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Sutable for a Jobbing Blacksmith or Horse Shoeing. Immediate possession given. Rent Low. Apply to

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PEDRO DOMECQ'S AND FORRESTER & Co.'s Pale, Very Pale, and Brown Sherries.
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Vintage Brandy in wood, 1865.
" " in bottle, 1855.
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"The Buchanan Blend." (Same as supplied to the Refreshment Department, House of Commons, London.
Dublin Whiskey Distillery, Bagots, Hutton & Co. and Phoenix Park Irish Whiskeys. From one to six years old.
Hiram Walker & Sons, 1879, Club Rye Whiskey.
"Rip Van Winkle" Geneva, Ball & Dunlop's.
Sir R. Burnett's Old Tom Gin.
The above in wood and bottles.

Champagnes.

G. H. Mumm's Dry Verzenay, Extra Dry and Cordon Rouge.
Venve Cliquot, Yellow Label.
Piper Heidseck, qts. and Pts.
Louis Duvau, Qualite Superieure, qts., pts. and hf. pts.

Together with a well assorted stock of other goods which I can confidently recommend to those requiring a pure article as being the finest brands imported.

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HAVANA CIGARS,

Which I am constantly receiving, in medium and high grades.

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Society Boxes and Canvas Covers Made to order. Sample and Express Work a Specialty.

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of Glasgow, Scotland, who has had experience in the Old Country as well as in the United States, are now prepared to turn out

First-Class Work

in all the Branches of

TAILORING.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

No. 42 King Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Domestic Hints.

HICKORY NUT CAKE.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup milk, two cups flour, one cup nuts broken up and two eggs.

GINGER SNAPS.

One cup of molasses, one cup of white sugar one egg, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one each of ginger and soda. Mix hard.

CREAM PIE.

One cup sugar, one egg beaten well, two cups thick, sweet cream, one teaspoonful cornstarch, flavor with vanilla. Bake in one crust.

CUP CAKE.

Two eggs, two cups of flour, one cup sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup sweet milk, two teaspoonful vanilla.

WAFFLES.

A half-cupful of rendered suet mixed with a pint of sweet milk, a yeast cake, one egg, one-half nut-meg and flour to make a batter. Bake in waffle irons.

BROWN BREAD.

One cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, 1½ cups each of flour and cornmeal, a little salt, teaspoonful of soda, spices to taste, citron and currants if desired.

FRUIT CAKE.

Two pounds of raisins, three cups of molasses, three eggs, two-thirds of a cup of butter, seven cups of flour, one tablespoonful of soda, spices to taste, citron and currants if desired.

EGG PUDDING.

Half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of raisins, a pound of chopped apples, four eggs, a cup of sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, spice. Boil in a mould. Serve with hard sauce.

BISCUITS.

One quart of flour with two large teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed into it, add a tablespoonful of lard or butter, a little salt, and water enough to make the dough. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

COCOANUT PUDDING.

Grate the meat of a large cocoanut. Roll fine five Boston crackers and mix with the cocoanut, add milk enough to beat, and a teaspoonful of butter. Beat five eggs, add a cup of sugar, mix, and bake like a custard.

GINGER COOKIES.

One pint best baking molasses, one-half pint lard, one teacup sugar, one tablespoon soda, one tablespoon ginger, one teacup hot water; dissolve soda in the hot water, and stir the whole with a spoon in sufficient flour to make a medium soft dough.

VEAL LOAF.

Four pounds chopped veal, half-pound salt pork, chopped fine, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, half-pint of milk, 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt, three teaspoonfuls sage, half teaspoonful of black pepper; mix thoroughly, put in a bread pan, spread the top with butter and bake three hours.

TONGUE TOAST.

Make some slices of toast, not very thick, browned evenly all over on both sides, and minus crust. Butter it slightly. Grate with a large grater a liberal sufficiency of cold tongue and spread it thickly over the toast. Lay the slices side by side on a large dish. Serve at breakfast, luncheon or supper.

DAMSON CHEESE.

Put damsons in a covered jar, stand in saucepan of boiling water for several hours, beat through a colander till only stones and skins are left; one-half pound sugar to one of liquid, simmer half an hour, blanch the kernels and add some of them, put up in small jars or shapes. Invalids usually like the acid of this preserve, and as it turns out so well it it looks a pretty dish.

CLAM SCALLOPS.

