

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE

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

SOULS SELF DENIAL.

"George dear," said a loving wife, "why don't you smoke the cigars I presented to you at Christmas?"

"A pipe is good enough for me, my love. Cigars are too rich for my blood."

"But, George, dear, they didn't cost much. I paid only a dollar for the box."

"It was very thoughtful of you to buy them, Mary, but, as I said, a pipe is good enough for me. Your kindness, however, won't be thrown away. The cigars will enable me to do the handsome thing by our friends when they call. They shall have 'em."

"But I should like to see you smoke one of them, dear."

"Self denial, my darling, is one of the greatest of human virtues. I deny myself for the pleasure of our friends."

"It is noble of you, George, and after all I am proud of your resolution."

"Don't make the vain," said the hypocrite as he went out on the stoop to enjoy the fifteen cents he had purchased coming up town.

Apartment House Keeper—How is that young man in the back room getting along, Sally?

Chambermaid—He's no young man. He's married.

Married—He never finds his nickle nor his hat nor his overhares nor nothin' until I looks for 'em.—Omaha World.

"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked an Austin gentleman of a colored man.

"She has run me off, boss."

"What's the matter?"

"I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She said I was too dark to match de dress."

—Austin findings.

Leap till the last armed male expires,
Leap for your husband and your store;
Leap for a chance to build the fire,
Leap over the fence and through the door.

—City Herald.

"If women are not good enough to belong to the Masons," said a fair one, with pouting lips, the other day, "will you tell us why?"

"My dear, that is the very trouble. You are too good. The necessity for your membership does not exist. Masonry was founded to make the men better, and the Lord knows they need it."

Masonic Record.

'Tis the last revolution
Left blossoming alone,
All the lovely companions
Are basted and gone.

—John Journal.

IN A NUT SHELL.

"Where are the girls of the long ago?" demands a poet. Have you thought of looking in the chorus or the ballet for them?

If you are no smarter than the man whose place you have sought and taken, you will shortly find yourself without employment and with an extra enemy on your hands.

A girl who weighs one hundred and twenty pounds has thirty thousand dollars in her own right, no matter how homely, unattractive or cross tempered she may be, in worth her weight in gold.

John Thomas has never been to sea,
Yet very strange to say,
Marry a night when home he goes,
He goes home "over the bar."

The man with a ball on his back never borrows trouble. He has enough of it.

Where coat is thick and sign and green,
When through the air the snow flakes float;
He looks who wears the fur coat,
The cuffs and collar of his coat.

Wife—Women are often criticized for wearing loud colors, George. What would you call a loud color?

Husband—Yellow, I suppose.

Anthony Comstock's portrait has been published, and, as we expected, he is not bald-headed.

TOO PRECIPITATE.

He swooped on the first you know
And daily doth the net deplore;
He now must do the sailor's job
And enter by the private door.

The man who courted Kathleen Maureen must have been a pretty late stayer, for if we remember rightly the gray dawn was breaking and the horn of the hunter heard on the hill, when he took his leave.

At the Club.

Ah, there is Gribble, the great humorist. Did you ever hear him recite?"

"Yes."

"Wonderful, isn't he?"

"Very."

"Greatest humorist, I suppose, this country ever produced."

"Who is that fellow sitting over there alone?"

"I've forgotten his name. He doesn't amount to much. He wrote the stories that Gribble recited last night. Look at Gribble. Look at that expression of countenance. Charming! ridiculous."—Arkansas Traveler.

At a musicale.

He—Shall I bring you an ice while Miss Yellford is singing? Pray, take something. She (a rival of Miss Y.)—Thanks, no. If I took anything it would be either—Life.

If the gentlemen who tarred and feathered us last Saturday night will kindly return our clothes they will confer a lasting favor.—Grubstake (Tex.) Prospector.

First Thief—Hello, Bill, still burglar?"

Second Thief—No, I've found something safer than that.

"Eh? What yer doin' now?"

"Runnin' a railroad restaurant."

