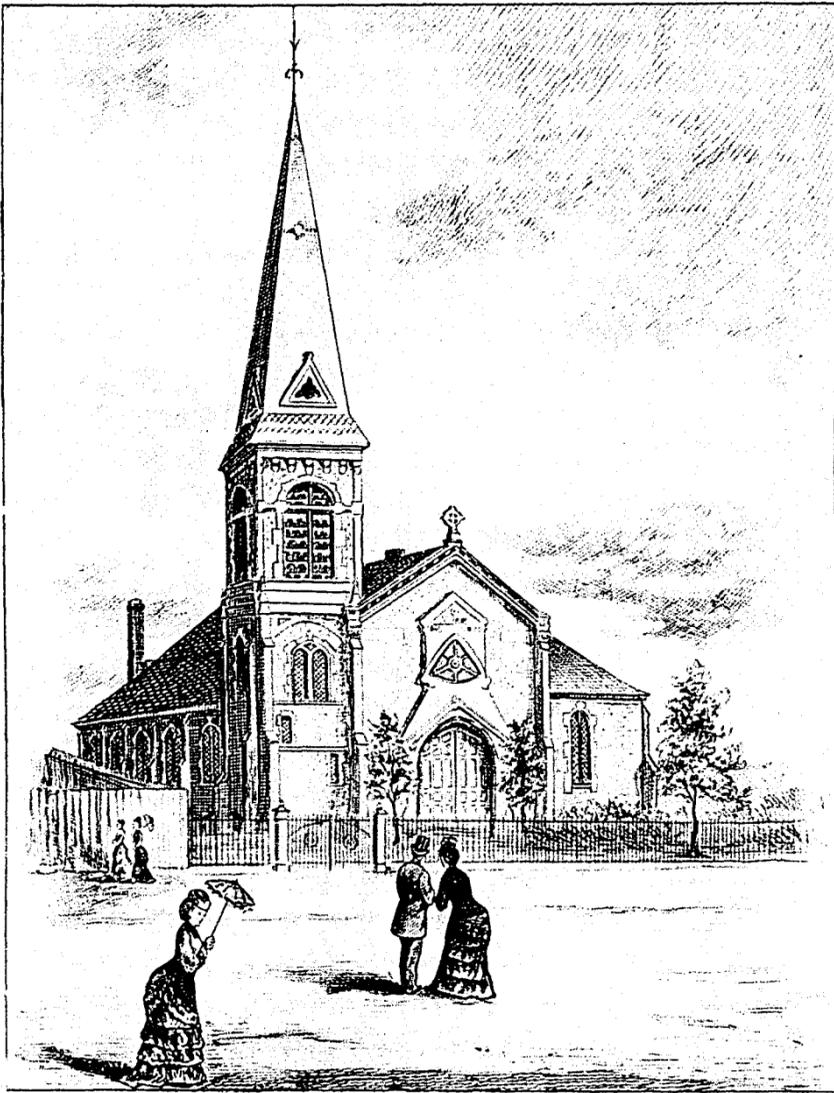


SKETCHES OF ST. JOHN, N.B.

After the great fire which destroyed two-thirds of this city, many of the old residents thought years would elapse before it would again present anything like the appearance it did before the fire. Looking at the city to-day one can hardly realize the fact that such a tremendous conflagration, destroying 2,000 houses and making 20,000 people homeless, had occurred less than two years ago. Before the ashes had time to cool several of the most enterprising and energetic, determined that their city should rise again, commenced clearing away the debris to rebuild. Foremost among the number we mention that of James Domville, M.P. for King's County, N. B. Others soon followed until it became chronic, even amongst those who had predicted its slow growth. All the business portion is rebuilt of brick and stone, the buildings uniform in height and handsome in appearance. The Domville building, situated on the corner of Prince William and King streets, is a five story building, and a magnificent structure; the lower part will be occupied by the Maritime and Montreal Banks, the upper part arranged in first-class style for a club (Conservative, we believe), which is about to be formed. The Bank of New Brunswick, on Prince William street, is a noble-looking stone building, purely Corinthian in style of architecture. The Bank of Nova Scotia, opposite the Bank of New Brunswick, is also built of stone, and a handsome design; the caps on the pillars are beautifully carved. The Commercial Block, on King street, extending from Canterbury to Germain, presents a very fine appearance, as does also the block on Market Square, extending from Chapman's Hill to Dock street, and five stories in height. There are not many instances where property holders amalgamated and built in blocks, but the majority of the buildings erected are regulated, especially those on Prince William street. The most noticeable brick block on that street is the Sand's building, extending through to Water street, five stories high on Prince William and six stories on Water street. St. James' Church, a sketch of which is given, stands on Main street, is Gothic in style of architecture, built of limestone got from a quarry near the city, is heated with steam pipes running parallel with