Chop fifty clams fine and drain off in a colander all the liquor that will come away. Mix this in a bowl with a cupful of crushed cracker, half a cupful of milk, two beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, half a tablespoonful of salt, a pinch of mace and the same of cayenne pepper. Beat into this the chopped clams and fill with the mixture clam shells or the silver or stone china shell-shaped dishes sold for this purpose. Bake to a light brown in a quick oven and serve in the shells. Send around sliced lemon with them.

BILL OF FARE FOR SIX PERSONS.

Mulligatawny Soup.
Fried Oysters:
Beefsteak, Fried Potatoes.
String Beans. Egg Plant.
Rost Lamb.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Raspberries and Whipped Cream.
Apples, Pears, Grapes, Peaches, Pomegranates, and Figs,

MULLIGATAWNY SOUP.—Take half a chicken, cut it in small pieces, put it into a soup-kettle, with a little sliced onion, celery, parsley, and a couple of cloves; cover it with two quarts of water, add any pieces of veal, with the bone, that you may have; when the pieces of chicken are nearly done, take them out, and turn them neatly to serve with the soup; let the veal continue to simmer for three hours. Now fry an onion, a part of a carrot, and a stick of celery, sliced, in a little butter; when they are light brown, throw in a table-spoonful of flour, stir it on the fire one or two minutes, then add a good tea-spoonful of curry powder, and the chicken and veal broth; place this on the fire to simmer for an hour. Half an hour before dinner, strain the soup, skim off all the fat, return it to the fire with the pieces of the chicken, and two or three table-spoonfuls of boiled rice. This will give time enough to cook the chicken thoroughly.

For Frost Bites.

There is no better remedy for frost bites, chilblains and similar troubles, than Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It also cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, deafness and lameness and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally.

Valuable to Know.

Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The irritating and harassing cough will be greatly relieved by the use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam that cures coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary troubles.

Universal Approbation.

The medical profession, the clergy, the press and the public alike acknowledge the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, as an unequalled remedy for chronic diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, cidneys and blood. Its popularity inkreases with its years of trial.

IN MEDITATION.

Within her fair white hands the Good Book lies;
As reverently slow she turns its leaves,
The violet shadows veil her wistful eyes,
And as the nightfall sure and slowly weaves,
I hear her dear voice clear and strong—
"Set me as a seal upon thy heart,
As a seal upon thy arm,
For love is strong as death!"
And as she reads the Israel song
Her lips are like a roseleaf curled apart
In spicy sweetness warm
With incense of its breath.

On, on she reads; hushed on her snowy breast,
Lulled in its peace as of a holy shrine,
Each tender sigh doth rock itself to rest;
Her face, love lit, doth glow with fire divine,
Her trembling voice doth linger long—
"Jealousy is cruel as the grave,
The coals thereof are coals of fire
With most vehement flame;"
Yet as she reads the singer's song
She seems to grow more brave
In harmony of Israel's lyre
Attuned to love's dear name!

Dear fair white hands wherein the Good Book lies,
Dear tender sighs that hush upon her breast,
Dear blue veined lids that veil her violet eyes,
Unto my life thou art sweet peace and rest!
Love, set me as a seal upon her heart,
Thou, love, art strong—as strong as death thou art!

—Harriet Maxwell Converse in Home Journal.

THE WIDOW OF A CHILD.

It was during the hunting season at the Chateau de Banneville. The autumn had been rainy and gloomy. The red leaves, instead of rustling beneath the feet, rotted in the furrows under the heavy showers.

The well nigh naked forest was as damp as a bathing establishment. As the hunter entered it and trudged along over the wet grass and soggy soil under the great storm beaten trees he found himself enveloped by a noisome vapor with a musty smell. His dogs also seemed affected by the wretched weather, so dejected did they look, as, with drooping tails and reeking skins, they trotted along close behind his heels.

In the main parlor after dinner we had been playing lotto to kill time, while gusts of wind rattled the windows and on the outside made the old weathercocks spin like tops. Finding but little pleasure in the game we tried our hands at story telling, just as people are said to do in books, but no one invented anything amusing. The hunters related adventures that had occurred to them while out shooting—massacres of rabbits, while the ladies racked their brains in futile attempts to discover Scheherazade's inspiration.

We were on the point of giving up this species of entertainment also when a young lady, thoughtlessly toying with the hand of her maiden aunt, noticed on one of the old lady's fingers a small ring made of light hair. She had frequently seen this trinket, but had never before paid any attention to it.

As she gently turned the ring around her aunt's finger she asked:

"By the by, auntie, what ring is this? It looks like the hair of a child."

The old maid blushed, became pale, then, with a faltering voice, she said:

"It is so sad a story that I never like to speak of it. It was the one great misfortune of my life. I was quite young when it all happened, and yet the memory of it is so painful that I still shed tears whenever I think about it."

