MC2397

POOR DOCUMENT

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FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Lovers of a cup of really fine Tea will be glad to know that T. WILLIAM BELL, 88 Prince Wm. Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA, in fact the finest that has ever come to this market, and which he is offering in 6lb. 12lb. and 20lb. caddies.

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" 7—Herbert W. Moore, Attorney-at-Law, and Stanley Kierstead, Attorney-at-Law.
" 8—E. G. Kaye, Barrister, etc., and J. Sidney Kaye, Agt. Royal Ins. Co.
" 9—James J. Kaye, Q. C., Barrister, etc.
" 10, 11—Charles Donerty, Barrister, etc., and Master in Equity.
" 12, 13—E. H. MacAlpine, Barrister, etc Master in Equity.
" 14 & 14½—Charles L. Richards, Barrister, Commissioner for State Massachusetts.

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Rooms 15, 16—News Room, C. H. Fisher, Proprietor
" 17, 18, 19—C. N. Skinner, Q. C., Barrister, &c and R. C. Skinner, Judge of Probates.
" 20, 21, 22—Hanington, Millidge & Wilson, Barristers, etc.
" 23—Board of Fire Underwriters, Peter Clinch, Secretary.
" 24, 25—G. Herbert Lee, Barrister, etc.
" 26—Office of Coadjutor Bishop of Canada.
" 27, 28—G. Sidney Smith, Barrister, Solicitor Bank N. B., and Sec'y Rural Cemetery.

Third Floor.

Rooms 29, 30—The Dominion Safety Fund Life Association, J. DeW. Spurr, President.
" 31, 32—R. C. John Dunn, Governmental Architect.
" 33, 34—G. Anthony Davis, Barrister, etc.
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Mince Meat, Pressed Corned Beef, Pressed Tongue, Sausages, Bolognas, Head Cheese, Sugar-Cured Hams, Roll Bacon, Lard, Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Vegetables, &c.

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OVERCOATS, ULSTERS,

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Comprising White Dress Shirts, Underclothing, Overshirts, Trunks, Valises, etc.

I am also making clothing to order from my large and well selected Scotch and English Cloths. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Terms Reasonable.

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51 Charlotte Street.

IT IS NOT "BUSINESS."

PRENTICE MULFORD TELLS WHY MEN DO NOT SUCCEED.

Time Spent in Aimless and Unnecessary Talk—Effect of Worry on the System. Carrying a Load—Cheating Other People—At Loose Ends.

You'll excuse me, I trust, for saying so, but I don't see any sense or any use in your being "overwhelmed with business." You should not let anything overwhelm you. You're the worse off for being overwhelmed by anything. The fact is, more than half you do and spend your time and struggle on isn't business at all. You'll stand and talk with a man for half an hour when neither of you have anything to say, and when you're through you'll suddenly recollect that you're too late for your train or your interviews with somebody else. Then you rush off in a hurry. You carry hurry with you. You infect everybody with it you meet. You carry on your interviews in a hurry, thinking all the time of the next thing you've got to do. You leave the business concerned in that interview about half done, because you were not able to fix or center your mind wholly on it. You leave business with tags and loose ends. You are always in a fret and worry because of the consequences of your hurried state of mind—and you call this "business."

You have "forty things" to think of and do at once. You shouldn't have forty thing to do at once. You should have only one thing to do at once. That's business. You mislay things. You forget things. You tuck important papers away in unimportant and obscure rat holes hardly conscious of what you're doing. You lose minutes, hours and strength in looking for them. You call that business. All of your mistakes and worries you dignify by the name of business. You get in a worry and a hurry and forget where you've laid your hat, and you call the hunting of that hat "business." Well, it is business, but it's the wrong kind of business. You get your thread in a tangle instead of a properly wound ball and you call the tangle business. You carry a tangle around with you in your head and call it business. You carry your tangle to bed with you. You think it over and over. The same old tangle all night, instead of sleeping as you should to get strength for to-morrow, and you call that "business." Real business is making a business of sleep when the time comes to sleep and not going to work when you should go to sleep. You've no more business carrying your work to bed with you than a wood sawyer has to carry his saw and buck to bed with him.

You're a worry and a pressure and a nuisance at times to your friends and those who are trying to be your friends in always talking about the load you have to carry in your business. The less of a load business is to a man the better he does business. If you're a horse jockey and it's a pleasure for you to sell horses, you'll sell horses and possibly sell the people you sell them to. But if it's a load and a worry and an annoyance for you to sell horses, then you won't sell many. The more a man loves his work the less of a load it is to him and the better he succeeds in his work. The thing that's best done is the thing or act that gives most pleasure in the doing. A live salesman loves to sell goods. A dead salesman who looks like a funeral when he's selling goods and mourns while selling them that he must sell them won't sell many goods. Your idea of "business" for the last ten years has been the borrowing of $10,000 from anybody who was simple enough to lend it to you to "start the business." You will then in three years' time spend $3,000 on yourself, lose the other $7,000 and wind up with nothing.

