ained look on his face the other night He ad also a bad-fitting coat on his back.

coat and look were cause and effect.
The tailors of this country are not they used to be," he remarked. world. I know it, because I tried and I had brought from the Bend.

"Old man Wheezer used to have a little country tailor shop at the Bend. Moncton was not much of a place then, and Wheezer had plenty of time to do his work in, and he did it well. I went to England in 1857. and before I went I got him to make me

"It was an ordinary, everyday, walking coat. I gave no directions as to how it should be made. Wheezer had no fashion plates, and he designed all his patterns out of his own head. He wouldn't copy after any other tailor. When he saw anyone wearing a coat that took his fancy he went to his shop and invented a style which was better than the one he had seen. He was a thoroughly original tailor.

"Well, Wheezer measured me and built the style of coat he thought would suit. I tried it on and it fitted me like a glove. packed it in my trunk and did not see

"The first day I put it on I took a stroll through the streets and parks. I noticed a good many people looking pretty hard at me, and once or twice when I turned around I saw men gazing after me with a puzzled Then it struck me that some one had played a trick on me and pinned something on my back. I asked the first policeman I met if there was anything peculiar about my coat.
"'Nothing, sir,' he replied, 'but it is an

uncommon fine coat and fits you perfect.'
"This eased my mind, and I continued my walk. Presently I turned around again and saw a man following me. I was quite

certain, even among so many strangers, that I had seen the same man following me an hour before. This made me uneasy. felt either that the man had some bad who suspected me of having some bad designs on others. So I returned to my hotel.

knock at my door. A stranger, dressed with exquisite taste, desired to see me When he had entered, he stated his errand with a profusion of explanations and apolo-

gies. "He was, he said, the confidential clerk of Mr. Buckmaster, the great London tailor, who had the honor of the patronage of the nobility, and was by royal letters patent clothier for the Queen's household. His Grace the Duke of Somebody had called at the establishment that day and had described a coat which he had seen a stranger, apparently an American, wearing on the street. His Grace had a poor seemed to him the perfection of what a gentleman should wear. He insisted that Mr. Buckmaster should at once secure a pattern of the coat and make him five of exactly the same pattern, in the most fashionable styles of cloth. Mr. Buckmaster had pointed out the difficulty of securing the pattern. He was sure, from His Grace's description, that the stranger must be a great man in his own country, and would probably be offended if the matter were broached to him. His Grace insisted, however, and Mr. Buckmaster promised to do all that could be done. During the next hour several other noblemen had come in and described the stranger and his wonderful coat so well that he could have been recognized among thousands. "And here, said the confidential clerk,

'Mr. Buckmaster took a liberty which only the most urgent necessity could warrant. He sent a man to find you and trace you to your hotel. Your address being obtained, I have been commissioned to confer with

"All this time I sat as if I were dumb and gazed at the man in astonishment. He

mistook it for anger.
"'My dear and honored sir,' he con tinued, 'do not be offended. I have to ask you a most delicate question. Will you permit that coat to go out of your possesthe door and an escort, which will put robbery out of the question. The garment row. It will be a most inestimable favor if you will intrust me with it, and as a pledge of good faith, Mr. Buckmaster begs

that you will retain this purse as security.'
"And here the man laid down a netted silk purse, in which were 70 sovereigns. then called to an attendant, brought in a number of richly-trimmed costs of most expensive make, out of which he requested me to choose one to wear

until my own coat was returned. ell, of course I sent the coat. Punc tually at 9 o'clock the next morning the confidential clerk respected with it, and in as good condition as when he took it! I could not see any difference about it, and told him so. "'My dear sir.' said he, 'you may Mr. Buckmaster and his head cutters to take that coat apart and put it together nine times in order to fully grasp the idea of the pattern. It is a wonderful trimpple of the tailor's art. Mr. Buckmaster cannot sufficiently thank you for the new light in the making of coats which you have been the means of teaching him. As a very feable token of his appreciation, he have feeble token of his appreciation, he hegs that you will retain the coat he sont you, and also the purse of gold.'
"With that, the man bowed himself out,

"Thirty years ago you could get as good a coat here as you could get anywhere in the fashion were wearing at the Bondon fashion were well at the Bondon fashion were wearing at the Bondon fash

"Wheezer was a very original tailor. He ought to have made a fortune, but he

died as poor as Job's turkey."

