John is likely to obtain the Canadian business which the Globe has been declaring all along can never come here. For almost twenty-five years the editor of the Globe has been doing his best to dishearten our people, to disgust them with their condition, and to drive them into annexation, as the only remedy for the imaginary evils under which he declared, they were laboring. The Globe now finds that its efforts have all ended in failure and that the people of this city are about to engage with renewed energy in the work of making St John, the great commercial port of Canada. The prophet of despair finds his occupation gone and his influence no longer of any account in this community. His animus is clearly shown in the statement with which he concludes his article, when he says: "It is assumed because St. John is going to build a dry dock that something wonderful is to happen here. A dry dock will, no doubt, be a very useful thing to have, but its success, from a business point of view, will depend upon trade conditions. The trade conditions will not depend upon it."

We did not believe that there was an editor in America so utterly dull of comprehension as to write such a sentence as the above. Trade conditions, according to this public teacher, do not depend on facilities at all, but on something else which the Globe man does not specify. Liverpool according to his argument would have been as great a seaport as it is now even if its people had never built a single dock there. Chicago would, according to the same course of reasoning, have been the greatest produce market of the continent even if not a single mile of railway had been built in the state of Illinois. Such are the arguments of the editor of the Globe, who once posed before the people of St. John as a man of ability whose opinions were worth listening to.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Tax exemptions are likely to be wholly abolished in Ontario. Mr. Meredith, the leader of the Opposition, has come out boldly against them, and now Mr. Mowat has issued a circular to the municipal bodies of that province, asking their views in regard to the abolition of exemptions. The result is likely to be against exemptions, so that it is highly probable they will be abolished at the next session of the Ontario Legislature.

A New York despatch to a Boston paper says that it is reported that a train will soon be put on between Halifax and New York to run via the Intercolonial, New Brunswick and Maine Central roads to West Brook Junction, Me., thence to Worcester, Mass., over the Portland & Rochester and Boston & Maine, from Worcester to New York over the regular through line from Boston to the Metropolis. Eastern people, it is believed, would appreciate a train running straight through to New York without a transfer across Boston, and the project is assured of liberal support.

The report that the Modus Vivendi, which was established for the purpose of smoothing matters while the fishery treaty was before the Senate, is about to be put an end to by Canada, has set the tongues of many of our Yankee friends in motion. A friend of Mr. Blaine supplies the following view of the intentions of the American government, which our readers may take for what it is worth. We quote from a Washington despatch:—

"I have no doubt that Blaine has let this matter drift away in order that he might after January 1st carry out our policy on this subject. What I expect him to do is to give notice to Great Britain, very early, perhaps in January, that we propose to have all the rights secured to us, not only by the treaty of 1818, but by the reciprocal legislation of 1830, and that if Canada interferes with our free exercise of them we will retaliate in kind, not by interfering with railway communication, but by excluding her ships from rights in our ports which she denies to our ships in her ports. When Great Britain sees, as Secretary Blaine will make her see, that this administration means just what it says, she will make Canada come down off the high horse and treat us decently. No, there will be no war, and no serious threats of war. There is no occasion for them. It's a mere matter of business, reciprocity or retaliation, let Canada choose, and I can tell you now that Canada will choose reciprocity, and that we shall never have to put our retaliation in force. Before the spring Blaine will have the assent of Great Britain to our position, and our permit to touch and trade will be accepted in Canada as giving our fishing vessels all the rights of our merchant vessels."

Children on Marriage.

Children are the keenest of observers and the most practical deducers; indeed, their deductions are often morse astonishing than agreeable to their elders. Though we laugh, we do not always enjoy having our weakness revealed to us by the babbling of babes.

Six little children were at play, and whether it was that they grew tired of familiar games or that that innate principle, "It is not good for man to be alone," craved expression, they determined to have a wedding. John, aged 8, should marry Hattie, aged 5, and Brother Harry would speak "the words that bind."

