MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING GAZETTE

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

JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Publisher

THE EVENING GAZETTE will be delivered at any house in the cities of St. John and Portland for a month for thirty-five cents. The subscription may be paid at the office, or to any news agent who sells the GAZETTE.

ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, JAN. 4, 1889.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Halifax Chronicle has discovered that, in the last fiscal year, there was a balance of trade against Canada of $20,000,000. The editor of the Telegraph has made the same important discovery, and would like to harp upon it, if he only dared to do so. The old fashioned theories in regard to the balance of trade, which so greatly tickled our ancestors, were wholly absurd. They had an idea that a country which imported goods to a greater value than the value of its exports must be growing poorer, and that the so-called adverse balance had to be paid in coin. Now coin and bullion are articles of merchandize just as much as wheat and dry goods, and if we find, as the result of a long series of years of trade, that our imports of merchandize including coin and bullion largely exceed our exports of the same articles, while at the same time we are contracting no permanent debt abroad, we will be forced to the conclusion that the old balance of trade theory is a fiction. If a farmer carried a load of produce to market which he valued at $100, and succeeded in disposing of his stuff so well that he brought back $120 worth of goods which he had perchased with the proceeds, he would not be likely to complain that there was a balance of trade against him, yet this is just what the believers in the balance of trade theory are doing. It is time that some of our glib tongued politicians, as well as some of our editors, learned the first principles of political economy, and ceased to make themselves ridiculous by harping about the balance of trade.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES AND THEIR GROWTH.

That contemptible gutter snipe annexationist sheet, the Acadian Recorder, editorially says: "We can't make much headway populationally owing to our juxta-position to the New England States and to the greater prosperity that reigns there." Such a disloyal, vagabond newspaper as the Recorder is not worth answering, but we shall make the lines quoted a text for a few remarks on the comparative growth of population in the three New England States nearest to us, and the three Maritime Provinces of Canada. The three States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont lie upon our border, their climate and resources are largely similar to those of the Maritime Provinces of Canada; their inhabitants would be much insulted if they were said to be inferior to us in enterprise or in any other quality; they have had all the advantages of Commercial Union and Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, yet with all these things in their favor, their increase of population has been much less than ours, not only relatively, but actually. In 1850-51 the population of these three States and of the three Maritime Provinces was as follows:—

	Population in 1850		Population in 1851.
Maine	583,169	New Brunswick	192,800
New Hamshire	317,976	Nova Scotia	276,854
Vermont	314,120	Prince Edward Isd.	62,678
	1,215,265.		563,332.

In 1880-81 the population of the same States and Provinces was as follows:

	Population in 1880.		Population in 1881.
Maine	648,936	New Brunswick	321,233
New Hampshire	346,991	Nova Scotia	445,572
Vermont	332,286	Prince Edward Isd.	106,891
	1,328,195.		870,696.

It will perhaps make this matter a little more clear to refer to the following table, which shows the increase of population in each State and Province in the thirty years from 1850 to 1880, and from 1851 to 1881.

Increase in 30 years.		Increase in 30 years.	
Maine,	65,767	New Brunswick.	128,433
New Hampshire,	29,015	Nova Scotia,	168,718
Vermont,	18,148	Prince Edward Id.	46,213
	112,930		338,364

It will be seen from above that the increase of the population of the Maritime Provinces has been three times as great in the thirty years as that of the three New England States which lie nearest to us. The Province of New Brunswick has added almost twice as many to its population as the State of Maine; Nova Scotia has added not much less than three times as many, while the increase of the little Province of Prince Edward Island has been as great as that of New Hampshire and Vermont combined. If we look at the relative increase the case is still worse for the three New England States which in thirty years have increased their population only 9 per cent. while the increase of the three Maritime Provinces, during the same period, has been upwards of 60 per cent. The increase of New Brunswick has been 66 per cent., or just six times as great as that of Maine, which was only 11 per cent. The increase of Nova Scotia was 59 per cent. and of Prince Edward Island 73 per cent. while the increase of New Hampshire in 30 years was only 9 per cent. and of Vermont 6 per cent. If Commercial Union or Unrestricted Reciprocity are the only things needed to make us prosperous and to increase our population how does it happen that these Maritime Provinces increased in population, three times as much actually, and nearly seven times as much relatively in thirty years, as the three New England States which lie on our borders?

