

The Saturday Gazette.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1888.

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BEAUTY.

WHAT HAS BEEN SAID OF IT. The Life of Louisa Alcott More Beautiful Than Her Books.

James Russell Lowell says that, "Beauty driven from every other home, will never be an outcast and a wanderer, while there is a poet's nature left, will never fall at least of the tribute of a song."

"No reason can be given why the soul seeks beauty" still if we look up, and see the purple and violet-colored clouds sailing away over our heads, or the sun sinking into its rosy bed, followed by the evening stars—one cannot help stopping and thinking that "God is the source of all beauty."

An Athenian philosopher, the wisest of men, has said, "that whatever is good is also beautiful in regard to purpose for which it is well adapted, and whatever is bad is the reverse of beautiful in regard to the purpose for which it is not adapted."

It is said of Goethe, the greatest German since Luther, that the love of beauty which colored his rich and brilliant genius throughout his whole life, was so speedily manifested that when but three years old he could be induced to play with none but pretty or comic children. He also seemed to understand from his earliest childhood, that beauty should be sought for some high purpose, for he not only studied all the pictures that came within his reach, but he also, in his tenth or eleventh year wrote a description of twelve possible pictures in the history of Joseph, and some of his conceptions were deemed worthy of execution by renowned artists.

Lately, I came across a saying of Mahomet: "If I had but two loaves of bread, I would sell one and buy Hyacinths, for they would feed my soul;" now I presume that Mahomet meant that it was not wise to spend all one's money, time and strength on one's body.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLUMN OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

Cost is of course a very unsafe measure of value in many instances, and yet there is a not unnatural curiosity on the part of the general public to know the mere money estimation in which certain more or less beautiful articles are held. Here are a few somewhat remarkable examples of lavish expenditure: The highest-priced piano in America is owned by Mr. H. G. Marquand, of New York city. The works were made by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, and the case, which was built in London, was designed and painted by Alma Tadema. It cost forty-six thousand dollars.

The most expensive diamond necklace ever made in the United States is owned by Judge Harry E. Packer, of Match Chunk, Pa. It covers the whole side of a room, and was built by Hertz Bros., for forty-seven thousand dollars. It is a marvel of elaborate and beautiful jewelry. Mr. Mackay also the possessor of the costliest billiard table in the country. The price was twenty-six thousand dollars. Mr. J. W. Mackay furnished about seventy-five thousand dollars in weight of silver, and paid Tiffany & Co. one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the work on his dinner service, which thus represents one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars.

The costliest string of pearls in the country belongs to a New York lady, and cost fifty-one thousand dollars. Another New York lady had a solitary diamond ring, for which she paid Tiffany & Co. forty-eight thousand dollars. The late Mrs. Morgan paid two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for her necklace. Mrs. Hickey-Lord is the owner of a diamond necklace which cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The famous picture by Meissonier, "1807," was painted for the late Mr. A. T. Stewart. At the sale of his gallery Mr. Henry Hilton bought it for sixty-six thousand five hundred dollars, and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum, where it now hangs, the costliest painting in America. Sir Donald Smith is the possessor of the highest-priced painting in Canada, "The Commentaries," by Jules Breton. Cost at the Seney sale forty-five thousand dollars. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, paid the highest recorded price for an American picture. It is Church's "Niagara," and the price was thirteen thousand dollars. It was reported that Legrand Lockwood paid twenty-five thousand dollars for Bierstadt's "Domes of the Yosemite," but as at the distribution of his effects, the picture brought less than six thousand five hundred dollars, the first price was probably a fable. In the Lenox Library is a perfect copy of the Mazarin or Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed with movable types. It is worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and nothing better has ever been done since. Mr. Brayton Ives of New York has an imperfect copy, for which he paid fifteen thousand dollars. Mr. J. F. Irwin, of Oswego, paid ten thousand dollars to J. W. Bouton for a Bible. It was originally in three volumes, but by the insertion of wood-cuts, manuscripts, engravings, etchings, had been extended to thirty imperial folio volumes. Of the original edition of the Sonnets of William Shakespeare, published by George Daniel, of London, in 1609, there are two perfect copies. One is in the British Museum. For the other Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, paid five thousand dollars. It is a little book about seven by four inches in size. A somewhat hard-headed clerk in the establishment figures that at this price it cost four hundred and eighty dollars an ounce. A sixteenth-century vellum manuscript, with six paintings by Giulio Clovis, cost the Lenox Library twelve thousand dollars. At the Morgan sale Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, is reported to have paid eighteen thousand dollars for the peach-blow vase, which is about seven and a half inches high.

When this butterfly costume unfolds its brilliant pinions, or, in other words, when some pretty girl reveals the possibilities of the startling stockings, fills them with curves and slopes and gracious lines of beauty, bends them in supple, willowy grace, and fastens them up taut with never a wrinkle or crease, after the pretty fashion followed by girls, whether their dress hem reaches or their knees or the ground; when the braided girle is fastened about a slender waist, and the fitting kilt reveals little bewitching glimpses of the befrilled and befringed pantaloons, when the lace tucker or broad turned-down sailor collar falls away from a full pulsing white throat, and round white arms shame the snowy, lace with fairness, and are bending and curving in limesome grace, while above it all a laughing, tinted face, with big melting eyes, gleams out from a twisting turban of bright silk, then it is that one, reflecting on the original heavy gown, understands the progress of the age, and appreciates the privilege of living in the enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

The newest toilets, prepared for summer wear at the fashionable resorts, have very small toupures, and already a large toupure entirely destroys the good style of a gown, as "nothing looks quite so old-fashioned," says a writer in Harper's Bazar, "as the fashion which has just gone out." And isn't that true? There is nothing more pathetic than for a satisfied air of the young woman who comes out in some brand new dress that is made in a fashion that the knowing ones of the world are discarding.

There are many little details of costume that add to the somewhat novel effect of summer gowns. A pretty and inexpensive fashion is that of putting a single row of velvet or of gros grain ribbon an inch and a half wide along the edge of the draperies, and even of the lower skirt of solid colored wool dresses, cashmere, crepe, vestings, etc., to give the effect of the woven selvage or border now in such great favor. The new turn-over knife plaiding of silk, for trimming the neck of the corsage, is already being made becoming to long slender necks by placing it at the top of a collar band, such as is usual in high corsages. Full corsage fronts are in such favor that the plain beige of last year is being given a full effect—and also freshened up at the same time—by covering them at the top in pointed yoke shape with lengthwise rows of ribbon or of galloon, or insertion, with bands of the material between in ticks or slight puffs, thus extending the material in the centre to a point, shirred at the waist line; or adding gathered pieces of the material below a yoke, covering the plain fronts down over the darts.

Lawn tennis is a diversion in which the summer girl usually allows herself wide latitude. This season she will pretty generally take to the blouse waists. These are an importation from England, not from Paris or Berlin, and our belles have been slow to put them on for ordinary occasions of dress, but a round of the more fashionable dressmaking establishments convinces one that they will be adopted generally for lawn tennis playing, in place of the bygone jersey waists. They are equally conducive to an expression of pliability, and their seeming looseness conveys an impression of even greater suppleness than the jersey imported. Said to say, however, they are likely to induce tight lacing, instead of the ease of stays which their appearance suggests. The girl who cannot comfortably wear an eighteen inch belt or less with a blouse, manages to do so by means of violent compression, and so the lawn tennis player may not be what she seems as to the untrammeled condition of her clothes.

It is timely to consider the summer girl. She knows pretty well now what she is going to wear. A June specimen can any moment be found on the Broadway promenade. She is a type of current elegance, quite devoid of exaggeration, and yet exemplifying several new ideas in fashions. Her bonnet is one of the approved shapes, and her manner of filling its high, pointed front with a shuff of her own hair is an innovation. She also expresses neatly a new notion of using a single material for a whole dress. This is a small fact as compared with the greater one, that of employing different and often incongruous colors and embodying them in one toilet. She belongs to the few who dislike to be in accord with the many, and who are therefore ahead of the majority. The fabric of her own gown is wool of a very light gray. The black lace around her neck and down her front is in accordance with the new set use of lace as an embellishment. She is a type of the neat and quiet summer girl for 1888. If she were not pretty, she would easily pass unnoticed among many more gaudy creatures in the throng. More than a nod behind her head, the young woman in a sombrero hat, made of very fine, light felt, and with its brim rolled up coquetically in front. Her hair is cut off squarely at the ends, and left hanging loose to a point a trifle below her neck. Thus her whole head looks only a mousethick to be an idealization of Buffalo Bill. Such hats are likely to be worn considerably during the hot weather at the resorts, and they will be serviceable as shades as well as admirable for picturesqueness; but in the city they are decidedly too extravagant, and one is apt to rate the wearer as a social scoundrel.

of too daring a character. The number and variety of wide-brimmed hats is as great as the many strange ways in which the brims are bent. They are turned up in front, at the back or at the sides, some have wide wing-like side brims, others have the front excessively wide and straight, and many of the Tuscan straw copelinas have the brim held down by the strings. Masses of trimming, generally ribbon and flowers, are heaped on these.

