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POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING GAZETTE

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JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Publisher.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1890.

For the Latest Telegraphic News look on the First Page.

IT SHOULD BE IN ST. JOHN.

The gentlemen who visited Fredericton to attend the excercise of the University were greatly impressed with the inconvenience of the situation of our provincial college and have become strong advocates of its removal to St. John. After a trial extending over some sixty years the New Brunswick University has not vindicated its usefulness as a seat of learning or proved that it is worth the money that has been expended upon it. No doubt its comparative failure has been largely due to its situation, which is on a high hill a mile away from a small town which has no other claims to be the seat of a University than its quietness. So far as we can recollect the people of Fredericton have done nothing to advance the interests of the college, and the utter absence of any private endowments has been due largely to the fact that the people with money who might have given to this worthy object have seldom had the college within the range of their vision. The only remedy for this unfortunate state of affairs would seem to be to remove the seat of the university to St. John. The present building might be utilized as an agricultural school which is something that is badly needed in this Province. If removed to St. John there are, no doubt, plenty of private individuals who would be willing to contribute to its support and endowment.

THE U. S. TARIFF.

We referred a day or two ago to the action of the finance committee of the U. S. Senate in regard to the McKinley tariff bill which, by requiring the measure to be submitted to the whole committee, rendered it almost impossible that the bill could be reported this session. Owing to the desire of the Senate to deal with the tariff in some way this session, this action has now been reversed and the finance committee split up so that each section of it can report a tariff bill of its own. This change was brought about by the action of Senator Carlisle who has become the leader of the Democrats in the Senate, as he was in the House, and who is likely to add strength and consistency to their councils. Senator Carlisle desires action to be taken on the tariff so that at the coming fall elections the policy of the Republican party in regard to it may be clearly shown, not by mere words but by an act of Congress. It is generally understood that three tariff bills will be presented to the senate by the committee—the McKinley bill, which raises the duties on almost everything, a bill by Allison and Hiscock which will reduce the rates of duty on many articles, and a Democratic bill which will provide for the free admission of raw material and natural products. It is not thought that the McKinley bill has any chance of being strongly supported, the Republican Senators being well aware that it is not such a measure as the people of the country, especially of the western states, demand. What they are looking for is a reduction of taxation and not an increase of it, which is the essence of the McKinley bill. Should the McKinley bill be rejected by the Senate the result will be a conference between the two houses of Congress, but there is not the sligliest probability of this bill, or anything like it, being passed in its entirety.

LADIES EVENING DRESS AND THE W. C. T. U.

At the Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which was held in Montreal the other day, a resolution was passed condemning the present style of evening dress for ladies on the ground that it is indecent and otherwise objectionable. This is not the first time this subject has been dealt with by the W. C. T. U. At a previous convention, held a year and a half ago, if we mistake not, a similar resolution in regard to the evening dress of ladies was passed, but we are not aware that it had the effect of preventing any good looking young woman from going to an evening party with a dress low at the neck and short in the sleeves. We have every sympathy with the Women's Christian Temperance Union in the main objects for which they are associated, and therefore we regret to see them impairing their usefulness by senseless resolutions against the prevailing fashion. They ought to desire the assistance of all good women in their work, but when they arrogate to themselves the right to dictate the style of dress which women shall adopt and condemn as indecent all who do not follow their advice, it is clear that they are guilty, not only of impertinence, but are turning against them many influential ladies who would gladly co-operate with them in the work they have to do. Modesty or immodesty in dress is purely a conventional matter and is settled by custom, and the dress which would be decent for one occasion would be indecent for another. The prevailing style of evening dress has been sanctioned by custom and that ought to be an end of the matter with all reasonable people. There is no law requiring a thin elderly lady with an undue development of bone and a scraggy neck to appear in low neck and short sleeves, and there is no law, moral or otherwise, against a lady who becomes such a style of dress from so appearing. If the neck and arms of a women are always to be covered why not her face? We know that in oriental countries women have to go veiled and perhaps when the ladies of the W. C. T. U. have banished evening dress from the world they will insist on veils being universally worn. No doubt some women would be improved by wearing veils, but the majority of women prefer to have their faces seen, even if this fashion does not accord with the customs of the Egyptian and the Turk. We think the W. C. T. U. are doing the cause which they have at heart an injury by passing foolish resolutions in regard to the dress of other women who are quite as modest as they are themselves.