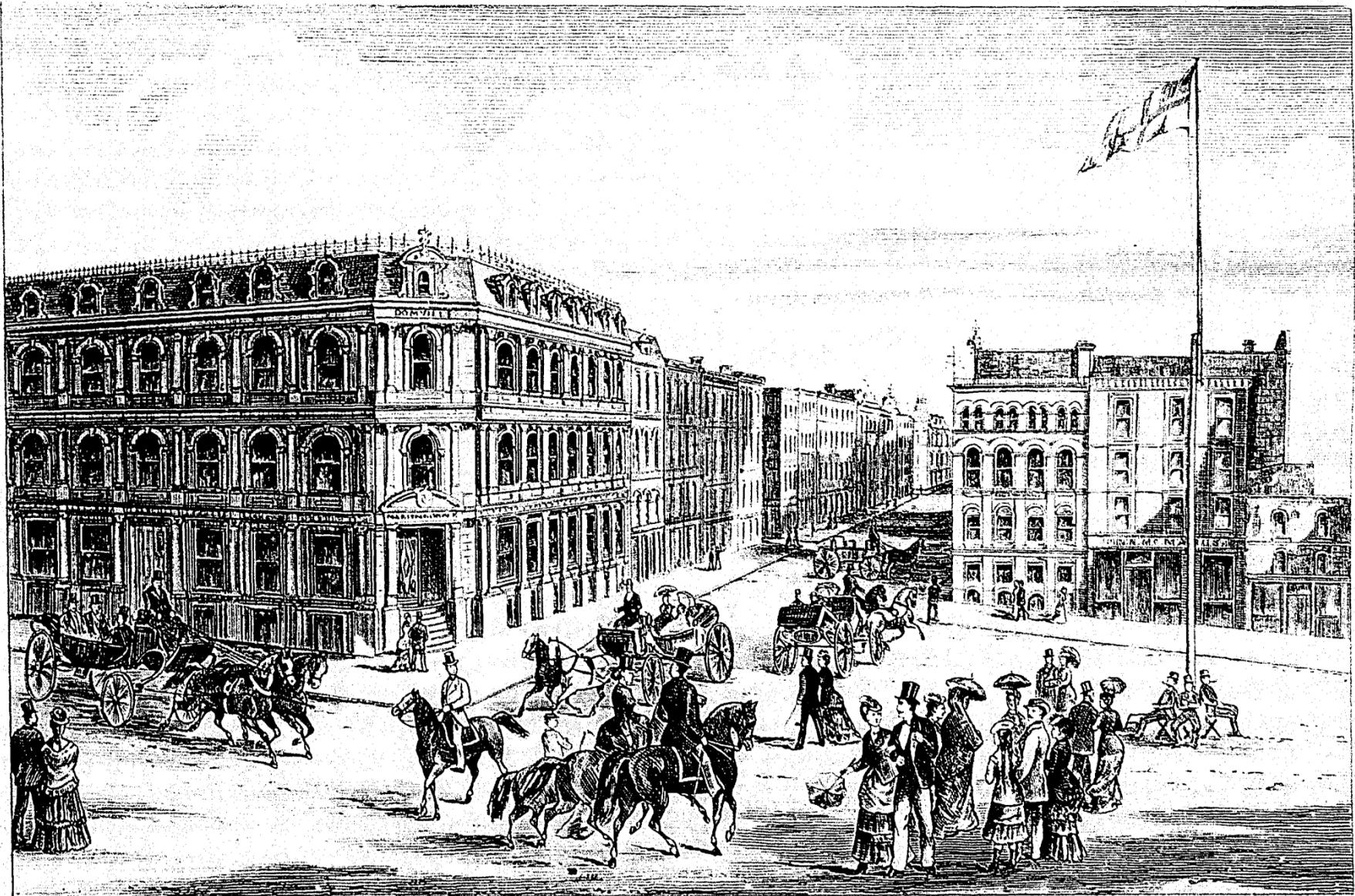
ST. JOHN, N.B.—ST. JAMES CHURCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. CLARE.

the pews, and constructed to seat about 600 people. It was built solely through the perseverance of the incumbent, Rev. Wm. Armstrong, and the churchwardens. The church, which was burnt unfortunately, had but a small amount of insurance on it. It is the first Episcopalian Church built since the fire, which speaks well for all those who were connected with it, more especially when it is considered that the parish in which it is situated is in the lower part of the city, and not the wealthiest. The church was consecrated and opened for public worship, 6th January, by the Metropolitan.

AN old gentleman without tact, on meeting some ladies whom he had known as girls in his boyhood, cordially remarked: "Bless me! How time flies! Let me see. It is 52 years come next April since we used to go to school together in the old red school-house. I was a little chap then, you remember, and you were fine young women." The old man could never understand why his cordial greeting was received so coldly.

"PHAIREST Phlora," wrote an amorous youth, who is smitten with the phonetic craze, "phor-ever dismiss your phears and pbly with one whose phervent phancy is phixed on you alone. Phriends, phamily, phather—phorget them and think only of the Phelicity of the phuture! Phew phellows are so phastidious as your Pherdinand, so pheign not phondness, if you pheel it not. Phorego phrolic, and answer phinally, Phlora." "Oh, Pherdinand, you phool!" was Phair Phlora's curt reply.

A YOUNG girl named Susan Johnson of Uniontown, Ky., who is addicted to reading novels, dressed herself in boys' clothes, and armed with two pistols and a dagger, took the packet for Evansville, intending to lead a life that would be a terror to the foe. On the boat some deck hands were moving some freight, and a big rat ran out and scud in the direction of our hero. Miss Johnson jumped on a bale of tobacco and screamed. They carried her to the ladies' cabin where she remained during the round trip, and she has now promised her parents to do her share in the kitchen and keep her end up at the sewing-machine.



ST. JOHN, N.B.—VIEW OF PRINCE WILLIAM AND KING STREETS.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. CLARE.