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Commencing May 7th, and until further notice, the S. S. Connors Bros. will run as follows:—

Leave St. John, Lawton Saw Company's Wharf, on Saturday, 7.30 a. m., for St. Andrews, calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Black's Harbor, Back Bay or Letete, Deer Island, Red Store, St. George.

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NOW OPEN FOR TRAFFIC.

Uniting Campbellton at head of navigation on Baie Chaleurs with the St. John River Valley at St. Leonards. At St. Leonards, connections is made with the Canadian Pacific Railway for Edmundston and points on the Temiscouata Railway, also for Grand Falls, Andover, Perth, Woodstock, Fredericton, St. John and Western Points, affording the shortest and cheapest route for Fish, Lumber, Shingles and Farm Products, from Baie Chaleurs and Restigouche Points to the Markets of the Eastern States. At Campbellton connection is made with trains of the Intercolonial Railway. An express train, with superior accommodation for passengers, is now being operated daily, each way, between Campbellton and St. Leonards, and, in addition to the ordinary freight trains there is also a regular accommodation freight train carrying passengers and freight, running each way on alternate days.

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This Hotel is under new management and has been thoroughly renovated and newly furnished with Baths, Carpets, Linen, Silver, etc.
Permanent Boarders for the winter season will find our rates reasonable.
American Plan. Electric Elevators.
Street Cars stop at door, to and from all trains and boats.

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Scotch Ell, Sydney and other good coals at \$5.00 a ton up.

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Delivered to any part of the City or Suburbs.

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Dependable Drugs,
Correct Dispensing,
Prompt Service,
Right Prices.

These are what you are looking for when there's sickness in the house. You Get Them at

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It would be to the advantage of persons having property for sale to communicate with me.

T. L. COUGHLAN,

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Careful Attention to all Work entrusted to our care.

Clearance Sale of Millinery

Come now and select your Headwear for Winter. Great Reduction in Prices.

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I have just opened up a fine line, which make a nice Present for Christmas. Call and see them.

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REFRESHMENT & YOUR EVENING PARTY.

You are Desirous of a Nice Ice Cream comes very handy—and none so smooth and pure as that which you get at

THE PEOPLE'S DAIRY,

400 Union Street. Phone 2148.

JAPANESE DENTISTS.

They Use Natural Weapons in Assaulting Their Victims.

Japanese native dentists conduct their business in a manner which would undoubtedly cause any European practitioner to open his eyes in amazement. The victim is seated on the ground. The dentist bends over him and forces his left hand between the patient's jaws in such a manner that the mouth cannot possibly be closed. Then he grasps the doomed tooth between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand and with one deft wrench removes it and throws it upon the ground.

So great is the skill of these native dentists that many of them are able to remove six or seven teeth per minute. Indeed, their skill is hardly to be wondered at when one considers the course of preparatory training they are obliged to undergo.

A number of holes are bored in a stout plank, and this is fixed firmly to the ground. In the holes are driven wooden pegs, and the would be dentist has to extract them with his fingers without dislodging the board. This process is repeated with a board of pine wood and finally with one of oak, and it is only when he has succeeded in extracting the pegs from the oak plank that the Japanese considers himself qualified to practice upon his fellow men.—Pearson's Weekly.

MAKING A LAWYER.

It Took Patrick Henry Six Weeks to Prepare For the Bar.

Patrick Henry when he was a young married man of twenty-three was a complete failure. He had tried clerking, farming and keeping a country store, all with equally negative or disastrous results.

"Best of all," he said cheerfully to himself, "I will become a lawyer." Six weeks he allowed himself as a matter of formality to prepare for the bar. During this time he read one book, "Coke Upon Littleton," supplemented by an equally strenuous perusal of the "Digest of the Virginia Acts."

His examiners, Wythe, Pendleton, Peyton Randolph and John Randolph, hardly knew whether to be more amazed at his ignorance of law or his profound knowledge of history. After no little deliberation he received his license.

"Mr. Henry," John Randolph exclaimed enthusiastically after his examination of the young neophyte, "if your industry be only half equal to your genius I augur that you will do well and become an ornament and an honor to your profession."—Green Bag.

Queen Bees' Wardrobe.

Royal annals have never recorded a more varied and extensive wardrobe than that which belonged to the "virgin queen." Even at the age of sixty-eight, when she might be supposed to have outlived her youthful vanity, she possessed 99 complete official costumes, 102 French gowns, 100 robes with trains and 67 without, 126 antique dresses, 136 bodices, 125 tunics, not to mention such trifles as 96 mantles, 85 dressing gowns and 27 fans. It is possible that she had an ugly foot, for she possessed only nine pairs of shoes, which, considering her extravagances in other articles of apparel, must have some meaning. At her death 3,000 articles were found duly catalogued in her wardrobe which had adorned her proud person.

Winter and Summer Sun.

