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Judson E. Hetherington, M.D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. 44 Coburg St., St. John, N. B.

DENTISTRY, 158 GERMAIN STREET. DR. CANBY HATHEWAY having spent the last five years in Paris, France, has returned to Saint John, with the intention of remaining permanently, and has taken the house 158 Germain street, lately occupied by Dr. McFarlane.

F. MACFARLANE, M.D. 48 South Side King Square.

DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST, OFFICE, Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts., St. John, N. B.

DR. H. C. WETMORE, DENTIST, 58 SYDNEY STREET.

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PROFESSOR SEYMOUR, CHIROPODIST. CORNS, Callouses, Bunions, Warts, Chilblains, Ingrown Nails treated without pain. Proprietor of the Corn, Wart and Bunion Cure. My Methods are infallible. 21 SYDNEY STREET, Opp. Old Burying Ground, St. John, N. B.

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CROWN STOVE POLISH. The Best and most Economical Polish ever placed before the public. No dust, no dirt, no hard labor. Always ready for use. Put up in paste and liquid forms. Give it a fair trial. FOR SALE BY —WHOLESALE— James Robertson, Jardine & Co., D. Breeze, W. H. Thorne & Co., A. P. Tippet, Joseph Finley, Turnbull & Co. —RETAIL— Armstrong Brothers, J. J. Cain, J. Sinclair & Co., W. A. Porter, Gottle & Colwell, J. Foster, Vanwart Brothers, Paddington & Merritt, F. Smith, John Rose, Dean Brothers, John Roberts, L. E. Deforest, Coles, Parsons & Sharp, Reuben Ratchford, F. Beverly, M. & H. Gallagher, E. F. Mulholland, Hannah & Cowan, Harry Clark, H. E. Sharp, S. McGirr, Peter Chisholm, Wm. Kennedy, S. McBride, Wm. Barry, Robert R. Patchel, Stewart's Grocery, James N. Rodgers, H. S. Osman, A. McKenney, Henry Crawford, Scott Brothers.

THE SPRING OF 1890 Has been backward but R. D. McA. is on hand with a full and choice assortment of Vegetable —AND— FLOWER SEEDS, including all the latest varieties suitable for this climate. As this space is too small to enumerate all the different kinds, he will be pleased to have you call before purchasing elsewhere. R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, Telegraph. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

READY FOR BUSINESS. 9 Canterbury st. GENTLEMEN: You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them in. JOHN S. DUNN, TAILOR. Repairing, Pressing and Alterin a Specialty.

BLACK JACK.

—BY—

Rudyard Kipling.

Concluded.

"The canteen was fillin' wid men at the ind av the day. I made feign to be far gone in dhrink an' wan by wan all my roomful came in wid Vulmea. I wint away walkin' thick and heavy, but not so thick an' heavy that any wan cud ha' tuk me. Sure and thrue, there was a kyartridge gone from my pouch an' lyin' snug in my rifle. I was hot wid rage against thim all an' I worried the bullet out wid my teeth as fast as I cud, the room bein' empty. Then I tuk my boots an' the clanin' rod and knocked out the pin of the fallin' block. Oh! 'twas music whin that pin rowled on the flure! I put ut into my pouch an' struck a dab av dirt on the holes in the plate, puttin' the fallin' block back. 'That'll do your business, Vulmea,' sez I, lyin' easy on the cot. 'Come an' sit on my chest, the whole room av you, an' I will take you to my bosom for the biggest divils that iver cheated halter.' I wud have no mercy on Vulmea. His oi or his life, little I cared!

"At dusk they came back, the twelve av thim, an' they had all been dhrankin'. I was shammin' sleep on the cot. Wan man wint outside in the veranda. Whin he whistled they began to rage roun' the room, an' carry on tremenjus. But I niver want to hear men laugh as they did—skylarkin' too! 'Twas like mad jackals.

