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ee bin



VOL. 8.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1886.

NO. 14

SKATING.

Bright the silvery star-rays glisten
O'er the meads asleep in snow,
And the pines that lean and listen
To the river's rythmic flow.
How our glad hearts leap and lighten
When the winy air we feel,
As upon the bank we tighten
To our feet the gleaming steel!
Then, while song, in thrilling chorus,
Wakes the forest arches gray,
Down the shimmering stretch before u
We're away.

Clinging beech-leaves, growing crisper With each clear-skied frosty night, Gossip-like, in laughing whisper, Glory in our sudden flight.

Do they dream in trust how tightly As we speed our hands entwine?

Do they note in love how brightly, When our eyes meet, hers outshine?

Do they see the blushes stealing
O'er the curve of rounded cheek?

Can they sound the depths of feeling When I speak?

Backward blow her tiny tippet's
Tassels as we dash along.
And her happy heart lets slip its
Joy in cadences of song.
How my longing breast is smitten
By her eyes that beam with wit!
Is it strange I want the mitten
When her hand is in the mit?
Let the drawser night wind, talling Lo! the drowsy night wind, telling Secrets with its lover's art. Sets the tide of passion swelling

With a look that makes me bolder, Up she glauces in my eyes, estles nearer to my shoulder With the sweetest of replies.
Queenly Luna we discover
Rising o'er a giant fir,
(She has smiled on many a lover Since Endymion smiled on her !) And she, looking through the boughs with Mild astonishment at this, Sees us seal our lovers' vows with— Just a kiss! Clinton Scollard in Outing.

> SO NEARLY PARTED. BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

They had quarrelled; there was no mistake about that!

Ruby's face was pale, and her dark eyes downcast; there was a petulant expression about the little red mouth, and the white hand holding a lovely Marechal Neil rose trembled so that a shower of fragrant petals

fluttered to the ground. He was tall and dark, and disdainful, old's jilted lover. standing before her in the silvery moonlight, while within the brightly illuminated house gaily dressed people were moving about,

Where there's a will there's a way,' and the very next morning, whom should he meet at breakfast—table d'hote—but Jacob Averill, just from Texas and on the eve of and the sound of sweet, soft music came floating upon the air, for Mrs. Wallingford's

ball was at its height.

But these two—affianced lovers, who had wandered away from the brilliant ball-room

wandered away from the brilliant ball-room
—were enacting a serio-comic scene, which
might perchance, end in a tragedy.
Charlie Stuart—or Prince Charlie, as he
was known—stood gnawing the ends of his
long,dark mustache, one white hand resting
upon the iron railing of the balcony upon
which they were standing.

'So this is what I have to expect in the future?' his low passionate voice was availaged.

ture? his low, passionate voice was saying angrily; 'since you care so little for me now as to flirt with whomsoever pleases your fancy, what real trust or confidence can I re-

rancy, what real trust or confidence can I repose in you after you are my wife?'

'I am not your wife yet!' she panted angelly, 'and I do not know that I ever shall be?'

He started as though he had been struck,

'I suspected as much,' he sneered. 'Your conduct in allowing Philip Levison's attentions proves that!' tions proves that!'

'You have said enough,' she returned frigidly. 'You have no right to take me to task for permitting the meaningless atten-tions of a man of the world, who has no thought of me when I am out of his sight. Charlie Stuart, I would not dare marry a

jealous man—like you!'

'You mean a poor man!' he retorted angrily. 'I can see the fault, Ruby Arnold; It is my detestable poverty! This fellow Levison is rich—there is but one logical deduction. And so I——'

'Miss Arnold! I beg a thousand pardous, but savely this is our walk?' 'Mon Rays' but-surely this is our waltz? 'Mon Reve,

And there upon the balcony in the shimmering moonlight stood Philip Levison, blonde, handsome, debonnair.

Ruby started with a little flush of impatience, but she laid her gloved hand upon the black coat-sleeve extended, and with a half smile of farewell into Charlie's moody face, went back to the ball-room. His dark eyes followed the slender figure

in its floating ball-robe of azure silk and misty white lace, and he set his teeth hard together behind his heavy mustache.