Now, Harry had never heard a marriage ceremony and was entirely ignorant of the prevalent pledges, but was he at a loss? Not he. He knew what paps and mamma considered of paramount virtue, and surely what they each so eagerly desired must constitute the requisite of a happy married life.

The candidates for wedlock were requested to stand side by side and gravely obeyed.

"Hatty, will you get up in the morning and see that John has his breakfast in time and that he has good things to eat and never has to wait for his meals?"

"John, will you give her all the money she wants?"

That was all, but does it not contain the quintessence of married felicity?"—Kansas City Star.

Watered Milk.

The milkman who waters his goods generally does so under the impression that the water poured in incorporates itself with the milk and cannot be detected except upon chemical analysis. This shows gross ignorance. The milk will hold only its own fluid; all foreign fluid will be precipitated if the mixture is allowed to stand for a couple of days. Any housewife may spot a dishonest milkman with very little trouble. Let her take a long slender bottle, cleanse it thoroughly and let it dry out. If, then, it is filled with milk and allowed to stand in a cool—not cold—place for forty-eight hours, all the foreign fluid will be precipitated—that is, it will settle to the bottom of the bottle. The soured milk will then fill the middle of the bottle and the fatty substance will be floating on top. Sometimes the top will be a layer of cream, then will come a layer of albumen, another artificial device to make the milk look rich; then will come the soured milk and at the bottom will be the foreign water. The whole scheme of deception can be read by a glance at the bottle after one has had a single lesson in the rudiments of milk inspection. This sort of work is not scientifically satisfactory, but it will always develop the fundamental fact—whether or not the milk is normal.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Nova Scotia Central Railway has been opened for passenger and freight traffic. George W. Bedford is general manager, with headquarters at Bridgewater.

A BULGARIAN WEDDING.

A ST. LOUIS LADY DESCRIBES ONE WHICH SHE ATTENDED.

How a Party of Tourists Attended the Ceremony—Jottings of Travel in the Region of the Balkans—Guides Who Frightened and Intimidated the Travelers.

We were feeling pretty blue when we arrived here at 10:30 o'clock last night in a most furious storm of thunder and lightning and the rain pouring in torrents, sky black as Egypt's night.

The crowd of ruffians at the depot added anything but a secure feeling, and they took us in as if we were so many savages taken around for exhibition. Our trunks had to be gone through, likewise our hand baggage, and they actually insisted upon opening every small box and package inside our trunks. They held a long discussion over a shawl in one of our trunks, but finally decided to stamp our trunks through. While our courier was attending to this the natives were taking us in, and I never saw such awful looking men. They looked as if they wanted to kill us.

A ROMAN WELL.

We spent the day very agreeably, first driving up to the barracks, where we had a good view of the surroundings and saw quantities of soldiers, two of which lovely specimens of men insisted upon our visiting an old well built by the Romans, and we started down the steps by the light of a candle, the Servian leading the way and Cousin —— and I following, but keeping very close to our courier. We persuaded the other member of our party not to attempt to come down, as it was so very damp and dark and so many steps, so left her up top with another individual, who kept talking to her in his own language all the time and pointing to the steps, and finally assisting her down. So, to our surprise, when half way down the winding stairs we heard her calling to us, and as she was very much frightened and excited we turned back without reaching the bottom of the 450 steps. These poor people are so wild to make a penny that they insist upon making you do things in order to reward them for their services. From the barracks we drove to the museum, and then visited the palace of King Milan's son, then drove to the park.

We left Belgrade at 10:50 p. m., and as there are no sleepers en route we made ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night, but I cannot say I rested much. The scenery along the road was very pretty. The Balkan mountains looked quite bare after Switzerland and the train seemed to crawl. When we reached some little station a dozen soldiers jumped in and entered the car, and began talking among themselves and to us, and as we could not understand we took it for granted that we had reached a new country, and opened our satchels for them to inspect. They opened every box, more from curiosity, I suspect, than for any other reason, and emptied our fruit basket of all the grapes, which they divided among themselves, and then stamped us through.