"Sthop that blasted noise! 'sez O'Hara in the dhark, an' pop goes the room lamp. I cud hear O'Hara runnin' up an' the rattlin' av my rifle in the rack an' the men breathin' heavy as they stud roun' my cot. I cud see O'Hara in the light av the veranda lamp an' thin I heard the crack av my rifle. She cried loud, poor darlint, being mishandled. Next minut' five men were holdin' me down. 'Go easy,' sez I; 'fwhat's ut all about?'

"Thin Vulmea, on the flure, raised a howl you cud hear from wan ind av cantonmints to the other. I'm dead, I'm butchered, I'm blind, 'sez he. 'Saints have mercy on my sinful sowl! Sind for Father Constant! Oh sind for Father Constant an' let me go clean!' by that I knew he was not so dead as I cud ha' wished.

"O'Hara picks up the lamp in the veranda wid a hand as stiddy as a rest. 'Fwhat damned dog's thrick is this av yours?' sez he, an' turns the light on Tim Vulmea, that was shwimmin' in blood from top to toe. The fallin' block had sprung free behin' a full charge av powther—good care I tuk to bite down the brass afther takin' out the bullet, that there might be somethin' to give ut full worth—an' had cut Tim from the lip to the corner av the right eye, lavin' the eyelid in tathers, an' so up an' along by the forehead to the hair. 'Twas more av a rakin' plow, if you will undherstand, than a clean cut, an' niver did I see a man bleed as Vulmea did. The dhrink an' the stew that he was in pumped the blood strong. The minut' the men sittin' on my chest heard O'Hara spakin' they scattered each wan to his cot, an' cried out very politeful. 'Fwhat is ut, Sargint!'

"'Fwhat is ut?' sez O'Hara, shakin'. Tim. 'Well an' good do you know fwhat ut is, ye skulkin', ditch-lurkin' dogs! Get a doolie, an' take this whimperin' scut away. There will be more heard av ut in the morn'n you will care for.'

"Vulmea sat up rockin' his head in his hand an' moanin' for Father Constant.

"'Be done!' sez O'Hara dhraggin' him up by the hair. 'Ye're none so dead that ye can't go fifteen years for thryin to shoot me.'

"'I did not,' sez Vulmea, 'I was shootin' mesilf.'

"'That's quare,' sez O'Hara, for the front av my jacket is black wid your powther! He tuk the rifle, that was still warm, an' began to laugh. 'I'll make your life hell to you,' sez he, 'for attempted murdher an' kapin' your rifle onproperly. You'll be hanged first an' thin put undher stoppages for four-fifteen. The rifle's done for,' sez he, 'an' so are you.'

"'Why 'tis my rifle!' sez I, coming' up to look. 'Vulmea, ye divil, fwhat were you doin' wid her—answer me that?'

"'Lave me alone,' sez Vulmea; 'I'm dyin!'

"'I'll wait till your betther,' sez I, 'an' thin we tu will talk ut out nmbrageous.'

"'O'Hara pitched Tim into the doolie, none too tinder, but all the bhoys kep by their cots, which was not the sign av innocent men. I was huntin' ivrywhere for my fallin'-block, but not findin' ut at all I niver found ut.

"'Now, fwhat will I do?' sez O'Hara, swingin' the veranda light in his hand an' lookin' down the room. I had hate an' contintuls of O'Hara an' I have now, dead tho' he is, but for all that will I say he was a brave man. He is baskin' in purgathory this tide, but I wish he could hear that, whin he stud lookin' down the room an' the bhoys shivered before the oi av him. I knew him for a brave man an' I liked him so.

"'Fwhat will I do?' sez O'Hara agin an' we heard the voice av a woman low and soft in the veranda. 'Twas Slimmy's wife, come over at the shot, sittin' on wan ov the benches an' scarce able to walk.

"'Oh, Denny—Denny, dear,' sez she have they kilt you?

"O'Hara looked down the room agin and showed his teeth to the gum. Thin he spat on the flur.

"'You're not worth ut,' sez he. 'Light that lamp ye dogs,' and wid that he turned away; an' I saw him walkin' off wid Slimmy's wife; she thryin' to wipe off the powther-black on the front av his jacket wid her handkerchief. 'A brave man you are,' thinks I; 'a brave man an' a bad woman.'

