

SHARP'S

Parasitically known for upwards of forty years it has become a household name. No family should be without it. It is simple and very effective. In cases of Croup and Whooping Cough it is marvellous what has been accomplished by it.

BALSAM

It is the mother's friend. How suddenly the mother watches over the child when suffering from these dreadful diseases, and would not give anything if only the dear little one could be relieved. Be advised of

HOARHOUND

and keep constantly on hand in a convenient place a bottle of this Balsam. If you cannot get it of your dealer, send direct to us, in stamps or currency, 30 cents.

ANISE SEED.

With your address, and we will forward, carriage prepaid, one bottle of this wonderful remedy, so that you may try it and be convinced.

Sharp's Balsam Manufacturing Co.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. CONNELL,
Livery Stable,

SYDNEY STREET

First-Class Turnouts.

CITY OF LONDON
FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

Capital, - - \$10,000,000.

H. CHUBB & CO.,
General Agents.
Losses adjusted and paid without reference to England.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. ANDREWS
HAS REMOVED TO
No. 15 Coburg Street,
NEXT DOOR ABOVE DR. HAMILTON'S.

John F. Ashe,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, ETC.

OFFICE:
94 Prince William Street.

PIANOFORTE.

THE undersigned is prepared to receive a few pupils for instruction on the piano, at moderate terms. For particulars apply to
MISS M. HANCOCK,
83 QUEEN STREET.

JOHN BODEN,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &C.

Office: No. 5 PALMER'S CHAMBERS,
Princess St., St. John, N. B.

Immediately over the office occupied by the late firm of Carleton & Boden.

J. HUTCHISON, M. D.

GRADUATE OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS
and Surgeons, N. Y. City; of King's College
London, and the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, Scot-
land.
Office and Residence—Paradise Row, Portland
Island, N. B. Adjoining the Mission Chapel.

JAMES T. SHARKEY, L.L.B.,

Barrister and Attorney,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To have your CLOTHES CLEANED AND DYED
at the St. John Dye Works.

C. E. BRACKETT & CO.
94 PRINCESS STREET.

STATUE OF LIBERTY.

THE GODDESS' VISITORS NOT SO
NUMEROUS AS THEY WERE.

Bartholdi's Work Falling More and More
into a Conventional Harbor Land-
mark—Visitors from the Country—A
Commanding Outlook—Statuettes.

Few big undertakings are a whole year's
wonder, and it is only natural that the
Statue of Liberty should be falling more
and more into a conventional harbor land-
mark. Such, in fact, it is; and though
the boats still run down from the Barge
office daily with a fair sprinkling of sight-
seers, one can feel that Bartholdi's work
has lost its freshness for all but a few
strangers and enthusiasts. The salt these
hot days is a pleasant one, and the air at
the island is cool and salty. That the
statue is there is something, but not all
that it used to be.

Things on the island look much as they
did the day after the unveiling. The
same rough wooden stairs lead up from
the pier to the outer ramparts, over which
the same useless six gun battery frowns.
Across the narrow inter-space are the old
star shaped granite walls of Fort Wood,
with their curious winding sallyports.
They will be hidden some day by the big
embankment which is to slope from the
sea wall up to the statue's base. There
are no signs of such a terrace work now,
and the walls stand out as bald and well
as ever against the lighter, polished granite
of the pedestal. Even the wooden platform
is still standing under the south face
of the pedestal, from which the unlucky
orators faced the mist and rain on the day
of the unveiling and struggled against the
whistles of the fleet tugs. The same
narrow wooden staircase runs up to the
doorway of the pedestal. There is no
elevator inside. The stone steps are hard
to climb, and one can get no further than
the goddess' heel without a permit from
the American committee. The American
committee, it turns out, still in charge
of the statue, though the government
nominally owns it. A good deal of brack-
ing has been done inside the statue, but
figure and the terracing outside, for
which the committee is responsible, has
not even been begun. No money is on
hand, and there is little chance of raising
any.