THE BULGARIAN WEDDING.

We are to-night in Bulgaria, in a comfortable hotel and where we do not feel as if our lives were in peril. When we first landed our courier put us in a carriage and started us off by ourselves with a coachman dressed in a sheepskin coat, white shirt and loose white trousers, with a broad belt. His costume might have been pretty when new, but was exceedingly soiled, and he was very dark, with small, jet black eyes. As it was noon (Sunday), all the country people were in for the day, and I never saw such a variety of costumes in my life. Some very fancy, with lots of coins, etc., worked stockings, with skin sandals laced up the legs. In fact, it reminded me of pictures I have seen of the Holy Land.

He inquired if we could be permitted to enter, and we soon found ourselves escorted into the country villa of the governor of Sophia, where the house was filled with guests, assembled at the marriage of his sister.

The bride came forward to meet us in her wedding gown, veil and orange blossoms. We also were presented to the groom, the bridesmaids and their beaux, the landlord and his wife and to the mother of the bride, who spoke to us in French. One of the relatives of the bride spoke to Cousin —— in German. They insisted upon our remaining to the ceremony, and we were presented seats of honor on beautiful blue satin furniture. The ceremony was not in Bulgarian, but Greek, with seven priests, candles, incense and high mass. We were kept standing just one hour.

In the middle of the service their photographs were taken. They were crowned with orange blossoms and the men all embraced afterwards; also the ladies. One of the bridesmaids was very pretty and spoke English. She made herself very pleasant and wanted to know if I had ever met a friend of hers, a Miss B., who was attending school in America. Now that I have described the wedding party, let me give you an idea of our appearance in such distinguished company.

After spending all night in the smoky, dirty train and with no accommodation for toilet, we reached here at 12 noon, hurried through some luncheon, brushed our head, and, fortunately, put on clean gloves. So we appeared amidst silks and satins, in traveling hats, dresses and the largest shoes we possessed, and feeling like tramps—I think we attracted as much attention as the bride.

Afterwards we drove through the park and then walked through the trading part of the city.

Our courier is a native of Constantinople, and says the Turks are a very dirty people and never kill any living thing, it being part of their belief that God created everything for a purpose, except the Christians. He says fleas are a natural production of the country and that we must not mind them.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

PRETTY GIRLS AT WORK.

Something About the Fair Clerks in the Treasury Department.

Some of the prettiest women in the country are right here in the treasury department. A great many of them are Washingtonians, but, as a class, they represent the beauty of about the whole country. They are blondes and brunettes, short, tall and medium; some plump, some queenly, some of lithe and willowy form—they are fairly the types of the several great cities and about all the states of the union. In that one building, covering four blocks, is to be found more beauty than a hunt through many large cities might discover. A large proportion of the female clerks are young, or at least on the minus side of the line beyond which lies old maidhood. Office life is not promotive of longevity, and many of the elderly women have died off or reached an age beyond usefulness. Those who have come into the department within the last four or five years are mostly young women, who have just passed through the normal schools and have entered the government service through the civil service examination. They are a bright lot of young women. In many cases it is, perhaps, that they are the prettiest girls of the family, which inspires them with an ambition beyond the drudgery of housework or the trials of a schoolmarm and induces them to strive for the more agreeable work and better pay under the civil service. And this may account for there being such a preponderance of good looks.

They are not, as a rule, gaudy beauties frescoed and decorated by art, though of course there are some of that type. They are usually of a refined type of good, sensible, pretty girls—a little beyond girlhood. They always dress in good taste, though not generally in an expensive style. A designer of fashions might get many valuable points from the female treasury clerk.