"'No wan said a word for a time. They was all ashamed, past spache.

"'Fwhat d'you think he will do?' sez wan of thim at last. 'He knows we're all in ut.'

"'Are we so?' sez I from my cot. 'The man that sez that to me will be hurt. I do not know,' sez I,' fwaht onderhand divilmint you have coonthrived, but by fwhat I've seen I know thot you cannot commit murdher wid another man's rifle, such shakin' cowards you are. I'm goin' to slape,' I sez, 'an' you can blow my head off whoile I lay.' I did not slape, though, for a long time. Can ye wonder?

"Next morn the news was through all the rig'mint, an' there was nothin' that the men did not tell. O,Hara reports, fair an' easy, that Vulmea was come to grief through tamperin' wid his rifle in barricks all for to show the mechanism. An' by my sowl, he had the impertinince to say that he was on the shpot at the time an' cud certify that ut was an accident! You might ha' knocked my roomfull down wid a straw whin they heard that. 'Twas lucky for thim that the bhoys were always thryin' to find out how the new rifle was made, an' a lot av thim had come up for easin' the pull by shtickin' bits av grass an' such in the part av the lock that showed near the thrigger. The first issues av the 'Tinis was not covered in an' I mesilf have eased the pull av mine time an agin. A light pull is ten points on the range to me.

"'I will not have this foolishness,' sez the Colonel; 'I will twist the tail of Vulmea.' sez he; but whin he saw him, all tied up an' groanin' in hospital he changed his will. 'Make him an early convalescint,' sez he to the doctor, and Vulmea was made so for a warnin'. His big bloody bandages an' face puckered up to wan side did more to kape the bhoys from messin' wid the inside av their rifles than any punishment.

"'O'Hara gave no reason for fwhat he'd said, an' all my roomful were too glad to inquire, tho' he put his spite upon thim more wearin' than before. Wan day, however, he tuk me apart very polite, for he cud be that at the choosin'.

"'You're a good sodger, tho' you're a damned insolint man,' sez he.

"'Fair words, Sargint,' sez I, 'or I may be insolint again.'

"'Tis not like you,' sez he, 'to lave your rifle in the rack without the breech-pin, for widout the breech-pin she was when Vulmea fired. I should ha' found the break av ut in the eyes av the holes, else,' he sez.

"'Sargint,' sez I, 'fwhat wud your life ha' been worth had the breech-pin been in place, for on my sowl, my life wud be worth just as much to me av I told you whether ut was or was not. Be thankful the bullet was not there,' sez I.

"'That's thrue,' sez he, pulling his mustache, 'but I do not believe that you for all your lip was in that business.'

"'Sargint,' sez I, 'I could hammer the life out av a man in ten minut's wid my fists if that man displeased me; for I am a good sodger an' I will be threated as such, an' wholle my fists are my own they're strong enough for all work I have to do. They do not lyly back towards me,' sez I, looking him betune the eyes.

"'You're a good man,' sez he, lookin me betune the eyes, an' Oh, he was a granbuilt man to see. 'You're a good man,' he sez, 'an I cud wish for the pure frolic av ut that I was not a Sargint, or that you were not a privit, an' you will think me no coward whin I say this thing,'

"'I do not,' sez I; 'I saw you whin Vulmen mishandled the rifle. But, Sargint,' 'I sez,' take the wurrd from me now, spakin' as a man to man wid the shtripes off, though 'tis little right I have to talk, me being fwhat I am by natur.' This time ye tuk no harm an' next time ye may not, but, in the ind, so sure as Slimmy's wife came into the veranda so sure will ye take harm an' bad harm. Have thought, Sargint,' sez I; 'it's worth ut, isn't ut?'

"'You're a bould man,' sez he, breathin' hard; 'a very bould man. But I am a bould man, tu. Do you go your way Privit Mulvaney an' I will go mine.'

