THE LITTLE FOLKS.

MUSIC ON ALL FOURS.

A Pussy-Cat and a Black-and-Tan
Were shut in a room together,
And, after a season of quiet, began
To talk of the change in the weather,
And new spring fashions, and after that
They had a sort of musical chat.

Said Puss, "To me it is quiet absurd—
But tastes and opinions vary;
And some have declared that no beast or bird
Can sing like the small canary—
Who, if it be true as I've heard it told,
Is really worth more than its weight in gold."

Said the Black-and-Tan, with a pensive smile:
"I've wanted to call attention
To this bit of scandal for quite a while,
And, if not amiss, to mention
That my daily allowance of bark and whiffle
Has greatly improved this voice of mine."

"It has," said the Puss, with a comic grin;
"The words of truth you have spoken;
A name for ourselves we must strive to win
At once, now the ice is broken:
For one or two doses of catnip tea
Have had a wondous effect on me."

"'Twas only the other night I strayed
Where a silvery moonbeam slanted,
And gave such a beautiful serenade
You'd have thought the place enchanted.
It roused the neighborhood to a pitch
Of praise, or envy—I can't tell which."

Said the Black-and-Tan, "Why shouldn't we try
To sing a duet together?"
Said the Puss, "I see no reason why
We can't; and we'll show them whether
To birds and bipeds alone belong
The gift of singing a pleasing song."

They sang—and they sang; but oh, my dears!
If you had been anywhere near them,
You'd have shut your eyes and stopped your ears,
And wished that you couldn't hear them.
'Twas a brilliant effort, upon my word,
And nearly killed the canary-bird.

The Pussy-Cat and the Black-and-Tan
With the music were so delighted,
They will give a concert as soon as they can,
And perhaps we may be invited
"Bow-wow!" "Miaow!" I'm sorry, you know,
I've another engagement—and cannot go.

Josephine Pollard, in St. Nicholas.

GENEVIEVE.

[Conclusion.]

Was she happy? No one knew, for, except Bertha, she cultivated no friendship: and, since that fatal morning, the old sweet confidences with her did not seem the same. Those who studied her every look and act wondered at the restless impatience that she sometimes exhibited. Often, when unobserved, her white hands would lie listlessly upon her lap, and the lovely eyes wore a weary, unsatisfied look.

Just before the Lenten season began, Bertha was to be married, and it was suggested that a party be found to join the bridal pair in their European tour, reaching Rome in time for the Carnival, and a merry party, of which Judge Dupont and his wife were members, one morning waved farewell to friends on shore, and steamed away for the Old World, arriving at the Eternal City a few days before the expected festivities.

The morning following their arrival, the ladies, sat in the large saloon, chatting pleasantly together, when the door was hastily opened and Dr. Carrington, Bertha's husband, entered, exclaiming, in his cheery manner,—

"I have found him, the good-for-nothing runaway! Come in, sir; all are friends here.

It is impossible to describe the expressions of surprise that fell from the lips of all present as Edward Dale crossed the room and clasped the hand of Bertha, saying,

"This is indeed a delightful surprise. My Quixotic friend persistently refused to inform me what 'fairy lady' had captured his stubborn heart. Permit me to congratulate you."

Genevieve sat at an open window, looking into the garden beneath, when the entrance of the gentlemen startled her, causing her to turn toward them; but as the sound of the well remembered voice fell upon her ear she bowed her head upon the window-sill, when the heavy drapery concealed her from view. She knew she had her part to play, and she resolved to act it well; so, when she heard Dr. Carrington ask, "Where is Veva?" she parted the curtains, and, stepping into the room, said, calmly,

"Here she is!"

"Here, Mr. Edward Dale, come and make apologies to this lady for your very ungallant conduct in running away from her wedding. I've rated him soundly, Veva, but he seems inclined 'to fight it out' so I'll leave you to conquer him."

"I am not brave enough to enter the list against Mr. Dale, so we'll offer a truce at once," replied Veva, in as light a tone as she could assume, and extending her hand to Edward.

He held it a moment without speaking, then bowed until his lips touched the slender white fingers, and, suddenly dropping her hand, he turned and left her. The other gentlemen of the party entering at this time, plans for the day were formed and it was decided to spend the morning in visiting some places of interest. As the ladies were leaving the parlor to prepare for their walk, some asked,

"Where is the judge?"