'Mon Reve!' he muttered satirically, 'my dream is over! She is false and fickle, libe the most of the satirical satirical

like the rest of her sex! From the very first she has insisted upon keeping our engagement secret, and all the world is in the dark, and Phil Levison never dreams that dark, and rail Levison never dreams that she is bound in honor to another. True, ours is not a regular engagement formally announced and all that, but we understand each other—at least, we did before this handsome aristocrat, with his gold mine, tried to come between us. And there is tried to come between us. And there is Edith Ross—such a pretty girl! And Levison was as good as nogaged to her, every-body said—until he met Ruby, and since that time he has had eyes and ears for no one else. And Edish was Ruby's most istimate friend! Bah! a fig for women's friendships—or love, either,' he added an-

grily.

And then he went back to the ball-room and almost the first person upon whom his eyes rested was the white-robed figure of

eyes rested was the white-roled ngure of pretty Edith Ross, sitting alone in the lacedraped depths of a bay-window.

He made his way to her side, and dropped gracefully into a vacant seat near. The girl's sweet face flushed for an instant, then grew pale as a snow drop, Charlie's eyes followed the direction of

The evening wore away, and like all things, came to an end at last.

But though it had seemed to Charlie Stuart as though the long hours would never pass, pride forbade his leaving before the usual time. Mrs. Wallingtord's balls were recherche, and to leave early and upon slight pretense would assuredly provoke un-

pleasant comment.

'And the gossiping old harples shall not say that Ruby Arnold has jilted me?' he So he bore the burden of the passing hours somehow; watched Ruby in her azure and white robe dancing, laughing, and, yes, undeniably flirting, and chiefly with Philip Le-

He observed the eyes of the gossips—keen and watchful—upon the pair, and even overheard several predictions that 'that would heard several predictions that 'that would be a ma'ch!' And by this time Charlie Stuart was in a pitiable frame of mind. But the revelry came to an end at last; and Prince Charlie, waiting in the hall with a hope of escorting his betrothed to her carriage, was rewarded by the sight of his rival tenderly wrapping Ruby's white fur cloak about her, and finally, having assisted her to her place inside the carriage, taking leave of her with apparent tenderness. And Charlie even caught these whispered words:

'You have promised me, Ruby,' said Philip Levison; 'remember that!'

And the beautiful dark eyes were uplifted to his own, while the sweet voice answered

Yes'—how the word faltered from Ruby's lips—'of course!'

'Come, baby'—Edith stooped and lifted the child in her arms, You've bothered Aunt Ruby long enough! You met Philip down town, didn't you, Charlie? You see we call you Charlie as of old. And my boy here is named Charlie Stuart Levison. Philip would have it so; though Ruby—proposed the name.

By this time Charlie of course!'

'Come, baby'—Edith stooped and lifted the child in her arms, You've bothered Aunt Ruby long enough! You met Philip down town, didn't you, Charlie? You see all you Charlie as of old. And my boy here is named Charlie Stuart Levison.

Philip would have it so; though Ruby—proposed the name.

By this time Charlie of course!'

to his own. while the sweet voice answered softly:
'As if I could forget! No; when you come to me to-morrow evening, I shall have good news to tell you I am sure!'

In her own room—after the ball—Ruby threw herself down upon a sofa and burst into a passion of tears, which racked her in the hall!' frame with stormy fury.

'He is the most provoking—the most hateful—Oh, I detest him! And, yet, how

And with Baby Charlie in her arms, she filted away and the two were alone.

'Ruby!'—breaking the silence at last—

could I give him up?'
And she turned slowly around upon her finger the plain little ring set with a single ruby, which Charlie Stuart had given her as a token of the secret engagement existing between them, and which was soon to have swered. been made public. But now, alast at that very movement, pale and wrathful, Charlie in his own home at the nearest hotel was writing her a farewell letter. writing her a farewell letter.

He had made up his mind to go away.

England, China, even Kamtchatka, was bet-ter than to remain here in New Orleans for all society to laugh at him as Ruby Ar-

Averill, just from Texas and on the eye of returning.

"Come out with me, Prince," he proposed.

"I'll give you a half-interest in my ranch if you will [agree to remain and conduct the business entirely. You see, I've just married the dearest little woman, and her people will not hear of my taking her off into the wilderness yet awhile."

"I'll do it!" cried Prince Charlie, with such arder and enthusiasm as aroused instant aus-

ardor and enthusiasm as aroused instant sus-ploion in Averill's breast.

'Crossed in love, I'll bet a dollari' commented this wise young man to himself.

'Well, if he wants to get away so badly, there's not a nicer place in the known world where a man may forget things—civilization, for instance—than off in the Lone Star State.' So the arangements were hastily con-

cluded.