"We had no further spache thin or after, but wan by another he drafted the twelve av my room out into other rooms an, got thim spread among the comp'nies for they was not a good sort to live together, an' the company off'cers saw ut. They wud ha' shot me in the night av they had known fwhat I knew, but that they did not.

"An' in the ind, as I said, O'Hara met his death from Rafferty for foolin' wid his wife. He wint his own way to well, Eyah too well! Shtraight to that affair widout turnin' to the right or to the lef' he wint, an' may the Lord have mercy on his sowl. Amin."

"'Ear! 'ear!" said Ortheris, pointing the moral with a wave of his pipe, "an' this 'im 'oo would be a bloomin' Vulmea all for the sake of Mullins an' a bloomin' button! Mullins never went after a woman in his life. Mrs. Mullins, she saw 'im on duty—

"'Ortheris," I said hastily, for the romances of Private Ortheris are slightly too daring for publication, "look at the sun; it's a quarter past six."

"Oh, Lord! Three-quarters of an hour for five an' a 'arf miles. We'll ave to run like Jimmy O."

The three musketeers clambered on to the bridge and departed hastily in the direction of the cantonment road. When I overtook them I offered them two stirrups and a tail, which they accepted enthusiastically. Ortheris held the tail and in this manner we trotted steadily through the shadows by an unfrequented road.

At a turn into the cantonments we heard carriage wheels. It was the Colonel's barouche, and in it sat the Colonel's wife and daughter. I caught a suppressed chuckle, and my beast sprang forward with a lighter step.

The three musketeers had vanished into the night.

No Accommodation in Him.

Young Wife—Well, well! Such a husband as I have got!

Mother-in Law—What is the matter with him, my poor daughter?

Young Wife—Under no pretext can I get him to quarrel with me.

Mother-in Law—The brute!—Chicago Times.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture, intense itching and stinging, most at night, worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Not Fishing.

"My husband has been gone nearly three hours from the house and I cant for the life of me imagine what has become of him."

"Perhaps he has gone fishing."

"Oh, no! he hasn't gone fishing, for the whiskey flask is on the dining-room table."—Boston Courier.

Foreign Pauper Census.

LONDON, June 20.—The government has ordered that a census be taken of the alien paupers arriving in England. The government is notifying the powers of its assumption of a protectorate over Zanzibar has given the assurance that it will respect the rights of foreign subjects.

Throughout the United Kingdom "Montserrat" Lime-Fruit Juice has eclipsed all others as a hot weather beverage, and it is rapidly becoming equally popular here.

Bismarck Desires Privacy.

BERLIN, June 20.—Bismarck yesterday informed a deputation of visitors that his health was excellent. He added he had wished to remain in office to the end of his days, but this has not been allowed him, and now he desired privacy.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath, secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free.

The Difference.

The soft low voice of woman! What of that?
It will not raise a lazy boy from bed
In half a day; but let his daddy call,
And he's up and dressed ere scarce a word is sa'd.

Philadelphia Times.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

An Opinion.

"It isn't her own dress that turns a woman's head, fond as the sex are of finery."

"No?"

"No, it is the dress of another woman who passes her on the street that turns her head."—Boston Courier.

If you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

IN THE HAUNT OF THE MUSQUITO.

9,000,000 Pounds of Saltpetre in Store and More Being laid by for a Rainy Day—An Immense Powder Magazine containing 1,350,000 Pounds of Powder and 6,000,000 Pounds of Powder Guarded by Three Men.

DOVER, N. J., June 13, 1890.

Everybody knows of the sad and often ludicrous straits to which the government of the late Confederacy was put to provide the necessary gunpowder for carrying on the war of the rebellion. A very few outside of official circles ever recognized the sore tax upon our national government in the same all-essential provision. Fewer still ever give thought to what could be depended upon in this respect should some sudden outbreak of a great and prolonged foreign war in an instant set us face to face with a test of our best national resources for defense or aggression.