You had no idea of doing any one a wrong or deceiving any one. But when you got the money you cheated yourself into the delusion that your own expenses were a very necessary part of the business and you were tempted to enlarge the expenses. You're always in this way chasing a phantom and getting out of one business into another. Your real business is that of losing other people's money. Your real business is that of cheating other people into your own delusions. You are the most dangerous of all swindlers, because you are really honest and a believer in your own swindle. You see "millions in it," and magnetize other people in seeing your own shadowy millions. You have considerable ability as a talker, a reasoner, a prevailer. You are the man who can make others see a gold mine in a hill of barren rock. You are the man who can cover in imagination a mud flat or sand waste with a full built town and make corner lots worth thousands before the stakes are driven and while the frogs are concerting upon them.

When you are talking business you don't talk to the center, the pith, the rule of the thing. You don't aim at any bull's eye. You hum and haw, and talk all round the board, and all round what you've got to say or to propose, because you're afraid to say it. You never know exactly what you want yourself. Of course you can't then make others know what you want. That's one reason why so many times you get nothing at all. You lose too much time in feeling around and taking soundings. When the main channel is marked and buoyed out straight before, and that channel is the talking straight out of what you want to do to the other man, if he'll do it, well and good; if he won't, he won't, and there's an end of it. More real business can be done in five minutes than you do sometimes in five hours.

You'd get along and do well if you didn't carry your brains as loosely as you do your papers in your hat. Your brains, like your papers, are always flying away when you take your hat off. You're a cyclone, you are—plenty of force, wind, which could, properly applied, sail a ship or run a windmill; but the way you let it on tears things all to pieces—including yourself.—Prentice Mulford in San Francisco Chronicle.

A Hotel Clerk's Hard Lot.

I suppose you think it very pleasant for the chief clerk of a thriving hotel to sit all day on a high stool and fan himself while the sun is coquetting with the 90s, and so it would be if that were all a chief clerk had to do, but it isn't—not by a quart pitcherful, it isn't. The hardest thing a hotel clerk has to do is to look pleasant every time he's spoken to. The proprietor expects it and the public expects it. I've a kink in my neck now that I got from laughing at an old chestnut sprung on me a little while ago by a Cincinnati drummer. If I hadn't laughed until I was black in the face I suppose he'd have gone to some other hotel. But I'll be out of the business some day and then I'll work off my accumulated bile on the first man I meet.—Thomas O'Shea in Globe-Democrat.

Mark Twain's First Lecture.

"Twenty-five years ago, when I first went to Carson," said a well known gentleman of that city yesterday at a down town hotel, "Mark Twain was just beginning to come to the front as a humorist. He was a quiet, gentlemanly sort of a fellow, who could tell a good story and take his liquid potations with the boys and not show it much, even if he would drink all day.

"In those early days most any sort of an entertainment brought out a big crowd, and when it was announced one day that Mark was to deliver a lecture for the benefit of something or other at the Episcopal church, it was understood from the start that there would be a perfect crush.

"Well, Mark ascended the steps into the pulpit about 8 o'clock, there being a whole lot of the boys and young women, friends of his, as well as a good many old people in front. Mark made a very polite bow and then unfolded a gigantic roll of brown paper. People thought at first it was a big map, but it turned out to be his lecture written on great sheets of grocers' brown paper, with an ordinary grocers' marking brush. After his bow he turned his back around to the audience and craned his head up to the lamp and thus read from the big sheets, as though it would be impossible for him to see any other way.

"The lecture was on 'The Future of Nevada,' and was the funniest thing I ever heard. He prophesied the great era of prosperity that was before us and sought to encourage us residents of the sagebrush region by foretelling what appeared to be Golconda like tales of impossible mineral discoveries. Right on the heels of it, however, came the marvelous discoveries of Virginia City, and then we thought he wasn't so far off in his humorous predictions. Many a time have I thought of that lecture of Mark Twain. It ought to have been published. I have read all his books, and I never saw anything in any of them better than this."—San Francisco Examiner.

How Fashions Originate.

I have always been interested in what I may call the genesis of fashion, and happening some five or six years ago to meet at the house of a well known enterprising London publisher, a young Frenchman who was, I was told, the editeur (that is to say, the publisher) of some half a dozen of the best Paris fashion magazines, I ventured to ask him for some details of how he, month after month, presented his subscribers with a series of new hats and dresses and bonnets and all the rest of it. He proved most communicative in his reply, and I learned that he kept on the establishment, not a poet like Mr. Moses, but two artists of repute, whose work it was to design new shapes and combinations of colors and forms.

