

W O O L A K H A L L



OUR SPRING STOCK is now complete, and consists of 800 Men's Tweed Suits, 500 Men's Black Worsted Suits, 400 Young Men's Suits, 600 Boys' 3-piece Nicker Suits, 1,000 Children's 2-piece Suits, 3,000 pairs Men's Pants, 800 pairs Youths' Pants, 400 pairs Children's Pants, 10 cases Shirts (all kinds), Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Susceptor, and Umbrellas; 1 car load Trunks and Valises, 3 cases Macintosh Waterproof Coats, with and without Capes; 20 cases English, Scotch, Irish and Canadian Tweeds, for our Custom Tailoring department. You will find the very latest on all our counters. Our Stock is an immense one to select from.

- MEN'S ALL WOOL TWEED SUITS**—\$5.50, \$6.50, \$7.75, \$9.50, \$10.50, \$12.50.
- MEN'S BUSINESS SUITS**—\$7.50, \$8.75, \$9.50, \$10.50, \$11, \$13.50.
- MEN'S BLACK WORSTED SUITS**—\$7.50, \$10.50, \$11.50, \$12.50, \$14.00.
- MEN'S BLACK CORKSCREW SUITS**—\$11.50, \$12.50, \$13.50, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$18.00.
- MEN'S BLACK PRINCE ALBERT SUITS**—\$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.00.
- YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS**—\$3.75, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$7.50, \$9.50.
- YOUNG MEN'S SUITS**—\$6.50, \$7.50, \$9.50, \$10.50, \$12.00.
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- MAGINTOSH WATERPROOF COATS**—\$6.00, \$7.75, \$9.50, \$10.50, \$12.50, \$14.00, \$15.00.

CUSTOM SUITS TO ORDER.

- TWEED SUITS**—\$17, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$23, \$24, \$25.
- BLACK WORSTED SUITS**—\$19, \$21, \$22, \$25, \$26, \$27, \$28, \$30.

CUSTOM PANTS TO ORDER.

- TWEED PANTS**—\$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50.
- WORSTED PANTS**—\$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00.



CHILDREN'S SUITS,
AGE 4 TO 12 YEARS.

- \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50,
- \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.25,
- \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00,
- \$4.25, \$4.50, \$4.75,
- \$5.00, \$5.25, \$5.50,
- \$6.00, \$6.25, \$6.50.



BOYS' SUITS
AGE 10 TO 15 YEARS.

- \$3.00, \$3.25, \$3.50,
- \$3.75, \$4.00, \$4.25,
- \$4.50, \$4.75, \$5.00,
- \$5.50, \$5.75, \$6.00,
- \$6.25, \$6.50, \$6.75,
- \$7.00, \$7.25, \$7.75.



CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

During the year 1891 you can depend on getting just what you want in the way of Custom Made Garments. Our Stock of English, Scotch, Irish and Canadian Cloths is complete, and we shall continue to add from time to time as the Seasons come around, all the latest Novelties in Suitings, Trousering and Overcoatings. We import our Cloths direct, together with the Trimmings we use. Mr. J. P. Hogan, our Cutter, has supervision of this department, and you are sure of satisfactory results. His garments are made artistically in the most fashionable styles.

SCOVIL, FRASER & COMPANY,

CORNER KING AND GERMAIN STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

me the thought that in calling him from the stable I had exposed him to the chance of being drowned, and, as he swam aimlessly about, I hid my eyes so that I might not see him perish. But, recalling the story of his shipwreck, I began to think that if he could breast the rough waves of the Atlantic, he could live long enough in the smooth waters of the St. John to swim to the shore; and a wild sort of idea entered my mind that he could not only save himself, but might in some way save me also. So I began to call him again at the top of my voice.