We have another conundrum for the advocates of Commercial Union and Unrestricted Reciprocity. Why is it that neither of these three States, which were settled long before New Brunswick had a single inhabitant, possesses a city as large as the community which resides at the mouth of this river. The largest city in New Hampshire is Concord with 13,843 inhabitants, the largest in Vermont is Rutland with 12,149 inhabitants. The largest city in Maine is Portland with 33,810 inhabitants. An area equal to that covered by Portland, Me., at the mouth of this river, would include St. John, Portland and Fairville and Portland of Simonds and would take in 50,000 inhabitants. The same area at Halifax would include Dartmouth and would take in nearly 40,000 inhabitants, so that the Maritime Provinces without the alleged advantages of Commercial Union or Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, have two cities each larger than the largest in the three New England States nearest to us. Let some advocate of Commercial Union explain this if he can.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The San Francisco Argonaut expresses the opinion that the annexation of Canada is becoming a political question of importance. Says our Pacific Coast contemporary: "The fisheries, the reciprocity treaty, and the little dark cloud that has arisen in the political heavens, from the threat of retaliation—a nasty word—the discussions in the Canadian Parliament, in the American Congress, in the press, and among the statesmen and publists of both countries, have given it a prominence not before accorded to it. The two countries ought to be under the one government. The geographical boundaries, the character of the people, the use of a common language, productions, markets, lines of transportation, the necessities of common defense, prove that the interests of both sections are identical; their security from war and the contentions of peace are interdependent. If this Canadian empire can be peacefully acquired, it will vastly contribute to the dignity and safety of our republic. If anybody is insane enough to desire it to be acquired in any other than a peaceful way, he is mad beyond hope of recovery." The sentiments here uttered are quite unobjectionable from an American standpoint The Argonaut grows eloquent over the idea of a republican English speaking empire stretching from where the aurora-borealis flames in the northern sky to the borders of Mexico, but we already belong to an empire on which the sun never sets, and are satisfied.

Every one in New Brunswick will be pleased at the honor conferred upon Chief Justice Allen, who has been made a Knight by Her Majesty. The Chief Justice has been on the Bench for almost twenty-four years, and has during that time, proved a most acceptable judge. He is, in that noblest work of God, an honest man, and has devoted himself to his judicial duties with the most pains-taking care and attention. In honoring him Her Majesty has conferred a high honor on both the Bench and the Bar of New Brunswick, of which he is the worthy head. We can only express the hope that he may be spared to us for many years to enjoy his new dignity.

What must have been the feelings of John V. Ellis, M. P., the man without a country, at the newsboys' dinner yesterday, when they sang "God save the Queen?" Ellis could not sing "God save the Queen," because he has been for twenty years doing his utmost to destroy her Empire and subvert her crown and dignity. He is like Macbeth, after he had murdered Duncan, who could not say Amen, when the sleeping attendants of the King said "God bless us," because he was a traitor and an assassin. And this is our member of Parliament for the loyalist city of St. John. The newsboys, however, seem to have enjoyed their dinner notwithstanding his presence, so that he probably did no harm.

Mr. James McShane, who was some time ago Minister of Public Works in the Quebec Government of Mr. Mercier, has been disqualified for seven years for personal bribery in the Laprarie election and fined $400. We are glad that this severe punishment has fallen upon one of the party of purity, a Grit and a Grit Minister at that, for McShane was in Mercier's cabinet when the offence for which he has been disqualified was committed. The courts have decided him to be a corrupt man but he is no more corrupt than his former chief, Mr. Mercier or than many other leading Grits throughout the Province of Quebec. The use of money in elections is so monstrous an evil and so utterly demoralizing in its nature than there is hardly any punishment too great for those who practice it, so that McShane's disqualification will have a wholesome effect.