An important contribution to the Questions of the Day Series is a paper by Frederick Howard Wines on American Prisons in the Tenth United States Census. This was read before the National Prison Association at its annual meeting in July last, and abounds in most interesting and valuable statistics. It contains much to furnish thought not only to those directly interested in prison matters but to all who give any thought to sociology. 36 pp., 25c. New York and London, G. P. Putman's Sons; St. John, N. B., J. & A. McMillan.

Moore's Melodies, preserved in the beautiful series of Knickerbocker Nuggets, will delight every lover of Irish verse. The rich paper and abundant illumination and illustration make a very handsome volume, as well as a very handy one. Price \$1.50. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons; St. John, N. B., J. & A. McMillan

Sons; St. John, N. B., J. & A. McMillan.

The artist-author Howard Pyle has the post of honor in the October Book Buyer, the portrait and the entertaining sketch giving a good idea of the author of The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood.

There is a portrait also of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; and, in addition to the usual features of this interesting literary guide, there is a description from a correspondent of the homestead of the poet Byrant, "Cedarmere," in Roslyn, Rhode Island. The old 'house is now occupied, it seems, by Harold Godwin, a son of Parke Godwin, who married Bryant's daughter. The new department of questions and answers, "The Literary Querist," edited by Rossiter Johnson, is begun in this number, and raises some interesting points about books and authors. A dozen or so illustrations from the newest books, descriptive reviews of late books, the London and Boston literary letters, and the news notes about forthcoming holiday publications, are the remaining contents of a number that is of interest to every lover or reader of books.—Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.; \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. Vizetelly & Co., of London, are now subliking translations of some, after most

Sons, N. Y.; \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy.

Vizetelly & Co., of London, are now publishing translations of some of the most charming illustrated volumes produced in France at the latter part of the 18th century. These works, so highly prized by amateurs, are distinguished for their numerous graceful designs by Eisen, Marillier, Cochin, Moreau, Le Barbier, etc., finely engraved on copper by Le Mire, Longueil, Aliamet, Bacquoy, Binet, Delaunay and others. The volumes are all printed on hand-made paper, with large margins, and the principal engravings of a certain number of copies are printed on Japanese paper. Only a limited number of copies are printed, and every copy is numbered in paper. Only a limited number of copies are printed, and every copy is numbered in the order of issue. Whenever copies of the original French editions of these works are offored for sale the price is almost a prohibitive one, as they very rarely come into the market, and book-lovers will do well to examine Vizetelly's reprints.

The Rock or the Rye, a stupid travesty of Miss Rives' The Quick or the Dead' has been reprinted by the National Publishing company and is for sale by Mr. Alfred Morrisey.

Sometime, a leaflet by May Riley Smith, has sold 40,000 copies. This gives some evidence of the constant quantity among readers who adhere to devotional prose and

Dean Stanley's Historical Memoirs of Canterbury is to be brought out this fall in a limited edition of 600 copies, numbered and registered. In style it will be uniform with Westminster Abbey, which was brought out last year, with this difference, that while that was in four volumes Canterbury will be in one volume.

The Countess Eve will be the title of the new novel of J. H. Shorthouse, the author of John Inglesant. Macmillan's will pub-lish it.

The Duchess has just published a new novel entitled *The Duchess*, an Anglo-Hibernian story, which is described as uncommonly good.

commonly good.

Madame Midas, by Fergus Hume, who wrote The Mystery of a Hansom Cab, it is agreed is a decided improvement in point of literary merit on the first story.

of literary merit on the first story.