The traditional bathing costume is a combination of tantalizing, mysterious, enigmatical, uncommunicative blue flannel propriety, with long, full trousers gathered into broad flounces below the knee, with scant skirts, making up in length what they lack in width; awkward blouses gathered into a shirt at the throat, and a loose belt at the waist, and with close, long sleeves reaching decorously to the hands. A pretty woman forgot to be charming in this garb, and a plain one was a disgrace to the handiwork of her creator, and not only stopped the proverbial clock with her ugliness, but well nigh arrested the mechanism of the entire solar system. If the renowned Helen had ever been caught going down to bathe in the Aegean Sea in a garb of this kind there never would have been any battle of Troy, and if Cleopatra had met Marc Antony clothed in this costume, instead of being clad in her own loveliness, the history of Rome would have chronicled a different series of events. Out of this primeval larvae has flitted from the chrysalis of time the ideal bath robe, composed principally of stockings—and such stockings, silk and alabaster, and transparent, dainty in coloring, starting in design; now creamy in hue, with dazzling flecks of blue or cardinal or whatever color prevails in the suit; now accented up to the top of the leg, with cream white tops, the line of division being covered with sprays of silk embroidery; now blue or scarlet, with black feet in the shape of shoes; now jet black, fine as lace, with strips of open work, broad above the knee, and the whole, which they almost neglect—stockings with broad stripes of the colors predominating in the costume, extending lengthwise for legs in which the adipose tissue prevails to an overwhelming extent, broad horizontal stripes of contrasting colors for slender calves, plain cream-white or thin jet black hose for graceful curves deftly criticism and warrant emphasizing—all sorts and conditions of stockings, large and small figured, striped, checked, thick and thin, but always and invariably very long. The all-important question of stockings once settled, the rest of the costume, what there is of it, is easily described. A suggestion or rather two suggestions of pantaloons covering the legs of the stockings with a frill of lace or loops of bright braid, over them a girle fitting like a tailor-made jacket, with a killed depending frill for a skirt, and a tucker of lace drawn up round the throat, on bright ribbons, with a puff for a sleeve, and all wrought of the finest serge, silk warped, which gives it a wiry stand-off effect, even when soaked with water, and fashioned of the most striking combination of color ever devised by the ingenuity of man.

When this butterfly costume unfolds its brilliant pinions, or, in other words, when some pretty girl reveals the possibilities of the startling stockings, fills them with curves and slopes and gracious lines of beauty, bends them in supple, willowy grace, and fastens them up taut with never a wrinkle or crease, after the pretty fashion followed by girls, whether their dress hem reaches or their knees or the ground; when the braided girle is fastened about a slender waist, and the fitting kilt reveals little bewitching glimpses of the befrilled and befringed pantaloons, when the lace tucker or broad turned-down sailor collar falls away from a full pulsing white throat, and round white arms shame the snowy, lace with fairness, and are bending and curving in limesome grace, while above it all a laughing, tinted face, with big melting eyes, gleams out from a twisting turban of bright silk, then it is that one, reflecting on the original heavy gown, understands the progress of the age, and appreciates the privilege of living in the enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

Not only should mattresses be turned and aired at least three times a week, but pillows and bolster ought to be beaten, shaken and exposed to the fresh air.

of too daring a character. The number and variety of wide-brimmed hats is as great as the many strange ways in which the brims are bent. They are turned up in front, at the back or at the sides, some have wide wing-like side brims, others have the front excessively wide and straight, and many of the Tuscan straw copelinas have the brim held down by the strings. Masses of trimming, generally ribbon and flowers, are heaped on these.

BOSTON, IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Some Curious Historical Scraps.

I often wonder if we are better or happier than were our forefathers of two or three hundred years ago. Education is more universal, without doubt, and facts once established, are established forever through the mediumship of the types, but the increase in knowledge is accompanied by increased capabilities of enjoyment, or an enlarged appreciation of our duties towards our fellow men, are questions that are in abeyance. My own observations show me that the man who knows least is generally best satisfied with himself and his surroundings, while the man whose views have been enlarged by study gains an appreciation of the limitations of human knowledge, and becomes cynical because of the insignificance of human achievements, no matter how far they may be pursued. The world has made great strides in knowledge during the past two hundred years, but two hundred years ago, even on this continent, men were not without quaint ideas of superstition, and some were luminous as well.

In Boston on the 4th of March, 1631, "Nicholas Knapp was fined five pounds for undertaking to cure the scurvy with a "certain water" which he sold at a high price. He was put in duress till he should pay, and to complete the sentence it was ordered that in default of the fine he should be whipped;" and on Sept. 27 of the same year "Mr. Josias, convicted of stealing from the Indians, was not only fined, but sentenced to the novel punishment of being deprived of his title, being thereafter known simply as Josias."

On Jan. 4, 1635, "At the court brass farthings were forbidden, and mucket balls made to pass for farthings." That whoever at any public meeting shall fall into any private conference to his hindering of the public business, shall forfeit for every such offence twelve pence, to be paid into the constable's hand for public uses." The following order was promulgated by the Massachusetts general court: in 1651—"His ordered, . . . that no person . . . whose visible estates real and personal shall not exceed the true and indifferent value of two hundred pounds, shall wear any gold or silver lace, or gold or silver buttons, or any bone lace above two shillings a yard, or silk hoodies or scarves upon the penalty of ten shillings."

In these more enlightened days the rich can afford to dress plainly while the poor are expected, as the old chronicle hath it, to "walk in excess and bravery, and great bootes." John Dunton, an Englishman residing in Boston, wrote to friends in London as follows, in 1651—"For cursing and swearing they bore through the tongue with a hot iron . . . An English woman for allowing an Indian to have carnal knowledge of her had an Indian cut out exactly in red cloth and sewed upon her right arm, and enjoined to wear it Twelve Months. Scolds they egg, and set them at their own doors for certain hours together, for all comers and goers to gaze at."

It may be that Hawthorne got his idea of the "Scarlet Letter," if the story was not based on fact, from the above incident. Again, John Dunton says—"Mrs. D. has a bad face and a worse tongue; and has the Report of a Witch; whether she be one or no, I know not, but . . . indeed she has done very odd things, but such as I think can't be done without the help of the Devil! As for instance: she'll take nine sticks, and lay 'em across, and by mumbling a few Words make 'em all stand up on End like a pair of Nine Pins. But she had best have a Care, for they that use the Devil's help to make sport, may quickly come to mischief."

The witchcraft of the 17th century would be regarded as child's play by the side of the spiritualism of our day. The following is an extract from a pamphlet descriptive of Boston which was published in London in 1698. "The buildings, like their women, are neat and handsome; and their streets, like the hearts of their men, are paved with pebbles. They have four churches, built with clapboards and shingles, and supplied with four ministers,—one a scholar, one a gentleman, one a duce, and one a clown.

The captain of a ship met his wife in the street after a long voyage, and kissed her, for which he was fined 10 shillings. What a happiness, thought I, do we enjoy in Old England, where we can not only kiss our own wives but other men's without a danger of penalty!" In April, 1704, the first newspaper published in the Colonies, the Boston News Letter, appeared in Boston. Some of its quaint advertisements are quoted—"For the good of the Public, A Certain Person hath a secret Medicine, which Cures . . . Dry Bellyake in a little time,

N. B., the Poor which are not able to pay for the Medicine, may have it gratis. A Nones Boy about 15 years of age to be sold. Inquire of John Campbell in Newbury street, Boston. Any Person that took up a man's muff, dropped on the Lord's Day between Old Meeting-House and the South is desired to bring it to the post office in Boston and he shall be rewarded.

Just Invented from Glasgow by the Jean and Mary, Capt. James Watson, commander, sundry Servants time of service to be disposed of; also Coals, and sundry other Goods. Inquire of Capt. Watson.

A Very likely Young Negro Woman to be sold. Inquire of John Campbell in Corn hill, Boston. As also a very good Calash; and an Iron Grate for burning Coal.

Taken up by John Morey, Esq., between Capt. Jarvis's and the Widow Parker's a will-Pale, otherwise called Hog-Pale, who pawn'd it at said Mrs. Parker's, for a Three-Penny Dram, the said Pale is supposed to be worth about a Great. If the right Owner comes and pays the Three-Pence shall have the Pale again.

Whether the Squaw and Papposes were convicted of piracy does not appear, but the men were hanged upon the limbs of the "Old Elm" on Boston Common. In 1722 a droll bit of courtship is recorded. Sir William Pepperell became engaged of Miss Mary Hirst, one of the reigning Boston belles of the day, and finding that he had a powerful rival in the person of a handsome but impetuous pedagogue of the town, won the favor and the hand of the young lady by the gift of jewelry and a large hoop, which he imported to please the capricious fair. The incident deserves an honorable place in the history of the crinoline.

The signs upon the street often afford an index to the character of a town, and it is to be feared that in the Boston was prominently displayed in the Boston street, that good city was even more given to imbibing ardent liquors than at present.

"Richard Roe inhabits here; Prizes and takes a little cheer, Of whiskey, heavily, ale or gin; All which he sweats in 'tween his."

Fashion Notes. The fashion of wearing fur shoulder caps in summer is an essentially English one, which is getting more and more in favor in driving and on the sea shore and yachting, and in truth there are many days in summer and early autumn when the fur shoulder cape is a very grateful garment.

All sorts of natty little sling sleeved shoulder caps in plush will be worn with thin fabric costumes. Their small and compact shape make them particularly well adapted for the extra wrap needed in summer. The lining of this little garment is in the same color, of silk or satin.

Fine laces will play an important part in the decoration of elaborate costumes for wedding and other occasions this season, the rarer points such as Brussels, Venice and Antwerp are to be as much worn as ever and the most beautiful patterns are being imported again. Some specimens of church lace from old patterns are sent from the Irish convents, and are beautiful in the extreme, and would compare very favorably with those made in the 17th century, the stitches being almost identical with those of the antique.

The long veil attached to hats for driving and other occasions makes a very dressy addition to the head gear in the director style. Russel calf skin uppers are seen on some stylish shoes for young ladies, but should only be worn with walking costumes.

The rage for antique rugs having in a measure given away to a more wholesome taste, the importations bring us fresh and bright floor coverings, which better harmonize with the coloring of the draperies and upholstery of the day. Paperings, however attractive in a seaside cottage, are a delusion and a snare as they hold the dampness and give a musty odor to the room. Clean, wholesome, white or colored wash makes a finish which can at any time be renovated at little expense. A very pretty tint is made by mixing Indian red with common white wash and may be applied to walls and ceilings.