Because conditions might at any time arise making the carrying on of a foreign war impossible from the lack of the one necessary article of gunpowder, the proportion of its ingredients in United States military use—76. of nitre, 14. of charcoal, and 10. of sulphur, so simple a fact that the ordinary reader smiles wisely at its repetition—takes on, reflectively, a grave and serious importance. We could never fall short of charcoal. There are inexhaustible sulphur mines within our own boundaries, and though one of the most important elements of matter, sulphur must ever remain one of the cheapest and most available. But while all are accustomed to boast of our limitless natural resources, nitre or saltpetre, so far as has been discovered is not one of them. To be able to fight we must have powder. To have powder we must have nitre to the extent of 76 per cent. of its bulk. We must therefore have nitre or turn Quakers and refuse to fight.

When the matter is presented just this way, and just as it is, every citizen of the United States must become seriously interested; and it is gratifying to feel that the military authorities have for some time fully realized the situation as it exists and have quietly and effectively instituted measures of provision against a future fatal weakness in time of war. My own attention was recently directed to the subject by the remarks of a French military attache in Algiers, who said:

"Your government is at last becoming wise and prudent in proper measures of protection against future dangerous exigencies. The very ascendency and greatness of your country, with its certain reflexive influence against monarchial institutions, renders it a shining mark for attempted conquest by imperial powers which see in Republican greatness their own most fatal weakness.

"It is no uncommon confidential discussion in European military circles that American pride might bear humbling. The entire monarchial system and the preservation of titled and military official interests are in direct and deadly antagonism of all American progress. England has old scores to settle with you. Germany hates you for depleting her population. Spain is livid with rage over the loss of all her American dependencies, save Cuba, and the constant menace of possible annexation of that island by your country. And the Russian Czar faints with terror at the universal public indignation in the United States over his devilish treatment of exiles in Siberia. The tremendous increase of naval and other armament by these may mean prolonged European war. It might mean a combined attempt by European powers, on the slightest pretext of American offense, to simultaneously destroy every city upon the Atlantic and Pacific coast.

"Aside from this possible danger, there is, and combined with it, a danger nearer home. The South American republics whose progress and material increase has for the past quarter of a century been almost as phenomenal as your own, are plainly restive under North American diplomatic dominance. This was made clear in countless ways during the Pan-American Congress. The development of these countries has been largely due to English, Dutch, German and Italian capital. European statecraft has directed this. It has also cultivated powerful animosities against the United States. Once let the latter make a downright quarrel over the 'Munroe doctine,' attempt the annexation of Canada or Cuba or in any manner become offensively involved in South American complications, and, many European military authorities believe and secretly prophesy, every American port would, in fifteen days, be as effectively closed as though hermetically sealed!"

Now this is rank European pessimism, though the apparent honest conviction of a militarist in the service of a friendly power but admitting that along this line of possibility there is something worthy of reflection; indeed, supposing that, relying upon the disgraceful condition of our coast defenses, and the rediculous cipher our "navy" represents in international influence; combined foreign enemies should force just this sort of a dilemma. Our ports in the possession of invaders, our very integral cohesiveness endangered, and all recourse to the remainder of the world destroyed, how far would characteristic national vanity; boasting and assertiveness go toward mending the fatal folly of supineness concerning sensible preparation against such annihilative calamity? We have patriotism, oceans of it. We have men, millions of them. We have foundries, iron, steel, cannon, small arms; commissaries and transportation. Certainly; numberless and incalculable. But all this would not avail if we had no powder, or nitre for making powder; and considerations pretty close to those hinted at above have led our military authorities, through our Ordnance Department, to adopt a policy of gradual storage of both powder and nitre on so vast a scale, as will, in itself, carry at all times an excellently rounded and most potent argument against any foreign attempt at invasion.