One misses the crowds, of course, that
used to struggle down to the island on
the overloaded steamboats last fall, and
the bustle of the workmen hammering
away high up for a day or two in New
York. What they don't know about the
harbor from the guide books is scarcely
worth knowing, and the talk they hazard
from the deck of the steamer as it leaves
the harbor is often most refreshing.
"I guess that be Staten Island," said a
happily looking old gentleman, "and I
don't seem to find that Brooklyn bridge, no-
how."

The old man gazed carefully again
around the horizon. His idea of a bridge
was a sort of a pontoon with a draw. He
fell on the real bridge last from the pier
at Bellows Island—a fine, gauzy net-
work, showing against the black roofs
and spires and the sky beyond. He didn't
say a word, but stood at it blankly for
five minutes, and then for five minutes
more at the goddess; and the people of
Wayback will hardly be able to tell next
winter which of the two is the greatest of
the modern seven wonders.

A COMMANDING OUTLOOK.
No visit to the island is complete with-
out a look through the parade ground,
from the middle of which the statue rises,
and a climb to the galleries of the statue,
and a look at the commanding outlook on
the harbor and its pretty setting of hills,
spires, towers and black, dense patches
of cities. The pedestal is open all the way
up, though the copper figure itself is
barred against the unfavored. It is a long
journey to the top, however, and the pros-
pect is scarcely tempting on a hot day like
this.

The country people are the best custom-
ers, too, of the girl who sells statuettes,
medals and memorial volumes on the
steamer. Most of the statuettes have
been on the market a good while. There
are some new ones, however, representing
Liberty astride of the North Pole
of a colored globe, with the continents
and oceans all neatly laid out in red
and blue and yellow. The Bartholdi medals
have a head stamped on the face, which
might be taken equally well for Julius
Cesar, Alexander the Great, George
Washington or Louis Napoleon. It passes
well enough, however, with those who
have never seen the French sculptor.—
New York Tribune.

Old Time Sun Portraits.
It is interesting to remember that the
year 1890 was distinguished by the first
experiment in New York through which
Daguerre's novel process of making pic-
tures became known to the public. As
they required an exposure of twenty
minutes—too long for taking portraits—he
stated that living objects could not be
taken; they could not keep still long
enough. Professor Morse, of telegraph
fame, was one of the first to see that a
new field of art industry would be opened,
and made some interesting experiments.
—Magazine of American History.

"Tain't fa'r to medjer de dep' ob a snow
by de drifts in de fence corner.—J. A.
Macon.

A JUNE SONG.

The summer grass is growing, the sweet June
winds are blowing
The dusky reaper yonder sings and binds his
sunburned sheaves;
How sweet to be half waking, dreamless, fretless,
care forsaking
And watch with poet lovingness the blowing of
the leaves.
Oh, the blowing of the leaves!
Oh, the laughing, dancing green,
And the great slow bird, half seen,
That soars in azure glimpses through the blowing
of the leaves!

How sweet to be unthinking, draughts of balmy
perfume drinking
From popoan and myrtle, where the wind its
magic weaves;
Sweet, by meadow sunlight litten, to read the tune
unwritten
Borne hither to the spirit by the blowing of
the leaves!
Oh, the blowing of the leaves!
Oh, the laughing, dancing green,
And the great slow bird, half seen,
That soars in azure glimpses through the blowing
of the leaves!

A poet's rest, divinely lulled by airy songs that
fly
Steal from rose sweet garden corners, or from
hedge's sweetest nook
A dreamer's peace, unshaken by aught that might
awaken
The bitterness of heart that lies outside the
blowing of the leaves!
Oh, the blowing of the leaves!
Oh, the cloud of happy green,
And the golden bearded sheaf
That sits and settles forward through the blowing
of the leaves!

—M. E. M. Davis.

