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VOL. 8.

Polyment 3 18:0

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1886.

THE NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE. Things ain't now as they used to be A hundred years ago,
When schools were kept in private rooms
Above stairs or below;
When sturdy boys and rosy girls
Komped through the drifted snow,
And spelled their duty and their "abs,"
A hundred years ago,

Those old school-rooms were dark and cold When winter's sun ran low; But darker was the master's frown A hundred years ago.
And high hung up the birches rod,
That all the school might see,
Which taught the hops abedience,
As well as Rule of Three.

Though 'twas but little that they learned, Though 'twas but little that they learned A hundred years ago,
Yet what they got they ne'er let slip,—
'Twas well whipped in, you know.
But now the times are greatly changed,
The rod has had its day,
The boys are won by gentle words,
The girls by love obey.

The school-house now a palece is, And scholars kings and queens; They master algebra and Greek Before they reach their teens. Where once was crying, music sweet
Her soothing influence sheds;
Ferules are used for beating time,
And not for beating heads.

Yes, learning was a ragged boy
A hundred years ago;
With six weeks' schooling in the year
What could the nrchin do?
But now he is a full-grown man,
And boasts attainments rare,
He's got his silver slippers on,
And is running everywhere.

—Home and S

A CHANCE PROTECTOR. Hugh Beverley never meant to marry. He had never been of that way of thinking for ten years or more now, and he was at present six and thirty. His sister, Mrs. Valentine, was therefore quite safe in counting so confidently upon his portion of the Bsverley property going to her two little boys, one of whom was his bachelor uncle's godchild and favorite. Hugh Beverley had no earthly objection to her thus counting. Only he sometimes wished she would not make her anticipations so visible. It would be in better taste to veil them more. However poor Ciara had always been rather worldly. And with this reflection Beverley folded that lady's last letter—scented and sealed with a creat—and walked down the Hugh Beverley never meant to marry. sealed with a creat—and walked down the stairs of the little Tyrolese inn, where he was temporarily stopping in his wanderings, and out upon the covered balcony, which com-manded a view of the quaintly picturesque

temporarily stopping in his wanderiogs, and out upon the covered balcony, which commanded a view of the quaintly picturesque village atreet.

He had been sitting there with a meditative cigar some little time when hurried footsteps roused him from his reverte and he saw a stender slip of a girl, very young and looking very frightened and white, hastily accost the landlord and speak to him. The man gave some reply and the girl turned quickly, almost running up the street.

Mine host sauntered into the house and presently re-emerged.

there? Do you think it was making her lot easier to compromise the girl?"

"Compromise her? What do you mean?"

Severley finabed darkly, Mrs. Valentine knew that look in her brother's face, and generally avoided it.

"Of course it is compromising to her to have brought her here alone with you—a young sirl like that—who has no claim upon you," she said, shrugging her shoulders, but speaking with less excitement.

"She is about twenty years younger than I," said Beverley, in a tone he did not often use, "and it is unworthy of you, Clara, to

Mine host sauntered into the house and presently re-emerged.

"A bad business—a bad business," shaking his head. "That lady is very ill."

"The mother of that young girl" asked Beverley, putting two and two together.

"Yes. They've been here some weeks. The mother's been going rapidly. Bad business, bad business. The girl, poor thing, did not seem to fear anything serious. Guess there isn't much money, either," coacluded the man, evidently on his own interests intent.

"Who are they—Americans?" queried Beverley.

Yes. They were countrywomen of his. Or rather the young girl was. For in the course of the night, very suddenly, the mother, whose name was registered upon

Or rather the young girl was. For in the course of the night, very suddenly, the mother, whose name was registered upon mine host's books, "Mrs. Robert Ventnor, New York," passed away, leaving her

daughter alone.

Beverley did not learn of the death until Beverley did not learn of the death until the next morning.

He was leaving his room when, in the hall, he came upon the landlord and his wife, talking in slightly lowered voices and with expressive shrugs of the shoulders. A neighboring door stood open, and a stark form covered with a sheet within told the tale. Near the bed sat the young girl of yesterday—motionless, with clasped hands and a rigid face.

"There's no money to do anything with," said the landlord, with another shrug of the shoulders, to Beverley.

duisitiveness very largely developed.

Beverley looked at the girl with a sudden deep pity. She stood tall and straight in her shabby black dress. She glanced up at him with her large, moureful eyes.

"Thank you," she said. No mussle of the fact with some sharpness.

