

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 10.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

PRICE 3 CENTS.

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WANTED! 100 Boys TO SELL The Gazette.

CANADIAN CRICKETERS. THE GREAT TEAM THAT IS GOING TO ENGLAND. A Brief Glance at Some of the Achievements of our Batsmen and Bowlers.

Below will be found a few of the incidents in the lives of the members of the Canadian Cricket Team who leave for Great Britain to play the leading clubs there. The tour will occupy two months and will beyond doubt give English and Scotch a better idea of the prowess of Canadians at the bat than they have hitherto enjoyed.

Dr. E. R. Ogden, of Toronto, the captain of the team, is the best all round cricketer Canada ever produced. He learned the game at Upper Canada College, and first attracted public attention in 1879 in the match between the Canadian twenty-two and Daft's professional team, at Toronto.

G. G. S. Lindsey, of Toronto, was the originator of the coming tour. For years back he has been an active worker in the cause of cricket. He has been captain of the eleven of the University of Toronto, and has played in many important matches.

A. Gillespie, of Hamilton, is Mr. Ferrie's side-partner with the ball. He bowls over arm, round the wicket, with great spin, and breaks like a sledge hammer.

W. W. Vickers, of Toronto, is an old Upper Canada collegian. He is a careful batter and generally is the first to defend the wickets for his side. Since 1884 he has played in every match of importance.

Dyce W. Saunders, of Toronto received his cricketing education at Trinity College School, Port Hope, but is chiefly indebted to himself for the excellent cricket he plays.

made on the Trinity College Grounds. For Guelph he got 101 not out and 86 not out, both innings being centuries. George W. Jones, of St. John, N. B., was captain of Merchiston School in Scotland in 1883, and was admitted to be the best bat in the Land of Cakes.

W. Wallace Jones, of Toronto, as a batsman plays in a style peculiar to himself, and not in what most people would consider good form. Yet he is a most useful bat and against any kind of bowling good for lots of runs.

A. C. Allan, of Toronto, is a magnificent batsman, and he has to his credit the performance of making the largest score ever compiled against a visiting English team. His great strength is in his ability to time the ball correctly.

In England says an exchange that institution called the drawing-room has in it about as much rationality as may be found in any form of fetish worship among the savages of Africa.

The stout old ladies, with their quivering acres of flesh displayed according to the rules, and the thin quinquagenarians, bronchitic, nervous, anemic, are saluted with derision and criticised without mercy.

W. C. Little, of Ottawa, has been for many years one of the chief supports of the club in this city. He is a very steady bat with careful defense and can score quickly when set. He scored 46 against Ontario for Quebec last year, besides scoring 117, 89 and 81 on three occasions for the Ottawa Club.

There is no kinder conversation, no pleasanter speeches, as in the evening receptions in Italy, where the queen receives as any other lady, and her dignity as queen enhances her sweetness as hostess.

A Woman Betrayed. Mrs. Dollinger, a Sioux Falls lady, who lives on Twelfth Street, heard a rap at the door, the other afternoon, and responded to find a very distinguished-looking gentleman, extremely dignified and handsome.

"Thank you, pray don't put yourself to any trouble on my account." "Certainly not. Was my sister well?" "Quite well, I am pleased to say. By the way, Mrs. Dollinger, I have a little work here which I would like to show, as I am sure you would be interested in it. It is called 'Daniel in the Lion's Den,' and is by the Rev. Thomas R. Deuteronomy, and it comes in twelve parts, exquisitely bound in cloth, leather, or extra Russia, is finely illustrated, and should be in every library, and I am taking hundreds of orders, as you can see by examining this order book, and everybody is wild over it, and all pronounce it the most wonderful book written since the Holy Scriptures.

"Mr. Harcourt," said Mrs. Dollinger, rising and suppressing her tears, "you're a mean, deceitful book agent. Get out of my house!" "I know; but just sign."

There is a story afloat that has not yet been in print, I believe, of a young man who called on a certain Senator's wife, or some other great man's wife, and found it rather difficult to keep up conversation with her.

An opinion was current in the last century, says a writer in Popular Science, that our ancestors, at some time in the past, were the equals or superiors in size to the largest men now to be found. M. Henricus presented to the Academic des Inscriptions, in 1718, a memoir on the variations in the size of man from the beginning of the world till the Christian era, in which Adam was given 123 feet 9 inches, and Eve 118 feet 6 inches.

Mary C. Vass, of Mobile, on Friday last took command of the Lomax Rifles in an exhibition drill at Washington City. She is called "the sponsor of the company." Her face is of the best type of Southern beauty, and her figure is queenly symmetry—that is to say, she has a genuine military bearing.

NIGHT IN THE CITY. HOW IT IS SPENT BY SOME OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE. At the Churches in the Saloons and Elsewhere.

To the young man from the country the night side of city life has peculiar attractions. He reads sensational stories about bold robberies, secret murders, drugged liquor and wickedness in all its forms.

Just now St. John is experiencing one of those periodical moral waves that sweep over every city once or twice a decade. The fiat has gone forth that liquor saloons shall have but one door and that all places of questionable repute shall be closed up.

But it is not proposed to deal with the moral side of this question in the present article. The idea is to show how the young men of the city spend their nights. St. John has been called the city of churches. That such buildings are numerous in St. John is well known.

The larger part of our young men seek more exciting ways of spending the evening than any above enumerated. Go into any billiard room between eight o'clock and midnight and see the number of young men as well as old rounders. The youth who is just beginning to see life can be easily distinguished in the motley throng.

Swiss bolts of jet are to be much worn with white summer gowns. Old blue and Charles X. pink are charmingly combined in the new gingham. Brown and white wool dresses will be much worn this season.

For wear with the pretty printed cotton dresses in the country are large sun umbrellas of printed cotton, with pastoral and landscape upon them. They are pretty and deliciously quaint. The handles are of light-colored wood with big crooks or hoops at the end.

these are not all. Billiards to others are only the entering wedge. When they leave the billiard saloon they go to some one of the numerous bars and there spend an hour or two over a glass of punch or some other pleasant tasting beverage. They are in for a good time and they are bound to have it. Billiards and whiskey are undoubtedly pleasant at night, but an overdose has a depressing effect on the spirits the following morning, particularly if the bout is continued far into the night.

Domestic Recipes. DHAL.—Put one pint of split peas to soak all night in cold water. Next morning, add to the peas, after well washing them, one pint of boiling water. Simmer for five hours, or until the peas are soft and pulpy. Add more water during the boiling, if required. Cut up and fry two middle-sized onions till of a golden brown; add to the peas, with three cloves and a dessert spoonful of curry powder, and two ounces of butter. Simmer for another ten minutes, and serve with rice round.

STRAWBERRY TART.—Strawberries, sugar, puff paste. Pick over the strawberries carefully, and arrange them in layers in a deep puff crust, sprinkle each layer thickly with sugar; fill very full, pour in a teaspoonful of strawberry juice made from the soft berries that have been squeezed through a fine cloth. Cover with the pastry, and bake.

LETTERS IN RUSSIA. An Odessa letter to the London News says: "I have the authority of a superior post-office official for stating that during the recent Nihilist scare, no less than forty-five per cent. of the whole of the letters passing through the Russian post were opened. This calculation does not include the correspondence of a large class of suspects whose letters are always opened as a matter of course. My informant explained to me that the staff employed for this purpose does not regularly belong to the post-office, and there is very slight control over it, more especially in the provincial centres. The danger to private correspondence, it seems, is not so much in opening and perusing the ordinary letters, but the officials do not act up to their instructions in reclosing and fastening them. They have, on the contrary, an ugly habit of bundling innocent letters into the fire rather than take the trouble of making them up again."

SOME ENGLISH SOCIAL CUSTOMS. The English girl has almost no social freedom. The wife has much within certain limits, where a woman is never free until she is bound—in the bonds of wedlock. English women are very submissive to the good man. But there is one field in which she is the sole monarch—namely: the field of society. An Englishman may not drag Tom, Dick, or Harry home to dinner unless his wife be quite agreeable, and, in fact, give the invitation. He must take strangers to his club, but not to his domestic fireside, unless "the missis" shall so wish. And when she does so wish, business matters are topics never discussed at dinner. In fact, to discuss a man's business life is always a breach of English etiquette.

Brown and white wool dresses will be much worn this season. The skirt is white, braided with brown. The full drapery is brown, as is the basque, which has a white waistcoat braided with brown. A white hat trimmed with a number of brown sparrows completes the toilet.

For wear with the pretty printed cotton dresses in the country are large sun umbrellas of printed cotton, with pastoral and landscape upon them. They are pretty and deliciously quaint. The handles are of light-colored wood with big crooks or hoops at the end.

THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.

A Cheerful Picture of a Central Asian Ruler—How He Spends His Time.

A correspondent of the Journal des Debats sends the following account of the Amir of Afghanistan: "Abdurrahman in the first part of his career was a soldier, when he was raised to the Amirship he became a bureaucrat, a new role for an Afghan ruler, and one not likely to be popular. Each day with him has its appointed work. Two days a week are devoted to his correspondence, Monday for that with the upper country (Herat, Candahar, etc.), Thursday for that with the lower country (Cahul, Peshawar and India). On Tuesday he holds his military durbar and receives the officers of the garrison, all of whom dine with him. It is also the day of private reception or Diwan-i-Hass. On Wednesday and Saturday he administers justice, and admits the public to his presence, even to the last beggar. This is called the Diwan-i-Am. Friday is treated as Sunday in London—all the bazaars, shops and the palace itself are closed, the mosques alone remaining open. Sunday is devoted to the Amir's private affairs. The two most important days are those of the Diwan-i-Am, for the Amir is above all a dispenser of justice. He dispenses it with hand on the hilt of his sword. Highway robbers are brought before him and he hears the charge. Then he says one of two things: 'Bekoushid,' and they cut their throats, or 'Gargara koushid,' and they lead them off to be hung. If an article is lost on the road no one is allowed to pick it up. If any one does so his hand is cut off. The Amir has only one wife, Bibi Malika or the Queen, but he has 101 concubines called kaniz. By the Queen he has no children (they died), but he has five by four of the kaniz. The eldest, Habibullah, is sixteen years of age, and in default of a legitimate successor is the heir apparent. He was recently married to the daughter of Mohammed Ameen, Brigadier of Cabul, an officer, despite his high title, possessing no authority. The Amir is writing his memoirs, beginning with his ninth year, and he is now forty-two. They will be full of interest if the Ghilzais will only allow him to finish them."

A Dress Society.