FONDLY CHERISHED SUPERSTITIONS.

Omens Which Portend Riches and Pros-
perity.—A Lucky Blunder.

Coming down to native superstitions,
their number is simply endless. Among
the most fondly cherished of these are
those which portend riches and prosperity.
Children with much down on their hands
or arms are bound to be rich. A white
speck on the finger nail presages a valu-
able find, as does the itching of the palm
of the right hand. Most ladies are ter-
ribly annoyed at the appearance of an in-
fantile mustache on the upper lip, but it
is a sign of riches. If the sign always
proved true it would certainly furnish a
very acceptable compensation to many of
the victims of this masculine adornment.

Good luck is presaged by a whole array
of omens. To pick up a four leaf clover,
find a silver shoe or a pin are certain har-
bingers of good fortune. Just how to
pick up a pin when you find it is a matter
of dispute. The Yankee, Thad
Stevens, who represented a Pennsylvan-
ia Dutch constituency in con-
gress, once did it in the harness,
always maintained that the pin must
be picked up by the point. The majority
of authorities are against the Vermont
Pennsylvanian, however, declare
the pin must be picked up by the head.

To put your sock or stocking on wrong
side out is a lucky omen. To pick up
stair steps not only promises good luck to the
owner of the bristled shin or nose, but
presages a wedding in the house within a
year. A maiden who gets beaten invariably
finds a husband. A black cat crossing
your path is a good omen. A black cat
bly at cards will win a good husband, a
far more important winning to her. To
assume a bad smell is a good omen. To
shoe from the left foot at them, but be
careful not to hit either of the newly mar-
ried couple. If the shoe should hit either
of them, disaster will be the result. Dis-
aster unless they propitiate the fates by
carrying a piece of coal in their pockets.
If you put on something new on Whit-
nesday, good luck will attend you all the
year.

Those who want to be assured of suc-
cess in all their undertakings are directed
to take the first spider they come across
and throw it over the left shoulder. If
it falls on the left, a black cat will
win answer for a substitute. Take the
snail by the horns, as Paddy did the bull,
and if you throw it over your left shoulder
you will have better luck than Paddy
did. To keep your luck you must not turn
your feet back on Sunday or kill the
cricket that sings or your hearth. If your
keys or pocket knife or any of your steel
belongings get rusty, it is a sign that
some one is laying up money for you.—
Philadelphia Times.

A Hot Spell in Australia.

Englishmen have as yet but the vaguest
and most indistinct conception of the
magnitude and extent of the possessions
occupied by their kindred in the noble
continent of the southern Pacific. The
mainland of Australia measures 1,700
miles from north to south, and 2,400 miles
from east to west. Its total area is some-
what larger than that of the United States,
and rather less than the whole of Europe.
All its mountain ranges are near the
coast, a geographical configuration which
is fatal to the existence of long and deep
rivers. The interior, treeless and water-
less, acts in summer like a great oven, and
the winds from the equator are heated as
they pass over the vast arid surface.
Under the influence of these hot winds, a
man, beast, bird, and vegetation suffer
alike. But the rabbit rears in them, for
they are akin to the torrid lands of north
Africa, from which he originally came,
crossing over from Mogador and Tunis to
the southern shores of Spain, and thence
finding his way into Europe and Asia.
The leaves of the English trees, such as
the elm and plane, which have been trans-
ported to Australia, drop in profusion be-
fore the fiery breath of the "brickfielders";
but happily the days upon which the
thermometer registers more than 100 de-
grees in the shade at Melbourne, Sydney and
Adelaide are of rare occurrence. The
hot spell rarely lasts more than three days,
and is often limited to one, as the sun
not infrequently brings with it a cool
gale from the south pole.—London Tele-
graph.

A Restaurant Keeper's Ruse.

