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POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING GAZETTE

Published every evening (Sundays excepted) at No. 21 Canterbury Street.

JOHN A. JOWES, Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING GAZETTE will be delivered to any part of the City of St. John by Carriers on the following terms:

ONE MONTH	35 CENTS.
THREE MONTHS	$1.00.
SIX MONTHS	2.00.
ONE YEAR	4.00.

The subscription to THE GAZETTE is payable ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING.

We insert short condensed advertisements under the head of Lost, For Sale, To Let, Found and WANTS for 10 CENTS each insertion or 50 CENTS a week, payable ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

General advertising $1 an inch for first insertion and 25 cents an inch for continuations. Contracts by the year at Reasonable rates.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY DEC. 23, 1889.

For the Latest Telegraphic News look on the First Page.

THE M'DONALD CASE.

After an investigation before the coroner which lasted eleven days, an examination before the Police Magistrate which occupied the greater part of eighteen days and of inquiry before the Grand Jury, which extended over several days, and a trial before a Judge and Jury of twelve days, McDonald has been found to be the person who caused the death of Mrs. Macrae by sending poisoned candy through the mails; but he has also been found to be insane when he committed the crime, and so the verdict of the Jury is when put in proper and legal form, not guilty on the ground of insanity. McDonald has therefore been found to have been the murderer of Mrs. Macrae by the Coroner's jury, the Police Magistrate, the Grand Jury and the trial Jury and we do not think there are many persons in this community who will dispute the justice of the conclusion arrived at. That being so it must be regarded as a remarkable feature of this case that the most desperate efforts were made by the counsel who defended McDonald not only to prove that he was not guilty of the death of Mrs. Macrae, but that he was sane. The legal gentlemen who defended the young man do not appear to have been seeking after the truth, but simply to secure the acquittal of the prisoner. To do this every legal obstacle was put in the way of the admission of evidence, and when evidence was being pressed in by the Solicitor General, Mr. Weldon, more than once remarked; "It is no use pressing that, they do not do such things in Crown cases;" the Counsel for the prisoner being evidently of the opinion that the public had no interests involved in this case and no rights that they were bound to respect. It is quite true that the last moment, when the logical consequences of the line of defence with which Mr. McLeod opened, became apparent, and it seemed possible that McDonald would not only be convicted but hanged for his crime, witnesses were hastily brought on from Montreal to prove his insanity. For the defence, an alleged expert in handwriting was brought on from Boston, to contradict the evidence of the expert who testified on behalf of the Crown, and whose evidence went to show that the handwriting on all the boxes of candy was that of McDonald. It was perhaps the misfortune of the expert for the defence that the jury did not believe his evidence, but to obtained it must have cost some one a good deal of money. It is possible that those who arranged McDonald's defence sincerely believed in his innocence and in his sanity, and if so they are not to be censured for the line of defence they adopted. But if the contrary was the case; if, as many are of opinion, it was within their knowledge that McDonald was the poisoner of Mrs. Macrae, then they took a heavy responsibility upon themselves when they undertook to set him at large in this community a free agent, with the power to do as he pleased and to commit other murders if so disposed. The responsibility is the greater because there is a prevading suspicion that another person, very near to McDonald, whose death was very sudden, was also a victim of his homicidal mania. There is no code of legal ethics that we know of that makes it necessary for a counsel to disregard all other considerations but the desire to save his client from the punishment due to his crimes. If there is such a rule we think it ought to be disobeyed in cases where not only the general public but the family of the criminal are interested in having him placed in such a position that he will be restrained from doing further harm.