Previous to the discovery of the vast nitre beds in Peru, our chief source of supply was in Germany, where the substance was extensively manufactured from various forms of decomposing organic matter, from offal and urine, and also in an indifferent degree, through the lixiviation or filtering of certain soils. Such earth is found to some extent in limestone caves in this country notably in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, and Big Bone Cave in Tennessee. But this indifferent supply, which at times has forced the value of powder to outrageous prices, has been totally lost sight of since the South American nitrate-beds were discovered, and the era of "nitrate-kings," one of whom is now building a wonderful palace in England, began. Several hundred square miles of pure mineral saltpetre exist, and have for a few years past been mined, in the province of Tarapaca, in Peru. The stuff is actually shoveled out precisely as a car is loaded with grading material from the bank of a gravel-pit. It is estimated that these beds contain a sufficient supply of nitre for the use of the entire world for a period of upwards of 4,000 years! That is why all grades of gunpowder are purchasable so cheaply to-day, and never can again become expensive, unless foreign complications should result in closing our ports. Our government is simply providently taking advantage of favorable conditions to secure and store such quantities as will render us independent of any exigency possible for human care to forestall. Nine million pounds have already been purchased at prices ranging from twelve to eight cents per pound; and each year hereafter other millions of pounds will be added to the tremendous quantity already in hand.

In the latter part of the seventies the wisdom of provision for some such great powder and nitre reserve became so patent to the authorities at Washington that it was decided one should be established at or near the Atlantic seaboard. The question of exact location then presented many difficulties. Contiguity to land and naval necessities, a point of sufficient natural stragetic situation to render it defensible, means of transportation and quick communication, and above all a site sufficently removed from the actual sea coast to eliminate the ravaging effects of sea-air humidity upon stores, had all to be taken into account. Southwestern Connecticut, southeastern New York, eastern New Jersey, and Long Island were all thoroughly explored by representatives of the Ordnance Department, and a site, 700 feet above the sea level, was at last selected in the elevated Picatinny Valley lying in the Appalachian mountain chain in northeastern New Jersey. Here a splendid tract of 1900 acres was purchased, and in 1880 the New Jersey Legislature sanctioned the sale of the land to the Government. The tract is about 40 miles from New York City, and lies four miles north of the lovely little city of Dover, which nestles between the most beautiful of north Jersey hills. The Kittatinny or Blue Mountain range called the Shawangunk in New York State, looms along northern New Jersey, crossing the Delaware at Delaware Water Gap. The Highland range of lesser hills, a spur of which terminates in the noted Palisades of the Hudson, hugs this closely on the east, forming a number of stream-threaded, picturesque valleys. The almost precipitous red conglomerate escarpment of one of the broken spurs of this Highland Range, Picatinny Peak, forms the western wall of Picatinny Valley, hiding to the west that dream of valleys, beautiful, ever winssome Berkshire. Copperas Mountain and Hickory Hill, two huge granite knobs, shut in Picatinny Valley on the east. Lake Hopkacong, a fisher's paradise, gleams along the southern point of the valley. Green Pond (lake), 1,000 feet above the sea, shimmers in its upland reaches; and Middle Forge Pond, a lake of no mean dimensions, teeming with bass and pickerel, covered with lily-pads and bordered with verdure and blossoms, sets like a gleaming sapphire in the centre of the tract itself. Ten years ago the Picatinny Valley was an almost unbroken wilderness. A single wagon road, older than the independence of our country, skirted it at the foot of the mountains on the east. Half way from Dover to the present gigantic powder warehouse now known as the U. S. Picatinny Powder Depot, on another old colonial road, is the little hamlet of Spicertown. From this point the Government has constructed, and maintains, a splendid road two miles in length. This threads along a gentle depression of the bases of Copperas Mountain and Hickory Hill, so that the grounds are shielded from view, until, on ascending a trifling grade, the entrance is immediately before you; and the entire portion of the valley owned by the Government is brought in view.

To the south the grassy valley breaks away, a line of waving green against the red walls of precipitous hills. To the right where you came before entering the grounds wooded hills rise almost with large. Now for the commandant, Maj Frank H. Phipps, of the Ordnance Department, who has been in charge since August, 1887, and the Depot's chief clerk, Mr. Robert W. Hughes, the keeper's house, the stables, the tool-house and the workmen's quarters. These with the powder magazines themselves and the tall flagstaff and emotion flag flying from its head, comprise everything within the entire valley to suggest the tremendous import of it occupancy.