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mortal of Mrs. Ven nor was laid to rest in the little graveyard, with its fantastic iron crosses and g otesque beaded wreaths hanging on the same at the end of the village street, thousands of miles from her native land. Perhaps it was a happy release. She had been a wanderer for years, going about from place to place in search of health that would not come at the bidding, hope and courage, and friends, and means, growing less season by season. The slender girl, who now turned away from the new made mound, npon which, by Beverley's thoughtfulness, some fresh flowers had been laid, had been familiar with the makeshifts of genteel poverty ever since she had grown from a joyless childhood into aimless early womanhood. Poor Lucile Ventnor, hers had not been a happy girlhood.

had been familiar with the makeshifts of genteel poverty ever since she had grown from a joyless childhood into aimless early womanhood. Poor Lucile Ventnor, hers had not been a happy girlhood.

She had not spoken a word as she walked back to the house, and Beverley, who found himself, by the unexpected developments of fate, in some measure constituted this unknown girl's sole present friend and guardian, knew not how to broach the question of her plans and movements for the future which had now become imminest. At length he spoke to the landlady: "You must rouse her from her lethargy. A young girl like that can't "Why?"

stay on here alone in this strange inn. You must ask her whether she has no friends to whom she can write and whom she can acquaint with her condition."

But when the girl was spoken to she answered: "No. There is no one—no one," And pushing back the heavy dark hair from

And pushing back the heavy dark hair from her face with a a rapid movement, she seemed to be looking with large, frightened, horror-stricken eyes into the hard, strange world upon which she was thus auddenly thrust.

Beverley went out upon the carved baleony, and smoked another meditative eigar, and there, in sight of the blue Tyrolean hills, came to a decision. Clara Valentine was living in Paris since her husband's death, and she had the means to give this wift a

No sconer thought of than done. Bever

No sconer thought of than done. Beverley had himself aunounced to Miss Ventnor,
and in a few kind words off ared her sister's
protection. "I am going to Parls myself tomorrow. If you will be ready I will take
you direct to my sister's home."

For a moment the young girl stood speechless. Then, raising her eyes to the kind
dark ones bent on her, the long tension abruptly gave way, and she burst into an uncontrollable, hysterical weeping fit.

Beverley was horrified. But the young girl
came herself to his assistance. She mastered herself after a moment with a violent effort and dried her tears.

you say."
When Beverley turned away there was a lump in his throat. "Well, this is about the most utterly preposterous thing I ever heard of in my life! And Hugh—of all men—to be mixed up in

world like Hugh should indulge in anything so crazily Quixotio."

Nevertheless, ahe was not in her way, unkind to Lucille. She was even, according to her lights, very generous to her, presenting her with a mourning outfit to take the place of the poor child's scant and rusty black.

"She is very dirty," she said to herself, the first time that the girl appeared in one of those plain, neatly fitting gowns. 'Very. I wonder if Hugh noticed it?' neighboring door stood open, and a stark form covered with a sheet within told the tale. Near the bed sat the young girl of yesterday—motionless, with clasped hands and a rigid face.

"There's no money to do anything with," said the landlord, with another shrug of the shoulders, to Beverley.

"Good heavene?" The latter stood appalled. "Don't let that stand in the way—I'll do anything that is to be done."

The landlord made a sign to the girl inside the room, and before Beverley could divine his purpose, she stood before them.

"This gentleman says he will pay everything for you, announced the man.

"This gentleman says he will pay everything for you, announced the man." There's something left on the bill, too—" he added in a lower tone. He was really no harder and no worse than many of his fellow creatures—he simply had the bump of acquisitiveness very largely developed.

The little Paristan household had therefore settled down upon a calm and comfortable basis when Beverley, with the auddenness which usually characterized his movements, reappeared. He never came to Paristan household had therefore a subject of the settled down upon a calm and comfortable when Beverley, with the auddenness which usually characterized his movement, at this season of the year, and Mrs. Valentine reminded him of the fact with some

her face moved.

"Poor child! she is stunned!" thought
Beverley. The pale, girlish face pursued
him all that day. On the next all that was
mortal of Mrs. Venerate in the
little graveyard with its footsatte.

"It is you who have taken an uoaccountable liking to her. I believe you're in love able liking to her. I believe you're in love with the girl"

"Clara?" Beverley's voice contained a note of warning. He had turned pale. But Mrs Valentine's prudence had forsaken her.

