

W. C. GIBSON

Reliable Watchmaker

At D. A. Gibson's Branch Store.

661 Main Street, North End.

SPECIAL PRICES FOR REPAIRS.

Cleaning Watches, 75c.; Jewels, 75c.; Watch Glasses, 15c.; Main Springs, 75c.; Balance Staffs, \$1.50; Hands, 15c.

All other repairs to Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at proportionally low prices.

A Visit to St. John is not complete without a call to

WHITE'S, 90 King Street.

Established 1865 and yet today acknowledged the most thoroughly equipped up-to-date establishment of this kind in Canada.

HERE YOU GET

The Best ICE CREAM in the Province.

ALSO

The Best Lunch or Dinner.

The only firm in Canada who received a Medal at the great Paris Exposition 1900, for their Candies.

White's Store is not surpassed anywhere for beauty of decoration.

New Goods This Week.

LETTERETTES, VIEWS OF ST. JOHN, 20c. dozen.
 SOUVENIR LETTER CARD, 8 views, 5c. each.
 POST CARD PENDANTS, Colored View, 25c.
 55 DESIGNS POSTAL CARDS, ST. JOHN VIEWS.
 150 DESIGNS SCOTCH VIEWS AND TARTANS.
 POSTAL CARD ALBUMS, 3,000 NEW NOVELS, assorted, 3 for 25c.
 100 Dozen PENDANT CHARMS—Views of St. John.
 LEATHER SOUVENIR GOODS.

Douglas McArthur, 84 King St.

UNPARALLELED REDUCTIONS

—IN—

FURNITURE,

Carpets and Oilcloths.

GEORGE E. SMITH, 18 King Street**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA****GILBERT C. JORDAN**

Manager

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

W. M. P. McLAUGHLIN,
 Special Agent,
 GILVIE BUILDING.

LATEST STYLES

—IN—

MILLINERY

—AT—

Miss J. McLaughlin's,

107 Charlotte Street.

PATERSON & CO.
 107 GERMANY ST.
 SAINT JOHN, N.B.

The Postmaster's True Story.

"No letters for you tonight," said the little old postmaster, in his cheery voice. "Come in, won't you? It's 'most closing-up time." So I went inside the little office, though it wasn't just in accordance with the postal regulations, and took a seat on the table.

"First of April jokes? Well, I ought to know something about 'em. Didn't you ever hear the one about the dogs? Querer if you didn't. Everybody in Sellersville knew about it. I was the laughing-stock of the town for two months. But that was before your time. Ha, ha! Jim Snedaker never sees me to this day without saying, 'Hey, George, don't you want a dog?'"

"Well, it was like this. It was when I was a young man. I've held this office, you know, from one administration to another going on thirty years now. I got the idea into my head that I wanted a dog—a Newfoundland dog. I asked every farmer that came to town if he knew where I could get a likely pup. But no one knew. Finally I told back Bird what I wanted. He was a horse doctor in those days and travelled around a good deal. I said to him, 'Dock, I'll give you \$5 if you'll find me a nice Newfoundland pup.' But the pup was never found. The boys began to joke me about it, and they kept it up until at last I got so sick of hearing 'Newfoundland dog' that I wouldn't have had one as a gift.

"One night—I was just a clerk in the post-office then—when I was distributing the mail I found five letters in it for myself. I have never had so many before. Charlie Stone, who was postmaster then, saw them and smiled. 'You've got a heavy mail, tonight,' George,' said he, and heard Jim Snedaker and the other fellows snickering outside. I opened one of the letters. It was dated New York and ran something like this:

"Dear Sir—I saw your advertisement in the Herald. I have got seven as fine Newfoundland pups as you ever saw. Say the word and I will ship them. Price for the litter, \$100."

"Saw my advertisement in the Herald," said I to myself. "What can he mean? It must be the letter was intended for someone else." I opened the other four. No, there were all evidently intended for me. They were all about like the first, and they offered me from two to a dozen pups each. Meantime the boys had been watching me through the window, and when I had finished they all broke into a laugh. I knew they must be at the bottom of the joke. I pretended not to notice their hilarity. As soon as they were out of the way, however, I took a Herald out of someone's box, and waded through the 'want' columns. At last my eyes rested upon this announcement: (And here the postmaster got down his scrap-book and showed me a yellow clipping in it that read.)

"Wanted—Seven Newfoundland pups, price no object. Address George Andrews, Sellersville, N. Y."