The Washington Capital is responsible for the following: "Driving down the avenue one bright afternoon in the winter, a newspaper man espied advancing toward him, a big womanly figure, handsomely dressed in velvet and silk, fashioned in the latest style. As he neared the young woman, what was his astonishment to recognize in her the wife of a printer in his employ, in whom he had been especially interested. Calling the driver to stop, the editor hastily alighted, and with an inquiring countenance approached the young woman. 'Mary, how is it that you can dress in this style on Tom's wages, which I know are all he has to depend upon? I have always taken such an interest in your husband that this evidence of extravagance distresses me greatly.' 'Well, you see, sir, I don't own the suit; it belongs to a club; there are six of us, all about the same size. Each one has the suit for a day at a time, when we go out calling. I generally have it on Mondays, because I like the receptions held by the justices' families. Tuesday is representatives' day, but they are such a mixed lot that we just go through with the list because we have to, taking down their address without bothering over the names. Wednesday is the favorite day, because then the cabinet ladies receive in grand style, and always have such a fine spread. So you see we all have a pleasant time and make a good appearance for the season, with only a small expense to each one."

Fashion Notes.

Boys from eight to thirteen have Scotch wool suits for general wear. Rough straw sailor hats with stiff brims, long black ribbed stockings and high buttoned gaiters, or else laced shoes, complete the costumes of most small boys.

For boys merely in trousers there is nothing so popular or fashionable as sailor suits. They are of white serge or linen with blue square-cornered sailor collar and showing a shirt of blue and white stripes.

Other dresses are of canvas striped woollens of bright scarlet or blue on white and are made up with sailor blouse and round skirt. A blue cloth sailor jacket and straw hat in sailor shape complete those pretty toils.

In the white sailor suits for small boys the contrasting blue is dark if he is a brunette, light if he is a blonde. The trousers are long and widen at the ankles, and the sailor cap is of white serge with a ribbon bearing the name of some man-o-war.

Chall dresses are also in great favor for misses and small girls. Those with cream white grounds strewn with roses or with sprigs of blue, green or brown are made with a basque and slight drapery, with velvet ribbon trimming in rows around the skirt and as vest or revers.

Girls from eight to fourteen wear white flannel or striped wool dresses made with a Norfolk jacket and kill-plaited skirt. The jackets are of frilled flannel with many rows of narrow white braid, or else wide Hercules plaid for trimming. They

are buttoned with big bullet pearl buttons.

Gingham dresses are best liked for the every-day wear of little girls. The plain low waist with pointed front and short puffed sleeves, over a white guimpe, is a simple and pretty way to make them. The striped gingham and those with large checks are used in high colors and delicate shades of pink, blue or lavender.

The tendency in children's frocks is towards longer waists than last season, making them down to the waist line and sometimes below it. The skirts are full, with a hem and tucks, or else deep embroidery below a cluster of tucks, or there may be two frills, one plain and one of embroidery. Most dresses have a sash of the material sewed in the seams under the arms and tied in a large bow.

Monsieur gloves should be worn by ladies travelling any distance, as the tightly buttoned English walking glove becomes very uncomfortable and frequently produces headache. For short distances, however, where appearance may be consulted rather than comfort, the mahogany-colored English glove of four buttons and broad black stitching down the back are decidedly better style.

A remarkably pretty tea gown is made of soft gold colored "sunshiny," a very fine, transparent quality of India silk, with antique sleeves, shirred unslip of golden-brown surah, with the open fronts turned back with revers of golden-brown velvet. At one side is knotted a sash of the India silk with peplum points. The sash is barred with shades of yellow and velvety brown found in the heart of a marigold.

Another of these fawn-colored cloaks had a sort of trellis pattern in golden brown silk, forming a delicate woven stripe down the front and on the collar, cuffs and edges of the pointed hood. This wrap, while stylish, was certainly effective as a means of protection against dust, and the color would not show easily any clinging marks of the same, as a thorough shaking after a dusty journey would remove everything clinging to it.

Some of the new dust cloaks for summer wear are very handsome and stylish. Those of dull soft tones of green and blue, lined with pink or lighter blue, are worn by women who are perfect in every toilet detail. Among the really useful models lately exhibited are those of dove-gray or beige moirai, cashmere or armure stuffs. Another was of fawn-colored canvas, extremely fine in quality and of close Newmarket shape in the back, with semi-loose fronts buttoned to the waist and tied with brown satin ribbons.

Brain Diet.

In an interesting essay, Dr. Dana has said of the diet of brain workers: When persons train for athletic sports the diet is mainly a nitrogenous and rather a dry one. For those training for mental work, and for brain workers in general, the best diet is also a nitrogenous one, but it should contain also considerable fat, and should not be dry. Water should be drunk plentifully, while the total amount of food should be a little less than when severe muscular exercise is taken. The best foods are meats, fish, eggs, milk, buttermilk, green vegetables and stale bread with plenty of butter. If there is a tendency to constipation, farinaceous foods and green vegetables may be made the prominent articles of diet in one of the daily meals, and stewed fruit and some alkaline water added. The drinks of brainworkers should be mainly plain and alkaline waters. "Tea and coffee are for scholars, wine for artists," according to Moleschott, and these substances can be taken in moderation by most brain workers without harmful results. They may even secure an increased capacity for work. Some brainworkers have been tremendous feeders. Goethe was an immense eater; so was Samuel Johnson and William Wordsworth. Peter the Great ate only two meals daily, but they were very hearty, and his daily consumption of alcohol was, on an average, four bottles of beer, and from one to two bottles of brandy.

Nails and Character.

He who keeps his nails well rounded at the tips is a proud man. Nails which remain long after being cut level with the finger ends are a sign of generosity. The owner of very round and smooth nails is of a peaceable and conciliatory disposition. He who keeps his nails somewhat long, round, and tipped with black, is a romantic poet. He who has white spots on his nails is fond of the society of ladies, but is fickle in his attachments. Transparent nails, with light red, mark a cheerful, gentle, and amiable disposition. Lovers with transparent nails usually carry their passion to the verge of madness. He who has the nail of his right thumb slightly notched is a regular glutton. He who keeps his nails irregularly cut, is hasty and determined. Men who have not the patience to cut their nails properly, generally come to grief. He whose nails are detached from the finger at the further extremities, and when cut showing a larger proportion of the finger than usual, ought never to get married, as it would be a wonder if he were master in his own house, for short nails betoken patience, good nature, and, above all, resignation under severe trials.

Read THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

THE SILVER GIRLDE.

The Maiden's New Way of Hinting That She Loves to be Squeezed Real Hard.

(New York Herald.)

Ever since Eve first put on her corsets there have been flippant allusions made to a supposed fondness that young ladies cherish of having their waists squeezed. No visible proof of that weakness has ever been offered to the public gaze until recently. But it's here now, and the girls can't dodge it. The silver girle business has become fashionable, and young men who are addicted to the arm act are as blue as policemen. It's hard enough to make an impression through corset armor, but when a silver log-chain is added masnitive humanity gives up and takes to lamp-posts. The new girle is just such an arrangement as the Grecian maidens used to wear (B. C.) to keep their Mother Hubbards from soaring over their heads and leaving them in the highly ridiculous and embarrassing position of a reversed umbrella. It is made of silver links of plates, and is worn outside of everything, for the simple reason that it would be a very uncomfortable thing to wear inside, and would seriously interfere with the fit of a dress. Again, more people see it on the outside, and that's what it's worn for. As an article of clothing the girle is not a practical success. It affords very little protection in a rainstorm or a blizzard, and is calculated to breed corns on the hips. Naturally, it is worn around the waist, because it's too big for the neck, and a girl couldn't grab her skirts with one hand and her back hair with the other if she wore it around her arms. A smelling-bottle, a box of caramels, a powder puff, or, in fact, almost anything can be hidden to the front end of the girle as an excuse for wearing it. It is a convenient place to carry surplus hair-pins.

But with all their drawbacks they have many advantages. When a girl is drowning a girle is a much surer thing to lift her out with than her hair. Hair is liable to come off.

Important Discovery of Paintings.

The Christian Globe states that a very remarkable discovery has recently been made at Greenwich, and some gems of rare value have been brought to light. These consist of valuable oil paintings by Hogarth and Sir James Thornhill, whose daughter was married to Hogarth. They were discovered in an old butcher's shop in Church-street, in that town, and it appears that whilst painting his magnificent work of art on the ceiling of the dome of Greenwich Hospital, Sir James Thornhill lived in this house. The discovery consists of twenty-seven panels, and those by Thornhill are entirely scraps, representing men of war of the type of the period in action, whilst those of Hogarth are allegorical pictures. Some of the panels are signed by Sir James Thornhill. This house, in which Sir James resided, was originally built of wood. In course of time the greater part of the wooden structure was demolished and replaced by a brick edifice, which was afterwards converted into a butcher's shop. The particular room, however, containing these panels was left intact. The butcher painted all the panels over a rich drab stone colour, and so they have remained for years. The varnish on them, however, was so hard that they are entirely unpeeled off they are now in almost as perfect a state as when they were painted. Some of them are as large as five feet seven inches by five feet six inches, the others smaller. They are now in the possession of Mr. Edwin S. Sedolph, Langdale House, Greenwich, and Mr. W. T. Manning, Clyde House, 73, Blackheath-road, Greenwich.

Hangers-on in Journalism.

"I hate to see a man enter that room," said the city editor of a morning paper to an applicant for work. "Look at those young men sitting round that table, they are all waiting for me to give them assignments, and I have none to give. Why don't they come in here and suggest something themselves?" Most city editors in New York have the same feeling, writes the metropolitan correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. They are over-run with applicants for places, and two-thirds of those who present themselves are utterly unfit for the work they wish to do. The space system of pay for local newspaper work intensifies this pressure. Any man with paper and pencil can write what may be published and paid for, and so when a man finds other doors closed against him he goes to a newspaper office. A good many women seek the same refuge. The patience of city editors under the infliction is marvellous. Perhaps it is partly accounted for by the fact that most of them do not have to edit the manuscript turned out by these beginners. It is handed over to those luckless wretches, the copy readers, and they generally make short work of it. If young men, ambitious of entering newspaper life, could learn something of the failures that strew the path they wish to tread, perhaps they would seek other lines of work. Scarcely a week passes without the hat being passed here for some needy journalist, his widow or his orphans. Not unrequently, too, the needy are remembered by a score or two of former fellow-work-

ers as clever men in their lines, once able to hold up their heads and earn good pay. Every office, too, is haunted by its chronic pensioners, who live by odd bits of work, given in half-charity, and by the undisguised alms of more fortunate men.

He Had "Em Bad."

A gentleman, after a farewell dinner at his club, joined his wife on the steamer that was to sail in the early morning, taking the upper berth. Suddenly his wife, in the lower berth, and those in the adjoining staterooms, were alarmed by his exclaiming, in drunken tones, "I've got 'em! I've got 'em! Black things are crawling all over me!" "Go to sleep and you'll be all right," stornly replied his better half. But by this time he had risen to a sitting posture, and was hurling to the floor black, squeaking objects, which caused his wife to exclaim: "Steward! lights! lights!" Steward and lights arrived, and disclosed the fact that the ship's cat had deposited a litter of kittens in the berth occupied by the gentleman, whose presence between the sheets had caused them to investigate the surroundings.