"Yes, indeed, I do think so. Blanchs Comway is forgotten at last, it seems."

The words were scarcely spoken before down to ruttering them. She was irightened and sorry. It was a very sore apot in her brother's memory that she had touched. She was going to make such blundering a massals, as she ould when the portierra was hattly drawn aside and they both saw Lucille Ventnor on the threshold.

"I have heard svery word," the girl began. There was not a vestige of color in her face, but her voice was steady and her gaze brave and direct. "I did not mean to but I was going through the next room and I stopped before I knew it. Forgive me and let me go. You have been very, very kind to me. I shall never forget it. But I was going through the next room and I stopped before I knew it. Forgive me and let me go. You have been very, very kind to me. I shall never forget it. But I had to be the cause of misunderstanding, I see now that I should not have stayed at long." She passed suddenly and put her hand to be he head.

"Newer mind child, never mind" said Mrs. Valentine, soothingly. She was rather had bought about.

But Beverley said very quietly: "Ecough frem the tongues of predecessors, agains with the praces of predecessors, agains to the processors agains to the tongues of predecessors, agains the contract of the country on a responsible statesman now be found who dares sponsible attachman now be found who dares spons

morrow. If you will be ready I will take you direct to my sister's home."

For a moment the young first stood speech less. Then, raising her eyes to the kind dark ones bent on her, the long tension about 1 was going to have been very, very kind to me. I shall never forget it. But I must not be the cause of misunders anding dark ones bent on her, the long tension about 1 was going through the mext forget in the point of the said to me. I shall never forget it. But I must not be the cause of misunders and the benight rale of Queen Vistoria.

It is the use of noble and inspiriting language of this kind which must effectually silence the voices of those short-sighted and deeble-spirited English guides who a few years since were never tired of counselling their Canadian, Australian and South African fellow-subjects "to loose the bond and go." Nowhere in this country can are startled at this deacument to the scene she had brought about.

But Beverley said very quietly: "Eaough their Canadian, Australian and South African fellow-subjects to loose the bond and go." Nowhere in this country on a responsible abstessman now be found who dares startled at this deacument to the scene she had brought about.

But Beverley said very quietly: "Eaough the tongues of predecesors, against the transporter and the benigh rale of Queen Vistoria.

It is the use of noble and inspiriting language of this kind which must effectually silence the voices of those short-sighted and deeble-spirited English guides who a few years since were never tired of counselling their Canadian, Australian and South African fellow-subjects "to loose the bond and go." Nowhere in this country on a responsible abstesman now be found who dares syllable the phrases which ran a so glibly from the tongues of this kind which must of the bent with the vices of those short-sighted and deeble-spirited English guides who a few years since were never tired of counselling their Canadian, Australian and South African fellow-subjects who are since and the bent who had the

brother, too, had gone, leaving her stone. With its beautiful natural scenery, its interest on only get her away quietly now, and before anything happens."

She did not put her fears into a more precise formula than this of "apything happens ing." Had she been called upon to particularize, however, she would have said impaintently that "af course it would be extremely trying to have Hugh at this late day marry years his junior."

Meanwhile Reverley had gone to the anteroom, which led into his little nephew's school, room, and taking a book had said down at the window.

A very short time passed before Lucille came hastily through. She started on seeing him, and made a motion as though to escape. Her eyes were red with weeping.

Beverley quickly laid a firm, detaining hand upon her arm.

"I don't want you to go Miss Ventnor. I want you to stay—as my wife."

The words were spoken. For a minute they both looked in silepce into each other's eyes.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Lucille then. "That can't be. Let me go."

whit you to stay—as my wite."

The words were apoken. For a minute they both locked in silepce into each other's eyes.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Lucille then. "That an's be, Let me go."

But Beverley he that one moment, had learned her scoret, too. He smiled and gently took her hand.

"My child, I have loved you from the very first, since you locked at me with those pathelic eyes the day your mother died. My poor lost lamb, left alone in this black world! Do I seem too old for your mother died. My poor lost lamb, left alone in this black world! Do I seem too old for you, Lucilla Believe me, dear, I will cherlah you as the apple of my eye.