Will They Break the Sad News Gently? Will they break the sad news gently? Will they tell the tale with care? When the groom at his returning Shall with sorrow find her there, Where a new-made grave reveals What the tongue is slow to tell? Will the angels softly whisper, With thy loved one it is well? Will he then like David murmur, "Thou canst not return to me? But when all life's pangs are over, I shall surely go to thee!" Stranger, 't is thou that crossed the ocean, Shaghad crossed a deeper sea, And in yonder mystic haven She is waiting now for thee. FRANK HAMILTON.



against a person must be proven, yet the law makes little provision against slanders by interference in open court, by its own ministers, which cannot be proven.

Sefter and Long Mac were summoned as witnesses—unwilling ones, now, with the memory of their recent unsuccessful attempts on me. They testified to seeing blood on my clothing. Sefter told the story of my participation in guiding himself and Hill-year to the spot where Pratt lay wounded on the mountain.

The attorney had the audacity to put Hill-year on the stand, mainly with the view that he should give Pratt's version of the story as inferred from his delirious utterances. I did not attempt to stop this heinous evidence at all. I wanted the lawyer to have his own way entirely, because I thought in such case he would all the quicker get through, and leave the jury with a fragment, at least, of clear mind. If he got into a wrangle as to the admissibility of evidence it would prolong the case, and in law it is often the main object, on one side, at least, to confuse and wear out the jury that it won't know the difference between right and wrong, sense and nonsense.

Finally he had finished, and I remained with a very black character indeed—in short, the essence of Pratt, said, by inference, the author of half the unproved murders in the county for the last four months. I told the jury that I "should make no plea, but simply tell my story. First, I was the keeper, and to an extent, witness of a rich claimant, very rich claimant. It was a mile of a sort, and generally known in the state. No law had been made to hold claims of this character. I will introduce now, I said, my witnesses as to the reality and existence of this claim, and taking from a list revealed of his riches, specimens of quartz gold, I handed them to the jury.

The specimens were indeed good to look at from every point of view. The yellow metal shined in places from their sides in this false—oh, how it was as if soft, heavy nuggets were embedded in the stone. The effect on the jury was electric. They had never seen such rock. Their eyes glistened. They passed them from one to another, yet each seemed loth to part with the one in hand. The clerk of the court, his deputy, the sheriff and his assistants reached eagerly forward to handle the coveted pieces. The judge put on his spectacles and put one piece after another under a rigid inspection.

Mammion had invaded the court—yes, captured it. The whole previous atmosphere was changed. Whatever of interest had been centered in the trial was now all concentrated in this new development coming out of the audience, first bending forward, at last rose in their seats to get a better view of the wealth these dignitaries held.

A rough guess I had put on exhibition about two thousand dollars in quartz specimens being gold in a form never before seen in that part of the country. The district attorney felt his case slipping away from him. The introduction of such evidence was an indirect contradiction to his inferences regarding my "leading about" and "suspicious habits." It was plain that if I had been mysterious, there was something which would justify mystery. He objected to such things being put in as evidence. And the "things" had done their work. It was finally necessary to call the court to order or the trial could be resumed. The judge had aside his spectacles, but retained the richest lump on the bar in front of him, and his eyes would glance occasionally in its direction. I continued my story. I did not find this claim. My partner, who is here in court, did, long before I met him. I acted for him as a guard on the claim while he was necessarily absent carrying the rock to "The Bay" to be worked. Mr. Pratt found me on the ground. It was guarding. It was true we had no gold visible or noticed up, because these might have excited observation, and we were not, as to regulations for holding such ground, protected by any law. Mr. Pratt insisted on meddling with the ledge from which this gold was taken. He insisted on meddling with it at the very place where we had dug out the pieces you see before you. Now, what was I to do? Let him do so or not?

"Not" roared out a voice in the audience. "Order in court!" cried the sheriff. But that "No!" was a powerful expression of the prevailing sentiment. I continued: "Now, gentlemen, I did not do as you think I did. Here comes what I know is the important part of my story. It would be far easier for me to say that I did shoot Pratt in defense of what I considered mine than that he shot himself. That is exactly what he did—by accident. He had the 'dip' on me, his finger on the trigger, warning me not to interfere with him, when his foot slipped from the rock on which he was standing, he fell over backward, his pistol was discharged, and by the fall and the shot he got the two wounds in his head. Well, I was frightened nearly to death at the time myself. I saw in a moment all the appearances would be against me. I had to keep secret the locality of the claim. My partner was away. I went up to Pratt, and found him, as I supposed, dead. I didn't know what to do, so I covered him with brush and went home. I couldn't rest that night for thinking about the body up there; how it would be discovered and our claim with it, and between the two—of the fix I should be in to keep our claim a secret, and account satisfactorily for Pratt's death under the circumstances—I got up in the night and went up to the body. I intended to roll it down the hill and pitch it into the river to get it out of the way. Thank God! I found Pratt alive. Now, gentlemen, that's all my story, and whether you believe me or not, I'd ask you if you would not possibly do as I have done under the circumstances?"

"I think I can vouch for what the gentleman says," said a voice near me. It was that of Blanche Sefter.

This appearance of a beautiful woman in the court in connection with the trial was even more phenomenal than the quartz. There was an eager craving forward of necks and then a profound lull as her next words. After being sworn in as a witness, she continued:

"I came here to say that my uncle, Mr. Pratt, has recovered his faculties and declares that Mr. Holder committed no assault upon him.

She then paused. "How do we know he says that?" roared the district attorney. "I have his affidavit before a justice of the peace to that effect," replied Blanche. "Perhaps the clerk will be kind enough to read it."

He passed. There was nothing for me to do except to listen and be perplexed. "Hearst," said Broome, "here, as I see things, indispensable articles in matrimony. A wife should always bring a heart to her husband; the husband brings money to fill the trunk, and a reversed proposition a blessing over this union of cash and trunk. Miss Sefter is a remarkable girl. The one thing lacking in her is she has no heart."

"For me, I mean," replied Broome. "For heaven's sake! Broome," I said, "do stop stopping talking about things, and say what you have to say in plain words, without going round so many herms."

"Well, here it is: Miss Sefter loves another." "Another?" "Of course. When I say another, I mean another man. Now, have patience with me for a few minutes, and let me finish my original proposition. I can't get hold of so appreciative a listener as you every day, and when I do I want to make the most of him. People today have various ideas concerning marriage. Some look at it in one way, some another, but all count it as last—or worst. As an experience with a large proportion, I don't think, when it's tried on, that it justifies the anticipations set forth before the honeymoon. That may not be the fault of the institution. I believe that to be a solid union, the parties may be well entered into it—solid, say, as to health, adaptability of temper, and the like. But the most common purpose in life. If they come together without these, you see, they may be an unattached pair of misfits, or a pair of hinges with broken joints. Result: the matrimonial door does not swing well, cracks, groans, shams, bangs, and lets in all manner of stormy weather. I doubt, sometimes, if there be a pair of really matched hinges in the world."

"Miss Sefter loves another." These were Broome's words that made the strongest impression upon me. "Had Miss Sefter's heart been free," said he, "I should have devoted myself to her. But when I find any woman having a preference for another man, I always retire into the background. About the best situation in the world I care to figure in is that known in common parlance as 'trying to cut another's throat.' I accept of no man who has the maxim of modern times is that 'All's fair in love.' I accept of no man who has 'and war,' though it seems a fit ending to the phrase after all, that anything which is justified in the trade of killing is equally applicable to the winning of a companion for life. But you will not return my offer to escort her to the hotel, where she would stay that night. It was late when the trial had concluded. We were sensation of the town as we walked along the main street—a painful experience, I know, Blanche. I had not been long at the hotel before I found I was a hero. Men came in, introduced themselves to me, and congratulated me on my 'able defense' and 'soon discovery' also, that my story as to Pratt's self-inflicted wounds would not pass with the crowd. They held me as fully justified in shooting at anyone to protect the claim by virtue of the protocol of the court. Such a cool effect of luck, gold, and the presence of better. Men argued rather from their excited imaginations than from cooler reason and judgment.

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CHAPTER XXXI  
OVER TAKEN; MY ORIGIN LAY.

Shortly after the termination of the trial Broome desired to see me in his room at the hotel. I went thither. He ordered cigars and a bottle of choice wine. "This, also, is an important business matter we are to talk over," said he, "and good wine and good tobacco in moderation are no mean accessories for smoothing over the rough places one may meet on these roads."

"What now?" I thought to myself. Some other startling change in the kaleidoscope, and I figure in it. "Holder," said Broome, after the wine was poured and cigars lighted, "I have recently secured a woman between two—a powerful wedge between any two men, no matter how closely they may have been previously united by the ties of most people call friendship. In this case the wedge is a very powerful one. When I first saw Blanche Sefter I made up my mind to make her my wife—don't look grave now, but bear me out. I might soften the expression a little, but it would mean the same thing, and possibly the objectionableness of the words for you may be removed when I say that Blanche—Miss Sefter—will never be Mrs. Broome."

"She has refused him," I thought. "She has not refused me," said Broome, with his usual satanic facility of reply to another's thought. It particularly disagreeable thus to be included in a glass house, while your companion dwells in one more opaque, though in the long run people might be spared a great deal of time and trouble if they could know immediately what they were thinking rather than hear what they were saying to each other.

"I have reason," resumed Broome, "to believe that Miss Sefter has considerable regard for me. To you I dare say this, to others I would not, since they could see only vanity, egotism and conceit in the remark. I believe Miss Sefter admires me for some qualities. How does that sound to you?" "I admire you for much myself—and envy you, too," I replied. "I'll go farther than, and say that for some things I admire myself," he said. "If a man owns a fine horse he has no hesitancy in admiring the animal—his property—and the more he admires the more disposed he is to take good care of it. Now, if a man believes that he owns a certain form of genius or a talent, or that he possesses some fine qualities to a marked degree, may he not admire such in himself, and as a part of himself, just as he would his horse, and won't his admiration prove a better incentive to keep his talent or quality from rusting than if he depreciates himself or is indifferent to his gift?"