Barber (who has just finished the shave)—All right, sir; there you are, sir; how do you feel now, sir?

Customer—First rate. There's nothing like getting out of a bad scrape.—New York Truth.

The opening chapters of The Breton Mills will be found on the Second Page.

DOCTOR BASKERVILLE.

BY ABRAHAM IVORY.

Of all the stories told me by my grandmother Ivory, that of Dr. Baskerville made the most vivid impression upon my memory. There was something uncanny in the qualities of the ring which was given the doctor by his patient as a fee, that chilled my childish blood as the story was recited, and brought unholly dreams to my pillow in the still night watches.

Was the story without a moral? It has puzzled me to decide. I have sometimes thought that the mysterious stone that flashed from the ring of the doctor's patient represented an unquiet conscience which was put at rest without repentance—seared as it were, and turned to ashes, leaving its possessor nearly akin to the beasts that perish. Be that as it may, my grandmother never vouchsafed any explanation, thinking perhaps, that in after years my own deductions would be as good as any she could supply.

My grandmother Ivory! How well I remember her delicate and kindly features; her thin white hair; her voice, so full of music, that still haunts me in my dreams. What lofty hopes she entertained for the future of her Absalom—her poor Absalom, so ignorant, so careless, so utterly unconscious that in this beautiful world the rank weeds of evil are apt to shed their poison and blight upon the fragile and less pretentious plants and blossoms of good.

In the old family burying ground at Bejo my grandmother Ivory has slumbered for many a year, and by her side and in the village churchyard, a few miles distant, rest most of those who were known to me when I was young. I came to the hall of my father and I cried, "The friends of my Youth, where are they?" and echo answered, "Where?"

The daisy, and the buttercup and the violet, and, maybe, the pansy, have blossomed over them, and the birds have sung to them, and the rain has fallen and the sun has smiled on them, for many a summer, and many a winter the snow has drifted and the winds have howled about them, but to the changes of the seasons and the joys and sorrows of existence they give no heed.

DOCTOR BASKERVILLE.

Doctor Baskerville closed the volume that lay before him and motioned his visitor to a seat.

The doctor had few patients, for he was a man of eccentric habits and, during all the years that he had resided in the village, had kept aloof from society, had been silent as the grave with regard to his personal history, and his housekeeper was one of those discreet souls who, beyond a year or so, never indulged in neighborhood gossip.

The doctor, who was verging on his three score years, was a man of singular appearance; his head was large, his forehead high, his lips were thin and his nose and chin seemed anxious to bob-nob with each other. He always wore a suit of rusty black, made in the fashion of the time when he was a youth, and the books which lined the shelves of his office were great folios, printed in a language unknown to the villagers and bore upon their title pages dates which, to them, were inconceivably remote. It was whispered that the doctor was an astrologer, a wizard—that he had dealings with Satan himself, and the little children, as they passed the old mansion where he resided, or the doctor himself when he walked abroad, grew very grave and silent, and with looks of apprehension hurried away.

Dr. Baskerville closed the volume that lay before him and motioned his visitor to a seat. He was a man of twenty-five or thirty years, with intellectual but melancholy features. His attire was such as befits a gentleman, but on the little finger of his left hand he wore a ring, a plain gold band, set with a single stone, which once seen could never be forgotten. The stone was of a dull, gray color at one moment, then blue, then purple, then green, then all the colors of the rainbow combined. Then it took on the appearance of a human eye and shot out glances in which every passion that reads the heart of man were depicted.

For a full half hour neither the doctor nor his visitor opened his lips, but the eyes of the former rested alternately on the countenance of the latter and the mysterious stone, his own features remaining meanwhile as impassive as those of a statue. The silence was broken by Doctor Baskerville.

"Well,"

His visitor passed his left hand across his forehead, and as he did so, the Eye flashed out a glance of passionate intensity.

"I have heard," said the visitor in a strangely melodious voice, "of your wonderful skill in all the arts of healing. They even say that you are in league with the enemy of souls, and that it is by unholy spells that you operate upon men's minds and bodies. However that may be, I am interested in you; my desire is neither more or less than to know you."