There is no doubt that the Republicans will have a majority of the next House of Representatives; the only question is how large it will be and whether it will be a workable majority. The New York Herald's Washington correspondent states that the Republican majority will not be less than three and maybe seven. The highest of these figures can hardly be called a working majority, in a large House, and the legislation of the new Congress is therefore not likely to be of a very drastic character, as the Republicans will be able to accomplish but little without Democratic help.

The editor of the Chatham Advance says that he has not much faith in the "good resolution" idea for New Year time, as it seems too much like the Sabbath piety of so many men, who are more sharp than honest on week days. We readily aquit the editor of the Advance of "Sabbath piety" or any other kind of piety, and we feel quite certain that he has made no good resolutions this year, at least. David Gray, esteemed contemporaries will, however, no doubt thank him for his unsolicited advice in regard to newspaper ethics generally, and more especially in reference to their treatment of the editor of the Globe.

The Maine Legislature opened yesterday, and the inaugural address of Governor Burleigh was delivered. It occupies three columns of small type in the Bangor Commercial and treats of a great variety of subjects of local interest. In regard to the rejection of the Fisheries Treaty, the Governor said:—"A glance at the map of the United States will show that Maine, perhaps more than any other State of the Union, has cause for desiring the most cordial relations of trade and intercourse with the Dominion of Canada. Of the five sides, which the irregular configuration of Maine shows, three border directly upon the Dominion, one fronts upon the Atlantic ocean and one touches upon our sister State of New Hampshire. It needs no further demonstration to prove that the interest of our State and of our neighbors are and must always be closely bound together, and that we should never be hostile but always friendly rivals. It is therefore, a very significant condemnation of the rejected treaty that an overwhelming majority of the people of Maine were irreconcilably opposed to it at every stage of its consideration. We desire above all things a harmonious adjustment of that and all other questions between the United States and the Dominion, and we trust to the National Government to effect a settlement that shall neither sacrifice nor injure a great interest in which so many of our fellow citizens are deeply interested." The people of Maine should understand that no Treaty more favorable to the United States than the one rejected will ever be sanctioned by the people of Canada.

The Local Government should go slowly in considering the demands of the North Shore lumber operators who want a lower rate of stumpage. The rate is $1.25 per thousand, with a mileage tax of $4, while in the Province of Quebec the stumpage is 65 cts. and the mileage $3. The North Shore operators would like to have both mileage and stumpage brought down to the Quebec standard, but the circumstances are different and they have an undeniable advantage over the Quebec operators in the readiness with which logs cut on the rivers can be brought to tide water and in the nearness of their ports to the English market. For a long time, under the old mileage system the splendid lumber of this Province was almost given away to the lumber men and a return to this state of things could not be tolerated.

TAKEN FOR A CHINAMAN.

A New Yorker Shamefully Treated on the Border of the Dominion.

There is fresh trouble between Canada and the Union. It came to light in this way: One day last week Mr. George Swett, of the Windsor hotel, laid covers for forty Yankee railroad passenger agents who had gone to Montreal to arrange excursion rates for the coming carnival in that city, to be held between Feb. 4 and Feb. 11 inclusive. Theodore H. Lee, the manager of the American Bank Note company of this city, was present at the dinner, and was called on for a speech. He arose with his jaws set and a flinty look in his eye, and said: "You will excuse me, gentlemen. On account of the shameful treatment I received at the threshold of this country I cannot take any festive part in this meal. I can only stay my stomach and announce that what I have to say shall be said to the state department at Washington."

A pall was thrown over the merry gathering. It soon broke up, and the railroad men and reporters set to work to find out what calamity had strained the relations of the greatest powers on earth. Mr. Lee was silent and dignified. The truth did not leak out until he returned to New York and arranged the case he is to present at Washington.