As to the source of their inspiration, he admitted that they not unfrequently went to the back volumes of the firm's fashion magazines, of which there were files reaching back to the very beginning, and having evolved a new bonnet or dress out of his inner consciousness, or by altering or developing some long forgotten mode of the past, the artist has done his share of the work. The next thing to be done, according to my informant, was to induce some well known leader of Parisian society or popular French actress to adopt one of the new shaped hats or costumes, or whatever it might be. This accomplished, the success of a new mode was often assured, just as the success of a new song is often secured if some famous vocalist can only be induced to sing it in public.—Figaro.

Is Insect a Synonym for Man?

Is "insect" a good synonym for man? The poets think it is, but I confess I do not agree with them. Not because the word is itself absurd as applied to creatures with solidly continuous bodies like men and women (for poetry does not of necessity concern itself with the real meanings of words), but because I am no pessimist, and think much too well of my kind to allow that human beings are either reptiles, vermin or insects. What "vermin" are I do not know. In western America the red Indians are called vermin by the blackguard whites. In Australia "wild horses" are vermin, so on the Continent are wolves; in our English game preserves so are hawks, owls, jays and weasels. Professional "vermin" killers mean by the term moles and rats. Patent "vermin" killing powders and pastes are directed against black beetles and crickets. In hospitals "vermin" means lice. So that anything between a red Indian and a louse may be "vermin."—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Necklace of Human Fingers.

A curious and interesting relic of Indian barbarism was received at the war department a few days ago. It consisted of a necklace of human fingers. Originally there were eleven fingers strung together after the manner of necklaces of bears' claws, but three of them had been lost. This ghastly adornment was captured in an attack on the northern Cheyennes in 1876, and each finger represented a life taken by the owner, the big medicine man of the tribe. The fingers had been preserved by opening the skin, removing the bones, scraping away all the tissues and fatty substances, replacing the bones, and subjecting the skin to some tanning process. The necklace was sent to West Point by Capt. Bourke, who is now engaged in preparing some historical matter relating to the Indians. It was brought from West Point here in order that it might be reproduced in paper mache at the Smithsonian institution.—Washington Cor. New York Sun.

Women on Board Yachts.

Women fit into yachting better than men, for the most part, strange as it may seem. Probably one reason is that they are more used to leisure and meet it more gracefully; another may be that the Boston woman naturally scintillates with effervescent brilliancy, and makes a charming guest at all times and places. However it may be, the femme d'esprit is always to be found among the guests of a yachting party, as it is recognized that the talent of brilliant conversation is the talent par excellence on board a yacht—it wears best and is oftenest in requisition. The sunshiny, merry girl, who looks on life as one long dream of joy, is always of the yachting party. She need not be beautiful, but she must have that joyous laugh of youth that, notwithstanding her training in that center of serious and intellectual culture, the Boston girl, by the grace of kindly nature, still retains, her reputation to the contrary notwithstanding.—Boston Post.

Conditions of Life.

At a recent meeting of the London Anthropological institute, Dr. George Harley sought to prove that the conditions which have increased man's comfort and stimulated his mental faculties have lessened his vitality and recuperative powers, making him more liable to fatal injuries. —Arkansaw Traveler.

CLOSING THE CIVIL WAR.

The Last Charge Was on a Brandy Barrel and the Last Shot Was Over It.

The man who claims to have ordered the last shot fired on the Confederate side during the late unpleasantness is Mr. A. B. Faircloth, of Camilla, Ga., a gentleman as modest as he is brave. The incident was told us by Capt. D. H. Sanders, an old comrade in arms of Mr. Faircloth, and forms a unique feature in the unwritten history of the great struggle. Mr. Faircloth belonged to Company C, Second Georgia cavalry.

Lee had surrendered. Johnston had surrendered. Only Kirby Smith remained at the head of armed resistance. The Confederacy was in its death throes. Wheeler determined not to surrender his men, but to force his way across the country to join Smith west of the Mississippi. To this end he procured the removal of his command from Johnston's army, and started upon one of the most hazardous retreats in the annals of war. While everywhere Confederate troops were grounding their arms, taking the oath of allegiance to the United States government and returning to their homes, this little band under their gallant leader refused to lower the stars and bars.