Dr. Carrington replied,

"He is driving with Ashton the American Consul. I tried to persuade him not to go, for I saw Ashton was under the influence of wine, and the horses seemed restive; but they were old classmates, and have not met for years, so I suppose they wanted to have a talk. As Ed. goes with us, we'll appoint him escort for Veva."

But Edward Dale did not attend Veva. She insisted that Dr. Carrington should take charge of her while Edward attended Bertha.

It was almost three o'clock when they returned to the hotel, and as they approached the entrance they saw that something unusual had happened. Edward and Bertha were first of the returning party, and were met by the proprietors of the house, who inquired,—

"Where is Madame Dupont?"

Bertha's face grew livid from fear, and Edward's voice was husky as he asked,—

"What has happened?"

"Alas! her husband lies dead above stairs, just brought in. He was thrown from his carriage and killed instantly."

"My God! this is terrible" exclaimed Mr. Dale. "Bertha, take her to your room and tell her as gently as possible."

No need for such caution. Those who had lingered behind now joined the excited crowd in the hall. Edward glanced toward the door, and never forgot the face that met his gaze. Genevieve stood there, her hand resting lightly on Dr. Carrington's arm, her face glowing, and the large eyes sparkling. He had never looked at a more lovely picture. She saw the whispered questionings around her, and the blanched faces turned toward her, and for an instant withdrew her hand from the arm on which it had been resting; then, with a cry that lingered long in the ears of those who heard it, she sprang to the side of Edward Dale, and clasping both his hands asked, eagerly,

"What does it mean? Where is my husband?"

"Dead!"

The words seemed forced from his lips, but he knew it was best to tell her the truth at once. Then through the corridor rang a cry so wild, so sad, that strong men wept and bowed their heads as Edward Dale passed, bearing the inanimate form of the stricken woman in his arms. Weary, anxious day and nights of watching were spent by her friends ere there was any hope of returning reason.

One morning, two months after they had laid her husband to rest in the strangers burial ground, Genevieve entered the parlor, where, on that fatal day she seemed so joyous. Of the party only a few were there, the remainder continuing their travels. Bertha, her husband, and Edward Dale were in the room when she entered.

How sad the change a few weeks had wrought. The form still queenly and graceful, but the massive braids of brown hair were covered by a widow's cap. Her face bore no trace of its former bloom, and the once lustrous eyes wore a look sad to see in one so young. Perceiving her entrance Edward Dale went across the room, and drawing her hand through his arm, seated her in an easy-chair near the open window. It was their first meeting, and contending emotions prevented speech. At length Veva raised her eyes to where he stood, and was startled at the pale, careworn expression on his handsome face. Holding her hand toward him, she said, softly,

"How can I thank you, my friend, for all you have done?"

Seating himself on an ottaman at her feet, he took both her hands in his, and replied,

"By speaking one little word that I may carry in my heart for the next twelve months, Genevieve, once again I ask, may I hope?"

She leaned her head against the cushions of the chair, closing her eyes as if to shut out something she dared not see. Several minutes passed before she regained her self-possession; then, looking into the pleading eyes, she said, quietly but firmly,—

"No, Edward, no. To-day we part, perhaps forever. I had hoped to be spared this pain, for I thought Bertha and Harry had told you of my plans for the future.

"My darling, hear me, I entreat you! Do not bury your young life within a convent! You are oppressed with this sorrow now. Wait; travel with Dr. Carrington and his wife for a year, then you will be better able to decide so serious a question. To-morrow I commence my travels in the East, and I ask this boon of you before we part."

"Too late, Edward; my word is given to the superior of the convent, and to-morrow I bid farewell to the world forever. Even did I not take this step, I would not be your wife. No, no; forever between us would stand the image of the noble man I so cruelly wronged.

Joyous and brilliant to the world at home, to my husband, cold and indifferent; bearing the name of wife to one, while in her heart was an idol to which she give all the worship of her nature. This is the woman you ask to be your wife. Yes, Edward Dale, since that morning when you revealed to me the depths of my own heart you have reigned supreme as its king. Untrue in every thought to the man I had promised to love and honor, is it strange I should become a cold, cynical woman, seeking in the adulation of the crowd forgetfulness of all I had lost? Earthly happiness I now must seek no more, and the remainder of my life I hope to spend in preparing for the vast eternity into which we shall one day enter. My friend, it is better that we part. Day and night you may know there is one praying for you, and that in the "nameless yonder" we may meet again."