"Then I saw it all, knew some of those boys had gone to the expense of that advertisement simply to worry me. I made up my mind not to be worried. But the next day brought a larger number of letters, and the next more yet. For a week the current kept up, and at one time I found I was receiving nearly half the mail of the office. Letters came from Louisiana, Texas and the far West, offering me Newfoundland dogs at prices ranging from \$15 to \$25 each. Several correspondents said they had no Newfoundlanders, but could sell me terriers, bulldogs, poodles and what not. Then came a grist of circulars and letters about a dog food, dog collars, chains, flea powder and a hundred things of that kind.

"At the end of the month when I made out the money-order report to send to Washington, I saw where Jim Snedaker had bought a money-order for \$1.50 in favor of the New York Herald. That confirmed my suspicion but I said nothing to Jim, as the thing had by that time blown over.

"In a day or two, however, I received a telegram from some dog fancier in New Jersey, saying that having seen my advertisement he had sent me by express seven young Newfoundland dogs price \$150 c. o. d. It never occurred to me that young Rogers had gone from our neighborhood town to New Jersey to teach school, and that Snedaker had probably prompted him to send the telegram. That telegram worried me nearly to death. 'What am I going to do with seven Newfoundland pups?' I kept asking myself. I canvassed the town and neighboring country to see if I couldn't find someone who would take the other six, for I had concluded to keep one. After much work I induced Jim Snedaker, Abe Short and some of the other boys to agree to take five of them off my hands and pay their share. I had them sign a paper to that effect, just as a memorandum. They didn't hesi-

tate, for they knew the telegram was fictitious. Several days passed and my dogs didn't come. I began to worry about their being fed on the way, and I pictured to myself the arrival of a crate full of dead dogs.

"While I was in this state of suspense—with the boys all making life miserable for me—I received another contribution to the subject of dogs, from Rochester. It was from a young lady there by the name of Baker, whose father had been very fond of Newfoundland dogs. He had recently died and she found herself in possession of six fine pups which were a nuisance to her. She had tried to give them away, but none of her acquaintances wanted the bother of a dog in the city. Finally someone remembered having read my advertisement, and gave her my address. 'If I wanted the dogs she would be glad to present them to me,' she said. I telegraphed her to have them shipped at once, and in turn I began to chuckle under my breath at the other fellows.

"The next day the pups arrived and I sent word to Jim and the other fellows that I was ready to fill my part of our contract. Pretty soon Jim came into the post-office and asked me what I meant. He thought it was a joke of mine. But, no, there were dogs still in the crate, as frisky and handsome little fellows as you ever saw.

"There was no way out of it. Jim had to take a dog and pay for it, and the other fellows followed suit. I let 'em off for \$10 apiece, which made \$50 out of the deal, with my dog into the bargain. This turned the laugh on them, and for a while I had the advantage.

"But one day they got that confirmed joker, Andy Smith, the printer, to print 500 postal cards and address them to newspapers all over the country, inquiring how much they would charge me to run an advertisement of my alleged patent dog-churn. As a result, letters came pouring in upon me again and the stream kept up for two weeks. Nearly twenty editors said they would insert the 'ad' in return for one of the churns. A number of the papers gave me editorial notices to show their good will, and they spoke of my dog-churn with such convincing praise that I began to get letters from farmers and dairymen in various parts of the country who wanted the machines, and from merchants who wanted to sell them.

"Dog-churns were a novelty at that time, and with these orders to start on I made up my mind to start a dog-churn factory. I furnished the money and Bill Sims did the work. We started to make the churns in the back part of Bill's tin-shop, but the business soon forced us into a big factory, and it grew till time of Bill's death there was hardly a farmer in the country who hadn't heard of Andrews & Sims dog-churns. When Bill died I sold my share in the business for a nice round sum and the factory was moved away.

"But the best part of it, as I look at it, is yet to come. Soon after the dog episode I went to Rochester on business. Meantime I had sent Miss Baker the \$50 I had got from Jim and the other jokers for her dogs—she was an orphan and it came handy to her. It turned out that she knew relations of mine in Rochester, and so I was invited to call on her. We had such a good laugh over the dog story that we felt acquainted from the start. It wasn't many months before Miss Baker came to Sellersville as Mrs. Andrews, and the boys saw I'd got ahead of 'em again, for there wasn't a girl in town who could hold a candle to her. That was thirty years ago, but to this day Mrs. Andrews and I have our laughs at the dog story. Jim Snedaker little thought when he played that April fool joke on me that he was setting me up in business and introducing me to my future wife.

"Come up some time, Mr. Hobson, and see us. Good-night!"—The Pathfinder.

HIS IDEA OF INSOLVENCY.