As a matter of course all wanted to hear the story. The old maid at first refused to tell it, but finally she yielded to our solicitations, and began as follows:

"You have often heard tell of the Santeze family. It is now extinct, but I was acquainted with the three last men of that race. They all died the same death. This ring is the hair of the last one. He was thirteen years old when he killed himself on my account. That seems very strange to you, does it not?

Oh, they were a singular race, insane, if you wish, but the most charming lunatics, crazed by love. All, from father to son, were a prey to violent passions; to great impulses, which made them enthusiasts in all they undertook, to such an extent, that they would not have hesitated at a crime. In them this passion was what ardent devotion is in certain minds. Those who become Trappists are not of the same nature as our drawing room butterflies. In our family we used to say: "In love like a Santeze." They all had curly hair and beard, and large eyes, the light of which seemed to penetrate and disturb one's soul, though it would have been hard to say why.

The grandfather of the one of whom this is the only souvenir I have, after many adventures and duels, at the age of 65 fell blindly in love with his farmer's daughter. I knew both of them. She was a pale blonde, of a distinguished appearance, with a soft voice, and so gentle a look that she seemed a Madonna. The old nobleman took her to his house, and became so attached to her that he could not be happy a minute unless he was in her company. His daughter and step daughter, who lived in the chateau with him, found this quite natural, so traditional had love become in the family. Nothing surprised them if passion had anything to do with the case, and if they happened to hear of broken ties, of parted lovers, even of revenge being taken after a betrayal, they both would say in the same afflicted voice: "Oh! how he (or she) must have suffered." Nothing else. They only grew tender over dramas of the heart, and never displayed any ill feeling, even when these dramas culminated in crime.

Well, one autumn M. de Gradelle, a young man who had been invited to take part in the chase, went off, taking the young girl with him.

Mr. De Santeze remained perfectly cool, as if nothing had happened; but a few mornings after he was found in his dog kennel, hanging amidst his dogs.

His son died in the same way at a hotel in Paris. While spending some time in that city in 1841 he became enamored of an opera singer. As the lady did not return his love he hanged himself.

He left behind him a son 12 years old, and a widow, my mother's sister. They came to live with us, at my father's place at Bertillon. I was at the time 17 years of age.

You cannot imagine what a remarkably precocious child this little Santeze was. It looked as if all the tenderness, all the enthusiasm of the whole race had fallen to this one, the last of the name. He always seemed to be in a dream, and for hours he would walk all alone in the long avenue of elm trees which leads from the chateau to the woods. From my window I would notice the sentimental lad stepping gravely along, his hands behind his back, his eyes cast down, now and then stopping to look up, as if he saw and understood and felt things that were beyond his years.

Often, after dinner, on moonlit nights, he would say to me: "Come, cousin, let us go out to muse." And then we would start out together through the park. He would stop abruptly in front of the glades where floated that white vapor, that light wadding with which the moon pads the opening between the trees; then he would say to me, as he pressed my hand: "See that, see. But you do not understand me; I know you don't. If you did, we would be happy. One must love to understand." I would laugh and kiss the child that was so much attached to me.

Often, also, after dinner, he would sit on my mother's knees. "Now, aunty," would he say, "tell me some love stories." And mother, for fun, would relate to him all the legends of his family, all the passionate adventures of his forefathers, and of these there were not a few—thousands and thousands of them were spoken of, true as well as false. It was the reputation of these men that destroyed them. Their minds would get worked up, and then they gloried in keeping up the family fame.

The little fellow would become animated over these tender or terrible narratives, and at times he would clap his hands as he would repeat over and over: "I, too, know how to love, and better than any of them."

And then he began courting me in a timid and tender manner that made everybody laugh, so odd did it seem. Every morning I received a bunch of flowers that he had gathered for me, and every night, before going up to his room, he would kiss my hand and murmur: "I love you!"

I was wrong, very wrong, and I still weep over my folly. All my life I have done penance on account of it, and I have remained an old maid, or rather I have lived as a widowed betrothed, his widow. I would amuse myself with this childish affection; I even encouraged him; I was coquettish and bewitching, just as I might have been with a man. I made the child dote upon me. It was fun for me and an amusing pastime for his mother and for mine. He was 12 years old. Just think; who would ever have imagined that this atom's love was serious? I would kiss him whenever he asked me to; I would even write him tender notes which our mothers would read, and he would answer me with letters full of passion, which I still preserve. Believing himself a man he supposed that our love was kept secret. We had all lost sight of the fact that he was a de Santeze!