I assented, but wished that Broome would cease philosophizing and return to the original topic. "To return to Miss Sefter," he said with a

twinkle in his eye and the extreme of deservement in manner as he poured out a glass of wine in the glass and held it up to the light, "I could not marry Miss Sefter now even if she offered herself to me. I speak with the utmost regard and esteem for the lady. She is one who will always command a man's respect, and when she comes to respect her, that, in my opinion, will prove him no man."

"What I exclaimed. "There was nothing for me to do except to listen and be perplexed. "Hearst," said Broome, "here, as I see things, indispensable articles in matrimony. A wife should always bring a heart to her husband; the husband brings money to fill the trunk, and a reversed proposition a blessing over this union of cash and trunk. Miss Sefter is a remarkable girl. The one thing lacking in her is she has no heart."

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I took his hand—for the last time. Then Will Broome went his way. I went mine. As he had predicted, the present quarrel between our Scrub mountain soon died away; but the "Bank," eventually led to



Look his hand for the last time. the tapping of one of the richest and most permanent veins in the state.

RECONCILIATION.

Some scales had fallen from my eyes. I saw clearly that if a woman loves a man, as I had now good reason for supposing that Blanche loved me; it is not her place that she should be always giving evidence of it without something in return. My inherent dislike to the manly paucity of interpretation of love peculiar to Eastport had led me unconsciously to suppress all external methods of expressing love. Something now whispered to me: Be more confident in your thought toward her. A woman needs to be sure of the love of the man she would choose, and the greater her love, the greater may be the doubt as to its return from you, unless such return be shown clearly, unmistakably.

Blanche the next day. Possibly I carried this thought in my eye for as it met her there seemed in the lighting up of her features a recognition of it. She took my offered hand with a frank, winning smile, and an openness of manner which said more than any words could have done. "Well, after all, are but one means for conveying thought, and not always the strongest. She desired to return to the Bar as soon as possible, being still anxious on her uncle's account.

We traveled on horseback. The moon was at its full as we rode back to the Bar together. "But my trials were not yet over. I had the greatest of all to meet. I was burdened with a sense of over-much obligation to a woman. Three times had this girl stepped in and served me at a crisis; first in loaning me money; second in rescuing me from the high-linders; thirdly in confirming my story at the trial. She had performed all the practical chivalry in the affair, and looking over the whole matter, I felt a sense of humiliation.

I was silent. Possibly she felt my depression. Moods may travel from mind to mind in the support as well as in the sympathy. "What are you thinking of, Miss?" said she. "A month previous I should have evaded the question, and said: 'Of nothing in particular.'" "Latterly I had come to the conclusion that between some individuals, at least, the fewer secrets of any sort the better; the 'none' being limited in this case to two. It was hard work to keep my mouth shut, it would bury itself deeper and ever within my breast. And when I hesitated it conferred up immediately a series of evasions, which I took them off and said: 'Blanche, the trouble is now that you've played the man's part all through; I've been the woman; that's all over; I want to go and hide myself somewhere.' "You feel, then, under too much obligation to a woman?"

"Suppose," she asked, "our situations were reversed, and you had been of the service to me that you say I have to you, how would it be proper for me to feel?" "Oh, well," I replied, "you know what the generally expected of the man in these matters."

"Expected by whom?" she asked. "By the world—people, everybody." "And what right has the world—people, everybody—to expect that? What right has a man should bear off all the honors of knightly service, while the woman stays at home and does fancy work? Has the world any particular business in these matters, which concern Blanche Sefter and John Holder Latta, who there is a side to your case. Parson may if I take the liberty of arguing it, but you are a man, and you are not in opposition for man or woman to act in opposition to your own mind. Nor may it always be, as the world does expect the man to do, the world's right also in this respect, though the masculine half does not always fully carry its sentiments. But when a woman sees an opportunity to serve the man she loves, will she refuse to serve him if the opportunity does not take the shape she desires? Certainly, my womanly instincts recoiled from making the crowd that night in the hollow. Certainly, I had rather not have faced that court-room full of men, and in this country, where now a woman is a show, stared at and stared through with a sentiment far more objectionable than mere curiosity. But was there any one else to act at the time? Was I not compelled to do as I did quite as much for my own sake as for his? Had I not so done and done my responsibility in the matter, had I not done as you, had I not done as I had done, and would you not do the same for me? Of course you would. I should expect it of you. I mean by 'expected' that I know you have it in you so to do. Be assured, John, that if you wish to stand well with me, you will not lack for opportunities to act like a man. And now is there any other grievance?"

"There is that affair of the fandango house." "You wish to exchange your present company for what you may find there to-night?" she asked, archly. "As some sort of hint would have it, we were obliged to pass through a camp that very night where one of these standing reveals was in full blast and quite open to our inspection from the street. I turned my head away." "It does not seem so interesting to you as formerly," she remarked.

"It's not fair to hit a man when he's down," I replied. "Well, John, you know the way of the true philosopher is to look at things as they are, when they are thus reminded—say once a year, when your memory needs reviving."

1887. SECOND YEAR. 1888.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

The leading Family Paper of the Maritime Provinces.

The Second Volume of the THE SATURDAY GAZETTE will be commenced on Saturday, May 5.

It has been the aim of the publisher of THE GAZETTE to steadily improve the paper and enlarge its field of usefulness. That our efforts have been attended with a fair measure of success is abundantly proved by the constantly increasing circulation of The Gazette which is now widely read, not only in Saint John City, but in every part of the Province.

SOME OF THE FEATURES

OF THE SECOND VOLUME:

HISTORY.

From time to time we will publish short articles on early History of the Province, with particular reference to the early History of Saint John and vicinity.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

Every issue will contain at least two special articles dealing with some subject of timely interest. The contributors to this department will be selected with a view of obtaining those possessing the best qualifications for the work.

FOR WOMEN.

We will devote a considerable space each week to the discussion of topics of special interest to the gentler sex.

SERIAL STORIES.

Each number will contain an instalment of a Serial Story by an author of reputation.

COMPLETE STORIES.

Arrangements have been effected by which an interesting complete story is assured for each issue.

SPORTING.

We will furnish our readers with a weekly budget of the latest news of the different field sports.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Every week from this date we will furnish our readers with a complete condensed report of the news of the week from all points.

IN GENERAL.

Besides the features above outlined the publishers of The Gazette are making arrangements for the introduction of several new departments, announcements of which will appear as soon as the arrangements are completed. We intend to widen the field of The Gazette so that it will be the best and most complete family newspaper published, or can be published, in and for this community.

Our maxim is to advance. So far every improvement made in The Gazette has been handsomely endorsed by the public of Saint John and the Province at large. The improvements in contemplation will necessitate a largely increased outlay, and we expect large additions to our circulation in consequence.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

Published every Saturday Morning, from the office No. 21 Canterbury Street, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1885.

The Saturday Gazette is the only Saturday paper in the Maritime provinces, devoted exclusively to family and general matters.

It will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States, on receipt of the subscription price, \$1.00 per annum; 50 cents for six months.

Contributions on all subjects, in which Canadians are interested, will always be welcome. Correspondents will oblige by making their articles as brief as the subject will allow, and also particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

We want agents in every town in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Liberal commissions will be paid to the right people. Terms can be had on application.

Advertisements will find The Gazette an excellent medium for reaching their customers in all parts of the three provinces. The rates will be found lower than those of any other paper having its circulation among all classes.

The Retail Price of The Saturday Gazette is TWO cents a copy, and it may be had at that price from all Booksellers and News-vendors in the Maritime Provinces and from Newsboys on the street on the day of publication.

Address all communications to THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Advertisers desiring changes, to ensure insertion of their favors in The Gazette of the current week will be obliged to have their copy at the office of publication by Thursday noon.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The murder in the mail car illustrates the dangers that lurk in an ungovernable temper. A person who cannot control his spirit is almost as dangerous a member of society as the deepest dyed villain.

The girl of the period continues to make her mark in the educational world. Of the six fellowships, worth \$400 each, awarded to the students of Cornell University this year, one-half have been taken by women, after a lively competition; and still more significant is the fact that their success was achieved in architecture, mathematics and botany.

In the current number of the Forum Mrs. Julia Ward Howe discusses "Men, Women and Money," and in her treatment of the subject she adds a new terror to matrimony by urging in favor of husbands putting their wives on salaries, by way of compensation for their work in the family. This is reducing matrimony to the plane of servant-girlism. That will never do.

After passing a certain point the higher the grade of the intellect of the author or philosopher the smaller his audience becomes and the less his pecuniary profit. He does great service to the world, but for the most part his thoughts reach it at second hand, and what ought to be his recompense goes to others. Shakespeare was an exception, but Milton was not. Herbert Spencer is a notable illustration. No other man has so influenced modern thought or labored more in so doing. Fame he has reaped in abundance, but the retailers of his mind's product have taken practically all the money it has brought.

Of all the incidents connected with the recent flood on the West perhaps none was more thrilling than that related of the father who was "on the levee working with other farmers when the embankment gave way. Mounting his horse, he had a mad race with the advancing waters for his home, where his three little children were sleeping. Reaching there just as the water struck the house, he placed the children in a wagon and started for the bluffs. The rapidly advancing flood floated the wagon box from the wheels and two of the children were drowned, Johnson saving himself and his little daughter. The child is all he has left of a happy home and a farm of 200 acres."

This pathetic story from real life might furnish the theme for a companion poem to Miss Ingelow's well known "High-tide on the coast of Lincolnshire."

GEORGE C. SHAKESPEARE, whose funeral took place on the 28th ult, in New Albany, Indiana, claimed to be a lineal descendant of the immortal bard of Avon. He had a musty old family record in which his history is traced back to the time of the poet, but there are many unexplained points in it and his surviving relatives would have a hard time to prove their kinship. For two hundred years the record is without a break, but then it becomes disjointed. It was compiled by an uncle of George Shakespeare's great-great-grandfather during a lawsuit to decide the ownership of a hotel at Stratford-on-Avon. The strongest claim the late George Shakespeare had to kinship with the poet was the resemblance he bore to the bard. This is noticeable among the other members of the New Albany Shakespeares. He leaves four children. They are all intelligent looking, and are decidedly English in their ways and language. Their father was born at Henley and Harden, fourteen miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and was sixty-five years of age. His father was Joseph Shakespeare, a farmer with a large family. George did not go to school, but instead went out to work as footman for lady Saxton. He remained with her until he

THE OBSERVANCE OF LAW.