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The Duke's Lament.
 (New York World.)
 "I'm reduced to despair,"
 Quoth the duke, with a stare,
 "When the prince gets his tips from the wild,
 If Buffalo Bill,
 Sets the style as his will,
 Shall the fashions be altered at Red Shirt's behest?"
 "Have we suffered in vain
 All this cerebral strain
 In aping the prince as he holds us in tow,
 Who, with favor and praise,
 Now affects the wild ways
 Of Buffalo Bill and his outlandish show?"
 "Must the fashion compel
 A thoroughbred swell
 Who longs for the light of imperial smiles,
 Now to hastily spurn
 What he labored to learn,
 And come down to homely American styles?"
 "Oh! give us a prince
 Whom you cannot convince
 That excellence dwells in the wild, bloody West,
 To teach us with care
 Each new British stare,
 For everything English is surely the best."

DAWN:
 A NOVEL
 BY
H. RIDER HAGGARD,
 AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE,"
 "JESS," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

(Continued.)
 "Your mind, on the other hand, has been fully saturated with the noblest thoughts of the intellectual giants of two thousand years ago, and would in that respect be as much in place in a well-educated Grecian maiden living before the time of Christ as in an English girl of the nineteenth century."
 "I have educated you thus, Angela, partly by accident and partly by design. You will remember when you began to come here some ten years since—you were a little thing then—and I had offered to give you some teaching, because you interested me, and I saw that you were running wild in mind and body. But when I had undertaken the task, I was somewhat puzzled how to carry it out. It is one thing to offer to educate a little girl, and another to do it. Not knowing where to begin, I fell back upon the Latin grammar, where I had begun myself, and so by degrees you slid into the curriculum of a classical and mathematical education. Then, after a year or two, I perceived your power of work and your great natural ability, and I formed a design. I said to myself, 'I will see how far a woman cultivated under favorable conditions can go. I will patiently teach this girl till the literature of Greece and Rome becomes as familiar to her as her mother-tongue, till figures and symbols hide no mysteries from her, till she can read the heavens like a book. I will learn her mind to follow the secret ways of knowledge. I will train it till it can soar above the fables like a falcon above sparrows.' Angela, my proud design pursued steadily through many years has been at length accomplished; your bright intellect has risen to the strain I have put upon it, and you are at this moment one of the best all-round scholars of my acquaintance."
 Angela's answer to this oration was a simple one. She rose slowly from her low seat, and, putting her hands upon Mr. Fraser's shoulders, kissed him on the forehead and said:
 "How shall I ever learn to be grateful enough for all I owe you? What should I have been now but for you? How good and patient you have been to me!"
 This embrace affected the clergyman strongly; he put his hand to his heart, and a troubled look came into his eyes. Thrusting her gently away from him, he sat down.
 "Angela," he said, presently, "go away now, dear, I am tired to-night; I shall see you at church to-morrow to say good-by."
 And so she went homeward through the wind and storm, little knowing that she left her master to struggle with a tempest far more tremendous than that which raged around her.
 As for him, as the door closed, he gave a sigh of relief.
 "Pray God I have not put it off too long," he said to himself. "And now for to-morrow's sermon. Sleep for the young! laughter for the happy! work for old fools—work, work, work!"
 And thus it was that Angela became a scholar.

CHAPTER XVII.
 "Angela," called her father one day, as he heard her footsteps passing his study, "come in here; I want to speak to you."
 His daughter stopped, and a look of blank astonishment spread itself over her face. She had not been called into that study for years. She entered, however, as bidden. Her father, who was seated at his writing-table, which was piled up with account books, did not greet her in appearance from what he was when he last saw him twenty years ago. His frame had grown more massive, and acquired a slight stoop, but he was still a young, powerful-looking man, and certainly did not appear a day more than his age of forty-two. The eyes, however, so long as no one was looking at them, had contracted a concentrated stare, as though they were eternally gazing at some object in space,

and this appearance was rendered more marked by an apparently permanent puckering of the skin of the forehead. The moment, however, that they came under the fire of anybody else's optics, and, oddly enough, more particularly those of his own daughter, the stare vanished, and they grew shifty and uncertain to a curious degree.
 Philip was employed in adding up something, when his daughter entered, and motioned to her to sit down. She did so, and fixed her great grey eyes on him with some curiosity. The effect was remarkable; her father fidgeted, made a mistake in his calculations, glanced all round the room with his shifty eyes (ah! how changed from those bold black orbs with which Maria Lee fell in love four and twenty years ago), and finally threw down his pen with an exclamation that would have shocked Angela had she understood it.
 "How often, Angela, have I asked you not to stare me out of countenance! It is a most unladylike trick of yours!"
 She blushed painfully.
 "I beg your pardon; I forgot. I will look out of the window."
 "Don't be a fool; look like other people. But now I want to speak to you. In the first place, I find that the household expenditure for the last year was three hundred and fifty pounds. That is more than I can afford; it must not exceed three hundred this year."
 "I will do my best to keep the expenses down, father, but I can assure you that there is no money wasted now."
 Then came a pause, which, after humming and hawing a little, Philip was the first to break.
 "Do you remember that I saw your cousin George yesterday? He is back at last at Isleworth."
 "Yes, Pigott told me that he had come. He has been away a long while."
 "When did you last see him?"
 "When I was about thirteen, I believe; before he lost the election, and went away."
 "He has been down here several times since then. I wonder that you did not see him."
 "I always disliked him, and kept out of his way."
 "Gad, you can't dislike him more than I do; but I keep good friends with him, for all that, and you must do the same. Now look here, Angela, will you promise to keep a secret?"
 "Yes, father, if you wish it."
 "Well, then, I appear to be a poor man, don't I? And remember," he added, hastily, "that with reference to household expenses, I am poor; but, as a matter of fact, and here he sunk his voice and glanced suspiciously round—"I am worth at this moment nearly £150,000 in hard cash."
 "That is six thousand pounds a year at four per cent.," commented Angela, without a moment's hesitation. "Then I really think you might put a five into the bank, and allow a shilling a week to Mrs. Jake's mother."
 "Curse Mrs. Jake's mother! Nobody but a woman would have interrupted with such nonsense. Listen. You must have heard how I was disinherited on account of my marriage with your mother, and the Isleworth estates left to your cousin George, and how, with a refined ingenuity, he was forbidden to bequeath them back to me or to my children. But mark this, he is not forbidden to sell them to me; no doubt the old man never dreamt that I should have the money to buy them; but you see, I have almost enough."
 "How did you get so much money?"
 "Get it. First I took the gold plate my grandfather bought and sold it; I had no right to do it, but I could not afford to have so much capital lying idle. It fetched nearly five thousand pounds. With this I speculated successfully; in two years I had eighteen thousand; the eighth thousand I invested in a fourth share in a coal-mine, when money was scarce and coals cheap. Coals rose enormously just then, and in five years time I sold my share to the co-holders for eighty-two thousand, in addition to twenty-one thousand received by way of interest. Since then I have not speculated, for fear my luck should desert me. I have simply allowed the money to accumulate on mortgage and other investments and bided my time, for I have sworn to have those estates back before I die. It is for this cause that I have toiled and thought and screwed and been cut by the whole neighborhood for twenty years, but now I think that with your help my time is coming."
 "With my help. What is it that you wish me to do?"
 "Listen," answered her father, nervously tapping his pencil on the account-book before him. "George is not very fond of Isleworth—in fact, he rather dislikes it, but, like all the Carefoots, he does not care about parting with landed property, and, though we appear to be good friends, he hates me too much ever to consent, under ordinary circumstances, to sell it to me. It is to you I look to overcome that objection."
 "I? How?"
 "You are a woman and ask me how you should get the blind side of a man."
 "I do not in the least understand you."
 Philip smiled incredulously.
 "Then I suppose I must explain. If you ever take the trouble to look at yourself in the glass, you will probably see that Nature has been very kind to you in the matter of good looks; nor are you by any means deficient in brains. Your

cousin George is very fond of a pretty woman, and, to be plain, what I want to do is to make use of your advantages to get him under your thumb and persuade him into selling the property."
 "Oh! father, how can you?" ejaculated Angela, in an agony of shame.
 "You idiot, I don't want you to marry me, I only want you to make a fool of him; sure, being of the sex you are, you won't find that an uncongenial occupation."
 Angela's blushes had given way to pallor now, and she answered with cold contempt:
 "I don't think you quite understand what a girl feels, at least what I feel, for I know no other girls. Perhaps it would be useless for me to try to explain. I had rather go blind than use my eyes for such a shameful purpose."
 "Angela," said her father, "let me tell you that you are a silly fool; you are an embarrassment. Your birth," he added, bitterly, "robbed me of your mother, and the fact of your being a girl deprived our branch of the family of their rights. Now that you have grown up, you prefer to gratify your whims rather than help me to realize the object of my life by a simple course of action that could do no harm. I never asked you to commit yourself in any way. Well, well, it is better that I must expect. We have not seen much of each other heretofore, and perhaps the less we meet in the future the better."
 "You have no right to talk to me so," she answered, with flashing eyes, "though I am your daughter, and it is cowardly to reproach me with my birth, my sex, and my dependence. Am I responsible for any of these things? But I will not burden you long. And, as to what you are wont to do and think such a little of I ask you, is it what my poor mother would have wished her daughter—"
 Here Philip abruptly rose and left the room and the house.
 "She is as like her mother as possible," he mused, as soon as he was clear of the house. "It might have been Hilda herself, only she is twice as beautiful as Hilda was. I shall have another bad night after this, I know I shall. I must get rid of that girl some how, I can not bear her about me; she is a daily reminder of things I dare not remember, and, whenever she stares at me with those great eyes of hers, I feel as though she were looking through me. I wonder if she knew the story of Maria Lee?"
 And then, dismissing, or trying to dismiss, the matter from his mind, he took his way across the fields to Isleworth Hall, a large white brick mansion of Queen Anne style, about two miles distant from the abbey, and on arrival asked for his cousin George, and was at once shown into that gentleman's presence.
 Years had told upon George more than they had upon Philip, and, though there were no touches of gray in the flaming red of his hair, the bloodshot eyes, and the puckered forehead beneath them, to say nothing of the slight but constant trembling of the hand, all showed that he was a man well on in middle life, and who had lived every day of it. Time, too, had made the face more intensely unpleasant and vulgar-looking than ever; such Carefoot characteristics as it possessed were year by year growing in an increasingly greater degree, to the kitchen-maid strain introduced by the mother. In short, George Carefoot did not even look a gentleman, whereas Philip certainly did.
 "You don't seem very well, George. I am afraid that your travels have not agreed with you."
 "My dear Philip," answered his cousin, in a languid and affected voice, "if you had lived the life that I have for the last twenty years, you would look a little like me. I have had some very good times, but the fact is that I have been too prodigal of my strength, but I thought enough about the future. It is a great mistake, and one of the worst results is that I am utterly blasé of everything; even a lullie passion is played out for me. I haven't seen a woman I care twice as much for ten years."
 "Ah! you should sell this place, and take a house in town; it would suit you much better."
 "I can do that without selling the place. I don't intend to sell the place—in fact, nothing would induce me to do so. Some day I may marry, and want to transmit it to some future Carefoot; but I confess I don't mean to do that just yet. Marry when you want a nurse, but never before; that's my maxim. Marriage is an excellent institution for parsons and fools, the two classes that Providence has created to populate the world, but a wise man should as soon think of walking into a spring-trap. Take your own case, for instance, my dear Philip; look what marriage led to."
 "At any rate," answered his cousin, bitterly, "it led to your advantage."
 "Exactly, and that is one of the reasons why I have such a respect for the institution in the abstract. It has been my personal benefactor, and I worship it accordingly—at a distance. By the way, talking of marriage reminds me of its legitimate fruits. Bellamy tells me that your daughter, Angela (if I had a daughter, I should call her Diana), is more appropriate for a woman than I am uncommodiously handsome. Bring her to see me; I adore beauty in all its forms, especially its female form. Is she really so handsome?"
 "I am no judge, but you will soon have