Wheeler's bold movement was kept a profound secret, known only to his own men and Gen. Johnston. All thought that the war was over. The Federals came freely into the lines of their late foes, and there was a general intermingling of the "blue and gray." It fell to the lot of Company C to guard Wheeler's rear. A barrel of brandy was discovered just inside the reserve picket line, and those old veterans, with true soldierly instinct, soon tapped it and were fast getting into a hilarious condition. The lieutenant in command of the picket guards was in a short time unable to distinguish a Confederate from a "Yank," and was relieved by Mr. Faircloth, the orderly sergeant. The aroma of that brandy was wafted to the oifactories of the Union soldiers, and soon a troop of cavalry was seen coming at a headlong charge upon that barrel. Sergt. Faircloth obeyed the orders of his chief, and the dashing squadron was received with a volley from their picket line. They were dumfounded, and without returning the fire showed a white flag. The sergeant advanced to parley with the bearer of the flag of truce.

"What the deuce did you fire for? Don't you know the war is over?" This was jerked out by the spokesman on the other side.

"I obeyed orders," calmly replied the sergeant. "No troops can pass my line."

"But, man, Johnston has surrendered, and the war is over. Comè, let us pass, we want to taste that brandy over there."

"I must carry out my orders," stoutly maintained Sergt. Faircloth, "and if your men advance they will be fired upon. But," he added, "I am expecting orders calling to my men every minute, and if you will wait perhaps you may get a drop of the brandy."

Strange to say the troop waited, and the order came. Then there was a grand rush for the barrel—when "Johnny Reb" and "Yank" got on a drunk together.

This was the last shot fired in the late war, and the incident, now published for the first time, will be read with interest by those who participated in the novel scene, as well as the general public. To complete the story it only remains to tell that, acting under the advice of Johnston, Wheeler gave over his daring attempt, and, turning over his men to the brigade, regimental and company commanders to act as they saw fit, gathered about him a few bold spirits, and started to join the head of the Confederacy in his effort to escape his pursuers.—Greensboro Herald.

Where They Were Born.

Some time after the war Gen. Crittenden met three ex-Confederate officers at dinner, and they became very friendly.

"Major," said Gen. Crittenden to one of them, "where were you born?"

"Well," said the major, getting a little red, "I was born, sir, in Nantucket, Mass., but you see I lived ten years in the south, and I married a southern lady, and as all my interests were in the south of course I fought for them."

"And where were you born?" he asked the second.

"Well, sir, I was born in Nantucket, Mass., but I'd lived in the south twenty years, and of course"——

"I see," said the general, turning to the third. "Colonel, where were you born?"

"I was born in Nantucket, Mass., too, but I'd been thirty years in the south, and"——

"That's curious, isn't it?"

"Tell me, general," said one of them, "where were you born?"

"Well, I was born in Huntsville, Ala., but I lived in the north for many years, and I fought for the Union."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Creoles and Their Servants.

Poor indeed must be the creole family without one retainer of color, and almost every household provides for some old and useless pensioners with affectionate interest. Creole servants are invaluable, their training having been thorough; and in almost every instance they remained with their old mistresses, often working when there was no money to pay their wage, often assuming extra work to make a few picayunes to help their beloved "white people." Creole housekeepers manage to keep servants, even the servants of the new dispensation, while their American sisters in the same city are wasting their substance in advertisements, or wearing out footgear tramping from one employment bureau to the other. Creoles accord certain privileges to their servants which Americans refuse. Creole children are taught from babyhood politeness to servants, and American children are permitted to jeer, to worry and to insult them.—Harper's Bazar.

Oil on the Stormy Waters.

The use of oil to calm the sea during a storm, or at least to check the force of big waves, has apparently acquired recognition as a scientific truth. At any rate the experiment tried by shipmasters, as recorded on the monthly pilot charts issued from the hydrographic office of the navy department, have been generally successful. Mariners have, in fact, been led to try their experiments by the frequent publication of information concerning the practice, and mechanics have also been led to contrive devices by means of which the oil can be thrown from the bows of ships. There have also been prepared several combinations of animal, vegetable and mineral oils especially for use as quieting agents in storms at sea.—Boston Transcript.

To Rest the Aching Back.

Workers at home who have aching backs and but one writing desk, and that a low one, will find great relief from writing in a standing position (if a recess is out of the question), if only for fifteen minutes —The Writer.

THE IDEAL MAGAZINE

For young people is what the people call ST. NICHOLAS. Do you know about it—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful? If there are any boys or girls in your house, will you not try a number, or try it for a year, and see if it isn't just the element you need in the household? The London Times has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Here are some leading features of

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Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank R. Stockton—several by each author.

A short Serial Story by Mrs. Burnett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of ST. NICHOLAS.

War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Badeau, chief-of-staff, biographer and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl took part.

The Serial Stories include "Juan and Juanita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Taylor, author of "On Both Sides;" also, "Jenny's Boarding House," by Jas. Otis, a story of life in a great city.

Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy), and "Recollections of the Naval Academy"; "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas Wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child-Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder; "Victor Hugo's Tales to His Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brookes. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, Noah Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rose Hawthorn Lathrop, Mrs, S. M. B. Piatt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc.

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