THE KENT ELECTION.

The French Acadians of Kent are meeting in convention to-day for the purpose of selecting a candidate for the vacant seat in the House of Commons for that county. It is thought probable that an Acadian will be nominated and Senator Poirier is spoken of as likely to be the man. There can be no possible objection to the nomination of an Acadian to represent the county of Kent, for the people of that race are in a large majority in that county. We do not believe any one can truly assert that the Acadians have been illiberal towards the people of other races with regard to political matters. There has always been an Acadian majority in Kent, yet that county has been most frequently represented, both in the Legislature and in Parliament, by members of English, Irish or Scotch origin. If the Acadians desire a representative in the House of Commons they are entitled to have their wishes gratified, notwithstanding the fact that the former member, Mr. Landry, was an Acadian.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Sun has been seeking to show that some one has blundered in regard to the notice calling in certain provincial debentures, because the section of the act of 1881 authorizing the province to call in any bonds hereafter issued after a lapse of five years was repealed. In the case of the bonds called in the option of paying these bonds at the expiration of five years was made a part of the contract, and therefore the government has a right to call them in and pay them as it now proposes to do.

Mr. John V. Ellis, M. P. after his parliamentary duties were ended paid a visit to the UnitedStates, and took in Washington where he no doubt was the recipient of due courtesies as a Canadian editor who advocates annexation, and where he perhaps also ootained something more substanial in recognition of his services to the United States as against Canadian and British interests. The readers of the Globe may now expect a series of articles showing the superiority of American institutions to our own.

Among the orders issued by the chief of Police is one to the effect that Sergeant Hipwell and Sergeant Watson will at present remain as they are and report at the office at roll call before going off duty. This order seems to imply that a change is to be made in their status soon, but we think the chief will be ill-advised if he interferes with them. Both these men have been upwards of thirty-five years on the force, and they have fairly earned the exemption they now enjoy from night duty and the comparatively easy character of the work assigned to them. Simple justice demands that they should not be interfered with while they are able to perform their present work in a satisfactory manner.

Telegraphic Flashes.

The business portion of Weiser, Idaho, was burned last night and a loss of $125,000 caused.

The degree of Doctor of Law was conferred upon Lord Stanley yesterday, by Laval University.

Copies of the new extradition treaty have been formally received at Ottawa, from the Colonial office.

The Picton county teachers' institute Ont., favor the use of newspapers in the schools to supplement reading books for senior classes.

John C. File, late treasurer of the Lutheran Orphans' Home in Philadelphia, Pa., is over $30,000 in default. He has been treasurer since 1872.

The biggest cloud burst ever known in Wisconsin, occurred last night near Arcadia in Trempleau county. The city is flooded with water. One mill and two mill dams were carried away.

Hector Gunin lon, of Theresa, Que., suddenly disappeared last week. Yesterday his body was found hidden in some underwood on the banks of a small river near that place. Foul play is evident.

A narrow guage local train, yesterday afternoon ran into an open draw on Webster street bridge, Oakland, Cal., into the San Antonio Creek. Probably 25 persons were drowned. Nineteen bodies have been recovered.

Two French fisherman, natives of St. Malo, who were picked up at sea adrift in a dory, were landed at Quebec yesterday from the Norwegian barque Harmon. The men were four days without food and had their feet badly frozen.

The trial of Major Panitza and nine others charged with conspiracy against the government of Bulgaria ended yesterday. Major Panitza, Capt. Kalobknoff of the Russian army, Major Amandoff and Major Rizoff were found guilty. Major Panitza was sentenced to death.

NINTY-ONE WERE BURNED.

