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**RATS, CATS AND SNAKES.**

SOME OF THE SUPERSTITIONS BELIEVED BY THE COREANS.

Reference Paid to Reptiles—Tabby Not  
"High in High Esteem—Roderick Exces-  
sively Troublesome—The Legend of the  
Farmer and the Snake.

Corean houses are usually more than  
supplied with rats. They gambol about on the  
paper ceilings, if the room is supplied with a  
ceiling, if not they burrow in the mass of  
mud and mortar between the rafters and the  
tiles. In case the room is furnished with a  
ceiling the rats become very disagreeable in-  
deed, for the thick paper is like a drumhead,  
and being made up of several layers held to-  
gether by rice paste, the rats pull up strips of  
this paper and eat it. The noise is like that  
of an amateur brass band, and never fails to  
arouse a neighbor from the sounds. Thus, it  
be ever so used to it, while upon the  
new comer the effect is quite exaggerated. By  
a species of drum practice upon this drum-  
head ceiling the rats may be so frightened  
that they will stay away for the rest of the  
night.

The natives do not like rats, and endeavor  
in various ways to get rid of them, as, for in-  
stance, by placing a written character on the  
ceiling, or many characters at times, under the  
popular supposition that like people, so re-  
spect the written characters that they will  
not desecrate it by walking over it. Some  
rats, however, are said to be like some people,  
and the charm does not always work satisfac-  
torily.

**FREEDOM FOR SNAKES.**  
Snakes are allowed free liberty in and upon  
a Corean house. They usually live in burrows  
in the mud under the tiles. These burrows  
are doubtless used by the rats during the win-  
ter time, and they are noticeably absent dur-  
ing the summer, after the proper occupants  
have thawed out. The snakes doubtless make  
it lively for the rats, but their principal food  
is the eggs and young of the swallows, which  
live under the eaves. One can always tell  
when the snake is visible by the crooked char-  
acter of the birds. Hundreds of them con-  
gregate about where he may be seen him-  
self on the hot tiles, and jabber away at him  
with all their might. Others fly away and  
enlist the services of the impudent magpies,  
who come screaming in their shrill tones and  
give Mr. Snake a sharp dig in some unex-  
pected part. The snake usually gets the worst  
of the encounter and runs to cover.

The people will not kill the snakes; they  
have a superstition based on fear. They trace  
it back to a story concerning a man who  
killed a poisonous snake and afterward was  
killed, together with his whole family, by the  
bite of the dead reptile. The house snakes  
are some three feet in length, fat, lazy and  
practically harmless.

One cannot help but note the absence of  
cats in Corea, and as the rats become more  
and more troublesome an occasional feline  
servant becomes an appreciated favor. Cats  
are sometimes kept, but they are seldom seen,  
while dogs are everywhere and weasels are  
not a rarity. The latter animals will and  
confine their raids mostly to chickens.

The cat is considered an unclean animal  
and never occupies the place it does in a  
European household. The superstition con-  
cerning the cat is also traced back to a story,  
and is as harmful to the descendants of the  
hero (heroine) of the story as it was benefi-  
cial in the case of the snake.

**A LEGENDARY TALE.**  
It is reported that once upon a time a  
farmer working in the field felt some of  
vacuity which frequent lightning of his  
belt would not relieve. He went on till he  
could wait no longer, and from wondering  
why his spruce did not brought him con-  
tinuous meal he worked himself up into a  
rage at his negligence. He decided to go  
and investigate the matter, and on the way  
he took the precaution of selecting a good  
club for any necessary use such as clubs may  
be put to. Searching his house, he espied his  
wife lying on a mat with her baby in her  
arms, apparently both asleep. "Ah ha!" he  
cried, "this is the way you lotter around  
while I work the till till my belly has  
vanished. I'll teach you a thing or two."  
With which he struck her a sound blow,  
which only resulted in jolting the babe from  
the breast and discharging a drop of blood  
where milk should have been.