During the ordinary working hours the visitor to the treasury will not see many of these young women. They are apt to be hard at work behind closed doors or just shut from view by green baize screens over which one cannot see without the aid of a chair or step ladder. The desks are usually provided with these screens, otherwise they would be annoyed by the gaze of the visitors passing through the corridors, who would probably be numerous if the screens were not there.

But during the half hour allowed for lunch a swarm of pretty female clerks rush about the corridors to exchange bits of gossips or to get their tea. Washington may get her reputation for her beautiful women from the throng that appear on the avenue on the way home from the departments after 4 o'clock.

Whenever there are any number of people on a visit to Washington the treasury is generally the center of curiosity, on account of the popular interest in money. Visitors are always interested in the places where the money is handled, and some one must be delegated to take charge of them. In view of the great number of these visitors some young women of the department have been designated regularly to act as guides through the redemption agency, where the old notes are counted and destroyed.—Washington Star.

LIZARDS THAT LOVE MUSIC.

They Followed a Whistling Student Until Scared Off by a Peasant.

As is well known, lizards of all colors and sizes abound in Italy. They lie basking on all the stones, they run along all the walls, they peep out at every chink and crevice; but as soon as they hear the faintest noise they disappear with lightning speed, and it is hard to see them near and to observe them closely. Walking carelessly and noticing the dear little animals, darting now here, now there, I remembered the Greek statue of Apollo Saurokonos, who is always represented as busied with a lizard—Apollo, god of the sun and of music.

"Suppose I try," I thought, and softly, quite softly, I began to whistle a dreamy old German air, and behold! a lizard lies still as though rooted to the spot, raising its little head in a listening attitude and looking at me with his sharp little eyes. Without stirring I continued my melody. The lizard came nearer and nearer, and at last approached quite close, always listening and forgetting all his fears. As soon, however, as the whistler made the slightest movement it vanished into some crevice, but to peep forth again a moment after and to listen once more, as though entirely entranced.

A delightful discovery, and one of which I extended the field of observation daily. At last as many as eight or nine of these little music lovers would sit around me in the most comic attitudes. Nay, two of them, a mother and its young one, would sit awaiting me as I arrived whistling at the same hour of day, sitting on a large stone, under which was probably their home. With these, too, I made some further experiments. After having made music to them for awhile I cautiously went a few steps further, whistling on in soft, drawling tones, such as I had found they best loved to hear, and see, verily, they followed me!

Watching them with intense interest, I continued to whistle as I walked on slowly, halting every few paces and being silent while I halted, and truly the little creatures followed, slowly, it is true, but in a straight line, at a distance of about fifteen steps, until at last, unhappily, the heavy tread of a peasant put them to flight. But my experience had lasted long enough to make me understand the Apollo Saurokonos, and I once more reverenced the keen native observation of those old Hellenes. Besides this, the legend of the "Ratcatcher of Hamelin" suddenly became much more credible.—Leisure Hours.

The Upper Berth.

A Pullman sleeper conductor: Everybody who wants a berth in a sleeper wants the lower berth. I have been in the employ of the company for fourteen years, and I have never yet had an application for an upper berth. Of course, the upper berth is not so easy of access as the lower, but if you don't mind climbing to the upper berth you will at once admit, after the night is over, that it is the more comfortable of the two. The ventilation is better and you are not so close to the rumbling noise. You are more private than you are in a lower berth, and in case of accident you have a chance of coming out on top. In hot weather the upper berth is cooler than the lower.

The lower berth, as you know, is made up from the cushioned seats, which are of warm material. I have never known a man to fall out of an upper berth. I think if the company would make a difference only half a dozen people in the upper berth it would soon be in demand. But I believe the Pullman company never makes any difference in the charges.—Chicago Tribune.

The Electric Piano.