Jules Lemaire, writing of Cherbuliez, and concerning his last novel Comte de Ghislain, says that the author is less a romancer than a philosopher and critic who writes novels. It is a curious fact Cherbuliez writes of only two sorts of characters. Those who lead double lives, such as Joseph Noisel and Meta Holdenis, and weak vascillating creatures such as this Comte Ghislain, who is by turns mystic and debauche, and falls from one sort of agonizing situation to another, accompanied by most interesting reflections on the part of M. de Cherbuliez.

wett into water of the South West branch and remained there, up to his neck, until the danger was past. At frequent intervals he would dip his nead, then raise it again until the heat and smoke drove him under. He had strange company. A bear stood at add, and not far away several deer kept paddling about during the night. This was at a point where the river was wide and certification of the part of M. de Cherbuliez.

Another Little Pitcher.

"Mamma, who is 'her jags p""
"I don't know, dear; why p"
"I heard papa say, 'Wait till her jags goes to the country, and we'll paint the town red."
"Who did he say it to, dear p"
"The new maid."

"The new maid."
"Ah! her jags, dear, is the new maid, and papa won't have to wait long before she goes."—The Cartoon.

Purses-good value at McArthur's B

HIROTO, 7/1

One of the Calamities of Which All the World Has Heard—The Time when Men Believed That the Day, of Judgment Had Come—Why They Thought So.

"A greater calamity than the fire which happened in Miramichi never beful any forest country, and has rarely been ex-celled in the annals of any other. The general character of the scene was such that all it required to complete a picture of the General Judgment was the blast of a Trumpet, the voice of the Archangel and the resurrection of the dead."

So wrote an eye-witness of one of the ost memorable events in the history of New Brunswick. The great fire swept over Newcastle Oct. 7, 1825. At this day but few remain who were there on that

night of terror.

I have, however, in past years, talked scene, and for whom through all the years the picture ever retained its vivid colors. Despite of this it was difficult, as it always is in such cases, to find any one who could give anything like an intelligible account of

Nor is this strange. Let a score or two years pass and how many of the thousands who saw the St. John fire will be able to tell, from their own recollection, of what took place on the 20th of June, 1877. They will know that there was a terrible calamity, and can speak of some of its features which affected them, but the story of the event can be found only in the

So far as I have talked with the Mirimachi urvivors, they seem to have been too much corrified to think of anything during the hours the fire raged. The general impression was that the actual day of judgeent had arrived. It was, indeed, thought for many years that the fire was a direct visitation from Heaven, and that the laws of nature were changed to accomplish the ruin. Captains of vessels sailing on the Gulf of St. Lawrence reported that they had seen balls of fire shoot from the sky, and no doubt many of the Mirimichi people passed the rest of their lives in the belief that the calamity was a terrible evidence of the wrath of the Almighty.

One of the reasons for terror at the time

purely apocryphal. Such is the one of a man crossing the river holding the tail of a terrified cow which swam ahead. Many did try to cross on sticks of timber and were

dollars. Nearly 1,000 head of cattle were destroyed, some 600 buildings burned and 160 persons are known to have lost their tives. There were doubtless many others in the woods of whom no record was made. So it is that tomorrow is an anniversary, of no mean importance in the history of New Brunswick. JUNIOR.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Dixey's Adonis and Hoyt's Tin Soldier continue to draw crowded houses, the one in Boston and the other in San Francisco.

Louis Aldrich is having a great succes in The Kaffir Diamond, in New York.

He was in London last week.

Janauschek has been in Virginia cities this week.

M. B. Leavitt, who is distinctly remem bered by the "boys" of St. John, appears to be in great luck. A page advertisen of the Clipper is adorned with his portrait, and he announces that he has just returned from Europe with a number of celebrities He intends to tour the country with Lydia Thompson and her English Burlesque Com-

Dan Sully is reported to be playing to oig money in Montana.

Marion Fiske, who used to captivate the houses at the old Lyceum, on King square, is the chief attraction of W. H. Mayo's company, which is running a new farce, called In a Muddle.