What other fond nousense he whispered over the dark head pillowed on his breast it behoves us act to know. Precently he said:

"There is one thing more, Lucille. You heard my sister mention a woman's name. You have doublies heard her say, too, that I never meant to marry. Perhaps the two things are connected in your mind. I did love that woman long years ago, dear. But ye she was naworthy. It was a deep wonnd. I thought it would neve heal—but it, is obligerated now—gone—forgotten—aince the day when I found my poor little girl alone and forsaken in that Tytolese inn! Is all the day when I found my poor little girl alone and forsaken in that Tytolese inn! Is all the day when I found my poor little girl alone and forsaken in that Tytolese inn! Is all the day when I found my poor little girl alone and forsaken in that Tytolese inn! Is all the day when I found my poor little girl alone and forsaken in that Tytolese inn! Is all the day when I found my poor little girl alone and forsaken in that Tytolese inn! Is all the day when I found my poor little girl alone and forsaken in that Tytolese inn! Is all the day when I found my poor little girl alone and forsaken in that Tytolese inn! Is all the day when I found my poor little girl alone and forsaken. In that Tytolese inn! Is all the day when I found my for the day when I found the poor that we murmued. She will be so.—"

"Disappolated?"

see an arrestory. It was a deep sensul.
It thought it would mare hash-content it is abilitated to expense expect—elecs the like the content of the content o

A Beautiful Anti-Prohibitionist.

GREENSBORO, Ga., Jan. 10.-During the late election in Greene county, Miss Williams, a beautiful young girl, highly educat. New England's objection to a renewal of the ed and accomplished, being a graduate of treaty is that her fishermen "want the privilege Covington female college, not only came Covington female college, not only came out boldly in opposition to prohibition, but donned a red badge, and on the day of election did all in her power to carry the precinct in which she lived. She halted every voter that passed her father's house, argued the unconstitutionality of the law and gave him the for sale ticket. The news of her stand reached the cars of the barksepers of Greenboro, and they decided to present her with some token of their cause, and a handsome purse was raised, and Mr. Lowe purchased a beautiful coral set and several fine pieces of jewelry and sent them to Miss. Williams, with the compilments of the donors.

donors.

The young lady acknowledged the presents in a well-worded note, in which she expressed her gratification at the triumph of freedom and the vindication of the constitution. She said that she would be in Greens-boro shortly and would call on the gentlemen personally and return her thanks for their complimentary letter and tokens of appreciation. A married lady in Greensboro also championed the side of the liquor men, and waved a red fisg to every crowd of voters that passed.

Explosion of a Keresene Engine-Three Men Injured.

MANCHESTER, Jan. 23.—A kerosene engine exploded in Thomas A. Lane's plumbing shop this noon. The inventor, Timothy Stevens, had just shut off the steam. He \$1,206,112,404. was struck by flying iron and the scalding was struck by flying iron and the scalding steam, sustaining a fracture of the right arm at the elbow, had a gash on the right side of his bead, both arms scalded and eyes blinded. Fred Lane, one of the proprietors of the shop, had his eyes badly injured by steam. Patrick O'Brien, an employe had his face alightly scalded. It is thought that some of the flues of the engine were fluered as the water guage was at the profrozen as the water guage was at the proper height. The engine was a two-horse

Big Fire in Winnipeg. WINNIPEG, Man., Jan. 21.—The frame shop, Uglow's book store, and Mrs. Stovel's killed the other day in the neighborhood of millinery store, Main street, was burned at millinery store, Main street, was burned at an early hour this morning, and Brydon and Mackintosh's music store was damaged. The total loss is about \$10,000. Two firemen named Poore and Canfield, were badly injured, the latter possibly fatally. Caufield is a sou-in-law of Chief McRobie, formerly captain of the Montreal Salvage Corps.

(Halifax Chronicle.) An Insurance Frand. MAN WHO FAILED TO DEFRAUD THE QUEEN

Some months ago the Queen Insurance Com Some months ago the Queen Insurance Company had application by Jas. McDougail of Cape George, Antigonish county, for a pelicy on his general store at that place. He represented the total value of the property at about \$2,000 and get a policy for \$800—\$500 on the stock and \$300 on the building, in which he as a bachelor also lodged. Some six or eight days place,

The Western View of Fisheries.