I have been asked dozens of times if the new invention that plays the piano by an electrical attachment will not decrease the number of students of piano playing when it comes to be generally known. I think not. The electric piano plays just as well as can possibly be done with hands and fingers, and all the expression and all the accuracy are there. But nevertheless it is not the skilled pianist with intelligent fingers and sympathetic face who is pr[illegible]ing the music, and one listens to it with a distinct feeling that something is lacking. One wants to see the person who is making the music. The invention, I suppose, will be used largely in concerts, where several pianos are needed and good time must be kept, and it may do much good in teaching. But nothing mechanical can ever take the place of the trained piano musician.—Pianist in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Maud Howe's Romance.

Maud Howe received the goodly sum of $1,000 from The Ladies' Home Journal for her new novel. About thirteen years ago, when Porter's picture of her was exhibited in the Centennial, she was one of the famous beauties of America, and is an unusually handsome woman still. She became engaged to Porter, and before the affair was broken, nursed the man she subsequently married—John Elliot—through an attack of malarial fever in Rome. He was an ardent young art student at the time, and had worked too hard in a dangerous climate. He passed from the fever of Rome into the fever of love, but was unable to persuade Miss Howe to think of him until some years after her engagement with Porter was off. She had resigned love for literature and seemed contented with the exchange.—Current Literature.

A Dog's Fad.

Mr. Jaeger, of Rochester, N. Y., was frequently puzzled by the absence of his dog. The animal was frequently absent half a day at a time, and last week was missing for two days. His owner advertised for him, and on the following day he was returned by a man who had discovered his peculiar mania. It was for riding on street cars. He will get aboard of any car he sees and ride until he is put off. Mr. Jaeger proposes now to get a season ticket, good on all street railroads, and attach it to the dog's collar, so that the animal may indulge his street car propensities in a proper and legal way.—Chicago Mail.

It Happens That Way.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir," he observed as he rubbed his hands together, "the next alderman from our ward must be a clean, decent, honest, intelligent man, and a credit to his constituents. Yes, sir—yes, sir; we have made up our minds to that—all citizens irrespective of party. We shall go in en masse. The candidates? Why, he'll be selected from my party, of course!"—Detroit Free Press.

To Mother.

[illegible] how well I remember now
[illegible] when I at your knee did bow
[illegible] taught me to lisp my evening prayer
[illegible]k for a heavenly Father's care.

[illegible]e you now as I saw you then;
[illegible]hink I can hear thy dear voice again,
[illegible] now that our heavenly Father's care,
[illegible]p you in safety till I am there.

[illegible] see once more that sweet old smile,
[illegible] youth could each foolish care beguile,
[illegible] feel the sweetness and sacred bliss,
[illegible]d alone in a mother's kiss.

I know [illegible] time has left many a trace
On th[illegible]row and dear bright face;
But I [illegible]ho change to your heart can steal
Whil[illegible] constant presence of God you feel.

And [illegible] I'll clasp that hand that was never tired,
To [illegible]ant each wish that my heart desired;
An[illegible] claim my share in a mother's love,
Th[illegible] pure and free as the Heaven above.

An[illegible]en let us pray that when life is o'er,
We [illegible] meet again on the heavenly shore;
Whe[illegible] sorrow and partings can ne'er abide,
And [illegible] dwell in love by the Saviour's side;

Whe[illegible] angel voices forever sing,
The[illegible]me praise of a heavenly king;
And [illegible]t cease to live in a world of strife
And [illegible]r with the angels a crown of life.

A. B. B.

Hints for Baldheads.

Now as to the treatment for incipient baldness, the spots and so forth. This, according to Good Housekeeping, is what an eminent physician said to a gentleman who consulted him for the first named trouble:

"Have you been accustomed to wash your head in soapy water?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, every morning," was the reply.

"Well, that is the cause of this bald place; stop washing and begin brushing your hair. Use a bristle brush for fifteen minutes every morning and night. You may not notice any improvement for a year, perhaps not for two, but be assured you will have a fine crop of hair and never grow bald if you pursue this course."