She had risen from her chair, and, laying her hands upon his bowed head, she said, gently, "God bless you!" and ere he could reply she had passed from his life forever.

Beginning Poor.

A young woman asks whether I think it would be safe and prudent to marry a John, when they have less than three hundred dollars to start with. That depends. I decline to give personal advice in this case, though the person asking has my hearty interest and sympathy. The subject will allow of some general remarks.

What position in life do John and Mary aspire to fill? What are their social aims and ambitions? If they must begin as though they were rich, while they are really poor, of course it is not prudent to marry. But there are thousands of happy families where a start was made with less than a hundred dollars. Michelet says that two can live cheaper than one, and a young lawyer once demonstrated to me how he was able to save more from his income since his marriage, while living far more comfortably and happily, than before. But his wife knew how to make the most of everything, and they had sufficient means at first to set up housekeeping in a pleasant and comfortable manner.

Two people who love each other can begin house-keeping with a very small outlay of money, if they are so disposed. They need only to furnish one room, and that with little outlay of money. A cook stove, a bed, a table, two or three chairs, a few dishes, a lamp, a wash-basin, a pail, and a cupboard. These are about all the articles of furniture actually necessary to begin with. Then the saving must begin, and out of the savings there can soon be purchased other useful household articles, until the establishment is comfortably equipped. I know from experience that carpets and curtains (other than newspapers and perhaps I should have set down a good newspaper among essential articles), are not among the necessaries of life in all circumstances. When they must be had, cheap ones can be had to answer the requirements of utility and beauty. If a young couple, with very small means, begin in this way, and carefully keep out of debt, paying for every thing as they buy it, they will find a satisfaction in their purchases which they could never have in the possession of treasures balanced by debt. In order to save anything from the weekly or monthly earnings, there must be careful economy about food and clothing. The most nourishment from the least money must be the aim, and every fool should be stopped, or all outlay for that which brings no real advantage in return.

FANNIE BOCHESTER, in *Am. Agriculturist.*

Writing mixed with glue water or calcined plaster and water makes a good putty for filling cracks in plastered ceilings.

A Tragedy in California.

A ROBBERY AND ITS TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT—FIVE MEXICAN BANDITS TAKEN FROM THE BAKERSFIELD JAIL AND HANGED.—A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, at Bakersfield, Cal., gives the following particulars of the summary death of five Mexican horse-thieves:

"Between sundown and dark, the five Mexicans were brought into town by James Youngs, W. L. Kennedy, and others, and lodged in jail. The news of their capture spread over the town at once, and created much excitement during the evening. It began to be whispered about that violence was anticipated, and, this coming to Under Sheriff Lightner's ears, he went up to the jail, and, having first locked all the cells and outer doors, deposited the key in the safe, locked it with a combination that no one understands but himself, and carried the safe-key with him. Between 1 and 2 o'clock, this Saturday morning, eight men went up to the Court House and demanded the keys of Deputy Sheriff Fountain. He told them they were locked up in the vault of the safe, and that he did not have the key. They then caught him and took from his pockets his private keys, but, not finding the jail keys or the key to the vault of the safe, they sent a committee of three after Under Sheriff Lightner. He was called out of his house just as he was getting ready for bed and told that he must go and open the safe, but he "declined, saying that he would not think of it, and nothing could induce him to do it. Finding they could do nothing with him, they left. This was about 1:30. The party went back to the Court House, and, having secured a sledge-hammer, an axe, and a crowbar, passed into the small room by the side of the main jail, and which communicates with it by means of a heavy wooden door. Upon this door they commenced work, and after battering and chopping two or three hours, they finally succeeded in breaking the door to pieces and effecting an entrance. By this time not less than 100 persons had gathered. Once inside the jail, it took but little time to break the catches to the locks and get to the prisoners. Seeing that the crowd could not be prevented from entering, and to prevent the useless destruction of locks, Deputy Sheriff Fountain pointed out the cells in which the prisoners were confined. Two were in one cell, two in another, and the fifth was confined in a cell with another Mexican who was not of their party. Having secured the five the crowd took them up stairs into the District Court-room, went through the form of a trial, convicted them, and sentenced them to be hanged immediately. Some of them were in favor of swinging them up on the front porch of the Court House, but it was finally agreed that they should be hanged to the trees in the back part of the lot and in the rear of the jail yard. A beam was secured and placed across between two trees, one end resting in a fork of each. Three of the doomed men were swung up to this beam and two to the limbs of one of the trees, where they remained, a ghastly sight, until 9 o'clock this morning, when they were taken down and laid in the hall of the lower floor of the Court House. Their names, as ascertained from papers on their persons, were Francisco Encinas, Firman Eldia, Antonio Meron, Miguel Elias, and Vincente Ruiz. Upon their persons were found various articles, such as watches, pocket knives, purses, etc., doubtless a part of the property taken from Swett's store, at Caliente. A Coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict was found in accordance with the circumstances, without, however, attaching any blame to the participants, who must be known.