The greatest possible credit is due to the Sollcitor General for his management of this case. The crime of McDonald was the most dreadful and alarming that has ever occurred in this county. No murder, not even the Slavin murder or the Black River Road murder has ever sent such a thrill of horror through this community as the poisoning of Mrs. Macrae, and the attempt obviously made to poison four entire families. It was a crime worthy of Italy in the middle ages and wholly unlike anything that was to be expected in our nineteenth century civilization. The fact that all four of the families whose lives were aimed at, were the families of clergymen seemed to show a purpose in the mind of the person guilty of this crime. The whole people stood aghast, not knowing whom to suspect, and wondering what new fiend had entered into our midst. It was at this crisis in the history of the case that a hint whispered into the ear of the Solicitor General enabled him to trace the crime to McDonald and now to secure his conviction to the unspeakable relief of every-right thinking man and woman in this community. The Solicttor General by his management of this case proved his great ability and his conspicuous fitness for the position which he holds. His conduct throughout the whole affair has been admirable and we congratulate him most heartily on the result he has achieved.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The report that the Dominion Government will revert to the policy with regard to the fisheries which it held prior to the modus vivendi, which means that the treaty of 1818 will be enforced, is not improbable in view of the apparent disinclination of the U. S. government to make a new fishery treaty.

The controversy between Sir Adams Archibald and Archbishop O'Brien, in reference to the expulsion of the Acadians is interesting even if the subject is a little ancient. If there are any documents relating to the expulsion of these poor people from Nova Scotia, which would show that it was not justifiable they ought to be published.

HOW THE GAZETTE HAS INCREASED.

THE GAZETTE is seventeen months old to-day. On Saturday a double number of THE GAZETTE was published and its circulation was greater by many hundreds of copies than that of any previous issue. THE GAZETTE is moving ahead all the time. It was established on July 23, 1888. It was therefore five month old on December 23, 1888. The street sales from July 23, 1888 to December 23, 1889 inclusive show an increase ot 36,314 over the corresponding period of last year. The average street sales of THE GAZETTE last week were 103 greater than for the week ending November 23 which was the week in which the previous 16 page issue was published. These are figures which are open to verification by an inspection of THE GAZETTE'S books; and we challenge any other St. John paper, daily or weekly, to show a like increase in the same period.

On November 2, 1889, THE GAZETTE stated that the previous issue contained 411 inches of advertising. Not counting the special advertising in Saturday's issue the GAZETTE contained 492 inches of live paying advertisements, an increase in two months of 81 inches. Just here we might remark that THE GAZETTE publishes no advertisements that are not paid for.

If one thing more than another shows the increasing popularity of THE GAZETTE it is the increase in the number of short condensed advertisements that are published in its columns. These are the advertisements of the people. Here is the record for five months.

July	77
August	253
September	337
October	399
November	558
December, to the 22nd	393
Total	**2017**

The smaller number published in December is accounted for by the fact that the month is not yet completed.

This is a great record. An increase in street sales of 36,314 in five months; an increase in the number of short condensed advertisements of 1989; an increase of 210 inches of general advertising; an increase of fifty per cent. in agents sales; an increase of nearly fifty per cent. in city subscribers; an increase of twenty-five per cent. in out of town subscribers.

Publications.

A review of the first half century's history of St. Luke's church has been prepared by the rector, L. G. Stevens, D. D. and appears to day, in a handsome volume of 200 pages with many illustrations, from the press of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. In the preparation of the matter Mr. Stevens has been occupied for many months and in the history of events every statement of fact has been carefully verified. The book thereby becomes one of permanent value, not only to church people but to every one interested in the growth of the city and to the future historian as well. Mr. Stevens gives in his book a sketch of the services held in Portland from 1823 to 1826, at the latter date by Rev. B. G. Gray, rector of Trinity, and his son Rev. J. W. D. Gray, and of the building and opening of Grace church. Then comes an account of the first Portland Temperance society, organized in Grace church in 1832. This is succeeded by a sketch of the Rev. Gilbert L. Wiggins; Portland's first church of England Sunday school; the consecration and history of Grace church: the opening of St. Luke's church in 1838; a sketch of the life of Rev. Canon Harrison; the burn ing of old St. Luke's; the opening of the new church in 1880, and the inaugural sermon of Rev P. H. Sheenstra in full, a complete record of the Jubilee services and a record of all subsequent events of importance in the history of the church. While the volume bristles with valuable statistics as was said before, and will always be valuable for reference, it is further enriched with engravings of Grace church, old St. Luke's church, the present structure and three interior views and well executed portraits of Revds. B G and J W D Gray, Rev. Gilbert L Wiggins, the Right Revd. John Inglis D D, the Most Revd. the Metropolitan, Revds. Canon Harrison, W Harrison Tilley, W B Armstrong, F H Almon, L G Stevens, Hon Charles Simonds, Sir Leonard Tilley and the wardens and vestry. The volume is very handsomely printed on heavy toned paper and is handsomely bound in cloth and gold. Sold by J. & A. McMillan.