Latest Estimate of the Loss of Life at the Montreal Asylum.

MONTREAL, Que., May 30.—The coroner's inquest into the cause of the Longue Pointe asylum fire was concluded to-day, when the jury had to acknowlege that they could not say how the fire broke out, and made several recommendations as to how such buildings should be constructed. A statement was also admitted by Reverend Sister St. Charles showing that 91 inmates were missing, instead of 50, as formerly reported, viz., 6 men, 5 sisters and 80 women patients.

Mrs. J. C. Archibald, after spending twelve years in India as one of the missionaries of the Baptist convention of the maritime provinces returned on Wednesday in the Buenos Ayrean to Halifax. Mrs. A. went from New Brunswick as Miss C. A. Hammond and after spending several years in laboring among the women of India was married to Rev. J. C. Archibald, who went from here under the same auspicies at a later date.

Two large barns near Rockland station parish of Dorchester, were burned last Thursday. They belonged to Isaac Hicks, brother of Mr. Ezra Hicks, of Moncton. The fire was set by sparks from a portable saw mill working on Mr. Hicks' premises. The barns were totally destroyed with contents consisting of hay, oats and barley, also six calves, which could not be released. There was no insurance.

Diphtheria seems to be prevalent in Halifax city as well as in the country round about—within a week we have counted 25 deaths in Halifax and outside N. S. papers, in which this fatal cause was set down. Doubtless there are many others, unrecorded, as many are averse to having it go abroad that they have such a dread visitor as diphtheria in their homes.

Our old and much esteemed friend, Citizen Geo. Francis Train, has completed the fastest trip a round the world on record. It is doubtful if any other man living could accomplish this remarkable feat, as few men have the ability daring or courage of our twenty million friend and formerly associate editor.—Sussex Record.

Says the Moncton Times:—Three of the finest young beef cattle seen in Moncton for some time were at the market yesterday. They were 3 year old heifers, the largest weighing within ten pounds of 1200 and the lot turning the scale at 3390. They were purchased from Isaiah Wallace, of Coverdale.

NYE GIVES SOME FACTS.

RELATING CHIEFLY TO THE GREAT HEN RAISING INDUSTRY.

A Rooster Who Achieved Wonders While Sailing Under False Colors—Why the Celebrated Nye Mustache Was Sacrificed—Goliath's Downfall Described.

[Copyright 1890 by E. W. Nye.]

The following inquiries and replies have been awaiting publication and I shall use them this week, reserving the western tour and Puget sound letters till a later date if the reader will not object. I do not care to keep correspondents waiting too long for fear that they will get tired and fail to write me in the future when they want to know anything. Mr. Earnest Pendergast writes from Puyallup as follows:

"Why do you not try to improve your appearance more? I think you could if you would, and we would all be so glad. You either have a very malicious artist, or else your features must pain you a good deal at times. Why don't you grow a mustache?"

"I HAD A MUSTACHE ONCE."

These remarks, of course, are a little bit personal, Earnest, but still they show your goodness of heart. I fear that you are cursed with the fatal gift of beauty yourself and wish to have others go with you on the downward way. You ask why I do not grow a mustache and I tell you frankly that it is for the public good that I do not. I used to wear a long, drooping and beautiful mustache, which was well received in society, and, under the quiet stars and opportune circumstances, gave good satisfaction; but at last the hour came when I felt that I must decide between this long, silky mustache and soft boiled eggs, of which I am passionately fond. I hope that you understand my position, Earnest, and that I am studying the public welfare more than my own at all times.

Sassafras Oleson, of South Deadman, writes to know something of the care of fowls in the spring and summer. "Do you know," he asks, "anything of the best methods for feeding young chicks who may not get the proper nourishment from the mother? Is there any way to prevent hens from stealing their nests and sitting on inanimate objects? Tell us through the papers as tersely as possible what your own experience has been with hens."