The enraged farmer was startled. He  
forgot his anger as he saw that his little  
family lay dead before him. He went to ex-  
amine the apartment and under a chest he  
found a lot of blood and the tail of a snake,  
with a cat still eating at the living head and  
upper portion of the body. The snake's head  
still jumped about and the fangs darted out,  
trying to keep out of the way.  
But the jumping head had struck the sleeping  
mother and the deadly fangs had pierced her  
flesh, sending the poisonous blood into the  
nursing infant, killing them both. Since  
that time cats are not kept in the country,  
and are but seldom seen in the cities. When  
seen they appear wild and run as if afraid of  
their lives.—"H. N. A." in San Francisco  
Chronicle.

**The Great American Disease, Dyspepsia.**  
"Americans as a class eat as much oil with  
their salads as did the Venetians in the time  
of Medici," said John Chamberlain in a jour-  
nalist the other day. "But it took a great  
many years to overcome their Puritanical  
prejudices. In the minds of the descendants  
of the Puritans there was a strong but un-  
conscious association between Catholicism  
and French cookery, and oil being exten-  
sively used by the French in the preparation  
of their food these descendants, like their  
ancestors, had a strong aversion for it. The  
Puritans were never so happy as when he was  
uncomfortable. They imagined that to de-  
serve heaven hereafter they were obliged to  
live in a sort of modified hell on earth. They  
rightly concluded that dyspepsia was the best  
representation of the tortures of the bottom-  
less pit, and the surest way to contract it  
was to eatheer oil in their salads. This is  
the true origin of the American disease, dys-  
pepsia.

"Salads when properly prepared are the  
most enjoyable part of dainty dinners. They  
are cooling to the stomach. They assist di-  
gestion, which is often needed after a dinner  
of heavy joints and side dishes. They re-  
lieve the feeling of fullness so often com-  
plained of by fast eaters, and their prepara-  
tion at table animates conversation. When  
bathed in pure olive oil they become nature's  
choicest gifts. Dyspepsia and cranky, idiotic  
ideas are unknown to the lover of a well  
made salad."—New York Evening Sun.

**Destruction by Salt Mining.**  
The extensive subsidence of Northwich,  
Eng., according to Mr. Thomson Ward, has  
no other cause than the pumping of brine for  
the manufacture of white salt. The upper  
bed of salt lies beneath about fifty yards of  
marl; the lower bed, separated from the first  
by ten yards of marl, is over thirty yards  
thick. The sinking was first noticed in 1770,  
a century after the first discovery of salt, and  
has progressed rapidly since. Much property  
has been destroyed, and large lakes have  
been formed—some having an area of 100  
acres and all depths up to forty-five feet.—  
Arlensaw Traveller.

**A Popular Fashion.**  
A popular, but silly, fashion is to stick a lot  
of imitation bugs and spiders on the large  
silk umbrella shades for high standing lamps  
which are now so extensively used in draw-  
ing rooms and libraries, and which make  
each party so picturesque.—Chicago  
Times.

**DRINKING BEFORE MEAL TIME.**

Directions Which May Be of Great Value  
to Dyspeptic—The Morning Glass.

An acquaintance of the writer, who has  
suffered sorely from dyspepsia for a number  
of years, and has tried most of the numerous  
remedies a host of kind friends have recom-  
mended for her relief, hands us the following  
article from The Medical News, with this re-  
quest that it be printed in The Scientific  
American. Our dyspeptic friend has found  
great relief in following the directions, and  
it is hoped others may be also benefited.

"In the morning the stomach contains a  
considerable quantity of mucus spread over  
and adherent to its walls. If food enters at  
this time the tenacious mucus will interfere  
to some extent with the direct contact be-  
tween the food and the stomach necessary to  
provide the secretion of gastric juice. A  
glass of water, taken before breakfast, passes  
through the stomach into the small intestines  
in a continuous and uninterrupted flow. It  
partly dissolves the stomach, stretching and,  
to some extent, obliterating the rugae; it  
thins and washes out most of the tenacious  
mucus; it increases the fulness of the capil-  
laries of the stomach, directly if the water is  
warm, and indirectly, in a reactionary way,  
if it is cold; it causes peristalsis of the alim-  
entary tract, wakes it up so to speak, and  
gives it a morning exercise and washing.