Charlie dispatched his farewell letter to his false love, telling her that he was going to Texas. But alse! Texas covers a large extent of territory, and the misguided young man omitted to give an exact address. But then, if she wanted to see him, how

easy for her to drop him a line, for he could

easy for her to drop him a lice, for he could not leave immediately, of course, and there were nearly forty-eight hours in which she might asked him to call.

But Charlie did not know that the moraning after Mrs. Wallingford's ball Ruby's mother had insisted upon carrying her into the country for a couple of days to visit a sick relative. So she missed that important letter, enly finding it upon her return, and then it was too late. And nobody seemed to know Charlie Stuart's address.

In the meantime, away over in Texas, the young man entered into his work with anch zeal that he soon became master of the situation, and Jack Averlil felt justified in

Charlie's eyes followed the direction of her own, and saw that she was intently watching the two floating figures upon the floor, her dearest friend and the man whom the world had believed that she was to wed. Charlie Stuart's handsome face darkened with a frown.

'Not content with wrecking my happiness, she must break the heart of the sweet little woman whom she claims as her friend!' he was shown into the pretty, cheery room where, in a low rocker before a sparkling fire, sat Ruby, with a little golden-haired child leaning against her knee.

She looked as if she were about to speak, but at that moment the door opened hastly, and e fair-faced lady in a pretty orimson house-dress entered the room, Edith Ross!

'I just learned that you were here, Prince Charite, she began; 'your card was not brought up until a moment ago-how glad we are to see you! Aren't we Ruby?' Yes'-how the word faltered from Ruby's

eagerly; 'whose wife are you, Edith?'
She laughed merrily.
'Why Philip Levison's of course!' cried gayly 'Though had it not been for dear Ruby who succeeded so admirably in reconciling her mother to Philip—poor mamma, she did not like him then, but new His isce brightened.

'The one word yes is all I ask!' he said; and then Ruby, lifting her eyes once more as the carriage moved away, caught a glimpse of Prince Charlie's dark and angry face, a scornful smile upon his lips.

In her own room—after the ball—Ruby threw herself down upon a sofa and burst.

why have you never married?'
She glanced timidly into his face, and held up with hand upon which sparkled a

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

Mme. Marie Branchu Dashes Herself to Pieces.

CRASHING THROUGH THE ICE-DEMENTED BY

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—From the elevation of High Bridge, at noon yesterday, an elderly woman plunged downward 130 feet, and crushed through the river's fcy covering a mere jelly of battered flash and bone. So ghastly a suicide could hardly be the conception of a well suicide could hardly be the conception of a well ordered mind, and the fact that the victim was a hypochondriac, who had thrice before tried to end her existence by methods less frightfully tragic, explains motive and means at once. It was a little after midday that she appeared in the neighborhood, coming slowly over the snowy roadway below the hill at the northerly shore. No one had noticed whether she had come up by train or had crossed the railroad bridge and trudged along the river side from motified and trudged along the river and the river control but genteel, and with sober black predominating. She wore a heavy-loth dolman and carried a must in her hand, but seemed unconscious of the bitterness of the wind that came down by fits and starts between the two high walls of snow that hedged the river and th ordered mind, and the fact that the victim was

you in a moment. You are not much changed after all!

He bowed low over the extended hand.

'No,' he answered coldly: 'it is not I who have altered. You are well—and happy, of course!' he added abruptly.

Her sweet face flushed and then grew pale.

She looked as if she were about to speak.

address "Marie Branchu, No. 40 West 125th street."

A policeman was despatched there, and the young woman who opened the door started at the sight of him with the cry, "Something has happened to mother!" Her fearful suspicion was correct. It was her mother who was the High Bridge suicide.

Marie Branchu was fifty years of age, a Parisian by birth, and had come to this country with her husband, Theodore, thirty years ago. He was a house painter who prospered fairly. She conducted a corset making business of her own. Together they managed to accumulate about \$20,000. The pair had five children, and hopeful of increasing his means, M. Branchu engaged in speculation. A countryman of his, an ingenious Frenchman, had an invention, of which he expected great things. He interested the house painter in it, and the latter saw in its success a way to speedy competency. He invested in the venture the bulk of his fortune, and ten years ago, when his wife went to France, she left him hopeful of realizing his expectations.

LUCKIESS AND DESPONDENT.

But ill news was in store. His investment was a total loss. With the hope of retrieving his fortune he went into other ventures. They were attended with the same ill success, and about five years ago M. Branchu was compelled to go out and seek employment as a journeyman painter.