THE WOMAN WHO KNEW.

Saturday forenoon a little old woman who had evidently known better days, in a wagon entered a store on Woodward avenue where gent's furnishing goods are sold and asked if they kept such a thing as a man's night shirt.

"Certainly we do," was the reply as the clerk reached for a box

"Well, my old man was traveling down in Rhode Island last fall and he heard about em and saw one," she continued, "and he's been half-crazy ever since to own a couple. Things have come to a pretty pass when men have got to have on shirt for day and the other for night, but Thomas is rather childish and I thought I'd get him one."

"Most all men wear 'em now, said the clerk as he opened the box. "What price do you want to pay?"

"Well, I dunno," she mused, as she picked up one after another and let them drop. "I didn't say I wanted one for myself, did I?"

"Why, no, of course not. These are gentlemens night-shirts, madam—three different styles."

She picked up the plainest one, shook it out held it at arm's length, and coldly said;

"Young man do you pertend to call this garment a night-shirt for a man?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You do, eh? You stick to it that this trifling and furbelowing and tucking belongs on a man's night-shirt?"

"I do."

"Then you'd better go to driving a sand wagon, young man!" she snapped as she threw the garment down. "I've worn night-gowns for fifty years, and if the day has come when a young moonshiner like you puts on airs to tell me that I don't know what a night-gown is, my old man can sleep in a harness for all the night shirt he'll ever get me to buy. Good day young man!"

And she went out with a defiant gleam in her eyes.

How Some of the Tea Floating Through the Country is Made.

In most of our leading hotels and eating houses the tea grounds are saved by the servants, and sold to parties who come around in wagons at stated intervals. What they did with the grounds was for a long time a mystery. Lately, however, the secret has escaped. We hear on good authority that they are taken to a factory in the vicinity of Central Park, steeped in acids, and dried in the sun on copper plates. By this process each leaf is shrivelled, and made to assume its former shape. The color is beautiful, and the old tea odor, so familiar to all who love this delightful drink, is plainly recognized. The dying process completed, the grounds are packed in tin caddies or second-handed wooden boxes, and distributed throughout the country, where its remarkable cheapness attracts universal attention. Occasionally a little genuine tea is mixed with this preparation. This adds to the flavor, and the victim is more easily taken in. Much of this tea is said to be sold from peddler wagons, and eggs, butter, and similar produce are sometimes received in exchange.

The tea is not strong enough to injure anybody's nerves, but the acids used may undermine the health and prove extremely injurious to invalids. The substance is not extensively sold to customers in large cities, through fear of injuring the business of those who collect the grounds. A tea expert can detect the difference between this second-hand tea and the genuine. This faculty comes from his experience. "As a general thing," he says, "the farmer can lay down his rule—the greener the leaf and the brighter the caddy, the poorer the quality of the tea."

LIBERALISM.

[Selections from a Correspondent.]

CARDINAL DEHAMPS, ARCHBISHOP OF MECHLIN, ON LIBERALISM.—The Cardinal's argument against Liberalism is, that it is in the social order what Rationalism is in the intellectual order, that Rationalism stands condemned by reason, which also condemns Liberalism, because it is only Rationalism applied to society. Having set this forth clearly and concisely, his Eminence goes on to show that Liberalism has on its side neither truth nor freedom; and that while modern civilization was the work of Christianity, Liberalism can only bring about social decay. The Cardinal ends his letter by laying bare the prejudices of Liberalism in regard to Ultramontanism, progress, tolerance, and intolerance. We think this part of the letter must be most galling to Liberalism, for nobody likes to have their pet prejudices ruthlessly overturned, and Liberalism lives wholly on prejudices. Never has any system more loudly decried prejudices than Liberalism, and yet never was a system more made up of them than this one.