an opportunity of forming an opinion—that is, I hope so. I propose coming with Angela to make a formal call on you to-morrow."
 "Good. Tell my fair cousin that I shall be certain to be in, and be prepared, metaphorically, to fall at the feet of so much loveliness. By the way, that reminds me; you have heard of Bellamy's, or rather Mrs. Bellamy's, good fortune, I suppose?"
 "No."
 "That—not? Why, he is now Sir John Bellamy, knight."
 "Indeed! How is that?"
 "You remember the by-election six months back?"
 "Oh! yes. I was actually badgered by Mrs. Bellamy into promising to vote, much against my personal convenience."
 "Exactly. Well, just at the time old Prescott died, you may remember that Mr. Showers, the member of the government, was unseated on petition from some borough or other, and came down here post-haste to get re-elected. But he had Sir Percy Vivyan against him, and he knew to my cost, this benighted county is not fond of those who preach the gospel of progress. Bellamy, who is a stout Radical, as you know—chiefly, I fancy, because there is more to be got out of the side of politics—got the job as Showers's agent. But, three days before, it became quite clear that his cause, cabinet minister or not, was hopeless. Then it was that Mrs.—I beg her pardon, Lady Bellamy—came to the fore. Just as Showers was thinking of withdrawing, she demanded a private interview with him. Next day she posted off to old Sir Percy, who is a perfect fool of the chivalrous school, and was desperately fond of her, and, mirabile dictu, that evening Sir Percy withdraws on the plea of ill-health or some such rubbish, and Showers walks over. Within three months, Mr. Bellamy becomes Sir John Bellamy, nominally for his services as town-clerk of Roxham, and I hear that old Sir Percy is now perfectly rampant, and goes about cursing her ladyship up hill and down dale, and declaring that he has been shockingly taken in. How our mutual friend worked the robes is more than I can tell you, but she did work them, and to some purpose."
 "She is an uncommonly handsome woman."
 "Ah! yes, you're right there, she is A1; but let us stroll out a little; it is a fine evening for the 30th of April. To-morrow will be the 1st of May, so it will, a day neither of us are likely to forget."
 Philip winced at the allusion, but said nothing.
 "By the way," George went on, "I am expecting a visitor, my ward, young Arthur Heigham, who is just back from India. He will be twenty-five in a few days, when he comes of age, and is coming down to settle up. The fact is, that ten thousand of his money is on that Jotley property, and both Bellamy and myself are anxious that it should stop there for the present, as if the mortgage were called in it might be awkward."
 "Is he well off?"
 "Comfortably; about a thousand a year, comes of an old family too. Bellamy and I knew his father, Captain Heigham, slightly, when we were in business. His wife, by the way, was a distant cousin of ours. They are both dead now; the captain was wiped out at Inkerman, and, for some unknown reason, left the young gentleman's sole guardian and joint trustee with a London lawyer, a certain Mr. Borley. I have never seen him yet—my ward, I mean—he has always been at Eton, or Cambridge, or in India, or somewhere."
 Here Philip began to manifest signs of considerable uneasiness, the cause of which was sufficiently apparent, for, while they were talking, a very large and savage-looking animal of the sheep-dog order had emerged from the house, and was following him up and down, growling in a low and ominous undertone; its nose being the while glued to his calves as they alternately presented themselves in his line of vision.
 "Would you mind calling of this animal, George?" he said at length. "He does not look amiable."
 "Oh! that's Snarleyow; don't mind him, he never bites unless you stop." Philip instinctively quickened his pace. "Isn't he a beauty? He's a pure bred Thibet sheep-dog, and I will back him to fight against any animal of his own weight. He killed two dogs in one morning the other day, and pulled down a beggar-woman in the evening. You should have heard her holler."
 At that moment, fortunately for Philip's calves, which were beginning to tingle with an unwholesome excitement, Mr. Snarleyow's attention was diverted by the approach of a dog-cart, and he left to enjoy the amusement of snapping and barking at the horse. The cart pulled up at the door, and out of it emerged a tall and extremely gentlemanly-looking young fellow, followed by a very large red bull-dog.
 "Mr. Carefoot, I believe," said the young gentleman to George, taking off his hat.
 "Yes, Mr. Heigham, at my service. I am very glad to see you. My cousin, Mr. Philip Carefoot."
 CHAPTER XVIII.
 "I must apologize for having brought Aleck, my dog, you know, with me," began Arthur Heigham; "but the fact was, that at the very last moment the man I was going to leave him with had to go

away, and I had no time to find another place before the train left. I thought that, if you objected to dogs, he could easily be sent somewhere into the village. He is very good-tempered, though appearances are against him."
 "Oh, he will be all right, I daresay," said George, rather sulkily, for, with the exception of Snarleyow, in whose fiendish temper he found something refreshing and congenial, he liked no dogs. "But you must be careful, or Snarleyow, my dog, will give him a hammering. Here, good dog, good dog," and he attempted to pat Aleck on the head, but the animal growled savagely, and avoided him.
 "I never knew him do that before," ejaculated Arthur, in confusion, and heartily wishing Aleck somewhere else. "I suppose he has taken a dislike to you. Dogs do sometimes, you know."
 Next second it struck him that this was one of those things that had better have been left unsaid, and he grew more uncomfortable than ever. But at this very moment the situation was rendered intensely lively by the approach of the redoubtable Snarleyow himself, who, having snapped at the horse's heels all the way to the stables, had on his return to the front of the house spotted Aleck from afar. He was now advancing on tip-toe in full order of battle, his wicked-looking teeth gleaming, and his coat and tail standing out like an angry bear's.
 Arthur, already sufficiently put out about the dog question, thought it best to take no notice; and, even when he distinctly heard Aleck give a kick by way of a warning to behave himself, and entered into some desultory conversation with Philip. But presently a series of growls behind him announced that an encounter was imminent. Looking round, he perceived that Snarleyow was standing over the bull-dog, of which he was more than twice the size, and holding on to the skin of his neck with his long teeth; while George was looking on with scarcely suppressed amusement.
 "I think, Mr. Carefoot, that you had better call your dog off," said Arthur, good-temperedly. "Mine is a peaceable animal, but he is an awkward customer when he does fight."
 "Oh, better let them settle it; they will be much better friends afterward. Hold him, Snarleyow."
 Thus encouraged, the big dog seized the other, and fairly lifted him off the ground, shaking him violently—a proceeding that had the effect of thoroughly rousing Aleck's temper. And then began a most Homeric combat. At first the bull-dog was dreadfully mauled; his antagonist's size, weight, and length of leg and jaw, to say nothing of the thick coat by which he was protected, all telling against him. But he took his punishment very quietly, never so much as uttering a growl, in strange contrast to the big dog's vociferous style of doing business. Quite heedless of his injuries, and the blood that poured into his eyes, he slowly but surely drove the great sheep-dog, who by this time would have been glad to stop, back into an angle of the wall, and then suddenly pinned him by the throat. Down went Snarleyow on the top of the bull-dog, and rolled right over him, but, when he staggered to his legs again, his throat was still in its cruel grip.
 "Take your dog off!" shouted George, seeing that affairs had taken a turn he very little expected.
 "I fear that is impossible," replied Arthur, politely, but looking anything but polite.
 "If you don't get it off, I will shoot it."
 "You will do nothing of the sort, Mr. Carefoot; you set the dog on, and you must take the consequences. Ah! the affair is finished."
 As he spoke, the choking Snarleyow, whose black tongue was protruding from his jaws, gave one last convulsive struggle, and ceased to breathe. Satisfied with this result, Aleck let go, and, having sniffed contemptuously at his dead antagonist, returned to his master's side, and, sitting quietly down, began to lick such of his numerous wounds as he could reach.
 George, when he realized that his favorite was dead, turned upon his guest in a perfect fury. His face looked like a devil's. But Arthur, acting with wonderful self-possession for so young a man, stopped him.
 "Remember, Mr. Carefoot, before you say anything that you may regret, that neither I nor my dog are to blame for what has happened. I am exceedingly sorry that your dog should have been killed, but it is your own fault. I am afraid, however, that, after what has happened, I shall be as unwelcome here as Aleck; so if you will kindly order the cart for me again, I will move on. Our business can no doubt be finished off by letter."
 George made no reply; it was evident that he could not trust himself to speak, but, turning sullenly on his heel, walked toward the house.
 "Wait a bit, Mr. Heigham," said Philip, who had been watching the whole scene with secret delight. "You are perfectly in the right. I will go and try to bring my cousin to his senses. I am very thankful to your dog for killing that accursed brute."
 He was away for about ten minutes, during which Arthur took Aleck to a fountain there was in the center of a plot in front of the house, and washed his many wounds, none of which, how-

ever, were, thanks to the looseness of his hide, very serious. Just as he had finished that operation, a gardener arrived with a wheelbarrow to fetch away the deceased Snarleyow.
 "Lord, sir," he said to Arthur, "I am glad to have the job of tucking up this here brute. He bit my missus last week, and killed a whole clutch of early ducks. I seed the row through the bushes. That ere dog of yours, sir, he did fight in proper style; I should like to have a dog like he."
 Just then the re-arrival of Philip put a stop to the conversation. Drawing Arthur aside, he told him that George begged to apologize for what had occurred, and hoped that he would not think of going away.
 "I don't pretend that he has taken a fancy to you, and, if I were you, I should cut my visit short."
 "That is exactly my view of the case. I will leave to-morrow evening."
 Philip made no further remarks for a few moments. He was evidently thinking. Presently he said:
 "I see you have a fishing-rod among your things; if you find the time hang heavy on your hands to-morrow, or wish to keep out of the way, you had better come over to Bratham Lake and fish. There are some very large carp and perch there, and pike too, for the matter of that, but they are out of season."
 Arthur thanked him, and said that he should probably come, and, having received instructions as to the road, they parted, Arthur to go and shut up Aleck in an outhouse pointed out to him by his friend the gardener, and thence to dress for a dinner that he looked forward to with dread, and Philip to make his way home. As he passed up through the little flower-garden at the Abbey House, he came across his daughter, picking the blight from her shooting rose-trees.
 "Angela," he said, "I am sorry if I offended your prejudices this afternoon. Don't let us say anything more about it, but I want you to come and pay a formal call with me at Isleworth to-morrow. It will only be civil that you should do so."
 "I never paid a call in my life," she answered, doubtfully, "and I don't want to call on my cousin George."
 "Oh! very well," and he began to move on. She stopped him.
 "I will go, if you like."
 "At three o'clock, then. Oh! by the way, don't be surprised if you see a young gentleman fishing here to-morrow."
 Angela reflected to herself that she had never yet seen a young gentleman to speak to in her life, and then asked, with undisguised interest, who he was.
 (To be Continued.)