It seems that years ago in a western city Mr. Lee stood under the sign of a Mongolian laundryman named "Hop Lee." Lee being the name of the genial New Yorker, the railroad men with whom he was making a tour of the country nicknamed him Hop Lee, and his best friends have enjoyed the privilege of calling him that ever since. It seems that when he went to Montreal the other day he was in the company of George L. Connor, the romancist of the Fall River line; Si Cummings, who owns the Vermont Central railroad; Charley Hibbard, Si's boss; J. W. Burdick, the historian of the Delaware and Hudson Canal company's road; Ed Richards, of Mr. Depew's staff; Walter Caleb, a wild flower of the Rocky mountains; and a lot of other monopolistic barons. Mr. Lee, who has been to Paris, had been kept up late explaining to the railroad men the French words "Mumm" and "See" that appeared on certain glassware in the train, and he was just getting into a sound and refreshing sleep when at 8 o'clock in the morning he was pulled out of his berth by a man of Canadian manners.

"Hi, John," said this man, "you makee quick fifty dollar payee to come in Canada."

"Eh!" said the astonished New Yorker.

"Come, John," said the custom house agent, for such he proved to be; "no got time to makee chin. Hully up, fifty dollar license to come to Canada. No dammee fooling, John, me velly big bully."

"My name is not John," said Mr. Lee, "and I am no infernal Chinaman. Great guns!" (He chanced to look at the floor, and there were his underclothes, railroad passes, patent medicines and portraits of his loved ones at home scattered all over the floor.) "Who in thunder has been in my bag?"

"I beg your pawdon, sir," said her majesty's customs man. "Isn't this your bag?" He lifted up the valise, and there on the side of it was a great white paper on which was printed the name "Hop Lee."

"Yes, that's my bag, but that's not my name. What does this mean?"

"Beg pawdon, sir," said the Britisher; "I was examining baggage here when I came on this piece with 'Hop Lee' on it, and I naturally supposed you were a Chinaman, in which case the law would compel me to collect $50 before I allowed you to enter her majesty's dominion, don't you know."

"You shall suffer for this," said Mr. Lee. "Your jokes are in poor taste, sir."

"Beg pawdon, sir," said the customs man. "I never made a joke in my life, don't you know. I can't even understand jokes, don't you see. Don't go hard on me, sir. I was only doing my duty, sir."

Mr. Lee went across the aisle and glanced into Charley Hibbard's berth. The youth was sleeping with a hallowed calm of innocence on his face. He peered into the other berths. Si Cummings was talking in his sleep about buying stockings in Boston. George Connor was dreaming of a new story and laughing at it himself. Mr. Lee could not tell whether one or all were guilty. He dressed himself and spent a wretched time in the country that was the scene of this indignity.—New York Sun.

THE GENTLER SEX.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt frequently prepares the dessert for her family.

There is in Sydney, Australia, a spinster of 105, who has smoked for fifty years.

Mrs. Sarah Barnett, of Lafayette, Va., took to her bed forty years ago, and has not left it since.

Miss Grace Litchfield, the writer, has taken a house in Washington, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Halford, wife of President-elect Harrison's private secretary, is an invalid, and usually spends her winters in Florida.

There are about 70,000 lacemakers in Normandy; altogether in France there are nearly 200,000 women engaged in this industry.

Princess Metternich and Princess Reuss, the wife of the German ambassador, are among the best skaters in Viennese society.

Jane Hading feels highly flattered by the popularity of the veil which bears her name. Even as far west as St. Louis she has found American women walking the streets with their heads incased in what looks like a fly trap. Hading was amused by the remark of a Chicago woman who was asked why she wore such an unbecoming affair. "Oh," she answered, "my French pronunciation is always better when I have the Hading veil on."

E. P. Roe's posthumous novel, "Miss Lou," instead of, as stated, falling below the sale of his other books, has sold nearly 5,000 more largely than any of his previous novels in the same time.

CRISP CONDENSATIONS.

A Buffalo restaurant displays this sign: "Fresh Laid Eggs to Order."