It was at first intended to erect ten magazines within the grounds, but the number was subsequently limited to five so that each could be placed at least a half mile from any other, in order to reduce the danger from explosion. The first was built in 1880-81, under the direction of Maj. F. H. Parker, of the Ordnance Corps, then in charge. Four are completed and in use for storage, while the massive foundations for the fifth are already in. They are practically alike, and the dimensions of each are 200 by 50 feet. The central piers and foundations are of granite, quarried from the near mountain sides; and the 24-inch walls above are hollow and provided with apertures for free circulation of air during a few hours of sunny days. The ceilings are low, of corrugated iron, laid on wought iron trusses, forming low attics above. The interiors—floors, walls, ceilings, iron door-frames and supporting iron pillars—are all lined with planed pine in a ship's deck with yellow pine; while each are provided with two doors and eight windows, hung with solid inside shutters of pine, and two outer sets of solid wrought iron shutters. Those of the doors, and of the ventilators which open from the outside, are lined with half an inch of soft rubber. All the magazines are protected from lightning in the most thorough manner, one being provided with an aerial net-work of conductors on lofty poles carrying cables and forming a continuous circuit above and around the entire building. No human being is permitted to enter a magazine unless barefooted or with rubbers over his boots or shoes. Side tracks from the Morris County Railroad run to each magazine and every barrel of powder is handled on rubber-covered-skids, or trucks with wheels tired with soft rubber. Once within the magazines there are only the seemingly endless tiers of barrels of powder, or boxes of nitre, the polished ceilings, sides and floors in view; but no one can escape the sense of awe at the reflection of what one little spark in such a place could unloose. Nearly a half million of dollars has been expended upon the depot. About 1,350,000 pounds of powder, chiefly of an experimental variety, and 6,000,000 of the total of 9,000,000 pounds of nitre now possessed by the United States, are stored in this magnificent depot for the Atlantic seaboard. And yet there is but one keeper and three or four laborers to protect these, under certain conditions priceless properties. Picatinny Powder Depot should be made a regular army post, the artillery bristling upon the heights, an adequate body of infantry encamped in the valley below, and no human being, sale under proper authority and surveillance, should ever be permitted to enter the tract. As it is, any person in the pay of foreign military secret service can prowl about it; a half dozen determined men could take possession of it; and any one rampant Socialist or luminous crank could effect its absolute annihilation. Somebody at Washington has demonstrated the highest character of military patriotism in the foresight necessary to its provision. Who is the criminally idiotic patriot at Washington that is bidding through the grossest negligence, for its destruction?

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the Remedy for you.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.

LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.

Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N. B.

WORK OF KING'S DAUGHTERS.

An Unusual Scene in Gay and Fashionable Newport.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 19.—Mrs. Fred W. Vanderbilt of New York invited the King's Daughters to assemble at her villa known as Reef point, to meet Mrs. Bottome, the president of the central council of New York. The visitors assembled in the grand hall or ball room. In this palatial apartment the good women referred to prayed fervently for the unfortunate and down-trodden, and every person present was on bended knees. Mrs. Bottome gave an hour's talk, in which she showed what the King's Daughters had done, what its members should aim to do, and what course they should take to be the daughters of the King. Her pathetic stories illustrating the work among the poor, lowly and unfortunate in New York, brought tears to the eyes of many. In all respects it was a most unusual scene in a fashionable quarter in aristocratic Newport.

A Traveller's Experience.

Mr. William Leavitt, representing Messrs. Ames Holden & Co., Montreal, states:—Nasal Balm is the best remedy I have found for catarrh, my own case being of the worst kind; and after trying every remedy offered without relief, I was indeed to try Nasal Balm, which afforded immediate relief. I was induced to try Nasal Balm, which relieves stoppage and clogging of the nasal passages, stops the dropping of poisonous secretions from the head into the throat, is truly wonderful, and should be known to every sufferer from catarrh or cold in the head.