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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.

FRANK JAMES, the famous and infamous desperado, attributes his success as a highwayman to the fact that he never peated his blood by alcoholic stimulants.

PROFESSOR G. H. PALMER, of Harvard, has inquired into the cost of the students' living, and reports that one-third of the seniors who have written to him spend under seven hundred dollars a year, one-half under ten hundred dollars, and three-fourths under twelve hundred dollars.

An English experimenter finds that, contrary to general opinion, a growth of ivy over a house renders the interior entirely free from moisture; the ivy extracts every possible particle of moisture from wood, brick or stone, for its own sustenance, by means of the tiny roots, which work their way into even the hardest stone.

A MEMBER of one of the most illustrious families in Austria, Prince Alfred von Wrede, has started the nerves of the aristocracy by setting up as a grocer and fruiterer at Perchtholdsdorf, near Vienna. The Prince, having become ruined, has decided that, in order to make money, a good trade is better than a small government appointment, and he has sensibly decided to attend to his business.

SAYS the Boston Courier: it really is getting to be time for General Dow to discover some new excuse for the failure of prohibition in Maine than the innate wickedness of the Republican party; but, after all, the important fact to be noted is that General Dow acknowledges that, after the most vigorous struggle for its enforcement that it is possible to make, and under conditions as favorable as ever have been known, Prohibition still is a failure.

THE absence of Governor Ames from the banquet of our English fellow-citizens in celebration of the Queen's birthday is generally regarded as pretty small business, says the Boston Gazette. Mr. Ames would have attended this dinner had he been invited when he was a private citizen. Governor Ames does not dare to attend it now because he fears his presence there might cost him votes next year. Governor Ames has made the senseless, silly, inhospitable mistake of his public life.

THE annual report of Treasurer Dean of Yassur shows that the young ladies have eaten during the past year, among other things, 84,000 pounds of fresh meats, 8,000 pounds of smoked meats, nearly 5,000 pounds of turkeys, over 4,000 pounds of chickens, nearly 4,000 pounds of fish, 32,000 clams, 141 gallons of oysters, 230 barrels of flour, 14,000 pounds of butter, 85,000 quarts of milk, 25,000 pound of sugar, 30,000 oranges and lemons, 10,000 bananas, over 1,000 bushels of potatoes, and 100,000 buckwheat cakes.

THE New York brewers sold about four million barrels of beer in 1886, so that, at the estimated profit of one dollar a barrel, they made four millions of dollars. This divided among the eighty of that neighborhood, gives fifty thousand dollars apiece; but while few made so little, many made a great deal more—one having sold nearly four hundred thousand barrels, and three or four having having made over two hundred thousand barrels or dollars. Many of them live quite grandly, the mansion that one has built fronting the Park being one of the finest homes in the city.

THE Russian War Office has just published some interesting details concerning the strength of the Cossack army. The force, on a war footing, numbers 165,800 men of all arms, commanded by 3,744 officers. The great majority of the

troops are of course horsemen. The artillery consists of 236 guns. Russian officers who took a prominent part in the last Oriental war, and who are perfectly well acquainted with the Austrian and German cavalry, have recently stated that they were thoroughly disappointed with the famous Cossacks. Nobody could suppose that they were the direct descendants of the famous warriors of the fifteenth century. They were inferior to the Austrian cavalry, and still more so to the German, while much better than the rest of the Russian horsemen.

A TAUNTON, Mass., lawyer has given an excellent hint to people who are so unfortunate as to be attacked by blackmailers. At his suggestion, a client, who had been selected by a blackmailer as a victim, sent through the post to the latter's address a registered letter for which the woman was obliged to receipt in person. The result was that she was neatly trapped when she put in an appearance to claim the letter, which she supposed contained the money she had demanded. As any man living may be attacked by blackmailers, and as many who are perfectly innocent of offence are afraid of scandal and weak enough to yield, for the sake of avoiding trouble, it is well to have all these protective devices as widely known as possible.

EDWIN BOOTH tells a curious story about a dog. Mrs. Booth had a little pet dog which Mr. Booth was in the habit of holding on his knee, and perhaps during a conversation, pinching his ear in a semi-unconscious way. They went to Europe and left the dog at home, and as they were away for some time, when they returned the dog did not seem to remember them. Mr. Booth, indeed, did not seem to be recognized when he came back, and for a week or so the dog went about them in a purely perfunctory way. One day he had the dog on his knee, and in the old unconscious way began pinching his ear. The dog looked up at him for a moment, and then jumped up and licked his hand, and made every possible demonstration of delight. He had not recognized Mr. Booth until that old habit disclosed their familiar relations.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE has come to stay. It is now ten weeks since the first issue of THE GAZETTE was placed before the reading public of St. John and the Province. Prior to its appearance no attempt, excepting brief announcements in the local press, had been made to herald its appearance, the management preferring that it should work its own way into public favor. This has done as the weekly receipts from sales, which are constantly increasing show. THE GAZETTE occupies a different field from any of the local papers and this field will be widened out with each succeeding number. Arrangements are in progress for special correspondence from the chief towns of the province, as well as from outside places. In a few weeks more at the outside the leading articles will be illustrated with engravings. We intend to begin next week a series of articles on the chief industries of the city and province in which will be shown the progress we are making in various lines of manufactures. Other equally attractive features will be added as time advances, which we have no doubt will be heartily appreciated by our readers both in town and country.

ST. JOHN AND PORTLAND.

It will not be very long now before the question of union between St. John and Portland will come permanently before the public for consideration. That it will have many strong supporters and opponents as numerous and as strong is already known. Some years ago the question of union was debated at great length by a gathering of Odd Fellows which included representatives of both civic governments. As a matter of course no results followed this debate. None were expected. But next April the citizens of the two cities will be called upon to deposit their ballots for or against the union, and it is highly important the people should thoroughly understand what they are voting upon. Some will support the union for sentimental reasons. Others will oppose it on the same ground. It is not a question in which sentiment should enter at all. The union of St. John and Portland is a practical question and only the practical side should be discussed, and considered. Whether Mr. so and so is likely to lose a fat salary or Mr. Other Fellow likely to obtain an increase in his or minor matters. The main question should be and must be, is it to the mutual advantage of these two municipalities to unite; and if so on what basis.

To all intents and purposes St. John is a finished city. Its streets, such as they are, have been built, some at immense cost, because of the jobbery of the time at which they were built. Its sewers are nearly all laid, and its water system com-

pleted. Numerous civic buildings have been erected. Portland is a new city. To be sure it has streets, sewerage and water supply, but a deal of money will yet be required to place them in as good condition as the streets of St. John now are. St. John (including Carleton) has a population of over 26,000; Portland's population is in the neighborhood of 16,000. But even with two-thirds the population of St. John Portland has not one-third its valuation. The city debt of St. John, not including the water debt, is in round numbers, \$1,700,000; that of Portland in the neighborhood of \$250,000, but the percentage of taxation in both cities is now about the same so that there is but little advantage on that score. St. John owns property worth a million and a half of dollars, and has over \$200,000 in its sinking fund to meet its debt as it falls due. The Portland debt sinking fund is in a wretched condition, the amount in hand having grown nothing in the past five or six years. Of property the city owns nothing but Indian town harbor, the police building, the engine houses and school buildings. Briefly summed up St. John has a greater debt than Portland, but its resources are much greater. Portland in some of its departments is more economically managed than St. John, but on the whole the civic business of St. John is better done than that of Portland. If the union of the two cities would unite the good features of both civic governments, and out the bad it would be a decided advantage. But the millennium is not yet at hand.

The placing of the harbor in commission is a preliminary and necessary step towards the union of the two cities. It would immensely simplify the question and remove the greatest stumbling block. While the harbor remains as it is the present charter, which has long since outlived its usefulness will continue. Times have changed since this charter first saw the light. The old family compact which ran things about as it liked was broken up because it was bad, and in opposition to the best interests of the citizens, but the worst features of the charter, undoubtedly framed in the interests of the family compact still remain, modified, it is true, but still there. To place the city in the position it ought to be in there must be a complete change in the present way of doing the civic business. There are lots of idlers in the city employ, while other men are sadly overworked. Thousands of dollars are wasted every year to pay salaries to useless officials while dollars are spent with a niggardly hand on the streets and for the maintenance of the fire and police departments. A greater combination of extravagance and peanness, than displayed in the management of our local affairs could scarcely be imagined. The blame for this thing rests solely with the people. They will squabble and fight over the doings of the government at Ottawa and talk learnedly about abstract principles while their direct tax—the one they feel most is either creeping slowly up or remaining stationary when it should be rapidly declining. Some day, like in 1879, there will be an awakening of the people, and then will follow a genuine rattling of the dry bones of civic extravagance.

THE PRESS EXCURSION.

On Wednesday morning a large number of ladies and gentlemen including representatives of the provincial press started on a tour over the Northern and Western Railway; a new line of railway recently completed by Messrs. Gibson and Snowball. The road runs through a beautiful country. At one end—Marysville, lives the most enterprising and successful business man in the province—millionaire Gibson; at the other end the charming river of Miramichi with its two picturesquely situated towns Chatham and Newcastle. The road is essentially a lumber road. Both promoters are extensive operators in our chief staple. Chatham and Newcastle have numerous mills for the cutting of lumber and Mr. Gibson's mills at the other end are of large capacity. The party will also visit Richibucto—the new summer resort—view its peaceful but beautiful scenery and sleep in the comfortable rooms of Mr. Phair's commodious new hotel The Beaches.