"Care must be taken not to give cold water  
when the circulation, either local or general,  
is so feeble as to make reaction improbable.  
We should not risk it in advanced age, nor  
in the feeble, whether old or young, nor  
should it be given in troubles, like  
chronic gastric catarrh. In these cases it is  
best to give warm water or hot water. The  
adding more to it is very essential. Such a  
time honored custom as drinking soup at the  
beginning of a meal could only have been so  
persistently adhered to because of it having  
been found by experience to be the most ap-  
propriate time. It does exactly what warm  
or hot water, with the addition of salt, does,  
namely, that it is nutritive and excites the  
flow of gastric juice."—Scientific American.

**Experience Under Ether.**  
Every one who has inhaled ether feels that  
he has passed through a remarkable experi-  
ence, whether of a disagreeable nature or  
the reverse. Sometimes the vapor carries  
with it the most delightful sensation, and  
again it is only produced by the horrible.  
When a patient is "going off" or returning  
to consciousness, he often indulges in absurd  
remarks.

"Just my my blue bonnet," said a lady,  
opening her eyes after some time spent in a  
dentist's chair. "So I can't be dead; that  
wouldn't have been waiting for me in  
heaven."

Another, a sober matron, was so delighted  
on returning to consciousness, at seeing the  
kindly face of her physician leaning over  
her, after she had been floating off into space,  
that she exclaimed excitedly, "O, doctor, I  
love you!"

"Yes, yes, I know it," he replied, sooth-  
ingly, and she has since declared that she was  
so angry with him for not estimating the  
importance of her statements that she kept  
on wildly insisting, "But you don't under-  
stand, I adore you!"

One young girl, compelled to go through a  
painful surgical operation, began laughing  
immoderately as soon as the ether affected  
her. After her recovery, she was asked to  
recall the cause of her merriment, and in doing  
so she laughed as heartily again.

"I can't tell you how funny it was," she de-  
clared, "if someone had been looking on,  
there was a big mosquito going in and out  
with the loops. Oh, if you could only have  
seen how funny he looked!"

From which it may be inferred that ether  
is common with hashish and opium, has the  
power of investing the simplest objects and  
the most ordinary characteristics.

A gentleman who had inhaled ether for the  
purpose of having his teeth extracted, says  
there was, some way in the course of the  
operation, and when the last teeth were  
pulled he had begun to regain consciousness.  
"I felt no pain," he says, in describing his  
sensations, "I felt the jar when each  
tooth left my head. But all the time I was  
dreaming that I was whizzing through the  
country on a lightning express train."

"At intervals some one threw a huge log  
across the track, in front of the engine, and  
we went over it with a bump and jolt. Not  
knowing what it was, I realized that the jar  
was that of a departing tooth."—Courier  
Journal.

**What the Typewriter is Doing.**  
The typewriter is creating a revolution in  
mechanical correspondence, and filling the  
country with active, competent young ladies  
who are establishing a distinct profession,  
and bringing into our business offices, law-  
yers' offices, editorial sanctuaries, etc., an  
element of decency, purity and method which  
is working a perceptible change. The field is  
limitless; daily not from crowding out of  
their places young men who have been in  
the habit of claiming a pre-emption for clerical  
work of all descriptions, but in creating  
the smallest amount of time. Whereas, five  
years ago, has come from the dis-  
covery to business men of an ability of  
writing more than a hundred lines of type  
conveniently and excellent work of the typewriter  
forced them to it.

The art of dictation is almost a new art,  
but it is spreading rapidly, and business men  
are beginning to understand that much of  
their lives has been wasted in the mere me-  
chanical drudgery of letter writing, and that  
through employing a competent amanuensis  
they are now enabled to get off their corre-  
spondence with the least possible friction and  
the smallest amount of time. Whereas, five  
years ago, the typewriter was simply a me-  
chanical curiosity, today its monotonous  
click can be heard in almost every well regu-  
lated business establishment in the country.  
A great revolution is taking place, and the  
typewriter is at the bottom of it.—Penny's  
Art Journal.