It is but right that the law requiring that lamps should be suspended at the door of all places where liquors are sold should be enforced, and THE GAZETTE is glad that the vendors of the ardent in St. John are generally complying with its requirements without demur. The stranger within our gates, the thirsty bibulist from the rural districts, by the broad light of day has little difficulty in finding one, two or three saloons, but no matter how bright may be the sunshine, in his subsequent explorations he may find it necessary to secure the aid of some friendly policeman. At night, however, it is quite different. The lamps serve a purpose not unlike that served by the lighthouses along our coast, guiding the uncertain steps of the pedestrian to the object of his quest, and warning him to avoid the shoals and rocks, in the form of millinery, dry goods and grocery stores upon which otherwise he might drive to destruction.

Another might say that these lamps are like the lamps, that by an open window, entice moths and June bugs to death, and it may be so; if it is, the repeal of the law should be agitated for at once, but while the law is on the statute books let it be enforced.

Again, THE GAZETTE is glad that the authorities are giving some attention to the matter of Sabbath desecration in Portland. It shows that even though they may be without conscience they have some respect for public opinion.

Some time ago a great outcry was made about the running of the Street Cars on Sunday, which THE GAZETTE claims is no greater desecration of the day than the running of private carriages or the cooking of a family dinner, but how is it about the batteries that are advertised and drawn almost every week in our midst? THE GAZETTE would think it unreasonable to strike at an alleged evil, while winking at an acknowledged one. Consistency, thou art a jewel.

Dickson vs. Hickson.

One was a farmer and one was a schooner captain, and both lived in the vicinity of Annapolis. Both were "hard of hearing."

We will call the farmer Dickson and the schooner captain Hickson. The latter was negotiating with the former for a cargo of cordwood.

"This is no good!" said Hickson. "Glad to hear you say so. It is good," answered Dickson.

"But I say it is no good," retorted Hickson, "and the price is too high."

"I told the boys they piled it too high," said Hickson, "but in settlement you can allow me for two or three cords, if that is necessary to satisfy your conscience."

"But I said the price was too high," bellowed Hickson.

Then Dickson shouted, "I don't see what difference it makes how high the wood is piled as long as you get good measure."

Then they closed the bargain, each paying the other on account of his terrible infirmity.

THE GAZETTE invites attention to the advertisements of the several business men whose advertisements appear in this issue. The Union Line, calls attention to its Saturday excursions to Hampstead, which will most likely be largely availed of by our citizens. Messrs. McMillan advertise Mulhall's Tourist's guide, which contains a large amount of information concerning the province, which is not elsewhere readily available; Jons K. SROBER, of 21 King St., calls attention to his beautiful stock of millinery and fancy goods, which is eminently worthy of inspection; Messrs. MILLIN Book advertise the Langtry bustle, which is having an extensive sale under their exclusive control, and H. C. MARTIN & Co., the portrait artists, publish their card. THE GAZETTE is recognized as the best medium of communication between themselves and their customers, by very many of our most enterprising merchants.

This spring Mr. William Hawker planted on his place at Wolford one hundred plum trees from the nursery of Mr. Scord at Johnston, Q. Co. Ninety-four of the trees are now white with bloom.

Nature appears in a very singular garb to the youngsters, no matter in what department she shines. Little 3-year-old was out in the fields the other day and came running in with, "I saw a pansy and I was going to pick it, and it was a butterfly and it died away."

MARITIME HAPPENINGS.

An Interesting Collection of Odd Items From all Sources.

In an approaching marriage at Mt. Dalhousie, N. S., the bride expectant is a merry young body of seventy-two summers and the groom has reached his sixty-eighth year.

One night recently the inhabitants of Cape North, Cape Breton, were awakened by the unearthly scream of a veritable sea monster. Getting their guns, dogs and harpoons, they gathered on some rising ground at Aspy Bay, and dimly through the darkness saw the monster approaching breathing forth fire, steam, smoke, scorching a horrible snort, and chilling each hear by its weird screams. It was the S. S. Harlaw making port, and right glad the people were to know it.

Madama LaTouche denies that she has bought the Howland farm on the Ormeau.

Mr. Hawke's term of imprisonment will expire the last of June.

Two caribou, with a young calf, have been seen lately within a mile of the town—Chat World.

A resident of the parish of Moncton, who lives up the river three or four miles, was in town yesterday looking hale and hearty notwithstanding his 60 odd years.

In conversation the subject of smoking came up, when the old resident said he commenced smoking at 5 years of age, smoked 35 years, gave it up in the summer of 1885, after a severe illness, and has not smoked since. He had been an inveterate smoker, but was not aware that it had ever injured him in any way.—Moncton Times.

We are informed that the May salmon catch at the mouth of the Miramichi was larger this spring than for several years. This does not look like the extinction of our salmon fishery, notwithstanding all the netting that has done.—Chat World.

Capt. W. Kent, of Grand Manan, has been transferred from his position as commander of the cruiser Dream to that of first officer on the Acadia. Capt. Pratt now commands the Dream, the arrangement being the same as that of last year.

Captain McElhiney, nautical adviser to the department of marine fisheries, is now in Glasgow respecting the building of a steel vessel to replace the Northern Light.

One pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat, and if the peelings are rightly placed will upset ten times as many pedestrians. Always buy the best.

A young woman who married a one-legged man says it doesn't take much to make her husband hopping mad.

Two Geological parties have started from Ottawa for the Maritime Provinces. Professor Bailey will explore northern New Brunswick and Professor Macoun will make a botanical and geological collection in Prince Edward Island.

A brick of gold, weighing 105 ounces, was taken from the Egyptian gold mine at New Glasgow, N. S., a few days ago. It was valued at \$2,100 and was the product of three weeks' work.

A Summerside newspaper claims that its editor was shown a cheque the other day for fifteen cents, "with the air of one accustomed to millions remarks: "Rather convenient to have a bank account." Charlottetown is greatly agitated over the finding on the street of a purse containing the sum of eleven cents and the name of the editor of one of the leading local newspapers. "Some people are foolish enough to suppose that the money belongs to the editor."

The stock farm of Messrs. J. E. Page & Sons, Amherst, is worth inspection. To secure the very best stock for their purposes they have made heavy ventures and the results are beginning to show the wisdom of their course. Your reporter was shown a day or two ago Carolina's "Netherland Prince," a 7 months' calf weighing 880 lbs., and Goldie's 2nd Arts, 12 months' old bull weighing 900 lbs., two very handsome formed Holsteins. Carolina and Goldie are both famous milkers and butter makers, and come of famous stock. Being heavy milkers, feeders and big producers, they seem admirably adapted to our marsh dairy farms.

UNION LINE.

Daily Trips Between St. John and Fredericton each way. FARE, ONE DOLLAR.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. Commence about June 15th and will further notice, presumably until October 1st.

THE Splendid Steamer "DAVID WESTON" New Brunswick, Grand Falls, etc. (Departures) for Fredericton, and Fredericton for St. John.

EVERY MORNING, Sunday Excepted. At NINE O'CLOCK, Local Time. Calling at intermediate stops.

Connection made with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, etc. with Northern & Western Railway for Doaktown, Chatham, etc. and with Seaboard, etc. when water is high, for Bel River, Woodstock, etc.

ROBERT C. BOURKE & Co., HATTERS, 61 Charlotte Street.

Having received the larger portion of our Spring Stock of New Styles

Hats, Caps, &c.,

We are now prepared to offer at Lowest Prices as Large and Fashionable Assortment of Head Wear as was ever offered in the Maritime Provinces.

R. C. BOURKE & Co., 61 Charlotte Street.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEADACHE, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, And every species of disease arising from disordered BILIOUSNESS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

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MEN'S all Wool Tweed Suits, CORKSCREW and DIAGONAL Suits, ODD COATS, ODD VESTS.

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YOUTH'S all Wool Tweed Suits, BOYS' all Wool Tweed Suits, SHORT AND LONG PANTS.

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Cloth for custom work.

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THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

What the Lounger Hears Other People Talking About and His Views on Things in General.

The death of James Harris removes one of the most enterprising of St. John's manufacturers. Through good and evil report Mr. Harris has gone on for the past half century developing the iron business of St. John. Half a century is a long time for a man to remain in business, but Mr. Harris was of that class of men who, once they take hold of the helm never let go until a higher than human power compels them to give up. There are many lessons to be learned from the career of James Harris. He was essentially a man of the people. The influence he gained, the wealth he amassed, were all his own. He commenced business at first in a small way, and as his business grew he grew with it, each year increasing the number of men in his employ. It was only natural that in the lapse of a half century his business should undergo remarkable changes. At first, he was a blacksmith, but as the demand for forging decreased and that for castings increased, he added a foundry to his establishment, afterwards adding a rolling mill and finally a car building works. For years he has conducted the largest manufacturing business in St. John, and what is more carried it on successfully. Through numerous panics, when less courageous men became afraid and deserted their business, James Harris kept on, and continued to increase his business. Mr. Harris was not a large man in stature, but he was large in mind and ideas. He possessed great executive ability and courage that never failed him. It was these qualities that made him a success, and the young men cannot do better than learn a lesson from his pluck and perseverance.

The Knight Templars who went to Houlton last week had a good time. The visit was not a long one, but it was most enjoyable. Houlton is a hospitable town, and among its most hospitable citizens are the Knight Templars. St. John encampment is composed of good fellows, a fact generally admitted wherever they go, and there are no more genial, jovial members of the encampment than the delegation that went to Houlton. They have but one fault. They are not good pedestrians, a fact which some of the Houlton boys noticed after they had done ten miles over Annotook roads.