The trip will be a pleasant one. Mr. C. H. Lugin who took a large party of pressmen and others over the New Brunswick Railway last year is also the promoter of this trip. No man in the province is more anxious to see it prosper

than Mr. Lugin, and both trips inaugurated by him had for their main object the diffusion of information regarding the beauties of the province and its resources. His first trip was extremely successful in both particulars, and this one will have a like result. Personally Mr. Lugin is well acquainted with the entire province, its history, resources and attractions, and he has probably written more about New Brunswick with the aim of populating its waste lands than any other living man. His present position as Secretary for Agriculture affords him an excellent opportunity for circulating information among intending settlers, and it is only fair to say that through his representations numerous settlers have already taken up crown lands. It is pleasing to notice that the chief settlements of the province are continually obtaining additions, and while little is heard of it in the city press there is a gradual increase in the number of new settlers every year. Such trips as Mr. Lugin has organized are pleasant to those who participate in them, and cannot help but be of lasting benefit to the province. We want light on our own province. The great trouble is that our own people, instead of making its acquaintance more fully, rush off to the super-heated cities of the neighboring county acquire a nasal twang during a two weeks residence, and come home and bore all their friends with stories of the greatness of Boston. If these people knew more about New Brunswick they would like it better.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

The city has been deluged the past few days with school masters and marmots from all parts of the province. Once every year the Teachers Institute meets to discuss various matters in which school teachers are directly or indirectly interested. Whether any good comes of these meetings I do not know. Last summer the teachers spent a large portion of their time telling the government what a wicked thing had been done in reducing the government grants paid them semi-annually. They told how they had been deprived of a portion of their salary, the smallness of which they commented on and complained about. Such a thing could not possibly affect anything inasmuch as the government showed they were not in a position to continue the liberal grants paid previous to the cut. This year's session promises to be of more permanent value the question of salaries not having been raised. I might here remark by way of parenthesis, that it is the tax payers and not the teachers who ought to grumble, as the returns show that since the government grant has been cut down teachers pay has been (on the average) increased, the difference being made up by direct taxation.

It has long been a theory of mine, and I am happy to say that others who know a great deal more about educational matters hold the same view, that there should be a different and a better classification of teachers than at present. Under the present reading of the law a young man or woman who secures a first-class license after a single term at the Normal School is placed on the same footing with teachers of some years' experience. There is no other trade or profession in the world where such an absurd classification exists, and how it came to be recognized among school teachers I have always been a loss to understand. The man or woman who has just been graduated from Normal School; no matter how much book-learning he or she may possess is not fit to instruct a school as he or she who has had years of experience. This I think ever one will admit. Besides, how can the fitness of any one to instruct others, be judged during a few months' course at a Normal school when the candidate is only under instruction.

The city of St. John pays its teachers good salaries. As a class, male and female, they are as well paid as any of the professions, and better a great deal than the trades. This being the case those who pay have a right to expect that the service rendered will be adequate to the compensation. It is not saying too much that in several cases it is not. There are teachers in the city schools who receive salaries altogether too high, and others whose pay is much smaller than it should be. No matter how much care is taken an incompetent person will some times get an appointment, and once such people get a hold they are likely to retain it. The reason for this is that it is always easier to appoint than to dismiss. But there is no earthly reason that these incompetent ones should be on the same pay-footing with those who are able to do their work. I think it nothing but fair that when a young teacher, entirely without actual school experience is appointed on the staff, he or she should receive a nominal salary for the first year. The work of the novice's school during this period should be frequently and carefully examined by the superintendent, and at the close of the year the candidate should pass an examination in scholarship and

school management besides. Should the result of this be satisfactory then another provisional appointment should be made for a second term, when the examination should be even more rigid and strict—the success of the teacher's work for the two years to be a strong factor in obtaining for her a permanent appointment on the staff. And the examinations should not stop at this point. School teachers should be a progressive class fully up on all the geographical changes of the world, well posted on current events and able to instruct the children in what is going on in the world around them as the Latin Grammar. In other words, scholarship which is now the only real test, and important, though it may be, it should be coupled with others equally so. In my opinion, if some such plan as I have outlined were adopted our school system would be greatly improved and a much better class of instruction than we have at present insured.

One great difficulty with the teaching profession is that too few of the young men and women who obtain their livelihood through it are teachers because they love the work. They are simply school teachers until something else turns up. Few, very few begin teaching school with the intention of continuing it until laid on the shelf. The young ladies in the profession hope some day to get married and the young men to become country doctors or lawyers. This is certainly a serious drawback notwithstanding that, to judge from the majority, the brightest lights of the teaching profession do not go to law. But I will leave this subject to some one better able to cope with it than I am. There is a crying need of better instructed teachers as well as better qualified lawyers than we have at present, but just how the vacuum is to be filled I do not know.

I would like to say a word or two to the Common Council respecting some of the older members of the city police force. There are now two men on the city force who have seen considerably over thirty years of active service—night and day—and who are still taking their rounds the same as they did when they first donned the uniform, buckled on the old cutlasses and stowed away in their belts the old fashioned horse-pistols the policemen formerly carried. Surely it is time these two men, I don't mind stating that I refer to Sergeants Hipwell and Watson, were given tasks a little lighter than they now have. So far as I know or can learn both have been as efficient members of the force as any I ever had or ever will have, and this alone should count largely in their favor. Sergeant Dobson had not been as long as these men when he was relieved from night duty and given a day job on the Market Square. When he resigned, this post and the Intercolonial Station were given to young and active men. Every one knows that these posts are mere sinecures and could be as well filled by the old men as they can by the younger ones. This is a matter the chairman of the police committee and the chief should consider. Both men I refer to have been longer on the force than the chief himself, and in my humble opinion they ought to be relieved of night duty before the winter again sets in. Thirty years active service in all weathers for seven days in the week is a long tour of duty and such continuous, faithful and good services as these men have rendered the city should not be longer overlooked.

About three years ago a grain car from the West was run into the then new Intercolonial train shed. When the doors of the car were opened half a dozen English sparrows flew out and into the rafters of the building. They commenced building nests in their new quarters and in a comparatively short time their number began to increase with amazing rapidity. This increase has gone steadily onward until there seems to be upwards of a thousand of these little pests about the station buildings and they are gradually spreading themselves around town. Some one has suggested poisoning them, but this seems a rather peculiar way of getting rid of a nuisance. Besides how can the birds be poisoned without danger to life in other forms? How to get rid of the sparrows is a problem it will be difficult to solve. Several cities in the United States are wrestling with this problem at the present time.

The Long Lived Men.

According to Hufeland, the man who is destined to long life is of the middle size, and somewhat thickly set. His complexion is not too florid, his head not too big; his shoulders are round rather than flat; his neck is not too long. His hands are large, his feet rather thick and broad; his legs firm and round. He has a broad and arched chest, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time. As to his habits, the joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences no more than a useful glow of warmth. He is fond of employment and of calm meditation and agreeable speculation. He is an optimist; a friend to nature and domestic felicity; has no desire for riches or honor, and banishes all thought of to-morrow.

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RHEUMATISM. A WONDERFUL CURE!

Messrs. HAVINGTON BROS: Early in February, 1885, while in St. John, N. B., I had a severe attack of Rheumatism, was treated by an eminent Physician and with great care was enabled to come home in about two weeks time, after which time I grew worse and suffered dreadfully. We did everything we could to control the disease and get relief, and various kinds of liniment, everything we could get, but it had no effect. I then had good medical advice and treatment which included Mineral and Electric Oil, but it had no effect. I was unable to get to my room or retire without assistance. I was unable to get to my room or retire without assistance. I was unable to get to my room or retire without assistance.

GOSSIP ABOUT LOCAL EVENTS.

One of the best things in the way of railway advertising that has ever come under my notice is a recent pamphlet issued by the Canada Pacific Railway Company, and handed to me by Messrs. H. Chubb & Co. of this city, agents of this great transcontinental highway for this province. The pamphlet contains a fine table of the route from Quebec to Victoria with copious and careful notes about the country through which the railway runs. So complete is the table that any traveller who can with the least possible difficulty get not only the chief features of every town through which he passes, but also a very good idea of the history, growth and trade of each place. Leaving Montreal at eight o'clock in the evening the traveller crosses the continent in six days arriving at Victoria 2,900 miles distant from his starting point at 9.30 in the evening of the sixth day. Messrs. Chubb & Co. are now issuing excursion tickets at the rate of \$100 for the round trip between St. John and Victoria, the ticket holders having the privilege of stopping off at any station. This is probably as cheap a rate of fare as ever has been offered in the world. Think of it, over 7,000 miles of travelling for \$100.

I dropped into McMillan's the other day and was shown a very neat cheap edition of several of the latest and most popular novels published by Lovell of New York. The covers of this edition is highly ornamental and really very handsome, while the letter press is clear and distinct and the binding strong and durable. Great improvements have been made in recent cheap editions over those that first made their appearance. Messrs. McMillan keep their stock in these lines well up and have the latest issues as soon as they leave the press.

One of the most brilliant electric storms that has ever been witnessed in St. John passed over the city on Wednesday evening. For more than two hours the sky was almost continuously illuminated with the most brilliant of lightning flashes. Occasionally accompanied by the rumbling of distant thunder. Strange to say no rain fell in the city during the storm. Such sights are not often witnessed in this climate, and the streets were thronged with people until after nine watching the vivid lightning flashes.

Mr. Douglas McArthur, King Street, has on his counters the latest issues of Harpers and other American magazines. The July Harper is a splendid issue. Its leading article is on book-making, and it not only by those who are engaged in the book-making business in all its branches, but also by readers and buyers of books. The remaining contents of the magazine are fully up to the usual excellent standard.

If the weather of the past week is a foretaste of what the summer is going to be we will have unusually warm weather. Friends in the eastern and middle states write me that even now the weather is almost unbearably hot, and that everybody who can is getting out of town. The tourist travel eastward this year has been larger than usual for so early and our hotel keepers are already beginning to smile very broadly at the prospect of a good years business. I sincerely hope they will not be disappointed. A good summer for the hotels means increased sales for the stores and an increased circulation of money.

From all that I can learn there has been a slightly improved business done by the wholesale trade during the past week. Retail dealers complain that business—which was exceptionally good during the Jubilee has fallen off again which is probably due to there being so many holidays in this month and those following so closely upon the general depression of the past few months.

A large number of men have gone from St. John to Maine to work on the Megantic railway. Since the shipment of deals at this port has fallen off there has been a surplus of unskilled labor in the city and it is a fortunate thing for these men that they can obtain employment so near home. Just how many men have gone I do not know, but I am informed that they have been going by fifties now for some time. The building of the street railway, which will be commenced very shortly will furnish employment for the idle ones remaining; so that from present indications there will be but few idle men about St. John this summer. The employment on full time of so many men must prove beneficial to the city and be the means of circulating a large amount of money.

The fishermen are receiving their bounties now and if one happens into

the bank of Montreal almost any day he will find a long string of sturdy fishermen drawing the interest on the award made by the United States to Canada for the privilege of our inshore fishing right. It is said there are over 20,000 checks, issued by the marine department are now in the hands of fishermen. These checks are mostly for small amounts.

People Talked About.