SONGS OF FAIRY LAND.—The Knickerbocker nuggetts is one of the daintiest series of volumes now issued from the American press. The paper, type, and binding are exquisite and the last issue, Songs from Fairy Land, in its matter is no less charming than its dress. Here are Nymphidia, by Michael Drayton the Water Lady, by Thomas Hood, Kilmeny, by James Hogg, the Culprit Fay, by Joseph Rodman Drake, Prince Brightkin, by William Allingham, the Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, by Thomas Hood, complete, and much other fairy lore that is hardly less celebrated. All these poems are beatifully illustrated and for its price (1.25) it is one of the most charming gift books of the present season. Sold by J. & A. McMillan.

Brevities.

The death is announced of T. H. McMillan, late of the law firm of Seely & McMillan, at Colorado springs, on the 20th inst.

Lord's Cove, Deer Island, is said to have some of the finest private residences in Charlotte county.

The Eureke manufacturing Co, of Oxford N. S. for some weeks have been running their machinery night and day.

Foster & Allan's wood working factory at Amherst gives employment to a force of about 40 men.

People are already seeking to secure rooms at the Algonqnin hotel, St Andrews, for next season.

Sardines, which have been selling at $1,50 per hogshead for several weeks, were reported the latter part of last week at $8.

Twenty thousand dollars have been subscribed towards rebuilding the furniture factory recently burned down at Oxford, N. S.

More coal was taken from the Gonsie, N. B. mines last month than in any corresponding month for ten years.

THE ROYAL BOAR HUNT.

GERMANY'S EMPEROR AND HIS GRUNEWALD FRIENDS.

An Imperial Meet Which Is Held on St. Hubert's Day, the Third of November. A Big Jollification, Where Only the Journalists Are in Full Dress.

A blast is heard from the gamekeepers outside, announcing that the boar has been loosed. Fifteen minutes more passed, and then the master of the hunt, Count Richard Dohna Schlobitten, advancing to the prince, salutes him and says: "Your royal highness, it is time for the hunt to begin." Prince Frederick Leopold raises his hand, Herr Palm salutes, and then, lifting the waldhorn to his lips, blows a long and powerful note that re-echoes shrilly throughout the castle.

The hunting park is right in the middle of the Grunewald woods. A little distance from the castle is the wide and deep river Havel, along whose banks there is abundant cover. Should the boar, however, take it into his head to cross the river, he is practically safe from the hunters, for, long before they could cross in boats, he would have disappeared in the forest. But the hounds are off on a keen scent, and as they pick up the "fachrte" of the game they give cry that tells the hunters where to follow.

Now the whole field is in full chase, Hofjagermeister Graf von Dohna leading gallantly on his powerful black horse. Presently he turns and makes room for the ladies, for the chase is yet young, even though the joyous bark of the hounds can be heard at intervals, indicating that they are still on the track. The prancing of some of the horses ridden by the ladies causes a delay.

The emperor is exceedingly partial to Prussian horses, and this fact has set the fashion, where heretofore there were many English horses used in the hunting field. Our Prussion breed is slow but more enduring than the English, and in every way better adapted for the rough work of a boar chase.