It is said of women that they never pass each other without one looking about to take in what the other has on. I have always regarded this as a base slander against the fair sex, but whether I am becoming misanthropic or not, I have almost become a convert to the theory so generally believed in by my male friends. For years I have been a close observer of the doings of females in the streets, but the other day I witnessed a strange scene on Waterloo street. A lady was walking a dozen paces ahead of me when a very pretty and handsomely dressed young lady passed her. The lady just mentioned did not only turned around and looked after the retreating form of the other, but she stood looking until long after I had passed her. What could have been the attraction of that costume? This scene was so dainty and pretty, besides fitting over a well nigh perfect form, but it was not gaudy, nor was there anything in the gait of the owner to make her noticeable.

We who are married or who have sisters know how fatal a thing it is to say at home that we met Miss So and So or Mrs. Other Girl on the street. Because why, some less fortunate brother may ask. Well try it on some girl you know real well—your best girl for instance and the first question she will ask is "What did she look like; Oh, do tell me; What did she have on?" Inasmuch as the masculine eye is not trained to take in a glance the texture of the fabric of which the dress is made or the laces or other materials with which it is trimmed, the unfortunate man will have to say he can't tell. Now I hold that when a man says he can't tell a thing it means either that he is beyond his power or that he doesn't intend giving himself away. But a woman will not reason thus. Her curiosity has been aroused and she intends to know more, and the number and variety of questions she will ask to worm out of a fellow what she hasn't the slightest idea of, it would surprise a cross-examining lawyer, and then when she has failed to get the information she wants, she will generally wind up by calling you a fool.

I have always had an idea that if farming were carried on more scientifically in New Brunswick than it is the farmers of the province would be far better off. Lately I have seen a good deal of farmers from different parts of the United States who have gone into the business simply as an investment or surplus funds. They are shrewd business men who appreciate the value of a dollar and who know how to spend one. The other day I was out of town and in the course of a walk I stumbled over a friend formerly in business in the city but now farming in a small way. He took me over his garden and showed me potatoes grown in the open air without forcing which are now ready for the market. Generally speaking there are no new potatoes in the market before the 12th of July, and

even then they command a large price. It is my opinion that if farmers would give more attention to their farms and less to lumber and politics they would make more money. It pays to raise early vegetables for the market, but there are very few who do it.

There was quite a lively discussion in the county council the other day over the payment of a fifty dollar fine imposed on William Ingram, by Justice Skillen, of St. Marina. It seems that the fine was imposed by the justice for illegal liquor selling, and while it was collected from Ingram by the justice no return was made to the county treasurer. Now the county council have passed an order requiring Justice Skillen to make returns of all fines collected by him since he was appointed a Justice of the Peace. It is claimed by those who ought to know that there are numerous irregularities in the payments of fines imposed by county magistrates. It would seem therefore that the time has arrived for a complete and thorough investigation into the accounts of all justices. The law requires them to make returns at least annually, but it is within the mark to say that the law is more honored in the breach than in its observance. Certainly it would seem that the present system requires amendment.

The whole law relating to the appointment and powers of magistrates is wrong. Anyone who has witnessed a trial before two backwoods justices knows that in nine cases out of ten law is turned into farce. There are too many magistrates, and what is worse the number is constantly on the increase. It would be a simple thing to make the parish court commissioners in each parish do the work without the assistance of other magistrates. If there are men who still think they are honored by having the letters "Mag." written after their names then let them have the honor, but in Heaven's name deprive them of power to try cases. I do not intend to imply that one of the J. P.'s understand the law, they handle, but I do say that not one eighth-part of them understand the first principles of law. This being the case it is unfair to place the liberty of the subject at the disposal of such persons. It would not be a burdensome task to remodel the entire law and the government appointing the magistrates should see that it is done.

There is quite an interesting dual going on at present between the Portland City Council and the Street Railway Company in connection with the laying of a siding in front of the car stables on Main street. It is a pity that there should be any misunderstanding between the officials of these two organizations. It is clearly the duty of the council to conserve the interests of the city, but in doing so it is scarcely necessary to harass the street railway company. The latter is a genuine accommodation to citizens. It forms a convenient, rapid and safe mode of conveyance between different points in the city and is something we have long needed. The street railway need not be allowed to become the dog to the council for a tail, but it should be allowed all privileges necessary to the carrying on of its business in a proper and efficient manner.

I observe that McAdam Junction is gradually growing into importance. It is now about eighteen years since McAdam Junction first commenced to be a place of importance, but for a number of years its growth was slow. During the past three years there has been a rapid development of this strangely located town. It is now quite an important railroad centre and the chances are that in the next five years its growth will be much greater than it has been. No many months hence the eastern repair shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will be located, but it would seem as if McAdam Junction would be the choice. Should this surmise turn out correct McAdam in the wilderness will be a town of considerable importance. And why not? Alexander Gibson has built a town within a few miles of Fredericton and surely the repair shops of the eastern division of a great trans-continental railway will furnish sufficient employment to warrant the erection of another town.

The Alms House is to be repaired and none too soon. But the action of the council in deciding to pay for the work by the issue of twenty-year bonds is certainly open to serious criticism. The issue of bonds for the erection of an alms house is proper, but such work as repairs ought to be paid out of the current expenses. The proposed new work will cost between \$5,000 and \$10,000, but the county, because it borrows the money, will have to pay from \$13,000 to \$10,000 for it. It is a crying shame that the buildings should have been allowed to fall to pieces while, at least, one of the former commissioners was pocketing the taxpayers' money. We are now experiencing the value of the effects of the loose system the business of the city and county was formerly done. It is to be hoped that the end of these speculations has been seen.

I observe that Aid. Wallace has asked for an explanation of some apparent error in the accounts of the Portland School Trustees. It is not even hinted that there is anything wrong, but the publish-

ed accounts of the trustees and the council are alleged to differ considerably, and the object of the inquiry is to find out the cause of the difference, which is said to be somewhere in the neighborhood of \$3,500.

There has been a good deal said lately about the manner in which the chief of police of Portland has been handling the frog shops over there. I am in a position to state that the blame does not rest with Chief Rawlings. He is as anxious as anyone else to see the law enforced, but impediments are placed in his way which render the law well nigh impossible of enforcement. It is rumored that there will be some changes in the next few days which will admit of the law being enforced. The Scott Act has been proved a failure wherever it has been tried, but in no place has it been such a signal failure as that has been seen in St. John for many a day. This is a matter of congratulation to the directors of the Institute in whose interests the entertainment was given. The great success with which the entertainment met goes to show that the people of St. John are beginning to take more interest in each other than formerly—a most hopeful sign. I rejoice in the success of the tableaux because so many of our young people took part in it and took their parts so cleverly. To Mrs. Temple who undertook the direction of the entire entertainment is due the highest praise. Mrs. Temple may truthfully be termed a public spirited woman. For the past fifteen years she has been prominent in all entertainments gotten up for charitable objects, and in every one of them she has taken a prominent part and been an active worker. Among those who took part in the entertainment was Mrs. G. H. Perley, who has long been St. John's leading vocalist. Of late years Mrs. Perley has not appeared often in public, in fact last Thursday evening might almost be referred to as her re-appearance in public. The entertainment met with so much success on its first presentation that it was repeated before a crowded house on Friday evening.

From what I can learn the funds necessary to get the Institute out of debt will be raised. The gentlemen who undertook to raise the subscription have met with fair success, but in more than one instance they have been disappointed with the receipt they met with. One gentleman who has been liberally patronized by the Institute declined to put his name on the subscription list at all, and others whom it was expected would certainly assist so worthy an object have proved lukewarm. It would be a crying shame to have an institution that has proved so valuable and useful to the citizens of St. John in the past, as the Institute certainly has, sacrificed because of the paltry sum of its debt. Without a debt the Institute could not only be made self supporting, but it would also be in a position to widen the field of its usefulness.

There has been an influx of organ grinders during the past few weeks, and as a consequence there has been any amount of free music. Organ grinders are tolerated in all civilized countries, but why no person can tell. They are a nuisance to grown folks, but like the boy who rides a velocipede down hill or who plays ball on the streets they have to be tolerated and supported. There is money in organ grinding, the average daily receipts being in the vicinity of \$2, and when there is a monkey about \$3. Most of the organs are owned by a New York firm, and only hired to the men who do the grinding. There is a good deal more money in owning an organ than in grinding one and the ambition of all grinders is to become owners of organs. This is possible because as soon as the Italian makes a few thousand he returns to sunny Italy with his booties and is rapidly transformed into a Count.

It is surprising how many doubters there are in St. John. Let a stranger come here to do anything that has never been done before and immediately all manner of doubts are cast on the genuineness of his scheme. "It will never pay." "The man's a fool" are expressions one hears on every hand. It never seems to strike these pessimists that the promoters of enterprises ask them for nothing and as a rule don't want either their advice or their assistance. They have come here believing that they have a good thing and are willing to spend their own money in developing it. This being the case the least the pessimist can do is to let the strangers alone. The man who has money to invest generally looks about him carefully before investing and while all are liable to make mistakes the chances are greatly in favor of the uninitiated native being the mistaken party.

THE LOUNGER.

A KENTUCKY ROMANCE.

A Young Man Elopes With His Own Sister Without Knowing Her Identity.

A telegram from Mrs. Eliza George, living ten miles from this city, to Chief of Detectives Yankee Bligh this morning developed a most remarkable romance. The telegram ordered Capt. Bligh to arrest, at all hazards, Madeline George sixteen years of age, who had eloped with Robert Stephens, Jr., a neighbor, eighteen years old. The young couple were arrested in a Justice's office, where they had gone to be married. The boy said he and Madeline were desperately in love with each other. Six hours later Mrs. Eliza George came to town with her face flushed with excitement. Twenty years ago, the woman said, her father died, leaving her his farm and several thousand dollars on condition that she never marry. Before and after the old man's death, Eliza had been assiduously courted by Henry Stephens. The young woman loved him, but under the provisions of her father's will could not marry. At last Eliza provided a way, and Stephens and Miss George were married under the names of A. Goodman and Sallie White. Sixteen years they lived together in a society, two children being born to them. They then separated, Mrs. Stephens taking the youngest child and the younger child. She returned to her country home, while Stephens took the eldest child, whose name was Henry. Some years later Stephens gave up his business in Louisville and moved to the country, buying a farm adjoining that of Mrs. George. The children grew up together without knowing their relationship and soon became desperately in love. The parents tried to separate the children, but without success. Madeline and Henry finally eloped, and their arrest just in the nick of time prevented a union between brother and sister.—Louisville Courier.