Dr. Baskerville laughed, and his laugh was echoed by a raven that till now had been unobserved by his visitor, for the perch he occupied was directly behind the chair on which he was seated.

Said Doctor Baskerville, "Few men

there be who at times shrink not from the intrusive spectres of the past, but their number is fewer who would begin life anew, children yet men,—men without a history, without a memory, even though that memory should be freighted with regret."

The Eye flashed out a glance of grateful appreciation, and the doctor continued: "Such a medicine as you desire is known to science, and I have it here."

So saying, he placed a phial of colorless liquid before him, and added, "the ring you wear on your little finger will be my fee."

The Eye flashed with anger, but the old physician regarded it placidly, and continued,—"One draught of this concoction and when you go hence you will be a man without country, home, friends or enemies. You will have no favors to reward, no affronts to revenge; you will have no past; you will be as a child born at maturity; you will have no experience by which to profit and if, as I suspect, your past has been bitter, in a few years you will come to me again; for the coming years are likely to be bitter still."

"It is well."

Without a word Dr. Baskerville poured a few drops of the liquid into a wine glass and handed it to his visitor. As he swallowed the draught, for a moment the Eye shone with the brilliancy of a star and then slowly shrivelled into dust.

And as the patient arose like one in a dream the raven laughed hoarsely and long, and through the night the belated passer by was shocked by the sounds of demonic mirth that from time to time echoed through the doctor's dark and otherwise silent mansion.

What became of Dr. Baskerville's patient? I know this only; they saw him not again, but on the doctor's desk his ring was often noticed by the doctor's visitors, but the place once occupied by the mysterious Eye was filled by a bloodstone, cut so as to closely resemble a human heart.

Publications.

Prof. Bailey's Elementary Natural History: an introduction to the study of minerals, plants and animals, with special reference to those of New Brunswick, has been recently published by the Messrs. McMillan, and forms one of the New Brunswick school series prescribed by the Board of Education of this Province. Of all the naturalists in America, few have gained higher eminence than Prof. Bailey and in this work he has brought together in a condensed form the result of years of observation in this province and other parts of the world. The mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms are treated in a manner easily apprehensible, and the book may be studied with profit by the old as well as the young.

There is a class of books published for summer reading, than which one could hardly find more agreeable companions at the winter fireside. The works of John Burroughs, and Blanche Howard Willis, are especially referred to. To the latter, John Burroughs' Tapeson when the winds are howling without and the thermometer marks the cipher, is to be transported to the scenes which he describes, in all their beauty. The volume is made up of a series of charming essays, on titled, Popcorn, Springs, An Idyl of the Honey-bee, Nature and the Poets, Notes by the Way, Footpaths, A Bunch of Herbs, and Winter Pictures.

One Summer, by Mrs. Willis, is full of delightful summer thoughts and sentiments, woven into a charming love story. It is a book that can be read and re-read with ever increasing pleasure. Sold by D. McArthur.

Wm. Bryce, of Toronto, is publishing an admirable collection of books to the Gale of the Sea will be interested in this, the last published work of his author, and in no respect inferior to his earlier production. The story is of a practical times and is of absorbing interest. Mr. Bryce's publications are creditable to his literary and book-making talents. Sold by J. & A. McMillan.

Gen. Grant on Tobacco.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

It was at the tail end of a rather long interview I had with Gen. Grant in the office of the Mexican International Railway Company, of which he was then President, that tobacco became the subject of the conversation. Gen. Grant had been sitting in his favorite fashion tilted back in an oak arm chair with his feet resting on the table. He was smoking an immense cigar, the fellow of which he handed to me. It was some time before Gen. Grant's troubles began with the injury to his leg as he was leaving his carriage, and he was in good spirits. Exactly the words that he used I can not reproduce here, but in effect Gen. Grant said this: "You are a very young man and I am old enough to give you advice, and I suppose I ought to tell you not to smoke. But looking back at the comfort and refreshment which a cigar has given me through a pretty mixed career—mostly of hard knocks—I have not the face to advise any one to abhor tobacco. It would be ingratitude in me to do so. And I am free to say that even if I knew tobacco was shortening my life, it would take more than my personal desire to live to induce me to throw away my good friend here forever."