Things went on in this way for a year or so. One evening in the park he fell at my feet, and kissing the hem of my dress, he cried out passionately: "I love you, I love you, I love you to death. If you ever deceive me you understand what I am saying; if you ever forsake me for another, I shall do as did my father." And he added in a deep voice that sent a chill through me: "You know what he did."

Then, as I stood motionless, dumfounded, he rose, and standing on tiptoe so as to reach my ear, he whispered my name, "Genevieve!" in so sweet, so pretty, so tender a tone that I could not help trembling all over.

I stammered: "Let us return home." He said nothing more, but followed me in silence; just as we were about to ascend the front door steps, however, he stopped me, and said: "Remember, that if you forsake me I shall kill myself."

Then, but only then, I realized that I had gone too far, and thenceforth I became more reserved with him. One day, as he reproached me for having changed toward him, I replied: "You are too big to jest with now, and not yet old enough for serious love. I shall wait till you are."

I thought that this would end it all.

In autumn he was sent to a boarding school. When he returned the following summer I was engaged. He understood immediately how matters stood, and for eight days went about with so thoughtful a mien that I became alarmed.

The ninth day, as I left my bed in the morning, I noticed a small folded paper that had been slipped under my door. Picking it up and opening it I read: "You have forsaken me; you know what I told you. You have condemned me to death. As I do not wish to be found by any one but you, go into the park, to the spot where I told you last year that I loved you, and look up."

I felt that I was going crazy. I dressed myself in all haste and ran so fast to the designated spot that I was out of breath when I reached it. His little school cap lay on the ground in the mud. It had been raining all night. I looked up and perceived something swinging about among the leaves, for it was windy, very windy, that morning.

I don't know what happened after that. I must have screamed and fainted dead away afterward, for when I came to my senses I found myself in bed, with my mother at my side.

I thought that I had dreamed all this—that I had had a horrid nightmare. I stammered: "Where, where is Gontran?" No one answered. 'Twas true, then!

I did not dare to go to look at him; but I begged for a lock of his hair. This—this—is it.

And with a look of poignant despair the old lady held out her trembling hand.

She blew her nose several times, dried her eyes and continued: "I broke off my marriage—without saying why. And I—I have ever remained—the—the widow of that child 13 years old." Then, dropping her head, she sobbed aloud and wept bitterly for a long while.

As we went up to our rooms to rest, a burly hunter, whose peace of mind her narrative seemed to have unsettled, whispered to his neighbor:

"Isn't it unfortunate that a person should be so confoundedly sentimental as that?"—Translated for The Times-Democrat from the French of Guy de Maupassant.

Geographies in Error.

There used to be a place called Patagonia. It appears on our geographies now as "a drear and uninhabitable waste, upon which herds of wild horses and cattle graze, that are hunted for their flesh by a few bands of savage Indians of immense stature." I am quoting from a school book published in 1886, and in common use in this country. The same geography gives similar information about "the Argentine Confederation." It makes the Argentines roar with rage to call their country "the Argentine Confederation." It would be just as polite and proper to call this the "Confederate States of America." A bitter, bloody war was fought to wipe that name off the map, but our publishers still insist upon keeping it there.—William Eleroy Curtis in Harper's Magazine.

Nothing Like Experience.

"Yez see, docthor, I giv the ould man a dose iv the liniment instid iv rubbin' him wid it, an' goodness knows it's die. I thought he would, he grew that purple in the face; but havin' bin a nurse in a public asylum, I knowed exac'ly what to do, an' I opened one iv his veins wid an oyster knife that wuz handy, an', praised be the Lord, he's rallied a bit, I think."—The Waterbury.

A barber shop sign in New York reads: "Hair trimmed to harmonize with the features."

The mental state produced by massage is now called neurization.

A New Occupation for Artists.

One of the attractive fancies of the past one or two seasons has been the furnishing of little illustrated cards to guests at dinner parties, which are intended to serve as pleasing mementoes of the occasion. Sometimes, in the case of very important social occasions, those souvenirs are very elaborate, and it was regarded as very swell when they consisted of hand painted palettes, menus and the like.

The manufacture of cards for this purpose has now become a regular trade, and they are frequently so elaborate and tasteful in design and so neat in execution that they will answer for occasions for which in former seasons it was necessary to prepare a full set of cards to order. Another thing, they can be obtained at a very reasonable price, and thus a considerable obstacle in the form of expense is overcome.