As fifteen minutes seems a very long while vigorously moving a hair brush hither and thither over the surface of your head, it would be well to inveigle one's friends into assisting, wouldn't it?

If the hair is falling out, remember that it is owing to an unhealthy condition of the scalp. First cut off about two inches of the hair, next wash in clear, cold, soft water, rubbing dry with a crash towel; then begin the fifteen minutes' brushing process, and in a few weeks you will see the tiny spires of new hair coming all over your head. Beware of being tempted to the use of any nostrum whatsoever, no matter how plausible the advertisement thereof; all are more or less injurious—generally more, as you will find out to your sorrow if you begin the use of them.

A Drawing Room Homily.

Is it not too bad, says Bishop Huntington, in a time when there is so much fact to be learned, so much work to be done, and done better than it is, so much wrong to be righted, so many burdens wait to be eased, so many noble enterprises to be set forward, that ladies and gentlemen of faculty and information should array themselves sumptuously and go to meet each other again and again, and stay together for hours, only to look at a spectacle that is without significance and hear sounds without sense; to see unreal manners and hear commonplace speech; to exchange greetings with the dearest friends only on a crowded staircase, as the two processions up and down meet and pass, or in "a crush" where the liveliest feeling is a fear of damaging a fabric or being mortified by a mistake; to eat and drink what could be eaten and drank with far more comfort and safer digestion at home; to say what one only half feels to persons whom one does not like on a subject that one does not half understand; to pick a way between frivolity and falsehood or wade through a muddy mixture of both; to cover disgust with a smile, inward protest with spoken accent, or weariness with a yawn, and then go away at an unhealthy hour with nothing to remember but a babble, a headache and a secret self contempt? "Horrid bore, isn't it?" said one victim to another. "Beastly," was the cordial answer. "Let's go home!" "I wish I could, but you see I can't; I am the host."

A Wise Saying.

Here is a wise thing said by some one: "It is an excellent thing for any person to realize the fact that the world is not all contained within the limits of his own horizon. An amusing instance of this kind of mistake that is made by people who are ignorant or forgetful of this simple fact is given in the recent experience of a lady traveler in Asia. One of the Malay rajahs confided to her his willingness to learn English. 'But,' he said, 'there is this objection to English, that it is only spoken by a dozen people in the world, even counting the governor of Singapore and his followers, while wherever you go—to the north, south, east or west, or beyond the wind—you find Malay spoken.' That Malay was right so far as his own horizon was concerned; but what infinite horizons lay beyond him! And what infinite horizons of truth lie behind many a prim Anglo-Saxon, who mistakes his own little horizon of personal knowledge for the boundaries of God's everlasting universe!"—St. Louis Republic.

Are?

You fond of fish cakes, and do you want to save yourself a lot of extra trouble to make them? If so, buy a pound box of Steam Compressed Desiccated Cod Fish, it is equal to three pounds of ordinary fish. Contains no skin or bones, is ready for instant use, and emits no odor whilst cooking. Sold at 15c. by all retail grocers. Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGURES, 61 Dock street, St. John.

All Reverence the Dead.

A day or two ago a fruit peddler was passing up Elizabeth street east, yelling from The Ladies' Home Journal "ba-nan-oes" at the top of his voice, when he suddenly caught sight of the crape on a door which signified that a child lay dead in the house.

"Ba-nan-oes! Ba-nan-oes! Ba"——!

He checked his words as he saw the crape, removed his hat and placed it on his cart, and he walked to the next square bareheaded and silent.—Detroit Free Press.

Try

Barnes' Genuine English Worcestershire Sauce, in pint and half-pint bottles and by the gallon. Sold by leading retail grocers. Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGURES, 61 Dock street, Saint John, N. B.

ESTEY'S

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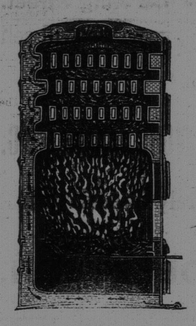

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