The other day two doctors 6,000 miles apart consulted as to the condition of a patient.

A man near Smithtown, N. Y., has courted a girl over thirty years, and nothing definite yet.

Snow has fallen to so great a depth in the mountains of Nevada that they will not be bare again before next summer.

A colored man found $16,000 in greenbacks between the leaves of an old book he had bought at a second hand store at Paris, Ky.

It is said that the gold fields of Grant parish, La., yield ore that assays all the way from $20 to $1,000 a ton. No systematic work has been done in them.

The members of a facetious jury at Livingston, M. T., were each fined $5 by the judge for returning a verdict that "This jury do hereby agree to disagree."

A chair of painting and wood carving has been established in De Pauw university, Greencastle, Ind., and Miss Louise Fisher, of Cincinnati, has been appointed to it.

A newspaper in the little town of Bodenbach, in Bohemia, which has been confiscated by the government for the three hundredth time, has just celebrated the event.

A man in the northern part of Maine recently moved a barn. After the barn had been raised on rollers the man placed himself underneath the building and turned it around.

A Persian cat was able to spread scarlet fever amidst a large community of children in Chicago. This animal had been petted by a sick child, and in its visits to several neighbors' houses it carried the disease with it.

The New York Sun records a battle between a mink and an eel. The mink had the eel by the back of the head, but the eel wound himself around the mink, and rolled him around in the water until he let go, and the fight was a draw.

A telegraphic wire is the last thing one would expect to support vegetation, yet a traveler in Brazil writes to a German horticultural journal describing a crop of mistletoe which he found clothing the wires not far from Rio Janeiro.

A weather plant capable of predicting earthquakes exists in Vienna. On several occasions these predictions as to earthquakes have been useful in enabling mine owners to take precautions for preventing loss of life in colliery explosions.

A freak has been born in Mackinac county, Mich., in the shape of a girl baby who has two heads—one of the regulation kind on its shoulders, and the other without eyes, ears, nose or mouth, on its back. The babe is apparently intelligent and healthy.

An odd book soon to be published in New York for private circulation is to contain a catalogue of the very wealthy men of the United States. About forty years ago a similar book was printed, and the standard of wealth then was fixed at $100,000. Now it is $1,000,000.

Jose Maloni and A. Williams, San Francisco thieves, stole a lot of clothes and hid them in a room. They were arrested and confessed, telling where the clothes were to be found. An officer went after the plunder and found that some one had robbed the thieves' room.

A remarkable snow storm prevailed at Fresno, Cal., a few days ago between 4 and 6 o'clock p. m. The heavens were so darkened that one could scarcely see across the street, a complete pall fell over the city and gas had to be lighted, while doors and windows had to be shut to keep out the fine dust.

The total length of the railroads of the earth on Jan. 1, 1887, was 512,605 kilometers, as against 89,202 kilometers less at the end of 1882, being, therefore, an increase of more than 23,000 kilometers a year. At the same rate of increase the railways of the world should at present measure 650,000 kilometers.

A new device for bicycles allows the use of these machines upon the ice, the little wheel being converted into a runner, while the large wheel is provided with clips that prevent slipping on the ice. In New York parties are now being formed to go up the Hudson for a tournament as soon as the river freezes over.

Two young Englishmen who recently passed through Chicago on their way around the world informed a reporter that they have been making a collection of samples of the water of the great rivers of the world. The samples are bottled as soon as collected, and the bottles, duly labeled, are sent to their homes in England by express.

Edwin A. Barber, of West Chester, Pa., who is an antiquarian, has just procured a Chinese bank note of the fourteenth century. It is a note of the Ming dynasty, made of a fibrous paper of a grayish color, covered with Chinese characters. Mr. Barber says that there are only two specimens of this note beside his in existence, one being in the Imperial museum at St. Petersburg.

There has just died in London George Loy Smith, who was the last man out of the "valley of death" in the famous Balaklava charge. He was buried without any military honors, and the Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the British army, refused to send a gun carriage to bear his body to the grave. Mr. Smith was the last surviving non-commissioned officer who took part in the charge.