The supreme moment of the hunt is when the boar lies bleeding and dead and the prince's side-de-camp with his hunting knife cuts from the nearest pine tree a bunch of needles, which the prince gayly distributes to those who happen to be present the moment the "fang," or dagger stab in the lungs, "the coup de grace," is given. None who are not on the spot at the instant of victory may share the "bruch." As each of the fortunate hunters places his spray of pine in his hat or coat the bugles sound the "Hallalli! Hallalli! Hallalli!" the signal of the death of the boar. This brings all the laggards to the spot, hot and breathless with riding and their horses flecked with foam. Then with his hunting knife Herr Palm administers the "curee" to the dead boar, cutting it open with a single dexterous stroke. One of his assistants then takes out the liver and intestines, which are flung to the pack of dogs and quickly devoured.

After the chase all return to the Castle Grunewald, where dinner awaits them. Merry and hungry, chatting gayly over the successful sport, and without even an attempt at toilet, the hunters sit down, this time to a regal table. Unlike the lunch in the forenoon, which was eaten in the courtyard, the dinner is a stately and imposing affair, the sole peculiarity being the utter absence of even the semblance of preparation on the part of the diners. They sit down just as they come in from the forest, their hunting suits torn and bloody or soiled by tumbles from their horses or contact with trees and bushes. Even the ladies look slightly bedraggled, some having their long habits and their hunting gloves stained with the marks of the chase; but all are pleased, and it is a happy party indeed which, disregarding the conventionalities, begins to do justice to the good cheer their imperial host sets before them.

To the rider who grasped the boar belongs the honor of toasting the emperor, after the solid dishes have been disposed of. This ceremony, from time immemorial, has been done in a peculiar brew called "St. Hubertus Grunewald punch."

There is one unique feature of the annual hunting dinner. For many years it has been the custom to invite as guests not to the hunt, but to the feast that followed it, a dozen of the most prominent journalists of the capital. These spectacled professional gentlemen, who would be sadly out of place in a hunting field, contribute in no small degree to the entertainment of the dinner, where everybody present is supposed to help along the merriment in a Bohemian way. It falls to the lot of some journalist, designated in advance by royalty itself, to prepare and read to the conservatives the Hubertus run a "agd Protokoll," or versified narrative of the hunt, and this, with many other similar productions, is kept as a memorial at the castle. For a number of years this pleasant task was performed by the late Dr. Louis Schneider. The newspaper men are really the only well dressed men at the dinner. They attend in full evening costume and their elaborate toilets furnish a strange contrast to the rough, dirty suits, frowsy hair and muddy skirts of the merry followers of the boar.

With the emptying of the punch bowl, and when the last shout over the newspaper men's verses has died away, the hunters who reside in Berlin or Potsdam begin to think of home. It is quite dark outside the castle, but these revelers think nothing of an evening through the somber Grunewald woods. In pairs or groups they walk or ride home, making the air merry with their songs and laughter as they go. The ladies who do not stop over night at the castle accompany them. Every hunter carefully shows his or her bit of "bruch," for it is a matter of custom that it must be worn till one goes to bed. At the same time the crowds of people who spent the day on the Grunewald turn Berlinward, and soon the dark woods are once more silent and deserted.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

THE NEW SLED.

An Old Boy Tells How He, with Tom's Help, Tricked the Marshal.

A sharp, shrill whistle rang out on the still night air; a boy's call. From a neighboring house came running out in answer a second boy, hastily adjusting comforter and mittens as he ran.

The thermometer was below zero; yet what does a boy care for that when he is going coasting, and on a new sled too?

"Oh cracky, John, I have got the bulliest sled you ever saw," was the salutation of the boy who gave the signal. "It will beat all the gimcracks on the road. My uncle made it; he says I've got to be careful or I'll get into trouble with it, it goes so like lightning. I told him I'd risk the trouble. Just see what a beauty."

"You'd better wait till you've tried it, before you brag. You'll have to look out, or Marshal Grey will get it, and then you may whistle for your fine sled. Do you know he says not a boy shall have his sled back again that he catches sliding down Union hill this winter?"

Tom had no new sled and felt sore about it, while John in the exuberance of his joy had not thought that Tom could not be as happy looking on as he in the possession of such a prize. But he saw his mistake, and being a noble hearted fellow, hastened to say, "Look here, Tom, you and I are in company, you know, and this sled is as much yours as mine to use. Let's try Union hill, just to see how the city marshal will look trying to catch us."