The true theory of the reasons lying back of of catching fish off the shores of the British provinces, in free competition with Canadian fishermen, and they want to bring their catch home and sell it without competition from them." There is no question of protection of American labor involved in this, for, as the New York Times says, most of the American crews are, in fact, hired in the British provinces, and paid the wages there prevailing. To catch fish chesply in waters where they have no right, or only a disputed right at best, in order to sell dear fish to the American people is the patriotic object of the Maine and Massachusetts fishermen. In order to do this, they are willing to risk embroiling the nation into a war, the cost of which the entire people would have to pay. The nation is perfectly willing to protect them in their rights, but it should not be called upon to jeopard peace for merely selfish and unascertained interests. Our rights in Canadian waters should be deficitely settled and then firmly maintained. But the nation cannot afford to be spensor for the law-less acts of marine poschers. of catching fish off the shores of the British

At Berlin university there are now 123

Cincinnati firemen each have a day off during the week.

Patrick Egan desires to be relieved of the presidency of the Irish National League of America.

Sixty-five suits for divorce have been filed for the February term of the circuit court in St. Louis.

The tax commissioners of New York city have fixed the total taxable real estate at Geneva, Switzerland, will have an inter-national exhibition of the chemical and pharmaceutical industries in 1887.

It is proposed to divide California into two federal court districts, locating the courts of the southern division at Los Augeles.

Count de Lesseps will leave January 27th for Panama with 15 delegates from France, Garmany, Holland and the United States.

Years ago figs were served on aristocratic tables in Greece with salt, pepper, vinegar and aromatics.

A washerwoman of Roselle, N. J., has been transformed into an heiress by being left \$150,000.

A tame cougar followed like a dog at the heels of a wild cowboy in the streets of Portland, Ore., the other day.

Old residents in Connecticut say they have not experienced such cold weather since 1835 as that which came upon them last week.

The king of the Belgiaus announces that the prize of 25,000 france for the best work on applied electricity will be swarded in The National Homospathic hospital at Washington will soon be opened formally, after the expenditure of \$75,000 upon im-

The French government has coined a new aliver dollar for circulation in Tonquin. It is a close copy of the Mexican dollar in weight, size and thickness.

The Duke of Marlborough continues to rob Bleinheim of its choicest art treasures. Another million dollar sale is soon to take

The petition for the introduction of cremation, presented in the German reiches was signed by 25,365 persons through the empire. Five thousand were physicia and other professional men.

Congressman Dawson, of the New Madrid district, Mo., has been restored to perfect health by drinking the swamp water of his section. It is impregnated with smartweed and has medicinal properties.

and has medicinal properties.

The offer of a Chicago merchant to pay several thousand dellars per annum for the privilege of suspending an illuminated business poster from the pulpit of a fashionable church in that city has been respectfully declined.

Stoke Park, near Windsor, England, the old Penn place, and associated with Grey's Eiegy, has been sold, after being months in the market, at a low price to a local attorney.

can realize the dream of an inland sea of Sahara for the comparatively trifling sum of \$30,000,00. The bulk of the cost will be It is said by one who has tried it that cayenne pepper sprinkled upon hot flannels will afford lostest relief to persons troubled with neuralgia. Sprinkled on a hot stove it is good for bores.

A sanguine French engineer says that he

While excavations were in progress within while excavations were in progress within the railings of the Paris Bourse portions of an ancient convent were laid bare. The buildings was erected in 1540, and on its site the present Bourse was raised between the years 1802 and 1826,

The Sacramento Record Union thus dell-The Sacramento Record Union thus deli-cately tips the wink to an indiscreet young man:—"If the young gentleman who is pay-ing attentions to a H-st. belie will in the future not sit between the ismp and the win-dow, the shadow plotures will not attract such assemblages as nightly gather in front of the residence, neither will be furnish food for comment for passengers in the street cars."

cars."

8.A member of the Geological Survey says that
Salt Lake will be of great value in the near
future, not only on account of the common salt
it will produce, but also for the sodium sulphate it contains. The latter is separated in
a floculent precipitate by the cold weather of
midwinter, and annually thrown up on the
shore in enormous quantities. There are many
other lakes in the far west whends an exhaustible supply of commercial alaklies may be obtained at small cost. Mono Lake, Ost, alone
being estimated to hold over 78,000,000 tons ef

sodium carbonate,

An Euglish statistician shows that since 1793
wars among the civilized have caused the death
of 4,470,000 men. A large majority of these
deaths have resulted from wounds, hardship,
and disease, the number actually killed on the
field being comparatively small. The bloodiest
battle in the period named war Borodino, where
250,000 men were engaged and 47,000 were
placed hore de combat.

"Now, sir, you are better," said a Boston
faith doctor to a patient he had been treating;
"tell me just how you feel." "Well, sir," replied the victim, "I feel like a—fool; how
much is your bill?"