A Comedy of Errors.

The likeness between Chauncey M. Depew and Adam Forepaugh, the great showman, is daily becoming more striking, and has now reached the ludicrous. On a recent occasion Mr. Forepaugh went to sew Mr. Depew in regard to transportation for his show over some distant line. Every door in the Grand Central building opened before Mr. Forepaugh, who was mistaken for President Depew. Mr. Forepaugh penetrated the sanctum sanctorum, where a near sighted clerk received him with the most unctuous politeness.

"Can I see Mr. Depew?" asked the arch showman.

The near sighted clerk thought this a great joke on the part of the jaunty Chauncey, and grinned from ear to ear.

"Is Mr. Depew here?" queried the showman.

The near sighted clerk grinned again. Mr. Forepaugh began to perceive that there was a mistake somewhere, and said, "I am Adam Forepaugh."

The near sighted clerk waxed indignant, and was for turning the showman out. A few minutes after Mr. Forepaugh departed the genuine Simon pure entered the office.

"Has Mr. Forepaugh been here?" inquired Chauncey M. The near sighted clerk was now irritated, and still imagining it was the showman, exclaimed:

"Get out of here. I have no time for your asinine jokes; keep them for your show."—The Epoch.

The Force of Habit.

A personal friend of the Rev. Dr. George W. Field, of Bangor, the powerful preacher, says he is a very absent minded man. When on the street, in the cars, or even at his dinner, his mind is often so fully concentrated upon the subject of his next sermon that he appears to take no notice of surrounding circumstances. At one time, traveling between Bangor and Boston, as the conductor of the train, passing through the car making collections of tickets, came to Dr. Field, the reverend gentleman, glancing up quickly from a reverie, looked into his face a moment, then extended his hand and said: "Good afternoon, sir; but I think you have a little advantage of me. What name?"—Lewiston Journal.

The Fox Supply Safe.

Stranger—I hear this is a great section for fox hunting?

Oak Tree Inn Host—Yes, siree; parties come down from the city every fall; come in grand style, too; beer coming for years.

"Isn't there danger that you will run out of foxes?"

"Not a bit. We are still using the fox we began with."—Philadelphia Record.

An Episode.

SPASM I.

In the vestibule at midnight
Stood the pair.
And the sound was low and sweet
As their lips would gently meet,
While dear Charley would repeat,
"Oh, so fair!"

SPASM II.

Down the dimly lighted stairway
Crept her pa,
And his step was slow and low
As he nerved him for the blow
That would knock the dizzy beau
Oh, so far!

CONVULSION.

In the hallway shortly after
Lay her dad;
And his daughter held his head,
As the old man faintly said,
"I think his gloves were lined with lead."
"Oh, so sad!"

MORAL.—And the old gentleman didn't get there just the same.

—New York Evening World.

Didn't Try the Right Remedy.

Hostess—I must apologize for the salad to-night. My parlor maid usually makes the dressing, and is an adept at it, but she was taken suddenly ill this afternoon and couldn't make it.

Mrs. Asinine (sympathetically)—How very provoking!

Hostess—Yes; I tried to dose her well, but it was of no use. She was quite hors du combat.

Mrs. Asinine (more sympathetically)—Is that so? My unfailing remedy for that is peppermint.—New York Sun.

Same Thing in Bostonese.

"I have no time to write a reply," said the haughty Boston maiden. "Tell Mr. Cahokia I am prevented from accepting his invitation for this evening by obstacles that are insuperable."

"Miss Howjamus says," reported the messenger boy to the young man some hours later, "that she can't go wid ye this evenin', and she says ye needn't git obstropalous, fur ye're in de soup."—Chicago Tribune.

A Mistake Seldom Made.

Visitor (at a coal yard)—I notice that when the weighing clerk tells you the load is too heavy you take your shovel and pitch the surplus way back to the pile.

Driver—Yis, sor.