To speak tersely of the hen and her mission in life seems to me almost sacrilege. It is at least in poor taste. The hen and her works lie near to every true heart. She does much toward making us better, and she don't care who knows it, either. Young chicks who have lost their mothers by death, and whose fathers are of a shiftless and improvident nature, may be fed on kounmiss, two parts; moxie, eight parts; distilled water ten parts. Mix and administer till relief is obtained. Sometimes, however, the chick will readily nurse the guinea hen, and many lives have been saved in this way. Whether or not this plan will influence the voice of the rising hen is a question among henologists of the country which I will not attempt to answer.

Hens who steal their nests are generally of a secretive nature and are more or less social pariahs. A hen who will do this should be watched at all times and won back by kind words from the step she is about to take. Brute force will accomplish little. Logic also avails little at such a time but by striking at the foundations of hen society and showing her that it is honorable at all times to lay a good egg, and that as soon as she begins to be secretive and to seek to mislead those who know and love her she at once takes a course which cannot end with honor to herself or her descendants.

I have made the hen a study for many years, and love to watch her even yet as she resumes her toils on a falling market year after year; now to hatch out a summer hotel by setting on a door knob. She interests and pleases me. Careful study of the hen convinces me that her low retreating forehead is a true index to her limited reasoning faculties and lack of memory, ideality, imagination, calculation and spirituality. She is also deficient in her enjoyment of humor.

I once owned a large white draught rooster who stood about seven hands high and had feet on him which would readily break down a whole corn field if he walked through it. Yet he lacked the courage of his convictions, and socially was not regarded as a success. Leading hens seemed to regard him as a good hearted rooster and seemed to wonder that he did not get on better in a social way. He had a rich baritone voice and was a good provider, digging up large areas of garden sass and giving the hens what was left after he got through, and yet they gave their smiles to far more dissolute though perhaps brighter minds. So I took him away awhile and let him see something of the world by allowing him to visit among the neighbors and see society a little. Then I brought him home again, and one night colored him with diamond dyes so that he was a beautiful scarlet. His name was Sumner.

I took Sumner the following morning and turned him loose among his old neighbors. Surprise was written on every face. He realized his advantage, and the first thing he did was to greet the astonished crowd with a guttural remark which made them jump. He then stepped over to a hated rival and ate off about fifteen cents' worth of his large, red, pompadour comb. He now remarked in a courteous way to a small Poland China hen, who seemed to be at the head of all works of social improvement, that we were having rather a backward spring. Then he picked out the eye of another rival, much to his surprise, and went on with the conversation. By noon the bright scarlet rooster owned the town. Those who had picked on him before had now gone to the hospital, and practically the social world was his. He got so stuck up that he crowed whenever the conversation lagged and was too proud to eat a worm that was not right off the ice. I never saw prosperity knock the sense out of a rooster so soon. He lost my sympathy at once, and I resolved to let him carve out his own career as best he might.

Gradually his tail feathers grew gray and faded, but he wore his head high. He was arrogant and made the hens go worming for his breakfast by daylight. Then he would get mad at the food and be real hateful and step on the little chickens with his great big feet.

But as his new feathers began to come in folks got on to him, as Justinian has it, and the other roosters began to brighten up and also blow up their biceps muscles.

One day he was especially mean at breakfast. A large fat worm, brought to him by the flower of his harem, had a slight gamey flavor, he seemed to think, and so he got mad and bit several chickens with his great coarse beak and stepped on some more and made a perfect show of himself.

At this moment a small bantam wearing one eye still in mourning danced up and kicked Sumner's eye out. Then another rival knocked the stuffing for a whole sofa pillow out of Sumner and retired. By this time the surprised and gratified hens stepped back and gave the boys a chance. The bantam now put on his trim little telegraph climbers and, going up Mr. Sumner's powerful frame about four jumps, he put in some repairs on the giant's features, presented his bill and returned. By 9 o'clock Sumner didn't have features enough left for a Sunday paper. He looked as if he had been through the elevated station at City hall and Brooklyn bridge. He looked up sadly at me with his one eye as who should say, "Have you got any more of that there red paint left?" But I shook my head at him and he went away into a little patch of catnip and stayed there four days. After that you could get that rooster to do anything for you—except lay. He was gentle to a fault. He would run errands for those hens and turn an ice cream freezer for them all day on lawn festival days while others were gay. He never murmured nor repined. He was kind to the little chickens and often spoke to them about the general advantages of humility.