This blow was most severly felt by his wife. When she heard of the first failure she raised a hubbub before a Paris prefect, and gave the first indication that her mind had received a shock. She was of an extremely nervous temperment, delicate rather than sickly, but the gloomy outlook filled her with all sorts of strange forebodings. In company she was at ease and even cheeful. But when left to here strange forebodings. In company she was at ease and even cheeful. But when left to herself she became fretful, nervous and afraid of every shadow.

self she became fretful, nervous and afraid of every shadow.

This state of mental depression took a more serious shaps. Three times she was detected in attempts to put an end to her life. The last occasion was a year ago, when she took poison. For the last two weeks M. Blanchu has been out of employment, and his wife seemed more than ever depressed. Yesterday morning at 11 o'clock she left home, presumably for a walk. She took with her \$5 to redeem the pawn ticket for the earrings, which was about expiring. An hour and a half afterward she was picked out of the Harlem River, crushed and dead.

Booth and Houston.

AN INTERESTING BEMINISCENCE NOT BELATED IN STAGE HISTORY.

The following reminiscence of the elder hill what flying is to going to sleep. If I was for will be read with interest. It is a veritable I would rather have a toboggan than a pair fact; and as it is not to be found in any of the blished lives of Both or in any of the back.

P. S.—There is usually an angel on the fact; and as it is not to be found in any of the published lives of Booth, or in any of the books of the stage which speak of him, will have a greater value in the eyes of those who remember the great actor:

Mr. B.—A young Canadian of broad extended took is dinner at a side table, and later in the condition.

Of the stage which speak of him, will have a greater value in the eyes of those who remember the great actor:

N. B.—A young Canadian of broad extended took his dinner at a side table, and later in the condition.

member the great actor:—

One evening, during the winter of 1834, as
Booth was walking up Pennsylvania avenue, in
the city of Washington, he encountered an old
friend from the West whom he had not seen
for a number of years. After mutual expressions of surprise and salutation, the two men
walked arm and arm to Brown's Hotel, where,
as it appears, both had taken lodgings unknown to the other. It is probable that
in the whole country there could not be found
two men more passionately fond of excitement, more remarkable in their habits, or
more noted for their eccentricities. The tragedian was short and sturdy, his friend was
tall and gaunt. Retiring to a private room,
they sat down to recount the story of their past
lives, and as they industriously circulated the
bottle, which was off-times replenished, many
a loud shout echoed through the hall and startled the watchman in the streets as they went
through their silent rounds. As the night
wore on, the excitement of the two men increased, until, at the close of a thrilling story
relating to his own career, the companion of
the tragedian exclaimed:

"N. B.—A young Canadian of
perience assures me that Torom
really and truly have wings, inson
often he has to drive with one ha
his other arm to hold the angel fr
away.

Big Game in Maine Fereste
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Big Game in Maine for any
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Snowshoes and Toboggans.

(By J. R. Burdette) The snowshoe is to the Canadian, lightomeness, and to all the rest of the world a stumbling block. A man who has tried snowshoes for the first time is disqualified from writing about them for six months afterwards. He might say something he would not only regret, but which he could not prove, and for which his church would subject him to severest discipline. The best way for a beginner to wear snowshoes is to imitate the Indian who sells them. He carries them on his shoulder. I am now carry-

ries them on his shoulder. I am now carrying mise in the baggage car. I will continue to carry them there until we reach the custom house. Then I don't know where the inspector will carry them. I don't want to pay duty on a pair of vile conspirators that have held me up to ridicule, thrown me down in the snow, torn my clothes and ruffled my temper. But I would like to get them home. I tried to slip them inside my trousers legs, but if you ever saw a snowshoe you will readily understand how, with the present style of pantaloons, that scheme would be a colossal failure.

The toboggan is a sled with a single run-

The toboggan is a sled with a single runner, which spreads clear across the bottom of the sled. The top of the toboggan is just like the bottom. It is somewhat thicker like the bottom. It is somewhat thicker than a sheet of writing paper and about as long as an after-dinner speech. Its seating capacity is limited only by the number of persons who can get on it. The urbane and gentlemanly conductor sits aft and uses one of his lithe and willowy legs for a steering apparatus by which he guides the toboggan some way-or other. It is casy to slide down hill on a toboggan. In fact, after you start down, you can't do anything else. True, you could fall off. That is easily done. The flying machine is not high, so you haven't flying machine is not high, so you haven't very far to fall. Still, if you have to fall from a toboggan half way down the slide, or else fall down stairs with a kitchen stove, you take the stove and the stairs every time. It isn't so exciting and it isn't so soon. The prince and I walked up the

stairway for the purpose of sliding down the stairway for the purpose of aliding down the banister on a toboggan.