Horse Talk.

It is said at Jerome Park that Pierre Lorillard, sr., intends to resume the business of breeding thoroughbreds again on a large scale. He recently telegraphed Mr. J. McCreery, trainer for P. Lorillard, Jr., to go to Johnston and take charge of the stable, offering him a furnished house and liberal salary if he would accept. Pierre Lorillard, jr.'s string of racers are not in healthy form at present, several of them are suffering from colds. They were finally cured by Dr. Goodacker or Walter Rollins, in case McCreery goes to the farm.

The Chicago Stable is now forming one of the strongest racing strings in the country. They began by adding Egmont, winner of the Kentucky Handicap, they next paid \$10,000 for Wheeler, the fleet-footed son of Speculator, who broke the mile and sixteenth record at St. Louis; and now they have the four-year-old old Terra Cotta, paying \$17,500 for the possible winner of the Suburban.

A dispatch from Chicago to the Boston Herald says that Jay-Eye-See is lame, and will probably never be fit for track work again. His trainer, Ed Didden, has taken him to Freeport to train, but had to throw him out of work and take him home to Racine, where he will be put on pasture. The trouble is the same old lameness. Mr. Case said, with a good deal of Dwyer by, "He does not suit us." Bither will take Jay-Eye-See up again as soon as he shows any promise.

Captain J. L. Harris, a well-known sugar and cotton planter of Louisiana and owner of the Hurlbourne Stock Farm, near Louisville, Ky., died at New Orleans on the 6th inst., from congestion of the brain. Captain Harris was the owner of the well-known George Kinsey, who did so much to make famous the red and blue of the Dwyer Bros. He was an early in life was a Mississippi steamboat captain.

Personalities.

The Prince of Wales suffers from insomnia. Don Pedro is versed in Hebrew, Arabic and Sanscrit. Meissonier spent four years over a picture now on view in London.

H. Rider Haggard considers the practice of law his chief occupation. A Georgia man has celebrated his golden wedding with his second wife.

Ex-President Hayes dramatized Scott's "Lady of the Lake" when a boy of ten. The log cabin in which General Grant was born is on exhibition in Cincinnati.

John Knakin says courtship ought not to be shorter than three years, and advises seven.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria now rides a tricycle. Mrs. Warren, a Colorado cattle queen, is worth \$10,000,000.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's favorite companion is a big black cat. Every new book of any prominence is at once sent to Queen Victoria.

Mrs. John P. Newman, the Methodist bishop's wife, advocates the faith cure. Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the novelist, has the finest botanic collection in the world.

Mrs. Prudence Orchard, of Winnipeg, walked thirteen miles to run away with a married man. Queen Sophie of Sweden reads the newspapers from every European country after breakfast each day.

Mrs. Hugh Fay has golden hair ninety inches long, and drives a pair of white horses around Mount Vernon.

At the spring dances in the country, the race hans and the country club entertainments the old-fashioned white muslin have been revived. A white muslin dress, trimmed with scalloped flounces, with large, open eyelet holes worked in each scallop, is especially pretty and stylish, when made over white taffeta silk. White muslin is also worn over colored taffetas, but this is not so well liked as the pure white. Another favorite dress at these warm-weather receptions is made of white point d'esprit profusely trimmed with white watered ribbons.

New Lanfild Langtry HATS. Ladies Please Call and Examine our LANGTRY BUSTLE. Folds up When Sitting Down. AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO., Are now showing the following makes of Hats in all the latest styles: SILL DRESS HATS, STIFF FELT HATS, FLEXIBLE FELT HATS. Flange Brim Hats, Soft Felt Hats, Crush Hats, In Light, Medium and Dark Colors. Also childrens' Straw Hats in Gipsy, Sailor and other Fashionable Shapes. MANKS & Co., 57 King Street.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms Elegant Wilton Carpets, with 5-8 Borders to Match; Beautiful Brussels Carpets, New Colorings, 5-8 Borders to Match; Tapestry in Brussels Designs, 5-8 Borders to Match; A magnificent line of Curtains, in all the New Makes, viz., Madras, India Grape, Chenille, Burmah, Turcoman, etc Spring Stock Complete in every Department. As my Stock is direct from the Manufacturers I can guarantee quality Prices as low as last year notwithstanding the advance in England. A. O. SKINNER, 58 King Street.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street. BUILDERS' HARDWARE: A full line of above in LOCKS, HINGES, KNOBS, GLASS, NAILS, PAINTS, OILS, and the numerous goods comprised in this Department. HOUSEKEEPERS' HARDWARE: IN TINWARE, AGATEWARE, KITCHENWARE, FIRE IRONS, COAL VASES, DISH COVERS, &c., &c. PLATED WARE: Best SPOONS, FORKS, &c., in many designs; CASTERS, CAKE BASKETS, BUTTER COOLERS, ICE PITCHERS, and a variety of other articles, a large stock always on hand; FINE CUTLERY, Table and Pocket; SILVER GOODS, FANCY GOODS, &c. Call and Examine our Stock, Prices as Low as any in the Trade. SPORTING GOODS, suitable for the Season. Wholesale and Retail.

GENTS' LIGHT VESTS SUITS Cleaned in a superior manner at Ungar's Steam Laundry, 32 WATERLOO STREET. ESTABLISHED 1861.

LEE & LOGAN DIRECT IMPORTERS OF Groceries, Wines & Liquors. We have in Stock the following Choice Wines, &c. FINE OLD PORT WINE. EXTRA TABLE SHERRY WINE. OLD QUINCY WINE. CHAMPAGNE, Quarts and Pints. GUINNESS' PURPLE PORTER, Qu. and Pa. BASS' PALE ALE Quarts and Pints. CHOCLE ASSORTED SYRUPS. SIX YEAR OLD RYE WHISKY. KENTUCKY BOURBON WHISKY. MARYLAND WHISKY. SUPERIOR CHERRY BRANDY. PURE ENCOR WHISKY. OLD HENNESSY BRANDY. OLD TIME FRENCH BRANDY. OLD SMALL STILL WHISKY. OLD IRISH WHISKY. SCOTCH WHISKY. BLENDED OLD JAMAICA RUM. KAWAHA'S I. L. WHISKY. DANFORTH'S HOLLAND GIN. EXTRA PURE LIQUEURS. BARRIERS' HOTTOS B WHISKY. OLD BLENDED WHISKY. DOCK STREET.





FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and About a Great Number of Subjects.

The modern widow's cruise is a voyage for a husband.

Newspaper humorist (sarcastically, to his best girl)—People may sneer and laugh at my special line of work, but it brings in the dollars just the same.

Best girl (reproachfully)—I hope, Charley, you don't include me. I never think of laughing at you.

If your wife should throw a sashigan at you, or a flat-iron, or anything of that nature, for pity's sake don't dodge. You might get hit.

A weather sharp says that cats with their tails up and the hair apparently electrified indicate approaching wind. We always supposed they indicated an approaching dog.

Young lady—I heard somebody kiss you in the dark hall last night.

Ma'am—You got kissed, too.

Yes, but that's the young man to whom I am engaged to be married. There is no harm in that.

I'm glad to hear it. He was the young man you heard kissing me in the hall last night.

Young lady faints.

St. Peter (the gates slightly ajar)—Who are you?

Applicant—I'm Mr. Veritas.

St. Peter—The man who writes letters to the newspapers?

Applicant—The same.

St. Peter—Well, you can't get in here.

Agitated Female—My husband been in here—short, fat, red-complexioned man, an' breathes heavy.

Bartender—A man answering that description, madam, was in about five minutes ago, and drank seven fingers of gin.

"That's Jim; that's Jim!"

"Paid for it, went out."

"That ain't Jim," and she shot herself into the street.

The Biddeford Times has this for its neighbor. The Journal speaks of a Biddeford lady as the "Hon. Mrs. Veritas."

Why not also speak of her young sons and daughters as the Hon. Master John and the Hon. Master Tom, and the Hon. Miss Mary and the Hon. Miss Jane?

"And if I should die, dear," said a sick husband, "will you sometimes visit my grave?"

"Yes, John," she replied bravely, "every pleasant Sunday afternoon, and will take the children. Poor little things, they don't have very much to enjoy!"

"Is there such a thing as a fool killer, John?" asked Mrs. Brown as she folded the newspaper which she had been reading.

"Oh, yes there is," replied Mr. Brown. Then with a laugh he added, "And you had better keep out of his way."

"No," said Mrs. Brown musingly, "there isn't such a thing. If there was, I would have been a widow long ago."

Then she took her sewing and Mr. Brown went out on the stoop to see what kind of a night it was.

An Ohio man has patented a revolving hat-tree with twelve pegs in it, and the man who comes home drunk can probably manage to hit one of them with his hat.

Visiting Chum (to Gould, who writes verses)—"That poem of yours, old boy, I saw myself in a drowsy waste, in a drowsy waste, just needs one word to complete it."

Gould—"What is it?" "I'll be glad of any suggestion."

Visiting Chum—"Basket."

Featherly (making a call)—I suppose you will soon be going into the country, Mrs. Hendricks?

Mrs. Hendricks—Yes, we leave for the Catskills next week. Mr. Hendricks will come up once a month for a day or so.

Featherly—Yes, I heard him say that he was looking forward to a pleasant summer.

Mr. Bascom—I see that the University of Bologna celebrates its 800th anniversary on the 12th.