After many years of usefulness Sumner one day thoughtlessly ate the remains of a salt mackerel, and pulling the drapery of his couch about him he lay down to pleasant dreams and life's fitful fever was over. His remains were given to a poor family in whom I take a great interest, frequently giving them many things for which I have no especial use.

This should teach us that some people cannot stand prosperity, but need a little sorrow ever and anon to teach them where they belong. And oh, how the great world smiles when a rooster who has owned the ranch for a year or so and made himself colleague gets spread out over the United States by a smaller one with less voice.

The study of the fowl is filled with interest. I keep fowls late years instead of a garden. Formerly my neighbors kept fowls and I kept the garden.

It is better as it is.

Mertie Kerrykes, Whatcom, Wash., writes as follows: "Dear Mr. Nye, does pugilists ever reform? They are so much brought into Contax with course natures that I do not see how they can ever become good lives or become professors of religion. Do you know if Such is the case to the best of your knowledge, and answer Soon as convenient in this paper, which we all read with Avidity, and so no more at Preasant."

Pugilists often reform, especially after they have been sufficiently punished and put to sleep. I knew one once who became the teacher of an infant class in Sabbath school. He was a great success, and his class the largest and brightest I ever saw in all my Sabbath school experience.

A LARGE WHITE DRAUGHT ROOSTER.

I heard him once tell his little boys the story of David and Goliath. He said: "You know Goliath had put up the dust a long time in the First Philistine National bank, and kept the offer good to knock out anybody or fight to a finish, any terms, with catch-as-catch-can provisions, for the gate receipts; loser to get nuthin' but a low grave under the daisies. They fit in them days, boys, and these ornamental hippodrome scraps of our time was no good. A feller settled up his affairs and staid in the ring till they rung for the undertaker.

"Goliath was a bloke, but he was the champion heavyweight, and so they run it into politics and made it Goliath and his gang agin the Israelites. It was a queer case. The paper had a standing notice for over a year offering most anything, see? fer a man that 'ud clean out Goliath and knock the head off him, but it was no go. The Israelites did well in trade, but they was peaceable. They could sell goods and kick at a hotel, but they couldn't fight for sour apples.

"Finally 'long comes little Dave. His father was in the sheep business and Dave had been in the habit of catching lions by the tail and jerkiug their heads off before breakfast. He also had a fashion of running his hand down the throat of a royal Bengal tiger onct and awhile and pulling out his or her choicest alimentary while you could say scat. 'Lions killed and dressed while you wait,' was the advertisement.

"So he came out on the grounds and says 'Boys, it's about time to play ball. We've stood about enough of this newspaper talk and inexpensive wind. I am a little feller and I ain't ashamed. And now if you will aid me by your applause you will see one of the best fights you ever saw.'

"With that Goliath, a big coarse feller with whiskers like a load o' hay, sails out and laughs a long, coarse, Norman laugh that shakes the winders in the court house and says, 'O mamma! Look at his kidlets! Shall we spank him, gents, and send him back to the primary school or feed him to the coyotes?

"Dave says: 'Goli, I ain't no match fer you in size, but you are a Universalist and I'm puttin' my belief agin' yourn this day. If I put you to sleep, we gather in your camp and pile up the back charges on our pension roll. If you do me up, you get indorsement from foreign powers and have fun with the Israelites. And now, when you're ready, say so, you low, coarse thing. Put up your dooks,' sez he, 'and damaged be him that first hollers enough!' he sez, coatin' from Shakespeare, for Dave was a good reader, and could coat from all the poets for hours at a time, whereas Goli was a chump, besides bein' a free thinker.