The president of the club took his place aft; semebody said, "Let her go." Then he stopped, and the president said, "How did we like it?" I left my breath at the top of the slide and we had to go up and get it. There it was, a gasp three and a half inches long, stleking in the air like an icicle, just where I gasped it when we started. I took it down, stuck it in my left lung and began to breathe again with great freedom. The toboggan is to any other way of getting down

perience assures me that Toronto angels really and truly have wings, insomuch that often he has to drive with one hand, using his other arm to hold the angel from flying Addenda—I have known the same thing

Big Game in Maine Forests.

STORY OF AN OLD TRAPPER WHO SQUEEZED A A Boston Herald correspondent was in Lew-

iston, Me., the other day, and happened to drop into a furrier's shop, when an old Dead river hunter came iq.
"I had a goll-fired tussel with that varmint," he said, as he threw a bear skin on the floor, "I kinder thought I'd bring it in, cos I want a

when contains a control of the binominary of the reliable and the state of the property of the control of the state of the property of the control of the state of the property of the control of the state of the control of the control of the state of the

LITTLE CHIPS.

Nights of labor—newspaper men's. "Yes, my son," said Brother Talmage, "there may be roller skates in heaven, but the floors will be padded and the music will never go out to wet its whistle."

A blacksmith in Buffalo broke his helper's head with a hammer because he talked so much. A syndicate is now being formed to buy up enough votes to send that blacksmith

In Pennsylvania, in spite of a thorough arbitrary school system that clothes school committeemen almost with despotic powers, 325,000 children are reported not to attend

school at all. A Cohoes man and a Troy woman met at

a party in Lansingburgh, one Friday even-ing, fell in love at sight, became engaged be-fore the party was over, and were married Saturday night.

J. W. Harlow of Augusta, Me., relates that his pet canary bird "Ned" gave up the ghost one day last week at the ripe age of 23 years, and had he survived until the 4th of March would have been 24. "There is a good deal of religion in nature," solemnly remarked a young Aberdeen clergyman calling upon a lady of his congregation recently. "There is," was the congregation recently. "There is," was the quiet reply. "We should never forget that there is a sermon in every blade of grass." 'Quite true. We should also remember that

Charlottetown Patriot. Oscar Wiley of Davenport, Iowa, is the possessor of a horse of excellent build and good gait, with five legs, and every time it is shod five shoes are required. The horse is six years old and was raised on a farm near Moline, Ill. It runs as well as a fourlegged animal, and to all appearances finds no inconvenience in using the fifth member.

-Omaha Bee. Wm. Rewley and a gang of men were working in the gravel pit of Biddeferd, Me., when a cave-in began. All managed to jump out except Rowley, who, as he was caught by the falling gravel, threw his shovel as far as he could. This act saved his life, for every other shovel was buried by his life, for every other shovel was buried by the slide; but working with Rowley's shovel and their hands the men dug him out, not much hurt, but very badly scared.

A gentleman walked into the dining room of one of the Boston clubs in the early part of last week, and there being twelve at table

took his dinner at a side table, and later in the evening drew up to the main table. Of all the gentlemen present he apparently had the strongest hold on life. Two days later he died without warning.

Prince Alessandro Torlonis, whose death is reported, will long be remembered in Italy for his great wealth and the immense public works which he carried to completion. His father was a baker of Naples, who made money enough in a time of famine to establish himself as a banker, and the princely title came to its possessors from Victor Emanuel in acknowledgment of services to the state in draining Lake Fucino, restoring 40,000 acres of rich land to cultivation. This was an achievement attempted in vain by was an achievement attempted in vain by the Emperor Claudius, who employed 30,-000 men for 11 years in the futile task.

O00 men for 11 years in the futile task.

Counsel for W. W. Downs have entered suits against the Bowdoin Square Society. Boston, for \$3,000 for one year's salary, and against Rev. Dr. George W. Bosworth of Cambridge, secretary of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention, for \$20,000 damages on account of the emission of Mr. Downs's name from the annual report of the proceedings of the convention, and alleged slanderous statements made by Dr. Bosworth. The funds of the society in the Central National Bank have been attached, and also Dr. Bosworth's property.