"Why don't you drop it near the scale, to be used when the load is too light?"

"Niver know it to be too light, sor."—Philadelphia Record.

A Rise in Camphor.

Ethel—I really think you ought to buy me that sealskin, Henry; you certainly are well able to afford it.

Henry (solemnly)—I am, Ethel, I am. It's not the sealskin I care about; that's a mere trifle. It's the enormous expense of camphor to pack it away in that scarce me, and camphor is rising, too.—Lowell Citizen.

The Relief Would Be General.

Young Author—Doctor, if I can't get some relief from writer's cramp I shall have to give up my literary work. I have come to you for advice.

Doctor (who has read some of his literary work)—My young friend, quit writing entirely, and relief not only instantaneous but widespread will follow.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Youngsters.

Tommy was at boarding school, and it had been decided that, for numerous practical reasons, it would be better for him to spend Thanksgiving with a neighboring aunt, instead of taking the longer journey home. This conclusion was announced to him with as much gentleness as possible, and in a few days his father received the following note:

DEARREST PAPA—When the turkey's in the oven, and the 'taters in the pot, when the cranberry bubbles redly, and the pudding's smoking hot—when the nuts are cracked and walling, and the raisins heap the plate, and you're so awful hungry that you'd rather die than wait—then you'll remember me!" O, pa, may's I go home? Your miserable

TOM.

They sent for him by the next mail

Turkey, well stuffed, was on the table, and the little girl of the family found the dressing very much to her taste.

"Give me some more of that," said she, when she had eaten her portion.

"What, Mamie?" said the mother.

"Please give me some of that."

"Now, Mamie, you should ask for what you want by name, and not say 'some of that.'"

Mamie looked distressed, but finally puckered up her lips and said:

"I want some of the clothes."—Youth's Companion.

A Paralyzing Effect.

"John," said his wife in the middle of the night, as she awakened with her usual scare, "I'm quite sure there's a man under the bed."

"Is that so?" responded John, sleepily; "well, shove one of your shoes at him and scare him away."—New York Sun.

Grayness, baldness, dandruff, and all diseases of the scalp, and falling of the hair can be cured by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

SOME REASONS WHY BOVINE LIQUID FOOD should be USED.

It is prescribed by physicians throughout the WORLD, because it is the best.

BOVINE LIQUID FOOD

Nourishes the system and makes new blood. New blood is better than to try and cleanse the old.

BOVINE LIQUID FOOD

is the only true cure for nervous exhaustion, weakness and prostration, as it is free from all acids, minerals and salts.

BOVINE LIQUID FOOD

Causes a gain in weight in two weeks, and increases the blood corpuscles over 20 per cent. in that time.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

HACYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM CURES COUGHS COLDS HOARSENESS, ETC

SWEETS to the SWEET.

Do you like good Candy? Why, of course, every body likes good candy.

Then go to Murdoch's, he's got the best assortment of pure confectionery in St. John, and can sell you a barrel as well as a pound. Parties wishing to buy wholesale, would do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

JOSEPH A. MURDOCH, *87 Charlotte St.*

SNOW SHOVELS.

We have a lot of Snow Shovels on hand, which we will sell very cheap.

—ALSO—

Pair of Double Bob Sleds, for sale at a bargain.

A. CHRISTIE, W. W. Co., *28 Waterloo Street.*

High-Pressure

Living characterizes these modern days. The result is a fearful increase of Brain and Heart Diseases—General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity. Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable as

A Cure

for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood."—Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio.

"For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me of my trouble, and enabled me to resume work."—J. P. Carzanett, Perry, Ill.

"I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alterative and blood-purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. M. Maxstry, Louisville, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

FANCY SOAPS,

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Apples, Pears, Walnuts, Oranges, Lemons and Strawberries. Also Rose (Blue and Deep), Marguerite, Sunflower and Dahlias.

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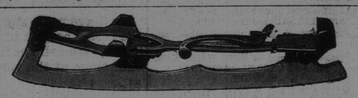

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