"Well, time was called. They blowed on some sackbuts and such things and to they sailed. Before Goli could get his bread hooks on Dave the thing was over. Dave jerked a rock at him and it clave his skull, as the Bible goes on to state. Several of his favorite brains cozed out and left him nothing to think with. See?

"So down went Goliath to the bottom of the well, as the poet gets it off, and Dave takes his pelt home to show that he's the lalla, you bet you, and he got the stakes. Also the tenderloin and a little of the dark meat, and he prospered till the cows come home, and Dave could have been county clerk if he'd of just said the word.

"But they don't run scrappin' into politics now as they used to. You should learn from this story that if you are right you will have no trouble in knockin' out sin with a moss agate; but if you ain't right, you might be as big as the Statue of Liberty and your name would still be Dennis. We will sing now, and then I wisht you'd go home quietly and think over this yarn, and say what you mean and then stick to it. Goliath was a good rink attraction, but he couldn't always deliver the goods he advertised. And now go home, boys. Do right, and if any man interferes knock him over the ropes and the band will play Annie Laurie."

School was then dismissed.

Bill Nye

THE FAMOUS MARIE'S DIARY.

The Girl Forced to Admit that She is Beautiful—She is Not Stuck on Herself—The Duke and the Peanut Incident—She Was About to Wed Shakespeare, but finds that the Bard is Dead.

It is as I feared. The publishers of Marie Bashkirtseff's diary have omitted the best parts of it. I have been to great trouble and expense to hunt up these eliminated portions and take pleasure in presenting them to the admirers of the gifted young Russian, viz.:

Sept. 10.—I marvel constantly at the extraordinary talent I possess. This, added to my matchless beauty, makes me a paragon. I am the most beautiful creature in the world. (Some people say I am hideous), but I will make them prove it. Heavens! how beautiful I am! I cannot help it. I supposs I was born so. We will see about that later. I will question my mother closely on that point. (I understand she had the honor to be present at my birth.)

* * * * * * *

Sept. 12.—I did not write any in my diary yesterday. I could not find it. My brother had hidden it. He says it is rot, but he is low, ignorant and debased. He is no kin of mine. (I spent the day admiring myself in the mirror.) It is a fine mirror and cost my father $3 at the auction. I am more beautiful than ever, and yet I am not happy. I do not state the exact truth. I am happy.

Sept. 13.—I am fourteen years old today, and I do not care who knows it. (I write exactly as I think and feel.) I do not know why I write so much in parentheses. Yes, I do, too. It is because I feel that way. Cæsar! how beautiful I am! I am as pretty as a red wagon. I will stand before my mirror and see if this statement is not confirmed. (I have been to the mirror and the statement is correct.) I never make any mistakes. Although I am only fourteen I know more than anybody now on earth. Solomon was a gibbering idiot compared to me. I could give him points in the matter of sense and then double discount him. I am sorry for Solomon. I am sorry for everybody: they are so much beneath me. Aren't I perfectly lovely?

Sept. 14.—Yesterday I was fourteen years old. I told you so at the time, but I mention it again. I wish to impress upon you how very young and gifted I am. (I am also very beautiful.) This morning I saw the Duke. The Duke. He is a real Duke, but I will marry him all the same. That is, I think I will. I will first speak to the Duke about it and see how it strikes him. He will be ravished by my beauty, (for I am beautiful), and will wish to marry me without delay. I have a great head.

Sept. 15.—Day before yesterday I was fourteen. It is strange how young and beautiful I am for one of my years. Another strong point of my great wisdom. I have sense enough to go in out of the rain. I saw the Duke this morning. He backed up to a peanut roaster and had his coat-tail pockets charged with peanuts. I think he had the peanuts charged too. It was an undignified proceeding, and I hate the Duke. I would not marry him now even if I could. And yet I am very beautiful.