A native of India, who has lost a large amount of money through the insolvency of an English merchant, explained the English insolvency laws as follows:

"In Burma the white man who wants to become insolvent goes into business and gets lots of goods, and does not pay for them. He then gets all the money he can together, say 30,000 rupees (a rupee is 33 cents), and puts all of it except 100 rupees away where no one can find it.

"With the 100 rupees he goes to a judge of the court and tells him he wants to become bankrupt. The judge then calls all the lawyers together likewise all the men to whom the white man owes money, and says: 'This man is insolvent, but he wishes to give you all that he has got, so he has asked me to divide this 100 rupees among you all.'

"The judge thereupon gives the lawyers 90 rupees and the remaining 10 rupees to the other men. Then the insolvent goes home to England."—New York Tribune.

MASONRY AND KNIGHTS OF COL-UMBUS.

A writer in the current issue of the Masonic Chronicle asserts that the Knights of Columbus have borrowed all four of their degrees from Freemasonry, the fourth corresponding to the thirty-second Masonic. Many will wonder how the Chronicle knows, says the Catholic Sun, of Syracuse, N. Y.

THE MODEL OF PENITENTS.

On Saturday last occurred a feast which was in Catholic times a holiday of obligation in England and was reckoned among the chief feasts in Scotland. It is the feast of a saint who is worthy of far more love and devotion than the majority of Christians—and even Catholics—are disposed to grant. This is the glorious St. Mary Magdalen, the model of penitents. The Church, from her choice of the account of the conversion of the "woman that was a sinner" for the Gospel of the feast, justifies the opinion, prevalent amongst ecclesiastical writers, that this sinful woman was the Magdalene herself. She is also commonly believed to be identical with Mary the sister of Lazarus and Martha, whose family Our Lord loved to visit at Bethany.

The surname of the Magdalene is derived from the city of Magdala in Galilee, where Mary is believed to have lived, and where she scandalised the whole country by the shamelessness of her life of luxury and sin. Her heart being touched with sorrow through the special grace of God, she made a public protestation of penitence by forcing her way into the banquet hall of Simon's house, where Our Lord was being entertained, and weeping tears of contrition on His sacred feet, which she afterwards anointed with the costly perfumes used previously for her own personal adornment. She thereupon received absolution for her sins from the lips of Christ Himself.

After her conversion she became, together with other holy women, the devoted follower of Our Lord in His missionary journeys; she was faithful to the last in being close to His cross, and was rewarded by the first apparition which Our Lord after His resurrection vouchsafed to His faithful servants, when—as tradition affirms—He had previously visited His Holy Mother.

It is a popular tradition of Provence that the saint, in company with her brother and sister, Lazarus and Martha, passed over to Marseilles after Our Lord's ascension, and that St. Lazarus became the first Bishop of that city. The relics of the three saints were found in the thirteenth century at the various places in Provence in which they had individually resided. These remains were proved genuine by reliable evidences, and have received the universal homage of Catholics.

The body of St. Mary Magdalen was translated in 1660 to a magnificent marble shrine, the gift of Pope Urban VIII, which was placed over the high altar of the Church of St. Maximin, near Marseilles, not far from the spot which was once the saint's hermitage. Louis XIV of France, with many members of his court, was present at the solemn ceremony.

As we have all been sinners and all have need of penance, this greatest of penitents should be the object of our special esteem and devotion. Our Lord's love for her, His gracious forgiveness of her sins, His after favors, should give courage and confidence to all sinners, and perseverance to all penitents. Like her, if our penance be sincere, we shall be ready to make any sacrifice Our Lord asks of us, as a proof that we acknowledge ourselves the sole possession of Him who has ransomed us from the slavery of sin and placed us in the position of His dearest friends and companions.

TIMELY LITTLE PAMPHLET.

With permission of the London C. T. Society, the International Catholic Truth Society, Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y., has just published the interesting and timely little pamphlet by Right Rev. Mgr. Canon John Vaughan entitled "Is There Salvation Outside the Church?" There is a special need nowadays that the correct doctrine of the Church upon this subject be thoroughly understood. Mgr. Vaughan has in the compass of a few pages showed how untenable on the one hand is the view that it matters not to what church one belongs and on the other hand he makes it clear how those who are innocently outside the visible fold may be saved. The price of the pamphlet is five cents.

"DIFFERENT."

The abuse to which the word "different" is subject from writers who imagine that "two different men" means nothing more than "two men" was illustrated by the following sentence from a report in a daily newspaper of a terrible powder mill explosion: "Two human heads were found in the ruins of the mill. They are assumed to have belonged to two different employees."