Frank Mayo still finds money in Nordeck and appears in it with success wherever he travels. He is in New York state now and will go south as soon as the yello

Little Corinne is having a good season under the energetic management of Jennie Kimball. The Corinne Lyceum, Buffalo, opened on Sept. 17, is described as a very handsome and complete affair.. Corinne is now in New York, with Monte Cristo, jr.

the wrath of the Almighty.

One of the reasons for terror at the time was the fearful swiftness of the work of destruction. Although the woods to the westward had been on fire a few weeks and the air full of smoke and ashes, the outburst on the settlement appeared to come in a moment. Out of an inky darkness, on the night of October 7, flashed a sheet of flame and a mass of firebrands borne upon a whirlwind, A new building, erected for a church, vanished almost in an instant, and as fast as the eye could tollow, other wooden houses burst into flame. People thought only of their own lives, and left their goods to burn. One man left a thousand silver dollars, because he thought he he would have no more use for them. "It was sure the end of the world had come." One of the tragic incidents was the burning of the wooden jail, which stood on what is now the public square of Newcastle. It held a number of prisoners, and integeneral panic they were forgotten. They screamed, shouted, prayed and implored for aid, but in vain, until the fire survounded them. Then the doors were burst open and the wretches madly rushed for safety. One of them, a colored woman, had scarcely reached the door when the flames seized upon her and she fell to the ground to die.

Another singlar incident was the escape of a house which was in the midst of the burning buildings. It contained a corpse, beside which the watchers sat when the panic began. They field, leaving the body, and though the flames levelled all around the place, the house with the dead body was spared.

Many of the incidents told of the fire are the place, the house with the dead body was spared.

The remainer of the famous Trontal Teppers Midway." There are two other serials also, by Susan Coolidge and Charles R. Talbot. Wide Awak Many of the incidents told of the fire are urely apocryphal. Such is the one of a noncrossing the river holding the tail of a Send 5 cents for a specimen.

terrified cow which swam ahead. Many did try to cross on sticks of timber and were drowned, though others made the passage in safety.

A curious adventure was that of a man overtaken by the fire in the woods. He went into water of the South West branch and remained there, up to his neck, until the danger was past. At frequent intervals he would dip his head, then raise it again until the heat and smoke drove him under. He had strange company. A bear stood at a little distance doing exactly as the man did, and not far away several deer kept paddling about during the night. This was at a point where the river was wide and deep. At other points the water was so he that fish leaped from it to perish on the shore.

Newcastle was destroyed in about three hours. The river was wide enough to cheek the spread of the flames to the southward of the calamity would have been infinitely greater than it was.

Enough was destroyed to make the event a memorable one in American history. The fire was indeed one of the greatest the water maps the wood and the several becomes to steal away his pease of sind, how it then it may be the summary of the calamity would have been infinitely greater than it was.

Enough was destroyed to make the event a memorable one in American history. The fire was indeed one of the greatest the world has ever known. A sheet of flame, 100 miles in width, swept over 8,000 aquare miles of the finest timber country. The loss in this respect alone cannot be estimiles of the finest timber country. The loss in this respect alone cannot be estimiles of to pieces as soon as a man.

Before the Marriage Altar.

"Doutre I feel miserable in mind and body—what shall I take?" asked an old bachelor patient to his physiciam, "Take a doctor prelimber who have profited by as when had been proved the late in the proving the cere of an addience of friends, and hears the clery who of the man and placid time! whose or ange blossoms are fire aminole. What is the similar to the mind the province of the flame to the southward of Before the Marriage Altar.

#### ATTRACTION

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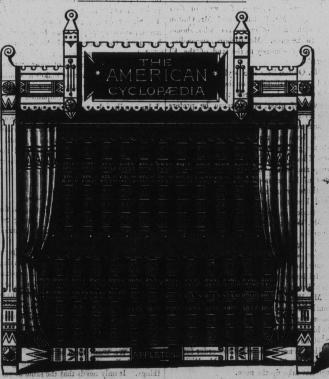
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