Sept. 16.—I have the most beautiful voice in the world. I have heard Patti sing, but she croaks like a frog compared to me. She makes me tired. I am also a great artist. I can paint the most beautiful pictures (in my mind) that you ever saw. I will be famous some day and very rich. I long for riches now. I will buy a lottery ticket and be rich in a week or two. (I wonder that other people do not buy lottery tickets when they want to be rich.) It is because they are low and ignorant. I am glad that I have a high forehead and am endowed with such rare intelligence. There are so many people in the world whose heads are shaped like a five-cent loaf of bread.

* * * * * * *

Oct. 5.—I saw the Czar today as he came out of the barber-shop. He did not see me or he would have fallen in love with me at sight. He could not have helped it. There are no flies on me.

Oct. 6.—Sometimes I wish I had not seen the Duke back up to that peanut roaster. Otherwise I might have married him and lived happily with him for quite a while. As it is I abhor the Duke, though I wish I had a handful of the peanuts.

Oct. 7.—It rained quite hard to-day. At first I thought I would order the rain to cease, but on second thought I concluded to let it rain. I get more beautiful every day. Some people might think I am struck on myself, but it is not so. Other people are struck on me, but I am not struck on myself.

Oct. 8.—I read to-day some of the dramas of Shakespeare and I am perfectly charmed with his style. He is the greatest poet I have ever read. I adore poetry and poets, and I am determined to marry Shakespeare. He shall come to me and sue for my hand. He will be dazzled by my beauty and will beg for one glance of my eye. I will be a great lady and will be very proud and haughty.

Oct. 9.—I heard bad news to-day, Shakespeare is dead. I hear he has been dead some time. It is cruel to be thus deprived of the man of your choice. (This is indeed hard luck.) But Shakespeare has not been playing in very good luck himself. I am sorry for Shakespeare.

An Unprecedented Feat.

Snifkins—Ye gods! Look at Briggs. Isn't he stuck up? What's the matter with him that he's grown so proud all of a sudden? Has he made a fortune, or—

Bimley—No; his wife sent him down town the other day to match some cloth for her, and he came within two shades of getting the right color.—Lawrence American.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE

IMPORTANT

TO ARTISTS AND DECORATORS.

Just received and opened a large and varied assortment of GERB. HEYL'S Celebrated Artists and Decorators Colors. Being the only dealer in St. John handling these celebrated paints, I have put the price away down.

Tube Colors, all sizes, 7 Cents.

Also, a complete stock of Brushes, Canvass, Academy Boards and Water Colors.

J. McNeil Whistler, Artist, writes:—"Certainly no paints have come to me in more perfect condition—EXCELLENTLY GROUND—firm and free from excess of oil. The colors themselves are of remarkable purity and brilliancy, &c., &c."

FOR SALE ONLY AT

D. J JENNINGS, - - 167 Union St.

A Danger Signal!

A Cold in the Head may be aptly termed a danger signal warning you that if neglected that dangerous and disagreeable disease, Catarrh, is sure to follow, perhaps leading to Consumption and the grave. At no season in the year is Cold in the Head more prevalent than during the Spring months, and at no other season do the people of this country suffer more generally from Catarrh, with all its disagreeable and annoying effects. Do not for a instant neglect either of these troubles, but apply NASAL BALM, the only remedy that will give instant relief and effect a permanent cure. The following testimonials, from among thousands in our possession bear witness to its sterling merit.

Wm. M. Lucas, Dempsey Corners, N. S., writing for a second supply of Nasal Balm says: On Sept. 21 I got two bottles from you, and it has done me more good for Catarrh, than all the other numerous and costly remedies and treatment I had tried. I feel better now than I have for years, and have every reason to believe the two bottles I am now sending for will completely cure me. I consider Nasal Balm worth its weight in gold to any person suffering from Catarrh.

Wm. Clark, baggage master, W & A. Railway, Annapolis, N. S., writes: Please send me another bottle of Nasal Balm as my first bottle is gone, and I believe, had I used it according to instructions, it would have cured me; as it is I am very much better, in fact feel like another person.