Patti has bought another absolutely farewell piece of real estate. Mr. Edison, the famous electrician, eats no meat other than beefsteak. Boys who wish to become great inventors should bear this fact in mind.

One of the students at Vassar College is the daughter of President Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Company. Her eyes are weak, and she carries on her studies by the help of an attendant, who reads to her.

C. A. Broderm, of Penacook, N. H., a member of this year's graduating class at Harvard, was married in Hollis Hall, Friday morning. This is supposed to be the first time such an event has taken place in a college building.

Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., who is now in London, is the author of a memorial pamphlet on the late Julius Wadsworth, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, which will soon appear. Dr. Tyng calls himself the "Honorary Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City."

It is said that even if a revolution should succeed in Hawaii a republican form of government would not be imposed. Kalakaua would be succeeded by his sister, the Princess, a young girl twelve years of age, the idol of the English residents. She is a daughter of "Archie" Cleghorn, a Scottish Australian. Her mother was the late Lilialike, sister of Kalakaua. The English and the Kipis, or rebels, are very anxious to place the little girl on the throne.

John B. Buchtel, of Ohio, recently added to his former gifts to Buchtel College, Akron, O., the sum of \$174,000 in bonds and policies. This makes the sum of his donations to the college since 1879 \$405,000. Buchtel is one of the few colleges in the country entirely out of debt. Nineteen students this year received diplomas from the institution, the largest class it has ever graduated. John R. Buchtel is now a confirmed invalid, but was able to attend the commencement exercises.

Miss Jennie Sullivan, of Fonda, N. Y., was attacked with hiccoughs three months ago, and has had no relief except when placed under the influence of opiates. She is now a physical wreck. Emille Charlotte Langtry, of the Island of Jersey, has invested twenty thousand dollars more in New York real estate. She now holds mortgages worth nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

The late Miss Catherine L. Wolfe was in the habit of closing her magnificent Newport villa at ten p. m., but in order that her cook should not be inconvenienced, she had a bedroom built for him in a corner of the edifice, on the first floor, which had but one door, and this door opened directly into the courtyard, whence also the room was lighted by a window. He could enter this room freely, at any hour of the night, but neither he nor any one else could pass from this into other parts of the house. The rest of the servants were expected to be in by ten o'clock.

Robert Stafford, for many years a cotton broker in Charleston, S. C., took up his residence at Groton, Conn., 1880, with his wife and children. He was often absent from his home, when he was supposed to be attending to business. In 1887 he died, leaving \$300,000, the interest on which was to be paid to the testator's three daughters. It has just been discovered that Mr. Stafford had three families—one in Charleston, one in Pennsylvania, and one in Connecticut—and that he left property in the South which is now worth \$1,000,000.

Why They Didn't Eat Meat.

A reporter in Paris has taken the trouble to question a number of Parisians of the male sex, who abstained from meat on Good Friday, as to the motive of this deviation from their usual practice. Several of them replied that they did so in deference to old custom and because they saw most people around them doing so. Not a few declared that they abstained from choice, as they really enjoyed a fish dinner once in a way. Four ate fish to please their wives, because their mothers asked them to do so, and one because he knew it would make a good impression on the mother of a young lady whom he hoped to marry. Three answered that they left their dinner entirely to the cook, and that she had sent up nothing but fish. Two of the number were strict vegetarians. A

young clubman owned that he fasted simply because it was chic. In only two cases was there any acknowledgment of a religious motive. One man answered, "Because I am a Catholic," and another, while admitting that he never put a foot inside a church by any chance, stated that he was "thanked by a remnant of belief" which indisposed him to a meat dinner on Good Friday.

King Solomon's Mines.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard is a young man, will not be thirty-one until the 22nd June. His information regarding South Africa scenes and native character was gathered at first hand. For, when only nineteen, Mr. Haggard accompanied Sir Henry Bulwer to Natal; and during the two succeeding years he served on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the special commissioner to the "Transvaal." He withdrew from the Colonial service in 1879, and returning to London and marrying the only daughter of the late Major Margitson, of Ditchingham House, Norfolk, became a practicing barrister of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Haggard's first book was of a political character, and, coming from an unknown writer, attracted little attention. It related to recent events in South Africa, and was published in 1882.

Two years later he published "Gwa," and a year after "The Witch's Head," both stories of adventure. They caused little comment. "King Solomon's Mines" was published in 1885. Writing of the story, which made him famous, to the editor of The Book Buyer Mr. Haggard says: "King Solomon's Mines" was written as an experiment in my books. It would be impossible for me to define where fact ends and fiction begins in the work, as the two are very much mixed up together. I may add that its success was quite unexpected by me, as the work undertaken at haphazard, was carried out at odd hours, for the most part after a long day at chambers. "She" was published last December, and "Jess" came out in March.

A Projected Royal Marriage.

I announced two months ago (says Truth) that there was a "project of marriage" between the Grand Duke Michel Michailovitch of Russia and one of the daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales. At that time not one person was out at odd hours, for the most part after a long day at chambers. "She" was published last December, and "Jess" came out in March.

Modern Society says: "Prince Albert Victor, the heir presumptive, is growing rapidly bold. He is to be sent back to Gibraltar, from where he was recalled to the office of the Emperor of Russia. In the mean time he is being put to some use opening bridges and laying cornerstones. His brother, George of Wales, is a much greater favorite and is cheered vehemently whenever he appears in his sailor uniform.

Vanity Fair.

Through Vanity Fair, in days of old, There passed a maiden with locks of gold, And a peddler opened his tempting pack, Crying: "O my pretty lass! what d'ye lack? Here's many a ware Costly and rare, Come, buy, come, buy In Vanity Fair."

"Silks and satins are not for me; Lace is for damsels of high degree; The laces would hang in our country town If I came clad in a 'braided gown; But yet there's a ware, Precious and rare, I fain would buy me In Vanity Fair."

"Pray, sell me, sir, from your modest store, A heart that will love me forevermore, That, whether the world shall praise or blame, Through sorrow or joy is still the same. 'Tis the only ware For which I care 'Mid all the treasures, In Vanity Fair."

"Much it grieves me, O lassie dear," The peddler said, "but I greatly fear The hearts that loved in the old sweet way Have been out of fashion this many a day; And gilded ears In vain would buy me In Vanity Fair."

Making Merry Over His Wife's Death.

A sensation was caused at Racine, Wis., on June 25th, by the issuance by an ex-Alderman and prominent citizen of that city of 150 invitations for the celebration on Sunday next of the death of his wife. The lady died last spring. It is reported that the ex-Alderman has bought \$50 worth of fireworks to be used in the celebration. A commission has been appointed by the County Judge to examine into his mental condition.

Branch of Tea Plant.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

Lovers of a cup of really fine Tea will be glad to know that T. WILLIAM BELL, 88 Prince Wm. Street, has recently imported an EXTRA CHOICE TEA, in fact the finest that has ever come to this market, and which he is offering in 6s., 11s., and 20s. caddies.

Notice of Sale.

Notice is hereby given that there will be sold by Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John on SATURDAY, the 22nd day of October next at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, the land and premises described in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the 10th day of August, A. D. 1881, made between Alfred R. Sherrington, then of the City of Saint John, merchant, and Mary L. his wife, and Gilbert R. Pugsley, of the same place, barrister at law, and Maggie J. his wife, of the County of Kings and Province of New Brunswick, and trustees of the last, will and testament of Charles Drury, deceased of the other part, as follows:—

"A. L. the right title and interest which the said Charles Drury had at the time of his decease of in and to all that lot of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Parish of Robbsey (formerly the Parish of Hampton) in the County of Kings and Province of New Brunswick, the southwest half of Lot No. 13 in the west line of the said railway, which will more fully appear in reference to a plan on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the County of Kings, which indenture of mortgage is recorded in Book C. No. 4, pages 20, 21, 22 and 23 of Records on the 20th of August, A. D. 1881."

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in the said indenture of mortgage and in reason of default in payment of the principal and interest secured in the said mortgage.

Dated this 16th day of June, A. D. 1887.

WARD CHIPMAY DRURY, Executor and Trustee of the last will and testament of Charles Drury, deceased.

HARRISON & PUGSLEY, Solicitors of mortgage.

MACHINE Repairing & Refitting OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Promptly Attended to at

E. S. STEPHENSON'S, 53 SNEYHE ST. N. B.—Scales a Specialty.

WANTED.

WANTED.—50,000 MEN to have their Collars and Cuffs laundered at UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY.

READ!

Mince (Meat, Pressed Corned Beef, Pressed Tongue, Sausages, Bologna, Head Cheese, Burg-Cured Ham, Roll Bacon, Lard, Fresh and Salted Butter, Poultry, Vegetables, &c.

T. W. SEEDS,

15 WATERLOO ST.

NEW DOMINION Paper Bag Co's.

WRAPPING PAPER AND TWINES.

Quality unexcelled. Prices unrivalled. Satisfaction to all.

221 UNION ST., AND 10 WATERLOO ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

An Old-Told Tale.

We played at love that afternoon. A tennis court, a rosy June; Also I it ended all too soon, At least for me.

THE LOVE OF CALIBAN.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

The room of the Lady Lucrece was full shadows, though it was mid-summer, and the purple-bordered linens at the windows swayed in the hot wind.

breath came faster, "you have not heard, have you—"

"Ah, fool! I think you know I never loved. Men are so little, I could rule them all; I do not want a man that I can rule."

"Six and more, gracious mistress," replied the maid, drowsily; and she wiped her forehead upon her sleeve.

"Who was the lady?" queried his mistress, shutting her eyes as he stood before her.

"The only woman with whom I shall ever lie—Mother Earth." He looked straight down at the Lady Lucrece.

"Go on with your tale," said he, "I am no greater fool than I was before."

things. It was midnight when she ordered the music to stop. She had been dancing and singing sensuous rhythm of the motion seemed impersonated in her.

"I have sworn an oath," said she, "and to-night I must keep it. The people of Pisa have long wished me to take a husband, but I have found none whom I desired."

"Let us hear your voice, knave!" cried a saucy little fellow of sixteen. He flung a coin toward the fool.

"There are men in Chicago, says the News of that city, who sell skeletons. The trade in skeletons could not with correctness be termed large."

"Not in the least. No doubt American bones are quite as good as any other bones. But they are not so well prepared for the market."

"IT WILL PAY YOU To have your CLOTHES CLEANED and DYED at the St. John Dye Works."

while that of some neighbor whom he never even stopped to despise will bring \$75 or \$100. The difference lies in the comparative solidity of the bones.

"The skeletons of children or infants are not often wanted and are rarely imported. Certain portions of the body are required to show different stages of development, however, and the heads of children are frequently required by medical colleges to show the development of the teeth."

"The young ladies of the West Side are sometimes compelled to give a necessary hint to their lovers, who, as a rule, are bashful and reserved."

"A. G. BOWES & CO. 21 Canterbury Street, DEALERS IN Stoves, Ranges AND Heating Appliances."