To give an idea of the value, and skill, and even beauty, of the letter, an extract or two, turned into English, will be enough. While proving that the reason, in man's present state, needs faith in matters of religion, the Cardinal remarks:

"Never and nowhere has man ever put his trust in man in regard to religious truths; never and nowhere have the people been willing to believe in philosophers and philosophies; but, everywhere and always, mankind, leaving to human science its probabilities, has to be certain, desired in these matters to hear the voice of God. This great fact is so invariable and undeniable that even where ignorance, pride, and man's passions have done violence to Revelation, the people have clung to the shadow of that Revelation rather than trust to man's intellect in such matters. And not only have the people, but even philosophers have refused to be dependent on philosophers. Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca—to name only the sages of the East, of Rome and of Greece—refer us on this point to the primitive and Divine truth, handed down by generation to generation. In this they speak as do the inspired writers, as do Moses, Job, the Psalmist, the Prophets, the Apostles and Evangelists" (p. 17). In speaking of civilization in modern Europe being the outcome of Christianity, the Cardinal asks and beautifully answers the question, as what facts constitute the superiority of that civilization. He answers—"It is chiefly the public recognition of man's equality, before God, because of their common origin and destiny, and of the unity of the human race; it is the public recognition of man's right to do his duty, to keep the Divine law, to be the free children of God; it is the condemnation of Pagan slavery which wholly denied such right and freedom; and it is the abolition of that slavery. . . . It is the devotion of whole legions of souls to a life of self-sacrifice in those many institutions which have their roots at the foot of the Cross, seeking thence to lessen men's many miseries—a touching sight, of which Paganism never dreamed; it is of yet other legions of Apostles enlightening, civilizing, and saving infidel and barbarous nations; it is education rolling far and wide, from lowly schools to stately universities, with which the Church has studded Europe" (p. 39). These are but few of the many points which have made Christian civilization superior to all civilization that has gone before it. Yet, alas! as the Cardinal remarks, though the Church cannot perish, civilization, the handiwork of the Church, may perish; and Liberalism is doing its utmost to destroy the fair fabric. And the Cardinal—as we think—with justice points out one of the most active agents of social destruction that Liberalism has introduced, that species of modern slavery enforced by conscription and yclept standing armies. "Is it not true," he asks, "that slavery, that institution of the old Pagan world, without which its degenerated society could not subsist, deprived as it was of the great moral restraint, that Divine restraint afforded by the true religion, is not this slavery in a new guise reappearing as that Divine restraint has been enfeebled? For what, in truth, is that *wholly modern* institution of vast standing armies, if not—to use the words of a great Catholic writer, Donoso Cortes—slavery by contract in uniform? And the necessity of such vast standing armies, recruited by the hardship of drawing by lot or by universal obligatory service, is it not always a clearly-marked sign that public order and public law are always menaced, and, therefore, a sign of social decay?" (p. 40). It is right to remark that in a foot-note to this passage his Eminence admits, alas! the necessity of standing armies, and also draws a distinction between the slavery of men made soldiers in spite of themselves and the vocation of the soldier by choice, which he terms sublime.

Not without purpose have we chosen the three extracts we have made, the first to show how the people feel how necessary to them is faith—that faith everywhere assailed or menaced by Liberalism; the second to show what it is that Liberalism is destroying—that civilization is one of Christianity's fairest fruits: and the third, to call attention to that slavery under which all Europe except England groans the slavery of military service. To end, we would earnestly recommend Catholics, and especially Catholic writers, to read and think well over what the Cardinal-Archbishop of Mechlin has so well written. We feel sure that after a careful perusal of the letter, they will agree with the Cardinal where he concludes that no true Catholic, if he remains Catholic can ever be a Liberal, and no true Liberal, if he remains a Liberal, can ever be a Catholic. There are, we know, in England Liberals who are Catholics, and Catholics who are Liberals, but we think that this is possible because hitherto English common sense has prevented English Liberalism from going to its logical conclusions. How long may we count on this feeble barrier of common sense resisting the tide of Liberalism? It seems to us that Mr. Gladstone's pamphlets on what he was pleased to term Vaticanism well-nigh swept the barrier away.