The sun is nearer to the earth in winter than it is in summer. It is not distance that determines the amount of heat that we get from the sun, but the length of time the sun is above the horizon and the direction in which his rays strike us. In summer, although much farther from us, the sun is daily above the horizon much longer than when he is nearest, at the winter solstice, and this continued action produces the summer heat. In addition to this is to be reckoned the fact that in summer the force of the sun's rays is more perpendicular to the earth's surface, while in the winter they are oblique. In the case of the perpendicular ray the heat stays, while in that of the oblique ray it "glances off," so to speak.

"Oh, Had I the Wings of a Dove."

The daily papers reported the other day a visit of the inmate to a convict prison. The prison has been built by convict labor. Convict hands have done the carving. A convict played the organ, and it looks as if a convict selected the hymns. One of them, "Oh, Had I the Wings of a Dove," the convicts are said to have sung with great heartiness. It is easy to believe. —London Truth.

Importance Recognized.

"Do you think that man fully appreciated the importance of the office to which we have elected him?" said one constituent.

"I guess he does," replied the other. "The first thing he did was to say it ought to command a larger salary." —Washington Star.

BROUGHT HIS TOOTHBRUSH.

But Saint-Saens, the Composer, Didn't Shuck Parisian Society.

The Cri de Paris told the following story of Saint-Saens, the composer: A rare visitor to Paris, he is on his visits much sought after as a social lion. One lady succeeded in persuading him to accept an invitation to dinner, promising to send to fetch him and also to deposit him at his door when he left, his only stipulation being that he should be allowed to make his adieu at 10 o'clock.

The son of his hostess was dispatched in good time and found M. Saint-Saens in a velvet coat seated before his piano. He rose at once, however, and asked for ten minutes to dress, at the end of which he appeared, tying his white cravat. As he was shutting his door behind him he ejaculated:

"Good gracious! One minute more! I have forgotten my toothbrush!"

The young man, to his amazement, saw his guest dive into his dressing room and reappear with a toothbrush, which he put away in his breast pocket. On arriving home he told his mother, who in some uneasiness informed her friends, and everybody was in wonderment as to what the great composer was going to do with his toothbrush.

Every eye was fixed on him through out the dinner, watching him as he ate and drank and used his finger glass. In the drawing room Saint-Saens talked with the ladies and played any piece that was asked of him till 10 o'clock struck, when he bade farewell politely to the company.

The journey home was without incident, and when they reached his house, M. Saint-Saens simply offered to shake hands and say good night. Curiosity was too strong, though, for the youth who said:

"Excuse me, master, but I should so much like to know why you so particularly wanted to take your toothbrush with you?"

"Oh, my young friend," replied Saint-Saens, "it is very simple! My lock is very stiff, and I always hurt my fingers in turning the key. So I now pass the handle of my toothbrush in the ring of the key and turn it easily. Voilà!"

THOROUGHLY WARMED.

An Old Time Schoolboy's Experience on a Bitterly Cold Day.

An old time gentleman of Newburyport, describing his school days in the opening years of the nineteenth century, has this to say of a wintry day:

"We found our inkstands all frozen up. These required to be thawed out. To do this there was a board held up by bricks over the stove on which the pewter inkstands were placed, but before the copy was written down the ink would be again frozen. Then the boy took his ink to the stove again and while it was thawing laid in a store of charcoal for himself, standing by the stove, watching closely that the pewter should not melt.

"The clothes of the boys were made of corduroy, jacket and trousers in one, and nothing under but a shirt. These absorbed the heat like sheet iron, so that when a boy returned to his seat he was often compelled to carry his inkstand in his mouth, employing both hands to hold his trousers off from his knees, and with every precaution the skin was often mottled and scorched."

Another old time schoolboy in his later years recalled an even severer experience.

"I can remember," he recorded, "how, crowding close to the stove to toast the shivers from my poor little body, I scorched a hole in my trousers in front and exclaimed aloud at the disaster, whereupon the master thrashed a hole into them behind, and when I went home to my mother she told me grimly it was well that things should match and that as my shirt was such an old one she was willing to risk fraying it on the back, and she reached for a strap and did it!

"I was thoroughly warmed, and it was the coldest day of the year, but I regretted my shivers after all." —Youth's Companion.

Helpful Son-in-law.

"So you asked my wife for our daughter's hand, did you?" said the stern father.

"I did, and she began to give me a piece of her mind about my presumption, and I"—

"And you beat a retreat and came to see me. Well, sir?"

"Oh, no! I didn't retreat. I argued it out with her, and before I left she had given me her consent. So I"—

"You did? Bull for you! You can have the girl, and you can live right here with us. I want to study your system of defying my wife for a year or so anyway." —Woman's World.

Little Pitcher.

Lady Visitor—I am coming to your mamma's company tomorrow, Tommy. Tommy—Well, you won't get a good supper. Tommy's Papa—Tommy, what do you mean, talking like that? Tommy—Well, you know, pa, you told me you'd have to get some chicken feed for her old hen party tomorrow. —Baltimore American.