Of all the hills in Bangor, for this is a true story, and happened years ago in that eastern city, this was the one most coveted by the coasters, and the only one solely tabooed to them.

The long gradual descent ended at the river, frozen now smooth as marble, and it was a poor sled that stopped short of the middle of it. O boys! think of it, a swift ride of nearly half a mile with no obstruction. The wind might cut like a knife where the skin was exposed, and there was the long tug up the hill; but what did they care, when they could have the glorious coast down again? Besides it was forbidden ground, and that made it the more inviting.

John had some crude idea in his head about law and order, and what he would do if he was the mayor or an alderman, but he meant to have one slide down that hill whether or no: after that, no matter.

It did not take many minutes to get started, John steering and holding the stout new rope in both hands, while Tom behind held fast to John, and away they went, their eyes shining like stars.

When half way down they discerned a large object directly in the track of the swiftly approaching sled. They could not stop, and each gave a loud halloo to warn the person to move, but he seemed to be standing there for a purpose. The dreadful marshal, with feet far apart and hands outstretched, stood ready to seize the sled.

"Don't he know we can't stop?" said Tom. "We shall knock him down."

But John said not a word. He might lose his sled, but he would do what he could to prevent it. He steered directly between the man's legs, and as the latter reached down and grasped the rope, exclaiming, "I've got ye," the boy took him in his lap, and the sled flew on with accelerated speed. Who was the prisoner, after all? A bright thought flashed into Tom's mind. He whipped out his knife and quietly cut a rope on each side, holding it in such a way that the marshal should not suspect the trick.

John saw and took the hint, and as they glided out on the level surface of the river, it was the work of an instant to send the heavy man sprawling on the ice, while the boys with the sled between them ran as if shod with the seven league boots.

There was a huge log frozen into the ice, and dropping behind it and looking back, the sight which met their eyes convulsed them with laughter. The marshal had quickly picked himself up, and stood grasping the rope in both hands and gazing around with a bewildered look on his face, which changed to wrath as he realized the situation. They could see him distinctly in the bright moonlight, and they rolled over and over on the ice, trying to stifle their laughter at the comical sight. Well did they know it was their last coast on that hill, but that one was enough to make them laugh as long as they lived.—Lewiston Journal.

The Golden Apple.

The quince, which is not generally regarded as a fruit of very precious or elegant character, is nevertheless one possessing more uses than most of the fruits of its family. In cookery it is exceedingly piquant when simply baked in an oven and sprinkled with sugar; it makes a delicious preserve, a fine marmalade and a jelly of great delicacy, highly valued in throat troubles. Its cores and seeds have been found to be agreeable eating even after long drying, and they are full of a mucilaginous substance, which, owing to its demulcent nature, is valuable in bronchial troubles and coughs, which diluted is used in various eye washes, and which is largely compounded in what is called bandoline, lately as popular a dressing for the hair as the perfumed pomades were once. Meanwhile the beauty afforded us by the quince is especially remarkable; in spring the bush of the fruit producing kind being covered with large petaled blossoms of an exquisite pale pink and a most delicate perfume, and the bush of the species whose fruit is not used bearing blossoms of a flaming scarlet, which gives it great value as an ornamental shrub; while in autumn the great spheres of downy gold seem fairly to steam with a spicy fragrance of indescribable richness. The quince is a southern growth, found wild in Africa and Asia, and it is celebrated throughout Oriental literature. No list of delectable fruits is complete without it there, and its aroma fills the pages of the "Arabian Nights," while in classic affairs it has as many advocates as the orange in claiming to be the golden apple of the Hesperides.—Harper's Bazar.

Parisian Barber Shops.

Long ago a royal decree compelled barbers and hairdressers to hang at their door a white basin, so as to distinguish them from surgeons, who sheltered themselves behind a copper basin, and these basins are still used for sign purposes.

They are of oval shape, and a small piece is chipped out at one end. This is intended to show that the basin will fit the neck under the chin.