**Methods of Long Range Shooting.**  
To the general public the interest in Creed-  
moor was due perhaps largely to the pictur-  
esque features of the contests. It was a strik-  
ing novelty to see men shooting at a nearly  
invisible target, and, in so doing, getting  
into all kinds of awkward, uncouth attitudes.  
The man who made a bull's eye at 1,000 yards  
received as much credit for his effort on ac-  
count of lying on his stomach as he did for  
his faultless aim. And on the other hand, he  
who missed at the same distance had sym-  
pathy mixed maybe with condemnation, be-  
cause he lay on his back and rested the muz-  
zle of his gun on his toes. But after a few  
contests the novelty of the methods was of  
no greater interest than the sport itself, for  
people soon familiarized themselves with the  
difficulties of long range shooting, they be-  
lieved they understood its peculiarities, and  
they talked as learnedly about it as they do  
now about balloon jigs and rocker keels.—  
New York Sun.

**A CHINESE RESTAURANT.**

THE EXPERIENCES OF A HUNGRY  
AND INQUISITIVE REPORTER.

No Oriental Luxuries in Sight—A Mys-  
terious Compound Brought to the Table.  
Two Slices of "Pe-sick-re-ant-i."—A  
Pot of Delicious Tea.

In Mulberry street, near Canal, amid the  
noise, bustle and confusion of the busy mar-  
chaunts of the "Broad," there is a quiet and un-  
pretentious dining room. It is presided over  
at all hours of the day and night by Wah  
Sing Foo, and the business is said to be a  
thriving one. Pictures of turtles, pigs,  
sharks and several kinds of hobgoblins are  
pasted on the windows and their virtues, as  
articles of diet, are set forth in choice spider  
arabesques upon pieces of brown paper. The  
most attractive sign, however, reads as fol-  
lows: "A good diner's cents."

This was sufficient to lure a reporter into  
the place recently. There were none of the  
Oriental luxuries in sight. On the walls were  
a few pictures of flowers, highly colored, and  
a certificate that Mr. Foo, or some of his  
friends, had attended a Sunday school. The  
tables were of pine and partially covered by  
a ragged material that looked like a cross be-  
tween a dishcloth and a mop. Mr. Foo was  
engaged in leveling the sole of his shoe with  
a hatchet when the reporter entered, and,  
after glancing up quickly, went on with his  
work. The reporter dropped carelessly upon  
a stool and waited. How long the wait would  
have lasted will never be known. There was  
a sudden interruption. A pungent odor  
in from the back yard, where something was  
being cooked. It was too powerful for any  
nose save a highly cultivated one. The re-  
porter tried to keep it back, but it came  
—a double barreled sneeze—that set every-  
thing ringing.

It struck Mr. Foo amidship. The hatchet  
fell on his foot and the shoe dropped into  
something which looked like a log of mo-  
lasses. There was blood in his eye and there  
might have been a tragedy, had not the in-  
nocent cause of all the commotion put on  
a hungry look and touched his sunken abom-  
en with his finger.

**THE BEST IN THE HOUSE.**  
Mr. Foo smiled so that no one could tell  
whether he was weeping, gnawing or gnashing  
his teeth as he said:  
"Wing Foo ah alle go to kiting see bah."  
"All right, Mr. Foo. I'll forgive you. Now  
just sit the best in the house be to the  
eight cent limit, and all will be well."

Mr. Foo jumped away with the air of a  
man who did not understand a word that had  
been spoken. He kept out of sight for twenty  
minutes and then appeared with a large bowl  
of something steaming hot, which he set on  
the table and then took a seat close by. He  
began to whistle a peculiar call and the yel-  
lowish soup moved restlessly in the bowl. A  
spoon came with the stuff. It required some  
courage to take a mouthful, and it would  
take a team of horses and a derrick to get one  
up to the rack for a second trial. A mixture  
of hard, mustard, salt and large water may  
tempt a lagging appetite, but it is just a lit-  
tle surprising to the stomach of a man who  
thoroughly used to the customs of the Flor-  
y Kingdom. Mr. Foo took the mysterious  
compound away and came back in a little  
while with a large plate and a couple of small  
dishes. There were two slices of some  
brown material on the platter. Mr. Foo ad-  
mitted that it was "pe-sick-re-ant-i." There  
is no doubt that it was the genuine good.  
It tasted so. One of the slices was filled with  
small fish bones, and the other was a dainty  
morsel which might have been taken, with a  
little imagination, to be a bit of fried mussel  
meat. Mr. Foo evidently runs his place on  
the town, not on the water, and he is  
it keeps one from being poisoned. A nibble  
here and there demonstrated that an ash can  
would be a safe place for Mr. Foo's "layout."  
It made it easy to understand why young  
Chinamen wear wrinkles and appears like  
an old man while yet in his teens.