Wm. Chas. Hanley, postmaster, Spry Bay, N. S. says:—I submit the following for the public that any one who may be afflicted may be benefitted by the same remedy. Two bottles of your Nasal Balm has restored to perfect health a four year old child of ours suffering from Catarrh.

Robert C. Woodman, Digby, N. S., writes as follows: Enclosed find $1 for another large bottle of Nasal Balm which you will please send me first mail. The bottle I sent for some time ago benefitted me very much more than any other preparation I ever tried.

Mrs. M. Ray, Canso, N. S., writes: I have used Nasal Balm on several occasions with the children for cold in the head, and always find it effects a rapid cure.

Nasal Balm. Instantly Relieves Cold in Head.

Nasal Balm Positively Cures Catarrh.

Mr. Alex. Moore, Mechanics' Settlement, New Brunswick, says: I am going on 75 years of age, and had very little hopes of anything to relieve my Catarrh. Seeing Nasal Balm advertised I sent to you for a package. It has done me a great deal of good. I enclose you $1 for a further supply, part of which I intend giving to an afflicted friend. I advise all sufferers from Catarrh to use Nasal Balm.

D. S. McDonald, Mabou, C. B., writes: Nasal Balm has helped my Catarrh very much. It is the best remedy I ever used.

Abram Grant, Grant, P. E. I., Westmorland, N. B., writes: My daughter has used one bottle of Nasal Balm, and it has helped her Catarrh wonderfully. It gives sufficient satisfaction in this neighborhood.

Hanford Wolhampter, Bloomfield, N. B. writes: I wish to inform you that I have been a sufferer from Catarrh for a long time, and have continually used so-called remedies and Catarrh cures, but all to no purpose. At last I heard of Nasal Balm and was induced to try that. To my astonishment I found relief from first application, and now after two weeks use feel myself PERFECTLY and TRIUMPHANTLY cured.

James H. McLeod, Mink River Road, N. S. says: I have tried other remedies for Catarrh, but received no good from them. Your Nasal Balm is certainly the best remedy I have tried and all you claim for it. The fact that it is pleasant and convenient to use adds greatly to its value, but its chief worth lies in being a certain cure for that unpleasant disease—Catarrh.

If Nasal Balm is not kept in stock by your dealer it will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50 cent for small and $1 for large size bottles) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

GROCERS, ETC.

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Another lot just received, Ex S. S. Ulanda, by,

J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO.,

32 Charlotte St., next Y. M. C. A.

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We have received this week and offer wholesale:

100 Casks Choicest NEW CROP BARBADOS MOLASSES.
5 Cars Globe Flour.
1 Car Oatmeal.
1 " Granulated and Y. Sugar.
1 " Rice.
225 Cads Tea.
50 Packages Morton's & Hazenby's Pickles.
75 Packages Tobacco.
25 Boxes New Dates.
400 Cwt. Codfish.
2 Casks Cream Tartar.

Geo. S. DeForest & Sons

LARD, HAMS, BACON.

Grocers should place their orders at once to secure their Christmas stock.

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Pork Packers,

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Fishing Tackle.

Best Qualities

RODS, REELS, LINES, ETC.

this week at especially low prices.

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68 Prince Wm. street.

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THE PROPERTY at Rothesay, Kings County, N. B., lately occupied by James Domville Esq., known as "KINGSHURST." It has a front of about 60 rods on the upper side of the road and about 30 rods on the lower side, containing in the whole about 200 acres.

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JAMES J. KAYE, St. John, N. B.

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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.

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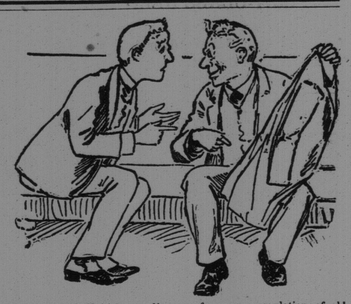

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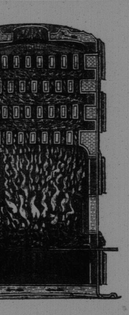

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