The Berlin restaurant keeper who re-
cently invented a new way of getting a
piece of hard manual labor done without
paying for it was a keen observer of
human nature as well as a "well known
Gastwirt." In his garden lay the stump
of a tall acacia, which he intended using
for firewood. This could only be done by
chopping the tough wood—a task which
could not be done without incurring some
expense to the parsimonious owner. His
garden was very frequented. Why not
save the money and make some of his
sturdy visitors do the work? "Practice in
payment," appeared in large letters on a
board near where the acacia and an ax lay
invitingly on the ground. The result was
instantaneous. Nearly every visitor who
saw the board tried his muscular power
on the stump, and before many days were
over the enormous task was done.—Pall
Mall Budget.

A Novelty in Belts.

A New York girl has given a jeweler an
order for a silver belt in links. Instead
of Roman medallions on the linked plates,
however, she wants the features of some
of her young male friends cut in the re-
lief, and has furnished the photographs.

CHEAP RESTAURANTS.

THE ART OF PRODUCING SEVERAL
DISHES FROM THE SAME SOURCE.

A Countless Variety on the Bill of Fare.
Soups from the Stock Barrel—Fish,
Flesh and Fowl—Pie, Pudding, Coffee,
Wine.

If you will look over a bill of fare in
any cheap eating house you will see four
or five kinds of soups, three or four kinds
of fish, a half dozen sorts of roast meats,
game and poultry, made dishes and en-
treets. No doubt you have noticed that
and wondered how under the sun a kitchen
with a range big enough to cook and keep
warm all these dishes can possibly find
space in less than half an acre. Yet if
you should order every dish on the list
you could get it, or something that would
answer for it, and the kitchen where all
these gastronomic wonders are turned out
is not as big as the kitchen in the average
private house, either. Most wonderful of
all, for all the countless variety of dishes
on the bill of fare there are not more than
a dozen dishes in the kitchen.

You see, it is all in the carving and the
dishing. Here is a big boiler of clear
soup. It is made—never mind how. You
draw a big bowl out of it and from a big
pitcher by its side you pour in a little
thickening, give it a stir and there's your
consommé. Into the next bowl you fork
a lot of boiled macaroni, and there's your
macaroni soup. The next order is for veg-
etable soup. You pitch in a lot of boiled
vegetables, and there you are. By having
a few other ingredients handy you can get
mulligatawny, ox tail, chicken, tomato or
rice soup out of that same big boiler filled
from the stock barrel. How's that for
modern economy?

FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.

Well, the next thing on the bill of fare
is fish. There are two kinds, baked and
boiled. The first slice you cut off is boiled
cod, the next is haddock, the next is halibut,
the next is blue fish. In the next pan is a
baked fish. It has all the various capabili-
ties possessed by its broiled brother. When
the two fish swim in the sea they wear
good, plain cod. With the aid of a little
sauce they can be almost anything in a
restaurant.

Here is a piece of roast mutton and
there a piece of roast beef. It is no trick
at all to transform them, when the carving
knife deftly widens, into roast lamb, roast
rib or roast joint. With a little delicate
treatment it can become roast venison,
roast bear or any other roasts that
wonderful bill of fare. One cut off that
fowl there is roast chicken, the next is
roast turkey. Slicing the fowl most care-
fully makes it pleasant. Adding fish oil
after the operation and throwing on plenty
of jelly makes it duck. The veal becomes
rabbit, stewed chicken, lamb pie, or good
honest veal, just as you please.

When the soup is thickened a good deal
of rice or rice powder is thrown in, you
have a very good curry. When it is thick-
ened a little and stewed kidneys are added
you have the ever popular kidney steak.
The addition of pieces of fish cut out of
the bottom of the boiler with a sort of oyster
tongs will make almost any kind of stew
of it.

COFFEE AND WINE.

The French coffee at twenty-five cents a
pot with which you help down your repast
is drawn from the very same urn as the
ordinary every day coffee that your poorer
neighbor at the lunch counter drinks at
five cents per cup. And last of all, the
fine imported Madeira with which you
wash it all down, comes from the same
rain water and salicylic acid fount as the
sound, unadorned Medoc.