Mr. Foo removed the dishes. He wanted to  
bring some more of the menu, but the re-  
porter indicated that he would prefer a drink  
of some kind. After a long delay Mr. Foo  
appeared with a tray bearing a small pot of  
tea and a cup that resembled a toy. The tea  
was revelation. It was aromatic and the  
flavor delicious, and if there had not been a  
small family of Croton bugs found in the teap-  
ock, after the tea had been swallowed, it  
would have been thoroughly enjoyable. This  
ended the dinner.

"Well, Mr. Foo, how much do I owe you?"  
the reporter asked, simply as a matter of  
form.

The remark brought back Mr. Foo's cheer-  
fulness, and he came near uncovering his  
spine with longitudinal extension of his smile.  
He showed for the first time that his English  
had not been entirely neglected. After a few  
marks with a brush through the wreath of  
smiles came the words soft and low:

"Sixty-nine cents." "Sixty-nine cents? Go to, Mr. Foo. You are  
crazy! Why your sign out there says that  
you give a good dinner for eight cents. What  
do you mean by this extortion?"

"Ah! Excuse me. Eight cents for poor Chin-  
aman. Melican man riches, no eatee like  
Chinaman. He eatee plenty soup, beef and  
good things. Muchee more, muchee pay, Bolly  
good. Sixty-nine cent cheap. Chinaman  
lose money all time. Bolly poor."

The bill was paid, and the visitor came  
away with the experience and conviction that  
Mr. Foo had mistaken his calling. He ought  
to double up with Hungry Joe and do the  
"band shaking" act.—New York Tribune.

**A Cure for Wakefulness.**  
Many a middle aged man who is in the  
habit of going to bed after eating a hearty  
meal is puzzled when he finds himself waking  
up in the small hours of the morning, day  
after day, and unable to get to sleep again.  
He knows that this wakefulness is unnatural,  
but it never occurs to him that it is due to  
his stomach. He took me several years, dur-  
ing which I lost months of sleep, to find this  
out, but now I know it. If the victim of in-  
somnia whom I have described will rise from  
his bed when he wakes and drink a pint of  
water he will go to sleep again immediately,  
and will not wake again until his ordinary  
hour.—Maj. E. S. Foster in Globe-Democrat.

**Apotheosis of Pepper.**  
We knew it would come. The announce-  
ment has been made that a paper coffin has  
been invented and put upon the market. A  
man may now build his house of paper, eat  
his dinner from paper plates, wipe his face  
with a paper handkerchief, buy his wife a  
paper piano and go to his grave in a paper  
coffin. The coffin may be paid for with a  
piece of paper and the death published on  
another piece. There are few things more  
useful than paper.—Philadelphia Record.

**The Smoked Herring Monopoly.**  
The island of Grand Manan is the home of  
cut and dried monopoly that would be hard  
to match. Grand Manan puts up annually  
more than 1,000,000 boxes of smoked herring,  
and controls the market.

Boston is the paradise of newspaper  
women.

**A. G. BOWES & Co.,**

21 Canterbury Street.

SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN FOR THE DUCHESS RANGE.



THE BEST  
IN THE  
MARKET.

ALL  
MODERN  
IMPROVE-  
MENTS.

Call and examine it

At 21 Canterbury Street, corner Church.

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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 reat  
variety.

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**PIANOS & ORGANS,**

The Best and Cheapest,  
SOLD ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT.

Small Musical Instruments, Strings & Kinds.

PICTURE FRAMING  
Of all Kinds.

Egravings, Chromos, Mirrors, &c.

**WM. MURPHY & Co.,**

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**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 until December  
25th.