English Paper.

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECIPES.

It is out of taste to crowd rooms with furniture, no matter how expensive.

It is poor economy to sweep carpets with stubs and scrub with good brooms.

Shellac dissolved in alcohol will be found to be good cement for broken furniture.

For hoarseness or tickling in the throat, take a small quantity of dry pulverized borax, place it on the tongue, and let it dissolve and run down the throat. It is also good to keep the throat moist at night, and prevent coughing.

To clean feathers, cover them with a paste made of pipe-clay and water, rubbing them one way only. When quite dry shake off all the powder and curl with a knife. Grebe feathers may be washed with white soap in soft water.

Chips broken off furniture should be collected and replaced by means of a little glue applied to them. Liquid glue, which is sold prepared in bottles is very useful to have in the house, as it requires no melting, and anything broken can be very quickly repaired with it.

Where borax and insect-powder fail to work on cockroaches, use red wafers, scattered in abundance where they run—a sure cure. A quarter of a pound will clear the largest house; they eat and die. Or sprinkle the floor with powdered white hellebore; they will eat it and be poisoned by it.

In taking iron mould out of linen, oxalic acid is universally used by manufacturers. The stained part is stretched over a bowl of hot water into which it is allowed to dip. A few crystals of the acid are placed on the stain and rubbed with a small bone implement. The stain disappears, and the fabric must then be washed in clean water to remove the acid.

Lace may be restored to its original whiteness by first ironing it slightly, then folding it and sewing it into a clean linen bag which is placed for twenty-four hours in pure olive oil. Afterwards the bag is to be boiled in a solution of soap and water for fifteen minutes, then well rinsed in lukewarm water, and finally dipped into water containing a slight proportion of starch. The lace is then to be taken from the bag and stretched on pins to dry.

TO GLOSS SHIRT BOSOMS.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of water, end then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork and keep it for use. A teaspoonful of this gum-water in a pint of starch, made in the usual way, will give to lawns white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

TO RID A HOUSE OF BEDBUGS.—Take 10 cents' worth of quicksilver and the white of an egg; beat them well together until the quicksilver is like fine pepper all through the egg. It may take an hour to beat. Do not use and egg-beater for the silver is poisonous. Then apply the mixture with a feather to all cracks or places were there are any bugs. This, if persevered in, is a certain remedy. Another way is to wash the bedstead with cold water and then sprinkle well with red or best black pepper, and also sprinkle well where there is any sign of bugs.

Always clean the teeth at night just before retiring, for particles of food collect between the teeth during the day, and, if left there all night, will decay, causing the breath to become offensive, and also prove very injurious to the teeth. Scrub the teeth with a hard brush, using little, if any, soap, and sprinkle on a little powered borax—one pinch will do—until the gums are hardened and become accustomed to it. Rinse the mouth often with borax-water; it will prevent it from becoming sore and tender. If artificial teeth are worn, cleanse them thoroughly with borax, and, when convenient, let them remain for some hours; this will, if possible, kill the germs of decay, and if it will purify them and help to sweeten the breath.

Tom Higginson, a well known barber, whose shop for many years had been under the Park Hotel in Nassau street, New York, died Sunday of pneumonia, after a short illness. It was in his shop that Barnum, while his old museum was a feature of lower Broadway got an Irishman to give him his turn on condition that Barnum would pay the Irishman's bill. The showman was astonished to find that the Irishman had indulged in the following luxuries:

To one shave	$.20
To one hair-cutting	.20
To one shampooing	.50
To one hair-dyeing	1.00
To one bottle hair-dye	1.00
To one bath	.75
Total	$3.65

Barnum good-humoredly paid the bill, and was so pleased with the joke that he had a picture drawn of the Irishman as he looked before and after he passed through the barber's hands, and hung the picture in his museum.