"THE 'DUCHESS' RANGE HAS ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, AND IS Highly appreciated by all who use it."

"NEW GOODS. JAPANESE TOILET SETS, JAPANESE CUPSPADDERS, GALVANIZED CHAMBER PAILS, JAPANESE BREAD BOXES, GRANITE IRON TRAPPOIS, VICTOR FLOUR SIFTERS, OVAL DISH COVERS, McROBERTS & CRAWFORD, 109 Union Street."

"JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Manager. 94 PRINCESS STREET."

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

Annual Subscription \$1.50. Single Copies 3 Cents.

THE GAZETTE'S PLATFORM:

Below are enumerated some of the weekly features of the Gazette. It will not be possible to open up all the departments in the first issue but those omitted this week will appear next.

The Saturday Gazette will differ materially from existing publications in the lower provinces, and will endeavour to fill a field long vacant. It will be a paper for the family, and will be conducted with the aim to make it a welcome visitor in every home.

Stories, short and continued, will be provided in each issue and care will be taken, in making selections, to obtain the productions of authors already known to fame, and whose works all will appreciate.

Women and Women's Work, will be dealt with by contributors who understand what women like to know and most want to learn. The household, the fashions, and the progress of womankind in the arts, professions and employments, besides the many different phases the woman question assumes will be discussed from week to week by intelligent writers. Society gossip from various points will be a weekly feature.

The Saturday Gazette will not be a newspaper, in the generally accepted sense, but this will not preclude the discussion of important local and general matters in its columns. Indeed the great aim of The Gazette will be to deal candidly with all questions, in which the people among whom it circulates are concerned.

In dealing with Political Questions, The Gazette will have nothing to do with political parties. Believing that there are often times when both parties are right, while at others, from a national standpoint, both are wrong; and holding that the length to which party warfare is sometimes carried in Canada, by politicians and journalists, is detrimental to the best interests of the country.

Literary, Theatrical and Sporting Matters will be dealt with by competent writers, and the latest news and gossip under these heads will be found in every number. Members of the various Secret Societies will find items of especial interest to them in the columns of The Gazette, from time to time.

In short the Saturday Gazette will be a weekly journal for men and women containing the things they most want to know, written in a breezy, intelligent manner by the best writers on and off the press of the Maritime Provinces and elsewhere. Honest criticism of all things will be the Gazette's king post.

As its name implies the Saturday Gazette will be published every Saturday Morning, and will be on sale at 3 cents a copy, by all news dealers in the Maritime Provinces, as soon after publication as fast railroad express trains and steamboats can get it to the different points.

The subscription prices will be \$1.50 per annum in advance, and may be sent to the undersigned.

JOHN A. BOWES, Editor and Manager, 94 PRINCESS STREET.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 2, 1887.

Base Ball Hints.

The Princeton College nine forfeited its postponed game with the Harvards. The Harvards and Yales meet for the last time this season at New Haven, on Tuesday.

It is estimated that the profits of the St. Louis Browns for the season will be \$40,000.

The salary list of the Postons amounts to a little less than \$35,000. This does not include the \$7500 salaries of the directors or the money paid for the release of Kelly.

Van Haltren, the new Chicago pitcher, will receive \$300 a month.

Corkhill, the great centre-fielder of the Cincinnati, has not muffed at fly ball this season.

Capt. Ward, of the New Yorks, is doing the best base-running in the League. He leads all rivals.

Baldwin, the Chicago pitcher, is said to command more speed than any twirler on the diamond.

T agos are trying hard to get Krock, the Oshkosh twirler, who has proved to be so effective.

Will White, the old Cincinnati pitcher, will be given another trial by the Cincinnati Club. He is practising daily.

Burke, pitcher of the Pioneer Baseball Club of San Francisco, has signed for the remainder of the season with the Detroit Club.

A tribute of affection from a Louisville paper to Ramsey reads: "If somebody would hit Ramsey with a brick it might do him good."

Clements, the Philadelphia catcher, has taken to batting left handed, and is hitting the ball hard. He is unexcelled in capturing foul tips.

Parsons, of the Rochester Club, is about the best pitcher of the season, having won every championship game he has pitched, nine in all.

The Cleveland Club is playing a better game now than at any time since the season opened. Good batting has enabled it to win several unexpected victories.

Deacon White will officiate behind the bat for Detroit. The mask and gloves are not new to the Deacon, and Watkins says he throws to second in great style.

Pitcher Neal cost the Louisvilles \$800 for his release besides his salary for nearly two years, but he has done nothing but rest his arm since he has been with the Club.

Welch, of the St. Louis Browns, was hissed every time he went to the bat at Cincinnati on Sunday. He took it so much to heart that he made six hits out of seven times.

Ramsay has pitched more games than any player in either the Association or League. Bushong, of the St. Louis Browns, has also caught more games than any other backstop in the country.

Capt. Hanlon, of the Detroit Club, found a promissory note on the street recently. It was issued at Marquette, and had a face value of \$5,000. It is in the hands of Secretary Leadley for identification.

Lovett is receiving a salary of \$2,000 from the Bridgeport club, and when the Cincinnati management attempted to buy his release he refused to come, preferring his opportunities in the Eastern League.

"Capt. Anson, the veteran first baseman, will be all right in a few days," said Dr. Nelson yesterday. "I vaccinated him last Wednesday and it would be hardly be fair to expect him to catch anything right away."—Chicago News.

The Indianapolis directors are negotiating with Herman Dooscher to take the management of the club. Dooscher applied for the position some time ago, and it is thought that his appointment will be announced shortly.

Galvin is doing about the best pitching in the League, yet the Pittsburgs can't play ball a little bit. It is a genuine pity that Galvin is not with a winning team. Of all pitchers, Galvin is the most unlucky in getting with poor ball clubs.

The Pittsburgs have laid off Dalrymple for weak batting, and appointed Brown captain instead of Smith. Coleman is the only man in the club who has not been charged with indifferent playing. He has not missed a hit in twenty games nor made an error in twenty.

George McGinnis, one of Cincinnati's pitchers, called upon President Stern a few days ago, asking for a short vacation, and it was granted. He says his arm is sore and his health poor. He will leave for Hot Springs at once, where he will remain two or three weeks.—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

The Sluggers.

Says a writer in the New York World: The main topic of conversation in sporting circles during the past week was the probabilities of a battle between Jack McAuliffe and Jem Carney for light-weight championship. McAuliffe posted money early in the week to arrange a match, but Carney, in reply, said it was well known that he had determined to return to England after battling with Mitchell, and that if McAuliffe wanted to fight he could make a match by crossing the ocean. That is a privilege no one will deny Carney. He has won the

title of champion and holds the belt. He is, moreover, the challenged party, and it is his right to say when and where he will battle. I accord him that privilege readily, but I am sorry to see him take advantage of it. He is here now and could make a match to fight in six weeks and settle the question once and for all time, and I hope he will think better of his decision and rescind it. If he whips McAuliffe he will return home richer in coin and honors, and will moreover have accomplished what he came here for. I do not, of course, know what his private reasons may be, but I hope he will not allow any little matters to interfere with his meeting McAuliffe on this side of the ocean.

Chatting with Dr. Ordway, of Boston, before he sailed on the Etruria, I learned that it was that gentleman's opinion that Carney would accommodate the Brooklyn lad if certain conditions were speedily complied with. "In the first place," said Mr. Ordway, "Carney and his backers will not consent to recognize the man who holds the forfeit posted by Jack. If the money was put up elsewhere Jem might do something about it. Again, Carney can fight at 130 pounds and be well, so that he will have the articles stipulate that the weighing be done before entering the ring. He will not permit Jack to weigh-in twenty-four hours before the battle, for while McAuliffe might then be at weight he would surely be many pounds over weight when he entered the ring. As Carney remarked to me, 'I know I can whip McAuliffe, but I don't want to make the job any harder than it ought to be.' I think he is right, too, for while I also believe he can whip Jack, yet I am certain that he would have a more difficult task than he had with Mitchell." The Doctor is one of the best of Boston's gentleman sport lovers, who wants everything on the square. He will go to England and perhaps to the Continent for a vacation, and will return in two months. It said that Carney will leave for home during the present week.

She Lost Her Beautiful Nose.

There was a very beautiful young Mohammedan widow at Tangiers who led a dissolute life. Fatmeh, the Pasha's son, was a constant visitor at her house. Pasha Bernaboo had repeatedly warned his son to discontinue his visits. He also summoned the widow, and after censuring her misconduct, he told her that if she again admitted his son into her house he would mar the beauty which was the cause of his son's disgraceful conduct. Some weeks afterward Bernaboo was informed that Fatmeh had again visited the widow. He was arrested and imprisoned, and the widow was brought before the Pasha. "You have not," said the Pasha, "kept your promise to me or taken heed of my warning. Your beauty has brought disgrace upon my son and myself!" Turning to the guards who attended in the "Meshwa," or Hall of Judgment, he said, "Bring a barber." The barber was brought. "Cut off," said Bernaboo, "below the cartilage, the tip of this woman's nose." The barber, trembling, begged that the operation might not be performed by him. "It shall be as you wish," replied the Pasha; "but then your nose will be also taken off for disobedience." The barber obeyed, and the tip of the nose of the pretty widow was cut off. "Go," said the Pasha to her; "you will now be able to lead a better life. May Allah forgive you, as I do, your past sins!"

Advertisers will find in THE GAZETTE a superior medium of reaching the best and most desirable class of customers.

HOTELS.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B.
FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

Royal Hotel,

T. F. RAYMOND, Prop'r
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

New Victoria Hotel,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, Prop'r.

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Thoroughly renovated and furnished. First-class in all its appointments.

Nerve and Stomach Tonic.
IT'S JUST THE THING TO HELP YOU.

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Druggist, John,
110 PRINCE WM. ST.

GRAND SALE TO-NIGHT.

Nothing so deliciously pure and palatable has been offered the Public of St. John as our Candies, at the following low prices. Come and Try Them.

FRENCH CHOCOLATE CREAMS ONLY 25 CENTS A POUND.
CARAMELS, of all Flavours, ONLY 20 CENTS A POUND.
GUM DROPS ONLY 20 CENTS A POUND.
FINE MIXED CANDIES 12 1-2c., 15c., 20c., and 30c. A POUND.

At 55 KING STREET,
NEAR GERMAIN ST.

REMEMBER THE GREAT CANDY SALE

At The Blue Store Union Street, near Waterloo.
To-Night. To-Night.

You can Buy French Chocolate Creams, Caramels, Gum Drops, Pure Mixed Candies of all flavors at very low prices.
Our Famous Jubilee Mixture 15 cents a pound.
Also, Fine Syrups for 25 cents a Bottle, of all flavours.
Be sure and try our 12 1-2c. Boston Mixture.

BLUE STORE UNION ST., - - - NEAR SYDNEY.

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2,5000 YARDS

WOOL AND UNION CARPETS!

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