There are two articles of diet which the
American stomach has not yet been able to
counterfeit. One is a baked potato and
the other a boiled egg. However, it is not
all unlikely that he will, in the future, be
able to do so. He has already done so in
fact, discover some way of turning these
out of the same dish from which he dips
his cranberry sauce or bacon.

All this without going into any mention
of the actual adulterations, such as sugar
made of glucose, jellies made of apple par-
ings and raisins, and almond in the bread, and
in the vinegar, crust, brown sugar and
water for maple sugar. The true artist
recks not of these. They are the inven-
tions of sordid minded impostors. He him-
self is a wizard who makes, by the sheer
force of his art, a great many desirable
things out of one or two.—New York Com-
mercial Advertiser.

Disease Germs in Milk.

The medical authorities are pretty much
agreed both here and in Europe that dis-
ease germs may be transmitted in milk,
and, to quote them (Blyth), there are
on record "a number of well authen-
ticated outbreaks of typhoid fever, of
diphtheria and of scarlet fever in which
no reasonable doubt exists as to the
milk having played the part of an infected
garment and conveyed the disease. The
exact way in which the poison gained ac-
cess to the milk in these various cases has
not always been clear, but we may pre-
sume that adulteration with specifically
tainted water, the handling of dairy uten-
sils by persons whose hands have been
soiled with the discharges of the sick, the
dropping of epithelial scales into the milk
cans in the course of transmission, are all
possibilities and are likely to have the ef-
fect of tainting the milk." Experiments
in England have demonstrated that tu-
berculosis, or pulmonary consumption, af-
fects about per cent. of the cows, and
that the tuberculous matter can be traced
in the milk of the animals so affected.
The percentage is much higher in France.
Considering the vast extent of the milk
supply, it is impossible to doubt that some
proportion of milk that is diseased is
drunk.—New York World.

A Politician's Life in Serbia.

They have a way of their own of cele-
brating a minister's downfall in Serbia.
M. Garashanine, having been dismissed
from the king's councils, had his house
surrounded at 3 o'clock in the morning by
some 200 workmen, who roused the ex-
minister by their noise and broke his
windows with stones. Beyond the shat-
tered glass nothing particular came of it
except that one of the rioters was
wounded by the revolver which M. Ga-
rashanine fired into the crowd.—London
Globe.

A. G. BOWES & Co.,

21 Canterbury Street.

SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN FOR THE DUCHESS RANGE.



Call and examine it
At 21 Canterbury Street, corner Church.

HOWE'S FURNITURE WAREHOUSES.

City Market Building, Germain Street.

We have in Stock and are constantly Manufacturing
Walnut Bedroom Suits, Wardrobes,
Ash Bedro Suits, Hat Trees,
Painted Bedroom Suits, Centre Tables,
Bookcases, Whatnots, etc.,
Sideboards, Office Desks and Tables.

In Stock and made to order, Medium and Low priced Bedroom Suits, in great variety.

J. & J. D. HOWE.

PIANOS & ORGANS,

The Best and Cheapest,
SOLD ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT.
Small Musical Instruments, Strings of Kinds.

PICTURE FRAMING
Of all Kinds.

Egravings, Chromos, Mirrors, &c.

WM. MURPHY & Co.,
4 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

CUTLERY

AND
Plated Ware
OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,

Market Square.

JOHN WHITE,

93 TO 97 CHARLOTTE STREET.

A VERY FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Willow Chairs, Splint Chairs, Easy Chairs,

Davenport Desks, Children's Chairs, Etc.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

GRAND OFFER.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE WILL
BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE
UNITED STATES OR CANADA FOR
THE NEXT THREE MONTHS FOR

25 CENTS IN ADVANCE.

This Offer remains open for one Month

until September 15th.