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25 " " half-bottles do. 1 dozen each;
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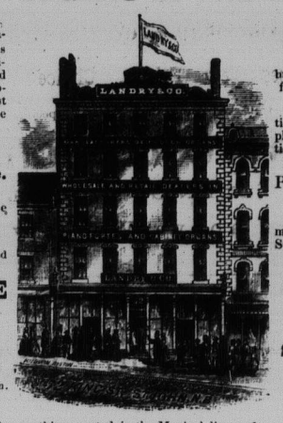
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PIANOFORTES
from the the best makers in the United States, at lowest possible prices.
CATALOGUES
sent free.
Sheet Music,
Music Books, &c.
Write to us for anything wanted in the Musical line and your orders will receive prompt attention.
LANDRY & CO.,
No. 52 King Street, (Old Stand) St. John, N. B.

HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES
ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR
Costiveness, Dyspepsia and Piles!
They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical Pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results, viz:—
Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Palpitation, Sick Headache. Also, the Best WORM MEDICINE ever used.
They RESTORE NATURE, are pleasant to take, act promptly, cause no pain, NEVER REQUIRE INCREASE OF DOSE, effect a thorough Digestion of the Food, do not weaken the bowels, require no detention from business. Physicians prescribe them; Clergymen use them; Lawyers recommend them; the Medical, Religious and secular Press praise them, and every man and woman who has ever tried them advise their friends to use nothing else. Price 30 and 60 cents per box, and sold by druggists, or will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.
E. S. HARRISON & CO., Sackville, N. B
may23

J. M. J.
INSTITUTE OF THE
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS,
Prospectus of Saint Michael's Commercial College, Chatham, N. B.
THIS College has for object to impart to young men, together with the benefit of a Christian education, the necessary knowledge of commerce in all its branches, and whatever else may fit them for industrial pursuits.
TERMS OF BOARD.
Board and Tuition for the scholastic year, payable in advance in two terms: $70; September 1st $35: March 1st $35.
No deduction is made for absence, unless for expulsion or protracted sickness, that is one month or more.
The Board dates from the 1st or 15th of each month, according as the pupil entered in the first or last half of the month.
Washing payable in advance, is $1 per month.
Physician's fees, medicines, Instrumental Music, Navigation, Telegraphy, Drawing and Stationery form extra charges.

Drawing	$5.00	per annum.
Navigation	5	do do.
Telegraphy	5	do do.
Bed and bedding	8	do do.
Half-board	2	do a month.

Each pupil should have a trunk wherein to keep his clothes.
Letters and packages should be addressed as follows:
Mr
Pupil in St. Michael's
Commercial College,
Chatham, N. B
For more ample information send for prospectus.
Classes will re-open first Monday of September.
aug18

M'DONALD & HATFIELD,
Custom Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE REMOVED
TO
MARSHALL'S INSURANCE BLOCK,
Cor. of Market Square and Prince William Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
GENT'S GARMENTS made to order at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

TRY THE ST. JOHN
SURPRISE PACKAGE!
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
A Prize of Money, Jewellery or a Watch,
IN EACH PACKAGE.
PRICE 15 CENTS EACH,
Put up at the GIFT STORE, MAIN STREET PORTLAND. (nov 24)

HAWKES BROTHERS,
Dealers in
Ales, Wines and Liquors,
48 GERMAIN STREET,
AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
nov8

HAVANA CIGARS.
Just received from New York:
THIRTY-FIVE M. LaReal, LaUnion, El Horcon and Moses CIGARS, in Regalia Fina de La Reinas, Princessas, Infantas and Londres.
Daily expected from New York:
45 M. Republica Espanolas and LaUnion CIGARS in CONCHAS and REYNITAS.
The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.
M. A. FINN,
nov17 Hazen Building.

WM. MARTIN, Jr.,
Custom Tailor and Clothier,
HAS REMOVED
TO
60 MILL STREET,
(Opposite Old Stand,)
SAINT JOHN, N. B.,
WHERE HE WILL CARRY ON THE BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

M. J. DRISCOLL,
Custom Tailor,
(LATE DRAMATIC LYCEUM.)
Can be found at
47 BRUSSELS STREET,
Where he will be most happy to have his friends call and leave their orders.

WHISKEY.
Just received ex "Hibernian," from Liverpool:—
8 QR CASKS GLENLISSA WHISKEY;
25 cases Lorne Highland "
16 " Hazelburn " "
20 " " " pts "
20 " Old Irish.
For sale by, by
nov17 M. A FINN.

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL
WINE STORE.
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
No. 8 Charlotte Street,
BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.
By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best
Wines, Brandies, &c.,
on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
M. & H. GALLAGHER,
june2-gib 8 and 12 Charlotte street.