"Duke, Duke!" This way, old fellow! I kept repeating. He could not see me, for I was hidden by the branches but he followed the sound of my voice, and, aided by the current, soon reached the tree. Very carefully I descended from my perch, got into the canoe, and, as he came alongside, I reached out my hand and patted his nose, that just projected from the water. Then, seeing that he had his halter on with a rope attached, I caught hold of the latter. The little fellow at once began to swim away, and I tried to stop him; but, to my surprise, instead of my being able to hold him, the canoe was drawn clear of the tree, and, for good or ill, I was once more afloat upon the swollen river. The pony could, of course, make no headway against the current, and took his way directly across it. If it had been far to the end of the willows, it would have been impossible to have kept the canoe out from under the branches, and it would have inevitably been upset; but, fortunately, my tree of refuge was only a very little way from the end of the row, and I was soon free from that danger.

"At first my spirits grew very high at the thought that I was having such an unexpected ride behind 'His Grace'; but when I saw the fierce strength of the current out in the open river, and the immense quantities of drift stuff that were being carried down, I became frightened. The Duke was struggling manfully to reach the other shore, which was more than a mile distant. I did not think he could do it, and knew that to attempt to do so was perilous; for we were in danger of being struck by one of the hundreds of pieces of drifting wood and trees, which were being borne along by the river. I tried to get him to turn and swim directly down stream; but could do little to guide him, and was afraid to do that little for fear of upsetting the canoe. We were being carried down all the while, notwithstanding his efforts. As we got further from the shore-line the danger increased, yet I feared to let go the rope; for while I held it I did not seem to be utterly helpless. At length a great tree came floating down, the branches of which I could not escape if I did

not drop the rope and drift with the current.

"Goodly, Duke," I said, and tears came into my eyes, for I thought I was bidding him a last farewell. Then I let the rope slip through my fingers; I had not the courage to throw it down. The pony swam on, and the canoe drifted away from him so quickly that I was many yards distant before I could sufficiently control my voice to call to him to follow me. When I did so, calling him every endearing name he was accustomed to hear, he turned toward me, but just at that moment the tree came down between us, hiding me completely from him. Whether he tried to follow, I do not know. When after what seemed a long time the tree floated by, for being much heavier and deeper than the canoe it floated more rapidly, no sign of the pony could be seen.

Then for the first time I looked back to where our house had stood. It was some distance away, but I could make out the outlines that used to stand before the door. They were in their old place; but of the house there was no sign, and I knew it had been swept away. It seems strange to me now that my first thought on realizing that our house was gone was that the doll I had got at Christmas, and which mother said was the last one I must expect, for I was in my teens now, was lost beyond hope of recovery. Then I began to think of father and mother, and though I never for a moment believed that father could not take care of them, I cried very bitterly. I was well enough practised in canoeing to know that I was in no immediate danger, and growing used to my situation, gained confidence, and even managed to possess myself of a sick, which drifted near, and with this I hoped to be able to steer to the shore, if ever the canoe took me near enough to a favorable spot. In the meantime I sat as low as possible to prevent my being upset, and watched sharply along the shores for signs of the others.

"I had drifted for seven or eight miles when I heard a shout from behind me, and, turning carefully, saw a canoe coming toward me as fast as two men could paddle it. It seemed almost to fly over the water, and was beside me almost before I had time to think who the men could be. When they came alongside, dropping their bark canoe by mine with wonderful skill, I saw that they were Indians. I did not know their names, but I had seen them often at our place. They knew me at once, and one of them said:—

"What Captin's papoose do in canoe?"

"After I had answered in as few words as possible, they talked together for a few moments in their own language, and then the one who had already spoken said to me:

"Um guess um know where findum Captin."

"Then his comrade gently lifted me into their canoe, and, after tying mine astern, resumed their paddling. The sense of safety was so great, the confidence which the stalwart men inspired was so much of a relief that I began to weep again, but this time for joy. The Indians, thinking that perhaps I feared harm at their hands, tried to reassure me.