The Sewing Machine News prints an article headed, "What a Sewing Machine Agent Ought to Be." We would politely intimate that, upon general principles, he ought to be imprisoned for life and then hanged.

THE WHIRL OF TRADE.

ABRAHAM IVORY DISCUSSES SOME THINGS HE SAW THIS WEEK.

A Talk About McMillan's New Brunswick Writing Books.

"Absalom," remarked Mrs. Ivory, (she has an exasperating habit of looking over my shoulder as I write), "your chirography is horrible!"

"It may be," I replied, "but I do not write for your sweet eyes; my manuscript is for the printer, and they are able to make English of the characters on a tea chest."

You see, I intended to rebuke Mrs. Ivory mildly for looking over my shoulder, but when I looked into her dear face my heart grew tender and I could not have spoken reprovingly for the world.

There are those who claim that they are able to read one's character in one's handwriting. I dispute the claim; what would the world think of me, Absalom Ivory, if rather than by my upright walk I were judged by the erratic wanderings of my pen? The truth is, men write as they were taught in their school days. It was in a "district school" that the Ivorys were educated, and sometimes there was a change in our instructors as often as every quarter. They made our goose quill pens and "set" our copies. The penmanship of some of them was angular, others wrote a "running" hand, others a "round" hand, others a "business" hand and others used an abundance of flourishes.

Though we are apt to sigh for the good old times, it cannot be denied that our modes of travel, our modes of communication, our modes of living and our systems of education are far in advance of those that were in vogue forty or fifty years ago. If Absalom Ivory had been born a quarter of a century later, Mrs. Ivory would be less perplexed, for she is again at my shoulder, and I'll be blessed if she isn't inquiring where I learned stenography! Well, such questions never be put to the young Ivorys by their wives or husbands, for they enjoy educational advantages which were denied to their father in his youthful days. One of these advantages I find in

McMILLAN'S NEW BRUNSWICK WRITING BOOKS, a rational and practical course of penmanship, prescribed by the Board of Education for use in the public schools, and published by Messrs J. & A. McMillan of this city. In the preparation of these books, eight in number, the objects aimed at have been to harmonize the course of exercise in writing with the methods adopted in the first lessons in reading, form, and other subjects; and to introduce a style of writing characterized by greater firmness, regularity and legibility, and better adapted for common use than that which has hitherto prevailed in our schools. A good handwriting is little less legible than print; such is found in English copy-books generally, and such has been adopted in this New Brunswick series. The copies in No. 1, are in a plain, large hand—any easy transition from print-script; No. 2, is similar but somewhat advanced; Nos. 3 and 4, contain small hand and text copies; No. 5, common hand, chiefly for practice and proverb; No. 6, fine hand, especially for girls, embracing poetical extracts, friendly notes, invitations, memoranda, &c. No. 7, business writing, commercial forms, No. 8, business writing, figuring and ruling, accounts, records, tables, current abbreviations, and free movement exercises. Of these books Mr. William Crockett, Supt. of Education, says in a letter dated at Fredericton, Aug. 1, 1887: "Whatever words or forms are employed convey to the pupils distinct ideas or purposes, and can therefore be intelligently imitated or represented. It is confidently believed, also, that as a practical system fitted to secure plain, legible writing, it will be found much superior to any other now in use." The books are highly approved by other eminent educational authorities in Canada, the United States and England, where their use is likely to be soon adopted.

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We are prepared to Mail them to any part of CANADA for six cents extra, and for orders exceeding four pairs we will send them CARRIAGE PAID. By this means ladies in out districts may have the gloves delivered at their homes without any additional cost. As no glove stretched or tried on can be exchanged the correct size should be given.

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