But nowadays there are no such basins inside French barbers' shops. You must wash the lather off your own face when Figaro has finished shaving and cutting you. Then, if you want your hair dressed, you get back into the chair—and such uncomfortable chairs as they are too—again, and the fellow recommences.

There are some hairdressers who are not barbers, but all barbers are hairdressers, and most of them are also wigmakers. They put some very queer signs over their shop doors sometimes.

There is one old man up by the College of France who has an oil painting outside his premises which represents Absalom hanging by his hair to a large tree while his horse is galloping away in the distance, and below the following words are written: "If he had worn one of our wigs this misfortune would not have happened him."

A barber of my neighborhood has a sign which reads: "Shaving done here today for money and to-morrow for nothing." This "to-morrow" that never comes, and which the evening before is so often promised, is it not the most bitter sarcasm of all the illusions of life that we are acquainted with?—Cor. New Orleans Picayune.

Terrible Asian Heat.

The horror of the heat is unknown to us, or indeed to any part of Europe, though Naples and Athens are desperately trying sometimes. But to the native of Scinde, Central Asia, the shores of the Persian gulf, the sun of Greece is but a trifle. The utter helplessness of man under this infliction adds horror to his sufferings.

There is no hope and no resource when the red hot air penetrates to those underground chambers in which the summer is passed in Central Asia. "The inhabitants," we learn, "are shutting themselves up to escape"—probably closing all the apertures of their subterranean abodes, except those absolutely necessary for ventilation. The air down below, under such circumstances, cannot be imagined by one who has not a touch of experience. Houses of good class are solidly constructed under ground, with chambers and doors and corridors, but the mass of the people inhabit big holes, roofed over, with no kind of permanent convenience. Every winter the frost and snow and rain play mischief with these rough pits, and the damage is not always, nor often, repaired by the following summer. Fancy thousands of Mongols in these dens, pursuing their filthy habits in semi-darkness, suffering the awful torment of heat, children wailing, adults raving, always in want of water and generally of food, in an atmosphere beyond conceiving.—London Standard.

A Singular Community.

The valley of Gregooney is one of the most beautiful localities in the Italian Alps. It also has a curious history. In the Eleventh century it was colonized by German soldiers, to whom it had been given by King Otto in recognition of their valiant services to him. The descendants of these soldiers, though in a strange land, have stuck fast to their German traditions. They still speak German and keep up the closest connection with Germany, which they consider their fatherland. Their daughters are educated in the best German schools...

the young women ...s big cities of the ... are compelled by ...ide their fine Ber... ...ments to don the ... their forefathers, and ...and scrub, and wash as ...d grandmothers did be... ...e cleanliness of the ...a. made them famous ... It is a proverb that ...leaner than other peo... ...rman is spoken in the ...in the churches, and ...ools. Consequently all ...now at least three lan... ...York Sun.

Hung It Up.

...d young countryman, from ...Vermont, ...e years ago entered a Bos... ...ton warehouse and asked for employ... ...ment. Hec... ...d do any kind of "chores," he said, and ...asted of his strength.

"Stout as ...ou are," said one of the clerks, "I'll ...ve you ten dollars if you will carry ...s bag of salt twice across the store ...hever lay it down."

The Ver... ...nter stood for a moment, thoughtful... ...eying the bag, and then shouldered ...easily enough, carried it twice backw... ...and forward, walked up to a rope w... ...a hook at its end, which hung throu... ...a scuttle, and hung the bag on the hook.

"Mister," said he, "I guess I'll trouble you for that air ten. I didn't lay it down—I hung it up!"

Th... ...rk rather unwillingly joined in the l... ...followed, and handed ove... ...llars.

"F... ...er than chopping logs," the yo... ...remarked, as he deposited the money in his wall...—Youth's Companion.

How the Heart Works.

A curious calculation has been made by Dr. Richardson, giving the work of the heart in mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of sixty-nine strokes per minute, and at the assumed force of nine feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 207 yards per minute, 7 miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of 84 years. The number of beats of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,776,000.—Medical World.