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

One of Arizona's Wonders—A Region Strewed with Petrified Wood.

On the way hither through Arizona I stopped at the petrified forest. I left the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe at Holbrook, engaged a cowboy and horses and started at 8:30 a. m. After riding about thirty or thirty-five miles we reached a canyon, and following this a mile or so found ourselves among the most wonderful works of nature I ever seen. At this point the canyon is wide and rocky, yet every rock, large or small, is a piece of agatized or petrified wood. On one side the transformation seems to have been of the ordinary kind, and we find perfect specimens of petrified wood, showing the bark and in some instances even the rings of growth. In some places protruding from the earth may be seen the trunks of trees, branches and even roots, so complete has been the change. In other places sections of fossil trees have from exposure at last been broken up by the action of the elements. Often the fragments of stone resemble perfectly, both in color and structure, the natural wood, showing the grain, sap and knots of the original tree. At first I picked up two splinters a foot long and not more than three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and struck them together to be sure that they were not real wood, but they flew to pieces and I was convinced.

But by far the most interesting side of the canyon is the side where the agatized wood is found, or at least is most abundant (it is found for miles in every direction, and to the south as far as the eye can reach the country is dotted here and there with what appear to be short saw logs). On this side the trees must have grown closer, for the ground is covered with trunks of trees ranging in length from 3 to 10 feet and in diameter from 1 to 7 feet (mostly about 2 1/2 to 3 feet in diameter). The agatized wood seems by its process of transformation to have lost its grain as well as its natural color, and the only apparent likeness which I think these rocks bear to a tree of this age (besides their cylindrical shape) is that in all instances the sap is of a darker color, showing that decomposition probably affected it while the heart or wood of the tree remained sound. Also in many instances the rings of growth, being very thick, are marked by lines of cleavage. You would think it strange if at every step you were treading on pieces of beautifully colored agate, but in this canyon if you are not stepping on pieces of petrified wood you are on one piece; it is all agate. I did not go prepared to bring back specimens. In fact I found the agatized wood and six-shooter were enough to carry, but it was impossible to come away without bringing something, so I took the sack that had held oats and that oak sack is now in my satchel inclosing about fifty pounds of Arizona agate.

But suppose some enterprising fellow-citizen of ours will long take up this tract and begin manufacturing everything from a table-top to the cuff-button. In fact, before reaching Holbrook I was informed that a firm of New York jewellers had bought up the entire tract (thus getting a corner on agatized wood) and were about to develop it.

PUBLICATIONS.

The second volume of WOMAN commences with the June number, the contents of which are of a varied and attractive character. Among its leading articles are, Prisoners of Poverty Abroad, by Helen Campbell, Representative Woman's Clubs, by Olive Thorne Miller, Hints on Physical Culture, by C. R. Dodge, and Through Ayrshire, by Burns, by Sarah L. Royce. The departments of Home Decorations, The Household, The Table, What to Wear, Our Society, Our Daughters, &c. are well sustained. The illustrations are remarkably fine, and altogether, WOMAN appears to be a necessity to every wife and daughter in the land.

By MISADVENTURE, by Frank Barrett, author of the "Great Hesper" &c., is a very pleasing story of rural English life, the actors in which the writer has clothed with a good deal of interest, and all in the end are rewarded according to their merits, as they should be in all stories for summer reading. Published by the National News Co., Toronto. Sold by J. & A. McMillan.

A NEEDY COURSE.

The ravages of Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and other summer complaints among children during the hot weather, might be almost totally prevented by having recourse to nature's sovereign remedy for all bowel complaints, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Miss Ada—How do you pronounce Mephistopheles, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith—I never pronounce it. I simply mention his home address.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

"I was troubled with Liver Complaint for a number of years, finding no cure. I tried B. B. I took four bottles and am now perfectly cured, strong and hearty." Mrs. Maria Askett, Alma, Ont.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Mrs. James T. Dalton (nee Sallie Holman) died at Liddell, Ont., June 7. She had an attack of Hemorrhage of the lungs four months ago, but rallied and improved until about a month since, when she suffered a relapse, and consumption supervened. Deceased was one of the leading prima donnas of the continent twenty years since.

Mr. Henry Villard says he is really going to undertake an expedition to the south pole. Mrs. Villard, however, says he will undertake no such thing. We guess he won't.

They must have some real tough family quarrels in Bangor, Me. We recently saw a statement relating to one of the rich business men who died suddenly, and "who had not spoken to his wife in twelve years though she had helped him in his business all along, and she did not speak to him even on his death-bed."

The Canadian Pacific Railway, which owns the town site of Donald, B. C., has issued orders prohibiting gambling and whiskey selling on its lands.

The New York News offers \$100 reward for any well-authenticated case of faith-cure.

At the hacienda of Rio Florido, in Mexico, there lives a man 129 years old. His wife is in her 111th year. The owners of the hacienda and the people of the neighboring plantations anticipate the pleasure of giving this aged Indian couple a great many presents on the 100th anniversary of their wedding day.

At a Philadelphia publishing house may be seen, running day and night, six printing presses, which take in the paper at one end, and, at the other, turn out completely bound books at the rate of 5,000 copies an hour. These wonderful machines each require eight tons of paper daily, and in a single week each require twelve 30,000 lbs. box car to transfer its output.

While workmen were engaged in digging for sand at Vanmeter's Bend, Ill., recently, they unearthed the bodies of six men that are supposed to be those of an extinct race of giants. The bones are much larger than those of the present day. The mound has produced a large number of skeletons and many interesting relics.

A convention of parrots will soon be held in Turin, and a great many learned orators are expected to present. Prizes will be given to the best singer, the brightest conversationalist, and the finest orator. A great many queer stories have been told about parrots; and the coming show will give the world a chance to know precisely what they have to say.

A vessel sailed from Boston, a while ago carrying 1,400 packages of New England rum, which is the largest cargo of the kind ever shipped from that port for the African coast. There were no missionaries on board.

A tunnel 9,000 feet long, through the Cascade Mountain on the route of the Northern Pacific Railway, has very recently been completed. Nearly two miles in length, it was bored through solid rock, and the work has been progressing since the fall of 1887.

The lovely myosotis has a most romantic story connected with the origin of its well-known name of "forget-me-not." It is related that a young couple, who were soon to be married, while walking along the banks of the Danube river, saw one of the flowers floating on its bosom. The affianced bride admired it, and fearing it would be carried away, regretted its fate. The lover impudently plunged into the water, where he had no sooner seized the flower than he sank in the foam. Making a final effort, he threw the blossom upon the bank, and at the moment of his disappearing forever exclaimed, "Verget-mein nicht," which, Englished, means "Forget-me-not!"

An enamored Waterville Maine youth has related the most curious incident of his life. The night was warm, and he found the young lady fast asleep on the lounge in the parlor. For some moments in rapture at the sleeping beauty, he conceived a brilliant idea. Taking a pin from his buttonhole, he proceeded to pin it to her gently heaving bosom before waking her. No sooner, however, had he inserted the pin, than loud hissing sound was heard, and one side of the lovely bust soon became as flat as if an elephant had trodden upon it, while the other still retained its Hogarthian curve and fullness. It was only a patient nod he had sustained, and he presented his relations with the fair one, to use a diplomatic term, "somewhat strained."

A divorce has been granted to the wife of Rev. Henry Whyte-Melville, who eloped in December, 1887, with Miss Agnes Capt. Dunne, late Governor of the Castlebar goal. The ground on which the divorce is granted is that the husband committed bigamy.

The Calais Times don't want any of its readers bit in twain, and accordingly publishes this cautionary item: Sharks are appearing in remarkable numbers in these waters. It is many years since so many have been captured, or seen in St. John harbor, and the papers of that city publish cautions to bathers. One was taken at Sambrook, another was seen at St. Andrews, Sunday, and the same day a third showed itself in Oak Bay. This fish is evidently getting rarer with our shores.

The Railway Age of Chicago says that from January 1 to June 1, 1888, 2,771 miles of railway track have been laid. This is a very large amount to be reported so early in the year, and indicates that the total for 1888 will exceed 9,000 miles, with a likelihood that it will reach 10,000 miles and a possibility that it may not fall short of 12,000 miles. Almost 13,000 miles of track were laid in 1887, the year of greatest construction known.

It is said that Mount Ararat, on which the ark landed, is more than 17,000 feet above the sea-level, and constantly covered with snow and ice.

The United States Government collects at the port of New York about \$12,000,000 every month in customs duties.

Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, uses in his private office a bar of gold, valued at \$12,000 as a paper weight.

A big flannel sale was held in New York, last week, and \$3,500,000 worth of flannels was disposed of.

A Bridgeport, Conn., man became impatient at his dog when he hesitated to go down stairs. The man in giving the dog a kick lost his balance, fell headlong and broke his neck.

Literary Notes.

Miss Dora Wheeler is painting a series of portraits of eminent authors.

A daughter of the Sultan of Zanzibar has written a description of harlem life. In his youth Thomas Hardy was apprenticed to an ecclesiastical architect.

Voltaire had in his room sometimes five desks at which he pursued different tasks.

When a boy Clark Russell led a roving life and lived several years on the sea.

Robert Louis Stevenson was educated for an engineer.

David Christie Murray was once a teacher of elocution.

Walter Besant was educated at Cambridge for the church.

Schiller, before composing, always put his feet in cold water.

Before he was twenty Roder Haggard went to Natal as secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer.

George MacDonald is and looks like a poet-prophet of the old type translated into modern life.

William J. Bok states in the Daily Graphic that Lippincott's is said to have increased its circulation by more than twenty-five thousand by printing a complete novel in each number.

The serial that has been running in Harper's Weekly, entitled "A Strange MS. Found in a Copper Cylinder," is said to have been written by the late Professor De Mille, and to have lain in the archives of the Harper's establishment for the past fifteen years. This information will rather disturb those persons who have pronounced it an imitation of the peculiar literary productions of Mr. Rider Haggard.



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