"Pappose all right. Big John no hurtum pappose," said one; and the other rejoined:

"Soon findum Captin. Pretty soon water not run so fast, then Captin stopum raft."

"I told them that I was not afraid, but am sure that they did not believe me; for they kept up their protestations of goodwill until I grew calm again.

"After an hour of sharp paddling, Big John pointed ahead with his paddle, and said:

"There Captin! There, sure enough were some people on the bank; and in a few minutes we were near enough for me to recognize father, whose tall, erect form could be distinguished anywhere.

"Mother! mother!" I called, or rather shrieked, and rushed close to the water as the Indians steered to the shore, Tom wading out, so as to be the first to greet me. He lifted me from the canoe as soon as it was near enough, for he was a strong fellow, though only sixteen, and, carrying me to the bank, gave me into mother's arms. How they all laughed and cried over me! To the Indians the performance was inexplicable—for tears under any circumstances, especially on an occasion of joy, were to them unaccountable; but they showed the sort of men they were when father offered to pay them for saving me, for they refused any reward except a pig of tobacco.

"We were, of course, much troubled as to the probable fate of Duke; for he was a greater hero in our eyes now than ever, although we did not fully appreciate how much I owed to him. The worst that any of us supposed likely to have happened, after we had talked for a little while and I had explained how I had spent the night, was that I would have had to remain in the tree until father and Tom could have reached me, which would have been some time during the day; for they had already borrowed a canoe from a settler and were about starting in search of me when they saw the Indians coming. We did not know then how narrow my escape from death had been; but when, after a few days, the water went down and we returned to what had been our home, we saw that a great mass of drift stuff had been carried down right across our farm, had overturned the barn, and

broken up against the row of willows, breaking them down so that I could not distinguish which of them had afforded me a refuge. The people who lived above us, and were much less exposed to danger, told us that the "jam" had passed down shortly after sunrise, so that if the Duke had not come to my aid, I would have inevitably been crushed to death or been drowned.

"As for Duke, he proved able to take care of himself, and some weeks later we got him home safe and sound."—*Canada Presbyterian.*

PARSON BULKLEY'S ADVICE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The church at Pelham Center was in trouble. Deacon Joslyn had given up coming to afternoon service. He thought he was too feeble to endure the long strain of two services. The minister thought otherwise, and regarded the deacon's absence as a direct affront. The church had begun to take sides in the matter, and a serious division had resulted. Achah Joslyn, the deacon's pretty daughter, had left the "singers' seats" on account of the trouble, and had taken her special friends with her. Everything was at sixes and sevens, and collateral difficulties had sprung up in the train of the original ones, until the church at Pelham Center was in danger of dissolution.

A meeting of the congregation resulted in nothing, except that a committee was appointed to consult Parson Bulkley, of Chichester. "He is a sage counselor," said Deacon Truesdell. "He is the one to tell us what to do."

So fervent prayer was offered for the success of the committee, and they rode away to Chichester to lay their case before the wise and venerable pastor of that parish. It was especially requested that he give his advice in writing and send it as soon as he could.

It so happened that Mr. Bulkley had a farm a distant part of the town, which he had let to a tenant over whom he kept a sharp lookout, and to whom, from time to time, he sent good counsel as to the farm work. At just this juncture he happened to be forwarding a letter to his tenant as well as one to the Pelham church.

In due time the Pelham people were convened to hear Parson Bulkley's letter. Deacon Truesdell, who was the moderator of the meeting, broke the seal with great impressiveness, and glanced down the page. Then he looked around in a bewildered way, mopped his forehead, and applied himself again to the letter. The deacon was a scholar; so the people, though they could not help seeing that he was puzzled, felt a comfortable assurance that he would somehow get through it.

"This letter," began the solemnly-embarrassed moderator, "is couched in

such peculiar terms that we may need to take considerable thought before we arrive at our excellent brother's precise meaning. Let us pray for light upon the subject."