They are not made by machine or printing process, but the illustration which the heavy cardboard bears is drawn by a skillful artist either in pen and ink, representing some humorous or comical portrait or scene, or in delicate water colors, representing a little landscape. No two of these are made alike now by the best manufacturers, for it is not difficult for a skillful artist to vary them indefinitely, but when they come into general use it is not improbable that very cheap assortments will be placed on the market, and, in order to make these, lithographing and printing will have to be called into requisition.—New York Evening World.

Evolution of the Dress Coat.

Every part of the despised dress coat has a reason for its peculiarity of shape. The apparently foolish nick or slit at the junction of the collar and facings on each side dates from the time when men rode a great deal, and the coat collar must be frequently turned up and the chest buttoned closely over to meet the severity of sudden storms. A division was made on each side of the collar to permit this to be done, and the present useless slit is the survival of this very needful predecessor. Not even the buttons which adorn the small of one's back are mere vain ornament. In about the year 1700 it began to be the custom to gather in at the waist the sack like coat of the period. This was done by two buttons sown on over the hips, which were attached to loops set on at the edge of the coat. Then, as waists became a permanent fashion the loops were disused and the buttons, instead of being discarded, were simply moved a little farther back; here they attached to a new usefulness in supporting the sword belt. Now that sword belts are no longer worn, these two buttons seem merely a meaningless excrescence. The very shape of the dress coat, which has been so much and so often ridiculed, is not an arbitrary fashion, but a natural development.

Starting from the very ample square skirted coat of the close of the Seventeenth century, itself a development, we next find the same coat with the corners of the skirt buttoned together for the convenience of riding; then the same garment with the lap corners cut off instead of buttoned up—the swallow tail of the early years of the present century; finally by a very slight degeneration the modern dress coat was produced.—New York Home Journal.

Wine on the Congo.

At the time of my first arrival in the country a difficulty was anticipated in a certain station (which I will not name), owing to a scarcity of carriers, and the chief thought it better to put every one on short allowance. Among other rations Portuguese wine was issued at the rate of half a bottle per man per day. Each man had to send his "boy" to the store with his bottle every other day, and of course there was a rush for the big bottles. The storekeeper, instructed by the chief, refused everything larger than a champagne bottle, and as the second officer in charge of the station superintended the issuing of the rations in person, there was no chance for any man to get more than his share. This did not please the engineers, who decided, at a council held in the messroom of the Stanley, that half a bottle per day was not enough, and forthwith a collection of empty bottles began to accumulate in the engineers' store, and experiments were instituted to find out whether the capacity of any one of them exceeded that of the rest, but with very unsatisfactory results.

At last some suggested the device of blowing out the bulge in the bottom of the bottle so as to leave it nearly flat. No sooner said than done. Not only was the bottom flattened, but it was found possible by means of heat to slightly stretch the bottle itself, so that, although it appeared very little larger than an ordinary champagne bottle, it would hold nearly half as much again. The trick remained undiscovered until the engineers had all finished their term of service, when the ingenious deviser of the same, being the last to depart for Europe, left his bottle to the second in command, with a hint to keep his eyes open for the future.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Cooklady's Daughters.

All Ladies—Ah, Mrs. Genteel, how do you do today? It is an age since I have seen you. How is your daughter Katie? I haven't seen her for a long time.

"She's quite well, thank you. She is saleslady now at Plush & Silk's store."

"Indeed? And your daughter Mamie?"

"Oh, Mamie is forelady in the new tomato canning establishment."

"I hadn't heard that. Is Lulu at home now?"

"No, she has gone to Hartford as waiting lady to a very wealthy and aristocratic woman living there."

"Oh, has she? Then you have only Lena at home, I presume?"

"Oh, no; Lena has just accepted a situation as nurse lady in the family of Judge K. She has an elegant place."

"So you are living alone?"

"No, we have given up our house for the winter, and I am now cook lady at Mrs. Blank's boarding house."—Tid Bits.

Endurance in Long Distance Running.

The essential requisites of a long distance runner are a strong heart and capacious lungs in a broad, deep and mobile chest. The reason for this will be apparent to those who understand the physiology of exercise. To sustain long continued exertion latent energy in the muscles used is necessary and also a ready means of supplying these muscles with an increased amount of oxygen while in action, and of carrying away the carbonic acid that results from the combustion in the tissues. Hence the necessity of breathing faster while running than while walking, and unless this exchange of gases can be carried on with sufficient rapidity and in sufficient quantities to meet the demands of the organism under these trying circumstances there soon comes an end to further muscular activity, though the muscles themselves may be far from exhaustion.—D. A. Sargent, M. D., in Scribner's Magazine.

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The Gazette.