Its Meaning.

"Now, here's an advertisement that looks promising," said a young man who was looking for lodgings.

"What is that?"

"It says 'all the comforts of home.'"

"Don't chance it. It means that you can smell onions frying in the kitchen, be invited to help to amuse the baby and have the pleasure of hearing some weak-voiced girl play and sing hymns on an organ all Sunday afternoon."—Washington Post.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Ignorant.

"How long did it take Noah to build the ark?" asked the teacher.

"Dunno," came the answer.

"Why don't you?" inquired the teacher sternly.

"'Cause," replied a five-year-old youngster, "I wasn't there."—Harper's Bazar.

LIVING TOO FAST.

CANADIANS CARRY TOO MUCH STEAM, AND THEN TIE DOWN THE SAFETY VALVE.

AS A CONSEQUENCE THERE ARE EXPLOSIONS EVERYWHERE AND WE ARE A SHORT LIVED RACE.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

Canadians glory in being fast workers. They are not only fast in work, but in eating, playing, dancing, everything. Everywhere it is one continual rush. What is the result?

What is always the result when there is too much steam and the safety valve is tied down? An explosion that wrecks and destroys. And this is just the result of the overwork and overtenery so prevalent in Canada and in the United States to-day. The annual report of the New York Board of Charities shows this in a most alarming manner. Insanity, no doubt, for it makes the statement that "The number of insane persons in the state has increased 62 per cent during the past nine years and there is now one insane person to every three hundred inhabitants."

No disease of the body should cause as much alarm as that which destroys the reason but allows the body to live on. And this is the sad end toward which headache, dizziness, weak stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, inevitably tend. Our hard working men and women exhaust too quickly, grow old too fast, die too soon. It is for such as these, and indeed for all weak, nervous, and exhausted people that Paine's Celery Compound comes as a positive rescuer. It is a scientific medicine, the providential discovery of an eminent physician, and has tissue building, nerve strengthening, and brain renewing properties that are possessed by no other medicine. At this season of the year when nerves are weakest they are greatly benefited by its use. Brain workers will think quicker, reason deeper, and devise more brilliant plans; mechanics will draw more muscle stronger, their hands and nerves steadier, and their step brisker; and to all it will impart that vitality which successfully resists spring disease and insures health and happiness.

Dyspepticure.

A superior preparation of purely vegetable composition and free from all narcotic extracts. Is personally prepared by Mr. Short, a thorough Pharmacist and a graduate of Mass. College of Pharmacy. Is an excellent preparation for the relief and cure of

Indigestion, Chronic Dyspepsia, Headache, Impaired Digestion, &c.

PRICE 35 AND $1.00 A BOTTLE. For sale by

WILLIAM B. McVEY, Chemist, 185 Union St., St. John N. B.

BAMBOO EASELS FINE AND CHEAP AT GORBELL'S ART STORE, 214 Union Street, Opposite the Old Stand. Pictures Framed at our usual low prices.

WILKINS & SANDS, House and Ornamental PAINTERS. Painting done in all its Branches. ORDERS SOLICITED. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. PAINT SHOP, 266 UNION ST., (Head of Brussels St), St. John, N. B. TELEPHONIC CONNECTION.

Summer Millinery. A Magnificent Display of Trimmed and Untrimmed HATS AND BONNETS in all the latest styles. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO'S., 77 King street.

Tenders for Paving.

TENDERS will be received by the Director of Public Works at his Office, in the City of Saint John, until

Monday, the 30th Day of June inst.,

for Paving part of Dock, Mill and Main streets with Wooden Block Pavement, according to plans and specifications to be seen at the City Engineer's Office, City Building.

The Wooden Blocks will be furnished by the City.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit of Money or a certified Bank Cheque to the amount of Two Hundred Dollars. Said amount of percentage to be forfeited should the party to whom the work is awarded decline to enter into contract, or having entered into contract, refuse or fail to proceed therewith.

The Department do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. CHIPMAN SMITH, Director.

Department of Public