Accordingly a lengthy prayer was offered, after which the good deacon read as follows: "You will see to the fences that they be built high and strong, and you will take especial care of the old black bull."

This mystical advice fell like so much Sanskrit upon the listening ears of the congregation. Suddenly a discerning brother arose and announced earnestly that the parson had probed the matter to its depths, and had suggested just the remedy needed.

"Do you not see that the advice to repair the fences means that we should take good heed in the admission and government of our members? We must guard the church by our Master's laws, and keep out strange cattle from the fold. In a particular manner should we set a watchful guard over the devil—for what else can Parson Bulkley mean by the 'old black bull'! It is he that has done so much harm of late."

It is recorded that this interpretation was perfectly satisfactory to the Pelham church, and that their animosities speedily subsided. Deacon Joslyn came to both services each Sunday, as had been his wont, and Miss Achah again warbled in the choir. Of what the tenant thought when he received the church's letter, there is, unfortunately, no tradition.—*Congregationalist*

THE NEW YORK FREE KINDERGARTEN AND ITS WORK.

Last March the first kindergarten was opened at 351 East Fifty-third Street, near First Avenue, and was successful from the first. This fall it reopened, while a second school has been begun in Sixty-third Street, and its support assumed by the Associated Alumni of the Normal College, after whom the school is named. The Kindergarten Association expect to open a third school soon. The first kindergarten has sixty children enrolled, and has been obliged to turn away others because it had no room for them.

At nine o'clock each morning a troop of little children may be seen hurrying to the school in East Fifty-third street. Some are brought by their careful mothers, while many a three or four year old trudge along unwatched save by other children who are scarcely older. They gather in a large room on the ground-floor—a vacant store, in reality—and through its large double windows and door, which face the south, the sun comes streaming in. An engraving occupies the most prominent place, while a few colored plates of birds and flowers, frameless, and bits of paper-weaving and pasting, the children's own work, help to

brighten the white walls. A piano stands at one side, and every now and then a little one struts up, and cautiously touches the keys, and listens with delight to the beautiful sound. The two teachers and their helper work with each child with a pleasant word. The faces are bright and eager, and in nearly every case have been made shining and clean, and the hair has been smoothly brushed. Proudly they walk in and give their teachers the penny that the parents have trusted to them. This little sum is spent for the bright paper and materials which the children use, but its payment is not compulsory, and many a child comes daily without it. But in most instances the parents prefer to send it, while the teachers encourage the practice, for the lesson of honor and responsibility which it teaches the children.

The kindergarten's morning talk is perhaps her best work, for she strives to adapt it to each child, and to teach him to open his eyes to the world around him. Very few of these children know that there is a moon or stars. Whether the sun shines or not, whether there are leaves on the trees, he knows not. The different days of the week are as unknown a mystery to him as the fact that he has a right and left hand. The social education, too, is of great value. To get his way by force has been the only way of dealing with his kind that the street child has known. Here in the kindergarten he learns to live peacefully and happily with others, to protect the weaker, to be generous and forgiving. Here, too, he is taught that God, the creator of all, is his merciful and loving Father.

When her three hours' teaching is over, the kindergarten's work is not yet finished. She supplements her teaching by visiting the parents, learning from them much that throws light on the character of her charges, and trying to interest the mothers so that they may aid and not undo her influence. One of the most encouraging points of her work is frequently finding that the dullest, most inattentive child has carried his lesson home, and that in a feeble way the tiny seeds of good are struggling to grow.

In other cities the support of such kindergartens has been assumed by individuals and organizations, the association in each case taking the burden and care of the school, which is named after its supporter. It is greatly to be wished that such a fashion might become popular in New York. The sum needed for the support of a kindergarten is \$1800, which is small in comparison with the incalculable moral, social and intellectual training of children, who, taken from homes often untidy and unhealthy, spend half their day amid refined surroundings under sympathetic intelligent teaching.—*Harper's Bazar.*