Points for Husbands.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you never think of it again. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for, if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. Do not upbraid her in the presence of a third person, nor entertain her with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. Do not be stern and silent in your house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as you may join. By so doing you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence upon bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman she should be acquainted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Do not withhold this knowledge in order to cover your own extravagance. Women have a keen perception. Be sure she will despise your selfishness, and, though no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened and her confidence diminished, pride wounded, and a thousand, perhaps unjust, suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane.—Domestic Monthly.

Trial by Jury in Russia.

The conservative press in Russia never looked favorably upon the system of jury trials, and always urged its abolition. The fact that political offenses were not tried by juries was constantly used as an argument against the entire system. And the new minister of justice in Russia, Mr. Manassein, in obedience to their appeals, has just procured the enactment of a new law taking out of the hands of juries a large number of important criminal cases. But this only strengthened the hands of the conservatives and encouraged them to demand further action in the same direction. On the other hand the liberal press is no less dissatisfied with the proceeding, and perfectly agrees with the conservatives that if the trial by jury is good at all no exceptions whatever are either just or rational, and that if it is bad for some things it is bad for all. There, however, the agreement ends. Whereas the conservatives hope to succeed in abolishing the jury trials in Russia, the liberals desire to obtain for it full recognition.—The Transatlantic.

Are?

You fond of fish cakes, and do you want to save yourself a lot of extra trouble to make them? If so, buy a pound box of Steam Compressed Dessicated Cod Fish, it is equal to three pounds of ordinary fish. Contains no skin or bones, is ready for instant use, and emits no odor whilst cooking. Sold at 15c. by all retail grocers. Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGGURES, 61 Dock street, St. John.

The ruling price for smoked herring at Grand Manan is six cents per box, which hardly pays the cost to their producers.

Thursday the Lord Bishop of Fredericton passed his 85th birthday.

Try

Barnes' Genuine English Worcestershire Sauce, in pint and half-pint bottles and by the gallon. Sold by leading retail grocers. Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGGURES, 61 Dock street, Saint John, N. B.

The Beacon says a St. Andrews clergyman preached last Sunday on "deceitful bows" and some of the ladies in the congregation smiled significantly whenthe subject was announced.

FACTS!

"ATHLETE"

—AND—

"...RBY"

CI... ...ETTES

...R.

The Su... ...of the Sweet.
The Pu... ...of the Pure,
The Fine... ...of the Fine,
The Chea... ...The Best.

CHRISTMAS, 1889

We extend to our customers and the public a cordial request to examine our stock, with a view of deciding as to whether we can fill their requirements. We believe we can.

J. & A. McMILLAN

Booksellers, Stationers, etc.,

98 and 100 Prince William Street.

W. F. & J. W. MYERS,

MACHINISTS

Sole Proprietors in Canada of

RICHARDSON'S CHALLENGE STEERER

—AND—

RUSSEL'S FRICTIONLESS PUMP.

Manufacturers of Double and Single Acting Ship's Pumps, Hand and Power Elevators, Steam Engines, Judson's Governors and Sturtevant Blowers, Rotary Saw Mills, Laundry Machinery, Shafting, Hangers, and Pulleys.

Are you looking for Christmas Presents?

If so you will find a SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF ALL KINDS of the best and most acceptable in

Gold Silver and Fine Rolled and JEWELRY. WATCHES

Clocks, Solid and Plated Silverware, Walking Canes, Fans, Gold Spectacles and Eyeglasses, Thimbles, Card Cases, Shoe Lifters, Opera Glasses and Patent Holders, Button Hooks,

TOGETHER WITH A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

DIAMOND SET JEWELRY, in all forms, too numerous to mention.

All at Lowest Prices to Cash Customers, offered by

Yours, Respectfully, W. TREMAINE GARD,

NO. 81 KING STREET (under Victoria Hotel).

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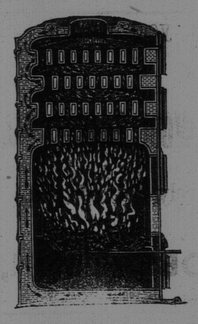

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